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EDITED BY WM. ANDERTON BRIGG.

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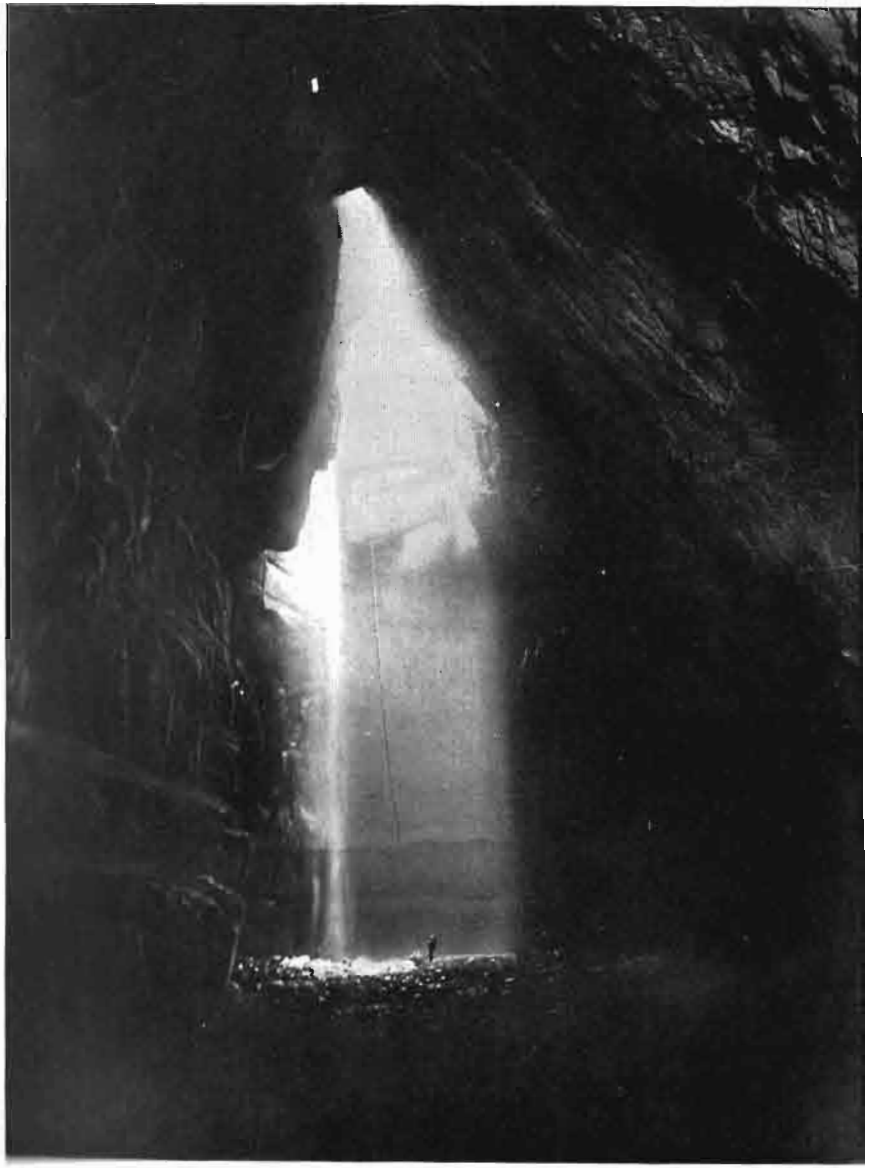


GAPING GHYLL.

Photo. by C. Hastings.

THE

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal

VOL. III. 1911. No. 11.

ROMANCE AND EFFORT.

BY G. WINTHROP YOUNG.

(*As spoken by him in toasting the Club at its Annual Dinner,*) *on the 26th November*, 1910.)

To my mind, and I hope to yours, the hour immediately following upon an excellent dinner, amid most delightful company, should be consecrated to coffee and contemplation. We ourselves would describe our condition as one of poetic meditation—our friends might call it by another name. In its essence it is repose—and repose is not consonant with the distraction of making an after-dinner speech. Upon a similar occasion our characteristically British King, Henry IV., called emphatically on

Sleep, gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse

to visit him; adding a quite reasonable protest against the monologues which his author forced upon him,—

My poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!

And if the poorest, then what is to be said of the impossibility of awakening, through the drowsiness of dessert and empty dishes, the richest subject of all, the subject of "The Mountains"? I know well that I am supposed to be toasting the Ramblers' Club, but I count it among the greatest pleasures that have fallen to me in life to be attached, however irregularly, to your Club; and since I cannot regard myself, or you, as existing apart from the mountains, I shall venture to include the part in the whole, and delay your slumber for a few moments while wishing a health to the Hills—the steepest and the wildest of them!

My friend Mr. Claud Schuster, in a charming speech to you last year, to which, in the parlance of newspaper correspondence, "my attention has just been called," had the audacity to pillory me as typical of a presumably inferior class of mountaineers, one which cares only for the difficulty and danger of climbing, and whose taste is dulled to the more subtle charms of mountain beauty and atmosphere.

Now in the first place I do not think such a differentiation exists. In the second place, if it did, Mr. Schuster could not claim that he or I belong exclusively to either section of it. Why, for his part, when I first met him, he was spurring an exhausted guide in furious progression along the extreme crest of the Egginer-grat! And, for my part, if I cannot claim to follow him, in anything but my admiration, on his annual literary discursions and discussions about the remoter purlieus of Mont Blanc, I can count upon his indulgence towards my one modest dedication at the shrine of Mountain Romance.

But having dissociated Mr. Schuster personally from his glittering pose, I shall have pleasure in showing you on what a fallacy its brilliance is based. What is the charm of mystery or beauty if we are forbidden to attempt to penetrate or possess it? What is the use of a mountain but to go up it? Why, when our nascent strength and appreciation have sampled the glories of smooth curve and yielding slope, is our manhood to refrain from fathoming the rare secrets, the richer inspiration of dominant precipice and untrodden summit? No! A true mountaineer can never be happy in the hills until he has gripped the very heart of their beauty, and that heart lies hidden behind the pitiless ice-wall, the hardest ribs of rock. You, gentlemen, I know, go further; you are not content until you have sounded more ominous depths, and taken your auguries of happy scrambling from the very entrails of the hills!

To my mind, and my assumption is no less legitimate, the problem-climber is the real poet. He is the truest mystic whose imagination can create for him all Monte Rosa in a Snowdon boulder; just as a child, the only genuine romanticist, fashions a Himalaya finer than all fact from

his Land of Counterpane. Was there ever a man who loved the mountains as we all love them—progressively, and did not want to climb them—progressively? Even Ruskin scaled the Fells and only discovered the greased-poliness of the Grépon because the Grépon was not then every mountaineer's money: as a poor epicure might argue:—"How glorious to drink the brown beer of British peaks, because we can all afford to get outside it; but the man who unseals the red champagne of Chamonix rocks is a wastrel and an acrobat!"

You probably know well enough what Ruskin and Shelley and Æschylus and Wordsworth and Stevenson and the other prophets of Peak and Open Air have had to say, but perhaps you will allow me to illustrate my point from a few less likely sources. I have chosen them myself at random, from memory.

Who more unlikely to seek danger for its own sake than prosaic Livy? And yet Livy knew all about the qualities of avalanche snow. Listen to him, in old Philemon Holland's translation, describing "the slabbery snow-broth that melts "and relents about our heels."

What of Roger Ascham, the first of serious-minded pedagogues? He had a very poor opinion of your mere walker: "Walking alone into the field hath no token in it, "a pastyme lyke a simple man which is neither flesh nor "fishe."

Sir Philip Sydney, the gallant gentleman of all time, is only sorrowful that his rock-climbing days are over:

> The rocks which were of constant mind, the mark
> In climbing steep, now hard refusal show.

You would not expect gymnastics from Dr. Johnson, the Lexicographer. This, however, is his argument, taken from Rasselas, which incidentally meets Mr. Schuster at every point. The Prince is protesting against crossing the hills: "I have been told," he says, "that respiration is difficult "upon lofty mountains, yet from these precipices . . . it is "very easy to fall; therefore I suspect that from any height "where life can be supported there may be danger of too "quick descent." "Nothing," replied the artist (who is clearly Dr. Johnson), "nothing will ever be attempted if all

"possible objections must be first overcome." A very sound mountaineering philosophy!

To avoid fatiguing you I will only refer in passing to a few more improbable evidences. The most classic of poets, Gray, is an unexpected convert to the fever: "These "mountains are ecstatic . . . a fig for your poets and "painters, your gentlemen and clergymen who have not "been among them!" Gentle Charles Lamb was an enthusiastic Fell-climber. Miss Jane Austen—what speaker dare now omit reference to the claims of women—very properly makes the most charming of her heroines remark:— "What are men to rocks and mountains?" The order of her preference is significant: she puts the cliff-climb first, the mountain second and, of course, the men last.

In the poet Keats, however, we lost prematurely not only the most exquisite of poets but the most promising of crag-climbers. I need not refer to his ascents of Ben Nevis and elsewhere, but a sentence in one letter is a most noteworthy admission of his familiarity with technical difficulty. He had varied a long morning walk with some rock scrambling on the cliffs of Lodore, and writes:—"I had "an easy climb . . . about the fragments of rocks, and "should have got, I think, to the summit, but unfortunately "I was stopped by slipping one leg into a squashy hole." These unforeseen "squashy holes" on ridge or glacier are the real dangers of the mountains, far more than the difficulties of a purely technical character which we are condemned for essaying.

The truth is that no man or boy can confine his pleasure to one aspect of the hills. The ever-receding horizons of mountain difficulty entice his eyes and feet from the moment he once leaves the highway.

In my own case, if I may introduce so slender an illustration, I first saw rocks, so far as I can remember, as a child, on your Yorkshire moors, and our host at Malham Tarn presented our nursery with a terrifying picture of Gordale Scar, under which he had written "The Road to Church." As I was far too conscientious a child ever to conceive of *not* going to church, all my

earliest speculations were directed towards the discovery of routes—that must clearly exist—up the impossible rocks in the photograph. That was the first lure.

Later, but still nearly a quarter of a century ago, I started mountaineering with my father. My first rock ascent, the first use of my feet and hands, was on Tryfan. On the summit we met two men with a rope. At once I was fired with an interest that has only grown with the years. But it was not until quite recently that I learned that this was the occasion of the first ascent of the North Gully by the brothers Williams, and that I had been associated (however remotely) with the real beginning of the rock-climbing era in Wales.

Yet a few years later I made my first trip, in big boots, to the Lakes, still in a spirit that would have contented the most orthodox mountain rambler. On the platform at Keswick a square genial man came up to me and said:— "You must forgive my interest, but what rocks are you "bound for? Nailed boots go straight to my heart." That was John Robinson, and I was at once plunged into all the rush of the new epoch of Lake climbing.

You see I never had a chance! None of us have who once feel the grit of the granite through the heather. Once started on the slopes of Mountain Adventure we discover that every advance that we make in climbing science reveals to us new enchantments and stimulates our power of enjoying them. Our limit of advance in difficulty or danger is fixed not by a smaller or greater possession of romantic feeling, but by our physical fitness or by the restrictions of the family or professional claims which we voluntarily accept. We all chase the Will-o'-the-Wisp Romance. We differ only in our ability to overtake him on different kinds of ground. Some lurk for him easily in the valleys, some run him down doggedly on the moors, some overtake him, with the use of every good fibre that is in them, on the greater and fiercer cliffs.

We are all at heart romanticists. In all but performance we are alike. It is not easily perceptible, because we are not all equally qualified to give expression to our

inspiration. And here lies the real difference. The wilder the chase and the more marvellous the capture, the less are we able to speak of it to other folk. I will give you an instance in two letters I got during this last extraordinary season of unequal weather. The first was from a sub-alpine enthusiast, who had spent most of his time glowering at the clouds from the smoking-room window. He wrote four sides of romantic speculation about what he had not been able to do. The other was a post-card from a climber who had been sleeping out and traversing peaks, day after day, under conditions that nothing but the strongest imagination could have made pleasant. He wrote simply: "Great Cæsar! Great season! All rain "and *moraine!*"

The core of the matter is all contained in the story of the development of our new climbing prophet, John Keats. When he started on his pilgrimage, he wrote flamboyantly :—

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he!
He took
An Inkstand
In his Hand
And a Pen,
Big as ten,
In the other.

And away
In a Pother
He ran
To the Mountains,
And Fountains,
And Ghostes,
And Postes,
And Witches,
And Ditches.

And wrote,
In his coat, [cool—
When the weather was
(Fear of gout);
And without, [warm.
When the weather was
Oh! the charm
When we choose
To follow one's nose
To the North, to the North,
To follow one's nose to the North!

That was Keats as a poetic or romantic rambler. Now hear him after four months of the discipline of difficulty: "I am now comparatively a mountaineer. I have been "among wilds and mountains too much to break out much "about their grandeur."

Gentlemen, when I drink to the Club to-night, it is coupled with the wish that you may never cease to feel the joy of the weary foot and the dragging muscle; for I am persuaded that only through the discipline of effort and under the stimulus of progressive discovery is the sense quickened to the full realization of Mountain Romance.

THE HELM WIND.

By Claude E. Benson.

We know, that is to say Science tells us, that the cyclones, typhoons, hurricanes, tornadoes and such-like atmospheric commotions are but the faint reproductions of gales of a scale and velocity unimaginably greater in the upper air. When one considers that the diameter of some of our comparatively innocent cyclones is a thousand miles and that the estimated velocity of a tornado is something like a thousand miles an hour, it seems almost ridiculous to turn to a trifling little draught, whose birth, existence and death are confined within the limits of some forty miles long by twenty broad of space and of from three to nine days of time.

A draught, however, is never to be trifled with. There is the insidious stream of air that finds its way into your study, plays imperceptibly round your head and gives you a stiff neck; there is the searching current that invades the over-ventilated railway carriage, chases you round, dodge you never so wildly, and brings you down with neuralgia; and there is the malignant draught that sets up pneumonia and carries off the strongest man in a few hours.

Now Cumberland possesses a draught of its own, which combines all the vileness of the common or household draught, something of the velocity of a cyclone and certain peculiarities resembling those of a switchback railway—a mad, boisterous, headlong, bullying wind that comes plunging down on to you from the sky, parches you at once to that condition popularly known as "goose-skin," chills you to the marrow, crams your hat over your eyes, blows your umbrella not inside out but down on the stick, and ends up by bashing you down with inconsiderate violence upon Mother Earth, in my case represented by a metalled road, and then, in my case again, throwing a chunk of stone wall at you, hitting you, in fact, when you are down, which is

un-English. Such is the Helm Wind—I have heard it called by another title strangely resembling the above in sound, and did not feel that I could justifiably rebuke the speaker for unreasoning profanity.

Nevertheless, in the warmth and cosiness of my sanctum, I can contemplate the abomination of the Helm Wind with equanimity and interest—and even pleasure, inasmuch as the study transports me back to the bonnie North Country, and, above all, to glorious Lakeland, three hundred miles away from this detestable acreage of bricks and mortar.

Let us, myself and some kindly fellow Rambler, carry ourselves back to our "salad days, when we were green," &c. Let us imagine that we have stood on the summit of Helvellyn on a clear day in late spring, or early summer, our Baddeley in our hand, picking out with unerring inaccuracy the wrong peaks and rechristening them as is the wont of tourists. To the north, however, there is not much room for mistake. "Due north is Saddleback, "with Skiddaw in all its glory on the left of it, and on the "right the smiling Eden valley, backed by the somewhat "wearisome-looking ridge of the Pennine Chain, in which "Crossfell may be described as 'the best of a bad lot.'" Poor old Baddeley! I wonder if my old friend ever discovered, by closer acquaintance, that the Pennines are an exceedingly fine lot, as we of the Ramblers know.

Then, however, we were in unblest ignorance. "What "should they know of England, who *not even* England "know?" Forthwith we propose to remedy our ignorance by a week-end's peak-bagging in the Northern Pennines, and naturally mark down for our first quarry the biggest, Crossfell, a fine mountain, only about 180 feet lower than Helvellyn himself. We notice without concern that clouds are gathering round his head. Only mountain mists, we assume, and descend Helvellyn *en route* for Penrith so as to make as early a start as possible; for Crossfell is a most ungetatable mountain, and we shall have to tramp all the way, unless we forfeit our manhood and take a carriage.

"Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows"—a cloudless sky, with gentle, westerly airs fanning the foliage.

As soon as Crossfell is sighted we notice with some annoyance that the evening mists we had seen playing around its summit have thickened into heavy, cumulus-like masses of vapour, which crown its weather-beaten head with a helmet of clouds. Never mind! To the keen Rambler the exploration of an unknown fell in a mist is not without its compensations. Skill and caution are required and there is just that element of danger we pretend to find so attractive; so on we stride. All at once the westerly airs cease. There is something uncanny about this sudden cessation of the breeze. It does not resemble an ordinary lull. The wind is cut off, so to speak, and seems to have vanished into thin air, which by the way is literally true. The stillness of the atmosphere is remarkable. The flame of a match burns upwards unwaveringly. At the same time, as we approach Crossfell, we are conscious of a sound as of a tempest that increases in distinctness with every step. Overhead the sky presents an appearance most unusual. Westwards from Crossfell it extends, a clear, unbroken vault of azure, save that, just above us, and on a level with the summit of the fells, is a thick, motionless bar of vapour. Motionless! A second look shows that it is all alive throughout with tumultuous motion, writhing, swaying, turning over on itself, yet never shifting from its position. Between it and the Pennines the sky is of a peculiar clearness, except that every now and then small shreds of cloud break away from the eastward, but, before they have travelled far, are, as it were, seized upon and dissipated. Meantime the volume of sound keeps augmenting until as we draw close to the foot of the fells, the "clangour and anger of elements" are round us, though we ourselves are in perfect calm.

On the mountain side we can discern groups of sheep huddled together under rocks and in hollows, and every now and again puffs and clouds of dust come flying momentarily downwards and are dispersed. A few paces further and we are struck by a blast of a vehemence and virulence such as we have never before experienced. No man can ascend in the teeth of such a wind, and no man can, as we find out shortly through assault and battery by the

gale, stand against it. Disconsolately we realize that our expedition must be abandoned, and turn our faces westwards.

On our return journey we undergo precisely the same experiences, with a difference. On quitting the tempest zone, we come first to an absolutely windless space and then to light, westerly zephyrs. As we near Pooley Bridge, rejoicing in the prospect of a quiet steamer trip up beautiful Ullswater, we are suddenly undeceived and disheartened. A furious blast, of the same character as that which drove us back from Crossfell, but seemingly more violent, and certainly more penetrating, attacks us from above with extreme suddenness and brutality. We step out for Pooley Bridge, shivering in our inadequate summer clothing under the stress of the wintry weather, till we reach the steamboat pier. We do not require to be told, or rather to have it yelled in our ear, by a cowering official, that the steamer will not run. One glance at the surface of the lake suffices.

The writer of the delightful "Highways and Byways in the Lake District" gives a most vivid picture of the plunging effect of the Helm Wind on Rydal Water, with which most of us are familiar,* and *mutatis mutandis*, making allowances for the fact that Rydal is the smallest of the lakes and Ullswater the largest but one, we have in that description a graphic representation of the glittering expanse of tormented waters before us. So wild and beautiful is the spectacle that for a few minutes we forget our discomfort, lost in wonder and admiration. Then the beastly Helm Wind reasserts itself unmistakably, and we turn our backs on the lake and cut to the nearest possible cover. The Sun Inn is full up, so there is nothing for it but Penrith and thitherward we set our faces. As we push on, in the teeth of the easterly gale, we try to cheer our depressed bodies and spirits by

* " . . . . For it is not too much to say that at times the whole surface of Rydal Lake was entirely hidden beneath clouds of driving spray. The agitation of the actual surface was of course great, but that was quite a secondary matter; for it seemed as if the gale in its violent and spasmodic rushes scooped up tons of water into the air and then dashed them with headlong force in glittering and scintillating clouds across the lake from shore to shore. The brightness of the sky, the brilliancy of the sunshine, the blueness of the lake, immensely heightened the effect. Sometimes the whirling masses of water were flung in showers back to their element, like the play of some vast fountain, flashing rainbow colours in the sunshine as they fell; at other times, these great spray clouds were driven high over the banks and scattered far and wide amid the woods behind."—*Highways and Byways in the Lake District, by A. G. Bradley, pp.* 228-9.

encouraging shouts of the hot grog we will have at the "George," when all at once we find ourselves, on the open road, out of the wind and wrapped in the soft, warm, westerly airs that had accompanied us on our morning walk.

This is by no means an exaggerated description of the Helm Wind in full blast. I may conceivably have over-localized its operations with regard to its appearance between Penrith and Ullswater, because one might quite possibly find it at Penrith, but I have done so advisedly for the purpose of illustration.

Now I want to call attention to the following features incidental to the Helm Wind :—(1) The cap of clouds on the Crossfell Range, (2) The violent storm rushing down the western slopes of Crossfell and its sudden cessation, (3) The ever-moving, never-shifting bar of clouds a short distance west of and opposite the cap of clouds, (4) The reappearance of the Helm Wind several miles further west, plunging downwards with seemingly undiminished intensity, (5) The presence of light, westerly airs, succeeded by a zone of perfect calm between Crossfell and the district where the wind reappears, (6) The clearness of the atmosphere between the bar of clouds and the cloud-cap.

I think, too, a rough idea of the contour of England from east to west, in what I may call the Helm Wind district, may help to explain what happens. From the Durham coast the ground rises gradually in long stretches of moorland till it reaches its culminating point to the west in Crossfell. On that side Crossfell descends with great steepness to the rich Eden valley, which, in warm weather, becomes a regular hot-house. The Lake District, again, is well known for the general mildness of its summer temperature, but the main features I wish to emphasize are the long, gradual rise of the land over bleak moors and its sudden drop of two thousand feet to the warm Eden valley.

(1) In the spring the winds, blowing landwards from the North Sea, strike the Durham and Northumberland coasts, and pass westwards over the moorlands, growing cooler and

cooler as they go. Naturally mist is generated in the process, and when they reach the lofty, chill summit of Crossfell, the moisture they contain condenses and a thick cap, or helmet, of cloud is formed. From this formation the Helm (Helmet) Wind takes its name.

(2) Two thousand feet below lies the hot valley. Obeying the law of Nature, the cold air flows into the warm space, but in this case the flowing is done at headlong speed; the east wind literally precipitates itself down the western slope of the mountain. Here we have the storm rushing down Crossfell. Now, such is its velocity that, on striking the earth, it is flung back, shrieking, high into the air, by the mere violence of its impact. Thus the sudden cessation of the gale is accounted for.

(3) After its upspring has carried it a certain height, it encounters a colder stratum of air, and the moisture which it has pilfered from the surrounding atmosphere (of which more anon) immediately condenses, forming a thick bar of cloud—the Helm Bar. This bar the uprushing Helm Wind is constantly renewing with moisture, and at the same time, as it forms an obstacle to its upward progress, constantly trying to blow away. Here we have the explanation of the immobility and agitation of the Helm Bar.

(4) The Helm Bar, however, until the atmospheric conditions become normal, constitutes an impassable barrier to the wind which, thus deflected, pursues a westward course through the upper atmosphere till it comes plunging down on the warm, attractive Lake District. As to the seemingly undiminished intensity, I wish I could speak with certainty. A series of measurements of the relative velocity of the wind on the slopes of Crossfell and at various points in the Lake District, taken simultaneously several times during the period of visitation, would be most interesting, but, so far as I can ascertain, no such statistics are available.

(5) Before the coming of the Helm Wind, and on either side of its course whilst it is in being, westerly airs prevail. These are only interrupted in the Lake District by the easterly gale, and, as soon as they are beyond its zone, they resume till they approach the foot of the Crossfell Range.

Now, so violent is the draught caused by the uprush of the Helm Wind in its rebound after striking the earth, that it catches hold of the light airs and drags them up with it, thus leaving an absolutely windless space, a breathless triangle, whose base is the earth and apex the Helm Bar.

(6) On the other side of the uprush, between it and the downrush on the slopes of Crossfell, is a similar but more acute triangle, inverted, an atmospheric V. This, between the two currents, is absolutely desiccated of moisture by the descending and ascending air streams. The sky may be overcast—it often is when the Helm Wind blows—but in this space clouds cannot exist. Some do try to form, but, as I have pointed out, they are almost immediately caught and dissipated. Of course the wind does not confine its pilfering operations to this inverted triangle alone: it picks up every scrap of moisture within reach, thereby continually reinforcing the resisting power of the Helm Bar.

I have already suggested the resemblance of the Helm Wind to a switchback railway. There is the gentle shove-off on the eastern fells, the sudden "terrific descent," then up we go again to the Helm Bar, and then down again to the end of the course in the Lake District. But the switchback is a popular holiday amusement: the Helm Wind emphatically is not.

IN OLD TRACKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Read before the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, 9th February,* 1909.)

Like the girl who, when the extreme ugliness of her "young man" was remarked on, explained that her father had always impressed on her the importance of going through life "with an object," so Greenwood, in his summer holiday, always climbs with—I had nearly said me, but what I really mean is that he plans out a climb for each working day and trusts to luck and weather for the result.

His "objects" in 1908 were the Zinal Rothhorn, the Dent d'Hérens, the Herbetet and Mt. Blanc by the Midi route, four fine peaks, involving visits to the equally fine valleys of Zermatt, Valpelline, Cogne and Courmayeur—old tracks all of them for us, but not the less pleasant for that.

We reached Zermatt by Lausanne, my favourite way of getting to the Alps, as it gives you glimpses of Paris, the Côte d'Or, Burgundy, the defiles of the Jura and the Lake of Geneva, by daylight, if you are wise, with a good night's rest at Montreux and the chance of a morning swim in the lake.

I remember Zermatt before the railway, when we had to walk up the lower part of the valley and drive the rest, and though I have been there many times since, and by many routes, it has not lost its charm, indeed, I think it has improved!

Alpine centres are best, of course, when unspoilt, but if they have to be "spoilt"—I speak the selfish language of the climber, who, like the deerstalker of the Highlands, thinks the mountains were meant only for him and would, if he could, "make a wilderness and call it peace"—let them be really and completely "spoilt," as Zermatt now is, with concreted streets, sanitary hotels and mountain railways, rather than half spoilt as Zermatt was until lately, with filthy streets, germ-laden hotels and mountain tracks blocked with obstinate mules and kid-booted tourists.

Zermatt is in fact now "regularized" and the daily tide of visitors is dumped at the railway station, housed in comfortable hotels, fed to the sounds of a string orchestra, given clean streets to walk in and shops where anything can be bought from fancy ice-axes to picture postcards, and taken up the Gorner Grat comfortably in the train; leaving the high mountains and the green Alps to their old worshippers. So are all satisfied.

We took the Rimpfischhorn for a training walk, without guide or porter, and thought, as we toiled over the hot slopes of the Findelen valley, of our attempt on that peak in 1891, my first snow climb—except the Breithorn, and of the storm that drove us back from the final rocks. We had no such bad luck this time, and after a lazy afternoon and sleepless night in the little hotel at the Fluh-Alp, which is just the same crazy wooden shanty it was when in 1894 we spent a delightful off-day basking like lizards on the flat rocks in front, we bagged our peak, troubled only by soft snow on the descent and got down to Zermatt in time for dinner. The climb is a fair mixture of snow and rock work, with nothing difficult about it, and we rather envied another man with two guides, who had taken the more sporting way straight from the Adler Pass. I will say nothing of the view—Monte Rosa, Weisshorn, Dom and the rest; nor of the stars and the sunrise: sunrise in the High Alps, as indeed everywhere, is always a new pleasure.

The bite of the afternoon sun had prepared us for the rain next morning, but it cleared up after lunch, and after sending our luggage off to Martigny we went up to the Trift Hotel with Messrs. Raeburn and Ling for the Rothhorn. This detachment from *impedimenta* is not the least of the many charms of Alpine wandering, and we usually see our bags only long enough to change the labels.

We had no need for guides with such companions who, like the late Mr. Mummery, are brilliant exceptions to the rule that three on a rope is best.

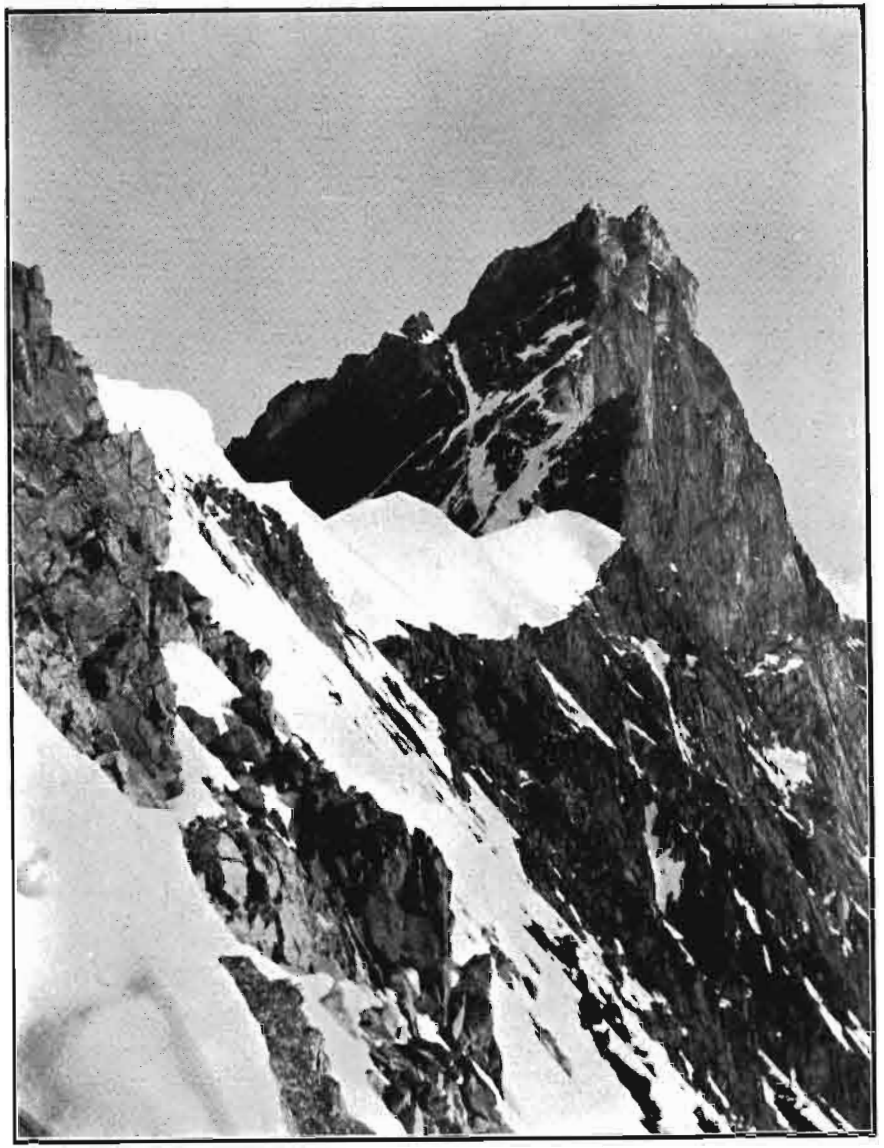
The old Trift Hotel was swept away some years ago by a stone avalanche and is now a mere heap of stones, but a new and larger building has been built a little lower down.

The weather had not been promising when we went to bed, but we got up dutifully next morning at 1 a.m., breakfasted, paid the bill and stepped out into the dark only to find it raining steadily, so crept back quietly, and may I add thankfully, to bed. I remember doing the same thing at Simplon and spending one of the small hours reading an odd volume of *Punch* whilst we gave the weather a chance to clear. I know few things more satisfying for not only have you a sense of duty done but also the prospect of a "long lie" in the morning. And in fact we rolled breakfast and lunch into one, and spent a lazy day reading and keeping up *l'entente cordiale* with a genial Frenchman and his family and a handsome Dutch lady, who had brought up Kropotkin's latest work on "Economics" as light reading for a mountain ramble.

We had several companions when we turned out next morning in perfect weather, among them a German lady, garbed in all points like a man (except the hat), and the costume certainly looked more in place here than, as I once saw it, on the dizzy heights of the Montanvert.

We followed the Trift-joch route to the head of the moraine, and I thought of our tramp down it in 1894, when, in our hot youth, we made our first guideless expedition, one of fourteen hours, from Zinal to Zermatt; and of another descent in 1906, when, with two mountain experts, we had failed to find the way up the Trift-horn, and not liking to go back to the Mountet by the Trift-joch, of which we had already detached an appreciable part, came down this way alongside a cataract of stones and returned next day in fear and trembling. Of all mountain passes I know I like this least.

We turned to the right at the head of the moraine, traversed the easy slopes of the Trift Glacier, where the day was heralded by the bursting of a prodigious meteor that lit up the mountain like a flash of lightning, and got on to the rocks at the foot of the eastern ridge of the Rothhorn. Passing along a ridge of snow, up a snow couloir on to the Zinal side, across the slabs which were in good order, up a snow slope and over a broken ridge with tremendous



SUMMIT OF THE ROTHORN FROM THE EAST. *Photo. by E. Greenwood*

precipices on our right, we came to the famous corner just below the summit. The passage of this corner is certainly as sensational as they make them, for there is a clear 2,000 feet drop below your heels as you go round, but it is neither difficult nor dangerous and there is plenty of hold.

On the top we found several parties who had come up from Zinal and spent some time enjoying the splendid panorama which was clear all round, even on the Italian side.

The descent by the Zinal ridge is a fine piece of rockwork, always narrow and sometimes steep, but never too difficult, and I enjoyed it much more than the snow ridge which followed, for it was very hot and we had to step up to the knee in the hard-frozen steps of other parties and at every step my sun-shrivelled brain seemed to shake in my skull like a withered nut in its shell.

As we came down to the Mountet Hut I had fearful thoughts of a night spent there two years ago, crouched in one corner of the *dépendance* among thirty guides, all the climbers' quarters in the *cabane* being occupied by a party of Dr. Lunn's "mountaineers" from St. Luc, who had come up to see "high life" for one night only, and of the sleepless vigil I thought I had spent until my companion, Haskett-Smith, asked me next morning if I had heard the avalanches which he averred had been roaring past the hut all night. But Fate was kind and had moved some guide to build a small but very comfortable hotel on the rocks just below the *cabane*.

Ling and Raeburn remained here next day to prospect for their climb on the Dent Blanche by the very difficult north-east idge, which they did the following day,* whilst Greenwood and I set off at 5 a.m. to cross the Col du Grand Cornier to Ferpècle. We descended on to the glacier in the grey sunrise, skirted round to the right of the island of rock called the Roc Noir, which is now on Dr. Lunn's programme of summer excursions, crossed to the foot of the Grand Cornier Glacier, cut steps up its steep slope to the level snowfield beyond and climbed to the

* A.J., vol. 25, p. 627.

watershed by easy rocks on the right. We had a splendid view of the Rothhorn and Weisshorn in the distance and of the tremendous cliffs of the Dent Blanche close at hand, down which a succession of gauze-like films of snow were falling, as though to hide their very real terrors. But such high game was not for us and crossing the ridge to the easy slopes of the glacier on the other side we went down to the moraine and had a long and lazy bask in the hot sunshine. The Dent Blanche towered right above us into the blue, the very embodiment of brute strength, and over its summit hung the baby moon, scarce two days old, like a wisp of cloud in the summer sky. It is memories like this that make an English winter tolerable.

At Bricolla we found a new hotel, so new that the floors were not yet put in, though the beds lay ready outside, and after a pot of tea, rambled gently down to Ferpècle for Sunday.

The little hotel at that place has not altered at all in the last twenty years and is an ideal place for a day off—tiny bedrooms with sunny balconies, a tiny dining room and the tiniest of *salons*, well stocked with English novels. The young man in charge had doubtless qualified in hotel keeping, now a recognized subject in the curriculum of Swiss education, and, with the help of Messrs. Armour and Maggi, turned out that monotonous sequence of soup, fish, hot meat, cold meat, lettuce leaves in vinegar, nuts and bad coffee, which no self-respecting Swiss innkeeper ever varies. It was the national feast day and some of the inhabitants went down to Haudères to assist in the celebration, the others had one of their own here, ending in the usual fight. I am sorry to say we missed the prolonged twilight which Raeburn and Ling enjoyed on the summit of the Dent Blanche and have described so vividly—a fitting reward for a great climb.

We set off next morning at 2 a.m. to cross the Col des Bouquetins into Italy, and as the guide-book route, up the far side or true left of the Mont Miné Glacier, was declared to be swept at one point by falling stones we took the local guide to show us the alternative route. We went

down on to the glacier and up its lumpy surface as far as Mont Miné, a huge island of rock with some pretensions to be an independent peak, which stands at the junction of the Mont Miné and Ferpècle Glaciers, and traversing along in the trough between it and the Ferpècle Glacier until we were abreast of the icefall and the Dent Blanche, turned up steep slopes to the summit of the Mont Miné, and paid off the guide. Very dear we thought him and the precious wine which, of course, he had insisted on taking, and which, equally of course, he took back unopened. Crossing over the ridge we got on to the *névé* of the Mont Miné Glacier, above the icefall, and walked easily along the vast plateau of snow to the frontier, with the Dent des Bouquetins on our right. At one point, where we crossed the track from the Col d'Hérens to the Col de Bertol, our thoughts went back to a tremendous broiling we got there in 1895 when crossing from Zermatt to Arolla. I do not defend the passage of a snow-covered glacier with only two on the rope, but there were no crevasses and the use of a doubled rope reduces the risk to a minimum.

The Za de Zan Glacier falls from the Col in tremendous curves, but we found an easy way down the rocks on the left, and after crossing a rather rotten snow basin and descending some easy couloirs, where the ever-careful Greenwood actually allowed me to unrope and glissade, and after missing our way once in true guideless fashion and fumbling across some rather nasty rock pitches, we came to a well-marked path and a small spout of fresh water. We were glad to have had clear weather for the trip as the way is rather bad to find, and made more so by the maps, which have improved on Nature by inserting a ridge of rock that does not exist, though the written directions in Ball are correct enough.

We never carry much to eat, and our "elegant sufficiency" that day had been reduced to four pieces of toast—a Ferpècle speciality—and the inevitable tin of jam, so we did not tarry long over lunch, and going on came quite unexpectedly upon a hut (the Capanna d'Aosta) which the C.A.I. has just put up.

We found there two climbing friends who had come over from Arolla the day before, broken into the hut (the key of which is kept down below at Prarayé), climbed the Dent d'Hérens that morning and were now busily engaged in "siding up," (as we say in Yorkshire), the remains of what must have been an Epicurean feast. We stood the contrast as long as we could and then made tracks down the glacier to Prarayé, the highest hamlet in the Valpelline, and found good lodgings at a large hotel, which has been built not far from the ancient grange and quaint vaulted cowshed of the Canons of Aosta, where we had stayed in former years.

With a situation so delightful and accommodation so clean it is a pity that so few seem to come here. Scarcely any English names were in the visitors' book and the only guests besides ourselves were two Italian geologists, who spent their days in rambling about the country and their evenings in copying out their notes. We felt very inefficient members of society in comparison.

We should have liked to spend more time in this delightful spot, but we had not yet done the Dent d'Hérens, so next day we retraced our steps over the rocky barrier which lies above the hotel and up the bare wet glacier to the hut. Being without guide or porter we had to fend for ourselves, and this included splitting the wood, lighting the fire, fetching the water and cleaning up afterwards, duties which very much reduce the desire for a varied *menu*, just as ladies are supposed, when lunching alone, to prefer what can be brought in on a tray.

We were followed by a party of two young Italians with two guides, all carrying prodigious stores of food, as they intended to remain there for ten days, a phase of mountaineering that does not appeal to me at all. I much prefer not only the greater comfort but the change of interest to be got by wandering from one mountain centre to another.

We had a comfortable night, in fact I had eight hours sleep, a record surely for a hut, and got away next morning at 4 a.m. There was a south wind blowing and some clouds, but no sign of any immediate break-up of the

weather as we went down the crest of the moraine below the hut, up a steep snow slope into a side valley on the left and along rolling snowfields, having on our left the steep ridge between this and the Zmutt Glacier, until we reached the foot of the south ridge of the Dent d'Hérens, which divides the Valpelline from the Val Tournanche. Crossing the bergschrund at an easy place, we got on to the south-west face of the mountain and found it a succession of little rock terraces and snow gutters—one could not call them couloirs, the going being less difficult than unpleasant, as the rocks were iced and the snow not in good order. We aimed for a rock pinnacle on the west ridge of the mountain and had got within half an hour of it, going carefully and leaving baby stone men to mark the track, when the weather got worse. Big black clouds were boiling up out of the Val Tournanche and eddying round the summit, though they did not cross the watershed, so we called a council of war—with the usual result. It would have been possible, perhaps, to reach the summit, but there would have been no view, and if the storm had caught us coming down we should have had a bad time. There was no one on the Continent sufficiently interested in our movements to know to a week or two when or where to expect us so, as "members of the Club" and "under all the circumstances" and so on, we decided to return, and I think we were well advised, for though we got down to the hut—and to the hotel—dry, the storm broke in the evening and we had such a buffet of wind and rain that we thought the windows had been blown in.

It was still showery when we got away down the valley at noon, and we had to shelter several times, once in particular at the village of Bionaz where I remember stopping in 1894 to get tea at the house of the *curé*, but they had never heard of tea and to arrive at the price of an omelette had recourse to the market report in last week's newspaper for the price of eggs and butter. Lower down, at Oyace, there is now quite a good hotel, full of Italian *pensionnaires*, where we got coffee—they had no tea, and honey, with a mountain pansy tucked into each napkin, by which token and the

sticks of *gressini* we knew we were indeed in Italy. It is a lovely valley all the way down—the church and castle of Oyace, perched on a high rock promontory in right Italian-wise, are especially fine—and we were much better able to appreciate its beauties than in 1894, when we had come over from the Staffel Alp and were pretty well played out before we got down so far.

At the village of Valpelline we hired a carriage and drove down to Aosta in the gloaming. Some day, perhaps, we shall be rushed into that ancient city in the train by way of the already-talked-of tunnel under Mont Blanc, in greater comfort perhaps, but with none of the glamour of the white road, the walled-in convents, the *campaniles* nodding with the sweet vesper bells and the far-flung gloom of that glorious valley.

We rumbled slowly through the narrow streets, across the spacious market-place to the Post Office for letters and then back to the Hotel Mont Blanc on the western outskirts of the town, with its open galleries and shady courtyard, a very haven of refuge for weary mountaineers.

Next morning was fine and, after a breakfast, of which the toothsome sponge cakes wrapped in silver paper still linger on my mental palate, and a stroll in the town, where I tried in vain to induce a grave ecclesiastic, the sacristan they called him, but he looked the Dean at least, to let me see the gold and ivory treasures of the Cathedral, we drove up the highway, hot and dusty as of yore, as far as Aymaville. We found there a man with a small carriage and leaving our sacks with him set off to walk the rest of the way to Cogne. And what a charming walk it is ! Sometimes high above the torrent, as at Pont d'El, where the Roman aqueduct, sound as the builder left it, spans the gorge, sometimes alongside the tumbling stream, until we reached the flat meadows where Cogne's white *campanile* stands guard at the meeting of the waters.

It was not our first—nor our second—visit to that charming centre, charming years ago in its primitiveness, but changing like so many centres. The old Hotel Grivola, with its crazy galleries and dark *salle à manger*, frescoed

with the owner's pedigree at full length, has been enlarged and modernized in a half-hearted attempt to meet the rush of Italian tourists who are beginning to find out the beauties of their own country, and another hotel has been opened, where we once had to sleep in the little *salon*, and both were full. So also was the village, not indeed with tourists but with Alpine troops—fine, stalwart men, who would have been better employed, one thought, in helping the womenfolk in field labour than in dragging mountain batteries up and down the passes in mock warfare. An armed peace can be bought very dearly.

But amid all the changes the women still cling to their quaint hooped petticoats, and with the late J.K.S., we were tempted to exclaim :—

If her anatomy comprised a waist, I did not notice it.

Nor is there any change in the unhealthy houses, imposing enough outside, but inside, all barn and mistal, except the one living room, with tiny fast-shut window and door opening into the barn. No wonder the people look pale and washed out !

Cogne is in fact a spoilt centre at present and will have to go through the same chrysalis stage as Zermatt before it again becomes attractive.

We set off next day, after lunch, for the Herbetet Chalet in the Valnontey, taking with us a porter to carry the bags, a puny creature to look at but a beggar to go. The great Glacier della Tribulazione fills the head of the valley and I looked curiously for the place where, in 1899, with Holmes and my brother, we thought we knew better than Ball and had a very pretty bit of rock and snow work before getting clear. To save time the porter took us up one of the steepest paths I was ever on and we were not sorry to find ourselves at the chalet. It is not a cowherd's chalet but just a square stone-built hut, like those we see in quarries at home, with a sleeping shelf for five, a table, some benches, a stove, a *casserole* and a few pots and spoons. High above the murmuring stream it stands in full view of the glaciers at the head of the valley and almost on a level with the Roccia Viva and other minor peaks on the further side.

We dismissed the porter and set to work to fetch water and cut the firewood, or rather to split it with our ice-axes—not so easy to do as it looks, and had just made ourselves comfortable with soup and coffee when four young Italians came up and things got a bit crowded. But they were pleasant fellows and knew how to make themselves happy with weird cooking stoves and other fitments, and we were soon friends.

Venus was shining like a small moon as we left the hut at dawn, and, circling round the glen along a shattered hunting path, came by screes and snowfields to the south Col de l'Herbetet, where we left our bags and started up the easy north ridge of the peak, our Italian friends crossing over for the more difficult ridge on the east.

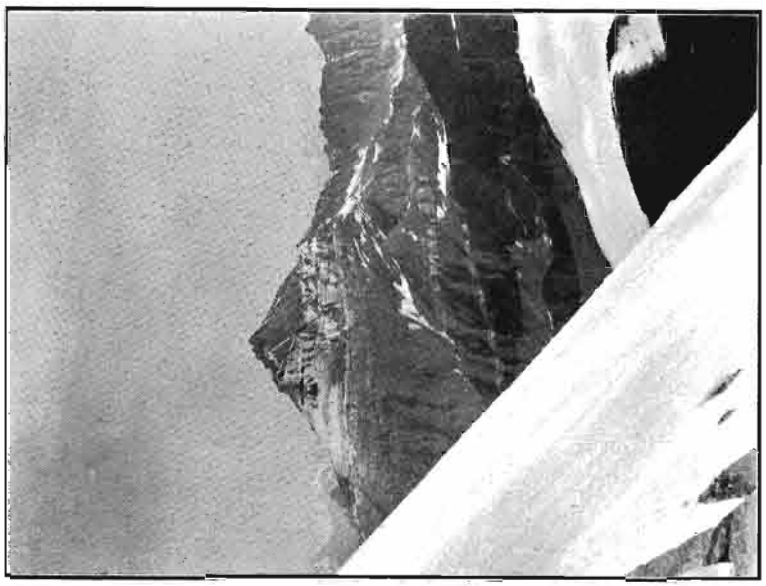
We climbed by slabby rocks on the left on to the broad face to our right and then over steep snow slopes, with ice underneath, and under overhanging rocks to the shattered summit, and at once found ourselves in a circle of old friends. Far away in the east were the Disgrazia and the Bernina—the former we climbed in 1904, the latter beat us back ignominiously*. In the south the Tarentaise, in the west Mont Blanc, and close at hand, on the north, the Grivola, which has foiled us three times, twice by a hot sun, after that awful grind up from Cogne and once by bad weather, and on the south the Grand and Petit Paradis and that fatal ridge between, from which poor Clay and his companions fell in 1904.

The snow was bad on the descent and we took it carefully down to the col, and then, picking up our sacks, traversed the easy glacier on the north and came down in the hot afternoon through the steep pine woods to Dégioz in the Val Savaranche in time for that luxury of mountaineering, a jug of milk and hot water and an hour between the sheets before dinner.

Dégioz is one of the nicest Alpine villages I know. Lying on the eastern slope of the valley it catches all the afternoon sun, at any rate in summer, the houses, unlike

* Y.R.C.J., vol. 2, pp. 106 *et seq.*

ROCCIA VIVA FROM THE HERBETET. *Photo. by E. Greenwood.*



GRIVOLA FROM THE HERBETET. *Photo. by E. Greenwood*

those of Cogne, are built on sensible lines and the people look fit and healthy. The little inn has one homely *salon* for guests and about eight bedrooms, with wooden galleries outside, and a quaint wooden "bridge of sighs" across the narrow street, leading to the landlord's private house.

There were several Royal Chasseurs standing about and we learnt that the King of Italy was then in the valley for his annual shoot, and that one poor beater had just been knocked down the rocks in trying to turn a frightened bouquetin and killed. We had expected to see some of these fine animals during the day but they and the chamois had no doubt been driven over to the other side of the valley by the beaters. His Majesty, unlike his royal grandfather, is said not to be a keen sportsman and keeps it up only for the sake of giving employment to the people in these valleys. It is at any rate not from any lack of energy or nerve, as witness his recent conduct at Messina.

We left next morning at 8 a.m. and walked down the valley to Villeneuve as the rays of the morning sun were filtering through the pine woods that fringe the summit of the eastern ridge. The path runs high up above the stream and affords a fine view of the head of the main valley and the bare brown uplands of its further side with the snows of Mont Blanc beyond.

At Villeneuve we had lunch and waited for the motor-bus which now runs from Aosta to Courmayeur and reduces that six hours' agony of a drive to two. But when it did come there was no room and we had to content ourselves with the humble *diligênce*, and although we chafed at the delay, for the odour of Courmayeur's flesh pots was already in our nostrils, we had the more time to appreciate the fine scenery—in places almost theatrical. I am thinking more especially of the wooded gorge through which the Val Grisanche forces its way into the main valley, and of the sudden view of Mont Blanc seen through a rock-hewn tunnel.

Near Pré St. Didier we saw a lot of navvies busy on the other side of the stream making what looked like a railway and we thought the Mont Blanc tunnel scheme had actually materialized, but we were assured it was only a new road

with a better gradient for the motor-bus, and we tried to believe it.

We reached Courmayeur just in time for dinner and at once found ourselves not only on old tracks but among old friends, mostly Italians, who cling to this charming spot with great fidelity. Nor do I blame them. The village is clean, well-paved and breezy; there is the finest mountain in Europe to look at and the stiffest of climbs up it if you feel that way inclined; and an excellent hotel, the Royal, with cool galleries, spacious *salons*, first-class cooking, an orchestra for dancing and good company, with no taint of Cook or Lunn or what takes their place in France or Germany. Courmayeur will always be my favourite centre and I hope "the flat transgression of a schoolboy" which I am thus committing will do nothing to spoil it.

Of course everybody dresses for dinner and the ladies put on their best bibs and tuckers, but they made allowance for vagrants like ourselves who could not boast of two changes of raiment—or even of one, and gave me at any rate a good time—Greenwood does not dance.

I suppose I ought to have sent a dress suit on ahead but I had in mind what happened in 1899 to an Italian friend who had gone up with us to the Victor Emmanuel Hut for the Grand Paradis. We had sent our luggage round by the Col de Nivolet on a mule, and the animal had the bad taste to roll in the snow on the way and when the bags arrived my friend found his newly purchased haberdashery a soaking mess of starch and linen and spent all next day in drying them.

We had been lucky so far in carrying out our programme to the letter and Greenwood was anxious to take advantage of the continued fine weather and set off at once for Mont Blanc but I begged hard for one whole day at Capua and he kindly gave way.

We spent the following morning accordingly in idling around and shopping. I have heard, and felt, hard things about the Italian bread and remember once taking out a Yorkshire loaf to Holmes who had been gritting his teeth for some weeks on Italian crusts, but we found here a supply of soft brown

bread, which, when eaten with marmalade, was like manna in the wilderness.

After lunch I fell so far from mountaineering grace as to go for a ride in a friend's motor car to the summit of the Little St. Bernard Pass. But though the trip had few of the merits of a mountain climb it had all, and more than all, its perils.

To be carried up and down those fenceless roads, along dizzy precipices and round hairpin corners, at an average of 25 miles an hour, in a 60 h.p. car with a cargo of six passengers, a 70 h.p. car in front to set the pace and another behind to see that you keep it, startled dogs disappearing over the edge as you slew round the corners, swearing orderlies on prancing chargers, crawling wagons with straggling gas pipes sticking out behind, your companions standing up and shrieking to the sleepy wagoners:—"Ancora due!" ("Still two more to come!")—there were five cars in the mad procession—and all this through tunnelled gorges and over bare grass slopes where Hannibal perhaps once laboured with his elephants or Napoleon with his tumbrils, was indeed motoring *in excelsis!* And then the pleasant tea, carried up in Thermos flasks, at the rude inn on the summit, and the delicious cake, rightly called *millefleurs*, so soft you had to eat it with a spoon; and, for the final touch, a travel-stained car from Paris rolling up the glen and stopping to cool its engine with snow. On its roof was a spare tyre cased in a round band-box, just like that in which our precious cake had been carried up, and I earned great fame as a wit by exclaiming: "Voilà, "encore un autre gateau qui arrive!"

But we had not come out to the Alps to enjoy ourselves, (as I remember saying to Holmes in 1896 after a fortnight of rain and dancing at Zermatt), and next morning we strolled gently up to the Mont Fréty Hotel, or rather to its blackened ruins, for the little hostelry which had been a welcome haven three years before for a weary band, sore spent with toiling over the Col du Géant in a hot sun, had been burnt out in 1907, and was now being rebuilt, and the only shelter was a tin lean-to where we had an omelette

and a dubious sausage. I was pleased to meet an old friend, Omer Balley, of Bourg St. Pierre, who, with his brother Jules, led me across the High Level Route in 1893, my first Alpine *wanderung*.

Two hours up brown pastures and steep rocks brought us to the Rifugio Torino at the top of a couloir down which the workmen, busy in improving the path, were sending cataracts of stones, and a fine row they made.

We had left our sacks for the guides to carry, for we did not care to tackle Mont Blanc on our own, and my friend Mazzucchi, who takes the chamois shooting on this side of the range, had kindly lent us his head guide and *chasseur*, César Ollier, who is the *guide chef*, I believe, of Courmayeur, and was with the Duke of the Abruzzi on Ruwenzori. As he could not break his own rules and come alone we took his nephew as second guide.

There is probably no finer outlook from any hut in the Alps and we picked out many old friends: the Combin, the Paradis, the Herbetet, the Dent Parrachée and especially the Ruitor, in whose summit hut I once spent a weird night.*

From my wooden bunk I could see the moon blushing red through the blue haze that had settled all round the southern horizon at dusk, and when we left at one o'clock next morning she was in full splendour and we never lit our lanterns. We roped at the door and mounting by the short path to the Col went right across that vast amphitheatre of glaciers, past the rock spires of La Vierge and the tremendous cliffs of Mont Blanc de Tacul to the trough which lies between the latter peak and the Aiguille du Midi, nearly as far as the rude hut where some parties sleep out for our climb. For myself I think the extra comforts of the Torino Hut well worth the extra two hours' walk from the Col du Géant, at any rate when the snow is good and with such a moon as we had.

Turning to the left we mounted by a very steep snow slope and circling round to the left reached the summit of the Tacul (14,000ft.). Dawn had come, saffron-hued and streaked

* A.J., vol. 21, p. 215.

with bands of cloud, the moon was paling, Venus our morning planet had dwindled to a star, all round lay white wastes of snow, in the depths below ran the dark valley of the Arve and beyond rose the grey mountains of the Chablais. It was a weird scene and perhaps the weirdest touch was a twinkling cluster of lights in one of the furthest valleys, like the Pleiades, "tangled in a silver braid." Street-lighting must be cheap at Le Fayet, if that was the place, to allow of leaving the street-lamps burning all night.

But the wind had been getting stronger and keener and the short descent to the foot of the Mont Maudit did not warm us much. My finger ends were getting numb and as we sheltered in the *séracs* and gnawed some food, the guide said:—"Battez les! Battez les!" and proceeded to "bat" them between his, which caused considerable pain but otherwise made no difference. We had no Thermos flask of hot soup to give us courage and as the weather above, so far as we could see, was getting worse, I took it upon myself to order a retreat: wisely, as it turned out, for no one got up that day. Nor had the party that had followed us from the Midi Hut or that other from Chamonix, which we had seen far below us on the Grand Plateau better luck. It was a great disappointment, as we had been beaten back in 1894 from the Italian side by a change of weather above the Bosses, and again from the Chamonix route in 1902 by a high wind in a clear sky after getting as far as the Vallot Cabane. The monarch of mountains is not easily conquered.

It seems but a short way down from here to the Grand Mulets but there is an impassable ice-fall between, so we had to trudge down the Géant Glacier to the Montanvert—and this was Greenwood's seventh time!*

We found the *séracs* in their usual muddled and sloppy state and got through them easily. There were several parties about and we overtook one man with two guides in the middle. He was not an expert and at places where our guide led across without even looking round his

* Another attempt in 1909 was even more unlucky and after a wet day in the Torino Hut, we had to be content with again crossing the Col du Géant.

leading guide got above him and held him firm on the rope. It is the possibility of work of this kind that is no doubt taken into account in fixing the mountain tariff and, like tailors' bills, they who pay cash have to eke out the defaulters.

We paid off the guides below the *séracs*, and as they had no rope and would not return without one, I had to sell them mine, new that season, at half-price.

And so past the Tank, that well-remembered cistern of fresh water, sacred to the memory of picnics in the long ago, but now, alas, encased in a stone wall, to the Montanvert, full of the usual crowd. The railway has not quite got there yet but I sincerely hope it will next year, for only then will the path to Chamonix be once more clean and pleasant. When tourists insist on coming to a place like the Montanvert as part of a tour by coach and rail, they ought to be brought up and taken back in comfort and safety. In 1893 I saw an old lady, who had been descending on a mule and had swooned and fallen off backwards, lying dead on that very path, and I have no wish to see another.

We went down past Chamonix to Argentière and next day by the newly-opened railway to Martigny. It is a fine ride, with a striking descent into the Rhone Valley above Vernayaz, and I could not help contrasting our easy run of three hours and a half with a walk that way in 1889 when it took us a long day.

And so home by way of Lausanne.

AUTHORIZED GUIDES.

By E. Kitson Clark, T.D., Major 7th Batt. West Yorks. Regt.

Read before the Club on the 23rd January, 1912.

The scheme which I have the honour to lay before you to-night is one which the Yorkshire Ramblers are particularly competent to carry out. By doing so they will be making a very good use of the experience acquired by them as members of the Club.

I am far from suggesting that a Club like ours has any need of an utilitarian excuse for its existence. A desire to advertise the utilitarian value of any pursuit that interests us is a failing of the " improving " persons of the present day, but I claim no such value for my scheme. I appeal, rather, to the romantic spirit implied in the word Rambling.

Rambling already has the romance that comes of dealing with the unexpected and the dangerous, in campaign—and in companions: both may have the romance of unexpected beauty—and both sometimes the romance of disappointment. My scheme would add the romance that encircles the love of one's own country.

The nature of my scheme is sufficiently described by the title of the paper. It is meant to meet the difficulties which the commander of a defensive force would have in a country he can only know from a map, by providing him with guides who are not only men of honour, but also furnished with intelligence and a special knowledge of the country.

This knowledge he might glean, to a limited extent, from various sources. The gamekeeper has it within the limits of his estate, the postmen knows the lines of his round, the policeman his beat, the ordinary pedestrian his favourite haunts, the cyclist the surface and gradients of the roads. Above all others, the huntsman has the eye for country, but his point of view is too high to allow him to recognize the conditions of infantry movements, and his speed and range of action are on a larger scale.

The guide we want must have all this knowledge of the country, and with it, all the gipsy's intimate acquaintance with its contents.

The Rambler is the man to solve the proposition, and especially a Yorkshire Rambler, for being a member of a recognized Association he can, in time of war, be found at once and given a definite job to carry out.

To come to details. Assume that a home force has arrived in Leeds, that the enemy is to the north, that the Wharfe is to be watched or guarded, that Leeds is to be left in the hands of the Territorials, while the officer in command is to strike in the country north of it. He has, it is true, maps and general information from the Intelligence Department of the War Office, but there are many things he cannot learn from them: The nature of the soil, the material of the walls, the surfaces of the roads, the strength of bridges over a stream, the purity of water in the stream, the contents of farmhouses, the stock in the farms, the hurdles, the brushwood, the type of trees: all these things, which ought to be in the mind of the local guide, are certainly not to be found on the map.

To make the situation quite clear, we will set out in full the Orders which might well have been issued, and for which I am indebted to the kindness of Capt. F. Nugent, of the Rifle Brigade:—

GENERAL IDEA.

Reference Map. Any map of England.

England is at war with a strong Continental Power and has lost command of the sea.

A hostile expeditionary force has landed at Whitby and has occupied York.

SPECIAL IDEA.

ENGLAND.

Reference Map. O.S. Sheet 9. (2 m. to 1in.).

On the 1st August, 1915, the 5th English Division has concentrated at Leeds from the south and is billeted there.

On the 5th August, the General Officer Commanding the Division hears from a reliable source that the hostile expeditionary force, which is said to consist of all arms and to be 20,000 strong, is advancing from York, on Leeds, and intends to cross the river Wharfe between Wetherby and Otley.

Some hostile cavalry patrols have been seen south of the Wharfe.

The G. O. C. 5th Division decides to oppose the crossing of the river by the hostile expeditionary force.

Copy No. 1.

OPERATION ORDER No. 4.

By Lt.-Gen. Nicholson, Commanding 5th Division.

Reference Map. O.S. Sheet 9. (2 m. to 1in.).

The Town Hall, Leeds,

5th August, 1915.

Information.	*1.—The hostile expeditionary force has marched from York and is reported to be advancing on Leeds. Hostile mounted patrols have been seen south of the river Wharfe.
Intentions of G. O. C.	2.—To oppose the enemy's crossing of the river Wharfe.
Mounted Troops.	3.—The Divisional Mounted Troops will march at 6 a.m. tomorrow and will occupy the bridges over the Wharfe at Wetherby and Linton.
Artillery.	4.—The O. C. Divisional Artillery will detail one Brigade R.F.A. to accompany the 1st Infantry Brigade tomorrow and one Brigade R.F.A. to accompany the 2nd Infantry Brigade.
Engineers.	5.—The O.C. Divisional R.E. will detail one section Field Engineers to accompany each of the above Infantry Brigades.
Infantry.	*6.—The 1st Infantry Brigade will start at 8 a.m. tomorrow and will march to Harewood viâ Chapel Allerton and Alwoodley Gates, and will watch the line of the river Wharfe from Arthington to Linton (both exclusive). * The 2nd Infantry Brigade will start at 7.30 a.m. tomorrow and will march to Otley viâ Headingley, Point 479, and Greengates, and watch the line of the Wharfe from Otley to Arthington (both inclusive).
Field Ambulances.	7.—Will accompany Brigades.
Transport.	8.—2nd Line Transport will go with Brigades.
Headquarters.	9.—Headquarters and the remainder of the Division will remain in Leeds.

Outposts. 10.—The O.C. Leeds Territorial Brigade will continue to find the outposts for the city.

Authorized Guides. *11.—Authorized Guides will report themselves as follows at 5 p.m. this evening :—

Mr. F. Walker : To the O.C. 1st Infantry Brigade, at the Three Horse-shoes Inn, Headingley.
Mr. H. Climber : To the O.C. 2nd Infantry Brigade, at the University.
Mr. V. Longsight : To the O.C. 2nd Infantry Brigade, at the University.

Reports. 12.—To be sent to the Town Hall, Leeds.

GEORGE HIRST, *Colonel, General Staff.*

Issued at 10 a.m.

Copy No. 2, by aeroplane, to G.O.C.-in-Chief, Nottingham.
Copy No. 3, by orderly, to O.C. Mounted Troops.
Copies 4 to 11 to officers commanding Artillery, Engineers, Infantry Brigades, R.A.M.C., Leeds Territorial Brigade, and Supply and Transport.
* Copies 12, 13 and 14, by orderly, to Authorized Guides.

Copy No. 1.

OPERATION ORDER No. 2.

By Brigadier-General BECKETT, Commanding 1st Infantry Brigade.

Reference Map. O.S. Sheet 9. (2 m. to 1in.).

The Three Horse-shoes Inn, Headingley,
5th August, 1915.

Information. 1.—The hostile expeditionary force has marched from York and is reported to be advancing on Leeds. Hostile mounted patrols have been seen south of the river Wharfe.

Intentions of G.O.C. 2.—The G.O.C. 5th Division intends to oppose the enemy's crossing of the Wharfe. He is throwing forward the 1st and 2nd Brigades to watch the line of the river between Otley and Wetherby, keeping the remainder of the Division in reserve at Leeds.

Advanced Guard.

Major Brigg,
1 Sec. Field Engineers,
95th Battery R.A.
4 coys. 1st Batt. Rifle Brig.

*3.—*The Advanced Guard* (as per margin) will march to Harewood viâ Chapel Allerton and Alwoodley Gates. They will occupy Harewood Bridge and will halt on the line of the river Wharfe.

Main body in order of march.

1st Batt. Rifle Brigade (less 4 coys.)
2nd Batt. K.O.Y.L.I.
10th Brigade R.F.A. (less 1 Battery).
2nd Batt. Manchester Regt.
1st Field Ambulance.
2nd Line Transport.

*4.—*Main body in order of march* (as per margin) will start from the Three Horse-shoes tomorrow at 8 a.m. and will follow the Advanced Guard.

Left Flank Guard.

Lt-Col. Rhodes,
1st Batt. W. Yorks. Reg.

*5.—*Left Flank Guard* (as per margin) will clear the Meanwood Valley and will march viâ Adel and Eccup to Weardley.

Machine Guns. 6.—To accompany Battalions.

Transport. 7.—1st Line Transport will accompany units. 2nd Line Transport will march at the rear of the Main Body.

Authorized Guides. *8.—Mr. H. Climber will report himself to the O.C. Left Flank Guard at the Three Horse-Shoes at 5 p.m. this evening.

Mr. F. Walker will report himself to the O.C. Advanced Guard at the same place and time.

Reports. 9.—To be sent to the head of the Main Body.

Issued at 12 noon. L. HAWKE, *Brigade Major.*

Copy No. 2, by orderly, to G.O.C. 5th Division.
Copies 3 to 11 to officers commanding Divisional R.E., 10th Brigade R.F.A., Advanced Guard, Left Flank Guard, 1st Batt. Rifle Brigade, 2nd Batt. K.O.Y.L.I., 2nd Batt. Manchester Regiment, Senior Transport Officer, 1st Field Ambulance.
* Copies 12 and 13, by orderly, to Authorized Guides.

Only the paragraphs marked with an asterisk concern the Authorized Guide, but copies of the whole would be given to him so that he could understand what was going forward.

Having marched out with the Advanced Guard, the guide might take the officer in command to the top of a house in Hollin Lane, where he would point out that on the Meanwood Beck there are two dangerous gorges, which are not obvious from the contour lines indicating them on the map ; that there are quarries and woods, both dangerous places for ambuscades ; that the tracks are stony and bad ; that while Miles Hill looks imposing and, in fact, commands the valley immediately

in front, it is only the beginning of an outlying spur, and that its capture, though it might be necessary, would not be an end in itself.

He might go on to explain that there was plenty of gorse and brushwood for concealing trenches and sufficient light earth that could be put into sand bags for defensive works; that the water of the beck was good for drinking above a certain point; that there was straw in stacks for bivouacs; that there were telegraph lines over certain parts of the district; that the visible hill-crests were commanded by others which he could locate, and so on.

Besides this he would have to be able to read the country generally, place the map, point out the prominent objects, have a general knowledge of the slope of the ground and of the concealment offered by a sunken road or by a gradient in any given line of fire

In this way, therefore, I suggest that an immense service might be rendered by a Club like ours, if any among its members could be found ready to acquire the simple information indicated above. The Authorized Guide would not trouble himself with military technicalities, unless, indeed, he is of an age when he ought to be in one of the auxiliary forces. The sole military knowledge he need acquire would be the ordinary signals of how to beckon, to stop, or to send away any individual—the signals being :—For Advance: Raise the arm stiffly from thigh to horizontal; for Retire: Circle the hand above the head; for Halt: Raise the arm vertically above the head.

Recapitulating my plea in a few words: A guide with a love—and a knowledge—of his country, and devoted to its service, is provided by a recognized society as a servant of the Forces of the Crown, and when called up is given the badge and rank of an Officer, and his actions in time of war thus regularized.

In conclusion, I am bound to say that the authorities at the War Office have not yet promulgated any such scheme, but I am so convinced, both of its necessity and practicability, that I have no hesitation in bringing it before you in the hope that you will consider it worthy of your serious attention, and that something will eventually be done.

CLIMBING AT ILKLEY.

By W. H. Greenwood.

Leeds is said to have made some name as a centre of the woollen and other trades, but it would appear that the true reasons for its fame lie deeper. Only last year, while in Switzerland, when we mentioned to a Londoner that our home was at Leeds he at once replied: "Oh yes! That's the place near Almscliffe Crag, isn't it?" and enviously remarked how fortunate were the people of Leeds in having climbing in their own suburbs. Since it appears that the near presence of Almscliffe Crag is of such importance to Leeds one would think that the presence of rocks at Ilkley would be appreciated to an equal extent, yet, while the rocks of the former are fairly often crowded, those of the latter seldom see two parties climbing on the same day. Why this should be so is not easy to understand, for the Ilkley rocks possess a distinct advantage, as the climbs, being very little scratched, afford good practice in "finding the way," both to them and on them.

The majority of these climbs are cracks which are ascended by wedging the arm and the leg (usually the left), but there are other varieties, including face climbs, traverses and slabs. For purposes of description they may be divided into two main groups, those on the "Cow and Calf" and those in the Rocky Valley. The names used to distinguish the climbs are those commonly employed by the frequenters of the rocks, but a large proportion are indicated by numbers only, as they are so infrequently climbed that no name appears to have been given to them.

THE COW :—The best climb of all is one on the 'Cow' called the *'A' Climb.* (Plate I.) The first pitch consists of overhanging rocks on the left and leads to a small platform on which the left-hand figure is standing; the second pitch follows the sloping crack and leads either by a hand traverse to the apex of the 'A' which gives the climb its name, or by a walk along the foot of the 'A' and up its

right-hand side to the apex, which forms a big belay; the third pitch leads to the summit. In the photograph the right-hand figure is standing on the 'walk' with hands resting on the traverse. For variety and interest and for a small climb none better could to be found anywhere.

To the right of the face containing the 'A' Climb is another climb consisting of one good pitch called the '*A1*' *Climb.*

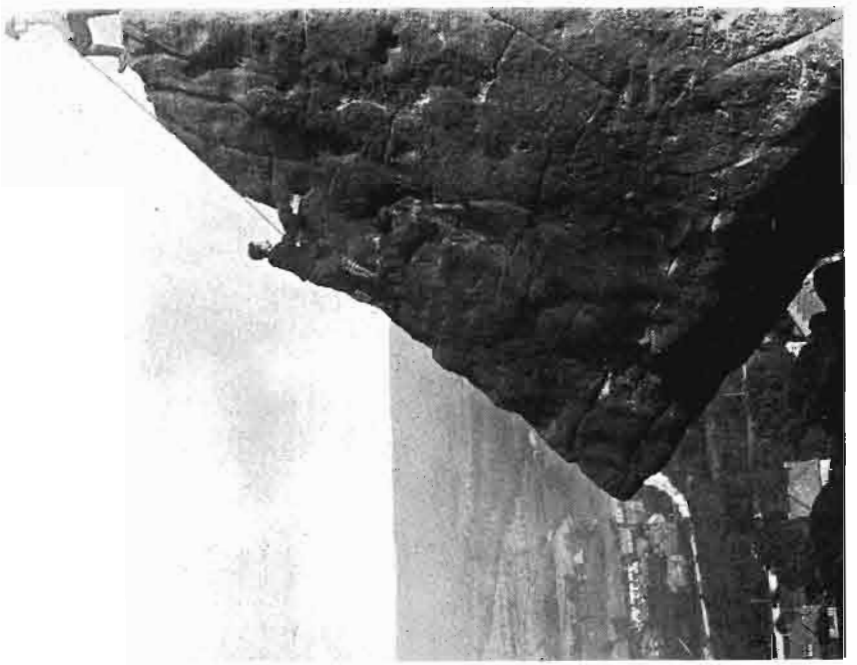
THE CALF :—On the 'Calf,' immediately to the left of the flight of steps carved by a considerate District Council, presumably as a safeguard to climbers, a climb commences up the slab, on which the holds are good, but so small that the temptation to grasp the above-mentioned steps becomes occasionally very great. The descent offers another climb down the left edge of the slab and along a traverse on its foot to the starting-point. (Plate I.)

THE ROCKY VALLEY :—The head of the Rocky Valley lies a few minutes' walk to the S.W. of the 'Cow and Calf,' along a well-marked footpath. The rocks form a line along the far side of the Rocky Valley and are divided into five blocks, which are numbered here consecutively, beginning with the highest.

On BLOCK I. is *Climb No.* 1, or the '*Little A*' *Climb*, so named from a resemblance to the shape of one part of the crack on the 'A' climb. The first pitch is overhanging and proves quite difficult, as to ascend it calls for a big strain on the arms. This leads to the 'A,' which the figure is just entering (Plate II.), and although the exit by the apex is not too easy, there is little likelihood of anyone preferring a return by the crack.

On BLOCK II. are five climbs. The first is *No.* 2, or the '*Easy Chimney*' *Climb*, with a variation finish on the left face, quite possible, but requiring great care.

Next, round the corner, is *No.* 3, difficult to enter, as it entails much severe arm-pulling. This initial difficulty can be avoided by ascending the slab close by on the right and traversing to the left. (In Plate II., the figure is in the crack, having stepped across from the sloping slab a yard away to his right.)



THE CALF

THE COW.

Photos. by G. H. Brayshay.

ROCK-CLIMBING AT ILKLEY: PLATE I.

No. 4 is the climb up this last-mentioned slab, which has convenient holds, and at the top of this are two finishes, to the right and left respectively.

No. 5 is usually called the '*Fly Paper*' *Climb*, a name which probably conceals quite a wealth of latent humour, for the climber at least finds it no easy matter to stick on the climb, commencing as it does on an upright wall of rock with small sloping handholds, and both strength and good balance are required to make the first few feet of ascent, after which there is little difficulty.

No. 6, close by, is a well-defined 'V' chimney, with not even a suggestion of a hold. We have not heard that it has yet been climbed, and it is offered to those of our readers who hanker after a *bonne bouche.*

On BLOCK III. the first three climbs, *Nos.* 7, 8 and 9, lie close together. *Nos.* 8 and 9, well shown in Plate II., lie on either side of a great slab and are easy courses for novices.

No. 7, the '*Black Chimney*' *Climb*, commences at the foot of *No.* 8 and usually provides some amusement. The rock is extremely rough, the chimney invitingly narrow, and to fall out becomes almost as difficult as to progress upwards. By keeping the right leg and shoulder well out, however, the ascent is made much less fatiguing, though the risk of a slip is increased.

The next, *No.* 10, or the '*Leaf*' *Climb*, commences a little way round the buttress, to the right. The first pitch leads to a cave and the chief difficulty of the climb is to escape from this recess up the left wall, and many will find it a help to use the opposite wall as a foothold. This pitch can be circumvented by ascending a little way to the right up the slab and then traversing to the left over the cave. The next pitch leads over the leaf of rock, which gives the climb its name, into the head of the *No.* 9 chimney. A good variation finish is made by standing on the top of the leaf and pulling directly up on friction holds.

No. 11, the '*Rambling Gully*' *Climb*, begins by any route up the slab below the cave of the 'Leaf' Climb, (the most interesting is on the right of the slab and requires a good

pull-up to a flat ledge), and they all lead into a small chimney to reach which requires careful balance.

On BLOCK IV., the first two climbs, *Nos.* 12 and 13, are of the 'nightmare' type and perhaps not practicable.

No. 12 consists of a vertical, narrow crack (in shadow in Plate II.) leading by a traverse on the right to a stance overhung by smooth, rounded rocks, the passage of which is risky if not dangerous.

No. 13 begins in a small cave as a wide, deep crack which leads upwards along an airy path to the stance of *No.* 12. It must be from sheer ill-luck that this airy path has not yet been traversed, for its foot has often been reached, but each time the sight of it has made the leader feel suddenly faint and he has thought it wiser to descend.

No. 14, the '*Throstle's Nest*' *Climb*, a vertical crack, comes next in the corner, a little further to the right. There is a good hold on the left wall and good opportunities of wedging the arm, but the finish is very uncomfortable.

No. 15, the '*Twin Cracks*' *Climb*, consists of two narrow, well-marked cracks, of which the one on the left forms the line of ascent whilst the right one affords holds for both hand and foot.

Next comes *No.* 16, the '*Long Chimney*' *Climb*, with an alternative first pitch on the right, a climb full of good holds and in parts seemingly A.P. (*See Plate* III.)

A little further on is *No.* 17, a crack which will be improved when someone undertakes to clear away from it a large amount of earth.

Close by on the right is *No.* 18, or the '*Crooked Crack*' *Climb*, which, for almost its whole length, is just the width of a boot. On getting a foothold within it, great trouble is experienced in trying to withdraw again, and the difficulty is emphasized at the curves, which give the climb its name. The finish can be made either directly or by a traverse.

Round the buttress is *No.* 19, a little climb up a slab and requiring a nice balance.

BLOCK V. is some few minutes' walk further down the valley and in itself offers enough climbs for a day's work.

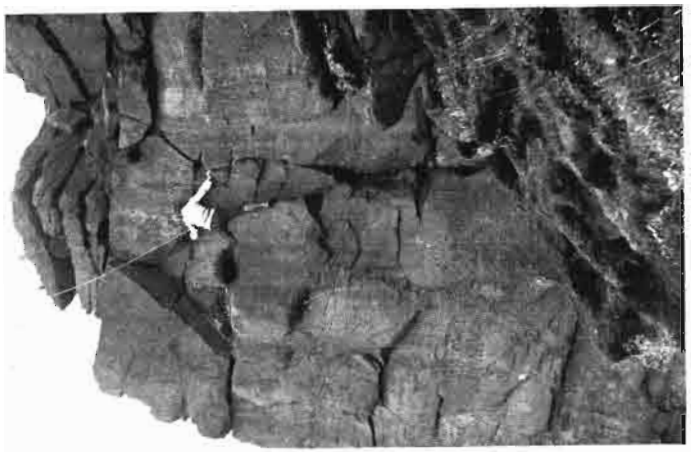
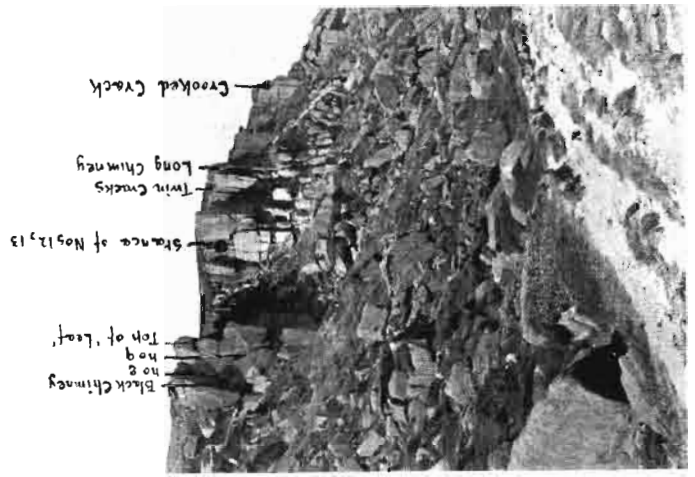


Photo. by T. Wood.

THE "LITTLE A" CLIMB.



Photos by J. W. Platt.

BLOCKS III. AND IV.

No. 3 CLIMB.

ROCK-CLIMBING AT ILKLEY: PLATE II

The first, *No.* 20, or the '*Dead Tree Chimney' Climb*, appears from a distance easy enough, but closer acquaintance gives a very different impression. The first pitch as far as the dead tree (which is not actually dead but apparently breathing its last) is simple, and so is the next few feet of ascent, but here the chimney narrows so much that one is forced out upon a steep face, offering the most shadowy holds. This difficult bit is not more than a yard in length, but it requires the very greatest care.

No. 21 is an excellent chimney with a crack up its right side. It is strenuous work to ascend by the help of this crack alone, but a long left leg can obtain much assistance from the wall of the chimney.

To reach the next two climbs it is necessary to go round the buttress which flanks *No.* 21 and ascend up steep grass and broken rocks to the foot of a face much seamed and cracked, some few feet from the left end of which is *No.* 22, a chimney with two fine pitches. At the top of the second pitch it is necessary to leave the chimney, a proceeding which requires great care, especially if the rocks are wet.

No. 23 is another easier crack to the right, which can be finished either directly or by a traverse.

Round the buttress to the right, a 'sheepwalk' leads upwards to *No.* 24, a chimney with an overhanging first pitch at which a shoulder will afford relief to those who dislike a pull-up on the arms.

Further along appears *No.* 25, the '*Overhanging Chockstone' Climb*, with one good pitch, not easy to overcome, unless a good hold well over the chockstone is found.

Only a few feet to the right is *No.* 26, or the '*Double Chockstone' Crack*, perpendicular and narrow, but with good holds. The upper of the two thin chockstones is loose, but it appears safe enough if pressure is applied vertically.

Next comes *No.* 27, or the '*Holly Bush' Climb*, on which the holly bush affords the only excitement, but the climb offers a short and easy descent from the summit and saves a troublesome walk round the rocks.

The last climb, *No.* 28, is called the '*Traverse and Chimney' Climb* and is the most enjoyable course in the Rocky Valley.

It commences low down on a crack sloping to the right and leading to the right of a leaf of rock, which is traversed as shown in Plate III., or by making use of a good foothold rather low down. The difficulty now is to reach the rectangular, flat-topped rock, which shows plainly above the head of the figure, a proceeding easy enough for a high-kicking contortionist, but for others, particularly those of generous build, not at all a simple matter. From the flat-topped rock one steps into the chimney to find that the traverse pitch could have been avoided. The first pitch of the chimney is easy and short, but the second requires firm and careful wedging, as it appears to overhang. The flat ledge of rock on the right offers a safe handhold, which forms the key of the pitch.

The climbs here described are generally of about thirty-five feet in length, though some, such as the '*A' Climb*, the *Long Chimney* and the *Traverse and Chimney*, approach sixty feet. All of them can be attempted as legitimate climbs, with the possible exception of *Nos.* 6, 12, 13 *and* 14, and only on these has the writer not led throughout. It is probable that other climbs can be made in the Rocky Valley and the Editor will be interested to hear of any that are worthy of being added to the above list.

Photo. by G. H. Brayshay.

THE TRAVERSE AND CHIMNEY CLIMB

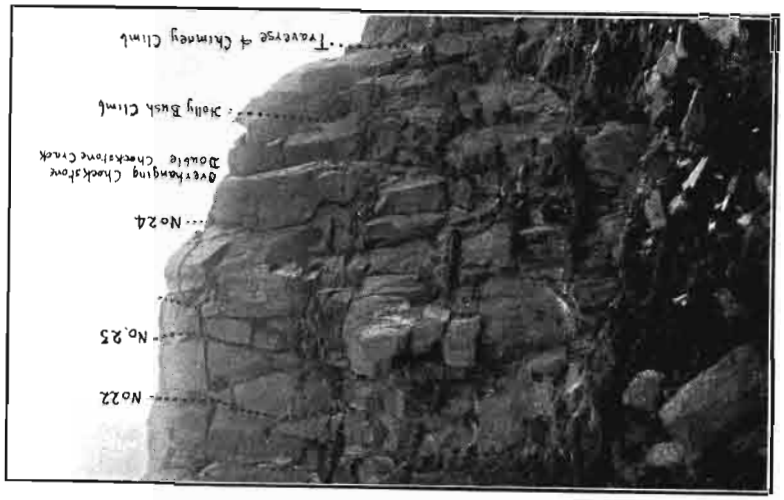


Photo. by A. W. Platt.

BLOCK V.

ROCK-CLIMBING AT ILKLEY: PLATE III

Photo. by A. W. Platt.

THE LONG CHIMNEY.

THE CAVE OF THE DRAGON: MAJORCA.

By C. A. Hill.

The information that the Balearic Islands comprise Majorca, Minorca, Iviza and Fomentera will surely recall an echo of bygone school-boy days, when dry-as-dust facts such as these had to be committed to unwilling memories. If we, as school boys, had been taught that the island of Majorca contains two magnificent caves, the Cave of the Dragon and the Cave of Arta, our interest would have been stimulated and our memory for geography improved. But in those days the science and sport of Speleology had not been evolved.

During the winter of 1907 a desire to see fresh foreign lands, and incidentally to "follow the sun," led my wife and myself to the Balearics, the more so as the ignorance of my youth had now been corrected by maturity, and I had discovered that Majorca is an island of limestone, and that it contains caves. The attractive title of the Cave of the Dragon set us wondering whether that mythical and probably extinct monster still lurked in its recesses,* and of the Cave of Arta we learnt after much research that it was said to be the most wonderful cave in the world, with the exception of certain caverns in New South Wales.† This also suggested great possibilities, and the knowledge that M. Martel had been there on an exploring expedition was a further stimulus and a guarantee that the journey would not be fruitless. Altogether Majorca offered a sufficiently appetizing bait for an ardent speleologist seeking "pastures new."

The Balearics can be reached either from Marseilles or Barcelona, but whichever way you go the Mediterranean has to be crossed. An old writer has left it on record that the thing which chiefly repented him in his life was having gone

* In M. Gaston Vuillier's "The Forgotten Isles," rendered into English by Fred. Breton (London, 1896), at p. 9, the author, speaking of the New Year festival at Palma, says:—"On December 31st was displayed an immense stuffed lizard which, according to tradition, once ravaged the island, depopulating the villages near the marshes, which served as its base of operations. The remains of this terrible saurian disappeared some years ago."

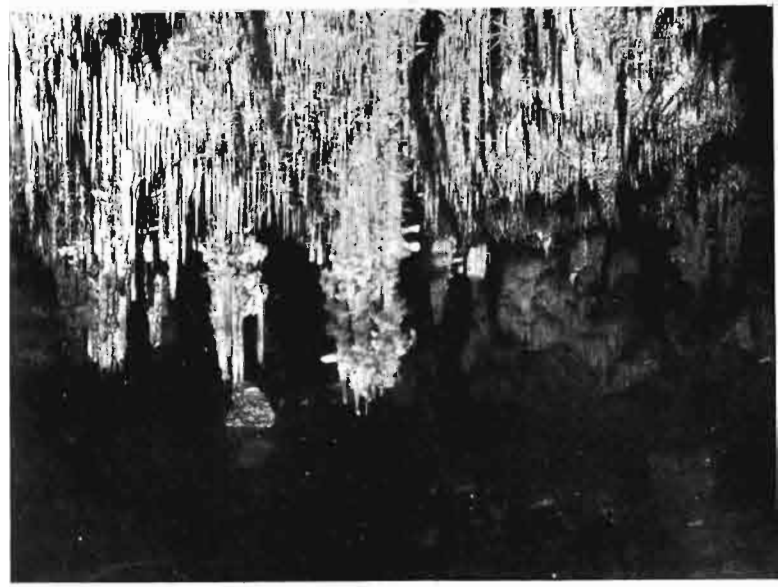
† D'Este "With a Camera in Majorca," p. 61.

anywhere by sea when he might have gone by land, but since it is decreed by fate that a steamer is the most reliable method of reaching an island, aeroplaning being as yet an uncertain means of conveyance, it is better to choose Barcelona for the starting point, as the passage is distinctly the shorter. The steamers, though not so big as the Transatlantics, are sufficiently comfortable boats and land you at Palma within twelve to eighteen hours. On the night of our crossing the Mediterranean was in a chastened mood, so that the firmest devotee of stable equilibrium had nought to complain of, but the return journey was quite another story.

Palma, the chief port of Majorca, is a city of surprises: a quaint mingling of the antique and the modern, the Moorish and the up-to-date Spanish. On arrival, installed in a modern hotel of the type to be met with everywhere abroad, and not knowing a word of Spanish, we despaired of obtaining reliable information about caves, but the head waiter fortunately solved the problem, for not only was he endowed with a fluent knowledge of the English language, (acquired, by the way, at the Trocadero Restaurant in London), but also with a stock of information about the caves and the best means of reaching them. We learned that the Cave of the Dragon, or El Cueva del Drach, to give it its Spanish name, was a day's excursion of about twelve hours from Palma, but that it was impossible to do the Cave of Arta without spending a night in the wilds of a Mallorcan "fonda" or inn.

Palma lies on the west coast, and the caves are on the southern coast, close to the sea; so that to reach either of them a train journey of uncertain timing has to be taken as far as a town called Manacor. Thence one has to drive for an hour along villainous roads in a covered-in cart, known locally as a *galareta*, the propulsive power of which consists of a couple of mules, as far as Porto Christi, the port of Manacor, close to which is the Cave of the Dragon. The Cave of Arta, however, is eighteen miles away, so that it is impossible to combine a visit to both in a single day's outing from Palma, and very reluctantly we had to write the latter off our programme.

The Cave of the Dragon, called also the Cave of Manacor, has been known for centuries but was never properly explored



LAGO VICTORIA.

Photo. by E. A. Martel.

LAKE MIRAMAR: CAVE OF THE DRAGON.

Photo. by E. A. Martel.

until 1896, when M. Martel spent four days there, (Sept. 9-12), and in company with his friend, M. Louis Armand, and others, worked out the cave thoroughly and completed its survey. Only one previous exploration had been attempted, in 1878, when two Spaniards from Barcelona succeeded in completely losing themselves for a whole day and became half dead from hunger and fright. The despairing inscription they wrote upon the wall of the Salle des Égarés, a chamber so called after them: "Ya no hi ha esperanza" ("There is no longer any hope"), is still legible.

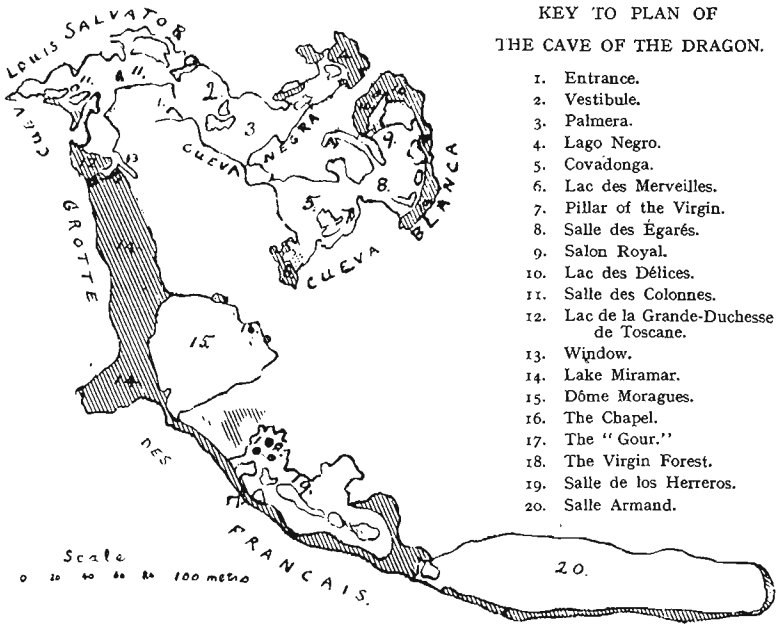
The French exploration was undertaken at the invitation of the Archduke Louis Salvator of Austria, who owns large estates in the island, and proved eminently successful. The known extent of the cave was more than doubled by the discovery of a new portion which measures 500 m. in a straight line and contains the largest underground lake in the world, Lake Miramar, measuring 570 ft. in length, 100 to 125 ft. in width, with a depth varying from 15 to 30 ft.

Martel considers that the Cave of the Dragon now ranks among the finest in Europe, and compares favourably with Padirac, Dargilan and the Aven Armand in France, the Han-sur-Lesse in Belgium, and the Adelsberg in Austria.

The cave is about a mile and a quarter in extent and lies close to the sea, with which it communicates through narrow clefts impracticable to man. It is in fact a sea-cave, of unusual size, excavated by the waves of the Mediterranean out of the folded limestone strata which have been contorted as a result of lateral pressure into a series of synclines and anticlines on a small scale.

Besides Lake Miramar there are three smaller lakes, known as the Lake Negro, the Lac des Délices and the Lac des Merveilles, all of them at sea level, though they do not communicate one with the other by any visible channels. Their level rises and falls according to the variations in the Mediterranean caused by the south-east winds. As a result the water in the lakes, though fed largely by drippings from the roof, is not quite fresh but slightly brackish; chemical analysis showing it to be a mixture of three parts of fresh and one part of salt water, and comparative analysis that the salinity diminishes with the distance from the sea.

The entrance to the cave is in a depression at the highest part of a smooth plateau, about 70 ft. above the adjoining sea. Descending a long flight of steps one enters a chamber known as the Vestibule, which roughly divides the cave into two halves, one to the right and the other to the left, (*see* Sketch Plan). That to the right, which comprises the Cueva Negra and the Cueva Blanca, each terminating in a lake, is the portion of the cave usually shown to tourists. That on the left comprises first the Cueva Louis Salvator, also ending in a lake, called the Lac de la Grande Duchesse de Toscane, and beyond, the Grotte des Français, first discovered and explored by Martel, the first section of which includes Lake Miramar.



KEY TO PLAN OF THE CAVE OF THE DRAGON.

1. Entrance.
2. Vestibule.
3. Palmera.
4. Lago Negro.
5. Covadonga.
6. Lac des Merveilles.
7. Pillar of the Virgin.
8. Salle des Égarés.
9. Salon Royal.
10. Lac des Délices.
11. Salle des Colonnes.
12. Lac de la Grande-Duchesse de Toscane.
13. Window.
14. Lake Miramar.
15. Dôme Moragues.
16. The Chapel.
17. The "Gour."
18. The Virgin Forest.
19. Salle de los Herreros.
20. Salle Armand.

Although it was winter when we visited the cave we were struck with the high temperature of the interior. It was about 90° F. and very stuffy, so that after spending some hours inside the atmosphere outside seemed quite cool in spite of it being quite a warm day, a fact which cave explorers in this country will appreciate, as it is altogether the reverse of what they are accustomed to.

Returning now to the starting point at the foot of the stairway in the Vestibule, a chamber of lofty dimensions though sadly the worse for wear, two passages between large boulders lead downwards into the Cueva Negra, the first portion of which is called the Palmera, (or Hall of the Palm Tree), so named from one of the largest and prettiest pillars which adorn this chamber. At the end of the Palmera a passage to the left descends into the second chamber, terminating at the first of the lakes—the Lago Negro—where, in spite of the smoky condition of the walls and roof, the stalactites still retain much of their pristine beauty and hang down in thick clusters of delicate needles over the transparent waters of the lake.

From the right hand corner of the Palmera a narrow exit gives access to the Cueva Blanca, which, previous to 1896, was the most interesting part of the cave. The Cueva Blanca comprises several chambers, the largest of which is known as Covadonga, a great hall with a comparatively low roof. On the right hand side a steep descent of about 50 ft., impossible to negotiate without a rope ladder, leads to the beautiful little Lac des Merveilles, a miniature lake entirely blocked with masses of stalactite and stalagmite of an absolute whiteness.

In the left hand corner of Covadonga, close to a fine column called the Pillar of the Virgin, is a sharp descent leading into the Salle des Égarés, the chamber whence the lost Spanish explorers of 1878 were rescued and where their writing on the wall is still to be seen. Beyond this lies the Salon Royal, out of which a slope in either of two directions brings one down to the shores of the wonderful Lac des Délices. This is quite the finest piece of underground scenery I have ever had the good fortune to behold. From the roof depend millions of long delicate crystalline needles, all thickly clustered together, and reflected most exquisitely from the surface of the clear water. When lit up by magnesium the effect is most brilliant. Curious islets of stalagmite are dotted about everywhere in the lake, one of them being in the shape of a cross.

This profusion of thin delicate stalactites is quite the most characteristic feature of the Cave of the Dragon, and is particularly noticeable over the surface of the lakes, as, owing to their inaccessible position, the formations have escaped damage, whereas in the other more accessible parts they have been badly hacked about and removed wherever within reach. This exceptional growth in pipe-stem form is evidently due to the peculiar softness of the limestone, which allows the rain-water, by percolating freely, to take up an excess of carbonate of lime, and, by dripping through the roof from innumerable points in a condition of super-saturation, to deposit its excess of calcite quickly.

The Cueva Louis Salvator is the first section of the half of the cave to the left of the Vestibule. It consists practically of one large chamber, the Salle des Colonnes, a hall filled with numerous columns. There are several exits from it, all of which end blindly in small chambers or impenetrable fissures, excepting that on the extreme left, where a long slope leads down to the level of the Lac de la Grande Duchesse de Toscane. This was the farthest limit of the cave until Martel's exploration opened out the long series of galleries beyond now known as the Grotte des Français. This lake is very beautifully ornamented both above and below. Its waters are in communication with Lake Miramar, but it is quite impossible to make a direct connection between the two owing to the numerous columns which stretch from the roof to the islands of stalagmite and effectually bar a passage.

The new extension was discovered in 1896 quite by chance. One of the exploring party, whilst climbing on the left side of the Lac de la Grande Duchesse, caught a glimpse through an opening in the rock, (marked "Window" on the Plan), of an immense sheet of water stretching out, illimitably as it seemed, into the darkness beyond. (Plate I, No. 1.) A Berthon collapsible boat was got through and floated on this water, and the explorers, by climbing round one of the stalagmite pillars, were able to achieve the exploration of this extremely interesting and remarkable subterranean gallery.

Of course it is quite impossible to traverse Lake Miramar without the aid of a boat, as the depth of water varies from 15 to 30 ft., and I am consequently unable to give any personal description of this part of the cave as it is not shown to visitors. Thanks, however, to the kindness of M. Martel, who has not only furnished me with the photographs which illustrate this article, but has also allowed me to make use of his account of the exploration published in *Spelunca* (No. 32, Feb., 1903), I am enabled to continue the description, which I have rendered into English:—

"The Grotte des Français consists of three portions: (1) Lake Miramar and the Dôme Moragues, an immense chamber caused by a fall of the roof, which fills up a portion of the lake at its widest part; (2) the Salle des los Herreros; (3) the Salle Armand. Its total length is about 500 m. in a straight line, (i.e., well over a quarter of a mile.)

"Lake Miramar measures 177 m. from the foot of the Window to the end of the elbow which it makes towards the west; its least breadth is 30 m. and its depth varies from 4 m. to 6 m., reaching 9 m. at its deepest point. In the water, which is clear and saline, a chaos of immense slabs of rock lie engulfed, and in the roof one can see the gaps made by the detachment of these blocks. This vault is only moderately high, about 6 m. to 8 m., but this produces one beautiful effect—one is able to admire better the thousands, (perhaps millions would be more correct), of slender stalactites which are so thickly crowded together. These seem like the tears of weeping diamonds clustering so close to the water that they are reflected to perfection, so that the boat seems to travel between two forests of hoar-frost needles. The general effect is all the more fantastic since the clearness of the water shows the whole bottom of the lake. Here and there an island of carbonate of lime has sprouted in the lake like a reef of white coral. Certain of these islands, ever increasing in size, less quickly no doubt than the madrepores but rising higher, have effected their junction with the stalactites from the roof, thus forming lovely fluted columns whose facets had never glittered in any light save ours. Several squat pillars reminded me greatly of the decorations

in the subterranean temples of India—Kaïlaça for example—except that here the freakish crystallization has multiplied the trunks and ears of the elephants. Others seemed like a scaffolding of Egyptian capitals, pyramids of lotus flowers fitting one into the other.

"Amidst these islands, between these pilasters, under this daïs of precious stones we voyaged onward; mute, almost afraid, fearful lest the lightest of our paddle strokes might break off some of this delicate lacework.

"At the south-east angle of Lake Miramar the roof rises and a cupola opens widely out. Stretched above a beach of white sand is the enormous Dôme Moragues, a cavity produced at the widest part of the lake which has here been filled up. An immense, almost circular, cone of boulders, about 50 m. in diameter, has been formed at the expense of the strata detached from the roof. The roof here is about 16 m. to 18 m. above the level of the lake, so that the thickness of the ground above cannot be very great at this point, as the plateau outside is only 22 m. in height, and the lake is at sea level. The Dôme Miragues is closed in on every side and without doubt marks the original extent of Lake Miramar, as two small pools of deep water still remain on the north-east side.

"At the north-east side of the Dôme the finest stalagmite formation in the whole of the Cave of the Dragon is found, in the Chapel, a kind of square enclosure entered from several sides through a regular scaffolding of concretions, 6 m. to 12 m. in height. One of these is very characteristic. Around a niche festooned with the slenderest arabesques of calcite are two bundles of delicate columns supporting a daïs, beneath which the statuette alone is wanting; one would call it the sanctuary of a chapel, the stately canopy of an altar, 7 m. high. From the two neighbouring sides, in front and behind, cascades of marble, like the pipes of an organ, curtains of *guipure* or pendants of brilliants, flow down from the walls and roof further than one can see beyond the limit of the magnesium light. Of one material alone are all these splendours made—carbonate of lime; a single artist has chiselled them—a drop of water.

"The prolongation of Lake Miramar consists of a straight canal along which we had great difficulty in getting our Berthon boat. This canal is 46 m. long, and its right wall is bespangled with stalactites which dip right into the water. In two places hang down a triple drapery of transparent calcite and a sort of large fir-cone attached to the end of a slender stem. It was only with great trouble that we got round these obstacles which it would be difficult and even dangerous to break off and allow to fall.

"At the end of 46 m. navigation was stopped by a "gour," i.e., one of those curved stalagmite barriers one meets stretching across all subterranean watercourses and pools. It was about half a *métre* high, and we had to land in order to get over its crest. The canal continues beyond, but its left bank ceases to be a perpendicular wall. We climbed up to a height of about a dozen *métres* by the aid of the roughness of the ground and came out into a new marvel, a veritable "Virgin Forest," where the trees were palms of calcite spreading their branches to the roof of the cave. It was impossible to count them; they were spaced less than a *métre* apart on the average; their diameter varied from one or two inches to several feet. All the usual forms of limestone concretions were thickly clustered together in this sumptuous labyrinth—tapers and organ pipes, curtains and streamers, sea-urchins and corals of a richness and variety quite indescribable. It was truly painful to us to be obliged to break several of these carvings in order to open out a passage through their crowded network.

"We did not succeed in discovering an easier way to the Dôme Moragues than that by the canal. I was able also to take only a hasty sketch of the topography of a neighbouring maze. It adjoins another vast dome flanked by several lateral chambers and descends gently to the east. The whole forms a large oval-shaped hall whose irregular floor and shelving ridge is nothing else than the product of a partial collapse of the roof. Along this ridge a series of large boulders and stalagmite pillars divide the hall into two almost parallel longitudinal galleries; that on the left is the larger and the easier to traverse; that on the right, or south, inclines abruptly towards the canal which stretches out along its base.

"I have named the whole the Salle de los Herreros, from the name of one of my companions. At the eastern extremity an expansion of the canal forms a small lake, (saline), on the borders of which stands a small column, or rather wand, of white crystal which extends upwards to the roof. It is 8 m. high and 10 cm. in diameter. It is difficult to understand how it remains upright, the least push would certainly break it. The Salle de los Herreros measures 100 m. in length. Its shape, the convexity and aspect of the roof, the presence of the talus of boulders and of the water which surrounds its base, prove without doubt that here also was formerly a lake now filled up, just as in the case of the Dôme Moragues.

"Beyond the Salle de los Herreros our exploration was limited to the extent of what we could see. Behind the small lake there stretched out again a third hall, very large but possessing no formations worthy of remark. The canal continued, quite straight, along one side of an oval shaped hall which was almost entirely filled with a mountain of glistening clay, so sticky that its exploration was very laborious. At the end there was no exit, the clay appearing to have choked up every opening. Here also is a great lake that has been filled up. Armand and M. de los Herreros after five hours' work have sketched in the approximate outline from which, in my plan, I have drawn the Salle Armand bearing west and east, at least 200 m. long and 50 m. broad.

"It would be an easy and not a costly matter to provide the public with access to the end of the Salle de los Herreros, as boats could be navigated easily over the dazzling Lake Miramar. It would only be necessary, by means of *grilles* and balustrades, as is done in Adelsberg, to protect the beautiful formations from the depredations of curiosity-hunters, and also from blows of the oars. Petroleum lamps should be rigorously forbidden so as not to tarnish the immaculate whiteness of the Chapel and the Virgin Forest. In default of electric light, candles and magnesium only should be allowed in this sanctuary of scintillating crystals."

In the earlier part of this article reference was made to the Cave of Arta, which we were unable to visit owing to its remote situation. Judging from the account Martel gives

of it we did not miss very much. It has an imposing entrance situated high up above the sea on the face of a cliff, the opening measuring 22 m. to 25 m. in height and 90 m. in breadth. The cave extends downwards in a series of chambers for a distance of 188 m. until it reaches sea level, but there is no lake at the bottom. The inside is as black as a chimney, the whole place being covered with a thick layer of soot derived from the smoke of the resinous torches used for illumination, so that any beauty the cave may originally have possessed is now completely destroyed. It has been visited for hundreds of years, and there is an inscription inside dated 1517.

At a distance of 4 k. to the north of the Cave of the Dragon are two small caves, the Cueva del Pirata and the Cueva del Puente, which are worthy of brief mention, as they are very analogous in structure to the Cave of the Dragon. The depth of each is from 30 m. to 35 m., and they both end in small lakes of brackish water. The Cueva del Puente, (the Cave of the Bridge), finishes in the Lac Victoria, (Plate I, No. 2), which Martel describes as one of the most entrancing underground landscapes he knows. The profusion, delicacy, dazzling whiteness and capricious shapes of the stalactites have nowhere their parallel, and their reflection in the limpid water redoubles their exquisite beauty.

In the illustration a number of eccentric stalactites will be noticed standing out at right angles to the main mass. I have never yet met with an adequate explanation of this phenomenon. There are quite a number of similar formations to be seen in the Mitchelstown Caves and elsewhere, but I am dubious whether currents of air are the real disposing cause.

Besides the caves I have touched upon there are a number of others known but quite unexplored, and in the mountainous district in the north of the island are several genuine pot-holes.

Should the Club therefore ever think of holding the Annual Meet abroad, I would strongly urge the claims of Majorca as a suitable place for an interesting holiday.

Note by the Editor.—There is a well written account of the Cave of the Dragon and the Cave of Arta in Mrs. Mary Stuart Boyd's "The Fortunate Isles." (Methuen & Co., London.)

GAPING GHYLL IN 1911.

By Alexander Rule.

Rarely have the pot-holing members of the Club been favoured with a season so perfect in every way for the exercise of their craft. For weeks together the becks were almost dry—Fell Beck, in which we were particularly interested, being represented during the greater part of the summer by a much attenuated trickle of water.

At Whitsuntide a large party assembled at Gaping Ghyll under glorious weather conditions which continued during our stay, and some useful work was accomplished. The usual advance party went up on the Friday night, and so expeditiously were the preliminary preparations carried out that Booth was able to make the first descent at 4 p.m. on Saturday, fix the telephone and guide line and conduct two visitors round the Great Chamber.

Next morning an early start was made and the survey party, consisting of Horn, Rule, Dalton, Chappell, Brown and Mr. J. S. Thomas, were able to begin work at 8.30 a.m. During the day the survey of the Right-Hand-Branch Passage from the Stream Inflow to the end was carried out. The new plan of the Old South Passages is now complete, and after testing our measurements carefully by means of several natural checks we have good reason to be satisfied with the results of the survey.

On the Monday the same party began the survey of the South-East or New Passages. Of these the main passage and the branch to the left of the T Junction were surveyed some years ago, but the Right-hand Branch has not yet been mapped. We journeyed to the end of the Right-hand Branch and commencing work there made good progress during the day. Owing to the unusual character of the passages the survey of this portion required considerable care, but we were able to extend our measurements as far as the narrow squeeze between fallen blocks, (a spot which will be remembered by all who have encountered it), before it was

necessary to return to the Great Chamber. Several members were obliged to leave early and ascended at once. Others remained in the chamber and were photographed in a group by Hastings, who had spent a busy time in charge of the numerous visitors who made the descent during the day.

In the evening some of the party walked over to the Hill Inn and on the return journey reached the top of the *col* at midnight on what was perhaps the most perfect night of the year.

There are two points of interest in connection with this expedition. In the first place, so small was the volume of water in the Spout Waterfall that oilskins were entirely unnecessary and we landed at the bottom of the shaft perfectly dry. Secondly, a new form of acetylene lamp was tried in place of the usual candles. These lamps have naked flames, are made entirely of brass, and burn nine hours with one charge of carbide. They behaved admirably, and with this greatly increased illumination we were able to observe many details of the passages which are invisible in the dim light of a candle flame.

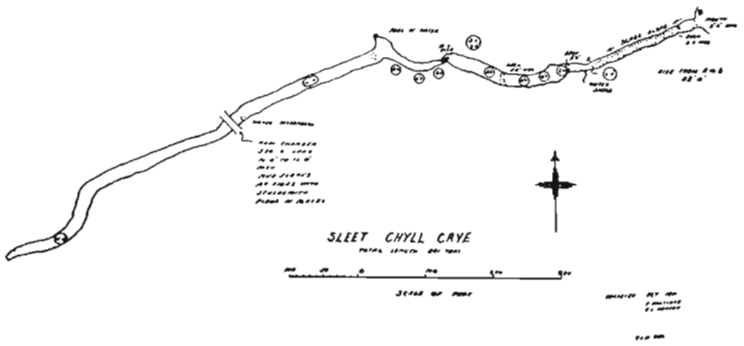
The circle round the camp fire at night was as lively and versatile as ever, and a novel feature of the entertainment was provided by Brodrick, whose aquatic performances were greatly appreciated by the spectators.

SLEETS GHYLL AND DOWKA BOTTOM CAVES.

By Cuthbert Hastings.

Sleets Ghyll Cave: The Wharfedale caves have not received so much attention from Ramblers as they deserve, with the exception of Scoska Cave, near Arncliffe, in which the Ramblers discovered, in 1905, the remains of the ill-starred "Lady of Scoska."*

About two miles below Arncliffe, and almost opposite Hawkswick, the road crosses a watercourse or ghyll by a bridge. At the head of this ghyll is a cave which presents some interesting and unusual features. In most caves the passages run generally in the same plane or with a slope upwards, and in some cases waterfalls have to be climbed; but in this case a descent of 170 ft. in distance has to be made down a steep slope of limestone scree lying on limestone rock, making a vertical descent of about 90 ft. For the next 180 yds. a passage with an average height of from 6-10 ft. is followed, the floor is covered with mud and rock



and there are some low archways, 3-4 ft. high. Beyond this a low and winding passage, about 100 ft. long with a width of about 12 ft. and a descent of 15 ft., leads to a very

* See Y. R. C. Journal, Vol. II, p. 229.

long chamber, 399 yds. long with an average height of 10-12 ft. and a width of about 15 ft. The floor is covered with mud which, in places, lies in ridges running diagonally across the chamber, cut through by a small stream fed by the water dropping from the roof.

The stalagmite pavement with which the floor is covered at the place where the water drops is well worth seeing. From this pavement and near the wall rises a stalagmite column, but all the smaller stalactites—the pipes and leaves—have been wantonly broken down by visitors within the last five years, and the broken fragments can be seen on the floor. At the end of this chamber the floor rises steeply until it almost meets the roof, leaving only a very small opening impossible to follow. The general direction of the cave is W.S.W., and the total length, including the steep slope at the entrance, 542 yds. The far end is only about a quarter of a mile from Dowka Bottom Cave, but must be about 400 ft. below it.

Dowka Bottom Cave is on Hawkswick Clowder, about 1,250 ft. above sea level. The entrance, which is not easy to find, lies 900 yds. from the head of Sleets Ghyll. Follow the wall at the top of the scar for half a mile, and then the wall running at right angles until this wall turns to the N.E. —the cave lies 35 yds. W. of this corner.

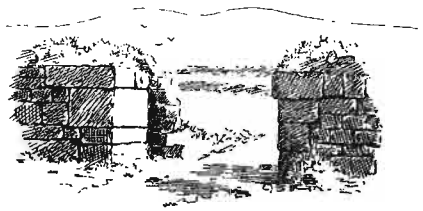
At the entrance a descent of about 20 ft. is made partly by scrambling and partly by ladder, and then two passages are seen, one running N. and the other S.

Proceeding along the N. passage, which is the longer of the two (162 yds.) and very high, for a few yards, a large chamber is entered, the floor of which has been dug up in the search for human and animal remains, and some very valuable discoveries made.* This chamber is really a water sink for the drainage of both passages.

Beyond this the passage rises rapidly and progress is difficult owing to the slipperiness of the stalagmitic pavement which covers the floor. There are some very fine stalagmite bosses but nothing further of interest.

* See Boyd Dawkins's "Cave Hunting."

The S. passage is only about 53 yds. long, with a general rise upwards and in one place a climb of some 15 ft. The far end comes out on the surface of the moor and was probably once the original entrance to the cave before the roof at the present entrance fell in, which it obviously has, to judge from the quantity of *débris* lying at the bottom of this opening and between the two passages.



SWINSTO CAVE AND SOME OTHERS.

By Harold Brodrick

Although recently the greater Ingleborough pot-holes have largely absorbed the attention of members of the Club, some exploration has also taken place on the eastern slopes of Gragareth since the bottom of Rowten Pot was reached in 1897.*

During Whitsuntide, 1908, a depth of about 230 ft. was reached in Bull Pot, and Jingling Pot (147 ft. deep) was fully explored.

Swinsto Cave:—About 700 yds. to the S.S.W. of Rowten Pot, ("Rowting Caves" on the 6 in. O.S.), is a stream, the upper end of which is marked on the map as "Swinsto Hole" and the lower as "Enters." This lower end is called "Swinsto Hole" by Balderston,† and is described by him as a cave consisting of a low narrow tunnel about 100 ft. long, ending in a 30 ft. waterfall pitch.

In July, 1908, after one of the early attempts to explore Mere Gill, Rule, Hill and I walked over to Swinsto from the Hill Inn and examined the upper portion of the cave as far as the main pitch, but lack of time and bad weather conditions made any descent impossible on that occasion.

Several times subsequently I had, with other members of the Club, cast longing looks at the cave, but it was not until the 23rd June, 1911, during Coronation Week, that a party of sufficiently small men could be got together to undertake the exploration.

The carriage of ropes and ladders from the Hill Inn, by way of Twisleton, to Keld Head, was by no means pleasant work on a hot day, but it was nothing to the pull up of 400 ft. from Keld Head to the plateau above. On arriving at the cave, whilst the ladies of the party prepared lunch, the rest

* *Cf.* Y. R. C. Journal, Vol. I, page 316.

† "Ingleton, Bygone and Present," p. 64.

arranged the tackle, fastened the 35 ft. ladder to the end of an 85 ft. rope, and belayed the end of it to the pinnacle in the passage.

The stream which flows down the hill at this point sinks into its bed in the manner common on the limestone, but a few yards to the left there are two or three small holes, almost hidden by heather and grass, which lead by a drop of about 8 ft. into the underground course of the stream. The cave passage runs N.N.E., practically in a straight line, for a distance of 72 ft., and the first few yards are very low and narrow. The passage, moreover, is divided by a partition of limestone, (not stalactitic as stated by Balderston), so that, on the occasion of our first attempt, Hill was unable to get past it in any way. Beyond this obstruction the passage becomes slightly higher but continues so narrow that one must move sideways. The ropes and ladders here exhibited their usual perverse characteristics, but we finally managed to get the ladder into position down the pot-hole at the end of the passage, and found as usual that the only possible ladder-lead was directly in the waterfall. The only belay for the ladder-line was the limestone partition near the entrance. The vertical drop is only 20 ft., but the passage falls about 10 ft. in the last 15 feet of its length, so that it was necessary to play the life-line from above this point and from round a corner—a very awkward operation. Rule went down first and the waterfall put out his light at once, but the acetylene lamp above gave him a small amount of light. I followed, and we then decided that as two of the men above were absolute novices, it was not advisable for any one else to come down.

We found ourselves in a circular chamber, some 20 ft. in diameter, with two passages running out of it, one to the right, from which flows a small stream, and the other to the left.

The right hand passage we found was some 10-15 ft. high for the first 15 yds., after which a crawl through a short bedding cave led us into a beautiful circular chamber, at least 30 ft. in height, which looked promising, especially as there was a low arch at the far side. We quickly crawled

through this arch and found ourselves in a second circular chamber of about the same dimension as the last. Beyond this was a fissure that came to an end after a few feet and rendered further exploration in that direction impossible. Williamson's Irish terrier was with the party on the surface and became wild with excitement about the time we were in these two chambers. He had found two shallow shake holes about 50 yds. to the N.E. of the entrance and must have heard our voices down below for he started to dig furiously.

Having exhausted the possibilities of the cave in this direction we returned to the main chamber and went along the left hand passage, down which all the water of the cave flows away. This passage at the start was about 15 ft. high and 4 ft. wide, and we had an easy walk along it for some distance in a N.N.E. direction, the roof getting lower as we went along. After going about 50 yds. the stream ceased to flow and we found ourselves standing in still water, with a few inches of mud at the bottom and the roof about 5 ft. above our heads. From this point the water gradually grew deeper and the roof lower and walking soon became impossible, but, as we could not get any wetter, we worked our way forward and finally stopped at a distance of about 100 yds. from the main chamber. At this point the passage was 3 ft. high and the water 20 in. deep. We could still see the tunnel stretching straight ahead and the roof keeping at about the same level, but as we had then been some two hours underground, and had been wet through the whole time, the water having been in places above our waists, we hurried back to the main chamber and reached the open air as quickly as possible.

The climb up the ladder was complicated by the acetylene lamp being put out by the fallen water, the only lighted candle getting knocked over into the stream, and the matches becoming soaked with water.

The language of the man who had to wait on the ladder—a heavy stream of water pounding down on his chest, an extinguished acetylene lamp smelling of something other than roses under his nose and an entangled life line—whilst one of those at the top of the pitch went out of the cave

and returned with another light, did not at all adequately express his feelings, but a change into dry clothes and a cup of tea soon put things right, and the stroll back to the Hill Inn completed a most enjoyable day's sport.

Where we turned back the passage does not look very promising, but there is just a possibility that the water may be held up by a bank of gravel and not by a syphon.

The party consisted of H. Bassett, Brodrick, J. P. A. Dear, R. D. Farrow and A. Rule.

Close to Swinsto Cave are three minor pot-holes which have not been described before.

DOUBLE THREE HOLE.—At Whitsuntide, 1908, after the exploration of Jingling Pot, ("Jingling Caves" in the 6 in. O.S.), a shake hole, with a small hole at the bottom, was found some 100 yds. N.N.E. of Swinsto Cave. C. Hastings and Robinson enlarged it with the help of a heavy hammer until a descent could be made, when it was found to consist of two narrow fluted shafts, 33 ft. deep. For want of a better name it may be called, in telephone-girl fashion, Double Three Hole.

THORNEY POT.—One furlong to the S.W. of Swinsto Cave, the 6 in. O.S. marks a pot-hole surrounded by a wall which Mr. Balderston calls Thorney Pot. It has a diameter of 50 ft. and a depth of 40 ft., and with care can be climbed.

SHEEPFOLD POT.—The last of the small pot-holes in this district is marked "Sheepfold" on the 6 in. O.S., and lies nearly half a mile from Keld Head, 400 ft. above it, and within a few yards of a sheepfold. It is 35 ft. deep, with a steep grass slope at the S.E., and a vertical rock face at the N.W. end. In the centre of this rock face is a fissure cave, 6 ft. 6 in. high and 2 ft. 6 in. wide, which extends away from the valley for a distance of about 24 ft., and is then blocked by fallen rocks. This passage might possibly be found to extend further at a higher level.

There are two noticeable facts in connection with this series of pot-holes—one, that the line of the main-stream passages of Swinsto Cave points directly towards Rowten

Pot; the other, that the line of the fissure of the Sheepfold Pot-hole points to Keld Head, where all the waters on this side of Kingsdale come out into the open. I think it extremely likely that these two features are the cause of the spring at Keld Head, especially when it is remembered that the line of the fissures of Bull Pot, Jingling Pot and Rowten Pot is the same as that of Swinsto Cave. The waters of Gragareth probably flow along the great fissure parallel with the valley, until they meet the Sheepfold fissure and flow down it to emerge at Keld Head.

CLUB SONG.

BY CLAUDE E. BENSON.

(*Tune*—"*'Tis a fine Hunting Day.*")

What a fine rambling day,
'Tis as balmy as May;
To the Meet all the Ramblers have come;
Every one will be there,
And all worries and care
Will be left far behind them at home.
See the axes and ropes in array,
The climbers their clinkers display;
Let us join the glad throng
That goes laughing along,
And all go a-rambling to-day!

Chorus—
We'll all go a-rambling to-day,
All nature looks smiling and gay;
So we'll join the glad throng
That goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a-rambling to-day!

There's our Ex-President,
If he said what he meant,
We should certainly none of us climb;
But that's no earthly use,
For he climbs like the deuce
And has captained us time after time.
A ground where we climbers can play
He discovered for us in Norway,
And he's tackled the Alps
And has bagged all their scalps,
Yet he still goes a-climbing to-day.

Chorus:—We'll all go a-climbing to-day, &c.

We are Ramblers all,
Young and old, great and small;
And each one is a keen mountaineer;
But sometimes we go
To the regions below,
And that is the reason we're here.
There's a hole in the limestone they say,
Ending somewhere low down in Cathay,
"Old comrades! so long!"
"We will meet in Hong-Kong!"
For we'll all go pot-holing to-day!

Chorus:—We'll all go pot-holing to-day, &c.

Cricket, Football and "Goff,"
At such pastimes we scoff;
No possible pastime can cope
With our underground work,
Where the stalactites lurk,
And the cult of the axe and the rope.
So lads, let us hasten away!
Make the best of this jolly fine day!
O'er the crags and the hills,
Down the pots and the ghylls,
Let us all go a-rambling to-day!

Chorus:—We'll all go a-rambling to-day, &c.

CHIPPINGS.

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

SUNSET HOLE:—In the last issue of the Journal, at p. 179, it is stated that neither the stream in Sunset Hole nor that inside Mere Ghyll Hole are known to have been dosed with fluorescein. May I point out that at p. 287 of Vol. xv. of the Proceedings of the Yorkshire Geological and Polytechnic Society it is stated that the waters of P 99 (Sunset Hole) have been coloured and found to re-appear at P 95a (Hardraw Kin)? H. B.

——:——

SPELEO-ENTOMOLOGY:—One of the objects of our Club is to promote knowledge concerning Natural History, Archæology, &c., but it seems to me that in our exploration of caves and pot-holes we have not contributed much to this end, always excepting the Scoska Cave find. I am sure there is much to be learnt as to the animals, insects, &c., that live or hibernate in caves. In Scoska Cave for example, and in other caves, I found last winter the moth *Scotoscia Dubitata* hibernating, in some caves in considerable numbers. This moth, although not rare and fairly generally distributed, is found in summer only in limited numbers. Edward Newman in his "Natural History of British Moths," says, the females hibernate and deposit their eggs in the spring, the males being destroyed by the early frosts at the approach of winter. That this is not the case I have proved by the discovery of specimens of both sexes last winter in Scoska Cave, the males numbering about one-third of the whole.

In Sleets Ghyll Cave last October I found one *Gonoptera Libatrix*, and on the same day, outside the cave, I caught one Heath Moth, *Oparabia Filigrammaria*. This latter species has not been caught before in Wharfedale.

About Spiders there is no doubt much to be discovered. The *Meta Minardi*, or Great Cave Spider, has been found in caves in Kingsdale, Chapel-le-Dale, Giggleswick Scars and Grassington; although before last winter it had only been found once before in the West Riding. This Spider is the largest of the *Meta* species, which comprises three varieties, the other two, *Meta Merianæ* and *Meta Segmentata*, being very common. C. H.

——:——

HYDRO-AEROPLANES ON WINDERMERE:—It is to be hoped that the outcry raised against the attempt to make use of Windermere as a trial ground for these noisy and uncertain engines of warfare will induce the promoters to transfer their experiments to some place more resembling their future sphere of usefulness, *e.g.*, Morecambe Bay.

——:——

BOULDER CLIMBING:—The following account (from the *Manchester Guardian*) of an accident to a climber on the North Traverse Climb of Cratcliff Tor, near Rowsley, will remind our 'bouldering' members that their sport demands 'eternal vigilance,' and that the 'moral' support of the rope does not, to the judicious critic, detract from the brilliance of a difficult 'problem':—

"A short crack or corner of some difficulty leads to a ledge, where the party assembled. From this point the leader, Mr. A., climbed to the right to a long ledge extending in that direction, and at the far end of the ledge proceeded up a narrow vertical crack. Finally, standing on a sloping foothold, he reached the top of the rocks with his hands. Just as he was in the act of pulling up, his foot appeared to slip, and he came off and fell a clear forty feet on to the grass below, pitched over on to his head, and rolled another ten feet. He had at the time very nearly forty feet of rope out, and the second man was unable to check his fall in any way.

"This is believed to be the first serious accident that has happened to a member of a roped party on any of the local rocks. Cratcliff Tor is an old and well-known climbing-ground, presenting a steep face of sound, rough gritstone. The North Traverse Climb is an addition of recent years, not many feet to the right of the well-known North Climb; it is considered a difficult climb, but not exceptionally so."

——:——

SWISS MOUNTAIN RAILWAYS:—The following extract from the Report of the English Branch of the *Ligue pour la Conservation de la Suisse Pittoresque* (or *Heimatschutz*, to give it its German name) is of interest to all lovers of the mountains:—

"Heimatschutz is not combating all mountain railways without distinction; it desires to test each case separately, and wherever there exists a justification from the point of view of national economy, it will only intervene for the protection of beauty of Nature. It is, however, opposed to luxus-railways, and more especially to high summit lines, because not only do they desecrate an unreplaceable possession of our fatherland, but they also threaten the vitality of our national character.

"This subject of mountain railways, and especially of freak railways, is nearest to the heart of most of our members, and we welcome this sign of determination and quickened activity because the number of new proposals is in truth appalling.

"It seems not improbable that the line from Brigue to Märjelen See will not attract the financiers; that the Aletsch Glacier line will be made impossible; that instead of a Matterhorn railway there might perhaps be one as far as Schwarz See, and that the Jungfrau line will probably not be allowed to go beyond Jungfrau Joch."

——:——

A CAVE IN A MUSEUM:—We take the following from the daily press without comment:—

"One of the most unique exhibits ever placed in a museum is being installed in the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburg. It is a replica—in fact, a transplanting, as it were—of a remarkable cave discovered recently near Naginey, Mifflin County, Pennsylvania. Thousands of beautiful stalagmites and stalactites from the cavern have (says an American paper) been carefully removed, and will be placed in the replica in the museum.

"Parts of the original roof and sides of the cave and much of the peculiar rock formations of the floor will also be put in place. When the work is completed, one of the most beautiful sights to be found in any museum in the land will be presented to the public. The natural cave is some 400 feet long, 60 feet wide, and about 35 feet high. Some of the rock formations hanging from the roof or rearing themselves from the floor were six feet in length.

"One group of forty resembled an organ. These stones were clean and unmarred by stains, and their colours ranged from white, cream, and grey to yellow and chocolate. The loftiest was about 10 feet high. Altogether about 3,000 lb. of the beautiful formations were collected for the museum."

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WILD CATS:—Mr. J. M. Archer Thompson, writing to *The Spectator*, (13th May, 1911), says:—

"With regard to Wales, the writer has explored the mountains for twenty years without discovering any trace of the wild cat, but last month, when climbing down the crags of an unknown precipice and rounding a sharp projecting corner into a trough or gully, he had the unique experience of coming upon a wild cat between two ribs of rock. The animal was about sixteen yards below and as it remained still for some moments before making off down the trough, an excellent view of it was obtained. The colour was fawn on the back, yellow on the tail and white

about the belly. To the writer and his companion, Mr. H. M. F. Dodd, the beast appeared very much larger than the domestic cat. For obvious reasons which all naturalists will approve, the locality must not be specified, but the place was hemmed in by precipitous crags and at an altitude of more than 2,000 feet above sea level."

——:——

ANGLERS' INN, ENNERDALE:—This well-known hotel was burnt down on the 28th March, 1912.

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THREE PEAK WALK:—We rejoice to learn that the old custom—indeed it was at one time the test of membership—of doing Ingleborough, Whernside and Penyghent in one day, was revived on the 27th April, 1911, by Messrs. Williamson, Barstow, Waud, F. Chappell, W. V. Brown and Hazard, starting from and returning to Stainforth.

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GAPING GHYLL AT WHITSUNTIDE, 1911:—Among the visitors taken down were Mr. Sidney Farrer of Ingleborough, Miss Northcote, Miss Margesson, Miss Mabel Buckley, Mr. Jack Buckley (*aet.* 13), Miss Hilda Wright, Messrs. Wynne-Edwards and Fricker (Leeds Grammar School boys), Mrs. Wynne-Edwards, and Mr. Neumann, F.G S., and Mr. Claughton of the Giggleswick School Staff.

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CORONATION BONFIRE AT INGLEBOROUGH:—Fifteen members assisted at the firing of this bonfire, but the bad weather completely spoilt the proceedings.

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SKI CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN:—We congratulate the Club on its affiliation to this body and regret that the climatic conditions of the last winter did not give members more opportunity of acquiring or perfecting themselves in the art.

NORWEGIAN TOURIST CLUB:—Two of our members, Dr. C. A. Hill and H. Brodrick, are the British secretaries for this club, which every one who climbs in Norway should join, and will be glad to enrol new, or receive subscriptions from, and send the *Aarbog*, or Club Annual, to existing members.

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MOUNTAIN GALE:—No one who was out in the wind which raged over the fells on the 5th November, 1911, is likely to forget it. In the current issue of the *Rucksack Club Journal* there is a vivid description of one party's experience on Coniston Old Man, and we can vouch for its not being overdrawn. The spray from Goat's Water was carried like steam to the top of Doe Crags and on the flat ridge between the Old Man and Fairfield it was safest to go on all-fours. Some persons indeed were lifted bodily and carried several yards.

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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, 3, 4 and 5, 5/- each; No. 2, 10/-; No. 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, 2/- each. Specially designed green buckram binding cases for the two volumes, 2s. each. Postage extra.

——:——

TAIL-PIECES: The tail-pieces are by G. T. Lowe and represent Norber Boulder, (p. 245), Robin Hood's Bay, (p. 274), Bolton Priory, (p. 287), the West Gate at Bird-Oswald, (p. 290), Bolton Woods, (p. 295), Adel Crag, (p. 297), Jingling Pot, (p. 321), and near Ingleton, (p. 325).

KINDRED JOURNALS.

The Alpine Journal.

Edited by George Yeld.

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

Vol. 25. February, 1911. No. 191.

Address to the Alpine Club ... The President
Some Experiences across the Oberland in 1910 ... ... J. W. Wyatt
The Survey of the Himalaya ... T. G. Longstaff
Three Weeks Camping-out in the Andes. (I.) ... ... Walter Larden
The Winter Exhibition of Alpine Paintings ... ...
In Memoriam: A. J. Butler; Arthur Pepys Whateley; Alexander Burgener; Louis Theytaz.
Alpine Accidents in 1910 and 1911: Accident on the Glacier de Seilon: Death of Louis Theytaz.
New Expeditions: Various Expeditions: Alpine Notes: M. Paul Helbronner's Mountain Panoramas: Reviews and Notices.

Vol. 25. May, 1911. No. 192.

The Saltoro Pass ... ... T. G. Longstaff
Three Weeks Camping-out in the Andes. (II.) ... ... Walter Larden
Minor Rock Climbs from Courmayeur ... ... Claude Wilson
Some Climbs on the South Side of Mt. Blanc ... ... H. O. Jones
From Noon to Midnight on an Ice Slope ... ... W. Symmes Richardson
In Memoriam: H. B. George; Walter Francis Short; Benjamin Wainewright; Dr Theodor Christamannos.
New Expeditions: Various Expeditions: Alpine Notes.

Vol. 25. August, 1911. No. 193.

Some Reminiscences of Chamois Hunting ... ... A. H. Tubby
The Ligurian Alps in Early Spring R. L. G. Irving
A Bibliography of the Ascents of Mt. Blanc ... ... Henry F. Montagnier

The East Face of the Bietschhorn J. P. Farrar
Professor Parker's attempt on Mt. McKinley ... ...
In Memoriam: The Rt. Hon. Robert Spence Watson.
Alpine Accidents in 1911: New Expeditions: Various Expeditions: Alpine Notes: Olympic Games of Stockholm, 1912: Mountain Ascents.

Vol. 25. November, 1911. No. 194.

Peaks and Glaciers of Mt. Kolahoi Dr. Ernest F. Neve
Some Climbs in Tirol ... ... W. Inglis Clark
The Disgrazia by the N. Face ... Harold Raeburn
Two Norwegian Couloirs... ... Raymond Bicknell
The New Edition of Ball's Alpine Guide
The Peaks and Passes between the Gran Sertz and the Colle di Lauzon ... ... The Editor
The Bregaglia and the Ferro Group ... ... Claude Wilson
In Memoriam: Philip Charles Gosset; Auguste Blanc.
Alpine Accidents in 1911: The Accidents on the Mont Dolent and the Eastern Pizzo Torrone: New Expeditions in 1911: Various Expeditions: Alpine Notes.

Vol. 26. February, 1912. No. 195.

Colour Photography for Mountaineers ... ... Dr. Inglis Clark
On the Canadian Rocky Mountains North of the Yellow Head Pass ... ... J. Norman Collie
A Week's Exploration on the Coolin... ... ... J. M. Archer Thomson
An Ascent of Mount Hermon ... G. W. Lloyd
Dr. Paccard's Lost Narrative: A Note ... ... Henry F. Montagnier
Mountaineering in Sikkim and Garhwal ... ... A. M. Kellas
In Memoriam: Edward Whymper: Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker: Alpine Accidents in 1911: New Expeditions: Various Expeditions: Alpine Notes.

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by Arthur Westlake Andrews.

(Geo. Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street, London. 2s. od.)

Vol. 13. Sept. Dec., 1910. Nos. 49 & 50.

1912. New Series, No. 1.

(Edited by Arnold H. M. Lunn. 3s. od. net.)

[This, the first number of a new series and under a new editor, fully justifies the Committee's decision to publish annually instead of quarterly as heretofore. It is difficult to say which is better, the choice of subjects or the literary skill with which they are treated.]

THE JOURNAL OF THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB.

Edited by William T. Palmer, Beechwood, Kendal.

Vol. 2. 1911. No. 5.

THE RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by Ernest Broxap.

(Charles H. Barber, 18, St. Ann Street, Manchester. 1s. od.)

Vol. 2. 1911. No. 1.

The Poetry of the Mountains ... Sir Alfred Hopkinson
A Week in Coire Ghreadaidh ... E. W. Steeple
A Guideless Ascent of the Dent Blanche
Two Sonnets ... ...
Nocturnal Excursions ... ... J. Wilding
The Fatal Accident on Y Garn ... T. Wyldbore
Obituary—J. Anton Stoop: R. Blackwell: S. H. Gordon
The Limit of Strength of the Climbing Rope ... ... G. A. Lister
Laddow Rocks ... ... T. W. Oliver
Twenty-fives ... ... J. Rooke Corbett

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by F. S. Goggs.

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

Vol. 11. June, 1911. No. 65.

Torridon ... ... Arthur W. Russell
The Crowberry North Gully ... Harold Raeburn
Loch Awe in the Time of Bruce and Wallace ... ... W. Douglas
The North-East Face of Stuc a Chroin... ... ... Wm. Garden
A Spring Song ... ... T. F. S. Campbell
Gaiter Club ... ... Professor Ramsay
Gaiter Song ... ... Norman Macleod, D.D.
Proceedings of the Club:—Forty-seventh Meet of the Club, Easter, 1911: Skye, Inveroran, Tyndrum, Fort William: Odds and Ends. Geology of the Black Mount, by Wm. C. Smith.

October, 1911. No. 66.

Cowal and its Hills ... ... S. M. Penney
The Cuillin Main Ridge ... ... L. G. Shadbolt
Corrour ... ... Lionel W. Hinxman

Burt's Letters from the North of Scotland ... ... Harry Walker
Sgurr Alasdair ... ... Francis Greig
Ridge Walking in Glens Affric and Cannich ... ... Allan Arthur
S.M.C. "New Guide Book": Odds and Ends: Excursions and Notes:—Arran, A'Chir Ridge, No. 3 Gully: Ben Nevis—South Castle Gully: An Riabhachan and An Socach.

Vol. 12. February, 1912. No. 67.

As Heaven's Water Dealeth—to Glen Affric and Glen Shiel ... W. A. Brigg
Dr. Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, 1775"... ... ... John Buchan
Fisherfield and Letterewe ... Geo. T. Glover
New Climbs in the Isle of Skye ... J. M. Archer Thomson
Forty-Eighth Meet of the Club, New Year, 1912: Tarbet: Excursions and Notes:—Ben Nevis—Coire na Ciste—An Easy Way Out: Geology of Ben Nevis: Beinn an Lochain (Glen Croe): A Wondrous Sky: Motor Launch for Expeditions to Garbh Bienn of Ardgour: The Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club in 1911.

[The S.M.C. have recently issued an Index to Vols. I. to X. of their Journal (pp. 288, 3s. 6d. net), which has been compiled by Messrs. W. Garden and J. A. Parker and is a marvel of systematic and microscopic completeness.]

THE ALPINE SKI CLUB ANNUAL.

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

1911. No. 4.

Rough and Tumble Ski-running... Sir Martin Conway, A.C.
High Level Route from the Great St. Bernard to Zermatt ... Prof. Roget
Mt. Kosciusko, New South Wales
Round the Bernina ... ... Marcel Kurz, A.A.C.
A Day on Cri Ders and Zabona... L. Cobbett
Mountains, Ski-ing and Cortina... Walter Larden, A.C.
The Diablerets ... ... C. A. Elliot
The Pigne D'Arolla ... ... W. A. M. Moore

The Holy War against the Big Stick and Mr. Caulfield's Reply ... ... W. R. Rickmers, A.C.

THE YEAR BOOK OF THE SKI CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Edited by H. Archer Thomson.

(W. J. Hutchings, Hillingdon Press, Uxbridge. 2s. 9d.)

Vol. II. 1911. No. 7.

Club meet at Gstaad, Continental Reports
Ski Running in Great Britain ...
Ski Running in the High Alps ... Prof. F. F. Roget
Ski Song ... ...
Ski Running in Spain and the Pyrenees ... ... W. J. P. Lilburn
Ski Tours in Norway, Sweden and Lapland ... ... F. H. Butler
In Northern Norway and Lapland and Bessheim (Jotunheimen) J. H. W. Fulton
Cortina in Winter... ... ... F. N. Trier
Club Tour in Vorarlberg ... ... H. Archer Thomson
Bohemia ... ... J. Rossier-Orovsky
Feldberg ... ... W. D. Worthington
Ski-ing in Italy ... ... G. Dumontel
Winter Sport in North China and Japan ... ... J. M. Irwin
Ski-ing at Kosciusko ... ... C. D. Paterson
Ski-ing in New South Wales ... Capt. B. Head
New Tours from Old Resorts ...
Gross-Fiescherhorn on Ski ... Aug. Mottet
Lost Spirits ... ... H. Gandy
Ski Courses of Instruction: International Ski Congress at Stockholm: Tips and Dodges: Egertenthal Jump: Atmospheric Phenomenon: Accidents.

[An excellent number, full of varied and practical information for the Ski-runner, and beautifully illustrated. Members of the Y.R.C. can get it from the Hon. Librarian at reduced terms.]

THE SCOTTISH SKI CLUB MAGAZINE.

Edited by T. S. Muir.

(Neill & Co., Edinburgh. 1s. 0d.)

Vol. I. 1912. No. 4.

The Snow Patches of Ben Nevis and the Occurrence of Black Snow in Scotland. Notes on Season 1910-11: Ski-sticks: Editorial: The Kick Turn: Ski Tours and Ski-ing Resorts: Ski-ing at Kosciusko, Australia: Historical and Bibliographical Notes on Ski: Scottish Ski Club Touring Qualification: Second and Third Class Tests of the S. C. G. B.

THE WINTER SPORTS REVIEW.

(Edited by E. C. Richardson, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, E.C. 2s. 0d.)

(Published quarterly. Annual subscription 7s. 6d. post free.)

October, 1911.

Alpine Centres, Old and New.
Figure Skating (International Style) ... ... Ed. S. Hirst
How to Raise the Standard of English Ski-ing ... ... V. Caulfield
Alpine Curling ... ... Bertram Smith
Interviews with Celebrities. No. 1—Mr. W. R. Rickmers
From the Onlooker's Point of View (a Poem) ... ... H. G.
Letters to the Editor: Notes about Novelties: Literary Notices, &c.: News and Comments (Ski-ing, Skating, Curling, &c.): Questions and Answers. Competitions.

January, 1912.

Frontispiece ... ... Mr. E. Syers
Pair-Skating for Beginners ... E. & M. Syers
English Skating ... ... George Wood
Cross Country Ski-Running ... Johannes Dahl
Curling for Ladies ... ... Dorothy Muir
Bobsleighing at St. Moritz ... K. M. Beaumont
Winter Sport Centres in Scandinavia
Knee Action in Ski-ing ... ... William Richardson
A Manual of Combined Figure-Skating (a Poem)

Interview with Celebrities. No. 2—Mr. Edgar Syers
Letters to the Editor: Notes about Novelties: Literary Notices: A Calendar for 1912: News and Comments (Ski-ing, Skating, Curling, &c.): Results of Prize Competitions: Questions and Answers: Prize Competitions.

[This, the latest addition to the ranks of Alpine journalism, is the only one which deals exclusively with skating, ski-ing, curling, tobogganing and other winter sports, and will keep its readers up-to-date with all that is happening in those sports, both at home and abroad. Questions on the subject will be answered on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.]

THE MOUNTAIN CLUB ANNUAL.

(Published by the Cape Town Section of the Mountain Club of South Africa. 1s. 0d.)

No. 14. March, 1911.

Two Ascents of the Ortler ...	Prof. Hoernle, M.A.
Two Trips up Banhoek Way ...	K. Cameron
The Dolomites: Monte Cristallo	G. T. Amphlett
The Final Crack: Fountain Buttress	William C. West
Mountains in War...	Major A. S. Buckle
The Mostert's Hoek Twin Peaks	A. A. Jurgens
Meteorology of South Africa ...	A. G. Howard, M.S.A.
N. E. Buttress of Mont Aux Sources. First Ladies' Ascent	Mrs. W. J. Wybergh and Mrs. Amphlett
My First Rock Climb	A. Handel Hamer
Easter at the Little Winterhoek	W. C. West
Du Toit's Kloof Peak	G. F. Travers-Jackson, A.C.
Two Climbs on Ben Nevis ...	W. A. G.
A Trip to Cape Point	Miss N. Clark, M.A.
The Ascent of a Little Bit on Table Mountain	A. A. Jurgens
Some "Lion" Stories	
An Adventure on the Monk ...	"Fossil"
Stellenbosch to French Hoek ...	H. V. Begley
Wanderings of a Clubite... ...	F. G. Travers-Jackson

MEMBERS' HOLIDAYS IN 1911.

G. WINTHROP YOUNG made the most of the wonderful season of 1911, as the following diary of his three weeks' climbing shows:—

July 31.—Les Ecrins: first ascent of Dôme de Neige by S. face and W. ridge; traverse of Pic Lory and remaining summits (16½ hrs.)

Aug. 2.—Traverse of La Meije (8 hrs. 20 min., 6 hrs. 20 min. actual going.)

Aug. 5-6.—Grandes Jorasses: Exploration of E. ridge (21½ hrs.)

Aug. 9.—Mont Blanc: first ascent by the Brouillard ridge from Col Emil Rey over Pic Luigi Amadeo and Mont Blanc de Courmayeur to summit (21½ hrs.)

Aug. 11.—Grandes Jorasses: first descent of the E. ridge to Col des Hirondelles (18½ hrs.)

Aug. 14.—Grandes Jorasses: first ascent of the W. ridge from the Col des Grandes Jorasses (17 hrs.)

Aug. 16-17.—Col du Géant, crossed alone (7 hrs.)

Aug. 19.—Grépon: first ascent direct to summit from the Mer de Glace (16 hrs. 40 min.). (See A.J., XXV., and C.C.J., 1912.)

C. R. WINGFIELD, whom we congratulate on his election for a second term as Mayor of Shrewsbury, "acquired merit" in December, 1910, by visiting flood-bound cottages in a coracle. In February and March he had a few days skating and ski-ing, and spent part of April at Finse (Norway), where he had some good ski-ing (temp. —25° Cent.).

At the Club meet at Easter; in training at Ross during June, when he explored some small caves in Symonds Yat; and entertained the Club on the Welsh Marches at Bank Holiday. On the 2nd September sailed on the "Gwynfa" to Ostend, Antwerp and back, and on the 7th October motored from Shrewsbury by way of Llangynog, Bala, Festiniog,

Beddgelert, Pen-y-Gwryd, Capel Curig, Bettws-y-Coed, Corwen, Llangollen and back to Shrewsbury, 150 miles, 5,600 ft. up and same down.

On the 24th August travelled 25 miles in a balloon with two friends and Mr. Percival Spencer, the aeronaut, at Shrewsbury :—

"At a word from Mr. Spencer we put out pipes and cigarettes, scrambled over the edge of the car and watched the sandbags being unhooked and the men who held the car letting her go and catching her again to test the lift.

"Mr. Spencer had one more bag removed, got another ready to empty on the heads of the assembled crowd, if required, shouted to the men holding the car down to let go, and punctually to advertised time, we shot up from the ground, amidst the cheers of the spectators.

"After the first feeling of lift, there was no sensation, other than of the earth rapidly receding from under us. What struck me most on the whole trip was the vast sea of upturned faces getting smaller and more indistinct every moment and the bird's eye view of the town with diminutive, fore-shortened people walking in the streets, apparently between the roofs of houses. We passed over the toy-like Railway Station with the narrow tracks diminishing into the distance and came upon the open country, which looked like a chess-board, with narrow-looking roads along which toy motor cars seemed to be crawling. Our height at this time was about 2,000 ft., and undulations of the ground were hardly discernible and woods looked like green flats. It was a glorious day of brilliant sunshine, a few clouds only casting a shadow here and there. The hills with which Shrewsbury is almost surrounded looked smaller but clearer than usual, and so did the Berwyn Mountains, 30 miles distant, but unfortunately I could not make out Snowdon.

"Though we were travelling at about 20 miles per hour, the sensation was only one of drifting slowly in a perfectly calm atmosphere, sounds from below could be heard with extraordinary clearness, and we were able to carry on a conversation with another balloon about half a mile distant.

"After being up half an hour the earth appeared to be getting nearer, and the bits of paper which we threw out fluttered upwards. Our trail rope, about 300 ft. long, was let down, and presently it touched a tree top whose leaves we could see waving in the wind. Then it touched ground, and we descended until about 100 ft. of it was dragging across fields and hedges, and also, to our amusement and the surprise of the occupants, across the roof of a cottage. A woman and dog rushed out, and the latter started to chase us, barking furiously, but soon gave up as we were still travelling about 15 miles an hour, though the friction of the rope trailing had slowed down our speed considerably.

"A bag of sand was thrown out and we rose rapidly to about 4,000 feet, where, owing to the rarefied atmosphere, one's ears gave a slight click and there was a strong smell of gas as it escaped from the open end above our heads. We attained a maximum altitude of 4,700 ft., and were then drifting amongst some light fleecy clouds which afforded us the amusement of waving to our own reflections. We enjoyed the beautiful effects of sunlight and cloud so well known to mountaineers, and at one time had a glimpse through a hole in the clouds, of the earth far below. However, the increasing cold and damp, and the amount of gas already lost, soon caused us to descend rapidly; we were rather short of ballast and had to accept the inevitable and prepare to land, nor had we much time to spare as the earth was rushing up to meet us. Mr. Spencer took hold of the valve cord and a sandbag, one of the party had the remaining bag ready to drop, another the anchor, whilst I looked on. No sooner did our trail rope touch than there was 100 ft. of it dragging along the ground, which not only checked our speed but reduced the rapidity of our descent, as every pound of rope on the ground was so much less for the balloon to support. A bag of sand was also emptied overboard. Still descending, the car brushed the tree tops of the wood, and we landed under its lee with a slight bump, bounded a few yards and settled quietly to rise no more, the valve at the top having been opened as we touched ground.

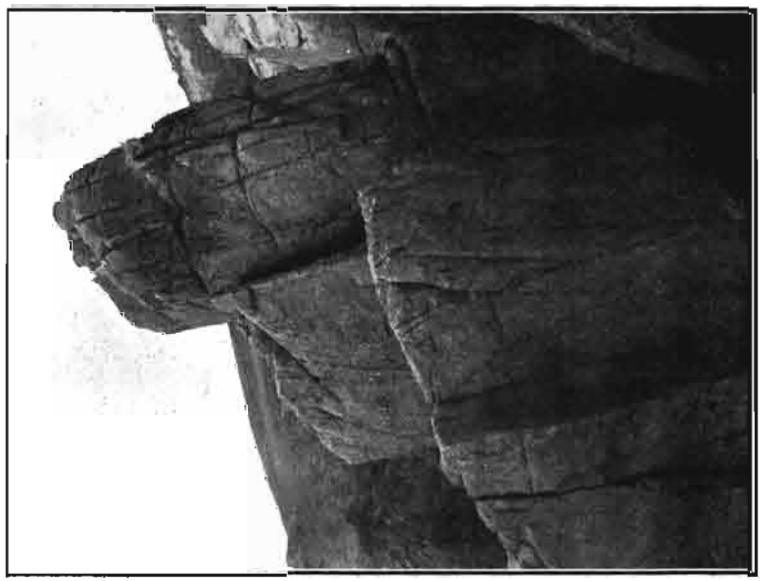
"The anchor looked very silly lying on the grass with a lot of slack rope between it, and so did the car. As soon as I was

allowed I jumped out to take a photo, but unfortunately before I had opened my camera a puff of wind caught the balloon and turned the car, relieved of my weight, over on its side, but with the assistance of two men it was soon righted and the party set upon their legs again.

"As the gas emptied the others got out one by one, trail rope and anchor were undone and made up, the car slings untoggled and netting taken off, the gas bag carefully rolled up, and the whole loaded on to a waggon, which we followed to Whitmore Road Station." C. R. W.

G. W. Lloyd, with the Rev. E. A. Aldridge, was in Palestine and Syria from March 25th to April 29th. They first spent a fortnight at Jerusalem, during which time they walked to Jericho by the Wady Kelt ("the Brook Cherith"), the Dead Sea and the Jordan (three days); and to Hebron and back (two days). Leaving Jerusalem on April 6th they walked to Nablous, the ancient Shechem (two days), visiting Bethel and Jacob's Well *en route*. While at Nablous they ascended Mt. Gerizim (2,848 ft., *i.e.*, 1,000 ft. above Nablous), and visited Samaria, which is seven miles away. From Nablous they walked to Nazareth (two days) by Jenin, Jezreel, and across the Plain of Esdraelon. Thence to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, and from there to Safed by Tel Hum (where it is believed Capernaum stood). From Safed they rode to Banias (Cæsarea Philippi), where is the main source of the Jordan. From Banias they rode to Arny, a mountain village (4,500 ft.) at the foot of Mt. Hermon on its eastern side. From there they made the ascent of Mt. Hermon (9,050 ft.) by the rock rib facing Arny, the last 3,000 ft. being more or less over snow ($3\frac{3}{4}$ hrs. from Arny to the top). The next day they rode to Damascus, and from there went to Baalbek and Beyrout, and thence took steamer home, calling at Haifa and Jaffa.

"It is necessary to have a Dragoman. Ours was a young Syrian and rode on a horse. We were also accompanied by another man, who came to look after the horse and bring it back from Damascus: he rode on a mule. These animals carried our rucksacks.



Photos. by E. Greenwood.

WICCA PINNACLE.

"We generally started as early as we could, from 4.30 to 5.30 a.m., to avoid the heat, and averaged about twenty miles a day.

"The heat was intense at times, especially during our walk to Jericho and the Dead Sea, the latter being 1,300 ft. below the level of the Mediterranean and the lowest spot of the earth's surface.

"At Jericho, Nablous, Tiberias and Damascus there are quite comfortable hotels. At Hebron we stayed in the Russian Hospice, and at Jifna, which is the best place to spend the night between Jerusalem and Nablous, in the Latin Monastery; at Banias and Arny we stayed in native houses, sleeping on mattresses placed on the floor, which were quite clean and comfortable. At Safed the Medical Missionary of the Jews' Society most kindly entertained us for three days.

"As regards food, we took with us tea, sugar, sardines, marmalade, &c., and could always get chickens and bread, but not butter, on the spot, and generally a small quantity of milk. The usual loaves of the country are flat and flabby, made of barley flour. At Arny the native bread was in thickness and texture exactly like brown paper. It was excellent to eat, and most convenient for wrapping up our lunch in. The water as a rule is not to be depended on, unless boiled.

"The people at whose houses we stayed for the night were friendly and hospitable, but on the whole we were not very favourably impressed by the people of the country.

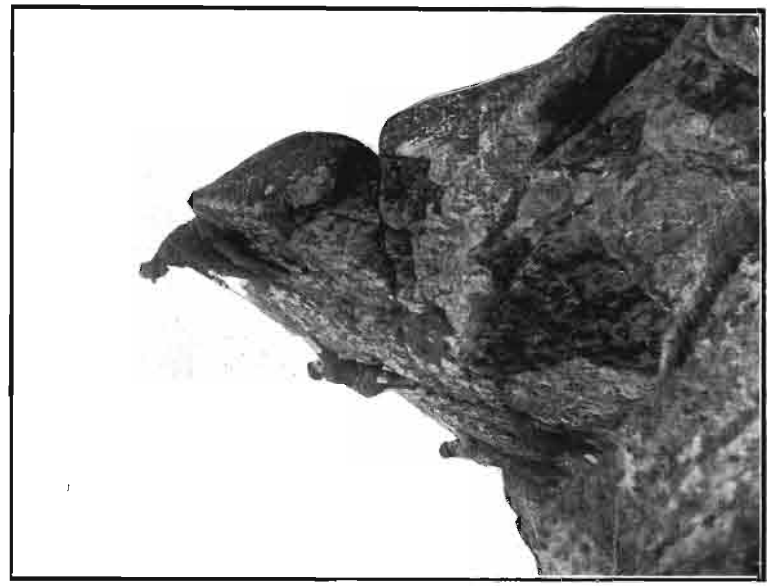
"Spring is certainly the best time of the year to visit Palestine; the country is then looking its greenest, the flowers are at their best, and there are no mosquitoes. We had only one really wet day (April 13th, when we walked from Nazareth to Tiberias), and a few showers on one or two other days." (See also A. J., XXVI., 32.)

W. A. BRIGG was at Zennor for Easter with J. J. Brigg and Messrs. W. P. Haskett Smith, Eric Greenwood and H. Scott Tucker; at Cwellyn Lake for Whitsuntide with Messrs. Haskett Smith, J. M. Archer Thomson and others; and in

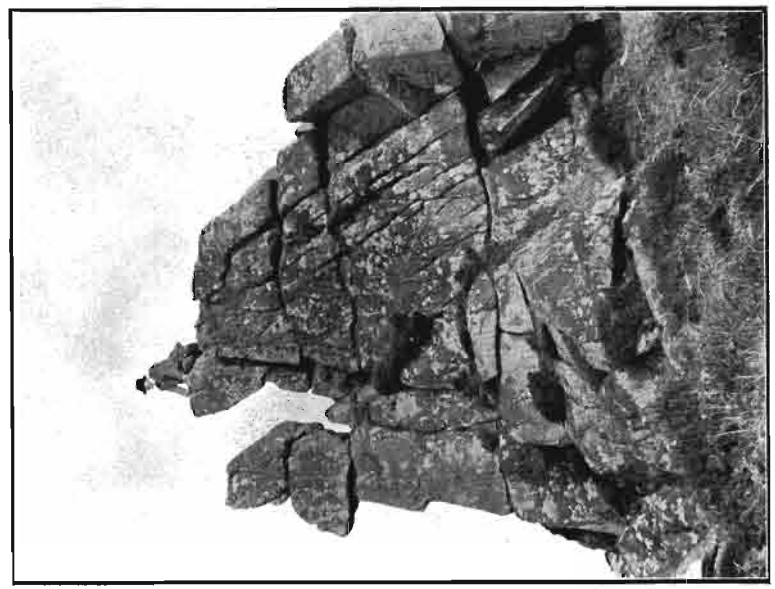
Ross-shire for the Coronation holidays with Mr. Eric Greenwood, and Messrs. Garden and Parker of the S.M.C.

"Zennor is a tiny village on the N. coast of Cornwall, four miles to the W. of St. Ives, with limited but good accommodation. There are cliffs all along the coast from St. Ives to the Land's End, but the climbing is only good where the granite crops out, as it does at Wicca Pool, one mile to the E. of Zennor, and at Bosigran, three miles to the W. At Wicca there is a Pillar Rock in miniature, with a Pisgah—two, in fact. The climbing is from sea level—and sometimes hardly that—on rock quite dolomitic in texture and sufficiently rough to make *scarpetti* and gloves very grateful. Its clean cut chimneys, perpendicular cracks and delicate traverses furnish many neat problems, but are not set amid such striking surroundings as Bosigran, where we have on one side of the bay a bold stretch of cliff, 300 ft. high, with several climbable routes, and on the other a ridge which springs from sea to skyline in a series of fantastic pinnacles and *arêtes*, so narrow in places that the hand can close across the edge, with rock as firm as wrought iron; and in the bay between them a narrow island rising some 150 ft. to a summit not unlike that of the Grépon. At both places the immediate—sometimes too immediate—contiguity of the restless sea, Mediterranean in its green and purple limpidity, the wheeling gulls, sentinel cormorants and peering seals make the climbing as different from that in Lakeland or Wales as it is charming. For an off day there are the inland moors with their grey 'logan' stones, old world 'dolmens' and 'menhirs,' worked-out tin mines and blazing splendour of gorse and heather." *Cf.* Mr. Andrews' "Climbing on the Cornish Cliffs," (C.C.J., vol VII., p. 55), and "From St. Ives to the Land's End," by Folliott Stokes (Greening & Co., Ltd., London).

"Cwellyn Lake lies in the Gwyrfai Valley, on the road from Carnarvon to Beddgelert, and has a small but good hotel, the Cwellyn Lake (formerly known as the Snowdon Ranger) Hotel, close to Cwellyn (or Quellyn) Lake Station, on the North Wales Narrow Gauge Railway.



BOSIGRAN: WEST RIDGE. *Photo. by E. Greenwood.*



CARN GALVA: CORNWALL. *Photo. by E. Greenwood.*

"Our climbing was done in the lower ranges 'twixt Snowdon and the Sea,' a district only now being explored by climbers.

"Cwm Du is a *cirque* on the N. flank of Mynydd-mawr, with several fine gullies and a curious rock pinnacle, quaintly christened King William the Fourth. Y Garn, at the head of the valley running W. down to Nantlle, has two good ridges, one of steep but sound rock, the other, not yet climbed, of more broken character. It was on the latter that the late Mr. Anton Stoop was killed, and from the other ridge it was easy to see that the accident must have happened by the rock to which he was trusting giving way whilst he was descending a quite short and apparently easy chimney. The rocks are arranged endwise up, like books in a bookshelf, and would not require much weight to dislodge them—a risk to which climbers on unknown rocks are peculiarly liable. The cliffs of Llechog form the W. side of Cwm Clogwyn on the W. side of Snowdon and are in full view of the summit. Two new face climbs, 'The Mermaid' and 'The Central Rib,' were done on its very firm and steep rocks (see C.C.J., 1912, p. 13). Castell Cidwm is a rock buttress at the foot of Cwellyn Lake, with one very steep and narrow chimney.

"The weather was so exceptionally fine that some of the party left their coats at the hotel and climbed Snowdon in fives-shoes.

"Our excursion in Ross-shire was made in the heart of the deer forests, a district now less populous and less frequented than any part of the Alps, and would have been practically impossible without the permission of the lessees, as there are few rights of way and no places of entertainment, except with the keepers and at the tiny inn at Cluany Bridge—the Shiel Hotel has been closed. We motored out from Inverness on Thursday morning (June 22) to Ben Ula Lodge, near the head of Glen Cannich, about 50 miles, and from there ascended Tom a' Choinich in the wet and traversed along the ridge over Carn Eighe (3,877 ft.) and Mam Soul (3,862 ft.), descending to Alltbeath Lodge in Glen Affric. On Friday we traversed the long ridge from Sgurr A'Bhealaich Dheirg to Scour Fhuaran (3,505 ft.), and slept in Glen Shiel; on Saturday walked round the head of the Allta' Choir Uaine,

climbing the Saddle on the way, and came down to Cluany Bridge Inn; and on Sunday went back by motor to Inverness.

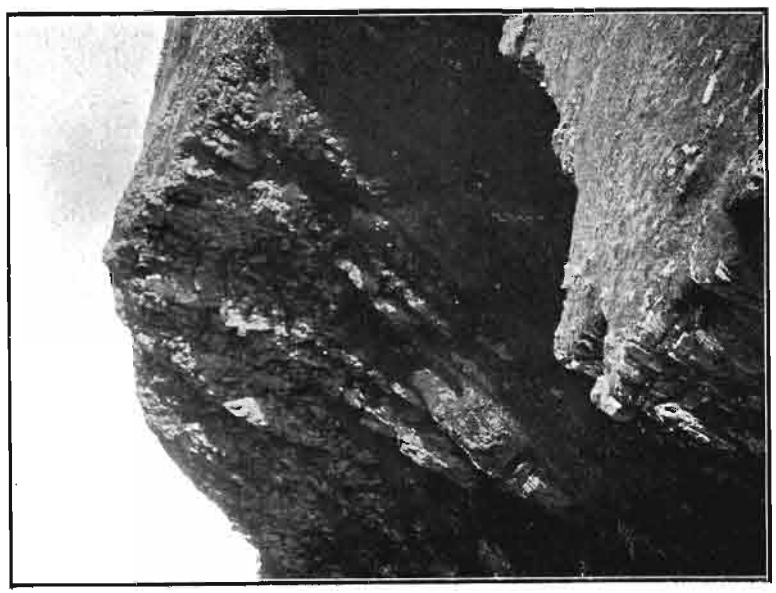
"There are 283 peaks in Scotland over 3,000 ft., called by the members of the S.M.C. 'Munros,' after Mr. Munro, their first tabulator, and it is, I believe, the secret ambition of every good member to climb the lot before retiring. We passed over some twenty-two—I believe Parker bagged a few more in the wet on Sunday morning—and some were really fine peaks, others only, to use the term Dr. Johnson applied to them 'considerable protuberances.' There was little or no climbing either on the ridges themselves or on the flanks—our only good scramble was on the Saddle—and the mountaineer must find his pleasure in the far flung ranges, wild corries and quiet glens, peopled only by the deer and the ptarmigan, and in the wide views, that from Scour Fhuaran in particular, embracing, as it does, Torridon to the N., Skye to the W., Ben Nevis to the S., and the Cairngorms to the S.E., is comparable, barring the snow, with any view from the Pennine Alps, looking S.

"The going is mostly over grass and scattered rocks, and the *flora* in places quite Alpine. One peak, for instance, was cushioned with pink-eyed *silene*, whilst the quaint lichens and thick moss covering rocks 'hoary white with eld' spoke of a moister clime.

"Of the spelling of the peaks on the O.S. Maps I will only say that the surveyors must have had a job lot of letters of the alphabet served out in mistake, and were determined, thrifty souls, to use them up. How otherwise can one account for Ben Ula being spelt Bhein Fhionnlaidh, or Mam Soul, Mam Sodhail? As Dr. Johnson says, 'Whoever, therefore, now writes in this language, spells according to his own perception of the sound and his own idea of the power of letters.'" (See also S. M. C. J., XII., 1.)

ERIK ADDYMAN, J. DE V. HAZARD, E. E. ROBERTS, PAYNE and others spent Easter at Fort William, climbing Ben Nevis by Gardyloo Gully, Aonach Mor and Aonach Beag in seven days continuous rain.

THE SADDLE FROM SGURR NA CARNACH. *Photos. by W. Garden.*



SGURR FHUARAN.

J. M. DAVIDSON, with R. LAMB, started from Modane on July 7th, climbed the Dent Parrachée, Grande Casse, Grande Motte, Mont Pourri and Tsantaleina, and on the Col du Géant met J. DE V. HAZARD and E. E. ROBERTS, who had come *viâ* La Vierge and the Petit Flambeau.

These three next climbed the Aiguille de Rochefort and Mont Mallet, Dent du Géant (first two only), traversed the Charmoz and Grépon, and climbed the Grand Dru. Hazard and Roberts then crossed the Col de Triolet, which was more difficult than in ordinary seasons, the descent being extremely interesting.

E. E. ROBERTS in the Maderaner Thal (chiefly with J. H. HOLLINGSWORTH and W. M. ROBERTS) climbed the Heimstock, Catscharauls, Düssistock, Oberalpstock, Höhlenstock, (first ascended by W. Cecil Slingsby in 1886), traversed the Klein and Gross Scheerhorn, and climbed the Gross Ruchen by W. ridge (a long rock climb, first done by E. Calvert and T. Gray, of the Y.R.C., in 1897).

"The outstanding feature of the marvellously fine alpine season of 1911 was the warmth of the nights and early mornings. Although the mountains became very bare of snow there was never sufficient frost to turn the snowslopes into ice, so that these remained in splendid condition, being only iced close under the rocks. Bergschrunds became enormous."

CLUB PROCEEDINGS.

The Committee have pleasure in presenting their nineteenth Annual Report, for 1910-11.

The Club now consists of 10 honorary members and 103 ordinary members. During the year 7 general and 7 committee meetings have been held.

At the Annual General Meeting held on November 26th, 1910, the following members were elected to hold office during the year :—President : LEWIS MOORE ; Vice-Presidents : C. HASTINGS and A. RULE ; Hon. Treasurer : A. E. HORN ; Hon. Secretary : F. CONSTANTINE ; Hon. Assistant Secretary : J. A. GREEN ; Hon. Librarian : J. H. BUCKLEY ; Hon. Editor : W. A. BRIGG.

Committee : C. R. BARRAN, F. H. BARSTOW, T. S. BOOTH, H. E. J. DALTON, FREDK. LEACH, REV. C. C. MARSHALL, M.A., and H. WILLIAMSON.

During the year seven lectures have been given as follows :—

1910—Nov. 15. "Easter in the Black Forest." Mr. W. A. Brigg.
"Practical Ski-Running." Mr. C. R. Wingfield.
„ 30. "In the Canadian Rocky Mountains." Professor Harold Dixon.
Dec. 13. "Swiss Rambles and Climbs." Mr. Percy Lund.
1911—Jan. 17. "Climbing in Wales." Mr. A. W. Andrews.
Feb. 7. "The Physical Properties of Ice." Professor Bragg.
Mar. 7. "Some Rambles of a Plant Collector." Mr. Reginald Farrer.
„ 28. "Chalet Montaz, Arolla." Mr. F. Botterill.

Professor Harold Dixon was good enough to give a lecture before the Club on 30th November, 1910, entitled "Climbing in the Canadian Rocky Mountains." Professor Dixon, who was one of the pioneers of climbing in the Canadian Rockies, gave a most interesting account of his adventures. The lecture was illustrated by many excellent slides, and was greatly enjoyed by the large number of members and their friends who assembled in the Philosophical Hall, Leeds, to hear it.

On 17th January, 1911, Mr. A. W. Andrews of the Climbers' Club entertained the Club with a lecture on "Climbing in Wales." Mr. Andrews, who is a great authority on Welsh climbing, confined himself more particularly to Lliwedd and gave a very graphic description of the various first-class climbs on the magnificent face of that mountain.

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

Representatives of the Club were invited to attend the annual dinners of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, Climbers' Club, Rucksack Club, and the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

The ninth annual Club dinner was held at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, on 26th November, 1910. The President, Mr. Lewis Moore, was in the chair, and seventy-three members and friends were present. The Club was honoured by the presence amongst the guests of Mr. George Yeld, editor of the *Alpine Journal*, Mr. F. W. Jackson of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, Mr. C. Myles Mathews of the Climbers' Club, Mr. J. T. Ewen of the Rucksack Club, and Mr. George Seatree of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

The usual toasts were proposed and replied to, and the excellent musical programme greatly added to the success and enjoyment of the evening.

Three Club meets took place during the year. The Easter meet at Dungeon Ghyll was well attended ; unfortunately the weather was unsettled, but the men who were present succeeded in having a good time, and were comfortably cared for at the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel.

Mr. C. R. Wingfield very kindly invited the Club to visit him at Onslow, from the 4th to 8th August, 1911. The members who were able to accept the invitation had a most enjoyable holiday. The arrangements Mr. Wingfield made for their entertainment included walking and climbing in the Berwyns, a delightful boating excursion on the Severn, and some sporting motor rides. Their visit to Onslow will long be pleasantly remembered by those who were fortunate enough to have the opportunity of making it.

The Autumn meet was held at Malham, on 30th September, 1911, and following days. Seventeen members were present, and, thanks to the fine weather, they had a delightful ramble on the Fell, with most beautiful views, and saw the "lions" of Malham to great advantage.

The Committee would remind the members that the complete camp equipment in possession of the Club is at their disposal at a nominal charge. Applications for its use should be made to the Hon. Secretary.

Members have been actively engaged during the year in rambling, climbing and pot-hole explorations.

The Committee, having regard to the great interest evinced in Great Britain in the sport of ski-running, which is frequently allied with mountaineering, and to the inclinations of a number of the Club's members to take part in it, have approached the Ski-Club of Great Britain with a view to the Club's affiliation with that body. The Committee therefore recommend the members of the Club to accept the proposed alteration to Rule II. of which they have been advised, as they believe the suggested affiliation will be of mutual benefit to the clubs concerned.

The Committee have with very deep regret to record the death of their first honorary member, the late Edward Whymper, who was elected in February, 1893. It is not necessary for the Committee to refer at length in their Report to the position which the late Mr. Whymper occupied in the mountaineering world, it will be sufficient

for them to record the very deep and sustained interest which he took in the welfare of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. He was good enough to give the Club, during his term of membership, two of his inimitable lectures, and also supplied the Club library with copies of his books, and in addition sent every year his guides to Chamonix and Zermatt. Yorkshire Ramblers will always be grateful to him for his kindness during the early years of the Club's existence. Those Ramblers who enjoyed his personal acquaintance will always cherish the memory of one for whom they had a sincere regard, and who occupied, by his pluck and determination and the wonderful charm and interest of his writings, a unique position in the history of mountaineering, a sport with which the Club is so very dearly and closely associated.

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

The following have been elected as members since the last issue of the *Journal*:—

BARTON, CLAUDE, Hall Garth, Clapham, Lancaster.
CHAPPELL, S. S., Grosvenor House, Pontefract.
CHUBB, CLIFFORD, 15, Lifton Place, Leeds.
GAUNT, ARTHUR, 15, Bootham Terrace, York.
GOUGH, J. H., 65, Grange Avenue, Leeds.
SYKES, A. W., High Close, Kidroyd, Huddersfield.
WRIGHT, W. A., 36, Park Avenue, Harrogate.

REVIEWS.

PEAKS AND PLEASANT PASTURES.

BY CLAUD SCHUSTER.

(OXFORD: CLARENDON PRESS. 1911. pp. 227. 7s. 6d. net.)

All mountain lovers will be grateful to Mr. Schuster for collecting—and in such dignified form—his recent articles in *The Times* and elsewhere. It has always been the fashion to say of the Alps that they are "exhausted," forgetting that the Alps are part of Nature and that she is inexhaustible. New climbs are being made every season, and, what is better, old climbs are being looked at with new eyes, or, as here, described by new pens, for our author makes no pretence to be a pioneer. More than half the book is taken up with descriptions of his Alpine wanderings in the years 1902 and 1908 to 1911, beginning with that enchanted land "at the back of the Bernina," passing on to the stones of Dauphiné and the snows of Mont Blanc, dwelling lovingly on the humbler valleys of the Tarentaise and concluding—we had almost said making the most of—the *clubbiste* haunted Oberland, an itinerary sufficient in itself to shew him to be one of those who are not ashamed to be dubbed "eccentrics." This is not to say that he avoids the bigger peaks; Mont Blanc is climbed by the rocks and by the Midi route, the latter in bad weather; on Mont Pourri, less lucky than we who followed him two days later, he only succeeded at a second attempt; the Jungfrau and the Schreckhorn both "go" in good weather; so do the Bietschorn—not without risks from stones—the Ecrins and the Meije; all of them with guides, for Mr. Schuster makes no claim to be a leader, he is nothing if not modest, but none the less his story shews him to be a very competent second on the rope.

Interesting as he is when roped he becomes even more so in the unroped security of the valley, at leisure to observe and philosophize on the people of the country, their methods of life and the idiosyncrasies of his guides. Take for example his description of a night in the Granges Martin, where it is usual to sleep out for the Pourri :—

"The chalets stand on a hillock, say 2,000 ft. above the valley floor, in a sea of farm-yard filth; behind stretches a green meadow, and all around wanders every conceivable kind of domestic animal. The interior differs only from the common type by the fact that most of the population sleep in an inner room—whose ceiling makes a hay-loft—containing one ordinary bed (for grandmamma and grandpapa) and one enormous cupboard which, when opened, discloses a huge recess where papa and mamma, Elmira, Honoria and the baby take their rest. A superfluous woman sleeps in the outer room, and somewhere about the premises are stowed a hind and a boy. We pulled enough hay from the loft to keep off the damp from the floor of beaten earth and spread our sleeping bags thereon. Joseph and the porter, a very dashing young man from Val d'Isére, climbed into the loft; Casimir chose the floor and all was ready for the night.

"Before that, however, was to come the best part of the entertainment. As the great pot boiled gently the men talked in that steady flow of racy trivialities which is of the soil. You should always travel with French guides in these regions. Not only do they adapt themselves far more easily than the Teuton with his ever-homing soul, but their quick minds find an interest in the novel, their ease of manner and courtesy make you friends wherever you go and their insatiable curiosity as to the life of man and the lives of beasts open for you that heavily-barred door – the peasant's heart. On such occasions Joseph, who delights in anything young, pets the children and the calves and the little pigs, and Casimir, a traveller in grain, sucks out the history and the economy of the valley, the system of land-holding, the secrets of the cheese, the prices of the market. 'I wondered as we drove down the valley,' he began, 'why you don't grow potatoes. You seem to manage barley,' and so the ball is set rolling. Then, after that subject was exhausted, the porter began the wonderful *epos* of the valley; how he and his father and other bold spirits made their way in winter into the head of Val Savaranche, not having the fear of Victor Emmanuel III. before their eyes, and pursued his Majesty's bucks; of how there came upon them his Majesty's guardians of the chase and bound them with ropes, and as they lay there in the snow how he, with superhuman strength and agility, freed himself and his father and others, all but one. Then came the wild pursuit and flight across the head of Val de Rhêmes until he found himself twenty-four hours later alone in the wilderness of the head of Val Grisanche and, not daring in his loneliness and hunger to face another pass, threw himself on the mercy of the *carabinieri* there, and was kindly entreated, and so came home again. But he who was left bound was carried down to Aosta and was hardly freed by the influence of a mighty man there, his cousin, and by a great sum of money."

In "The Middle Age of a Mountaineer" Mr. Schuster poses, with indifferent success, for those of us who saw him

at the Club Dinner two years ago, as a middle-aged climber, careless of "records" or new routes, but careful of the *cuisine*, moved by the memories of the long ago and open to all the majesty and the sweet influence of the hills. And in "Mountaineering" and the "Cup and the Lip" he is full of information and warning couched in a form of words all his own. Indeed, one of the book's greatest charms is the quaint mingling of pathos and humour, of the apt quotation and *le mot juste*, which makes every page a quarry for the reviewer. Such sentences as these:—"It "was not light enough to save our slippered toes from the "loose stones and we moved with curses by the sense of "touch"—"They looked to me the kind of Alpine company "which meets with regrettable incidents"—"I cannot name "the flowers through which we brushed but we adored "where we did not understand"—"There are those who "complain of chalet dirt. It is, however, a good, honest "dirt"—"To be really wet through is the most luxurious "of sensations. Add a session of sweet and occasionally "silent thought, a blanket for your garment, your naked "toes against the fire-bars, your dripping garments playing "a symphony on the top of the stove and who shall ask "more of fate or lament a lost mountain?"—and many another, are sentences to store in the memory for use on occasion.

It is not too much to say that with writers like Mr. Schuster—and may we add Mr. Young—the glorious company of Whymper and Leslie Stephen and their successors is in no danger of lacking good suit.

One word in conclusion in praise of Mr. New's maps, drawn as an eagle or an aeroplanist might see them, the ridges and glaciers in sunlight and the valleys in shadow, as conventional in form as the old monkish maps but strictly accurate in their main outlines.

Among The Hills.

A Book of Joy in High Places.

By Reginald Farrer.

(London: Headley Bros. 1911. pp. 326. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Farrer's latest work needs no words of ours to ensure it a warm welcome from his fellow-members. Their enjoyment of his "Yorkshire Garden," of his papers "The Population of the Alps" and "Gaping Ghyll" in this *Journal*, and of his two delightful lectures, in the first of which, by the way, he gave us a foretaste of the present work, are too recent to make that necessary. But to the world of Alpinists at large, "Among the Hills" reveals a new outlook on their little world and adds, it is not too much to say, a new evangel to the Gospel of the Mountains. Of the more obvious phases of the sport we have had chroniclers galore, some inspired and inspiring, some didactic, some others merely funny and a few depressing. Even in Mr. Farrer's own domain of Mountain Botany the annual output is considerable, but we know of none like this. Most of them are merely books of more or less scientific description, but in his he gives a charming account of what he called a "cheap little humble trip of six weeks or so round the Graian Cottian and Maritime Alps," in which every stage, every halt—we had almost said every meal—and certainly every flower, is recorded with gay good humour and a marvellous variety of diction.

Those of us who, in this latter age, when all the nations are Alpinists, have almost persuaded ourselves that the Alps, as climbers used to know them, only begin south of the Pennines, will especially welcome his descriptions of their favourite playground. The Mont Cenis, the Waldensian Valleys and the Maritime Alps are his hunting-ground, his *terrain*, not, need we say, the rock summits or the wooded lowlands but the slopes and the moraines between,

and his prey the mountain flowers that in early summer glorify those otherwise sufficiently uninteresting places. His method is the simple and natural one of describing how and where he finds each particular flower and then enlarging on its virtues and vices, its propensities and dislikes, with the full knowledge he has acquired in his own garden at Ingleborough. Into these we have no space to enter, but every climber ought to read them. There are numerous plates of wonderful accuracy and charm and we hardly know which to admire most, the landscapes of Mr. Soper, radiant with flower-covered meadows, or the exquisite flower studies of Mrs. Addington Symonds.

Almost every page would justify a quotation but we will content ourselves with the following as of special interest to members:—

"But the fact is that few people seem to have any adequate sense of the beauty of rock as mere rock. Without consideration of garniture or surroundings rock itself can be one of the most beautiful things in all beautiful nature. I would as soon chip and hack at a natural rock-face as I would try to quarry building blocks from the Lemnian Athena. Yet so many people seem blind to these possibilities of pleasure and look on stone simply as a thing that gets in your way when you are making a path or perhaps may be made useful as road metal. They bash it down with hammers and leave a venerable surface gashed and scarred and mangled beyond repair of nature; or they hew steps in it of a raw and mathematical preciseness. They have neither sight nor reverence, yet gods as surely dwell in rock and cliff as in the oak or the glittering water.

"Yet all stone has not the same mystery of holiness and beauty. With my inevitable prejudice I find myself always going back longingly to the thought of this noble mountain-limestone of ours—the loveliest of formations that I know. For, if it has not the rosy blush of the Jurassic nor the rich glow and glory of Dolomite, yet its shades of colour, though gentler, are no less wonderful and in form of individual block it even surpasses either. See how it weathers and frets into the most fantastic shapes; how sometimes it keeps to stern and precipitous lines unfriendly in their splendour or softens into *moutonné* shelves and declivities on which velvety mosses lodge in lines and cushions; or is often channelled smooth by rain or washed into little ripples and ridges or pierced and tunnelled into hollows and holes and rounded basins where the moorland water lodges. And in colour how it varies infinitely; lilac pink in summer haze, and grey in storm; bone-white at times, and blue in winter or darkening to black or violet in rain; but always shaded and varied and graded in its tones, conveying in its successive moods the impression of its personality.

"For even if it be too mystic a thought for Jermyn Street, I can but feel that all the organic strata have more sympathy with the ways of the world than those grim primeval rocks that are congealed fire out of the time when no life yet was. Look at these sterile straight lines of the granite from which poor *Primula marginata* hangs on this Bocca Lorina—how stiff and pitiless and alien. This stone has never had any part in life; life passes it by, receiving no companionship, and giving none. But for those rocks that are built up of countless myriad husks of existence, it seems as if the ghosts of their bygone component activities still linger in them, and make one with the life that unceasingly flows on; and understanding, adapting themselves to the purposes of the world instead of resisting stupidly like the granites and then gracelessly capitulating in ugly ruin. Compare the surrender of a limestone mountain with the soulless collapse of a granitic. Take two: look round at gaunt Viso, now peering over the hills; it is nothing but a wreckage of sharp slabs and splinters, a mere tumble of desolation when you draw near; and then compare this with the moulded and living loneliness of Croda Rossa or the Drei Zinnen—not a whit less splendid, though, than Viso, in the soaring upward rush of their peaks. Or, if you do not care to go so far, compare the noble lines of the Long Scar with the huddled gritstone masses under the western face of Ingleborough, exactly like a rock-garden of the Victorian era in their bald and chaotic barrenness."

We can hardly hope for another work as good as this, but Mr. Farrer's genius is so versatile that we hope its reception will encourage him to try.

With Ski in Norway and Lapland.

By J. H. W. Fulton, B.A.

(London: Philip Lee Warner. 1911. pp. xv. and 254 5s. od.)

This is a straightforward account in diary form of how the author with his wife and a friend fared in March and April, 1911, at Bessheim, on the eastern confines of the Jotunheim and, further north, within the Arctic circle, at Tromsö and at Kiruna in Swedish Lapland.

After watching the Annual Jumping Competition at Holmenkollen, the party went by train from Christiania to Sjoa and forward by sleigh to Bessheim, two days' journey. Bessheim is a collection of half a dozen small wooden houses on the Upper Sjodals Lake, and at least six different mountains can be ascended from it in one day expeditions, almost all of them affording straight runs of

enormous length, some of several miles. There are no trees, which the author, an experienced ski-runner, thinks a drawback, much ski-ing amongst the woods of the Feldberg and other places have given him, he says, such a fondness for trees, that a run through a good wood would have been a pleasant change. Another drawback to Bessheim, he says, is that when the snow is soft one is apt to scrape over a good many thinly covered rocks and stones in some places, and a third is the prevalence of north-west winds. But the advantages of the place far outweigh these few drawbacks, and it is likely soon to rival Finse in popularity.

On their return to Christiania the party took train to Trondhjem and steamer to Tromsö, where they got a little ski-ing in bad weather and then returned by steamer to Narvik and took train to Kiruna, where they spent a fortnight ski-ing over rather flat country, mostly in search of Lapp encampments and reindeer. The latter part of the book is devoted mainly to a description of the Lapps of whom they were fortunate enough to see a great many at one of their rare religious meetings.

The book is full of side-lights on the manners and customs of the Norsk people and pays tribute—as all do who know them—to their courtesy and hospitality. Useful information about routes and prices is not lacking, and the following remarks on the art of ski-ing are well worth the attention of a beginner :—

"The ordinary English skier avoids going into woods as much as possible, and yet if he wants to learn to control his ski properly there is no better or quicker method of doing so than by practising runs amongst trees. Moreover, once having attained a certain amount of skill in control of the ski, there is no more fascinating way of putting such skill into practice than this kind of running.

"I have over and over again come across ski-runners who can make very pretty turns of various kinds when on an easy practice-ground and yet who can never utilise these on an expedition. The reason is easy to find. On the practice-ground the skier can choose his own spot on which to make his turn—usually he knows before he reaches it where it is to be, and prepares accordingly. If on nearing his chosen spot he does not feel comfortable or ready he can probably go on running straight until the favourable moment arrives. Then and only then he makes or tries to make his turn, and if he succeeds two or three times he begins to think he has mastered it. When he goes on an expedition he finds that the "favourable" moment seldom occurs and when a turn is necessary he sometimes manages it but more often than not either falls or has to stop. This is disappointing and discouraging but happens to everyone without any exception when learning to ski. But to those who avoid tree-covered slopes it goes on happening for a long time.

"To start with, all turns should be practised on an easy open practice-slope which is neither long nor steep. At first the skier wants a flat place to start from, and if the slope is short he can slide down, make his turn, and be up again ready for another turn very quickly. Now as this is not a work on how to learn to ski I will not attempt to describe the turns in detail or how to make them. If the reader is interested in the subject let him read Mr. Richardson's *The Ski Runner*, or Mr. Caulfield's *How to Ski*, in both of which he will find these things fully explained. But once having got the idea of any one turn the way to learn how to use it on tour is to practice it assiduously on every possible occasion. And one of the best ways of doing this is to go and practise short runs among trees, and try to twist in and out of them without stopping. At first no doubt this will be difficult, but later on a run through trees will be found much more interesting than most straight runs across open slopes. All ski-runners like long, straight, open runs. It is a great advantage to learn to like tree work too. The latter is much more of an acquired taste than the former, which is natural to everyone. Not only do the woods afford excellent all-round practice, but also they very often offer good snow and good ski-running when none is to be obtained in open spaces. The snow in woods, being more sheltered from sun and wind, frequently remains in good condition long after the snow in the open has become bad. I think that the best advice that can be offered to would-be ski-runners is to study the excellent English books on ski-running here mentioned, to be very careful to get the correct "style," or rather that style recommended by the authors of those books and by all good Norwegian runners (called the Norwegian style) and to make it their business to become as proficient as possible in all the turns. But having acquired some skill in turns the ski-runner must be very careful not to overdo the use of them and instead of going fast and straight whenever possible, be for ever twisting and turning, thereby decreasing his speed. It should be his object to go as fast as possible, compatible with safety, and therefore only to use turns to avoid obstacles or to slow up when there is danger ahead. Often a half or even a quarter turn will be sufficient."

The numerous small but excellent photographs give a good idea of what Norway looks like in winter.

Norway at Home.

By Thomas B. Willson, M.A.

(London : George Newnes, Ltd. pp. xi. and 228.)

Everyone who has been *in* Norway—and indeed everyone who has only been *to* Norway (in a tourist pleasure

steamer)—will be glad to learn from this useful little work something more of their cousins who live in that pleasant land. As the author reminds us "the Norwegians are truly "our kinsmen and are not merely related to us in race but "for some centuries at any rate have shared with us the "possession of these islands and left their mark indelibly "impressed upon our land."

After a brief description of the physical features of the country the author deals in turn with the Constitution and Government, National Defence, Religion, Literature, Music, Education, Trade, Agriculture, Social Life, Local Government and all the other matters that go to make up the Life History of a State, and on all of them has much to tell that will make the sojourner better able to appreciate the ways of life and the people he meets. That in some things Norway is in advance of—or shall we say different from—most nations is well known. Women, for example, even married women, have the vote, and a whisky and soda is hard to come by, even in Bergen. Small ownership of land is universal and political power is in the hands of the *Bonder* or farmer class, which, though in feeling strongly conservative, is otherwise strongly democratic. Reserved and quiet like our North Country breed, and like them courteous if met courteously, they share the virtues, the prejudices and often, *longo intervallo*, the blood of our dalesmen.

To Ramblers the chapters on the Rural Customs, the Fisheries, the Forests, the ways of Travel and especially that on Norway as a playground (where, of course, our Ex-President's book is described as the book *par excellence* for all who wish to visit the great mountains of Norway and the vast Glaciers) will especially appeal. Some of us have been to Norway and will continue to go. Those who have once been there always want to go again, though not perhaps every year, for it takes time to efface the memories of the stormy sea that lies between. As one enthusiast has exclaimed "Switzerland we admire, Tirol we like, Italy "we worship, Lakeland we cherish, but Norway—we love."

Oxford Mountaineering Essays.

Edited by Arnold H M. Lunn.

(London: Edwin Arnold. 1912. pp. xi. and 236. 5s. od. net.)

The sport of Mountaineering has been treated in so many different ways, and by so many writers, that it argues some boldness in the youthful contributors to this small volume to strike out a new line and to assert, as the Editor does in his Preface, that "as subjects for literary "artistic and philosophic inquiry the mountains are far "from exhausted—that the basic emotions of the hills, at "once bold and subtle, remain an almost untouched field, "and many a curious bypath in the psychology of moun-"taineering has yet to be explored." The result, however, goes far to justify the venture.

The first essay, by Mr. Michael T. H. Sadler, on "An Artist of Mountains—C. J. Holmes," which, by the way, appears also in the current number of the *Climbers' Club Journal*, is a whole-hearted eulogy of Cézanne, the head of that Post-Impressionist—or as he prefers to call it "Fauvist"—school of painters, whose exhibition in 1910 so fluttered the artistic dovecots, and of his disciple, Prof. C. J. Holmes. We cannot pretend to follow him in conclusions which would make a call on the broadest minded of artists. It may be true that "in his pictures and "drawings of the English Lakeland he (Mr. Holmes) has externalized" (horrid word!) "an aspect of mountain scenery which is "quite new," and that he paints "mount-"ains not so much as they actually look but as one "remembers them to be, and this is the same as saying "that repudiation of illusion or naturalism enables him to "suggest the 'mountainness' of the mountain, the vague "essential something which tells me it is a mountain," and that by adopting the black border round the object in his pictures "he is able to dispense with chiaroscuro—almost "with perspective," but we still prefer the Lakeland sketches by Turner in Room X. of the Tate Gallery.

A shower of stones sent down by chamois sets Mr. Julian S. Huxley moralizing on the everchanging

character of the "everlasting" hills and the littleness of man. Mr. Norman Young passes the Greek poets through a small sieve to show that they did not know a mountain when they saw it, or only saw it as a rampart for the sea or a resting place for the clouds, but concludes that our mountain worship is only "a new epiphany of the spirit of Hellas "and the spirit will be the same, even though the men of later "ages find their romance beneath the seas whereon the "Greeks sought it, or above the mountains in which our quest "is set." Mr. H. E. G. Tyndale compares in quaint aphorisms the mountaineer to a pilgrim, and concludes that the mountaineer will learn two things by experience, viz.: that "wherever he may find himself he can advance many reasons "for and against every proposal, as conscience-free as the "pilgrim himself, calling in prudence to support equally his "bold or his lazy wishes, which is a dangerous thing for all "climbers, as Mr. Worldly Wiseman knows," and, again, that "the secret of a true holiday lies, not in the abandon-"ment of everything familiar in search of distraction but in "taking up some fresh and absorbing interest which will con-"tinue from one holiday to another." In "Passes" Mr. N. T. Huxley is profoundly introspective. "Your true mountain "lover," he says, "professes himself a mystic: he is one of "those that 'live by places,' and he waits upon the fruition "of those moments in which his senses give him a sudden "feeling of fellowship with his surroundings. . . Only "in isolation from his fellows from science and from the "interference of intelligence, when he adopts a 'wise "passivity' of mere sensation, is this sense of fellowship "granted him; and among the peaks, under the spell of "his rhythmical bodily movements, he and the silent "mountains stand face to face as pure living sensation and "lifeless matter, and each finds in the other a mysterious "completion."

Mr. H. R. Pope has some wise words about the vulgarization of our British hills. "The great god Pan is "very gracious to his worshippers, but not when they come "in crowds. Some of our hills have been turned into a sort

"of suburban playground of our northern towns, and there "are times when we seem to detect the staleness of the "suburbs even in the windy heights." Ramblers and "Rocky-fellers" may jib a little at this but they will find in his praise of British hill climbing some new arguments for their sport.

"Rock Climbing at Oxford" written, doubtless, by someone still *in statu pupillarii*, for he prefers to remain anonymous, has many picturesque touches; and in "The Mountain of Youth," the Editor winds up the series with a pleasant autobiography of his own mountain experiences in humorous vein not untouched with sadness, from which we are glad to gather that his accident has not altogether stopped his climbing.

We could have said much more about this pleasant volume, if space allowed: suffice it to say that we welcome its contributors into the Brotherhood of the Mountains.

The Dolomites.

By S. H. Hamer.

(London: Methuen & Co. 1910. pp. xi. and 305.)

To the mountaineer the most interesting part of this volume is that by Mr. W. J. Williams, A.C., on "Climbing in the Dolomites," in which he will find a short account of the special characteristics and history of Dolomite climbing, and of the different ways of all the principal peaks. With this and the more detailed guide-books to which he is referred he will have no difficulty in planning out a tour in this fascinating district, and when he has accomplished it will be able to take sides in the still vexed question whether, as their lovers assert, the Dolomites afford the finest climbing in Europe or no. The botanist and geologist also will find the chapters in their respective hobbies of great value.

The rest of the book appeals rather to the mere tourist or rambler and betrays on every page the wonder and delight which he, like the author, must surely feel at the

bizarre shapes and marvellous colouring of these strange *torri* and *cima*, so strange and grotesque that it requires the coloured illustrations to make him believe them possible. These illustrations indeed, by Mr. Harry Rowntree, are perhaps the best part of the book, if indeed they are not its *raison d'être*. Each one is a feast of colour, and a comparison with the colour photographs which Mr. Inglis Clark recently showed to the Club and has since reproduced in the *Alpine Journal* shows that they are not exaggerated. They form an interesting contrast to the chromolithographs of Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill's "Dolomites" (1864) and Miss Edwards's "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys" (1875) and shew what an advance in book illustration has been achieved by the three-colour process.

The sketch map printed on the inside cover is a method which all such books of travel would do well to copy.

Alpine Flowers and Gardens.

Painted and Described by G. Flemwell.

(London: A. & C. Black. 1910. pp. xiv. and 167.)

In dealing with this book a comparison with Mr. Farrer's "Among the Hills" is almost inevitable. Both are adorned with colour pictures of great beauty—some of Mr. Flemwell's are exquisite, though he confines himself to landscapes, where the flower-studded foreground serves as a frame to some well-known peak in the distance, and he has no detailed drawings of individual plants; and both show a close first-hand knowledge of the subject. But Mr. Farrer's anecdotal method of description is certainly more arresting and affords more scope for detail and his style is all his own.

M. Henri Correvon in the Preface describes this book very justly as "un poëme, un chant à la louange de la nature "alpine et alpestre," and the author writes as a poet of the Alps in their season's garb—spring, summer and autumn in turn. More strictly scientific are his chapters

on "Where do Alpines begin?" and "Characteristics of "Alpine Plants," in which latter he inclines to the theory that "the real primary and original meaning of the colours "markings, nectar and scent of flowers is not to attract "insects but to deter grazing and browsing animals," although he admits the only animal to be deterred was the mammoth, but suggests they have been amiably retained for the delight and use of the insects. He remarks also on the astonishing depth of the roots and describes the keen struggle for existence waged by Alpine plants and their contempt for added "comforts" such as manure. "Born in hardship, as children of hardship, they have so "attuned themselves to harsh conditions as to make of "these the very mainspring of their joy in life."

The successful work done by the Swiss "Association pour la Protection des Plantes," now merged in "Heimatschutz" in stopping the removal of Alpine plants by collectors, professional or amateur, and by peasants and tourists is described, and we are told that the Society's efforts to substitute the sale of the seeds for the plants themselves have been largely successful. A description of the Society's own rock gardens on the Rochers de Naye and at Bourg St. Pierre (where, by the way, we remember having a delightful nap in 1893), and some hints on "the "science of putting two and two together in order to make "four, in the culture of Alpines away from their wild "conditions," conclude the volume.

True Tales of Mountain Adventures.

By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.

(London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1906. 3rd Impression. pp. xvi. and 291.)

The fact that this is a third edition shows that the increase in more recent tales of mountain adventure has not diminished the public demand for these older stories culled for the most part from the Alpine classics and annotated by one who has herself spent many strenuous seasons in

the Alps. But there are many more such stories between the sober covers of the *Alpine Journal* and elsewhere, not accessible to the general public, and a second series would find a warm welcome.

Rambles in the Black Forest.

By J. A. R. Wylie.

(London: Mills & Boon. pp. viii. and 325. 6s. od.)

The authoress of this pleasant work states at the outset that it is "for the rambler, not the tourist, who is a very "different person. The genuine tourist never rambles, he "tours, and therein lies the fundamental and all-important "difference. The world is full of tourists, some of them "are rich and laden with much be-labelled boxes, some of "them are poor—you meet them on the dusty highways, "burdened with heavy knapsacks, hatless, coatless, with "hot red faces, which they lift a moment in order to "contemplate you lying in the shade of the trees. Rich "and poor, all these people are 'touring,' and the tourist "has only one object in life, to 'do' something, to 'get' "somewhere, and to have the right to say he has 'done it,' "or 'got there' all on foot, or all in a motor car, or all in "a first class sleeping compartment, just as his particular "ambition tends."

With this, by way of preface in praise of Rambling, the authoress proceeds, after giving a general description of the Black Forest and its history, to give a pleasant and picturesque account of a summer's ramble taken by herself and a friend in that delightful country, with its stately pleasure resorts like Baden-Baden and Triberg, its mediæval towns like Freiburg and quiet villages like Gutach and its homely 'cure places' like Rippoldsau. The Germans are indeed to be envied such a charming playground and they make full use of it. Other nations, we are told, prefer overcrowded Switzerland and an Englishman in the Black Forest is rarely seen, which is a pity; for without subscribing to the authoress's opinion that not only can

the Black Forest stand comparison with Switzerland but that it is incomparable, there must be many who would find in its quieter features and homelier life a pleasant change after the standardized beauties and *table d'hôtes* of Lucerne and Chamonix.

There are numerous excellent photographs and some colour plates.

The West Riding of Yorkshire.

By Joseph E. Morris, B.A.

(London: Methuen & Co. pp. xviii. and 569. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is an excellent little book; one to be carried in the pocket of every rambler—it only weighs 10½ oz. It does not pretend to be a guide-book with inns, distances, &c., but it gives in alphabetical arrangement a short description of every place in the Riding that offers anything of interest in natural scenery, architecture or history. The author is openly impatient of everything in the way of factory or mine, although he has not hesitated to penetrate the "worst part of the Yorkshire coalfield" to visit some ancient monument. And he appeals to a rambler's heart when, after demarcating the spoilt and the unspoilt beauties of the Riding, he exclaims:—"What matter if the bottom be "defiled by ugly mills, if the highways be infested by "vile electric tramways, if the waters of the brooks and "rivers run fishless and polluted? Always it is possible "to escape from this corruption to the solitude and silence "of the ridges."

For anyone who wants an intelligent description of, say, Fountains, Kirkstall or Bolton, Mr. Morris's book is invaluable, and before starting on a trip it is easy to look out one's object and take the book along.

The author's leanings are on the whole perhaps towards mediæval architecture; there is for example an excellent and much needed description of Harewood *Castle* and *Church*, but nothing about Harewood *House*; two pages about Cowthorpe *Church*, but nothing of the Cowthorpe

Oak. He might also have let himself go a little more on the side of the literary associations. Oakwell Hall, near Birstall, is an interesting Jacobean house, but the gracious spirit of Shirley Keeldar still lends it its greatest charm ; Arncliffe, beautiful as it is for situation, deserves to be remembered also as the Vendale of Kingsley's "Water Babies," and Rylstone as the home of Emily Norton and the White Doe.

An unpleasant duty remains. I am forced from internal evidence to conclude that Mr. Morris has never heard of the Yorkshire Ramblers and their underground exploration. This is easily remedied. He must be conducted along Long Churn Cave and lowered into Helln Pot, and then he will no longer say of it: "There is nothing to be "seen save the yawning mouth of a vertical shaft, down "which it is impossible to look." But it is only fair to add that he considers both Helln Pot and Gaping Ghyll "infinitely grander than Eldon Hole in Derbyshire, though "they may lack the literary associations of this last, and "the mock heroic verses of Cotton and Hobbes." We had hoped our *Journal* had a wider circulation. But speaking seriously, Mr. Morris has laid all lovers of the West Riding under a deep obligation and we thank him for it. J. J. B.

Nooks and Corners of Yorkshire.

By J. S. Fletcher.

(London : Eveleigh Nash. pp. ix. and 304, with Map.)

Mr. Fletcher, who delighted so many lovers of Yorkshire by his beautiful work "Picturesque Yorkshire" has now put us still more in his debt by this handy volume. His plan is to avoid, to a great extent, the "beauty spots" that are in all the guide-books and to lead us rather to the little corners of the county, familiar perhaps to us, but unknown to strangers. The author deals with his subject by *routes*—The Great North Road, the several rivers, the Coast, Sheffield, North-East Yorkshire, the East Riding—

and of all he has something new to tell us, avoiding archæological austerity but never descending to the mere "chatty" facility of some popular works. Many of our readers, as Airedale men,must needs think well of one who speaks up thus for Airedale :—"Then" (i.e., at Castleford) "has the "Aire lost its character and is looked down upon by folks "who rave about the clearness of the Swale or the Tees. "But for all that, the banks of the Aire have such features "of interest that no man can say he knows Yorkshire "unless he knows them." This is the spirit of the book and we heartily commend it to our readers, although we have to deplore the fact that Gaping Ghyll and Helln Pot are never mentioned, and of Great Almscliffe it is only said "On the summit of it, a high point which commands "a view of the country for miles and miles around, is a "group of rocks which appear to have been the scene of "Druidical rites." Our activities have been misunderstood ! J. J. B.

The Alpine Ski Club Guides.

The Bernese Oberland: Part I.

By Arnold H. M. Lunn.

(London : Horace Marshall & Son. pp. vi. and 135.)

Mountain Climbers have long found the pocket "Alpine Guides" indispensable for their summer wanderings and now we welcome the first English Pocket Guide for Ski Climbers.

"Ski-runners," as the author in his preface very properly remarks, "who rely on guide-books based solely on summer "mountaineering are liable to come to serious harm," and this work, besides its positive virtue of pointing out the best routes practicable for ski, has the negative one of warning ski-runners against routes which "though perfectly "safe in summer are death-traps in winter."

Mr. Lunn describes very fully all the excursions which can be made from Montana, Kandersteg, Adelboden, Zweisimmen, Gstaad, Villars and Chateau d'Oex, and also the routes connecting these places which have been found

practicable. In summer a wandering party may cross from valley to valley and be sure of finding some kind of shelter for the night, but in winter one must make sure that there is an hotel or hut "open" before breaking cover from one's well-warmed "winter-house"; and this work must, of course, be read along with the information which varies from year to year, as to hotels, huts, &c.

We have neither the space nor the experience to say whether the routes described are the best and can only advise members of our Club (which has so recently added ski-ing to its objects): *Solvitur ambulando.*

There is an excellent chapter on Avalanches, Snow Conditions and Ski-mountaineering in general.

J. J. B.

On Cambrian and Cumbrian Hills.
Pilgrimages to Snowdon and Scawfell.

By Henry S. Salt.

(A. C. Fifield, 13, Clifford's Inn, E.C. 1911. 1s. 0d. net.)

The object of this little book—one with which every Rambler will, or ought to, sympathize—is to emphasize the fact that mountains, besides being the playground of the climber have another function, viz., the culture of "that intellectual sympathy with untamed and primitive "Nature which our civilization threatens to destroy." The author addresses himself mainly to the "small handful of "enthusiasts whose concern with the mountains, as com-"pared with that of the rock climber, is of a less "venturesome but not less personal kind, devotees who "have made it their pleasure to become intimately versed "in the mountain lore and to whom the numberless moods "and phases of the hills are more familiarly known than "to many expert cragsmen."

The chapters dealing with the Snowdon *massif* and the Scawfell district are written with intimate and sympathetic knowledge, the result of many years' experience of them under all conditions, and the author skilfully contrasts the

characteristics of the two groups:—"If angry grandeur, as "has been said, is the feature of the Carnarvonshire "mountains that of the Cumbrian Fells may be described "as friendly grouping. Unlike the proud oligarchies of "Snowdon and the Glyders we see here a free and equal "democracy, a brood of giant brothers, linked together "with rocky arm in arm, and with no crowned heads "claiming marked predominance over their fellows."

In one respect, however, they are, he points out, similar; for on every side except the east "their horizons extend to "the sea and both possess the same great charm, lacking "in the Alps and other continental ranges, of overlooking "a coast line broken by shallow estuaries, where at low tide "there is an expanse of gleaming red sands with the plain "of dim water in the rear."

The remaining chapters which deal with the pleasures of the Heights, the Barren Hillside, Wild Life on the Hills and Human Sympathies are full of charm and insight, whilst that entitled "Slag-heap or Sanctuary" is a strongly worded argument against the vulgarization—an ugly word, but ugly deeds call for ugly words—of the delicate beauties of our strictly limited supply of mountain beauty. Some part of this process may be checked by private effort, but the author sees only one thorough solution of the problem, and that is to "*nationalize* such districts as Snowdonia, "Lakeland, the Peak of Derbyshire and other public holiday "haunts, and convert them into mountain sanctuaries under "a council of mountaineers and naturalists and nature "lovers who understand and reverence them, with the "instruction that they shall so administer their charge as to "add to the present happiness and permanent wealth of the "nation"—an alluring if Utopian prospect. It would be a step towards it if the mineral, sporting and water rights could be bought out.