

# THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ERNEST E. ROBERTS.

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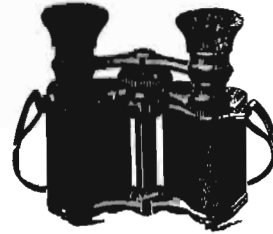


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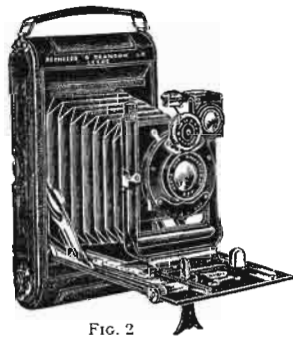


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THE  
**Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal**

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EDITORIAL.

The President has become filled with political ambitions, and the Club has found a new Editor for its *Journal*. The present number may not compare with the remarkable series of articles which Mr. W. A. Brigg collected for his first, or with the two volumes of which Mr. Thomas Gray was Editor, but though the present Editor has no pretensions to the literary taste of his predecessors, his labours have convinced him that, great as have been the losses of the Club, the varied enterprises of the active members and the unrecorded explorations of the veterans can maintain a *Journal* worthy of the Club for years to come.

Shortly our younger men will make their way to the Alps, Norway, the Rockies, perhaps even to the Caucasus. The golden age of pot-holing is not over, and so long as our expeditions are but week-ends snatched from busy lives, fresh discoveries will not be worked out for some time.

The interval of nearly seven years since No. 13 was written has made the present issue a memorial of a long list of familiar names and good comrades whom we have lost.

Their deeds live after them.

THE EDITOR.



TROW GILL.

*Photo. by J. F. Scaman*

## A SHIKAR TRIP IN TEHRI.

From the Diary of OSCAR J. ADDYMAN.

[Tehri is a native state N.W. of British Gahrwal. This shooting trip took place in 1913. Messrs. O. J. Addyman and F. G. Prichard, 2nd East Yorkshire Regt., left Faizabad, Oude, went by rail to Dehra 'Dun, then by tonga 30 miles to Chakrata. From Chakrata they marched to the Tonse, a tributary of the Jumna, up the Minis to the Sheenka Pass, crossed a ridge back to the Tonse, went up to Ringali on the watershed between the Tonse and Jumna, and along it back to Chakrata. Over the Sheenka Pass they would have reached the Sutlej basin.

*Goural*, or *Ghooral*, Himalayan chamois; *Sarao*, wild sheep; *Tar*, wild goat; *Kakar*, barking deer; *nur* and *mardin*, male and female; *pootoos*, flies.]

April 25.—*Chakrata* (7,000 ft.) to *Mundali* (8,500 ft.) with coolies (19 m.). Arrived Forest Bungalow comfortably tired at 4.30, and made ourselves very much at home. My first experience of the real Himalaya "fills me with wonder and admiration."

April 26. *Mundali to Kathian* (12 miles).—Started from Mundali to a juggar three miles off, looking for a goural, which we found. I shot at about 200 yards and missed, as I did not know my rifle. Moral—always try your rifle well before starting. Then we went down a steep spur and spotted a bear about 400 yards away. I fired three shots, and believe two took effect, but we did not find him, though we had two hours' descent of an almost perpendicular khud thickly wooded. Then we climbed up again, and nearly died in the attempt. It was an awful trudge to Kathian, and I arrived 7.30 p.m., having had nothing to eat since 4.30 a.m., when I had an egg and a half plate Quaker oats. Prichard started 6 a.m. with coolies, and did the 6 mile trek here by 11. To-morrow I go with the kit, and Prichard to a juggar one mile from here.

April 27. *Kathian* (6,000 ft.) to *Tuni* (2,200 ft.) (12 miles).—I left Kathian at 7 a.m., and reached Tuni 11.30 a.m., after

a long steep walk downhill. The Tonse here looks lovely and green, but very cold. The natives say that there are fish three to four feet long, but they don't catch them. Apparently there is no shikhar here. I killed a 6-ft. snake on arrival at the bungalow.

April 28. *Tuni to Tuni Ghat* (16 miles).—About a mile on we saw two jackals, one of which P. killed and the other was hit in the foot, but got off. We then marched on, and I took a photo. of the village and villagers of Onot. There was a most interesting enclosure filled with piles of stones built up in a rough representation of gods, also sticks with linen wound round them to make the heads and bodies of gods. The villagers would not enter the enclosure at all, and refused even to sit on the wall whilst I took the photo. Apparently these places are most sacred.

April 29. *Tuni Ghat* (2,000 ft.).—Last night we had a "bura khana," (1) mulligatawny soup, (2) brain cutlets, (3) mutton steaks, (4) arrowroot mould and figs, (5) kidneys on toast, and *whisky*. In consequence it was a hard task for the bearers to waken us up and get us on the move by 5 a.m. Just as we finished breakfast at 5.30, Budhri came to tell us he could see a goural on the hill behind the tent. Prichard went after it, and I walked a mile up the nullah and then struck diagonally up the hill, coming upon five goural on the move. I shot at one twice, and missed just above. The light was bad on my sights, and they wanted blacking badly. I saw three more goural, but did not get another shot. P. had several shots, but missed by inches. We'll soon get the knack, I hope. Our luck is dead out. The Rajah of Tehri's chuprassis have just been to tell us the Rajah died on the 13th, so we can't get permission to shoot there.

However, I have written to the Forest Officer for permission to occupy Tuni, Balcha, and Chagpur bungalows, so that we can shoot round about these districts, and send all the coolies but seven back to Chakrata, using local coolies for moving camp occasionally. We both went out, and I wounded a

decent-looking goural two miles from camp, but could not get it, and returned.

April 30. *Tuni Ghat to Sandra* (8 miles).—Started at 5.30 to look for wounded goural; found it not much the worse for a wounded leg. I shot it well this time, and am very pleased to see that my rifle kills well.

On the way to Sandra I saw eleven goural drinking 200 yards away on the other side of the river; shot at them, but apparently missed, as the one I shot at fell down 300 yards away in the grass, and about five minutes later went off like blazes quite sound. The pootoos are awful, and bite like mad. P. has just come in with a goural, horns  $7\frac{1}{4}$  inches. The best so far.

May 3. *Sandra to Naintwar* (10 miles).—Left Sandra 7 a.m., arrived Naintwar 10 a.m., after having had a little trouble with three local coolies whom we used. On the way we saw a native fishing with a bamboo with a loop on the end and a horsehair cast, with a framework of horsehair nooses round a wasp grub tied on the cast. There was a small pebble fixed on the end to take the thing to the bottom. He caught a  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. snow trout almost every cast. We bought four or five for 4 annas, and they were a great treat.

There was a lot of trouble about buying flour, which was made worse by Nain Singh beating a gaon-wallah (villager) for asking too much for the stuff. It had its humorous side, I'll admit, as the people here are awful sharks and liars. Eventually I got to the bottom of the matter by the process of elimination, and bought the flour for a fairly honest price, though, of course, I had to pay a little more than I thought right to save trouble about the beating. We took the names of the gaon-wallahs, and Nain Singh threatened to report them to the Rajah, so I used this screw to make them come to terms.

May 4. *Naintwar to Pao* (14 miles).—We kept with the coolies all the way to Pao, where we were received in great style by the village at large, camping on a small maidan under a plum tree just above the village, where we hope to be very

comfortable. We had a very steep descent to the Tonse, and then an awful pull up of about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, almost perpendicular, and a traverse of two miles to Pao. We had to change our three gaon coolies just before the descent to the Tonse, and two of the new ones are going on with us to-morrow. The snows have been in sight almost all day. We can see them now, and they look very close.

A gaon-wallah wants his brother's back doctored. He seems to have strained it, and the only thing we have is vaseline, but perhaps the moral effect will be good. Anyhow, I hope so. More sick men and women have arrived; in fact, everyone in the village has cultivated a fever at the sight of the quinine bottle. I caught one fellow trying to administer five grains to a two months old child. Now a woman has arrived who has a pain amidships, and she seems very pleased at the idea of a little neat rum.

May 5. *Pao to Jokhol* (7 miles).—I woke up about 5 a.m., and, looking out of the tent, saw an excited gaon-wallah talking to Budhri with much gesticulation. I asked what was the matter, and was told that a "balu" was on the other side of the stream below us, and on going out saw him on the hill side. P. was out of bed at once and in pyjamas we flew down the khud guided by the excited gaon-wallah and followed by all the youth of the gaon and a "buddha," who proved a staunch old daredevil.

Our first shots were at 350 yards, and P., I think, hit him with his first. This made the bear stagger and swerve downhill, well hit. But he pulled himself together and went on, falling over a 20 ft. precipice. We followed along the nullah, firing now and again as he moved. Finally P.'s cartridges gave out, and I had two of my seven left. One of these went home well, and the other hit the bear's leg. But he got into a hole on the other bank, and three gaon-wallahs who had gone round by a bridge climbed down an impossible khud and dislodged him into the water, which was a continuous foam of rapids. The bear, however, swam down and across, to be finally despatched by the gaon-wallahs with lathis. These men made

a fine little bridge in about ten minutes to reach the bear, and the "buddha" was the first to go into the wounded bear, and accomplished a risky job with much zeal. Of our fourteen shots seven were hits, six good ones, centre of group six inches too far back.

May 6. *Jokhol to Leori* (16 miles).—Left 6.30, arrived Leori 4.15 p.m., after a very stiff march both for ourselves and the coolies, but the latter came along wonderfully well. I think that if all Chakrata coolies are as good, they are to be highly recommended. The road is bad and very steep indeed, with some difficult bridges.

At the tiffin halt, at Kelhor, we took a photo. of the temple, which has wonderful beaten brass facings to the doors, horses and ladies riding sidesaddle, snakes, &c., beaten on them. Above the door were two pairs of burrell horns, one of which was quite a big pair. The snow is quite close above us, so we are beginning to feel we are really there at last. As far as I can make out only one sahib has been here before, and that was about two years ago.

May 7.—We had to stay at Leori to get some shoes made for the seven Chakrata coolies who are going to the snows with us. Annoying but equally necessary. Nine Chakrata coolies returned to-day. The Lumbadar of Leori is a very good fellow, and he always says, "If it is your order I will see that it is obeyed," and he did so, too, even to getting 16 coolies at half a day's notice to go over to Chitkul.

One man came here with slight snow blindness, and we gave him a drop or two of tincture of opium, which made him squirm, but even then he wanted more. Another fellow said he had a bad tooth, so I took an 18 in. screwdriver, a hammer, and a pair of tweezers, and laid him on his back with mouth open and two coolies holding him down. He fled. Of course all he wanted was to see what medicine tasted like. We sent two coolies from the gaon to take a chit to the chuprassi at Chitkul.

May 8. *Eight Miles above Leori*.—At about 3 p.m. the two dâk coolies returned here, and said they could not get over

the pass as there was too much snow. However, on being asked what time they attempted the pass, they said 2 to 3 p.m. yesterday. If that is correct, of course the snow would be too soft, but I think they never went to the pass at all, as it is 20 miles from Leori to Sheenka, and they only took four hours to get there from their own words.

May 9. *Foot of Sheenka* (14 miles).—We moved about 7 a.m. and had two miles of almost perpendicular hill to climb straight away. Needless to say we took it quietly, and by noon had done eight miles. The coolies were very done up, but soon recovered, and we went on about 1.30, after a great argument with the coolies, who said eight miles was the "parao," and that they would not do any more. I told them that in this month to get over the pass it was necessary to camp further under it than when the pass is properly open. Then they said they would go half parao further, but when we had done that they refused to stop, and so, well pleased with life, we "all went marching along," to camp at 4.15 in a heavy storm of sleety hail.

There was one coolie who was absolutely done up, and so in a fit of madness, when he was up to his thighs in snow, I took his load for a bit, but was relieved by another who returned to bring him in. One magnificent big fellow carried two loads for the last mile or so.

40° F. this morning, but fairly warm now. We are two miles from the foot of Sheenka. Plenty of snow everywhere, and the view up the last valley on the right was a marvellous sheet of snow, topped by glittering peaks and flanked by two dark rocky arêtes.

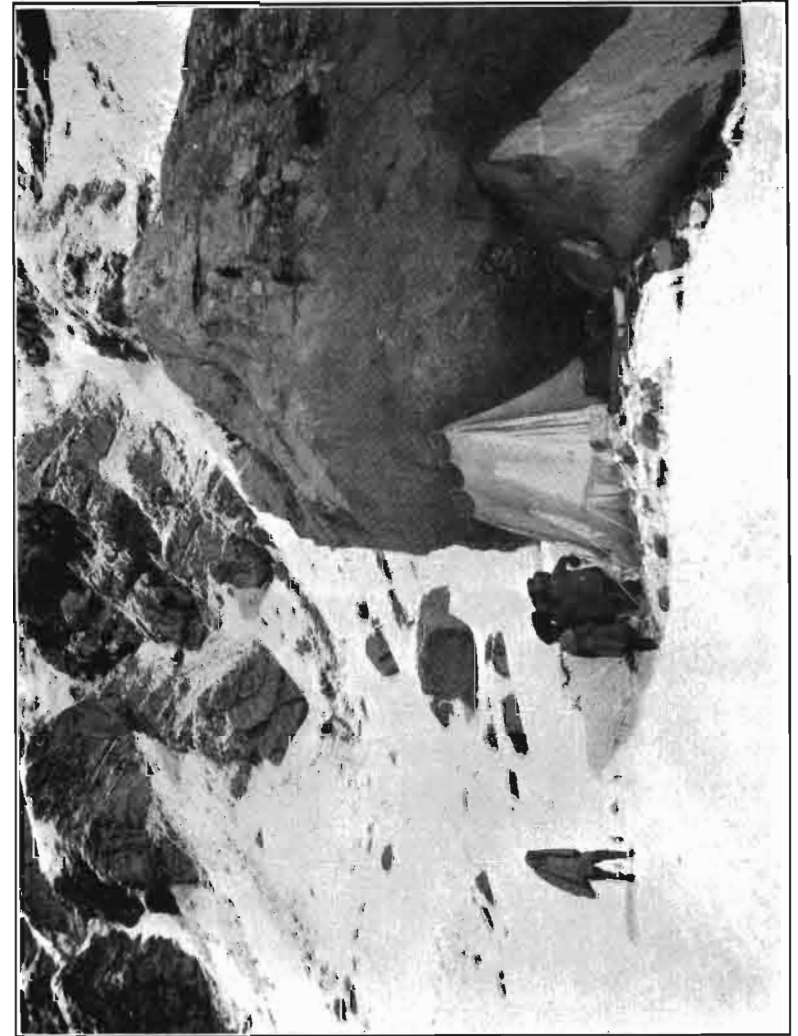
May 10. *Sheenka Pass and back* (20 miles).—Started 7 a.m. We covered the two miles to the foot of the pass in good time. There was only a little snow in the bottom, and after crossing a steep slope and going up a long stony ridge we came on to a glacier. The air was very thin here, and P. and I were absolutely done up, but kept on steadily with many halts. One coolie fell behind, but we knew he would catch us up while we waited on top.

Then the snow began to come down like mad, and we knew we were in a very nasty fix. At the same time we found that the pass was blocked on the other side, so at once started to retreat the way we had come. All the coolies and ourselves were very tired, and it seemed to me we should probably all be frozen to death. The morning's breakfast had consisted of one egg and one chupatti each, and we had nothing else.

Eventually we reached a sloping rock which formed a sort of cave, where we sat shivering with the bearers and one shikari till the tent coolies arrived. We then put the tent up, and broke up one packing case as there was no firewood for ten miles down. We had cocoa and two chupattis each, and went to bed in the same bed, as mine had not arrived. We were sure all the coolies would come eventually, as we had seen them all nearly down the pass. However, two were still missing when my bed arrived. We got into an awful stew, but could do nothing till morning.

May 11. *Stone Shelter to Pass and back (12 miles).*—I woke up at 6.0, ate a chupatti, drank some cocoa, and then, with P., set off with Qalam Singh, Budhri, and two coolies to look for the missing men, hoping earnestly we might find them alive. After the four miles to the foot of the pass, P. and I were utterly done up, and could not go another inch, so we let the other four go on up the pass, intending to follow, but it occurred to us the camp was moving right back to our first parao above Leori, and that if the two coolies were dead or dying we could never get them so far back without food or covering. Therefore we set off back as hard as we could, arrived in camp at 3.30, and sent food and blankets back to meet the rescue party. Then we both collapsed from want of food and over-exertion, and came to life again to hear that six men were in sight. They proved to be the two coolies and the rescue party.

The coolies had spent the night on the last pitch of the pass, and it is wonderful to think that they lived. Prichard and I had made up our minds that the poor chaps were dead, though we refused to give up hope outwardly, but talked



*Photo. by O. J. Adyman.*

STONE SHELTER CAMP.



about what would happen, and what we could do, if they were lost, as all the money was in my box carried by one of them. We thought our military careers were finished, and that all we could do would be to return to Chakrata with the Chakrata coolies, and what they could carry, leaving the other baggage at Leori.

Now all's well, and I have shoved down one cup tea, two cups Bovril, and a chupatti. P. has eaten lots more. I have taken an oath that never again as long as I live will I go into the snows of the Himalaya, having, by the grace of God, escaped by such a narrow margin. If those two coolies had died up there I should never have forgiven myself for the ignorance which occasioned the situation, though we *were* informed that the top of Sheenka was five miles from our last camp when it proved to be at least nine.

Budhri is untiring absolutely, and has gone all the time marvellously. Qalam Singh has worked well too. Old Kim Singh led us all the way up the pass, and turned out next morning as fit as any one. He is a wonder, and a fine old man.

The two coolies became tired when nearly down, sat down, and went to sleep. The rescue party found them a short distance farther on, coming slowly and shivering like blazes. They had three blankets, luckily. One has slight snow blindness, the other is quite fit. Qalam Singh is also a little blind. One coolie is slightly frost-bitten, but is getting well quickly (12th). Our plans are, of course, all upset now, and we must rot about in the lower valleys till our leave is up, and content ourselves with humbler game.

May 15. *To Pao* (14 miles).—I think our old friends of the pyjama hunt are glad to see us again, as they want more quinine. As we passed through Jokhol to-day the whole village was collected round the temple, beating drums and waving a sort of silver incense burner to make the rain stop and preserve the crops. In spite of their energies we had the usual downpour about 4.30.

May 25. *Loona Ghat*.—This morning we had breakfast at 3.0, and started at 4.0 for a three or four miles' climb to look

for sambur. P. shot at a  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inch goural, as he says, but missed at 80 yards through excitement. I shot at one about 6 inch, and missed just above. No sambur to be seen at all. This evening, as we were sitting in camp after tea, very fed up, two goural were reported, and P. went out. I followed, just arriving in time to see P. shoot the first (a mardin), first shot, and miss a difficult shot at the other. As we waited another appeared (probably the second one again), and I fired, killing it at once. It proved to be a "nur," 7 inch head, but one horn unfortunately got broken a little.

May 26. *Loona Ghat.*—I woke up to hear Budhri telling me to come and shoot a jackal, which I did. Then the Chakrata coolies came, and we made the most of our meals and tobacco. Later the Tehri coolie arrived, having done 170 miles in  $5\frac{1}{2}$  days. We have not yet got the permit, but expect it in answer to a coolie going off to-day. The panther which we heard yesterday killed last night, and I am going up this afternoon to sit up for it. I hope it comes. We walked the four miles in the heat of the day, to find that the brute had killed and taken away only a very small calf; hence our energy was wasted.

May 29. *To Ringali (7 miles).*—The road led up a nullah first and then a very steep grassy slope to the Ringali road, which the heavily-laden coolies must have felt tremendously. We took eight hours to do seven miles, and the last coolie got in at 5.30, after starting at 7 or 7.30 a.m. The view from here is AI, but it is a pity the snows are not clearer. I think this bungalow is 7,320 ft.

May 30. *Ringali.*—Very heavy hail fell, and at one time the stones were very large. I measured one or two, and the circumference was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, or about the size of a pigeon's egg. P. went out of the tent, but returned hurriedly with a pain in the middle of his back where he had been hit by a hailstone.

June 4. *Isolation Camp.*—I missed a panther this morning after a long and tiring trek up awful khuds after "tarh," which weren't there. I'm as mad as can be. I saw it moving

under some grass and rocks about 80 yards away, and the next time I saw it it was going away at a fast trot. I shot at it on the move at about 200. We saw two or three goural running away, but not any "tarh." I heard one shot from P.'s direction. . . . Yes! P. has got his bear all right, though it's an old one and not very big. When I arrived at Alu it was being cured by the shikari, and P. was very proud.

June 11. *Isolation Bivouac.*—It was raining hard, and nothing but cloud when I woke at 4. We went off about 6.15 to the S. along some "lava" rocks, overlooking a very narrow but very steep nullah, thickly wooded and precipitous on the far side, and also very thick at the top. We saw two goural on the run, but luckily did not get a shot, as later we sat down to watch the opposite slope, and saw two dark objects moving about in an open glade 350 yards away. Eventually I fired, and the beast came down the hill like a runaway train. It turned out to be a "sarao," as Budhri had said, but unfortunately a mardin. When I saw it I was very fed up, as one horn had been broken some time ago and the other was broken in the fall, and could not be found. The bullet entered the off shoulder and came out in centre of chest. I was very lucky to hit the sarao at that range. The skin is in a very mouldy condition, which is annoying.

June 12. *Ronahi Camp.*—This morning it was pouring with rain. As I was not at all well, having been poisoned somehow, I put on some boots and socks and a mackintosh and walked in my pyjamas back to H.Q. P. lent me dry garments till mine arrived. I hope I shall soon be fit, as at present I can't think of shooting or walking or anything. It may be tea made in an aluminium bowl. I'm glad to be under shelter of a tent again.

[On the 13th and 14th the writer was carried 30 miles to Kailama, and on the 15th travelled in a bullock waggon to Chakrata Hospital, where apparently he lay very ill for some time, as the diary ceases abruptly.]

## IN THE TRACKS OF THE RUBBER-MEN.

BY C. D. FRANKLAND.

During many years of climbing it had been a source of satisfaction to me to recall that I had climbed my pitches without either taking a shoulder or discarding boots. Nowadays, however, there are many excellent courses which cannot be climbed in boots. In order to try the merits of the new climbs I have followed the methods of the Engelhorner and Dolomites, and climbed in rubber-soled shoes. The following escapades are due to observing the surprising ease with which my brother, who makes no pretence of being a rock expert, followed up Woodhead's Route by the new direct finish, and to the enjoyment expressed by my daughter after her ascent of the Pillar Rock by the Slab and Notch and Pendlebury's Traverse. Both wore shoes soled with rubber, and the days were dry.

Many experienced cragsmen to-day disparage the use of a "shoulder." By giving this adventitious aid to his leader a second man may help him into a situation dangerous to the party. The supplementary aid afforded by the rope is different. However, on the climbs for which I desired to qualify, the rope is declared to be more dangerous than useful. Anchorage is often lacking. The pitches are very long. Companions capable of leading are few. I came to the conclusion that I must climb alone, and then there would be no question of either shoulder or rope. It would be playing strictly according to the rules of the game if I tried the climbs myself before inviting others to trust their safety to my leadership.

Before undertaking the ascent of the very severe slab routes on the face of the Low Man of Scawfell Pinnacle, climbers are recommended to put in ample practice on difficult slabs. There are two ideal courses for this purpose on the west wall of the High Man, Pillar Rock. At 4 p.m. one fine day last summer (1920) I was ready to start, having stowed coat and boots under a convenient boulder. As I looked over the scree at the climb I believe I was alone on the Rock; the last party was descending slowly towards Ennerdale.

The Rib and Slab Climb is too recent to be as popular as it deserves, but time will rectify this. The route begins to the left of the better known New West, and is marked by a modest cairn at its foot. From base to summit the course is singularly direct. As usual the initial pitches are easy, and the rubber shoes gripped securely the broad, rough ledges. The first 70 feet were passed in a few minutes, and the point of articulation of the Rib itself was reached.

At this point a complete change in the quality of the climbing occurs. Rubber shoes become essential to the successful ascent of the following pitches, which assume the nature of "difficult slabs." The stance upon which I stood resembled those on the severe variations on Gimmer. Movement was restricted, but by hugging the rock the bulge could be inspected. On the right is a sheer drop. It is necessary to step out and over this space on holds unsuitable for boots, using downward presses for the hands. These difficulties continue to the point where this route crosses the New West above the big scoop. I had been so engrossed in the game that I was puzzled to account for the scarring of the track. Rubber shoe climbing has the merit of not defacing the rocks.

The third pitch so closely resembles the second as not to require description. Its attraction lies in the situations. The feet are viewed against a background of distant scree. In no place can the whole of the sole of the foot be placed upon a hold. Handholds in the ordinary sense of ledges to pull on are absent. Divide the holds on the Eagle's Nest Ridge in half, both as to size and number, and then the direct portion above the Nest itself somewhat resembles this Slab. The approach to the lower part of the last pitch of the New West is delightful. Where the big angular fragments act as a belay for the crossing of the "one-step traverse," the climber on the Slab pokes up his head and pulls upon the projecting rock. I concluded my first exercise here, and hastened down the familiar New West. At the bottom an easy traverse was made to the foot of the initial difficulty of the South-West climb.

This more difficult course lies along the north edge of West Jordan Gully. At first sight its aspect is repelling. It looks absurdly impossible, and would be so in boots. On closer acquaintance its character proves milder than its looks. It begins suitably with a steep, flat slab 15 feet across. Two slight flaws and some crystalline incrustations, an eighth of an inch deep, supply the means of reaching the overhang. The method I employed was to walk along the edges of the crusts, using two awkwardly placed little finger holds for maintaining the balance. Once the rock cornice is reached the pull over is easy, and a sloping ledge can be used to stand upon while examining the great wall above.

The prospect looks hopeless to one more used to chimneys, chocks, walls, ledges, and all the ordinary aids to climbing than to a long succession of rough ripple marks and occasional applications to the steeply sloping edge. The few oval platforms, no bigger than dinner plates, are of doubtful advantage. They serve mainly as view points from which to realise the grimness of the gloomy gully on the right and the inhospitable expanse of the West Wall itself. The climbing is not difficult, but the thought of a loose hold is unpleasant. The rock, however, is sound throughout.

To finish directly means severe going from the level of the scratches, marking Far West Jordan. A little above this point the wall steepens, and for a short way even overhangs. This is near the top. The exposure is something to be remembered. It was about here that I found myself trapped inside a little incomplete chimney with convergent walls. Had the rock not been so rough in texture I could not have climbed it. The sudden change from the steady drag from one inequality to the next, where strength was unavailing and care all important, caught me out completely. By wriggling higher, making full use of rough rubber soles and woolly jersey, I was able to press over the sloping top and resume the cat-walk business.

The climb finishes at the summit cairn. It is a very enjoyable route. The most difficult part is the bottom slab,

though the finish is also severe, much of the severity being due to the exposure. I descended by the Old West Route, an excellent way off, and returned to the valley after about an hour's steady practice in the tracks of the rubber-men.

The next morning was fine. The ladies desired a quiet day exploring the gills, in view of a hard day following. The men packed the sack, picked up the rope, and headed for Scawfell. We reached the top of the first pitch of Deep Ghyll by way of Moss Ghyll, the Jordan Gap, and the upper reaches of Deep Ghyll, at the expense of a damaged finger. We found ourselves at a convenient place for lunch a hundred feet above the foot of Lord's Rake on the face of the Low Man buttress, and looked up. High on the left was a huge rectangular block. Displacement on a joint plane had left a vertical chimney between the block and the face. Jones's route follows a fairly straight course up to this chimney. He went into the cave below the block, climbed out by the roof, and traversed along the ledge at the foot of the block into the chimney. My scheme was to avoid the Waiting Room, as the cave is called, and make directly for the chimney, as the rubber-men's tracks led that way.

This was my first intimate sight of the climb, which is called in the guide books the Ascent of Scawfell Pinnacle direct from Lord's Rake. By this time lunch was finished. I had assumed the requisite rubbers, and was prepared to start. The first thirty feet entailed easy rocks followed by lusty hauling on high recessed ledges on the crest of the ridge. The buttress straight ahead is unclimbable, but a traverse, called the Gangway, runs off horizontally to the left. The floor slopes steeply down. Standing on this and leaning outwards, the climber can overcome a strong tendency to fall by placing his upturned hands under a deep flange of rock near the floor. Twenty feet of side-stepping follow. Half-way along the traverse the underholds vanish, and finger holds at head height must serve in their place. A crooked crack next leads up to the left until broken rock affords support as far as turf ledges. But little higher is the first stance, Nest 1.

The second nest is forty feet higher still to the left. The ascent to it needs care, but is hardly difficult. Fifty feet of very difficult climbing are now encountered, where a bulge is hailed as a boon and a ledge as a luxury. The chimney, our goal, is well in sight, but to reach it a difficult traverse must be made. I postponed making it until it was nearly too late. The steepness increased. The gully on the left was shallow and forbidding. Easy rocks leading immediately up to the chimney on the other side were hardly more than six feet away, yet I think the crossing of that shallow chute was the most difficult, delicate piece of slab work I had yet attempted. Perhaps it looked "thin" only by contrast with the jagged edges and the tumbled arrangement of the "Promised Land" viewed from an uncomfortable "Pisgah."

I looked down with a new interest upon the route up which I had just climbed. Near by, also, was Jones's toe-traverse. Curiosity demanded a peep into the Waiting Room. It was in ruinous condition; most of the floor was missing; there was no front wall, and the furniture consisted of a jumble of cubical rocks. A most uncomfortable place. Half regretting that my way had not led me into a ruin so crowded with interesting associations, I toed it back along the narrow shelf and raced. In forty feet the Crevasse beneath the foot of Slingsby's Chimney was reached. The scramble into Steep Ghyll and round to the easy ledges did not take long. The whole climb had taken twenty minutes.

After discussing the merits of the climb, I eagerly hastened with more confidence this time, along the Gangway, past the first nest, to the second nest. A very helpful crack, an inch or so wide, provides the means of ascent for twenty feet, and little difficulty was met until a pitted ledge was reached where the luxury of walking could be indulged in freely.

This ledge is worthy of more than a passing glance. A hundred feet of such slabs as those just surmounted would make any old ledge agreeable. But this charming spot had other attributes besides security. At the back a 6 foot wall rises abruptly to the edge of the slab which shows so plainly

on the photographs of this part of Scawfell face. The front and left are open, but the right is bounded by the vertical wall of the crest of the buttress. Like the stage of a theatre the platform slopes forwards. Perhaps the block that once rested here now lies somewhere in Hollow Stones. I wondered if the curious pitting of the floor was due to the moss, whose velvety green, rich and deep, made the pattern of nature's carpet. The ledge has been named "Moss Ledge."

I turned my back upon the familiar view, and thereby increased my reluctance to leave Moss Ledge, for Hopkinson's Slab canted steeply up from the wall in front. It is 30 feet across. The smoothness of its surface is emphasised by the presence of a platform in the centre, an oasis in a wilderness. Although a lady's handkerchief would cover it, its importance is great, as it reduces the lively apprehension, hard to put aside, of sliding down the slab and shooting over the shelf.

There are two ways of mounting from the ledge to the slab. Alternatives are often a bad sign. They denote hesitation and difficulty. Usually the rejected way is to be preferred to the chosen one. I attacked the right corner, climbed half way, and thought the left must be easier. I went up the left wall instead, only to regret my choice as I crawled carefully upon the slope. Had a watchful mouse made use of the stance for a playground, no furtive cat could stalk it more cautiously than the climber, who feels his way delicately towards that coveted ledge. The next step is a long one. Then roughnesses change to ledges, and at last to holds, which bring one speedily above all difficulty.

The amphitheatre so attained was graced by a big cairn, often seen but rarely approached. It was built thirty-four years ago to mark the limit of exploration downwards. I drew near with respect, and being alone, yielded to sentiment sufficiently to look around for a stone with which to pay my tribute, but found none!

Scratches now blazed the trail. The climbing up the steep, broken crag to the summit of the Low Man is most exhilarating, but rubber shoes are not in the least desirable, and would

soon be torn to shreds if used. I soon lost the trail and made my own way to the outlet of Slingsby's Chimney. Short work was made of this old friend, and when I stepped down across the Crevasse I wondered how I had ever managed to find any difficulty there.

Botterill's Slab is familiar to any who have ascended Scawfell Crag by Keswick Brothers' Climb. Its fine lines stir the imagination when viewed from the traverse by which the top of it is crossed. I had seen this view more than once as an awe-inspiring piece of rock scenery, and not in the least as a climb. It is a course up which a leader will take a party more justifiably if he has tried it over first without the responsibility for the safety of others. It will probably need all his skill, strength, and courage to safeguard his own.

Before leaving the Pinnacle I had put on my boots for the safe crossing of the grass-covered terraces on the way down to Rake's Progress, and still retained them during the preliminary 50 feet of slippery chimneys beneath the foot of the slab. Although I had inspected it from above, this was to be the first time I had ventured upon it, and I was in doubt about the footgear most appropriate to its peculiar difficulties. The author of the climb held strong prejudices against discarding boots. Not only did he make the first ascent wearing his climbing boots, but he cleared the holds as he went. Precedents are dangerous to follow when created by such an outstanding figure in the climbing world as Fred Botterill. I settled my doubts by putting my boots into the sack and lowering them down. I untied and threw down the rope; found my pipe was in my mouth; threw the pipe down. If the climb went at all it would be in rubber shoes.

The ample ledges dwindled according to the ratio, "the higher the fewer." Their quality, however, is beyond reproach. There were good grips for hauling, and consequently I felt much more at home than I had felt crawling up the Pinnacle. Still the ledges narrowed; yet uniform upward movement was maintained with frequent reference to the edge on the left. It was slow going, but continuous. The

exposure was as impressive as it could be. To watch the left foot to its place was also to see the little sheep quietly browsing amongst the scattered boulders of Hollow Stones.

The trying section is very far up the climb. It can only be overcome by great muscular effort. How the course must have suited its originator! The culminating point is where the right hand has to be content with a ledge a quarter of an inch wide. The right foot must make the best use of a ledge twice as big. On a more vertical face these would be insufficient. I found them very much helped by the general slope, and reached very high to a fairly good grip. The biggest pull is necessary when the right foot in turn must use the quarter inch ledge. The "press up" on the palms of the hands marks an easing of the strain. In 10 feet of vigorous hauling two succeeding bulges on the vertical outer face form stances. I took breath on the second one, and called down reassuringly that the climb was all but done. The straight lines, which enhance the height of the slab, received a more appreciative admiration than ever before.

A balance walk along a narrow crack leads horizontally across the face of the slab to a sudden widening of the corner crack formed by it and the vertical crag. Several luxurious minutes were spent in this roomy resting place where the fine downward views could be appreciated once more, this time at leisure. Reluctantly the back and knee work was begun, and an entrance forced into the upper reaches of the narrow cavern. At a height of perhaps 30 feet a return traverse was easily made which brought me to the outer edge again. Exposed climbing followed, until a traverse around Keswick Brothers' Pinnacle proved the last novelty.

Whatever may or may not be the advantages of rubbers and climbing alone, I feel to have accomplished two aims; I have myself enjoyed fully the exhilarating courses so ably laid down by much better cragsmen, and now I am in a position to help others to the appreciation of those delights, secure in the essential knowledge that their leader can lead.

## SCAWFELL, PISGAH BUTTRESS.

It is hard to believe that any possible route on Scawfell Crag remains unrecorded, when so much has been written regarding extremely severe climbs impossible to the ordinary climber who prefers to retain his boots, but that there is still scope on this face for further variety was discovered, to our surprise and satisfaction, by C. D. F. and myself at Easter, 1920, when, the weather making the ordinary ascents too wet for real pleasure, we decided to attempt Pisgah Buttress from Rake's Progress.

"British Mountain Climbs" and "Jones" both start the climb from Tennis Court Ledge, but though this is a delightful spot, and much appreciated, we had spent some time there on the previous day, and our intention was to reach, if possible, the Fives Court without making use of either of the bounding ghylls.

A start was made, C. D. F. leading, at a point about midway between Moss Ghyll and Steep Ghyll on Rake's Progress. Grass ledges, similar to those used in avoiding the second pitch in Moss Ghyll, were first surmounted, bearing to the right and then to the left. Rough angular rock was soon reached, and the line of least resistance followed until some large detached flakes were reached. These looked very unsafe, but proved to be firm, and C. D. F. passed beneath the first section, and, bearing to the left, disappeared behind the second lot higher up.

From this point the stances were important, but they were satisfactorily large, and provided with good bollards, and the views from them rank high in quality as from the adjoining buttresses.

By easy, pleasant stages a flat-topped rock, separated from the main wall by a crack, was reached, and a survey of our surroundings and what we could see of Moss Ghyll indicated that we were nearly on the Fives Court level. The stance was good, the view superb, but—further passage seemed to be impossible.

The wall above was quite unclimbable; to the right, down a narrow fissure, was Steep Ghyll, while on the left the wall was vertical, and dropped sheer almost to Rake's Progress. On examination this wall offered a ledge which, starting some six feet away at zero, widened gradually to about nine or ten inches. To attain this ledge was the difficulty, and, after receiving verbal assurance that if circumstances required it he could be held, C. D. F. proceeded to negotiate the *mawais pas* leading to it. Working carefully, and making full use of small holds, he attained the ledge, and, moving slowly out, he disappeared round the corner, whence, after about 20 yards of rope had been paid out, his cheerful voice intimated to me that he was on the Fives Court.

Having watched him carefully, I attempted the passage on the same holds, but three vain efforts having proved the impossibility of its accomplishment owing to the handholds being too near the footholds for a man of my height, I was faced with the alternative of a possible swing over an arc of about one-third of a circle or finding other holds.

Investigation showed a nearly horizontal line of moss about three feet above the hold used by F., and calling to him for a slack rope, I gingerly stepped out on the small hold, and found with joy that I could clear away the moss and get most satisfactory holds. Using these I reached the ledge, and soon joined F. on the Fives Court. From this point the ordinary route was followed to the summit.

The "Handrail" proved to be the key to the easy passage of the traverse on the second ascent two days later. The ledge itself forms part of the Girdle Traverse. The rope is of no use to the second unless the leader climbs a short way above the Fives Court.

It is possible, but much more difficult, to make a traverse starting below the flat-topped rock.

W. V. B.

## MOUNTAIN AND SEA.

*Extracts from Log of "Molly."*

BY MATTHEW BOTTERILL.

*Molly* is a 10-ton canoe-stern yawl designed by Robert Cole for rough weather cruising. She is snugly canvassed, and therefore somewhat slow in light breezes. Below deck the accommodation is most pleasing; skipper thinks her a floating Hotel Cecil—only better! For example, she has a magnificent bathroom adjacent (the sea and sky), and 6 feet of headroom below. What more could the heart desire?

The cosy little cabin soon becomes the focus of one's life, and when you consider that this "home" can be magically transported almost to the foot of many of our favourite mountains, you will gain but a slight idea of the curious charm in a combination of sailing and climbing. A caravan is somewhat like it; but then to move a van is almost as distressing as the removal of one's household goods, whereas moving a yacht from place to place is in itself a sport which vies with climbing.

1920. APRIL 18TH TO MAY 1. *Scarborough to the Clyde via Forth and Clyde Canal.*—Weather unsettled. We (self and R. Cole, jun.) sail only odd days, so missing the worst, but finally get "caught" when entering the Forth. The dinghy has towed through the North Sea, but is sunk in the Forth and dragged under water 16 miles before being recovered in harbour. Short, steep seas slap over us, and we are wet to the skin. The cabin floor is littered with clothes, charts, books, compasses, glasses, &c., &c., tastefully decorated with Swiss milk and paraffin. If yachting were all like this the "Ills and the Sea" would be a more appropriate title.

As to the canal, I prefer to draw a veil over our anxieties, particularly in the "risers." However, "Easy is the descent into—," put Glasgow, though Avernus would do as well. We are held up in Bowling Harbour three days with bad weather, and hear of a yachting fatality at Gourrock. Finally, Tarbert, Loch Fyne, is reached, and there *Molly* floats securely between cruises.

The log contains few references to the barometer. In Scotland it goes down for rain and wind, and up for wet and wind, and *vice versa*! That was my 1920 experience. Except where reference is made to a fine day it may be assumed that it was raining.

WHITSUNTIDE (MAY 21 TO 25).—Mate (W. P. Irving) uses *Molly's* "bathroom" whilst we are becalmed under all sail in Inchmarnock Water. We drift, rather than sail, past Glen Sannox and Corrie (N.E. Arran) in lovely weather.

The group of mountains on North Arran is singularly beautiful, and impresses us with awe in the fading evening light. We drift all through the calm night at about one knot per hour, reaching Lamlash in time to hear them pipe all hands to breakfast with the National Anthem on board the warship *Carnarvon*. The day is too hot to climb; we bathe and lounge on shore. After tea we row the punt to Holy Island, a rocky mountain (1,097 feet, but sheer from the sea).

It is some three miles row to the foot of the cliff (West Face). The crags are found to be smooth, and turn us on to an awkward traverse of wedged blocks and heather. Reaching a steep grass slope, we make a quick ascent to the strains of "William Tell" floating up from the *Carnarvon's* orchestra. Over the water it sounded far more effective than in the concert-room. Once only we had recourse to the climbing rope—a choice warp from *Molly's* spares.

We reach the ship dead beat at 11 p.m., and turn in, only to be immediately aroused by a vicious rolling. Skipper rushes on deck clothed in bad language and pyjamas to lay out more anchors. There is no wind whatever, and the bower warp is slack! This inexplicable roll continues all night, making sleep impossible. We clear out early next day, only to be becalmed in heavy water. "Baffling airs kept failing and leaving us at the mercy of a most nerve-racking swell. There was as much sea as in half a gale of wind, yet we never felt more than a light breeze. Blocks banged, mainsail jibbed, staysail and jib slatted, sorely trying the skipper's temper. The mate bravely made some tea, be it here recorded to his



"credit, for the cosy cabin had become a 'revolving Hades.'  
 "We seemed to hang about Corrie for hours, having once to  
 "get into the punt and row *Molly* away from the rocks upon  
 "which the swell was setting us. About midnight we got clear  
 "of Arran's mountains and came into the true wind. It  
 "necessitated taking off the mainsail, and we made seven  
 "knots an hour under staysail and mizzen."

JUNE CRUISE.—On this occasion the last skipper and mate are reinforced by the steward (J. Thornton) and the engineer (Holmes, of Glasgow). *Molly* boasts an engine of a very retiring disposition. It pushed us through the canal and then died.

We set forth only to find that large craft are putting in for shelter, and arriving under storm canvas. After four miles close-hauled, we give it up, and run to a small and charming bay on the E. side of Loch Fyne. We make Loch Ranza (Arran) next day, and are again delayed by rough weather. Meanwhile we learn that two yachts had dragged from Ranza—one going right across Kilbrennan Sound.

We make Lamlash in bad weather, and are blown from our anchorage, but finally make snug. Our near neighbour, a cutter, is blown away to Holy Island, and fetched back by a steam pinnacle from the *Hood* warship. *Molly's* mate and engineer have a close shave in the punt during a severe squall. Ultimately we reach the Mull of Cantyre with a view to making for Skye, only to find we have but a week's holiday left.

Reluctantly the Skye project is abandoned, and we decide to go to the head of Loch Fyne (85 miles away). We have a pleasing sail up Kilbrennan Sound—the steward discoursing sweet strains on *Molly's* piano (a dulcitone)—mate quoting poetry—all occasionally chorusing. Mists keep lifting and revealing most charming bits of Cantyre and of Arran's peaks.

The 26th of June is a lovely day. We are amazed at the resemblance of Ranza to Wastwater and Gable. There is wonderful visibility, with light breezes and warm sunshine, so that we see Arran at its best. In the evening, with the piano on deck, we witness a magnificent sunset. The imitation

Gable turns vivid crimson and the Loch a deep purple to the strains of "Hiawatha." . . . The last gleam of light leaves the profile of the "Sleeping Warrior" to the air of "Solweig" on flute and dulcitone. . . . A day of days.

27TH JUNE.—We rise at 5 a.m., intent upon awaking the Sleeping Warrior with climbing boots. It is easier to pretend to see the resemblance to a sleeping warrior than to pronounce the hill's Gaelic name signifying Castle Ridge. We proceed up Glen Easan Biorach—likewise easier to climb than to pronounce—passing tempting pools and pretty cascades. It is laborious and perspiring work over the large tussocks of phenomenally coarse grass. Skipper is convinced that yachting ruins walking! We breast the shoulder of Craig Dubh, and gain a fine view of the Warrior, part of whose features are covered with a blanket (of mist). Each corrie below us is but a large cauldron of whirling mists—miniature storms in the making!

We ascend, following the ridge until we reach the first outcrop of rock, where we have cold lunch. Cold, indeed, for the conditions become arctic. Soon we reach the Warrior's eyebrows, and are promptly ensnared in his winding sheet of cloud, and lose our direction save for the compass. The rocks are in great rounded blocks quite different to any the skipper is familiar with. The compass leads us to a precipice appearing bottomless in the mist, though there is a tempting chimney.

The mate and engineer being short of nails and experience, we descent to easier ground on the right. Twice we try to force our way over the summit ridge, but without success. Traversing the bold buttresses divided by scree gullies gives us interesting problems, and at a third attempt we reach the summit of the ridge and descend on the other side into the roughest corrie the skipper has ever seen outside Skye. Ultimately all return to *Molly* at 4.30 in a deluge of rain.

Four wet amphibians in a narrow space make changing a difficulty. The mate enlivens us with a vituperative lecture on the evil of tea drinking, subsequently taking his from a pint mug. Later, thanks to our steward, we enjoy a slap-dash

dinner, followed by a quiet smoke and talk in the cosy saloon.

28TH JUNE *et seq.*—*En route* for head of Loch Fyne. Abreast of E. Loch Tarbert we are struck by a sudden squall. Skipper is in charge, and calls up the crew to reef. By the time they ascend the companion ladder we are almost becalmed. (This is intended to illustrate the quickness of Scotch weather, and not as a reflection on my crew.—*Skipper.*) Later, when passing the Minard Narrows, the wind again pipes up, and we are obliged to take off mainsail. We run up to Cairndon under very easy canvas and are glad to get into a secure anchorage, for in the night it blows half a gale. We are not troubled with seas, but the screeching of the wind is appalling. We are at the foot of Glen Kinglass, which leads to Ben Ime, Ben an Lochan, and the Cobbler, and these are high mountains.

On the morrow the Loch is still a mass of whitecaps, and even in our sheltered position shaving is an acrobatic feat. After taking watch and watch in the night, no one seems keen on climbing the Cobbler, and so an opportunity is let slip. We content ourselves exploring the little hamlet, which is removed from the paths of the tripper. The natives prove charming and hospitable, our crew becoming very popular. Finely situated by the shores of the Loch is a simple and dignified memorial to those who gave all for their country. So it is in most of the villages we have visited.

20TH JULY *et seq.*—Skipper drives light car to the yacht, and is greatly impressed by rounding the head of seven Lochs and crossing "Rest and be Thankful," a mountain road leading into the heart of promising crags. Unable to get a companion amphibian at short notice, skipper spends a fortnight alone. Weather is very unsettled, but there is always interesting occupation on a yacht. Two short cruises (solo), much alteration below deck, and games of chess with the owner of *Nirvana*, which is moored near by, pass away the time all too quickly.

One day the whole of the cooking fixtures are re-arranged, and a spare Primus on gimbals fixed up for cooking in a rough and tumble. Stays are fitted to keep things from fetching

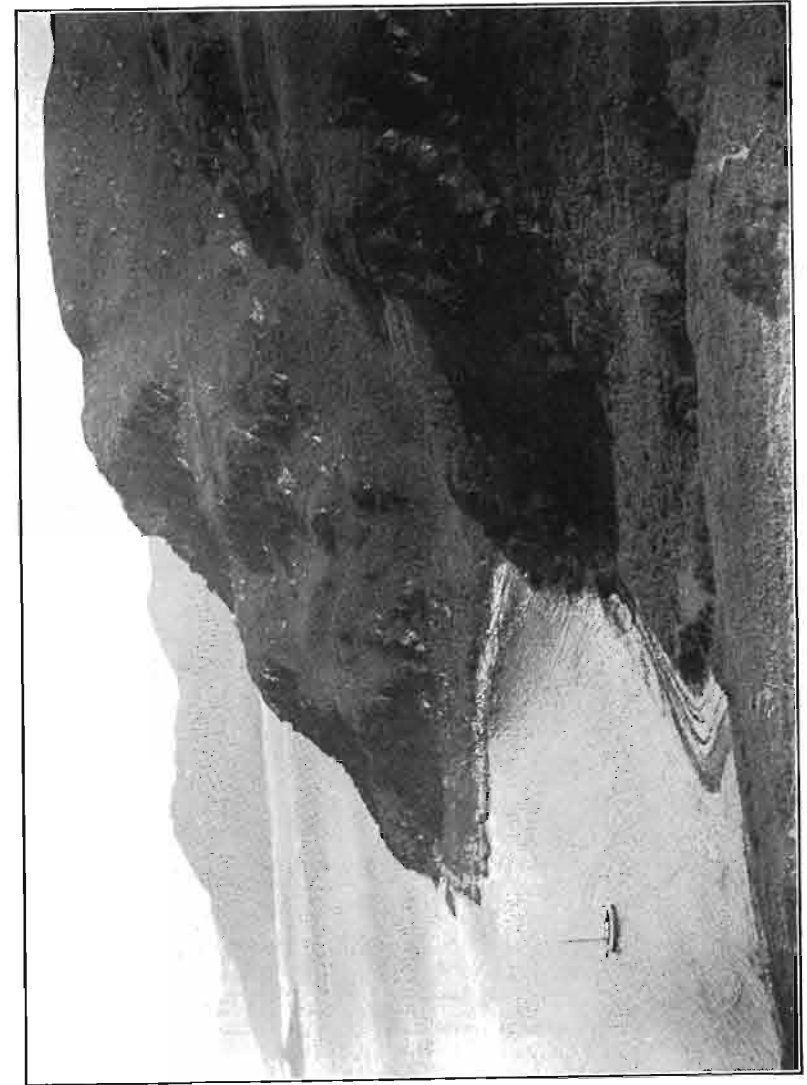


Photo by M. Botterill.

"BOTTERILL'S BAY."

away when keeled over. Then the indescribable charm about life spent afloat, when things must be done for oneself, begins to exercise its fascination.

The family arrives with juvenile friends, and we have short and merry cruises in the Kyles. During a fierce squall from the hills we take refuge in a beautiful bay without a name, and fall in love with it, so that ever afterward when passing that way the skipper will spend the night in it, and his friends thereafter call it "Botterill's Bay." "Our" bay has a charming mountain stream falling in cascades to the shore. Because of the general depth the bay is rarely used as an anchorage, but where there is a stream there one can find a hold, even if precarious.

One day we climb the hills above our bay to a tarn called Bull Loch. All the rocky cliffs prove too short for climbing, much to the skipper's disappointment.

A cruise to the head of Loch Goil will always stand in my memory. The loch is framed in lofty mountains, whose lower slopes are wooded. Occasionally there is a clearing with a rather Swiss-looking villa, all reminding one greatly of a Swiss lake scene.

Another day we anchor in a deserted bay in the wilds, and land on a small island which proves to be a vitrified fort. Walls were built of surface stone, and the interstices filled with fusible material (could it be quartz, which is here abundant?). The whole was fired, and wonderfully permanent walls resulted. Simple warfare of savage days! I suppose an ordinary naval shell of to-day would remove the island. What progress we make in wholesale murder!

All too soon comes the final (October) cruise, marked by 12 consecutive fine days. The mate (this time J. Twyerould) is an experienced cruiser, and the ship is worked easily and smoothly, the skipper being able to get his full four hours' sleep below, when we are benighted. We leave *Molly* in Scotland until next year, getting our last glance of her as the car speeds over the moor, and those charming days have now become but a memory to cheer the long winter evenings.

## CONCERNING ARRAN.

BY C. E. BENSON.

Everything on Arran that is to be written has already been written by better men than myself. It is possible, however, that all the Ramblers may not be acquainted with No. 56, Vol. 10, of the *S.M.C. Journal* and the extensive bibliography therein. Wherefore I will essay.

In brief, amongst the granite peaks of Arran the scenery is superb, the ridges are splendid, and the rock climbing—well, I shall certainly never go to Arran again merely for the purpose of climbing, though if I do find myself there I shall equally certainly have a shot, if possible, at the Pinnacle Ridge on Cir Mhor, of which I was cheated by the weather.

My old friend, the late Mr. Baddeley, observes with much truth that "the only part of the Arran scenery which is strong enough to arrest the tourist's steps on his way to the Highlands of the mainland is that which lies between Loch Ranza, at the northern end of the island, and Lamlash, about two-thirds of the way down the eastern coast, the nucleus being the ridge which separates Glen Rosa from Glen Sannox." Within this area, too, lie the attractions for the scrambler and cragsman, though I am credibly informed, on his own authority, that our Pet Geologist spent a considerable portion of one summer poking around "baht 'at" in the neighbourhood of Blackwater Foot.

I would suggest for a first visit to Arran that the evening boat should be taken to Brodick, and thence to Lamlash. During the passage the ever changing views of the promised land are most fascinating, but let them not allure you to Brodick as a start, otherwise you may be tempted to make straight for the hills and keep on them day after day, thereby missing a visit to Lamlash, and with that the pick of the scenery, with the possible exception of the view from the hills above Glen Cloy. I don't know which of the two routes from Lamlash to Brodick presents the finer panorama, that by the high

road or the one over the Clauchland Hills, but as anything almost (saving morasses) is preferable to the King's highway, the latter will probably be taken past Dun Finn, an ancient fort of sorts.

The interesting portion of the Arran Hills is bounded on the south by the String Road from Brodick to Blackwater Foot, on the north by the Sannox-Loch Ranza road, on the east by the sea, and on the west practically by Glen Iorsa. It consists roughly of two parallel ranges, the eastern running from Goatfell northwards to Cioch na h'Oighe, the western from Ben Nuis to Suidhe Fhearghas. These are joined somewhere about midway by a lateral ridge from which rises the shapely peak of Cir Mhor (pronounced Keer Vore).

"Cir Mhor," writes a contributor to the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, "is undoubtedly the finest hill in the island. . . . Bring forth the big hob-nailers, and hurry south, and you will not be disappointed." I'm not quite so sure about that.

The plan of the N.E. face of Cir Mhor, facing page 104 of the *S.M.C.J.* referred to above, is marked with red lines, indicating routes, as if the Editor had anticipated on paper the potential treatment of Lliwedd. The gigantic slabs on the saddle side are unmarked, and therefore presumably unclimbable. Certainly they look it. Further west there are three or four courses, and then, "it will be noticed that a broad patch of grass and scree divides the cliff into two sections," and, incidentally, ruins the climbing. Herein lies my quarrel with the mountain. I admit the grass, but I do not admit the scree. Granite disintegrated to the condition of coarse sand is not scree. In fact, the two-thirds of the terrace below the grass is in dry weather a gigantic sand heap, in wet a gigantic muck heap, much of it at a high angle, and studded with stones treacherously embedded.

I write the word "treacherously" advisedly. Generally speaking the dislodging of a loose stone implies clumsy contact of hand or foot, or some part of your person or of the rope. Not so on this "scree." You step cleanly and carefully over the wicked impediment, and proceed in comfort

and security. Meantime the sand (scree, I mean) below the stone, disturbed by your foot, begins to slither away, keeps on doing it, till when you are thirty feet or so down, the stone gets a move on, starts in pursuit, and smites you unfriendly. Or else it may dodge you and attack some unfortunate below, provoking most reasonable but utterly unjustifiable reproaches concerning your incompetence as a mountaineer.

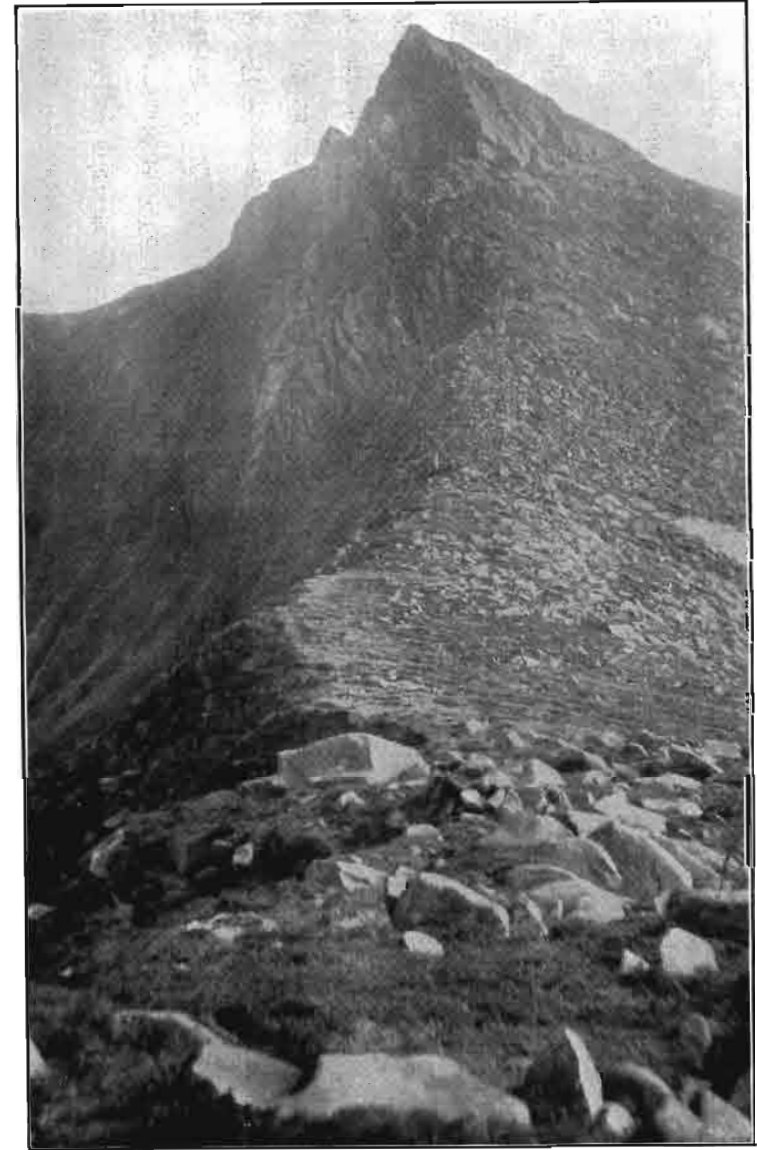
After sundry excursions and alarums we reached the foot of what I take to have been the Stone Shoot Ridge. We may have missed our way, but if we were on the right route the Stone Shoot Ridge is not a climb—it is a kind of scramble-cum-walk, with certain intervals of bouldering, which become more pronounced towards the top. On the left is the Terrace, and on the right, I suppose, the Stone Shoot, a damp, uninviting trough. The crags that rise from the far side of this appear to be quite unassailable.

From the Stone Shoot Ridge we started across a steep incline of that detestable granite sand for something to climb. At this point the rope is more of a nuisance and a danger than anything else. We then ascended a very rotten groove which led to an impracticable-looking chimney. We turned to the right, dived into a tunnel, scrambled up a chimney or two (sound rock at last), and emerged on a beautiful little green platform.

I am told that a considerable rock fall has taken place since this portion of the face was first explored, and that the route is less complicated than formerly. Still it takes a bit of finding as it is. We were, however, not interested in that. We had come to Bell's groove, and what we were to do with it was something of a conundrum.

It fell to me to lead. The *S.M.C.J.* describes the groove as thirty feet of very hard work, and the *S.M.C.J.* is right every time. With all appliances and means to boot, i.e., the vigorous backing-up of my second, a man of might and height, it was just about my limit. I fancy that even our Almescliff experts might find it moderately interesting.

The season was late September, so we had to content ourselves with valsing up and down the Rosa Pinnacle, and hustling



CIR MHOR.

*Photo. by C. F. Benson.*

down Glen Rosa, darkness coming down just as we passed the gate at the entrance to the Glen.

I conceive that the bulk of the climbing on Cir Mhor is much of the same character, and that you are never committed to a course for any great number of feet. The Pinnacle route looks magnificent, far superior to the Needle Ridge, if the arête be conscientiously followed, if that be possible. There is one gigantic notch that looks utterly impracticable. I am sorry I had no time to attack the Ridge. I may as well here repeat my note in the previous number that, except from the side nearest the mountain, the Rosa Pinnacle will not go.

A'Chir is not to be compared with Cir Mhor for shapeliness, but as a sporting mountain I am not at all certain whether it is second. Personally I—shall keep my opinion to myself.

The A'Chir climbs are best studied by rounding the head of Coire Daingean from Ben-a-Chliabhain. You can thus look right into the A'Chir gullies, and guess what they are like, always keeping in your mind that Arran climbs "are not what they seem," with the exception, I would connote, of the Rosa Pinnacle, which looks and is impossible. At the head of the Coire, on a bluff properly belonging to Ben Tarsuinn, are two notable chimneys, neither of which, it appears, will go. The face of A'Chir across the Coire is seamed with gullies. The most attractive one is really two. One has no top, the other has no bottom, and they just pass each other about half way up. This gully has been climbed (see *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. 11, p. 366). The principal difficulty lies in connecting the upper and lower sections, but I conceive the fine-looking chimney that finishes the course must have given some trouble.\*

The pride and glory of A'Chir is the ridge. It is glorious; far superior to anything I know of outside the Coolin. I have already made some notes thereon (*Y.R.C.J.*, Vol. IV., p. 181). I would only add that the "good climb, involving a sensational traverse round a difficult corner" (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. 10, No. 56,

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\* "The gully . . . affords one of the best climbs in Arran, and it has the unusual merit of being absolutely safe, an attribute conspicuously lacking on some of the Cir Mhor routes."—*S.M.C.J.*

p. 104), is eminently safe after the first pitch has been climbed, as the second man can tuck himself away in positions from which an elephant could not dislodge him, and the run-out of the rope is very short.

The climbing south of A'Chir, on Ben Nuis and Ben Tarsuinn, I know only by reputation, and the reputation is of a brand I do not covet. There is not much of it, and what there is is not of much class. The conspicuous curved chimney on Ben Nuis, climbed by Puttrell, Baker, and Oppenheimer, in 1901, has by tacit consent been placed on the Expurgatorial Index.

I know there is some pretty scrambling to be had on the massive summit tors of Caisteal Abhail, and I have no doubt the great granite bastions that frown down on Glen Sannox from both sides afford courses of varying degrees of difficulty. There is one crag that, I think, may prove of more than ordinary interest if it can be found. I expect, however, this will be no easy matter. One day, looking across Glen Sannox, I saw on the side of the Stacach Ridge, between Goatfell and North Goatfell, a spacious amphitheatre of rock. It is, I should say, some three hundred feet below the skyline. In the centre of it rises a considerable pinnacle or pillar. It can only be visible across the Glen in certain lights, and though my party had a look for it from above next day, we failed to find it, but then our time was limited. I think the inference is that it must have weathered less rapidly than the surrounding rock, and should therefore be of reasonably sound material.\*

Coire na Ciche is sublime under any conditions. On the day of our visit the conditions were perfect. Right in front of us rose the precipices of Cioch na h'Oighe, away on the left were the gloomy recesses of the Devil's Punch Bowl, and in the foreground a noble herd of red deer. By and by an

\* I have since located this pinnacle, but had no opportunity of tackling it. Viewed from above it appeared to be clad in unassailable boiler-plates. Possibly, however, it may go easily enough. One can't say in Arran without testing. The pillar is connected with the main mountain by a neck of rock, so that there are presumably chimneys or gullies on either side.

unconventional gleam of sunshine appeared in the shape of an engaging young lady, with shoes but no stockings. She tripped up to us and frankly informed us that she was looking for a gully, but could not find it. She accorded respect to the man of height and might, also to our third. On me she looked with tip-tilted nose, and demanded, "And do you climb?" with the accent on the "you." I replied, "I do a little, damsel," with the accent—no matter where.

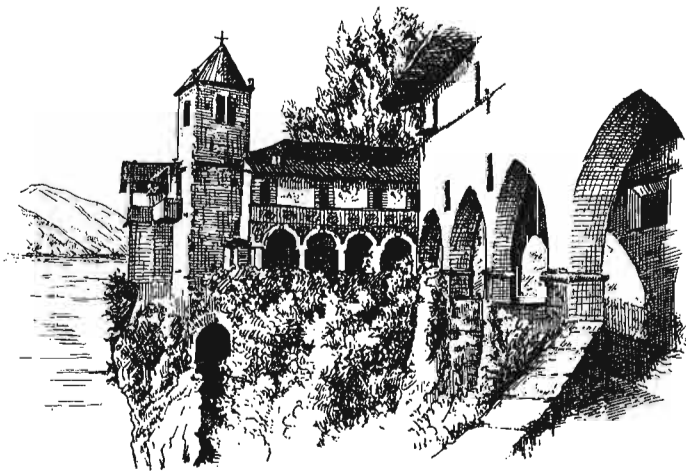
The east face of Cioch na h'Oighe is intersected by five ledges, sloping diagonally upwards at an angle of about 45° from south to north. "They do not afford good climbing, as for the great part they are just walks, and for the rest nasty traverses. The situations and views are, however, splendid."

Whatever the splendour of the situations and views, you will not catch me on Cioch na h'Oighe again. "Nasty traverses" fills the bill. You walk up a broad heathery ledge. Suddenly it steepens and the heather ceases. Another step and you find yourself on a vertical face with nothing better than a most unstable heap of disintegrated granite to stand on. Before you, on the left, is a holdless granite slab, and along the base of this runs a fringe of that detestable granite sand. This is the traverse, and nasty it is. You next find yourself confronted with an A.P. wall of sand and grass, and so to more walking, &c. I suggest that if any party is misled into climbing Cioch na h'Oighe by the terraces, the lightest of the party should lead. He might be held in case of a slip (I think a heavy fall by a heavy man might fetch the whole party away), and the light man is likely to leave the grass and sand pitch in better condition than a climber of weight. The most unconscientious use of the rope is recommended to the followers, as the holds come away in clouds, and the last man may have to be pulled up a sand-shoot.

To finish up, the ridge walk from Cioch na h'Oighe along the range over Goatfell and down by the southern shoulder is very good. The reverse route, whether you take in the south shoulder or not (I strongly recommend its inclusion, if only to get off the beaten tourist route), is better, as you have

the pick of the scenery before you. Best of all is the walk from Ben Nuis, over Ben Tarsuinn, over or round A'Chir, the former for choice if time permits, and so by the Peaks of the Castles and the Witch's Step to the summit of Suidhe Fhearghas. The ascent or descent of this hill is simply not good enough. It is just a gigantic heather buttress, animated by vipers, which are not satisfactory handholds. It saves time—and several other things—to retrace one's steps to the little *col* between Suidhe Fhearghas and Ceum na Caillich, whence there is an easy run down to the Sannox Burn.

I have already indicated in a previous number that it is well to keep strictly to the ridge line between the Castles and the Witch's Step, otherwise you may get nastily pounded amongst awkward slabs. With regard to the Witch's Step, the *S.M.C.J.* writes, "Under summer conditions a rope is a luxury." True, still I conceive that in the event of a slip on the slab an unroped climber would fall backwards and outwards on the North Sannox side, and probably be killed out of hand. I commend the luxury.



## GAPING GHYLL, 1920.

### I.—THE MEET.

In the four glorious Whitsun days, May 22-25, the summer of 1920 flamed and died. Lucky indeed were we to camp once more at Gaping Ghyll in weather even more perfect than the June Whitsuntide of 1919. Twenty-one members and eight guests were under canvas, the winch and other tackle had been set up by a sub-committee during previous week-ends, and the whole expedition was a great success. The camp, dominated by a marquee, was quite extensive. It is a happy dispensation of Providence that some people seem really to like cooking. Between Robinson, Buckley, and Booth and his boys we fared as in Capua, not as in Sparta.

As camp was half full on Friday night, many went down on Saturday, one party going to the far end of the Flood Exit Branch. The crossing of the big hole in the floor after ascending the side of the pot-hole to the final passage requires that the party shall be properly roped. The rope should be carried on, as there will be climbing done at the finish ere all are content.

Sunday was devoted to the Flood Entrance (or Exit!) expedition. On Monday the second descent of the Letter-box Shaft was made by Wingfield, J. Buckley, Chubb, Ellis, Hudson, and Roberts. The depth is about 90 feet. Across the scree slope runs a small stream, and at the foot of it a low passage has opened out, ending abruptly in what one crawler says is twenty feet of distance, the other says is twenty yards.

Thirty-four descents were made in all during the three days, and the tackle was all removed on Tuesday morning.

### II.—FLOOD ENTRANCE.

BY DAVIS BURROW.

The discovery and history of the Flood Entrance has been so well described in the *Y.R.C. Journal*, Vol. III., No. 10, that I will not attempt to reiterate anything in connection



with its past. I am not aware of any party having attempted serious work therein since August 1909, when this route to Gaping Ghyll was first established and completed.

Early on Whit-Sunday 1920, two members were asked if they would volunteer to conduct two parties, one to attack the Flood Entrance and the other Gaping Ghyll, with the idea of co-operating at the long ladder and changing over so that both parties could complete the through route. This had the desired effect, and at 8.30 on Sunday morning the two parties hurriedly ran over their arrangements and divided.

*The Gaping Ghyll Party.*—F. Booth, J. Buckley, D. Burrow, W. Clarkson, J. Coulton. *The Flood Entrance Party.*—E. T. W. Addyman, J. C. Appleyard, H. Booth, C. E. Burrow, C. Chubb.

It was arranged that the Gaping Ghyll party should take six 30 ft. ladders and lashing lines, and the Flood Entrance party a 150 ft. rope, two or three short ropes, and two 30 ft. ladders. As I was attached to the Gaping Ghyll party, I can only relate the adventures as they occurred from Gaping Ghyll to Flood Entrance.

As soon as our party had collected in the Main Chamber, each shouldered his burden of ladders or ropes, and after a strenuous time arrived at the ledges running round the S.E. (200 ft.) Pot. After over an hour of cold, shivery waiting, we at last saw a pin point of light which seemed to be as far above us as a star on a clear night, and almost immediately the Flood Entrance party were within hail.

It was found extremely difficult to convey information vocally from one party to the other. At length communication was established by two individuals who, through intimate association, knew the minute inflections of each others' voices. The end of the long rope was seen slowly descending, and one of the Gaping Ghyll party put on a line and traversed round the pot hole until he was able to reach it and bring it back to the large square boulder on the ledge.

The Gaping Ghyll party had already tied the six ladders together and rolled them so that they could be drawn up.

The long rope was tied on to these ladders, and the Flood Entrance party had the hard work of pulling them up.

At this point it might be interesting to describe the formation at the top of this long pitch. The passage opens out to quite a big width, with the water running down a shoot about 2 feet below the passage level, which has a height of only 3 feet, but there is ample room to work when standing down in the trough of the stream. Excellent belays for the ladder are to be found 10-15 feet back from the edge of the pot-hole; this edge is in the nature of a step 4 feet deep, down to a ledge 2 feet wide. The ladder below this point rests flat against the smooth wall for 40-50 feet. It is certain that a much better ladder lead could be found to the right, but from the passage the belay and ladder lead used appear so particularly good that many would be tempted to use them. The drawback to this obvious ladder lead is that the bottom of the ladder swings over the S.E. Pot, and has to be pulled out of the vertical to effect a sound landing.

At last the first man, C. E. Burrow, began his descent, and had no exceptional difficulty until 25 feet from the bottom; at this point he had run out the full extent of his available life-line, which would have been long enough had not part of it been used to belay the ladders. Any pot-holer will realise that a man cannot unrope 25 feet from a landing when on a swinging ladder which at the same time is directly over a further drop of 150 feet, and even if this risk be taken it must not be forgotten that this man has already descended over 100 feet of ladder with an uncomfortable sprinkling of water falling on him all the time.

Under the circumstances it was necessary for a man from the Gaping Ghyll party to take a loose rope up to C. E. Burrow, who, passing it over one of the ladder rungs, made himself fast to it, and released himself from the main life-line. He then finished his descent on the rope from below, which, running over a ladder rung, acted as a top rope.

After he had reached the Gaping Ghyll party, and received the usual thousand questions, which, with a pot-holer's common

sense, he ignored, it became necessary for someone to climb up to the discarded end of the life-line, and tie on a further rope to make the main life-line long enough. It is no easy task to tie two ropes together with an efficient knot when trying to balance oneself on a swinging ladder. This, however, was done, and Fred Booth volunteered to be first man to try the ascent.

All went well until the joining knot of the two ropes began to catch where the ladder first came in contact with the rock. Three times Booth had to descend 10 or 12 steps in order to free his own life-line. This, of course, made it extremely hard work, and great praise is due to him for the way he overcame these difficulties. Appleyard then roped up, and had an unpleasant descent with the knot catching, thereby misleading the top party, who at times allowed a good many feet of slack rope to hang round his arms and body.

It was then decided that the conditions of this long climb and the severity of the exit *via* Flood Entrance warranted the leaders putting a ban on further exchange of men. But as no member of the top party had had previous experience of the Flood Entrance, it was considered advisable that I should go up and take the top party out. The ladder climb was indeed out of all reason and verging on the unsafe, as the life-line had got twisted at least one and a half complete turns round the ladder, and the joining knot caught at every opportunity. The last 15 feet had to be finished with the rope slack, until a second rope could be passed to the climber, who then descended a short distance to free the main life-line, which was tightly jammed.

As arranged, the whole length of ladder was lowered to the bottom party, who took it to the Main Chamber. As soon as the ladder top was received by the bottom party, the life-line, now finished with, was also dropped, and the exit *via* the Flood Entrance started. At first we were unimpeded by tackle, but once up the lower 40 foot pitch, where Addyman had been left as top man, we were hampered by two ladders and two or three ropes, plus a rucksack containing a Primus stove.

Addyman had had a very long, cold, and uninteresting wait for us, but made use of this time in exploration, and succeeded in finding two or three vertical shafts, one of which seemed promising, commencing with a drop of about 35-40 feet. A little scheming with ropes might be used at this spot to avoid leaving anyone behind.

The three short pitches and the two crawls demanded very hard work with the tackle, but the long twisting "S" shaped passage called for unbounded patience, and it was found best to fold each ladder into two and carry or pull it along edge-ways up.

The "forty foot crack" is quite the most formidable feature of the exit, and it was here that I made the mistake of allowing the party to climb up too near the end away from Gaping Ghyll. I give this warning to others—begin to climb vertically at least 15-20 feet before coming to the end of this crack, as it is a good 6 inches wider here than further on; climb up until you can touch the roof before traversing back to the passage. Tackle can be hauled up at this point fairly easily, but woe betide those who, like us, try to ascend at the end of the crack. Not only is it narrower and without hand or foot holds, but it has a number of small inverted shelves which impede the passage upwards.

This section was the "last straw," but thanks to assistance coming from above in E. E. Roberts and C. E. Burrow, we were relieved of the dead weight of tackle and further responsibility.

Like tales of old there is a moral to this tale of woe, and one every pot-holer knows and always spurns, that is—have plenty of rope, and above all have your life-line in one length. In order to help future parties, allow me here to state the tackle which is essential and to advise that it be taken by each party as follows:

Down Gaping Ghyll—140 feet of ladder; two shorter ropes as possible life-lines when at top of S.E. Pot; one  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. rope, about 80 feet, for belaying, to be sent up with the ladders; lighting for about 10 hours; food and a stove.

Down Flood Entrance—One ladder 42 feet long (worth making specially with narrow rounded rungs and this actual length); one rope to belay this, 30 feet will do; one rope 150 feet in one length, as life-line; one 30 foot line to assist at the three short pitches, &c.; one 60 foot rope to be left hanging down first 40 foot pitch (that is, the "squeeze"). This latter can be knotted if desired.

It would be an extremely good plan, and one that would save time, if the Flood Entrance party took about 150 feet of thin, but strong, cord, which would go in a pocket, and let the Gaping Ghyll party take the 150 feet of life-line, as well as the 80 foot belaying rope, both of which could be hauled up to the top party by this cord.

Everything possible should be lowered down to come out *via* Gaping Ghyll. Whistles for signalling must not be left behind. Further advice, which is important. Don't use the obvious ladder lead as seen from the Flood Entrance, as a much better one, but more awkward at the top, is to be found to the extreme right looking down.

But to finish. The party who had returned by Gaping Ghyll were out long before those from the Flood Entrance, and had removed the most prominent dirt, and—lucky beggars—had had tea. However, when the last man struggled over to the main camp he was received with a true Y.R.C. welcome, improved by the offer of three different beverages, one from a bottle, another from a froth-covered pint pot, and a third from a brown pot with a spout.

It was a disappointment to all that only four out of the ten were able to complete the circuit, but I feel sure the leaders will be forgiven for their decision when the unfortunate six do complete the whole course, which I trust they will do very soon and under better conditions.

### III.—FAUNA AND FLORA.

By Dr. T. LOVETT.

Two or three hours were spent in the Main Chamber and some of the lateral passages on 23rd May 1920, searching for evidence of plant and animal life.

*Main Chamber.*—In this place there is a fair amount of light coming down the shaft. It is also subject to floods, which may rise to a height of 30 feet. Any fauna or flora of the surface must frequently be carried down. We should therefore expect to find living examples of those organisms that are (1) able to survive the fall, and (2) capable of adapting themselves to the altered environment.

Ordinary earthworms abound among the stones—they were all small, the largest being about 3 inches. They did not appear to differ much from earthworms on the surface except that they were a little paler and more sluggish. I also saw here a small black beetle, a tiny spider, a white centipede, and an insect flying across the light of the lamp. The three former were among the stones, and I was unable to secure them.

Among the flora were mosses, grasses, and dicotyledons. The mosses were the healthiest, and some appeared as if they might reach sexual maturity. But all the higher plants were exceedingly delicate and anæmic. There was a specimen of what may turn out to be a mountain ash. It had taken root firmly, and four or five shoots had come off, with long thin stems, and at the top of each stem a cluster of small partially opened leaves. Both stem and leaves were pale, with only the smallest amount of colouring matter. I have since planted this organism above ground, and it is putting out short, vigorous green shoots.

A few vigorous fungi were seen, but really very few, perhaps on account of the frequent floods.

As one left the Main Chamber the signs of life became rapidly less. In the "dry chamber," after a diligent search, I found only three earthworms and one small white centipede. It may be remarked that this chamber is not absolutely dark, a small amount of light coming in from the Main Chamber.

A cursory search in the passages and pools that were perfectly devoid of light revealed nothing either animal or vegetable, but a thorough search ought to be made here, as any fauna or flora found ought to show distinctive features.

Among some heaps of drift rubbish were the lower jaw bone of a fox and several limb bones of birds.

#### IV.—NAMES.

There is confusion between the various underground passages of Gaping Ghyll, owing to the use of "south-east" to describe two of the most important. It has been agreed by those of the old explorers now at hand that the names shall be as follows. Roughly the Main Chamber runs east and west. The west end is filled by the Great Mud Bank, and above it rises the *West Slope*, with the West Chamber opening from the top, and the Letter-box half way up.

The east end is stony, and is closed by the *East Scree Slope*, straight ahead up which is the *East or Old East Passage* (first named S.E.), leading to the Mud Chamber. Far to the right on the East Slope and actually in the S. wall of the Main Chamber will be found the *South or New South Passage*. The branches of this are to be "Stream Chamber Branch" and "Flood Exit Branch." The subterranean pot-hole called 200 Foot Pot or S.E. Pot is to be "Flood Exit Pot-hole." For Booth and Parsons' crawl between East and South Passages "Bedding-Plane Crawl" is suggested.



## UNDER ARMS.

### I.

As a Senior Officer in the Special Reserve, though being exceptionally fit and active for my age, I felt having to remain with my battalion at home, training successive batches of recruits, while so much was doing overseas. Early in October 1916 the welcome orders arrived, and I proceeded *via* Rouen to the Arras area.

When nearing St. Pol after dark, I was much impressed by the flashes of the big guns, which resembled almost continuous summer lightning with occasional heavy rumbles. A motor lorry drive without lights brought me to Transport Camp of the 5th K.S.L.I., where I was warmly greeted by many old friends.

My first impression of the trenches was that a C.T. was a crookedly made drainage scheme, floored with greenhouse gratings. Of traverses I very soon found the use. Dug-outs and tunnels seemed in no way strange to me (a pot-holer), and I was soon settled in my new home. Reliefs worked smoothly as a rule, except when some fool came up an exit C.T., or the Boche gunners were specially energetic. I heard two ghosts in the front line, the first being a party of New Zealand Tunnellers at work, the second during the frost of January 1917, caused by our having succeeded in raising the temperature of our dug-out above freezing point, with the result that frozen chalk became detached from the roof. Later on I had reason to dread those dug-outs which would keep out nothing bigger than a whizzbang, but had roof enough to bury everyone if anything larger landed on it, and I sometimes wished for a roof of Yorkshire limestone, 200 or 300 feet in thickness.

Aerial battles were always of interest, but I often wished I could have helped. Being strafed by Archies was more exciting for those in it than for onlookers, though occasionally falling pieces of shell reminded one of stones hurtling down a mountain or whistling on their way down G.G. Fortunately

there was sometimes a comic side to an awkward situation, and Tommy Atkins generally saw it. It was this sense of humour and casualness which helped to win the war. One of the wonders of the war was the caves of Arras. Originally chalk quarries about 30 feet below the town, joined together by headings, they were further connected by our tunnellers, tramways were laid, electric light installed by our sappers, and guides provided, so that umpteen thousands of men could go umpteen miles and debouch into the C.T.'s near the kicking-off line for the Battle of Arras.

In conclusion, I am sure that it was only British dogged determination which enabled the many thousands who had never "slept out" before they joined up to stick it as they did out in France and elsewhere. My immunity from rheumatism, &c., I put down to the healthy outdoor life I have led amongst mountains and dales, not forgetting the hardening to water and mud obtained in our Yorkshire pot-holes.

C. R. W.

## II.

There must have been many like myself who had no Territorial experience, and who were past their first youth, suddenly faced with the problem of joining the Army in some way or other.

It took me until January 1915 to arrange matters, and having a nearly blind right eye, and some "anno domini," I could only scrape into the A.S.C. I will draw a veil over the early days, with their endless fatigues and discomforts. Everyone took them in good part, and on the whole had a fairly happy time. Our division, the 23rd, concentrated at Borden, where we remained until August, when we sailed for France. In October I was posted to a Railhead Supply Unit near Bethune, where we rationed the First Corps. There was plenty of variety, as we were continually changing railheads in the area. This went on until September 1916, when we suddenly went "spare," the unit going to a depot and I to the Army Purchase Board at Merville, where I remained until February 1917. This was about the best time I had, as billets

were good, and, speaking French, I was able to help a lot in the purchase of forage direct from the French farmers. In February we re-formed our detachment, and rationed the Portuguese during the period of their concentration and training. In June 1917 we went to Noeux-les-Mines back to our First Corps, a very unpleasant place too, the object of daily long-range shelling by the Hun. After a course of training with the Labour Corps, I was commissioned in August. The next five months were spent in the Ypres salient on Forward Ammunition with the 189th and 152nd Companies during the Passchendaele stunt, and subsequent operations.

In December I got a concrete factory into my own hands, and in January 1918 was transferred to the Chinese Labour Co. sent to work it. This was probably the most interesting part of my army service; we were near Poperinghe at the time, and did all sorts of work on ammunition, hut building, loading and off-loading trains, and built a large ammunition ramp just below Boesinghe. On the April retirement to France I had half the company near St. Omer on broad gauge railway construction for six weeks, my first command, and I was not half proud of it. Back with the company again, we reached Menin in the middle of October, just after the Hun had left. The first thing we did was to put out the fires he had made of his dumps and stores. I got my captaincy and the command of my company in January, and kept it on salvage work till my demobilisation in September 1919.

On the whole, though there were bad times, the spirit of real comradeship one found in all ranks was most inspiring, and makes one feel it too good to be lost entirely. One thing above all others stands out in my memory—the yearly message at Christmas of cheer and hope from my fellow members of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. No matter where I was it always reached me, and it did one good to get it.

I like to think that the lessons learnt on peak and glacier, on moor and fell, were of use to us in our military careers, helping us to face anything in front of us with courage and determination.

G. A. P.-K.

## III.

TRENCHES, 7th January 1917.—The trenches here are appalling; the old hands say they are as bad as Ypres last winter. They certainly are bad; it took me nearly an hour to get a matter of 500 yards. Twice I lost my gum boots (thigh) in the mud, which is more like glue, and had to pull my leg out of the boot, then stand on one leg, and pull the boot out with my hands! The front line here, I think, would be better described as a standing stream; in places it is a foot deep in wet mud, in others the boards do just stand out above the mud and water, and the rest, measuring a good half of the company front, is from 6 to 18 inches deep in thick brown water; in many places, for 20 yards on end, you wade through it above your knees.

I dare say "above your knees" may not sound very alarming, but a bath, full to overflowing, will hardly get above your knees when standing up. Trench grids float about, mostly broken up; others, held down under the water by fallen earth and mud, have many of their crosspieces—on which you walk—missing, and so down you go into a sump as you walk along, or else trip up and go full length into the whole lot! I can tell you it isn't half jolly.

Practically no revetting has been done, so the whole trench which hasn't slipped in is gradually doing so. There are no dug-outs for the men at all; there was one which held about four, but the heavy rain last night so swelled the water in the trench that it overflowed and filled it up. We rigged up a few shelters last night, but have had to knock off this morning in order to have all hands at the pumps.

October 14th, 1917.— . . . I am unable to give days and dates, but I have had a pretty rough time, as you may suspect, but I don't think I am really much the worse for it. The weather has been appalling. I was up in the line nearly two days before my battalion, and I stayed in with it, fought with it, and came out with *part* of it. The ground is beyond description for the mud, the like of which I have never seen before. I have been wet through for a week, and am still

fairly so; the sun sometimes dries me off a little with the help of the warmth of my body, but then the rain comes, and I am as bad as ever.

However, my spirits remain firm and high, my confidence in coming through whole has proved sure and sound. I regret to say the Colonel died of wounds during action. At the present moment I am commanding a company, but hope to be relieved of that responsibility before long.

During the time I was in and about the line there were no trenches at all—all shell-holes. I lost my puttees and boots in the mud, and had to carry on for 36 hours in my socks. I was going to get a pair from a Boche prisoner, but the poor fellow had a wound in the foot, so I let him go on. I finally got a pair from one of our own N.C.O.'s who was wounded elsewhere. Funny people, aren't we?

Naturally, wading about knee-deep in real mud and slush, mixed up with young rivers and biffed barbed wire entanglements and goodness knows what, I contracted trench feet. After that we had miles to walk out of the line, and the N.C.O.'s boots didn't fit, my socks were soaking, I hadn't any puttees, so I chafed my heels into blisters.

My servant was fine; he helped me most of the way back, I think—I have very faint recollections of the latter half of the trail. I remember we were on a road which, without exaggeration, was anything from six inches to two feet deep in broken metal, mud, water, and shell-holes. It took us nearly six hours to come three miles; we were "bumped" all the way.

18th November.—I write in what was once a Boche dug-out; it is very small and somewhat damp underfoot, water having to be bailed out every hour or so. There are several of us in it, so none too much room, but it is as strong as a dug-out can possibly be, having 5 feet of solid concrete on all sides. Shells bounce off it like an indiarubber ball would do. It is perfectly safe when you once get in—the lively time is when you get outside. The ground is all the same—one huge, desolate waste. . . .

21st November.—I confess I never experienced shellfire in full when I was out last time, but you know that bombs are dropped occasionally in England, 40 or 50 in one night, if it is a bad raid, so when I tell you that we experienced fire *for hours on end* at the rate of six to ten rounds per minute on a selected area—say 300 yards square—and *now and again* during intense periods even up to the rate of 25 rounds per minute, you can imagine it was pretty warm.

The shells were 5·9's, nearly six inches in diameter, and the concussion blows out your candles whenever the shell is within 20 yards of your dug-out. After the first half-hour or so, the concussion begins to give one a headache, and renders work rather tiring, as it is almost impossible to concentrate your mind on anything except the shelling. There is always any amount of work to do in the line, consequently one's sleep is cut down, as one cannot sleep during a heavy bombardment, and the work you don't do has to be done at night when things are quieter. Then you get umpteen gas shells, and have to get busy looking after that . . . . .

J.B.



## WAR SERVICES.

### Killed in Action:

**OSCAR J. ADDYMAN**, Lieut., 2nd East Yorkshire Regiment; St. Eloi, 5th February 1915.

**J. GEOFFREY STOBART**, Sec.-Lieut., Rifle Brigade; St. Eloi, 15th March 1915.

**A. MORRIS SLINGSBY**, M.C., Capt., 56th Rifles, Frontier Force; near Es Sinn, 8th March 1916.

**WILFRID E. WAUD**, Lieut., 9th Northumberland Fusiliers; Fricourt, 7th July 1916.

**HAROLD E. KENTISH**, M.C., Capt., R.E.; Amiens Sector, 8th March 1918.

The following served Overseas:—

- W. ALLSUP**, August 1914, Private, Loyal N. Lancs. Reg.; 1915, Sec.-Lieut. and Lieut.; wounded at Passchendaele; Assistant Inspector of Guns.
- J. C. APPLEYARD**, 1916, Private, 26th Royal Fusiliers; France, August 1916; transferred 12th Middlesex, Corporal; wounded; 1918 with 41st Chinese Labour Co.
- JOHN T. BAIN**, May 1915, Lieut., A.S.C.; promoted Captain. December 1915, Major; August 1915, Dardanelles; 1916 and 1917, Egypt and Palestine; September 1917, Major, R.E.
- C. R. BARRAN**, enlisted April 1916; August, Sec.-Lieut., 185th H.B., R.G.A.; January 1917, Salonika; transferred 20th Batt. in 1918; attached Q. Branch, G.H.Q., Salonika, June 1918.
- B. A. BATES**, January 1915, Sec.-Lieut., 3rd York and Lancaster Reg.; Captain in 1917; 1915, France—Ypres, Loos, awarded M.C.; 1916, A.D.C., 28th Division; Salonika, three years, finally Dardanelles and Constantinople.
- F. H. BARSTOW**, Private, 9th Royal Fusiliers; severely wounded, Somme, 1916.

- J. BUCKLEY, 1914, R.A.M.C.; Sec.-Lieut., 1/7th W. Yorks. Reg., December 1915; November 1916, onwards, France, 49th Division; September 1917, Lieut.; 1918, Captain (acting), 7th W. Yorks. Reg.
- D. BURROW, 1916, R.A.F., Sergeant; 1918, 11th Argyle and Sutherland, Corporal; France, 1918; wounded on the Somme; five months in hospital; Army of Occupation.
- L. S. CHAPPELL, Lieut.-Commander R.N.V.R., D.S.O. At Zeebrugge.
- S. S. CHAPPELL, 1914, enlisted E. Yorks. Reg.; November, Sec.-Lieut., 5th K.O.Y.L.I.; France, end 1916; promoted Captain; severely wounded with loss of left arm, May 1917; Italy, nine months.
- C. CHUBB, enlisted 1914, Sec.-Lieut., Lieut., and Captain, A.S.C. (M.T.); served in France as Workshop and Instructional Officer.
- E. KITSON CLARK, mobilised 1914, Lieut.-Col., 8th W. Yorks. Reg.; France, 1915-1918, with 49th Division; owing to an accident transferred to O.C., 49th Base Depot.
- G. COWPE, 1914, R.A.M.C.; 1915, France; Sec.-Lieut., R.A.F.; Lieut., 10th Bn. E. Yorks. Regt.
- E. H. CROFT, 1914, commission R.E., Northern Signal Corps (T.F.); Gallipoli, Egypt, Palestine, April-1915—August 1918.
- H. P. DEVENISH, 1914, Sec.-Lieut., 7th E. Surrey Reg.; promoted Lieut.; France, 1915, Loos (wounded), Somme, 1916 and 1918 (wounded).
- C. D. FRANKLAND, February 1915, Private, R.A.M.C., 2/1st W. Riding Field Ambulance; January 1917, France with 62nd Division; Beaumont Hamel, Bullecourt, Avrincourt, Cambrai, Maubeuge; Army of Occupation.
- A. R. GLAZEBROOK, mobilised with 7th W. Yorks. Reg. (Leeds Rifles); France 1915 (three years' service); awarded M.C.; wounded December 1915; promoted Captain.
- A. A. HALL, 1914, Sec.-Lieut., 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, finally Captain; 1916, Captain, 5th S. Stafford Reg.; 1918, Gas Officer, 8th Division, then Chemical Adviser, 13th Corps.
- C. HASTINGS, Private, 25th Royal Fusiliers; became Acting Q.M.S.; three years in East Africa.

- J. HEPWORTH, 1916, Sec.-Lieut., A.S.C.; France, 1917.
- S. H. HOLMES, 1914, Lieut., R.N.V.R.; served at Scapa Flow.
- W. WELLS HOOD, 1914-1917, Lieut.-Commander, Naval Armoured Cars; 1918, Major, Machine Gun Corps, Armoured Cars; 1914, Belgium; 1915, E. Africa, West Front, Arctic Russia; 1916, Asia Minor and Dobrudja; 1917, Russia (prisoner with Bolsheviks); 1918, Persia and Russia; awarded D.S.O., Russian decorations.
- G. L. HUDSON, 1916 and 1917, Private, 25th Royal Fusiliers; German E. Africa, one year; 1918, 4th Leinster Reg.; Cambridge Cadet School; Sec.-Lieut., Labour Corps.
- R. KERR, Lieut., A.O.C.; served in France.
- A. E. KIRK, mobilised 1914, Lieut.-Col., 7th W. Yorks. (Leeds Rifles); April 1915—June 1919, France, 49th Division; promoted Colonel; mentioned in despatches; O.B.E.
- Dr. T. LOVETT, R.A.M.C. (four years); February 1915, Lieut.; 1916, Captain; 1915-1918, France and one voyage to India; Reg. M.O., 10th Essex and 14th Gloucester, 20th Gen. Hospital, B.E.F.
- A. L. MIDDLETON, mobilised 1914, Lieut., W. Riding R.F.A. (T.); Captain, 1916; April 1915 to end 1916, France; Palestine from November 1917.
- G. A. POTTER-KIRBY, Corporal, A.S.C. (2½ years); 1917, Lieut., 189th Labour Co.; 1918, Captain, 45th Chinese Labour Co.; from August 1915, France.
- P. ROBINSON, Motor Cyclist, R.A.F.; France (two years).
- W. R. WILKIN, 1915, Private, H.A.C.; 1916, Sec.-Lieut., London Rifle Brigade; France and Belgium; twice wounded; 1917, 2/7th Lancs. Fusiliers; promoted Lieut.; 1918, Adjutant, 66th Division, Reinforcement Wing, 22nd London Reg.
- C. R. WINGFIELD, mobilised 1914, Captain, 3rd (Special Reserve) King's Shropshire L.I.; promoted Major; October 1916, France, to 5th Batt., Somme, Ancre, Arras; July 1917, Senior Officer's School, then to H.Q., Chester; embodied five years.
- A. M. WOODWARD, November 1915, Sec.-Lieut., Interpreter, Salonika; May 1917, Intelligence Corps, H.Q., 26th Div., till December 1918; Staff-Lieut. (First Class) 1918; twice mentioned in despatches.



G. WINTHROP YOUNG (*Hon. Member*), October 1914—August 1915, in command Friends' Ambulance Unit, Ypres Sector; then till January 1919, 1st British Ambulance Unit in Italy; severely wounded; Orders of Leopold I. and Crown of Italy, Legion of Honour; Medal for Valour (twice); Italian and Belgian War Crosses, &c.

The following served at home, or have not supplied additional information to the Editor—

J. A. D. ANDERSON, R.G.A. Cadet School 1918; commissioned.  
J. E. APPEYARD, Captain, R.A.F.; Inspector of Aircraft (Ireland).

F. BOTTERILL, Sergeant, Record Office, K.O.Y.L.I.; discharged.

H. BRODRICK, Lieut., 11th Batt. Royal Defence Corps (Knockaloe Aliens' Camp).

T. R. BURNETT, Sergeant-Instructor, Artists' Rifles O.T.C.

A. CHARLESWORTH, Sergeant, 7th Res. W. Yorks. Reg. (Gas Instructor).

W. T. A. CLAUGHTON, Sec.-Lieut., 20th Royal Fusiliers.

W. H. GREENWOOD, Captain, 8th W. Yorks. Reg.; mobilised 1914.

Dr. T. WARDROP GRIFFITH, Lieut.-Col., 2nd Northern Gen. Hospital; C.M.G.

A. E. HORN, Private, R.A.F.

E. G. IRELAND.

N. K. JONES, Gunner, R.A.

R. N. MIDDLETON, Sec.-Lieut., A.S.C.

C. F. NEWMAN, Sec.-Lieut., 6th King's Own Yorks. L.I.

C. SCRIVEN, Captain, 5th W. Yorks. Reg. (Nat. Reserve Co.).

F. H. SMALLPAGE, Sec.-Lieut., R.G.A.

R. F. STOBART, Private, Grenadier Guards; Sec.-Lieut., 7th K.O.Y.L.I. and 17th Northumberland Fusiliers; invalided out 1915.

Many members, ineligible for Active Service, were engaged in Volunteer Corps, Special Police, or in Government Offices, Munitions &c., and some received rank. It is pleasant to find that these civilians played the game and took no part in the scramble for decorations.

## IN MEMORIAM.

### CHARLES ALEXANDER HILL.

On August 24th, 1914, the Club lost a Vice-President and one of its keenest members. Hill was educated at Rugby School and Trinity College, Cambridge, and took his M.A., M.D., and D.P.H. He joined the Club in 1902, but he had done a considerable amount of climbing before then; he at once became an enthusiastic pot-holer, despite his height, which was at times a handicap to him. His record for Ingleborough pots is probably second to none; in 1904 he assisted at no less than nine first recorded descents, these including Rift Pot and Jockey Hole. Hill's articles on Scoska and Clapham Caves (the latter being published after his death) will not be forgotten by the Club.

Although more inclined to cave work than climbing, he had climbed in Norway and the Rockies, but he always returned with fresh vigour to the caves. Minorca, Ireland, Derbyshire, Somerset, and, last and best, Yorkshire, all knew him well. During the last two years of his life he was enthusiastic in the excavation of Fox Holes, although during that time he was suffering severely. Many members of the Club will have happy memories of the summer months of 1913 and 1914, which he spent at Clapham with his wife and children, to whom the deepest sympathy is extended.

Hill was well known in Masonic circles, being (at his death) P.P.G.W. of West Lancashire and Secretary of the West Lancashire Province; he was also a member of the Liverpool City Council, a position which he had held from 1907.

Hill had many friends among members of other climbing Clubs, among which may be mentioned the Wayfarers (Liverpool), of which he was a founder, the Fell and Rock, and den Norske Turist Forening (Hon. Sec. Brit.). He was a member of the British Association and read several papers on caves at the annual meetings.

After a heavy day's work, either on the fells or underground, he was never satisfied until all records had been written up for future reference.

To those who met him for the first time Hill might seem reserved, but those who knew him loved him for his sterling worth, sympathy, and good-fellowship. The Club has lost a member and those who knew him best have lost a friend whom it will be hard to replace. H. B.

### OSCAR JAMES ADDYMAN.

Oscar James Addyman was killed in action between Zillebeke and St. Eloi on 5th February, 1915, aged 23. The second son of the late James Wilson Addyman, of Starbeck, he was educated at Aldenham, Leeds University, and Sandhurst, joining the Y.R.C. in 1910.

He was gazetted Second-Lieutenant, 1st Bn. East Yorkshire Regiment, but transferred to the 2nd Battalion, and joined at Calcutta in time for the King's visit. A keen young officer, Addyman entered the Signalling School at Kasauli, and was personally complimented upon the excellent way in which his signallers passed their examination.

At the end of 1914 he returned to England with his regiment, and after three weeks' preparation at Winchester, went out to France with the 28th Division. The regiment took its first turn in the trenches in February, and upon the 5th, the last day, he was observation officer, and with Captain Wilkinson was observing the German trenches when a shell burst immediately in front of them, killing Oscar instantly and so severely wounding his companion that he died in the ambulance.

Devoted to his duty, Oscar Addyman worked hard, but he also played hard for his schools and his regiment at cricket and football, shooting in the Himalayas during his Indian leaves, and spending happy holidays among the fells and pot-holes of Yorkshire, or climbing the great rock ridges and gullies of the Lake District.

We remember his presence on the first ascent of the Giant's Crawl in 1909, at Gaping Ghyll the same year, and in the depths of Mere Gill Hole in 1914. The Yorkshire Ramblers will recall his tall, handsome figure and the pleasant charm of his modest manliness, with unceasing regret, and will keep alive in their hearts the remembrance of a brave comrade, a good son, and an affectionate brother, who has given his life for all that they love and cherish.

#### JOHN GEOFFREY STOBART.

Geoffrey Stobart is one of the bright memories of the years before the war. The two youngest of the Club were the first to fall, both near St. Eloi in that first winter. Brief their days, the Club mourns their loss and their companions dwell lovingly on their great days on the hills.

The Club first saw Geoffrey as a guest at the Chapel-le-Dale meet of 1910, and the next day he and Kentish were among the five who broke out through the debris from Sunset Hole into the Braithwaite Wife Sink. He was then going up from Malvern to Cambridge, and in 1912 he joined the Club. That March he camped with his brother and Erik Addyman by Meall ant' Suie on Ben Nevis in the wildest weather.

In September, 1912, he appeared at Wasdale, and his first day on the rocks was Keswick Brothers, Broad Stand, Scawfell Chimney, and down Moss Gill. A few weeks later he was at the Horton meet and descended Penyghent Long Churn, penetrating into its furthest recesses.

At Easter, 1913, we drove in his little cycle car from Darlington to Dunbar, and broke down there—a blessing in disguise—for as we saw next morning beyond Loch Lomond, the snowfall had been such we could never have got over Dalnaspidal. By the end of that week in the Nevis group Geoffrey was an expert on snow. On our only visit to the top of the Ben, with Ewen and Brierley, we burgled the Observatory, and saw the interior just as it was left 20 years or so before.

The world is smaller now these three, with many another comrade, are dead. We drove back from Dunbar on the Sunday and after tea he drove off. I never saw him again—so Fate willed.

In August, 1914, he was gazetted Second-Lieutenant in the Durham Light Infantry, and fell in a night attack with the Rifle Brigade at St. Eloi, on 15th March, 1915, a steadfast soldier and mountaineer.—E. E. R.



J. G. STOBART.



C. A. HILL.

## WILLIAM SIMPSON.

William Simpson died on 20th March, 1915, at Settle, in his 56th year. He was elected a member of the Club in 1905.

Until middle life he lived in Halifax, and in his youth came under the influence of the local group of naturalists who have left so strong a mark in Yorkshire scientific history. His chief hobby was the study of geology; he had written extensively on the subject of Millstone Grit, and was made a Fellow of the Geological Society in recognition of his work.

For several seasons he was engaged in research work on the Folgefond icefield, Norway, one of the largest glacier areas in Europe. He served for some years on the Committee for observing and recording glacial boulders, and was also a member of the Committee which investigated the underground waters of Malham and Ingleborough.

A man of many and keen activities, he possessed much social charm, and will be greatly missed by the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club and his numerous friends. A list of his papers will be found in *Proceedings of the Yorkshire Geological Society*, Vol. XIX., p. 325.

## ARTHUR MORRIS SLINGSBY.

1885-1916.

Amongst the many gallant young Yorkshiremen who have given their precious lives in the late horrible war, for as noble a cause as ever man fought and died for, the Yorkshire Ramblers deplore the death of Captain Arthur Morris Slingsby, the second son of Mr. J. Arthur Slingsby, of Carleton, near Skipton, who has suffered terribly by the war, having lost two other sons, one in France and the other in the Battle of Jutland.

Morris fell on 8th March, 1916, in the battle for the relief of Kut-el-Amara "while most gallantly leading the final rush of the 56th Rifles.

On this occasion, as usual, he had worked his way to the head of the attack, and was leading on his men, although as Adjutant his place might well have been further in rear. Still the men trusted him and he knew that they would follow him."

Brilliant though his military career has been, the especial interest of our Club is centred upon his magnificent mountaineering in the Himalaya.

In 1909 he joined Dr. T. G. Longstaff, a brother Yorkshireman, in exploring the unknown maze of the Eastern Karakoram (*A.J.*, Vol. XXV., pp. 38 and 485). With Dr. Arthur Neve they crossed the main range in June by the Saltoro Pass (18,200 ft.), and discovered the immense Siachen Glacier, 48 miles long, and to their astonishment piercing the main range, and a feeder of the Indus basin.

Recrossing the Saltoro, Longstaff and Slingsby continued their exploration when Neve turned homewards. The problem of escape from the Saltoro valleys was solved by Slingsby, who discovered the Chulung La (18,300 ft.). Longstaff writes—

"On Slingsby and his two orderlies, ably supported by Abdal Kerim, fell the trying task of assisting the coolies to face the steep snow slopes,

now softened by the heat of the day. Few men would have succeeded as he did. . . . The glacier soon degenerated into a maze of crevasses concealed by a deceptive covering of new snow, through which the heavily laden coolies were constantly breaking. I quite expected we should have to spend the night on the Korisa Glacier, but just as it got dark Slingsby found a way off through difficult séracs."

After this they set out on the ascent of a mountain well over 25,000 feet, but were beaten by persistently foul weather when high up the peak.

It was natural that after this successful Karakoram expedition and the experience gained in battling with glacial difficulties at great altitude, an enterprising young officer like Morris, endowed with robust health, great strength, and a born and proved leader of men, should wish to attempt one of the giants of the Himalaya. With bright hopes of success he set off in May, 1911, to attack Kamet (Gahrwal), 25,400 feet. The issue is described in his "Attempt on Kamet" (*Y.R.C.J.*, Vol. IV., p. 19), but read also his letter quoted in the *Alpine Journal*, Vol. XXX., p. 335. The records of mountain adventure show very few examples of such hard struggling under adverse circumstances. Not only did he lead his party up 1,500 ft. of especial difficulty during 11½ hours, not only for five hours was he, unaided, hacking coal-scuttle steps in hard ice, or hauling up heavily laden coolies, but all this herculean work was done in the thin air of 20,000 ft. above sea level. Morris himself could not have done this unless he had, by hard work and self-denial, and by much training, attained absolutely perfect condition. He was the only one of the party of eight who was perfectly fit. Thanks to Mr. C. F. Meade, the col (21,000 ft.) up which he dragged his men will always be known as the "Slingsby Pass."

In 1913, Morris obtained leave to make a second attempt on Kamet. I quote the following from his long and exceedingly interesting letter, descriptive of a most plucky attempt and marvellous endurance:—

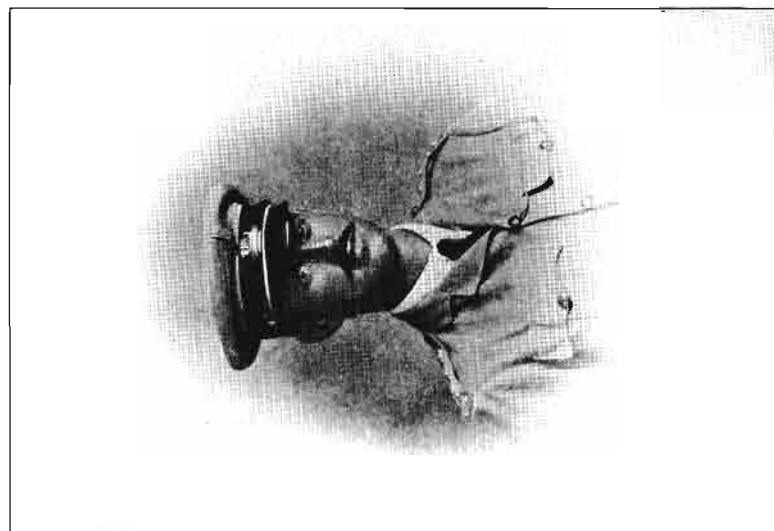
"Since the first week in May, I don't think we have had four fine days consecutively. . . . I set off on May 29th with six sepoys and two coolies. We spent two nights at 19,600 ft. in that awful storm. We had very good Whymper and Mummery tents, which we had the greatest difficulty to prevent being blown away. They got nearly full of snow inside, and our bedding froze to the floor. During a lull in the hurricane we fled to Ghastoli after two nights of misery.

"On June 8th (1913), we made another start and in clear weather reached our first camp. Then it snowed again (goodness knows where the snow came from, as it has no business to monsoon up here till July 15th). It was fine again next day, but snowed again at our 19,600 ft. camp. We crossed the pass, which Meade honours me by naming 'Slingsby's Pass,' and camped at about 22,800 ft. That evening it snowed hard. That night—ugh! I've never known such cold.

"Next morning, full of hope, I looked out at 4 a.m., but had little encouragement. We struggled up fresh snow towards the Gendarme, but at 23,350 ft. I was obliged to order a retreat, and really, though you may not believe it, my route is possible and not too difficult. The snow slope was nearly completed and the rocks of the Gendarme so



W. E. WAUD.

From the *Alpine Journal*.

A. M. SLINGSBY.

near, but yet, under the conditions beginning to prevail, so far away. Oh, how miserable I felt after all that effort, and all in vain! Clouds came down on the Gendarme, the wind was fearful, and four of us had frost-bitten feet. We could but sit down and rub them, and then the storm came on, so what use would sitting down be under that awful sky?

"The storm which it brought lasted nearly ten days and finished with snow at 12,000 ft. We ran down and got into our sleeping bags for half an hour, and then went on again to our 19,600 ft. camp. Next day, fearfully done, we descended to Ghastoli. Two years ago I did it in four hours. It now took us eight, and we drank bucketsful of nasty glacier water, and, having eaten very, very little for four days, we were very done.

"I was unconscious for the whole of the following day. The doctor, who happened to be 40 miles away, came up as quickly as possible, but only saw me four days after. I had started on my trip with *influenza*, so I imagine I was really too much run down to do what I attempted. I did not know this, and as an example to spur up my men I had carried a 34 lb. load on the glacier. Anyhow, whatever I had, it was very severe, and so far away from any European friends, I was apparently very fortunate to live through it. I am now quite fit again and on my way back to my regiment.

"I am afraid you will think me a farce, but I really have a good excuse for my second failure. First, Todd going lame, then myself, and the horrible weather. . . . But we'll get up yet, and by my route. I studied it carefully this year, and know the character and position of the difficult places.

"During the last two years, Kamet has put out buttresses where before she had slopes, she has inserted valleys, changed cornices into garden terraces. In fact, she has done her best to alter her general appearance. Deceitful creature! . . . A. MORRIS SLINGSBY."

Upright, honourable, fearless, he has left behind him a reputation few can equal and none surpass. W. C. S.

#### WILFRID ERNEST WAUD.

Waud was the youngest son of the Rev. S. W. Waud, Rector of Retenden. He was born 28th July, 1875, and educated at St. Peter's School, Eaton Square, from which he went to Weymouth College.

He entered the service of the Yorkshire Penny Bank at the age of eighteen in 1893, and remained with them until his death, 7th July, 1916, which, as far as is known, took place at Fricourt on the Somme Front. It is not known where he is buried as his body has never been identified. He joined the army 9th January, 1915.

"Your brother died leading his men to the assault, and how can a man die better, if die he must, than with his face to the foe and his men behind him. . . . Let us pray that our sacrifices are not in vain."

My first acquaintance with Waud was at the head office of the bank in Leeds in 1894. He was appointed my assistant and proved to be a most efficient and valuable helper. This business relationship led

to frequent chats on many matters of mutual interest, and he was my companion on many a ramble. He soon became a welcome addition to our Saturday afternoon walking parties, and he joined the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club at my suggestion. From the first, in spite of his slender build, he showed himself to be very wiry and an indefatigable walker. His love of the hills was ardent and his enthusiasm in the work of the Club led eventually to his becoming a member of the Committee. He was in the Gaping Ghyll party of 1903, knew the North Riding and Pennines intimately, and had tramped, cycled, and climbed in many districts and ranges.

Waud was a man of strong views, sterling worth, a staunch friend, and a most dependable comrade. Under a restrained and calm demeanour there beat a warm heart and generous nature. To those who knew him best there will ever remain the memory of a man of the type our Club has been so successful in bringing together: men who have done so much to make the members value the good fellowship of the Yorkshire Ramblers. A tablet to his memory will be found in St. Michael's Church, Headingley.

G. T. L.

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HAROLD EDWARD KENTISH.

(1886-1918.)

The last Yorkshire Rambler called to make the great sacrifice fell in action near Amiens on 30th March, 1918, and by his death the Club lost one of its most promising members. The son of Major Kentish, of the 14th Hussars, Harold Edward Kentish was educated at Clifton and at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich (1904-6), passing out ninth. He was a fine athlete and won the Officers' Mile Championship, 1910. He also played Rugby for Richmond.

He joined the Club in 1910 and was very keenly interested in its underground explorations. Previously he had worked with Mr H. E. Balch and the Mendip Research Committee, in Somerset, with great success.

At the Club Meet in September, 1910, Kentish was one of those who broke out of Sunset Hole into Braithwaite Wife Sink-hole. In 1912 he accompanied E. A. Baker to Ireland, a visit which resulted in the opening out of an extremely interesting group of caverns near Gort.

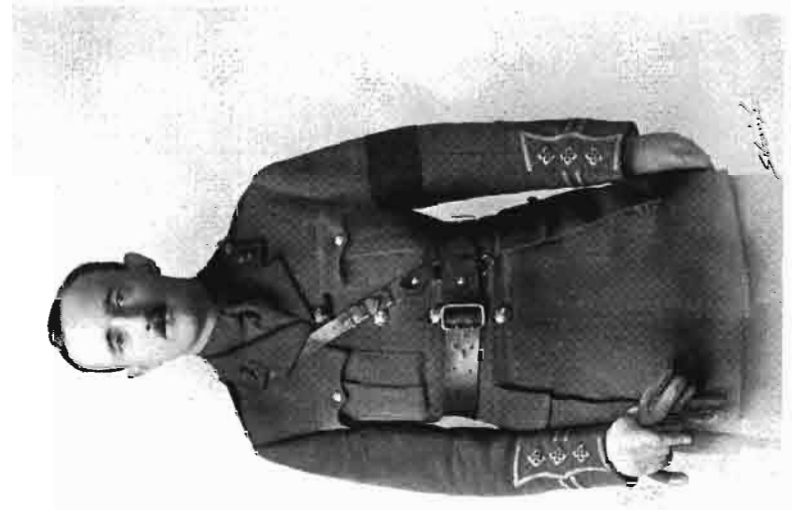
In 1913 Kentish joined Baker and Wingfield in another Irish expedition and an account of their work appears in the *Club Journal*, Vol. IV., pp. 128, 138. Shortly after he went to Nigeria, and on the outbreak of the war he was on the West Coast of Africa, and received the special commendation of the Admiralty for his work on the railways.

In December, 1915, he was married to Miss Cicely Bailey, and in 1916 went out to France to command the 281st Army Troops Co., R.E., a command he retained to the end. He was mentioned in despatches and awarded the M.C.

In the great German offensive, several R.E. companies were formed into an infantry battalion with Kentish second in command, and on March 30th, at a village about 11 miles from Amiens, he was shot through the head.



F. PAYNE.



H. E. KENTISH.

Kentish was one of a number of the younger members of the Club to whom we looked for future guidance and leadership, and their loss will be greatly felt and deeply regretted. They have been claimed by a higher and greater duty, and though the Yorkshire Ramblers grieve for the loss of dear friends and pleasant companions, they know that their glorious and unselfish sacrifice has not been made in vain.

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CHARLES PILKINGTON.

A famous name in the annals of rock climbing in the British Isles and of guideless climbing in the Alps is Charles Pilkington, President of the Alpine Club, 1896 to 1899. In the Coolins he was not only pioneer cragsman, but the first to map the group correctly. Abroad his name is inseparably connected with the Meije. The mountaineering world has to regret his death in 1919, and the Club has lost in him one of its earliest honorary members. The *Alpine Journal*, in Vol. XXXII., No. 219, has a full memoir of this great mountaineer.

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FRANK PAYNE.

All who knew Frank Payne must have heard with deep regret of his untimely death. He was only 56 and in full bodily and mental vigour, when he suddenly fell a victim to pneumonia, on 16th November, 1919, after four days' illness.

Payne was educated in Geneva and Dresden. He made the ascent of Mont Blanc when only sixteen, and a few years later had climbed the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa. One of his most stirring Alpine adventures was the first attempt to climb the Täschhorn by the Teufelsgrat, led by the ill-fated guide Clemens Zurbriggen, an attempt which was baffled only by violent and prolonged storm, during which the party had to cut steps down an exposed ice-slope to the Kien glacier. (Mummery's party successfully forced the Teufelsgrat not long after this attempt.) It was during his residence in Geneva, in visits to the caverns of the Jurassic Limestone, that he acquired his keen zest for underground exploration.

Payne was married in 1891, and his married life was one of ideal happiness, for he found in his wife a comrade who shared his love for the mountains, and who bore him company in almost all his expeditions and adventures.

Though Payne had in early manhood become an expert mountaineer, circumstances in later years precluded regular visits to the Alps. Most of his brief holidays were spent in climbing at Wastdale, Pen-y-gwryd, and in Yorkshire. He had also visited Scotland, and he used to say that an Easter ascent of the formidable Gardyloo Gully on Ben Nevis was the most memorable experience he ever had—a red-letter day in his mountaineering calendar. This was in 1911, and his daughter Dorothy, who has inherited her father's skill in climbing, was one of the party. Wastdale was perhaps his favourite haunt and he was familiar with most of the best rock climbs there. Despite his somewhat short reach, Payne was a very capable and careful rock climber and a first-rate leader, especially under difficult conditions. He, in fact, possessed

all the qualities of the competent mountaineer: skill and confidence in leadership, readiness and resource in emergencies, and a cheerful, imperturbable temper. On one memorable occasion in 1908, after a successful guideless ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, we witnessed from the hut the narrow escape of a party of five, who in attempting a sitting glissade brought down an avalanche in which they were partially buried and sustained severe injuries. Payne was quickly on the spot, rendered most efficient first-aid, and remained at the crowded hut tending the wounded for two nights, until their removal on sledges. Another party he rescued in ingenious fashion in the gloom of a winter night from the iced rocks of Scafell. A damaged climber he brought home safely from a Screes Gully.

Payne last visited the Alps, with his wife and myself, in 1914. The weather was wretched and our only ascent was that of the Tsanteleina. The outbreak of war detained us some days at Val d'Isère. All the able-bodied men had been mobilised, and Payne got together a strong party of visitors to help the women get in their hay. He toiled all day, carrying on his back down the steep hillside huge bales averaging about a hundredweight.

Payne was a man of wide reading and many interests, an entertaining talker, and an original thinker, with a genius for invention and considerable skill in mechanics.

Frank Payne possessed a serene and cheerful disposition which adversities were powerless to disturb. Owing to his lovable and wholly unselfish character, and absolute sincerity, he possessed in a remarkable degree the power of winning the affection and esteem of those with whom he came in contact. A shrewd judge of character and quick to detect insincerity and pretence, he was at the same time the most charitably minded and tolerant of men, slow to take offence and quick to make allowances, or with a touch of good-natured irony to condone an affront. In fair weather and foul, Frank Payne proved himself ever a staunch comrade, a true unselfish friend, and a most delightful companion. Those who are left to mourn his loss feel that there is a gap in their lives which can never be filled.

H. C.

When Payne came north to Chesterfield, in 1901, he soon got to work on the caves. A camping trip was made to Edendale and Ribblesdale to explore the ground, Elden Hole and Alum Pot descended; Somerset and Eastwater Cave were also visited.

The fifth descent of Gaping Ghyll was made in August, 1904, by hand haulage over a pulley fixed at the end of Jib Tunnel. From 1907 his enthusiasm, confidence, and persistence held together the parties of the successive Whitsuntide Camps by Mere Gill, broken only by the Gaping Ghyll Flood camp of 1909, till complete success was reached in 1912. Then followed Little Hull Hole, and in 1914 the second descent of Mere Gill. His last conquest, long deferred, was Hardraw Kin in 1919.

Payne loved camping, and was an expert in light and efficient outfit for all conditions; in the prime of his strength a tremendous weight carrier and tireless worker. Ever cheerful, confident, and resourceful,

it is difficult to imagine the sense of safety to the men below in the knowledge that Payne was above. Inspirer of expeditions, the enthusiasm which caught its spark from him has sent his followers to many a cave and many a climb. Though he be absent, his spirit will long be with us.

E. E. R.

#### FRANK HORSELL.

Frank Horsell died suddenly on 14th December, 1919, at the age of 56. He was for many years a member of the Club, and although not taking a very active part in the work, he was a great lover of our Yorkshire hills and dales. Those of us who remember how strenuously he fought his way up the ladders of Gaping Ghyll, on some of the early descents, will always respect his courage and strength.

A man of many and varied interests, of a genial and generous disposition, the Club has lost a faithful friend.

#### FREDERICK BOTTERILL.

During Whitsun, 1920, Fred Botterill passed quietly away before any of us realised the end was near. Used to open-air life, the close confinement of war work led to an untimely end, as certain as though he had been a victim of the battlefield.

To chronicle his many rambling activities would be impossible here and, perhaps, unnecessary, as many of our members have at one time or another shared with him the joys of crag or pot-hole.

His earlier efforts in the sport may be deserving of mention and, being younger brother, the writer was pressed into sharing them. Ingleborough was the first conquest within our limited means. Fare, Leeds return, 1s. 6d., the writer at half rate. Provided with "alpenstocks" made from cart shafts (they *were* heavy!), we gaily rushed the "scenery" and saw Ingleborough Cap from Twistleton Scar. After a valiant struggle straight up the face the summit was won.

Later Fred passed a long period in London where his love of mountains had to be satisfied with the lovely but inadequate Leith Hill.

In 1901, Fred came north, and thenceforward never lost an opportunity of indulging in his beloved sport. Most week-ends we cycled to Ben Rhydding to climb in Rocky Valley, not then being aware of the possibilities of Almescliff. Our first visit to the Lakes was accomplished on bicycles, via Ribblesdale. It was then that the charm of Stainforth first attracted Fred's notice—charm which later led to his taking a cottage there. "Kern Knotts" will be remembered by the numerous friends who have had pleasant pot-holing excursions from it.

Fred spent a fortnight in Switzerland in 1902, and climbed the Dom, Sudlenzspitze, Nadelhorn, and Zinal Rothorn with Alex. Burgener, and without guides the Jägerhorn and Cima di Jazzi. He was in the Oberland in 1906, and spent a long season in a chalet at Arolla in 1910.

The doings by which he made history at home may be briefly stated—1903.—Botterill's Slab, Scafell, and Slab Route, Slanting Gully, Lliwedd. 1904.—With Payne, a large party taken down Gaping Ghyll without ladders or windlass.

1905.—Hunt Pot (second), Cove Hole (first descent).



1906.—Pillar Rock, North-West Climb.

1907.—Camp at Coruisk.

1909.—The Caravan at Wastdale Head; Abbey Ridge.

After the fatal accident to Rennison, Fred, then at the height of his powers, appears to have climbed but little.

Shortly after the outbreak of war he joined the army and had charge of the K.O.Y.L.I. Records Office at York, with rank of sergeant. When attempting to transfer to the Flying Corps, to Fred's great surprise he was rejected on medical grounds, and subsequently discharged. He then went on to munition work at a shell factory, which completely broke down his health.

Coming between the earlier school of rock climbing, which culminated in O. G. Jones and the later sensational ascents of the rubber shoe devotees, Fred Botterill was entitled to rank as one of the foremost rock climbers of the period.

One of those who had climbed behind him says, "The thing which marked him out as in the super-class of cragsmen was his extraordinary power and the big margin within his limit of safety. His views were those of the safest climbers. On one occasion he summed up by saying that if he climbed as near the limit of his powers as some men he would stay at home, and on another occasion he expressed his confidence in his judgment and reserve of strength by the remark that he did not feel lonely till he had run out 100 feet of rope."

He will be remembered, however, less for his achievements than for his unflagging bright spirits and resourcefulness under difficulties, and most of all for the helpful hand ever ready to aid a more weary fellow. These remembrances will always be dear to us, but we are fortunate in having a fitting memorial in one of Fred's articles in the *Y.R.C. Journal* (Vol. III., No. 9).

In these extracts from the log of the caravan, we have a quiet style and an irresistible charm which make each reader wish it had been longer. One feels to be on the verge of discovering a complete philosophy of life.

"When our thoughts turn to the city of bricks and mortar, it seems like a maze, and we on one of its walls wondering why people fail to find a way out."

Fred has found the great way out and we are left the poorer for his loss.

"And now . . . all these things are past and gone. We have had a peep into a wonderful world, and it seems as if the edge of a curtain had been lifted and dropped again." M. B.

#### REGINALD JOHN FARRER.

Born in 1880, Reginald Farrer was the eldest son of Mr. James Anson Farrer of "Ingleborough," Clapham. Brought up in such a home it is little wonder that Farrer's genius took the bent it did. He did not go to a public school, and it may be that by his upbringing he escaped that uniformity of outlook which, to some extent, mark a public school training.



*From the  
'Gardener's Chronicle.'*



FRED. BOTTERILL

He went to Balliol and there, like his father, he had a distinguished career and took a good degree. After leaving Oxford he travelled in Japan, Corea, and Manchuria, returning by the Canadian Rockies. His travel-book, "The Garden of Asia," marked the beginning of his life's work—travel in other lands in search of rare flowers, particularly Alpines, to enrich our English gardens, and the recording of his journeys for the pleasure of his friends at home.

The mountain limestone district of Yorkshire has always been celebrated for its flora, and Clapham is one of the most favoured places, with a range from almost sea level to over two thousand feet. In the glen running down from Ingleborough Cave, an artificial lake has been made with a steep limestone crag overhanging one shore. Here Farrer established a rock garden and brought thither botanical treasures from many lands. With the surplus of his plants he founded a nursery garden in the village for the sale of rare flowers.

By his books, "In a Yorkshire Garden" and "My Rock Garden," he became known to a wide circle of flower lovers and captured a position of unique distinction in the realm of garden literature. The story of his Alpine wanderings is told in two books, "In the Dolomites" and "Among the Hills" (Cottian and Maritime Alps), with a scientific accuracy and a wide human interest that marked a new era in botanical writing, for he writes as a lover or even as a devotee of his flower-friends in their Alpine sanctuaries. "In Old Ceylon" was the fruit of a journey to that lovely island in 1908. The call of the East had always been strong upon him, and in the mild religious teachings of the Buddha the obstinate questionings of his spirit found their completest answer.

In general literature Farrer made several adventures; three novels, "The House of Shadows," "By Sundered Streams," and "The Anne Queen" (Queen Anne Boleyn), and two plays, "The Dowager of Jerusalem" and "Vasanta the Beautiful," came from his pen. They are all marked by much power and beauty. He was an ardent admirer of Jane Austen and declared somewhere in one of his books that her novels would be the very last piece of luggage he would discard in an emergency, not even excepting his brush and comb. Almost the last of Farrer's writing is a memoir of her in the *Quarterly Review* in 1918.

Farrer intensely enjoyed congenial society, but he could be equally happy in solitude and travel, and he was ready in pursuit of his quest to abandon for long periods the luxuries and pursuits of home and of town. A hundred years ago another young Yorkshire squire did the like—Charles Waterton, of Walton Hall, Wakefield. So Farrer journeyed in the pursuit of knowledge into a far country; the outbreak of war found him in the far West of China on the wild borderland of Tibet, where he had the great good fortune to elude the followers of the bandit "White Wolf." "The Eaves of the World" is full of keen observation and kindly human interest, and is brimful of his enthusiasm for the flowers he sought and found there.

Returning home he was rejected for active service but found work at the Foreign Office, under whose orders he visited our Western Front, of which he gave a vivid description in "The Void of War," the last of his published books. His last journey was to the Alps of Upper

Burmah, to collect specimens for Kew Gardens. Circumstances deprived him of an intended companion, and on October 16th, 1920, he died alone, of diphtheria, at Myitidi, far beyond ordinary civilisation.

Farrer was not a man of strong physique, and we are the more compelled to admire the courage with which he compelled an unathletic frame to carry out the work it did. In a paper written for "Blackwood" and reprinted by permission in this *Journal*, he describes with almost painful vividness his descent of Gaping Ghyll by the old rope ladder, a trying experience for one of his build. This is, incidentally, the best description of the great pot-hole.

In conclusion we may say, with a very near relative, "He got a great deal out of life in his forty years and enjoyed it to the last. He could hardly have done otherwise or better than by travelling, as there was not scope enough for his energies at home." We are indebted to him for bringing into our grey Western life some of the light and glamour of the East, and some of the colour and glory of the flower-strewn slopes of the high places of the earth, and the world is poorer by the loss of one whose sunny personality and enthralling pen did something to lighten the dull pilgrimage of his fellow-men.

J. J. B.

We are indebted to the *Gardeners' Chronicle* for the loan of the block of Mr. R. J. Farrer's portrait.—Ed.



## CHIPPINGS.

**THE LADY OF SCOSKA.**—Half a dozen more bones were found in Scoska Cave on 6th February 1921, during the Club Meet that week-end at Arncliffe. They included the left scapula (shoulder blade) and an astragalus (ankle bone), the remainder being portions of ribs. Only one of them was found in water—a portion of rib; all the others were on dry ground close to the right-hand wall, just where the passage has made a partial bend to the right.

There are still nearly a hundred more bones to be found before the skeleton is completed.

**EXTRACT FROM THE "CRAVEN HERALD," 16TH JULY 1897.**—Whernside, Ingleborough, and Penyghent. At the beginning of this week, Messrs. Booth, J. Davis, Lowe and Moore, of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, starting from Gearstones, made the tour of these three hills. As they were ascended on the steep faces, and the day was exceedingly warm, the time was not very good—

Left Gearstones ...	10.0	o'clock	Horton ...	3.40	o'clock
Cairn on Whernside	11.20	"	Left Horton	4.30	"
Left Whernside ...	11.35	"	Penyghent	5.45	"
Hill Inn ...	12.30	"	Left Penyghent	6.5	"
Left Hill Inn ...	12.45	"	Bee-line to		
Cairn on Ingleboro'	1.45	"	Gearstones	8.30	"
Left Ingleboro'	2.0	"			

**ALPINE CLUB.**—Professor J. Norman Collie, F.R.S., was elected President for 1920 and again for 1921, to the great gratification of all hard-climbing men. We have little need to remind the Yorkshire Ramblers that he is an honorary member.

Two more Ramblers are now in the Alpine Club, Mr. W. Parsons and Mr. R. F. Stobart. M. Martel was among the group of distinguished French climbers made honorary members in 1918.

**SOMERSET.**—The Bristol Speleological Society was formed in March, 1919 (H.Q.—The University, Bristol). Its present outdoor work has been confined to the location and excavation of new caves and the thorough exploration of existing ones on the north side of Mendip, near Burrington Combe, where the Club has a hut.

The principal find to date has been the "Keltic Cavern," so-called from the remains found there. The discovery necessitated the removal of many tons of clay, and important relics consisting of bones, stone, bronze and iron implements and pottery were found.

The cave was shown to two Y.R.C. men last September and consists of a long rift chamber, 175 feet in length by 27 feet in height, and approximately 33 feet wide at the bottom. The descent is through boulders choking a big bedding plane sloping at the high angle characteristic of Mendip. The situation is in a swallet at the line of junction of the massive limestone and limestone shales, but so far the passage or passages leading to the lower strata have not been found. Interesting examples of both water-action and earth movements are to be seen.—J. D. E.

**THE LAKE DISTRICT.**—One of the regrettable effects of the war has been that public opinion could not be sufficiently roused to prevent Manchester seizing another lake as a reservoir. It is now inevitable that Mardale shall be flooded and reduced to steep fell sides and a lake.

We have no objection to Lancashire folk drinking water, but cannot they leave us the Lake District? One shudders to think of the inevitable. From the point of view of municipalities it is much easier to select a natural lake than to create one in some damp corner of the Pennines or Wales. Unless then public opinion can be aroused to say "hands off the Lake District," we shall certainly see Wastwater extended to the foot of the Sty, and Buttermere one with Crummock Water. The trough lochs of Scotland have their own beauty, but they are many. The beauty of Lakeland suffers by imitation. We look to the Rucksack Club to educate public opinion in Lancashire. The smoke of industrial areas is bad enough for their neighbours, without their reservoirs threatening the most delightful district of this country.

The serious threat of a Sty Head road has once more been averted. It would be a good thing if some of this enthusiasm for unnecessary roads could be diverted to agitation in districts where roads are urgently required and of advantage to all parties. In particular we are sure the North Riding would welcome big legacies for the improvement of the road between Whitby and Saltburn, for a level road from Coxwold into Ryedale, and for expensive road engineering in dales as remote as Wastdale, and containing far bigger communities. Our sympathy is not with the furious motorist, but with the horses of the farmer and the teamster in their struggles on the needlessly steep banks of roads which owe their tracing to ancient chance and not to the engineer. We make bold to say there is only one stiff bank in the eastern North Riding which is ascended by a properly engineered road, and we are not sure about that one.

**LOST.**—Above the thirteenth milestone from Hawes, one mile below the Hill Inn, on the way up to Mere Gill, the six-inch map marks Spice Gill Hole. Some Ramblers vaguely remember seeing it once upon a time, and for ten years past it has been a joke on wet days, at the Hill Inn, to go and look for Spice Gill. Can anyone lead the way to the exact spot?

The Stainforth Cottage book in Williamson's possession records a cave in the Scar to the south, but the position of this too has been lost.

We are very doubtful also whether the explorers of New Year Pot (Fountains Fell) could find it again without prolonged search.

Gritstone Pot (April, 1905, F. Botterill and party, 44 feet) is not mentioned in the Stainforth Cottage book. Would some member of the party give the Editor its position or, failing that, the route of approach?

**LONG CHURN, ALUM POT.**—There would be good practice in surveying under difficulties if someone took in hand the completion of the plan in the Underground Waters Report (*Yorks. Geol. Soc. Proceedings*, Vol. XV.). It has been observed of late years that from the end chamber there is an alternative to climbing the old wooden ladder. This bit

hardly needs survey, but there is more than one creep from Long Churn to the Diccan Pot stream, and other passages of the minor order are reported.

**MAPS.**—The French are now publishing a map on the scale of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches to the mile ( $\frac{1}{32768}$ ), which is comparable in execution to the Swiss. The standard French "Ordnance Survey" was previously on the  $\frac{1}{100000}$  scale, and not at all a good production, though an improved edition in brown shades was available just before the war.

The present editions for the British Isles are fine productions, but it is to be regretted that the contours are still limited above 1,000 feet to 250 feet intervals. This is not only confusing, but in the uplands, not necessarily the mountains, is a defect and makes them inferior to the Swiss maps, to which we would see them fully equal.

We regret also that the standard size is now 27 in. by 18 in., too large for use in the field (except in the best weather), and awkward to redistribute. The convenient 12 in. by 18 in. size can only be obtained from old stock.

**FROM M. MARTEL.**—The Librarian has received the following letter—  
March 2nd, 1921.

Dear Sir,

Please accept all my best thanks for the kind sending of Nos. 10-13 of *Yorks. R.C.J.* I am delighted to have my set completed. I waited to acknowledge receipt until I had read the four papers.

You guess how much interested I was with the new feats in Gaping Ghyll, Clapham Cave, and Noon's Hole, these "old friends" of mine.

The accident to Mr. Boyd in Sunset Hole is vividly described. I hope he recovered quite well. Once in Dargilan (year 1888) one of my men had the same sort of narrow escape. I know what it is to drag out an injured cave-hunter.

Mere Gill must have been fascinating, and I understand it is, for instance, the deepest pot-hole in the British Isles, most important for underground water circulation study.

I am always hoping that the progress in Gaping Ghyll shall emerge some day through Clapham Cave—though you do not enjoy in Yorkshire enough dry summers for such an event!

If I were not rather decayed by age (62 years old)—former overwork—and heart disease, how glad I would be to enjoy at least 2-3 days camping at Fell Beck Moor.—"Mais ceci est passé pour moi."

When you go there the next time please express my thanks for your kind invitation and express all my regret.

My book, "Nouveau Traité des Eaux Souterraines," is just finished printing. I hope to send it within one month.

Wishing successful underground new trips, I am, dear sir, most friendly and truly yours,

E. A. MARTEL.

**CLUB ALPINO ITALIANO.**—The *Rivista Mensile* is sent us regularly, and readers of Italian can obtain it from the Librarian.

Mr. J. Coulton writes—"With that truly democratic spirit which characterises the Latin races, the C. A. I. has sought and still seeks to

enrol under its banner all those desirous of a closer acquaintanceship with the hills, no bar being raised as to age, sex, social position, or lack of rigidly severe qualifications. The number of members is naturally large (over 6,000), divided into a number of sections, all of which have their own independent organisation, but all paying a quota to the central controlling committee in Turin.

It may be argued that such popularisation of the sport would tend towards its deterioration, and that the large numbers would deface the rocks with their multitude and desecrate the peaks with raucous shouts, but after three or four years' experience I can frankly say such is not the case.

The great majority of the sections exhibit an activity which could well be emulated by many of our British clubs. Almost all sections in the north have members who are habitually in the mountains every week-end, storm or shine, winter or summer. In the November-December issue of the *Rivista* for 1920, is described a new ascent of the Aig. Noire de Peuteret, a few salient facts of which are indicative of the stamina and skill of our Italian friends.

6th Aug. 1920.—3.0 p.m. Courmayeur, 7.0 p.m. bivouac at base of peak on far side of Brenva glacier.

7th Aug.—Start 4.50 a.m. Top 7.15 p.m. 14½ hours for a climb of over 1,200 metres, very severe in certain places. Bivouac again a few feet below the summit (3,780 metres).

8th Aug.—Descend by S.E. ridge. Off the last rocks 7.0 p.m.

On my first encounter during my early days in Italy with members of the C.A.I. in the Apuan Alps, I received the maximum of courtesy and a wealth of information, for which I was very grateful. I can assure all who wish to pay a visit to the Italian mountains that they only need introduce themselves as climbers and mountain ramblers to any section of the C.A.I. to be certain of a welcome with open arms, and what is more, of suitable companions with whom to undertake any Alpine exploit, from easy to exceptionally severe."

KINDRED JOURNALS.—We are unable to do more than acknowledge gratefully the receipt of the *Alpine Journal*, the *Journals* of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, Climbers' Club, Cairngorm Club, Rucksack Club, Fell and Rock Climbing Club, and the *Rivista Mensile* and *Bollettino* of the Italian Alpine Club.

REVIEWS.—Owing to lack of space, we are unavoidably compelled to hold over all reviews of books.

## ON THE HILLS

THE CHASM, BUCHAILLE ETIVE.—This long and formidable climb has been done by R. F. Stobart with Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Odell for what they thought was the first time, but which turned out to be the second ascent.

Stobart also took part last summer (1920) in an attempt on the Aiguille Verte from the Argentiére glacier. As they expected, the party spent a night out high up on the ridge of approach. He intends to be in this summer's expedition to Spitzbergen, and the preliminary has been the hauling of sledge and gear over the Little and Great Scheidegg at Christmas.

FLUTINGS CLIMB, SGURR NAN GILLEAN.—On the West Face, a very short distance to the right of the Forked Chimney, R. Lamb and E. E. Roberts examined first, two well marked lines up the crag, and took the third. It begins as a face climb for a hundred feet and then becomes a shallow gully, similar to the upper part of the Forked Chimney, finishing at the same height.

On this holiday, in 1919, Lamb repeated his lead up the top pitch of the gully between the Third and Fourth Pinnacles, Sgurr nan Gillean. It is solid enough but no place for boots. The party also made the second ascent of Mallory's climb, North Face, Sgurr a' Mhadaidh (would be spelt Vati if a place in India or Africa). This is a glorious face climb of great length.

GREEN CHIMNEY, ALMESCLIFF.—C. D. Frankland has recently climbed this exceptionally difficult place. His solitary climbs in the Lakes are dealt with elsewhere.

THOROUGH GUIDES, ENGLISH LAKES.—Owing to the present cost of production, it is doubtful when or, in fact, whether a new edition of this Guide-book will be published. The following notes may be of interest:—

Coniston, Great How Crags.—The correct height of the point marked 2,625 feet on the map is 2,525 feet. A little further north the ridge attains an elevation of 2,630 feet (only 3 feet lower than the Old Man). It has been decided, after consultation with high authority, to call it Swirl How, from Swirl Band close by, to distinguish it from other Great Hows. There is no local name for the point, which probably accounts for it being left untitled by the Ordnance Survey.

Carrs.—For 2,525 feet on the map read 2,575 feet.

Coniston, Dow Crags; the Great Gully.—The first pitch is now more difficult as a left-hand hold has gone. The Gully was ascended in 1919 by a party of three Ramblers and a lady. The aggregate ages of the men totalled 177 years, some months.

NORTH WALES, OGWEN DISTRICT; Idwal Buttress.—This climb cannot be traced in any of the classified lists, except that in Burrow's *Guide to North Wales*. It lies up the exterior of the great slab that forms the upper retaining wall of the Introductory Gully. The first 60 feet are difficult.

Glyder Fach, Oblique Gully.—Described on page 40, "Climbing in the Ogwen District," J. M. A. Thomson, as "moderately difficult." In the

Ogwen Book the first record is a descent. Next comes a note by a party who were turned by a severe pitch. The same pitch turned another party, who found no scratches on the difficult pitch nor on the top pitch, which they climbed down. The first recorded ascent in the book is by Fathers H. and A. Kelly, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Benson. The absence of scratches on the difficult part was noted by this party. Father A. Kelly, who led, a mountaineer of much experience both at home and in South Africa, was of opinion that it was a first ascent.

*Craig-yr-ysfa*.—A more convenient approach. Ffynnon Llugwy has been made a reservoir. The workmen have gone, but the tram line, minus the rails, remains running along the base of Pen Helig to the Capel Curig road. This is rather a longer way round than the route hitherto followed across the moor, but it is a question whether it is not as short a way there and is far less fatiguing.

*The Cneifion Arête*.—The entry in the Ogwen Book, "Crucifixion Arête," is misleading. Cwm Cneifion means the Cwm of Shearing. There has for some reason or other been a good deal of controversy as to the soundness of the rock. Benson's party found many of the holds about as reliable as biscuit china. It is advanced that the bed rock is reliable, but geological authority pronounces that an arête constructed as the Cneifion Arête is simply cannot be sound.

## CAVE EXPLORATION.

### I.—NEW DISCOVERIES.

*Ingleborough, Mere Gill Hole* (second descent).—At Whitsuntide, 1914. There was quite a large camp at Mere Gill of eight men and four ladies—Mrs. Stobart, Miss Capper, Barstow, Oscar Addyman, Roy and Stewart Sanderson, in addition to the old Mere Gill party, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Miss Payne, R. F. Stobart, Erik Addyman, and E. E. Roberts. The cave was worked very safely and comfortably in two days by dividing into two gangs, the first two pitches being rigged by the first gang while the weather outside was very unpromising.

The sand at the start of the long final stream passage beyond the Third Pitch and the Bridge Pool was found still marked with footprints and "Y.R.C., 1912." Roy Sanderson and Roberts followed the unexplored dry tunnel from here, and after a trying crawl, partly over "stalagmitic ice" lying on mud, reached a broad passage containing a strong and rapid stream. The rope was unluckily abandoned on the way. Stobart entered next day a shorter tunnel from the Mere Gill stream, and after a very muddy crawl reached within sound of a stream, probably close to the end of the first tunnel. The new watercourse upstream very soon became a low bedding plane with no prospects to tempt the explorers on. A tramp of a quarter of a mile downstream led to a waterfall into another passage, which was identified, perhaps rashly, as the junction of the "Torrent" with the Mere Gill water. Fluorescein was put into Sunset Hole on the second day, but the party who followed the main stream to the Torrent waterfall had no result to report.

Miss Capper made the descent of the Second Pitch into the Canyon Hall.

*Penyghent, Little Hull Hole*.—Whitsuntide, 1913. Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Stobart and Messrs. Payne, Hazard, and Roberts descended the first pitch, and the two men who went on down the second (130 feet), found a straight narrow passage of over 100 yards. Difficult going, during which they had twice to lie right in the water, led to a twenty-foot pitch, which will need a ladder.

*High Hull Pot*.—Hull Pot itself points E. and W. Two hundred yards from the eastern end a beck, unnamed on the 6-inch map, is swallowed in a sink by which passes the Foxup track. At Easter, 1919, a pot-hole was found to have opened out here enough for access, probably in the preceding very wet winter.

On 7th June, 1919, J. V. Hazard and E. E. Roberts in turn descended 60 feet of ladder swinging free, and from the noise of the water judged that the pot is of considerable depth. Unluckily the electric lamp had been dropped over the edge, and the descent was made in darkness. Here is certainly a second great addition to the Penyghent pot-holes.

*Hull Pot*.—A large hole in 1916 had opened in the bed of the beck, not far from the pot, and the water could be seen flowing along a passage of the Douk type. A large boulder now blocks this hole, but any cave man, in suitable garb, with an electric lamp, can still reach the passage by chimneying past the waterfall in the upper cave of Hull Pot.

On 7th June, 1919, in a very dry spell, F. Payne, Miss Pilley, S. Sanderson, and R. F. Stobart entered the lower cave and crawled through the water to the upper. Foam was the principal obstacle met with.

*Ribbleside—Dismal Hill Hole*. (6th September, 1918; F. Payne and E. E. Roberts).—This lies exactly at the S. foot of Dismal Hill, which is S. of Old Ing Farm, in the line of the dry beck, half-way between a wall and the scar. It is entered by a very low bedding plane slit in the last sink-hole. Handline only required; depth 30 feet in all.

*Calf Pot or Dry Lathe Cave*.—Near Old Ing Farm. Requires one ladder from the bridge. Downstream, the cave is described by Moore in *Bogg's Border Country*.

September, 1915, Charlesworth and Roberts found that there was a fine passage upstream, straight, narrow, and low, with a splendid array of innumerable pipe-stem stalactites. These were treated with the greatest care. A desperate creep finally led to the bottom of a pot-hole containing a 40-foot waterfall, which comes from a sink right over on the E. side of the hillock next Calf Pot, 350 yards in a direct line.

*Ribble Swallow* (7th June, 1919; Payne's party).—When the Ribble is in flood, much the greater part of the water disappears into the left bank of Thorns Gill, just below Katnot Cave. It would be interesting to know if there is any printed reference to this.

Three entrances form an arcade, and at low level the water runs in direct from the lower. There is much drift wood within. The passage splits and then reunites. After the water disappears, a narrow rift, with timber jams and a small pitch, leads across a fine aven to the stream again. The finish is in a bedding plane against unexcavated shale, a thing unique in my experience.

*Somerset—Swildon's Hole* (near Wells).—This is one of Balch's discoveries, a remarkably fine cave with three main passages. Soon after

they unite the stream forms a waterfall into a fine wide pot-hole. Beyond this point exploration was not carried for a long time.

In 1914, Dr. E. A. Baker, R. F. Chandler, G. Baker, and E. E. Roberts found the waterfall feeble enough for progress. One ladder reached down through the fall into a very large pool. A good sized passage with much rotten rock led after a sharp bend to a 12-foot pitch, unclimbable and requiring another ladder. Dr. Baker and Roberts then followed the passage a considerable distance and were stopped by a difficult pool.

This point has not been reached again, though the fall has been twice descended. At the very dry Whitsuntide of 1919, an impossible amount of water defeated a party who expected to open out much new ground.

Transport difficulties are not serious and occur chiefly at the start, but the troublesome hole near the fall is almost too much for big men.

## II.—OTHER EXPEDITIONS.

*Ingleborough—Hardraw Kin or Far Douk Cave.*—Second descent, 8th and 9th June, 1919; F. Payne, Miss Pilley, R. F. Stobart, S. Sanderson, J. V. Hazard, E. E. Roberts. First descent, 14th April, 1906, by the Y.S.A.

Top passage, 200 yards, very narrow, conspicuous for the number of right-angled bends. First pitch, 100 feet. Next a steep climb, followed by second pitch, 36 feet, into a fine chamber. Although the pool at the foot of the ladder can be climbed across, the crack beyond is only an inch or two wide, and that is the end.

(In consequence of a slip in the text of the very accurate Underground Waters Report, it is well to repeat that the upstream passage has been repeatedly followed to its source, and that Hardraw Kin water has no connection with Sunset Hole, P. 99.)

*Long Kin East.*—The expedition down this passage though lengthy is very interesting. There are two short pitches, easier down than up, and then a more serious drop which requires a fixed rope. At a still deeper plunge, which is beyond the powers of two men and a rope, the passage broadens into a chamber, and the shaft of Rift Pot is seen on the far side near enough for stones to be flung in.

Rift Pot was first reached this way, 3rd June, 1906, by the Yorkshire Speleological Association. On 17th April, 1908, three Y.S.A. men made a traverse of the wall and bridges to join their party on the direct descent.

*Sulber Pot and Nick Pot.*—The position of these pot-holes is not well known. Nick Pot is the final plunge of the Shooting Box Beck from Simon Fell. The actual pot is a few yards down the water channel from the shallow surface pot. Sulber Pot is a dry shaft surrounded by a wall only a few score yards away in the direction of Sulber Nick and Horton. The walk from Gaping Ghyll to Long Kin East and then to Juniper Gulf leads direct to Nick and Sulber Pots.

*Disappointment Pot.*—It is curious that so few know of the existence of this cave, within 100 yards of the S. edge of Gaping Ghyll sink, directly in line of Fell Beck. It was discovered and christened in 1912 by Holden and others.

An obvious hole at the bottom of a deep sink leads to the head of a 15-foot pot-hole, which can be climbed to a stream. The waterfall upstream can be ascended, but the passage soon becomes too narrow to follow. Downstream the watercourse runs perhaps 200 yards, mostly narrow, and one part a severe struggle on the return, ending in a small pool and choke. It was once more traversed by the 1920 campers.

*Leck Fell.*—At Whitsuntide, 1919, by the courtesy of Mr. Welch, of Leck Hall, a number of members began the survey of the Leck Group of pot-holes. Mr. Welch was good enough to grant us the use of his shooting box. Death's Head Pot (200 ft.) was taken first and the survey completed. Gavel Pot and Rumbling Hole were among other descents made.

About these caves nothing has been written but "A Night in Lost John's," and the Editor has been disappointed in an article for the present *Journal*. Better luck next time.

*Rainscar Cave.*—On Blea Moor, half a mile from road fork below Ribbleshead station. At W. end of scar, near thorn tree, a beck flows out among rocks. Upstream choked by a big fall of rocks. Downstream a fine passage can be followed to a choke. Climb out into a sink and immediately re-enter the passage. After many rapid turns, deepish pools are reached, and then one can crawl out through the water, 70 yards from the second entry.

The beck sinks again at once, and can be followed to its final exit. Daylight is visible and only a few feet of six inch slit block the way. The water then runs down to Batty Wife Hole, which seems to be gradually opening out again.

*Sell Gill Hole* has been several times descended since 1914 by parties led by R. F. Stobart. The last descent was with Payne and Miss Pilley, Whitsun, 1919.

*Oxlow Cavern* (near Castleton, Derbyshire).—An amazing series of huge natural chambers, entered by an old mine. It was visited by Payne's party at Whitsuntide, 1915. A very narrow shaft went down 70 feet to a chamber, the floor of which sloped down 50 feet to a level space. From this a short passage led out on to the side of an enormous cavern. One ladder led to a platform and another through a tunnel in the platform to the entrance of a wide passage. This sloped down away from the cavern a very long way till it reached a wonderful series of vast connected halls. One ladder was needed to reach the floor. In one of the halls was a single ladder shaft.

Owing to the narrow shafts here and the stemples there, it was possible to climb back the whole distance, unroped, in luxury and ease. It is much to be regretted that since the Y.R.C. visit the entrance has been blown in, this on the evidence of one of the criminals.

## CLUB PROCEEDINGS.

1913-1914.—At the Annual General Meeting, held 15th November, 1913, the following were elected to hold office during the year—President, W. PARSONS; Vice-Presidents, C. A. HILL and A. E. HORN; Hon. Treasurer, A. E. HORN; Hon. Secretaries, F. CONSTANTINE and LEWIS MOORE; Hon. Librarian, J. H. BUCKLEY; Hon. Editor, W. A. BRIGG; Committee, E. T. W. ADDYMAN, C. E. BENSON, L. S. CHAPPELL, C. HASTINGS, F. LEACH, G. T. LOWE, W. E. WAUD.

The twelfth Annual Club Dinner, which celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the Club's foundation, was held at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, the same evening. The President, Mr. W. Parsons, was in the chair, and eighty-five members and friends were present. The Club was honoured by the presence among its guests of Mr. George Yeld, Editor of the *Alpine Journal*, Mr. G. A. Solly, President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, Mr. C. H. Pickstone, President of the Rucksack Club, Mr. George Seatree, President of the Wayfarers' Club, Mr. F. G. Fidden, President of the Ski Club of Great Britain, and Mr. F. T. Wilson, Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

The Club's coming of age was celebrated most successfully, and the Committee wish on behalf of the Yorkshire Ramblers to express their appreciation of the cordial congratulations of the kindred clubs, and of the many kind and sympathetic expressions of goodwill which were so generously accorded by their representatives.

Meets were held at Wasdale Head, Easter, and at Gaping Ghyll, Whitsuntide.

During the year six lectures were given as follows—1913, 2nd November, "Italian Life," A. Keighley; 9th December, "Ski-running," F. N. Trier; 1914—20th January, "The Coolin Ridge," Prof. E. C. Baly; 10th February, "The Yorkshire Dales," T. R. Burnett; 3rd March, "Strandaatind," W. C. Slingsby; 31st March, "Ingleborough Moor," C. Hastings.

1914-1915.—At the Annual General Meeting held 14th November, 1914, there were elected to hold office during the year—President, W. PARSONS; Vice-Presidents, A. E. HORN and H. BRODRICK; other Officers and Committee as the previous year.

There was no dinner, but each year during the war, a few members met after the Annual Meeting and dined together informally.

The following six lectures were given—1914—17th November, "India," Dr. V. Bateson; 8th December, "Ireland and Somerset," Dr. E. A. Baker; 1915—19th January, "Climbing in the Horunger," R. Bicknell; 2nd February, "Winter in Siberia," S. W. Cuttriss; 23rd February, "Southern Germany," R. Mackay; 4th March, "In the Coolins," A. Charlesworth.

1915-1919.—At the Annual General Meeting, held 20th November, 1915, the members elected to hold office, and re-elected at the three following meetings, were the following—President, W. PARSONS; Vice-Presidents, H. BRODRICK and H. WILLIAMSON; Hon. Treasurer, A. E. HORN; Hon. Secretaries, F. CONSTANTINE and LEWIS MOORE; Hon. Librarian, J. H. BUCKLEY; Hon. Editor, W. A. BRIGG; Committee, E. T. W. ADDYMAN, W. V. BROWN, T. S. BOOTH, C. HASTINGS, F. LEACH, G. T. LOWE, P. ROBINSON.

The following lectures were given—1918—12th March, "Fells, Dales, and Lakes," J. F. Seaman; 26th March, "George Borrow," A. Grime.

Meets in 1919.—Whitsuntide, at Leck Fell; 27th-29th September, at Austwick.

1919-1920.—At the Annual General Meeting, held 15th November, 1919, the following were elected to hold office during the year—President, W. A. BRIGG; Vice-Presidents, E. E. ROBERTS and C. R. B. WINGFIELD; Hon. Treasurer, A. E. HORN; Hon. Secretaries, F. CONSTANTINE and J. BUCKLEY; Hon. Librarian, J. H. BUCKLEY; Hon. Editor, W. A. BRIGG; Committee, E. T. W. ADDYMAN, C. E. BURROW, W. CLARKSON, LEWIS MOORE, W. PARSONS, J. F. SEAMAN, H. WILLIAMSON.

The Club consisted of ten honorary and 127 ordinary members.

The thirteenth Club Dinner was held at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, on 15th November, 1919. The President, Mr. W. A. Brigg, was in the chair, and fifty-four members and friends were present. Among the guests were Mr. G. Winthrop Young, President of the Climbers' Club, Mr. W. Brunskill, Scottish Mountaineering Club, and Mr. George Yeld, Editor of the *Alpine Journal*.

Two lectures were given during the year in the Philosophical Hall. 1920—16th January, "The Scenery of the Dolomites compared with the Scenery of Scotland," Dr. W. Inglis Clarke; 25th February, "War and Revolution in Siberia," H. T. Price.

Three very successful Club Meets were held—the Easter Meet at High Dungeon Gill, in better weather than elsewhere; the Gaping Ghyll Camp (Whitsuntide), and the Chapel-le-Dale Meet, at the Hill Inn (October), in perfect weather.

1920-1921.—At the Annual General Meeting, on 27th November, 1920, the following were elected to hold office during the year—President, W. A. BRIGG; Vice-Presidents, E. E. ROBERTS and C. R. B. WINGFIELD; Hon. Treasurer, A. E. HORN; Hon. Secretaries, C. E. BURROW and J. BUCKLEY; Hon. Librarian, J. H. BUCKLEY; Hon. Editor, E. E. ROBERTS; Committee, E. T. W. ADDYMAN, D. BURROW, C. CHUBB, W. CLARKSON, F. CONSTANTINE, C. D. FRANKLAND, J. F. SEAMAN.

The fourteenth Annual Club Dinner was held at the Hotel Metropole, on 27th November, 1920. The President, Mr. W. A. Brigg, was in the chair, and the Club welcomed as its principal guest Prof. J. Norman Collie, President of the Alpine Club. The kindred clubs were represented by Mr. J. Hirst, Scottish Mountaineering Club, Mr. George Seatree, Wayfarers' Club, Mr. H. P. Cain, Fell and Rock Climbing Club, and the Rucksack Club, to our special gratification, by the Rev. J. H. Smith, who fought in the war as a combatant officer of the R.G.A.

Four lectures have been given during the year, as follows—1920—9th December, "Some Mountains and Glaciers in Switzerland," A. E. Hassé; 1921—20th January, "Rambles in Ultima Thule," Dr. T. Lovett; 17th February, "Explorations of the Yorkshire Speleological Association," C. E. Burrow; 17th March, "Climbing in the Alps in Bad Weather," E. E. Roberts.

## NEW MEMBERS.

1915.

BENNETT, ARNOLD MARSH, 12, Brandon Grove, Newton Park, Leeds.  
RILEY, CECIL EDGAR EVELYN, Bank of England, London.

1919.

ALLSUP, WILLIAM, 63, Fishergate, Preston.  
DENBY, JAMES SIMPSON, Harehills Lodge, Newton Road, Leeds.  
GREENWOOD, WALTER H., 46, Ash Grove, Hyde Park, Leeds.  
BRAYSHAY, GEORGE HAROLD, 5, Balbec Avenue, Headingley.  
BURROW, CHARLES EDWARD, 7, Woodbine Terrace, Headingley.  
BUCKLEY, JOHN, Swiss Villa, Victoria Road, Headingley.  
SWITHINBANK, JOHN WILLIAM, 177, Rustling's Road, Sheffield.  
COWPE, GEOFFREY, 5, Norwood Terrace, Headingley.  
BURROW, DAVIS, 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, Roundhay.



ELLIS, JOHN DEVONSHIRE, 46, Cranley Gardens, S. Kensington.  
 APLEYARD, JOHN ERNEST, 28, Park Row, Leeds.  
 ODGERS, WILLIAM BILLING, 9, Balbec Avenue, Headingley.  
 COURTNEY, BASIL TOSSEVILLE, Well House Foundry, Meadow Road,  
 Leeds.  
 FRANKLAND, CLAUDE DEAN, 25, Brudenell Mount, Leeds.  
 LOVETT, THOMAS, The Beeches, Clapham, Yorkshire.  
 ROBERTS, ALEXANDER BRUCE, 15, Grange Court, Headingley.  
 POTTER, GEORGE, 56, Ridge End Villas, Headingley.  
 SMYTHE, FRANCIS SIDNEY, 51, Crossoak Road, Berkhamsted.

1920.

APLEYARD, JAMES CHANCELLOR, 27, Pendrill Street, Hull.  
 BUCKLEY, HENRY, Swiss Villa, Victoria Road, Headingley.  
 COULTON, JOHN, 24, King Henry's Road, London, N.W.3.  
 HUMPHREYS, ALBERT, 13, Rising Lane, Hollins Green, Oldham.  
 HUMPHREYS, HENRY, 8, Southway, Hollins, Oldham.  
 WOODWARD, ARTHUR MAURICE, 29, St. Michael's Crescent, Headingley.  
 CHAPPELL, FRANK HELLIWELL, Ashton Lodge, North Featherstone.  
 DEVENISH, HENRY PURCELL, 39, St. Michael's Road, Headingley.

1921.

BONNER, ARTHUR, 23, Streatbourne Road, Tooting Common, S.W.17.  
 BATES, BERNARD ARTHUR, Corriegills, Marshgrove Road, Huddersfield.  
 ANDERSON, JAMES ALEXANDER DUNLOP, 14, Blenheim Square, Leeds.  
 CREIGHTON, ERNEST, Beckett's Bank House, Helmsley.  
 GLAZEBROOK, ARTHUR RIMINGTON, 6, Butts Court, Leeds.

BACK NUMBERS.—These, which are limited in number, can be obtained from the Hon. Librarian (J. H. Buckley, 168, Wellington Street, Leeds). Price—Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 5, 5s. each; No. 2, 10s.; Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, 4s. each; No. 13, 3s. Specially designed green buckram cases for the four volumes, 2s. each. Postage extra.



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