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HIGH ATLAS FROM AZNI.

THE  
**Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal**

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A RAID ON THE HIGH ATLAS.

By W. V. BROWN.

Some time in December Beetham put before me two propositions:—Winter Sports at Maloja for Christmas and the Atlas Mountains for Easter. The former did not appeal to me as I can only take one long holiday in twelve months, and the prospect of the hottest part of the year without a break was not very alluring. The latter I thought might go and I promised to consider it.

I did so and motored over to see Beetham one Sunday in January to discuss ways and means, and having stipulated that, on arrival on the range, above 10,000 feet the speed of the party should be mine and not his (which, by the way, is the same at 13,000 as at 4,000), I agreed that I would join him.

Routes were looked out, and as, to use a legal phrase, "Time was the essence of the contract" it was decided that we proceed to Toulouse by rail and from there to Casablanca by 'plane. A certain world-known tourist agency was written to for quotations, which duly arrived, and a cheque was sent with instructions that places should be reserved all through, and we sat down to wait in patient impatience for the great day of departure.

Unfortunately, a cog in the tourist agency machine slipped, and two or three days before we were due to depart, we learned that owing to a mistake on the part of a clerk the 'plane seats had not been booked and that accommodation could not be had for several days.

This was a great blow, but we had to make the best of it. Beetham arranged to get away on the night of April 2nd instead of the following afternoon. He travelled to London during the night, and joined me (I had gone south comfort-

ably the day before and had had a good night's sleep) at Victoria station at 8 a.m., April 3rd. We had no definite idea as to how far we could book, but consultation with a booking clerk discovered the fact that he could give us tickets to Algeciras, and these we took. Paris was reached at 4.30 p.m. and left at 7.10, and we had a fairly comfortable night. We reached Irun at 8 on the morning of April 4th, and left at 9.35 for Madrid, which was reached at 9 p.m.

According to the Continental time-table we had to change stations and proceed on another train leaving at 11 p.m., but when, after a taxi-drive on a car with a very high-powered engine, a very loose steering gear and a reckless driver, we arrived (miraculously I thought), we found a special fast train just about to leave. We entered it but after walking from end to end and finding that it consisted of many first class, one third class, and no second class coaches, we were discussing the advisability of getting out and waiting for the later train, when it started off. A very voluble and gesticulating ticket inspector appeared, and having finally made out that, though it was a case of standing in the corridor, we were expected to pay an immense number of pesetas excess, we decided that we might as well stand in the third class corridor and keep the cash. We had a miserable night, though a newspaper spread on the corridor floor and our rucksacks for pillows enabled us to get a little sleep, disturbed at frequent intervals by people stepping over us. At 6 a.m., April 5th, we arrived at Cordoba and finding that several first class travellers had got out, we moved ourselves to comfortable quarters, where we soon had another interview with the ticket inspector, and having paid him umpteen pesetas, we were left in comfort.

Algeciras was reached at 3.5 p.m., just one hour too late for the Tangier boat, so we found an hotel, bathed and shaved—both of which were very much required. Having ascertained that dinner was at eight, we looked round the town, and seeing a pleasant-looking café, decided that coffee and an omelette would be useful. We had them, then decided to return to the hotel and rest till dinner. Alas for "the best laid schemes"! I turned in on the top of my bed fully clothed, about 4.30, anticipating a decent dinner and I did

not waken until 10.45 p.m., when I undressed, got into pyjamas and went to bed properly. When I met Beetham at breakfast next morning, I discovered that he also had been asleep until 10.30 when he, like me, undressed and went to bed.

The morning of April 6th was a very bad one—rain and a high wind, and there was a possibility that the steamer might not go. (There is no harbour at Tangier and one has to disembark by small motor boats). However, at 2.30 the wind dropped somewhat and we got away, and by adopting a horizontal position among some hawsers, managed to keep well until we arrived in Tangier Bay. Here Beetham got up. I waited until I heard the anchor go, then thinking that the worst was over, I also became erect. Alas! the steamer having lost way, gave an awful lurch, moved all ways at once, and my first, and I sincerely trust my last, Spanish lunch was discarded.

I should like, having enjoyed "Food and the Mountaineer," to know what Creighton has to say regarding Spanish cookery, with special notes in respect of garlic and olive oil. My own vocabulary, stretched to the uttermost, was too limited to do justice to the subject.

Having discarded lunch, I felt quite fit, and thoroughly enjoyed the step from the steamer to the launch, which was one moment level with the accommodation ladder, and the next many feet below.

In the launch we were immediately adopted by a picturesque English-speaking Moor, who took us to our hotel, undertook to get our passports attended to, secure our tickets and reserve seats for us on the motor-bus for Casablanca in the morning. All this he faithfully did, which relieved us and allowed us to attend to our more personal requirements in the way of food. I have no doubt that the dinner was excellent. Beetham said it was, but he has been in Tibet, and these things are, after all, relative, but I shall not cease to regret that the delightful-looking red mullet were cooked in the Spanish way in olive oil, and that after one taste I had to pass them.

We retired at 9 p.m., much to the disappointment of the Moor, who, very evidently pleased with the tip he got, wanted

to take us round Tangier, but we had to be up early to get the auto at 6.30.

The run to Casablanca was exceedingly interesting, and at first rather exciting. I watched the speedometer needle mounting until it reached and passed 90 (often it touched 100 kms.) and wondered what would happen if a tyre burst. The road seemed to be reserved for fast traffic, and the Moors with their caravans of camels, mules and donkeys moved on a wide track of rough land between the road and the cultivation. The country is perfectly flat and entirely without hedges or fences, but practically every small collection of native huts is surrounded by a zareba of prickly pear.

A stop was made at a small settlement with a French hotel between 11.30 and 12.10 for lunch. Rabat was reached at 3 p.m. and Casablanca at 4.45, and we began to feel that we were getting somewhat nearer. Our equipment, which had been sent by sea from Liverpool, was secured. Meta and some pans were purchased, and we settled down after dinner with the knowledge that on the morrow we should be in Marrakesh and in sight of our goal.

We were up early on the morning of the 8th, and the bus started off punctually at 6.30 on the second last lap of the journey, and having crossed the Little Atlas and dropped into the great plain, duly arrived at Marrakesh.

There was an epidemic of typhus and a conference of medical men, and every hotel was full, but through the good offices of a gentleman whom Beetham had met the previous year, we got settled at 6.30 p.m., and after dinner proceeded to draw up lists of necessary foodstuffs.

The 9th was spent partly in visiting the office of the Syndicat d'Initiative de Marrakesh to make arrangements and get permission to proceed, and secure tickets for the Rest Houses, which are the Atlas equivalent of the Alpine Club huts; in making the necessary food purchases, and in visiting the Sooks (bazaars).

A general store where nearly everything necessary could be got, was found, but we had great difficulty in finding a *boulangerie*. The trouble was overcome, just before we were, and 28 loaves were ordered. These had to be baked, and they were delivered at our bedroom about 1 a.m., when

we had to get up, accept delivery, and partly unpack the tent bag so as to accommodate them.

We rose at 4.45 a.m. on the 10th, and as, owing to the typhus trouble, the cars from the interior were not allowed inside the city walls, we had to get all our kit and ourselves packed into a *calèche*. This took us out and delivered us in an open space, poorly lighted by torches and lamps, and filled with a motley collection of Moors and cars. The Moor who accompanied us from the hotel was paid 5 francs, which he evidently considered handsome, as he insisted on shaking hands with us several times before departing.

Beetham and I got seats on the front of the car, the back being packed with Moors, and at 6 a.m. we started, only to be stopped in about ten yards by a peremptory hail in French. Two medical men with several attendants came up, ordered all the Moors out, and after the car was swabbed down with disinfectant we got away again.

We had been informed that the trip would take several hours, and were astonished when we arrived at Azni about 7.45, but on making inquiries we found that the length of time taken depended entirely on whether or not there had been any rock slides across the road during the night. We were lucky. The road was clear and we got through in good time without being called on to do any navy work.

"La Bonne Auberge" provided a second breakfast, and after seeing to our rooms and baggage we started out across the valley and climbed the ridge on the East, from which we got a magnificent view of the snow peaks. The heat was intense and Beetham who had unfortunately changed into shorts got his knees so burnt that he had to wrap handkerchiefs round them for protection. Some time was spent taking photos, after which we descended and got back in time for lunch. We then made another sally and got on to the West ridge, returning at 7 p.m., when we found the Sheik of Azni waiting for us. I am afraid our conversation was limited, but Beetham is a past-master at signs and seemed to make himself understood.

The morning of the 11th was bright and clear, and our mule-man La Sem turned up at 6.30. The panniers were packed by 8.15, and at 8.30 we were off. A stream had to

be loded almost at once, but we were saved the trouble of taking off our boots and were ferried across on very diminutive donkeys, the boy in charge of mine being so anxious that I should not get wet that in lifting my right leg clear of the water, he nearly threw me over to the left.

We kept steadily up the valley until 11.40 a.m., when we unloaded the mule and had lunch, re-loading and getting off again in an hour.

A punishing grind, which took so much out of me that I found it necessary when we had reached the highest point to call a halt for about five minutes, and marked only by one incident when the mule, being tired, with malice aforethought lay down in an irrigation ditch with the tent bag containing the loaves underneath, brought us to the hill village of Tashdirt and our first rest-house at 4.45. The place did not seem to have been opened for months and everything was sopping, but the floor and walls soon dried under the influence of opened door and windows, and with the rubber ground-sheet tied down across two camp beds we made ourselves comfortable and Beetham turned out an excellent dinner on a native charcoal stove. We turned in about 9 p.m.

The alarm watch was set for 6 a.m., but we both slept rather badly, and were up at 5.20 on the 12th. We got away at 6.30, making towards the mountain which La Sem called Iguenduane, reached snow at 7.15, and attained the ridge (about 12,000 ft.) Had a most excellent time and got down to Tashdirt about 3 p.m. The Sheik arrived soon after and departed hurriedly when Beetham presented him with three portraits of himself taken the previous year. He returned just as rapidly bearing gifts of six eggs, twelve potatoes, and an invitation for *kous-kous* later on. We assumed that this would be at his place, but La Sem was insistent that we should remain, and at 7.30 we found ourselves and the Sheik sitting round a wooden platter, diameter two feet, solemnly digging with one hand (having been warned in Marrakesh that it was bad form to use two), and making the best possible job of what we got.

So far as I could make out the dish consisted of:—bottom stratum, about two inches of finely chopped and sweetened

maize; second, two chickens which had been dismembered, that is the legs and wings were separated, the rest of the carcasses were entire; and top, sliced potatoes. The legs were easily managed, but I never again wish to tackle a body with only one hand and my teeth. The meal was rounded off with native coffee, which seemed to be 50% each coffee and cinnamon.

On the 13th we rose at 7.30, turned out at 9, making the Col Tizi Tashdirt about noon. We rested, having lunch, for about an hour and then made the summit of Angoura (about 11,000 ft.) first travelling over easy rocks and higher on snow which was in absolutely perfect condition, getting down to the rest-house at 4.30 p.m.

These two days were in the nature of preparation, and on the 14th we were up at 2 a.m., and on our way to Likount (12,750 ft.), by 2.45. Candles being scarce, we only took one and the glacier lantern lasted out until about five minutes before we reached the snow valley we were making for, after which we could see fairly well. The going was up perfect snow and we made good progress, but as we mounted I got slower and took frequent breathers while Beetham drew ahead until, when I arrived on the ridge, he was on a small peak which rose about 100 ft. higher to the east. He joined me and we had a second breakfast, during which we had a good look round and decided to proceed westwards.

The snow was in perfect condition and after doing three peaks I decided at 10 o'clock to rest and admire the views, while Beetham, who is absolutely insatiable, proceeded to the end of the ridge. He was away about two hours during which he was only in the range of my vision about half-an-hour, and when he rejoined me we lunched before starting down. The descent was made by a different route involving several detours, and finishing down a wonderful gully, in the bed of which we found a newly-dead mountain goat which had evidently fallen several hundreds of feet.

At 9.30 on the morning of the 15th we repacked, and with La Sem and the mule proceeded back on the Azni track for about 30 minutes, when we turned down into the valley, crossed the stream and commenced to mount the zigzags on the track to Arround, which was reached in a fairly easy

five hours over a 10,000 ft. col, then down through a very narrow gorge, which suddenly opened out into an immense basin, the whole floor covered with flattened out débris, through which a stream ran. We passed through the village on the left side at the entrance to the basin, and proceeded across to the rest-house about half a mile away on the other side.

After adjusting things we made a reconnaissance about two hours up the main valley, but could not come to any conclusions as the mists were very low and very little could be seen.

Next morning I was off colour, and Beetham suggested that I should rest while he proceeded towards Toum Ca and looked out a camping site as high as possible. He left at 7.45 and returned at 5.30, not only with a report of an excellent site about three hours higher, but also with the information that he had actually been to the summit—a marvellous *tour de force*, before which an ordinary individual like myself can only stand in silent admiration. La Sem, when informed by signs that he was required to get our baggage higher up the mountain, was obviously much perturbed and pantomimed the mule slipping and rolling down the mountain, and much persuasion was needed before he consented.

All necessaries were packed, and at 7.45 on the 17th we started out. We had about 30 minutes level going across the floor of the basin, and then the climb commenced. About one hour out we had to cross a mountain torrent, after which the difficulties were all for the poor mule, which negotiated steep rock slabs like a goat. At 11.45 we arrived at the camping place, and I found that Beetham's enthusiastic description was deserved. There was on the steep hillside one flat place, sheltered by an immense overhanging rock, its floor quite dry and spongy. It had evidently been used for centuries by goats as a shelter, and their droppings, feet deep, scoured by snows and bleached by the sun until they were odourless, made a perfect floor for the tent.

By two o'clock the tent was erected and our position consolidated; Beetham was busy with his camera, and I sat in the shadow in an endeavour to mend my cracked lips and cheeks. We are about 9,000 ft. up on the left bank of the stream. Toum Ca raises its pinnacles to the south of us,

and another rocky ridge looms up on the S.W. The valley up which we have come continues for about one mile S.W. and then turns south. The views are superb.

About 5 p.m. La Sem, who had been showing signs of uneasiness for some time, pointing to the sky and making the tent flap about, gave up, and taking the mule departed for the lower valley. Then Beetham and I proceeded to gather about a ton of rock, which we piled on all the pegs and also round the walls of the tent. In spite of this we had a night of fears that everything would be carried off. The wind started in gentle zephyrs, which raised little dust devils as we cooked our dinner, and rendered necessary the skimming of everything, then rose within an hour until it was shrieking past with quite a roar. We turned into our blankets about 9 p.m. hoping for the best, but fearing the worst. It was a most peculiar storm. There would be a roar, the fly-sheet would rattle and slap until we thought it could not hold any longer, then as if a giant shutter had closed it would suddenly cease absolutely, and there would be perfect quiet for an appreciable time. Then we would hear it coming again down the pass, getting louder and louder until it struck us, stayed with us a time, and then shut off again. The tent held, thanks to La Sem's perturbation and the rocks, but neither of us slept, and at 7 a.m. we turned out.

The wind was still strong and everything was covered thickly with finely powdered goat dung. It was impossible to get away from it, and our tea had to be sieved through a handkerchief inside the tightly closed tent, before we could drink it. The tinned butter turned out to be too rancid for me to eat, so we had some dry hard bread and biscuits, and packed up a good lunch to eat on the snow higher up. We started at 8.30, and in less than an hour were on good snow, and had a perfect climb to the Col Tizi Toum Ca (12,000 ft.) which we made about 11.30. We had perfect views from here. Away to the south Lac Tifnitz and the Sous country, and up to our left the frowning summit of Toum Ca, the south face of which was seemingly impossible, though Beetham tells me that he has registered a mental vow to prove sometime in the near future that it is only "seemingly."



Camp was reached about 2.30, and the rest of the afternoon spent taking photographs.

Beetham planned a long day on the 19th, and as I cannot move at his pace I decided on a rest for myself.

We both slept well and got up about 4 a.m. At 4.40 Beetham started out in very unpromising weather and I turned in again. At 7 o'clock La Sem and another Arab he had brought to keep him company, woke me. They were very worried. It was snowing hard, and they gave me to understand by signs that they wanted to pack up and get off. La Sem was also worried about Beetham, and kept pointing up the mountain. I dressed and started up the valley, and about 2 hours up, through a break in the mist, I saw Beetham coming down steep snow in a branch valley at a great pace. He had made the summit of Toum Ca again, in spite of the exceedingly bad weather conditions, and was very happy, but very wet and cold. The snow had ceased but it was raining heavily. The mists were rolling down, and the obvious thing to do was to get away.

La Sem gave us to understand that he could not bring the mule up, but that he and the other Moor would portage the stuff down, and about one o'clock we started, Beetham and I with heavy rucksacks, and the two Moors with appalling loads which they managed with apparent ease. We arrived at Arround about 3.30, and we were very thankful to get out of our wet things and get some food. La Sem's friend was given four francs and a tin of bully beef, which seemed to please him very well. It rained heavily all afternoon and at 7.30, having moved our beds several times in an endeavour to find places where they would escape the streams of water from the roof, we turned in.

We woke about 6.30 a.m., and as the weather was still bad we remained abed until 8.30 when the sun appeared and we got up. We put everything out to dry, and at 10 o'clock started up a rock peak just behind for photographic purposes. Beetham made a lot of exposures, and after an enjoyably lazy day we returned. After a walk round the native village and dinner, we retired early.

The 21st, our last day in the mountains, we meant to make the most of, and we were up at 4 o'clock and off at 5. Our



TOUM CA

*Photo by Beetham**Photo by Beetham*

objective was the beautiful peak unnamed, 20° W. of S. of the rest house, and we had the previous day, from the point we reached, made up our minds as to the route. It worked out perfectly. The snow was in good condition, and at 10.15 we were on the summit. We remained taking photographs, (which, owing to the changing conditions of rolling mists round the higher peaks, ought to be very beautiful), until 11.50, when we started down. There being no crevasses to worry about we let ourselves go, and got to the rest-house at 2 p.m., to La Sem's very evident relief, packed, and at 3.10 started our trek to Azni, arriving at La Bonne Auberge at 7 p.m.,—quite a strenuous day, but a worthy finish to a glorious mountain holiday. Mine host did us well with a perfect *omelette aux fines herbes*, cold roast hare, *petit pois*, oranges, walnuts and coffee, and we retired at 8.30.

Next morning after bathing in the stream, shaving (an awful job) and breakfasting, we settled with La Sem, who with his mule cost us the vast sum of 17 francs (2s. 10d.) per day. Along with a tip in money we gave him, to his great delight, some very ripe pyjamas and shirts, one tin pan and Beetham's old nailed boots. These latter appeared later, to our astonishment, on the feet of a Moor in the village who was evidently very proud of possessing them.

After lunch our baggage was carried up to the road, and during the interval which must necessarily elapse (with Moors) between schedule time for starting anything and actually getting away, we watched the life of the village. A Berber was pottering round an old Renault with a grease gun, while a yard or so away another butchered a kid, and in a most skillful manner stripped the skin off whole for later use as the ages-old type of water carrier.

After several false starts we finally set off at 2.15, and on a sudden impulse got off again at Tanaout, a typical hill village about midway to Marrakesh. After securing sleeping accommodation at a funny little *auberge* down by the river, we examined the village for prospects of photographing storks, nests of which were in abundance on roofs and on ends of broken down walls.

The evening here was delightful. Dinner, most excellent, was served to us outside in a terraced garden about thirty feet above the river. Night fell suddenly, when we were half done, and the frogs started calling, making a row which must be heard to be believed. Our table was set under a mimosa tree in full bloom, and we finished our dinner by the light of an acetylene lamp hung from a bough.

We were up at seven on the 23rd, and spent from 8.30 till 11.30 taking photos of storks, sitting on nests, standing on nests, taking wing from and returning to nests. Beetham's patience, like his appetite for climbing, is evidently without any limits, and I am looking forward to seeing the results. After lunch we were lucky to be taken to Marrakesh on a large bus which had brought along a party of cinema people and was returning empty. The evening was most uncomfortable owing to a high wind laden with sand, and we turned in early and carefully adjusted the mosquito nets.

Our bus left for Casablanca at 6.30 on the morning of the 24th, so we were up at 5.15, which just gave time for the usual coffee and rolls. Arrived about 11.45, and after securing rooms at the Excelsior Hotel, we called on the shipping agents regarding the transport of our equipment, and were agreeably surprised when told to leave the stuff together with the address, and everything would be done for us.

We were both very desirous of returning by the route we had originally purposed using, and as accommodation could not be had on the 'plane until the 27th, we had two days to use up. We decided that a day at Fadhala (25 kms.), would suit us very well, so after *café complet* on the 25th we, having ascertained from a lineal descendant of Ananias that 'buses went every half hour, started out in the hope of being picked up. It was atrociously hot, the road was dusty, there was no shade, and neither was there a bus. We walked 16 kms., and then decided to wait. We waited two hours. Still no bus, and Beetham seemed capable of waiting two more (I have already remarked on his patience), but it was 3.30, and I wanted something to eat, so I started back for Casablanca. I arrived at 5.40, and as it was long past lunch time, I had more coffee and rolls, bathed and settled down to wait for dinner time. Beetham turned up at 7 p.m. He had waited

another 15 minutes after I left and had then walked on to Fadhala, had an omelette and a rest, and also found a bus to carry him back.

The 26th we spent wandering round the native part of the town and through the markets, and went to bed early, as we had to be up at 3.30 next morning. The car from the aerodrome picked us up at 4.15, and at 5 a.m., having put on as much clothing as possible, we stepped into the cockpit, sat down on mail bags facing each other, adjusted our legs, and were off. It was dawn, and the lighted town and harbour looked wonderful from 2,000 ft. up as we circled round and then struck north for Rabat. We descended for mails at Rabat, Tangier, Alicante and Perpignan, and at 5.5 p.m. finished the air part of the journey at Toulouse, having done about 1,400 miles in 12 hours.

A car took us to the station, where we had time for a wash and dinner before catching the night mail train to Paris. We had one hour between Quai d'Orsay and the Gare du Nord, and there got the 10 a.m. boat train. I left Beetham at Victoria, and by great good luck got across London in a taxi in twenty minutes, caught the 6.15 L.M.S. train arriving in Leeds at 10.10 p.m., a total of 41 hours 10 minutes from North Africa to Leeds.



## THE WEST BUTTRESS OF CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU.

By F. S. SMYTHE.

It was a drowsy day in August, 1921, as I ground up the interminable zig-zags of the Gwynant track. Above, a clack of voices, the popping of bottles, and the pant of a train spoke of Britain's most vulgar hill-top, Snowdon. I breasted the last rubbish strewn slopes and paused for an instant amid the summit hubbub. The sun warmed; in the west a silver sea streak gleamed over hazed hill masses; on either hand Crib Goch and Lliwedd stretched austere arms embracing the sombre waters of Glaslyn and Llydaw. The clamour triumphed; I bolted down the Llanberis path and turning westwards along the Ranger's track regained quietude. I followed the track and presently turned right—expectantly. The ground was level for a few yards; suddenly it fell away; the breeze sougled gently over an edge. Five hundred feet beneath Llyn Arddu slept, a pool of purest blue in a maze of glacier borne boulders. I advanced nearer. Now I saw the slice of grey precipice connecting the sunny breast of the mountain with this grim hollow. I was looking down the east buttress of Clogwyn du'r Arddu. I know of no more dramatic view in Britain.

An article in the *Rucksack Club Journal* by H. R. C. Carr first attracted me to the crags of Clogwyn du'r Arddu. There are four buttresses, the Far East, the East, the West, and the Far West. In 1921 only the last named had been climbed, though Messrs. Abraham had made a short route up the east wall of the West Buttress. The Far East Buttress is broken and indefinite, but the East and West Buttresses present the most formidable rock faces in Wales. The continuity of the East Buttress is broken by a wide grass ledge running across the buttress at about two thirds of its height, but that is the sole break in the vertical sweep of slabs. The West Buttress is even more unrelenting and looks completely unassailable. The Far West Buttress slants back at an amenable angle, and its expanse of rough slabs affords delightful climbing of a quality comparable to the Idwal slabs on Glyder Fawr. There are several distinct routes, but given a dry warm day and rubber shoes, it is possible to wander almost anywhere.

In such wanderings lies the joy of solitary scrambling, and I was soon at the foot of the crags eager to sample the "delectable" climbing described by Mr. Carr.

There was a little wall to start with and a stiff groove; firm slabs followed. Little exertion was required; delicate treading took me up; dry turfy ledges prompted an occasional laze, the sun on the summit a pipe. I finished the day by girdling the buttress.

I visited the crags on two other occasions and girdled the East Buttress by the grass ledge—an expedition of no difficulty, but which served to emphasize the grandeur of the rock architecture on which Clogwyn du'r Arddu is built and the apparent impregnability of the East and West Buttresses.

In September, 1921, E. E. Roberts and I stayed at the Quellyn Arms, Rhydd-du, a cosy little inn between Beddgelert and Carnarvon, where we were hospitably entertained by Mrs. Owen, who is something more than a good cook, by virtue of previous hospital experience.

The weather was good and we spent three days on Clogwyn du'r Arddu. The first was devoted to the Far West Buttress and a curious route up the rocks between the West and Far West Terraces. It lies up a sloping shelf, and involves some awkward and sensational climbing in its lower portion where the shelf is narrow and slopes outwards. It is a worthy little scramble and we named it the "Giant's Trod."

The following day we attempted the East Buttress in a half-hearted vague fashion by a great chimney that appeared to run up to the grass ledge. We failed, and retired to take our revenge on the crags by ascending Messrs. Abraham's route. This includes an exhilarating chimney and an exit behind a large wedged stone which we shared with a stream. Roberts enjoyed it—it reminded him of pot-holing—but personally I thought it a detestable place.

Later we made the first ascent of the Far East Buttress. It is a disappointing climb and was rendered unusually unpleasant by hordes of trippers, who collected at the Clogwyn Station of the Snowdon mountain railway and howled at us. The rocks are indeterminate, evil, and untrustworthy, but there was a crack that we named the "Nonsuch" because it contained the only clean rock on the climb. We topped

the crags to a shriek of execration from the assembled tourists. I have in mind part of a parody I invented afterwards which hits off the points of the Far East Buttress. It runs :—

“ I laugh, for it reminds me so  
Of holds that wobbled to and fro,  
Our sneak up grass from far below,  
The heather tuft I daren't let go,  
Belays that had the vertigo,  
On Clogwyn du'r Arddu.”

We examined the West Buttress and walked round its overhanging base. At one place only did there appear any possibility of obtaining lodgment on the rocks and that was from a point a short distance from the foot of the Eastern Terrace which runs down to the east of the buttress. A turf ledge ran out to the buttress crest, but so impracticable did the face appear above the recess in which the ledge ended that we did not investigate it. Afterwards I remembered the place, and regretted having made no attempt upon it.

Impressions survive, and at Easter, 1928, when I next visited Wales, it was with the intention of proving beyond all shadow of doubt the practicability or impossibility of the West Buttress.

The East Buttress had fallen to the efforts and ingenuity of Messrs. A. S. Pigott and Morley Wood. They had gained the grass ledge two thirds of the way up the buttress by one of the fearsome cracks cleaving the lower wall, though the upper face above the ledge proved beyond even *their* splendid powers. The West Buttress remained, therefore, the last great problem in Wales.

A grey sky, a spit of rain, and a roaring gale greeted us as we passed over the Llanberis ridge of Snowdon by the track from Pen-y-pass. We were a large party, but none save myself had previously seen Clogwyn du'r Arddu.

The furies were abroad that day; the cwm beneath the crags provided scope for their rage. Writhing round it they seized the waters of the Llyn, whipped them into angry surf, and hurled upwards sheets of foam, whose spindrift beat the crest of the crags. Several times we were forced to throw ourselves flat, clutching at turf and rock, as the gusts roared

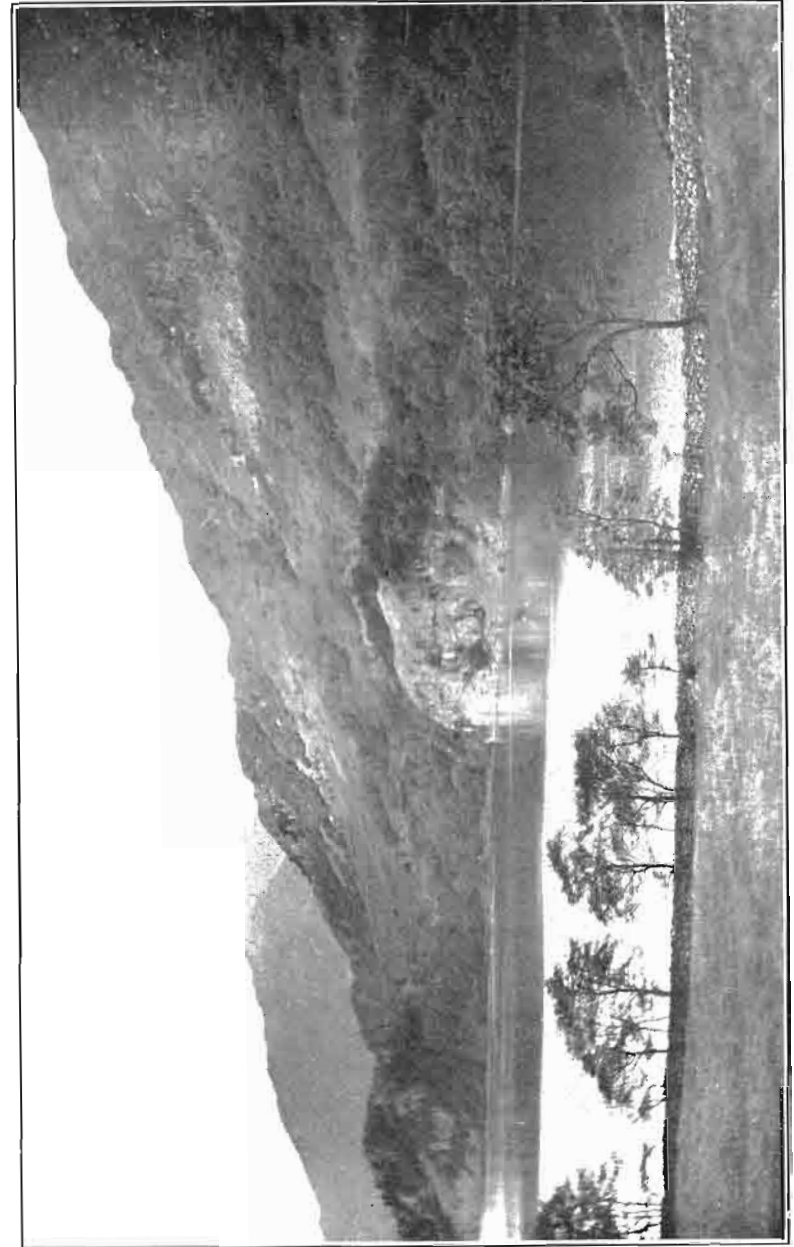


Photo by C. E. Benson

LLYN GWYNANT

by. Only once before have I experienced such a wind--on Ben Nevis during Easter, 1925.

We descended the easy scree to the west of the crags and passing around the foot of the West Buttress gained the Eastern Terrace. Meanwhile, Jack Longland, who had taken a short cut by climbing the steep rock wall at the foot of the Eastern Terrace, had climbed up an easy corner where stands a large block of rock, and continuing round the corner had gained the grassy recess. Returning, he assured me that he thought the rocks possible above the grassy recess, and together we climbed up to look at them.

I found myself gazing up the most impressive slab that I have seen in Britain. Picture a slab 250 ft. high, slanting up to the left in one great sweep and sloping slightly but disagreeably outwards in the same direction. On the right it is bounded by an overhanging wall, and in the angle thus formed springs upwards a tremendous cleft, half chimney, half crack. The left edge of the slab overhangs another and even more formidable slab. The average width of the slab is about 20 ft. and the inclination between  $70^{\circ}$  and  $80^{\circ}$ . Up it the eye wandered fascinatedly while the mind speculated half dreamily awed to passivity. I experienced a feeling that I have not encountered elsewhere in Britain, the feeling that all mountaineers who look for the first time up an unclimbed mountain face know, a gamut of emotion impossible to analyse. But even suppose the slab to be vanquished, what then? It ended in a small ledge crowned by a quartz sprinkled block, and above that the buttress leant out majestically. We scrambled up the Eastern Terrace and scanned it for a connection with the easier rocks above, but our scanning revealed nothing save a traverse that only "went" to the eye of faith, and the eye of faith is not always the servant of cold reason.

The attempt was made two days later by Longland, Graham Brown, C. Wakefield and myself. The weather was not propitious, and by the time we had reached the foot of the crack a drizzling rain was falling.

There is nothing of ease about the climb; it is difficult at the start, and the difficulty is sustained. First was a narrow chimney. Longland made light of this, but, as is usual

at the commencement of a climb, I bungled it completely. At the top of the chimney is a slab of remarkable smoothness to which clung decrepit masses of turf. Now all the best works on mountaineering deplore the use of grass and heather as hand or footholds. Be that as it may, I must confess to deriving great satisfaction from the vegetation decorating the slab, and so I believe did the leader.

Another very steep and exposed piece of work brought Longland to a small stance where it was possible to thread the rope behind a small stone wedged in the crack. Graham Brown was now at the foot of the crack and Wakefield out of sight at the corner by the big block. Suddenly—how I do not know—a mass of turf was dislodged and went hurtling down on to Graham Brown. The turf harboured in its bosom a large ugly stone which made straight for Graham Brown's head. He had barely time to raise his arm to defend himself when it struck him, fortunately upon the forearm, bruising him severely. Apologies crept down in due course; undoubtedly the climb was in need of cleaning.

Longland, having secured himself by the threaded rope, invited me to pass him and try the next section. It was a formidable bit of work, how formidable those who follow will have no conception. One advanced a foot or so at a time, digging for holds and removing turf piecemeal; yet the rock beneath was sound and we were only experiencing what all the early pioneers of British rock climbing experienced. In a year or so ladies will climb the West Buttress of Clogwyn du'r Arddu and marvel at the difficulties we encountered.

Higher up, the overhanging wall on the right bulged out repulsively. An awkward movement to the left was necessary and an upward pull on the arms to a small stance. A pebble was wedged in the crack at this point, and after many laborious efforts I managed to thread the rope behind it and thus protect my ascent. The pull was a strenuous one; the overhanging bulge gripped the back lovingly. A haul, a heave, a gasp, a sinuous straining, and it was done. I found myself accommodated in a little corner where dwelt a friendly rock leaf which would obviously serve both as an excellent belay and a means of descending on a doubled rope.

We became alive to the fact that rain was falling steadily; malicious trickles began to course down the slab and crack; the holds were becoming slimy, and wet holds have a curious knack of dwindling to half the size they appear when dry. There were murmurs from beneath, the tail of the rope, hitherto patient and stocally silent, began to voice its grievances. Longland and I were sheltered and comparatively dry, Graham Brown and Wakefield were wet and cold through inactivity. Retreat was unanimously decided upon, but before retiring Longland climbed up and past me where he could see something of the route ahead. He returned with the glad news that it would undoubtedly "go" but that it was a question of rubber shoes and dry rocks.

As last man down I had no intention of climbing the wet and slippery rocks. I cut off a length of rope, looped it around the rock leaf, threaded the rope through, and after the usual contortions managed to get into the correct double roping position and slide off my perch down the airy reaches of the great slab.

Normally there is a certain pleasure to be derived from descending a doubled rope over a steep rock face, but on this occasion the rope was possessed of seven harsh devils, and instead of a dignified progression I proceeded in a series of profane jerks. The wet hemp clung to my breeches and cut cruelly into my thighs, and when I arrived eventually on the grassy recess it was with a feeling of thankfulness that I was still homogeneous flesh and bone and not sawn into two portions.

Thus ended the first round with the West Buttress; but if it had defeated us, it had only done so with the assistance of a perfidious ally—the weather.

Two days later C. A. Elliott, Graham Brown, and I returned to the attack with the intention of exploring from above. The weather was bad; a chill mist enveloped the crags; a biting wind numbed both ambition and fingers, but we gained some valuable knowledge.

The upper portion of the buttress is easy, and we descended with but little trouble to a point some twenty feet above the quartz crowned ledge at the top of the great slab. From a rocky platform above we gazed down an overhang, fifteen

feet high, to the ledge. The rocks are rough and firm but there seemed small chance of climbing the overhang, even if the great slab succumbed and the quartz crowned ledge was attained. The alternative lay in a traverse to the west from the latter round a corner and thence across a steep slab, but it looked a most sensational and tricky piece of work. Yet another alternative was to swing the leader from the end of the ledge down to a shallow groove which appeared feasible. He could thus ascend and hold the remainder of the party over the traverse from directly above.

Easter passed and Whitsun came, but the genius of bad weather presided over Clogwyn du'r Arddu. Once more a fierce wind goaded the Llyn to fury and rain slashed the crags. R. Ogier Ward, Graham Brown, and I, setting out from Beddgelert, explored downwards once more, but got no further.

On Whit Monday Graham Brown and Ward unfortunately had to leave. That evening there were rumours of three men having been seen on the West Buttress. On Tuesday a party of us left Pen-y-pass in two motor cars and after sundry adventures, in which a climbing rope was called upon to haul one car out of a ditch, reached the last cottages of Hafotty Newydd above Llanberis.

G. W. Young accompanied us. The previous day he had ascended the East peak of Lliwedd by Route II., a great feat, and one indicative of his extraordinary arm power and skill. We would have given much to have had him with us on Clogwyn du'r Arddu. In addition to Longland were P. Bicknell and Waller, but they were present as spectators and not to accompany us on the climb.

For once the weather was perfect; the papers were ridden with headlines on the "Heat Wave," and photographs of "bathing belles" predominated in the pictorial pages.

As one approaches Clogwyn du'r Arddu from Llanberis, the crags rise seductively over the desolate upland valley of Arddu. We laboured over the boulder-strewn slopes, perspiring gladly, and scanning the West Buttress for signs of renewed activity. We gained the well-defined moraine to the north of Llyn Arddu and saw three figures clamber up

to the Eastern Terrace to the foot of the climb. There they halted, sat down, and appeared to regard us.

The steep sixty-foot wall at the foot of the Eastern Terrace is a wet, loose, turfy, and unpleasant place. Up it Longland proceeded nonchalantly, but when my turn came I must confess that my general bad climbing condition which had been painfully obvious during the past three days, combined with a heavy rucksack, resulted in ignominious failure. Bicknell and I therefore scrambled round by the ordinary easy way.

Sitting on the terrace we found Eversden, Pigott and Morley Wood. It was they who had attempted the buttress on the previous day, and they had been very surprised to find the rope sling that we had left behind at Easter. They had got some twenty feet higher than we and had spent three and a half hours in intensive "gardening." They considered the rocks possible above the point they had reached, and had driven in a piton as a belay. But unfortunately the piton had been dislodged and, unwilling to tackle the section above with no support, they had retreated. Now, and most unselfishly, they advised us to try it, but this we were unwilling to do. Lounging on the terrace we expatiated—between mouthfuls of sandwiches—upon the obvious advantages of combining the two parties. It would be happier in every way. They had attempted the buttress and failed; so had we. Clogwyn du'r Arddu could hardly stand the shock from a combined attack by a combination of both defeated armies thirsting for revenge.

We started in the following order—Longland leading, Pigott, myself, Eversden, and Morley Wood as sheet anchor bringing up the rear.

Conditions were very different from those on our last attempt. The day was warm and oppressive and the rocks dry. Longland went ahead in great style and was soon up to the second stance with Pigott ensconced above the first awkward slab. Soon came a pull on the rope and a cheery "Come on!" indicative of advance on my part.

When Pigott, Morley Wood, and Eversden retire from their professions they will always be able to pick up a comfortable living as landscape gardeners of the severe type. The climb was unrecognisable; where previously one had



grasped substantial masses of turf there was now smooth and uncompromising rock.

"How on earth do you get up this?" I inquired of Pigott as I scrambled about on the lower slab above the initial chimney.

"Well, you'll have to use that tuft," he replied, pointing to a sparse and limp beard of grass hanging over the edge of the slab.

"Glad you've left something," I growled to myself, and pulling viciously at the beard sprawled over the edge.

Within twenty minutes Longland passed the stance where our rope loop of Easter still dangled; Pigott joined him, and Longland progressed to a tiny turfey ledge, set some twenty feet higher on the lean face of the slab. Above was the section that had stopped the others on the previous day. There was a long wait; the place would hardly yield softly. I advanced to the rope ring, and Pigott went up to join Longland on his diminutive ledge. Came another long wait. I looked up; two pairs of dissimilar breeches were actively defying gravity above. Eversden, who had joined me, was quietly contemplative. Morley Wood's appreciative grin illuminated the depths. Now and again remarks and instructions floated down. "In there; test it; now stick the rope through, take it gently and if you get tired come back." What had actually transpired was that Pigott had thoughtfully carried up two stones in his rucksack; one of them had been cunningly inserted into the crack and a loop of rope cut off and tied to it.

Longland had meanwhile changed into rubber shoes, but even with their aid his lead of the section above was a brilliant piece of climbing. To my mind it is the hardest bit of the ascent and consists of an overhanging splayed out chimney whence it is necessary to step far out to the right. It is a long stride; the balance is critical; the handholds mere finger scrapes; the exposure and the precipice beneath terrific. Only a man at the top of his form with nerve and skill working in perfect unison could safely make it. Above was another slab, and if any particular portions of the climb are to be named I respectfully suggest as a suitable title

the "Faith and Friction Slab." As I vacated the comfortable little hold at its foot I gazed downwards for a moment and marked Bicknell and Waller disporting themselves like two tiny red frogs in the transparent waters of the llyn; on the opposite bank two pink patches told of Geoffrey Young and his shirt, though at that distance it was impossible to tell which was which.

"Have you got the matches?" inquired Pigott from above. These matches were throughout the climb a constant source of anxiety to Pigott, but on every occasion that we were together we forgot them, only to remember them when we were far apart again. There is in fact no portion of the climb which is not associated to my mind with Pigott's craving to smoke and his demands for matches.

The air was breathless and hot; a smooth slate-coloured cloud underhung with coppery billows of cumuli slid lazily over Snowdon; a dusky purple swept down the cwm. Undoubtedly a storm was brewing, and rain was the last thing we wanted on the climb.

Above the "Faith and Friction Slab" Pigott had, in the absence of a good belay, driven in a piton. It was certainly the first that had ever gladdened my eye on a British rock climb, indeed I understand that at Wastdale Head the hand which can drive a piton into British rock is regarded as capable of pulling a trigger upon a fox. Be that as it may, I have never seen a place either at home or abroad that called more for a piton, and I must own to a vast feeling of satisfaction on being attached to it.

Why describe the remainder of the great slab in detail? It is a job for the guide-book writers. No doubt every handhold and foothold will be earmarked and catalogued in the future, because this route is the most unique that I know in Britain. The slab fought to the end—there was never a bit that was not difficult—and finished in a defiant overhang of turf clods. Lower down there was a section which was better climbed quickly, for the holds were small, and a man cannot pull indefinitely upon the tips of his fingers. Up it Longland floated with effortless ease and grace. Suddenly there was a shout of joy; he had reached the quartz crowned ledge; the great slab was vanquished! The shout was taken up by

each member of the party and echoed joyfully around the cwm; our friends beneath clapped vigorously.

As I followed there came the ominous rumble of moving boulders, and I more than once rebuked Longland and Pigott for thus rudely disturbing the peace of mind of those yet on the Great Slab.

The final pitch is very difficult, but at the last moment the wandering hand grasps a hold at least as comforting as the "Thank God" hold on Lliwedd. A stout heave, and the body writhes over the top; nothing remains save a few feet of easy work to the quartz crowned ledge.

The ledge is actually a detached pinnacle separated from its parent cliff by a cleft which is choked with boulders. It was the movement of these that had interrupted my philosophical abstractions on the final section of the Great Slab. The ledge is only a few feet wide, but after the inch-wide holds of the last 250 feet it appeared as a veritable ballroom or Brighton Promenade. The situation is amazing; the wall beneath is all but vertical to the base of the cliff; the face above overhangs. It is the ideal eagle's eyrie of fact or fiction.

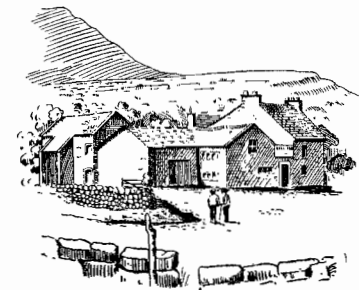
Then did Pigott produce his cigarettes and, lo, the matches were forthcoming. A little later we were all united on the ledge struggling to extricate ourselves from the cobweb of rope that ensnared us.

The fates had been generous; it was not until the ledge was attained that the deluge was released. Had we been caught half way up the Great Slab our position would have been distinctly unpleasant, especially in view of the leader's rubber shoes, and we should have been forced to double rope down again—always a tedious business for a large party. But Clogwyn du'r Arddu had dozed that languorous May afternoon and had awakened too late to preserve its dignity by invoking the aid of the weather. True, we were not yet up, but we were within fifteen feet of the point to which we had descended when exploring from above. Certainly the fifteen feet were overhanging, but more than a fifteen-foot overhang was required to stop Longland at this stage. Personally, I had half hoped that the previously considered and old-fashioned manœuvre of "swinging the leader" from the end of the ledge into the groove up which

we had planned to go might be essential. Longland, however, settled the question in arbitrary fashion by clinging up the overhang—the solitary piece of pure gymnastics on the climb—and gaining the platform above. The rest of us were in no particular hurry to follow, and we crouched down out of the rain contentedly smoking, in the pleasant consciousness that Longland was sitting above and getting wet. Finally, one by one we strained up the overhang to the familiar ground above.

Some twenty minutes later and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours from the foot of the buttress we were grasping Longland's hand on the summit of the crags and congratulating him upon his magnificent leadership.

It had been a great, a grand climb, and a very happy party. Now as we stood on the summit the storm was easing. In the east dim hills peered unsubstantially through a mist veil; overhead, the rearguard of dense cumuli shook the last raindrops from their skirts; a steady line of washed blue advanced hard on the cloudy legions of the retreating storm; in the west a bushel of golden sun sovereigns gleamed on the distant sea. Turning, we plunged down into the shadowed cwm.



## NOTES OF A CAMPAIGN IN THE ALPS, 1927.

By F. S. SMYTHE.

*Monte Rosa, Dufour Spitze and Signal Kuppe.* With J. H. B. Bell (S.M.C.).

*Aiguille du Plan, Second ascent of E. face.* With J. H. B. Bell (S.M.C.), July 24th-25th. This route was first climbed by V. J. E. Ryan with Franz and Joseph Lochmatter in 1906. Franz Lochmatter tells me he considers it the finest climb on the Aiguilles and one of the most difficult he ever did.

Left Montenvers 2.30, climbed icefall of Glacier d'Envers du Blaitière mostly by rocks on N. side. Crossed two large schrunds. Upper bergschrund turned by difficult ice traverse on right. Ryan's party gained the big bending arête descending from the summit near its base. Owing to iced rocks we found this impossible and were forced to climb the very steep and difficult couloir between the Plan and the Dent du Crocodile, just reaching a place of safety before the sun detached the first avalanches. Five hours cutting up an ice slope so steep that handholds were necessary brought us to the arête at 2.30 p.m. Climbed exceptionally severe series of holdless cracks, in one of which Bell lost his axe, till 6 p.m. Bivouacked on the only ledge more than a foot wide we saw on the climb. Perfect weather and a reasonably comfortable night in a Zdarsky tent-sack. Left 7 a.m. and continued up very severe rocks. Much time lost in flogging away unstable snow edges. A 100 ft. overhanging wall turned by the worst and most exposed traverse I've ever seen, which the leader did in bare feet. The last chimney was filled with ice and a most difficult 80 ft. crack was climbed on the right. Summit at 3 p.m. The last 800 ft. took 8 hours. Even allowing for bad conditions Bell and I consider this the most continuously exacting ice and rockwork we have ever undertaken. It must always remain a monument to the incomparable Lochmatter brothers.

*Col de la Brenva.* With R. O. Ward, G. S. Bower, August 1st.—On 31st July Bower, G. G. Macphee and I cut steps up

the steep ice slope of the Col Trident to prepare a way for the morrow. We then went back to the Torino hut where we met Ward and Bell. Aug. 1st, left hut 1.20 a.m. On the ice slope of Col Trident Macphee broke his axe and returned, accompanied by Bell. Arrived Col Trident, 5. Foot of Moore's arête, 6 a.m. It cannot be emphasised too much that the route to the *right* of Moore's arête is a thoroughly bad one and is only climbed by bad mountaineers! End of the famous ice arête, 9.10. This is a wonderful ridge 400 yards long, as sharp as the blade of a knife, and one advances like a tight-rope walker with toes pointed out. Foot of final séracs 11.30. Top of an ice chimney between two séracs 1.30 p.m.; Mur de la Côte, 2.0 p.m.; Chamonix, 10 p.m.

*Grépon from Col Nantillous via Knubel Chimney.* With G. S. Bower, Aug. 3rd. The Knubel Chimney was ascended by means of tactics similar to those employed on the Flake Crack, Scawfell Central Buttress, *i.e.*, leader (Bower) brought me up to the chockstone, tied me on to it and threaded his own rope through two loops passed round the chockstone. Bower considers this harder than the Flake Crack.

*Col Innominata and Aiguille Joseph Croux.* With G. S. Bower and G. G. Macphee, Aug. 8th.—Ascended to Col Innominata from Gamba hut en route for Aiguille Blanche de Pétéret but doubtful weather forced retreat, so ascended Aiguille Joseph Croux, a difficult rock peak. Thunderstorm that evening.

*Traverse of Aiguille Blanche de Pétéret.* With G. G. Macphee, Aug. 10-11th.—Left Courmayeur 9 a.m., Gamba hut 1.30 p.m. Left hut 5.15 p.m. Col Innominata 6.35. Crossed difficult ice fall of Fresnay Glacier to foot of couloir dropping from Brèche des Dames Anglaises. Turned large bergschrund well to left and traversed above into couloir. Ascended in moonlight, using Eckenstein crampons, and climbed S.E. arête of Aiguille Blanche till 2 a.m. when moonlight failing, bivouacked. Left 5.30. An ominous dawn, but decided advance was safer than long difficult and dangerous

retreat. Summit Aiguille Blanche in bad weather, mist, wind and snow, 1 p.m., Col Pétéret in *tourmente* 3 p.m. Made first descent to Fresnay Glacier by "Grubers Felsen," where Professor Balfour and Johann Petrus were killed, very difficult rocks, abseiled 5 times. In danger from stones and ice blown off Aiguille Blanche by the hurricane. Descended Fresnay Glacier and crossed Col Innominata. Descended to Gamba hut in the most extraordinary thunderstorm we had ever seen, a continuous blaze of violet light and roar of thunder. This was the storm which resulted in a cloudburst over Montreux. Reached hut 9 p.m. Actual climbing time about 27 hours.

*Mont Blanc by Col Maudit.* With G. G. Macphee, Aug. 14th. Left Torino hut 12.35 a.m. wearing crampons. Crossed bergschrund 2.30, climbing by brilliant moonlight, took to rocks in couloir. Kept too far up under great sérac wall and had a difficult traverse over iced rocks to the foot of a steep wall with good holds. An ice slope above. Top of Col at 6.35, an hour less than the Gugliaminas and the 3rd ascent of the S. side of this col. Mont Blanc du Tacul 7.45. Then over Mont Maudit in a bad wind and up Mont Blanc in a very cool *tourmente*. Summit of Mont Blanc 12.30 p.m., Montenvers via Plan des Aiguilles 6 p.m. This is believed to be the first ascent of Mont Blanc from the Col du Géant by this combination of routes and it makes a magnificent climb as the rock and ice work of the Col Maudit are excellent.

*Petite Aiguille Verte.* With Professor T. Graham Brown. A pleasant easy day from the Montenvers.

*Mont Blanc, first ascent direct from Brenva Glacier (Sentinel Route).* With T. Graham Brown, Sept. 1-2nd.—Left Torino hut 3.30 a.m. wearing crampons. Crossed Col des Flambeaux en route to Col Trident. Found soft snow and decided to abandon climb and go up Tour Ronde to view lower part of route. Went up Col Ouest de Toule and traversed Torrione d'Entrèves. Descended to Géant glacier and ascended steep snow and ice to E. arête of Tour Ronde. Weather so good and snow so perfect on S. facing slopes that we decided to go on. Traversed horizontally across steep S. face of Tour Ronde,



AGASSIZHORN.

Photo by F. S. Smythe.

thereby saving probably two hours. Interesting climbing to Col Occidental de la Tour Ronde. Descended to Brenva glacier 11.40 a.m. Steep ascent to little col at foot of Brenva arête which we propose to call Moore's Col. Reached rocks at foot of Moore's arête 2 p.m. Rested till 4.53, when sun had been off the face for over an hour, stones had ceased falling, and snow was safe and crusted. Traversed across face towards Pétéret arête in an upward direction, crossing four couloirs over very steep snow. Conditions very safe and not a stone was seen or heard. Ascended to foot of a conspicuous 200 ft. red rock buttress at 7.10 p.m., which projects well out from the face and forms a splendid and safe bivouac place. Under this, "The Red Sentinel," we bivouacked. Night long and bitterly cold. Left at 5.30 a.m. Crossed steep, slabby and icy couloir to W. of Red Sentinel to crest of the arête bounding E. side of the immense couloir dropping from near the summit of Mont Blanc. Descended into couloir and mounted over very steep snow and ice, keeping in safety under rocks of the arête. Crossed E. branch of couloir to arête separating it from W. and main branch. Reached this arête 7.10, breakfasted, left 8.10. This arête is composed of magnificent firm red granite similar to the Aiguilles. A big perpendicular pitch turned on right by difficult rocks. Steep ice led back to arête. Higher, another ice traverse necessary, and difficult work to regain arête. Two knife edge snow ridges followed. Reached top of arête 10.30, rested till 11.15. A steep rock wall followed, climbed by a fine chimney. Above this an upward traverse over very steep and extraordinarily hard ice of a consistency similar to that encountered near the top of the Brenva. Were forced to right till almost beneath the final huge ice wall, difficult rocks and another ice slope followed. More rocks led up to the left of the ice wall where it peters out in the final ice slopes. A traverse on very steep ice led to an ice rib. On the sunless side of this ice rib was 2-3 inches of snow which just enabled our new and sharp Eckenstein crampons to grip. Climbing quickly we crossed the final cornice at 3.30 p.m., to find 400-500 ft. of easy snow separating us from the summit of Mont Blanc. Summit of Mont Blanc 4.15; Vallot hut, 5.15. Descended next day via Dôme and Aiguille du Gouter and Tête Rousse.

The climb is about 4,500 feet in length. The *average* angle of the face is 45°, but from the Red Sentinel to the summit it is a good deal steeper. The rock is magnificent and the snow and ice work first class. A bivouac is essential in order to cross the couloirs late in the day and early in the morning. The séracs were remarkably safe, due to the lateness of the season and only one ice avalanche fell early in the night when, owing to frost, they are most likely to fall. Crampons are essential both for speed and safety. Perfect weather is necessary. A party caught high up by a snow-storm could not retreat.

*Grands Charmoz.* With T. Graham Brown.

*Les Courtes, First ascent direct from Taléfre Glacier.* With Prof. T. Graham Brown, Sept. 10th.—Delayed in starting from Couvercle hut by bad weather and did not leave till 6 a.m. Foot of rock rib (point 3117 New Vallot map) running from Taléfre Glacier to a point slightly to S.E. of summit, 8 a.m. A large scree slope about 150 ft. from the foot of the ridge reached by a chimney on the right of the ridge and a steep 15 foot wall. Easy scrambling for about 200 feet to a pitch climbed by a curious bending crack. Easy scrambling for 1,000 feet up broken rocks follows. Ridge then narrows and gives good climbing to the foot of a conspicuous red gendarme. This gendarme was turned by a traverse on the left over rocks rendered difficult by *verglas* and powdery snow. The main S.E. arête of the mountain was attained without further difficulty about 100 ft. from the summit. Summit at 2 p.m. Descent by Col de la Tour des Courtes to Couvercle 6.30 p.m. Montenvers 10.30 p.m.

## SOME PEAKS BY THE LAKE OF COMO.

By W. A. WRIGHT.

The delightful recollection of an ascent of Monte San Primo during an Italian holiday among the art treasures of Florence, Milan and Sienna, with the reading of Freshfield's *Italian Alps*, induced me to visit again this picturesque and lovely district of lake and mountain form, and so add to my store of Alpine memories.

My avowed object was to make the ascents of the Grigna and Legnone, with other small peaks. The choice of companions was finally settled by friends being unable, for private reasons, to accompany me, and thus I was thrown upon the services of my Chamonix guide, Alfred Balmat, with whom I have spent several seasons in the High Alps. The circumstances of the War, the early period of the year, the middle of May, induced me to avoid the risk of having to engage inferior local guides, or worse than this, being thrown upon my own resources. Secondly, training and hut accommodation. For the smaller peaks perhaps no preparatory training was necessary, and my experience in the summer months in the Alps assured me that progressive climbing proves successful. As regards the overnight use of huts, I was only disappointed in this respect on the summit of the Grigna.

Arriving at Lugano on May 14th after some pleasant visits to the usual tourist resorts, Castagnola, Gandria, Caprino, I left the hotel in the early morning for the ascent of Monte San Salvatore, having made sure of the path by prospecting the day before. The path fully earned its reputation of being stony, and contrary to my anticipation bore round to the side of the mountain overlooking the Lake towards Monte Generoso. After inspecting the Pilgrimage Chapel on the summit, and taking light refreshment at a café a little lower down, I made my way along the path towards Carona, and selecting a resting place under some shrubs enjoyed a good lunch and a siesta.

A very charming walk brought me to the village of Carona with a quaint old church, and famous as the home of the Lombardi, the Venetian family of artists. A steep stony

path took me down to Melide on the Lake, another of what I chose to call *Vie Dolorose*, or cobbled stony paths, which we had to use on each of the ascents. I took the boat from Melide to Lugano and enjoyed a beautiful view of Monte Bre reared up fan-shaped above the surrounding hills. The walk over San Salvatore was a delightful experience with this exception,—we were deprived by mists of the eagerly expected view of Monte Rosa and other Alpine peaks.

The following day I took the cable railway up Monte Bre, and walked down through the woods to Lugano. On entering the hotel I espied the sturdy form of Alfred Balmat of Chamonix in the lift. After a discussion of plans we left for Cadenabbia on Lake Como, and found comfortable quarters at Hotel Belle Ile. We started early in good weather conditions for the ascent of Monte Crocione. Across the greater portion of this peak an outcrop of rock obtrudes from South to North, nearly from the base to the summit, out of which has been made a paved path for a portion of the way above the meadows. There has been a constant strife between Nature and man's efforts to maintain this, as shown in its rough condition, the path being strewn with stones and blocks fallen from the side of the mountain and uprooted from the coping of the outer side. By a plodding climber such difficulties however are easily overcome. After passing through a tunnel we made a traverse to the right and came immediately under the summit, which was reached by a steep grass slope running alongside a small stone wall. A large wooden cross crowns the summit (4,695 ft. above Lake Como).

From this point we had the best far distant view of the holiday, the sun shining through some silvery clouds which hung low above the distant peaks and snow fields. There being little possibility of seeing Monte Rosa, we abandoned any attempt to ascend Monte Galbiga, and calling at some chalets upon the crest of the ridge for milk, we slowly made our way down, resting on a pretty knoll under some shady trees, from which desirable place we had an exquisite view of Monte Legnone and the northern part of the Lake, over which a rainstorm had passed bringing out in sharp contrast to the blue sky the dark rocks and white snows of the upper portion of the mountain.

An Italian resident at Cadenabbia assured us that the Refuge on the summit of the Grigna would be open, consequently we made preparations for a night's rest there with the advantage of an early morning panoramic view under ideal conditions. Leaving by the early boat (5.17 a.m.) for Varenna, we took train hence to Mandello, where after enquiries we found directions to two Refuges, with the heights specified, posted on the walls of one of the houses. A good path leads up an extensive and picturesque ravine which divides the two peaks of the Grigna Settentrionale and Grigna Meridionale. This path ultimately led on the left to a stony cobble path about three feet wide bringing us on to the Alp, where on a knoll in the distance we saw a two storied stone chalet, which we found to be the Refuge Elisa, and in the hands of workmen, who were completing its erection. The Refuge was strongly built and in the lower room there was an open fireplace with a log fire on which the men were cooking their polenta. They kindly gave us some boiling water, and after fortifying ourselves for the climb we descended a short distance, and were followed by the keeper of the hut who put us on the right track, thus saving us time and energy.

An increasingly steep path brought us to a couloir in the rocks which gave us climbing of a mild nature. On emerging above the rocks, if my memory serves me, a path diverges to the left and skirting round under the final steep cliffs of the Grigna Sett., was evidently a route to the Monza Refuge. We, however, proceeded up an increasingly steep slope or ridge, on each side of which were deep gullies filled with snow. We traversed these slopes of snow two or three times, and eventually reached the arête of the Grigna. While making this ascent it seemed doubtful at one time for which peak we were bound, as the ultimate summit of the Grigna was hidden out of sight, being supported from the south by three huge smooth rocks, broad at the base and tapering towards the summit. On the ascent towards the arête we had splendid views of the magnificent rocks and gendarmes of the Grigna Meridionale, which reminded me of the Dolomites in their character. We also observed a refuge painted red on the arête of the Meridionale, but its name we failed to obtain as we did not call at the Refuge Elisa on our return. On

stepping over the arête we found a well defined path leading to the final summit of the Grigna Sett. (7,905), which we reached at 4.30 p.m. To our disappointment we found the Refuge securely closed, so our night's rest had to be determined elsewhere.

The northern face of the mountain was different in character from the south, consisting of fairly steep slopes covered with snow. Just above the Hut was a pile of snow, which when tested by the ice axe seemed to give easily. Suspecting there might be a cornice, I retreated and inspecting it in profile was only too pleased I had gone no further, as disaster would certainly have ensued. Balmat descended some distance towards the Refuge Monza, and reported an ice slope, so being on a strange mountain and not fully equipped, we decided to return the way we came. As we believed the Refuge Elisa to be without mattresses and blankets, we proceeded with all speed to Mandello, arriving at 9.45 p.m. The cobbled path was responsible for delay, it being irksome and sore to the feet.

We had to secure an *albergo* and were directed by some boys to one situated in the higher part of the town, which to our annoyance caused us to retrace our steps upwards, the path enlivened by a phosphorescent display of glow worms and fireflies. On arriving at the *albergo* we found it closed, but after being looked over successively by an old signora, signoretta and child, and then sniffed at by a dog, we were granted a night's rest with a plentiful supply of boiled milk and bread for supper and breakfast. Daylight revealed our whereabouts, but we missed the first train, being further from the station than we anticipated. This gave us an opportunity of securing a second breakfast of coffee and biscuits near the station, and engaging a motor car, we rattled down to Varenna, where after a brief rest we were rowed back in brilliant sunshine to Cadenabbia, a delightful contrast to the arduous work of the previous day.

The ascent of the Grigna is only to be rivalled in interest and charming scenery by the Legnone (8,565 ft.), which proved less exacting, as the Refuge Reccoli on the saddle between the Legnone and Legnonicino proved an excellent half way house. Leaving Como in the middle of the morning we took

boat to Dervio, where we reinforced ourselves for the long walk in front of us by a solid meal of excellently cooked veal cutlets at a somewhat unpretentious *albergo*. A steep winding road leads from Dervio to Introzzo, but there has been constructed a short cobbled path cutting across the road at two or three points, considerably reducing the distance. At Introzzo we secured the key of the Refuge Reccoli, and the services of the keeper, who proved to be an excellent cook. A very delightful walk through a gradually thinning forest of chestnut trees brought us in sight of the Refuge and the summit of the Legnone. We were accompanied by some companionable peasants who were going to the higher chalets, and were also met by the picturesque sight of a long file of peasants of both sexes leading their cattle down from the higher pastures. On the south flank of the Legnone could be observed the zigzag roads made by the Military and used during the Great War, which we thought somewhat disfigured the scene. The Refuge is well situated and adapted for a stay of two or three days and afforded us excellent, even luxurious, accommodation. At its height (4,800 ft.) the air proved cool and refreshing after the heat of the Lake level.

A severe thunderstorm during the night made us close the shutters and somewhat anxious for the morrow, but on opening out in the early morning the heavy clouds were gradually lifting, revealing the snows on the north face of the Grigna. At 6 o'clock we started for the summit on a well defined track. At a distance a projecting shoulder suggested difficulties, but these disappeared on our approach. We crossed a deep bed of snow just below the summit, on which there was a large iron cross. A bitter cold wind prevented our staying any length of time. We were disappointed in not seeing Monte Rosa, Disgrazia and other peaks, but were compensated by the lovely contour and colour of the Lake and the sight of the villages lining its shores, and were interested in observing snow cornices typically Alpine, though miniature, on two lower peaks of the Legnone.

We returned at midday to the Refuge, where the keeper's services as cook were fully appreciated. After resting and settling up for the expenses incurred, we retraced our steps in glorious sunshine, and as we had provided ourselves with



*scarpetti* for the Via Dolorosa, made a rapid descent. The ascent of this peak is easy, and in clear weather must prove repaying to the lover of Alpine scenery.

Two days later I was one of a party of four on the small steamer for Lecco, when an elderly gentleman, who upon acquaintance proved to be Prof. C. E. Fay, of Boston, U.S.A., accompanied by his wife, intuitively asserted that I was a member of the Alpine Club, to which I could make no demur. After a pleasant conversation, he drew my attention to the literary association of this part of the Lake, reminding me it was the scene of the opening chapter of Manzoni's *The Betrothed*. A peep at Brescia en route for Riva on Lake Garda enabled us to enjoy, among other things, seeing some rare old volumes of books of the Gospels, the Koran, 14th century MS. of Dante, and a Venetian MS. of Petrarch, 1470, in the Municipal Biblioteca Querinana. The beauties of Lake Garda need not be described, being known to all travellers.

We were dissuaded from the ascent of Monte Baldo by the hotel keeper at Riva, who advised us to go by motor to Molveno and inspect the Brenta group. After a lovely motor run we found ourselves among the English visitors at the Hotel Molveno. The tables in the dining room were laden with a profusion of wild flowers gathered by enthusiasts, and the sight of these enticed us to spend the day on the alps and in the pastures, which amply repaid us.

Our plans were to climb the Cima di Tosa, and cross the Bocca di Brenta to Pinzolo, and as this would necessitate spending the night at the Refuge just below the pass, we enquired for a local guide, who proved a lively and amusing companion. Wearing three medals of different Alpine Clubs, he stipulated for fees according to the depth of snow he would have to tread down, boot depth so many lire per day; 50 per cent. more, knee deep; 100 per cent. more, waist deep. From motives of expediency, as well as economy, we fixed up at boot depth. A local wind, the Ora, with rain, arising on the day we had arranged to start, made us defer until the following day, but ill luck followed us, as within an hour from the hut a heavy thunder storm rolled up and our hopes of climbing the Cima di Tosa dwindled to zero. We had a little difficulty in opening out the Refuge, but with the ex-

ception of being rather stuffy, otherwise found excellent accommodation. This pass is evidently largely frequented in the summer months, as I noticed a well-built stone hotel some little distance above the hut.

It was raining in the morning, and heavy clouds hung low down over all the peaks, so we made for the pass, which is within easy striking distance, the snow being in good condition in spite of the adverse weather. There were no tracks whatever on the other side, but we had no difficulty with the local guide's assistance in striking a distinct path which ascended at a considerable height under the cliffs. We traversed several steep slopes of snow of great depth, which at intervals covered the path, but after two hours of walking on it were cheered by sunshine and the clouds lifting, which revealed a scene of a romantic character.

In reply to our enquiries, the Italian guide rattled off the names of the various flame-like pinnacles at such a pace as prevented them being memorised. Readers who are interested in this simple narrative are advised to consult Freshfield's *Italian Alps*, Chapter XI., "The Brenta Group." Passing through delightful woodland and pastoral scenery, we halted at a saw mill for rest and refreshment, and arrived in comfort at Pinzolo, where we found comfortable quarters.

The next day, Sunday, was rendered interesting by a great gathering of the Fascisti in the church, to which we were invited by the hotel keeper, who was a member. The black shirts and badges were greatly in evidence and produced a somewhat sombre effect when massed together. It was a crowded service, the women occupying the rear half of the church, and the men the remaining part up to the altar rails. Responses were sung by a choir of male voices accompanied by a fairly good organ.

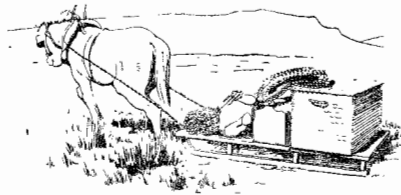
It proved wisdom on our part to have made the Pass without delay, as the following morning became ominously dark, and rain fell in torrents. Holidays having come to an end, I reluctantly parted with both guides and motored homewards to Riva. Steaming down the Lake the weather was magnificent and clear, and I had a superb glimpse of the beautiful mountains through which I had previously travelled.

During the railway journey between Como and Laveno, I had entrancing views of the far distant snow-clad peaks, which made me regret I could not have stayed longer and made ascents under such favourable weather conditions, but climbers, like the proverbial beggars, cannot be choosers. My plans included a short stay at Stresa on Lake Maggiore, but time only allowed me to visit the Isola Bella to see the art treasures of the Chateau, and the wonderful variety of trees in the beautiful gardens.

The funicular rail took me to the summit of the Monte Mottarone, famous for its view of the Monte Rosa group, the Valais mountains, but I was again deprived of this by prevailing mists. Readers of G. Meredith's splendid novel, *Vittori*, will remember his vivid description in the opening chapter beginning: "From Monte Mottarone you survey the Lombard plain, etc." The anticipation of re-reading this novel and the view of the seven lakes compensated somewhat for the mists veiling the snow clad distant Alps.

Climbers who purpose visiting the Italian Lakes and making ascents in the early spring would be wise to take note that the Refuges are not opened out until the middle of June.

The ascents of the Grigna and the Legnone do not make any great demands on mountaineers of experience, but they are fully rewarded by the joys of exquisite colour and the varied scenery of peak and lake for which Italy is truly famous.



## TWIXT SUNSET AND DAWN—A NIGHT OUT WITH THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS.

By H. V. HUGHES.

When I left home one Sunday morning for a little innocent scrambling on Almescliff, I little thought that by nightfall I should be committed, through a chance meeting with some Ramblers at White's cottage, to such a crack-brained scheme.

Now I have long had designs on the Three Peak Walk; in fact, I only missed it last year because bad weather threw me half a day late in a fell-walking schedule; but to be suddenly invited to join a party on a night walk over the Three Peaks in January!—I ask you!

I thought of bogs neck-deep with half-thawed snow, of yawning pot-holes, of a chilly, hard, wet slab on which I should vainly woo Morpheus for odd minutes when I might otherwise be tucked in a cosy bed. A night-walk in June when dusk approaches at ten, and the first signs of breaking day can be confidently expected about 2.30 a.m. is one thing, but a night in January with fourteen hours darkness is another.

They told me it would be moonlight, but I'd heard that tale before, and I've noticed that in almanacks giving times of moon-rise, the compiler never by any chance adds the time at which clouds will gather on Ingleborough.

I declined with thanks, and it was not till hours later that the venom of a muttered inquiry about "funking it" began its deadly work. On consideration, a night walk in summer is a poor affair; if the Three Peak Walk were done on a July night only one of the peaks would be climbed in the dark hours. Records spoke of this performance having been done but once before—by Eustace Thomas and party; this was to be the first attack by Yorkshire Ramblers: would it not be good in after years to reflect that one had been present on such a memorable occasion?

The longer the idea was considered the more certain it became that I must take part and uphold the traditions of the Rucksack Club. So I withdrew my refusal, and the "calling-up" notice said: Horton in-Ribblesdale, "Golden Lion," at 6.0 p.m., Jan. 30th, 1926.

A merry crowd courageously attacked a fine dinner, but—shades of Eustace Thomas—plum pudding, and ripe blue Stilton are not the right sort of preparation for a direct attack on Penyghent, as many soon found.

Of the twelve diners, Messrs. Lewis Moore and Swales were non-starters, and after a feverish period of boot adjusting, lamp testing, and rucksack packing, the ex-President led forth his nine followers at 8.15 p.m., to the mingled comments of the habitués of the "Golden Lion." The start was ominous, for we filed through the churchyard in semi-darkness with much stumbling at the stiles, to be numbered by the chief guide, who nobly undertook to act as whipper-in.

In a very short time we crossed the beck and tailed out as we followed a wall which streaked up the fell-side. Above the level of Dub Cote Scar we made for the southern ridge of Penyghent, the slope steepened, the pace slackened, and, save for muttered curses, talking ceased as we toiled up the scree; who ordered plum-pudding for dinner and anyway who started the whole "doings"?

We are cheered on by the advance guard which has hastened to the top to "clock-in" the others; presently the slope eases, a cairn looms up in a small snowfield, a voice sings out, "One hour nine minutes"—one is on the top of the first "pip" eighth out of ten, but quite satisfied. After a trudge through the snow to the col, the "racing-heads" foregather and decree that we shall descend hereabouts, so we plunge down the fellside till a track is met with, bearing across the breast of the hill, and this is followed till it vanishes; there is much consulting of compasses, flashing of lights, and a course is set.

The mists had been left behind on Penyghent, but a light drizzle persists and visibility is but moderate; we have not yet seen the moon. A stream, after proving a puzzle, is tracked to a pot.

"Hurrah! High Hull Pot."

"No."

"Yes."

"It is, no it isn't, yes it is."

The answer is finally decided in the affirmative and a track soon leads us to Hull Pot, its fall looking very fine in the half-light. Surely the Powers of Darkness were smiling on me for on this, my first visit, a glimpse of the rarely seen fall was vouchsafed to me.

Then commenced a very wet trek across a minor watershed to the Ribble. Squelch, squelch, squelch.—Plop.—"Oh —."—Squelch, squelch, squelch.

The chief guide now becomes very active.

"Where are we, you fellows?"

"Take a bearing, someone."

"Where's that blamed wall?"

Landmarks well-known to the authorities soon reappear; an old track, a barn, a clump of trees, Jackdaw Hole, Scales Farm and then the River Ribble, too swollen with freshly melted snow to tempt the party to dispense with bridges. A sheltered corner behind a barn suggests a halt, and after the cows have been inspected, food makes its appearance and disappearance while the more reckless risk a pipe.

A short "slop" along the river bank discloses a footbridge and then a track leads to Selside where a barn proves irresistible and a second halt is made.

Time: 11.45 p.m. Scene: A barn in Selside, Ribblesdale.

Seven or eight Yorkshire Ramblers are reclined more or less at ease on a Ford lorry.

Enter villager carrying an unlit lantern.

"Are ye lorst?"

Replies drowned in roars of laughter.

Then commenced the long trek along a tar-macadam road to Ribbleshead; visibility was improving and some charming views were seen looking towards Cam Fell. In limited amount the road proved pleasant going, for a swinging pace was maintained, and it was a distinct relief to be able to walk without studying the foreground in detail.

Beyond Winterscales we took to the steep, terraced south-east face of Whernside and pace slackened at once; a steep slope loomed ahead, to be succeeded by a wet terrace, another steep slope and another—surely this must be the last—no, yet one more, and then a really steep scree-strewn slope with snow patches which gradually became deeper and

more frequent till in some places steps could be kicked with advantage. Now the Stilton does its deadly work, the party, previously compact, becomes badly strung out and in the gradually thickening mist contact is maintained only with difficulty.

Slowly I toiled up and up—the Ordnance Department assert that the summit is only 2,414 ft. high but shouldn't the first figure be a three? Would it never end? Yes! the wall, a foot of snow, and a howling wind.

Is the cairn to left or right? Will the others come up to the same spot? Loud calls draw no answering shout; maybe the wind drowns it, perhaps breath is too valuable, for nothing can be heard and then suddenly a head appears, and another, we vote "Right," and sure enough fifty yards brings us to the cairn, 1.50 a.m.

A momentary halt is enough, and as shouts reveal the other half of the party far below we decide to push on and wait at a more sheltered spot. After following the ridge southward for some distance it was decided to drop below the clouds; a slightly premature start gave us a bad ten minutes on some rotten screes, but the moon showed momentarily to cheer us, and striking a good line from here brought us straight to the Bruntscar track and so on to the Hill Inn.

Here a cruel blow befell us. People in the know had talked of angels in disguise who, setting out from Leeds late at night, would be waiting at Weathercote at 2.0 a.m. with HOT SOUP. Think of it, my masters!

We had; on snowy Whernside it had spurred us on, and eagerly had we scanned the dale road for headlights, but alas, we saw them not, though we waited for them for half an hour, they came not. We found later that it was a foul night in Leeds, and unable to drive above a crawl, they had abandoned their errand of mercy.

The food, lacking hot soup, seemed very unappetising, the sleepy period set in and although feeling chilly I was loth to leave the roadside ditch. The others had not arrived from Whernside and we got worried. Had someone crocked? Were they wasting time looking for us, having missed our little foot prints in the snow? The best piece of paper the party could boast was appropriated and a message telling of

our safety and future plans was left in the middle of the roadway; it was pinned out with stones and if it was not found by the other section of the night walkers would doubtless provide a topic of conversation for the church-goers.

Setting off for our third peak, we took the wrong track from Southercales and got too low. Some rough going with several small scars to surmount was the result, and then we struck a bad patch of clints. Now clints in good daylight at the beginning of the day can be very temper-trying, and at best are traps for the unwary; in fitful light to a sleepy and anything but fresh walker they are the devil, and anyway, had not the Chief Guide promised me that no clints would be met with? However, everything comes to an end some time and at last the goal of our immediate ambition was attained, we reached the Mere Gill wall and slowly followed the gill towards its source below the Simon Fell—Ingleborough *col*, the moon making another momentary appearance.

A brief rest and then a long weary slog up the steep scree slopes; a cinema film of our progress would probably be mistaken for a "slow motion picture" but at last the *col* is gained and the easier going to the Ingleborough plateau is very heartening, although it lands us in the mist once more.

Realising that the summit cairn on so large a space may prove as elusive as the proverbial needle in a haystack, the party lined out but maintained contact and eventually I was deputed to ascend the cairn on behalf of the party. 5.30 a.m. It is done! Remains now only to get home safely.

Back to the *col*, and to avoid the large tract of "grougths" and peat-hags we follow the wall over Simon Fell; down an uncomfortably steep grass slope and much boggy land the way leads to Alum Pot. I have heard it said that the darkest hour is just before the dawn and it was so on this occasion. At six a.m. it seemed darker than at any period during the night.

We struck the road just south of Selside and trudged steadily homeward to reach the "Golden Lion" at 7.40 a.m., 11 hours 25 minutes after departure. A long drink was soon ordered and the performance was over. The leaders of the second party rolled in about 8.30 a.m.

GAPING GHYLL, WHITSUNTIDE AND SEPTEMBER,  
1927.

By GANTRYMAN.

To camp at Gaping Ghyll with the Y.R.C. is not just an ordinary camping affair—it is an experience which remains in the memory so long as life holds sway. When, therefore, the Committee decided that the meet for Whitsuntide, 1927, should be Gaping Ghyll again, it brought satisfaction to the hearts of more members than would have been the case had the choice fallen on any other place.

There is something peculiarly attractive about a Gaping Ghyll camp, apart altogether from the wonders of the descent and exploration of the vast pot-hole itself. That alone impels men to visit its depths time after time, after all the known passages have been explored and hours have been spent in showing its wonders to visitors and friends. In the Y.R.C., round the camp fire itself has grown up an almost irresistible appeal. The exact why and wherefore is perhaps not difficult to explain—the open moor, the spirit of the evening, the happy gathering of friends, the gentle gurgling of the beck, and the life-giving freshness of existence with nature as one's next door neighbour. No true Rambler can experience such a week-end without feeling somewhat sad when the call of a commercial world summons him back to the city and the office.

Gaping Ghyll had been left alone by the Y.R.C. for three years, so, in view of the large number of new members elected in that period, the Committee decided to confine this camp to members only and limited the number of those to 25. This was a wise precaution, as in some past visits the number of guests has nearly equalled the number of members and, had it been permitted on this occasion, there might easily have been about fifty campers, a number too unwieldy for such a camp as ours.

The arrangements were left in the capable hands of a sub-committee; their names are by now familiar as being the brains behind the success of every post-war Gaping Ghyll camp. The Burrows, engineers-in-chief, responsible for selecting the new line of descent and installation of motor

power in place of the old fashioned man-handling of the windlass, J.H.B., so often C.-in-C. of the camp and all pertaining thereto, P.R., greatest of cooks and caterers, with able assistants in the two Booths, Seaman, and others.

Of the camp itself there is little to tell, yet, although now-a-days everything goes like clockwork, there is the same enjoyment and pleasure in taking a part in it as there was in the days when it was a real novelty and virgin exploration or survey work was the first object of the visit.

Advance tents were pitched on the Friday afternoon, and by Saturday night a small colony of sixteen dotted the banks of Fell Beck round the second bend from the Ghyll. The tackle having been largely erected during the preceding week-end, descents were made on the Saturday, but were curtailed by heavy rain which at one time threatened to spoil the chances of any further descents throughout the week-end. However, it was not as bad as that, and during Sunday and Monday every member of the party had the opportunity of going down. On Saturday, Frankland, Fred Booth and Roberts tried the only place where they had any hope of further discoveries, the Boulder Chamber beyond the great Mud Chamber in the East Passage, and were lucky enough to find, deep down, a narrow and difficult route going mag. S. to a dry pot-hole. Reinforced on Sunday by Whitaker and H. Booth, they got through the tunnel again with three ladders, etc., and descended 80 ft. in three stages only to reach a dead-end, a great disappointment.

On Monday, Davis Burrow, Hilton and Frankland went in by the Flood Entrance and hauling up ladders from a party of six at the head of the Flood Pot, exchanged places with S. H. Whitaker, Burrow Taylor and F. and H. Booth. It may be useful to note that the supporting party needed only thirty-five minutes from the Main Chamber with all the tackle.

When considering the possibilities of getting a party out of Gaping Ghyll by this route in time of flood it must always be remembered that the party to be rescued must have 150 feet of ladder, 150 feet life line and two short life lines with them to take to the 200 foot Pot (or Flood Exit Pot), as it is next to impossible for a rescuing party to take this tackle along

the Flood Entrance passage. This apart, there can be little doubt that a trapped party could be got out comparatively quickly, providing that none of them was of more than medium girth. The fat man had better stay at the bottom and wait for the waters to subside! Better to exist for a few days on tallow candles than to die a lingering death firmly wedged in those immovable walls of that last awful forty foot squeeze.

Altogether fifty descents were made, many being of the new men, and it is doubtful whether a single one of these will not be eager to renew acquaintance at the first opportunity.

The nights were spoiled by rain, which seemed to have a set hour (6 p.m.) of starting, so that no campfire sing-song was possible. This was a matter of real regret, for there is no finer feature about the G.G. camp than the gathering round the log fire, singing in chorus, with the open spaces as the audience and the echoing of the hills for the encore. It is a feature that must never be allowed to fade so long as Yorkshire Ramblers camp at Gaping Ghyll.

A large amount of new tackle was bought for this meet, including a new wire rope, new lamps, new oilskins, and a new cooking stove (Valor Perfection), which proved its worth, but has yet to prove its staying powers. At the conclusion of the camp much of the heavy tackle was made into a dump for use in September at the meet arranged for members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The project of this latter meet was first advanced by Parsons and was discussed and approved by the Committee as early as December, 1926. Its object was to afford an opportunity, weather permitting, to a limited number of scientists, members of the British Association, to descend Gaping Ghyll and study the cavern from a geological standpoint. Actually, the writer believes, there was but one bona-fide geologist amongst the thirty-two members of the B.A. who went down; no doubt, however, the remainder were as keenly appreciative of their visit, though taken with a different interest.

Having most of the heavy tackle on the spot, the sub-committee decided that a day's work on the preceding Sunday would be sufficient advance preparation. Accordingly, a small working party gathered at Clapdale on Sunday, August

28th, to accompany a single sledge load up to the Ghyll. The weather on this day was in one of its foulest moods and most of the party were saturated by the time the sledge had been unloaded and the dump opened. With visions of keeping out further moisture by donning one of the three new oilskin coats, put in the dump at Whitsuntide, the writer hastened to assist in the opening out process. One had already been secured by R.R., but of the others not a trace could be found. Evidently our dump had been raided, possibly by some party tramping over Ingleborough in conditions similar to those prevailing on that day. We do not begrudge them the protection that our oilies undoubtedly would afford them, but we do regret that they failed to acknowledge their appreciation by at least returning them to their rightful owners.

In pouring rain and blustering wind the little band set about the task of erecting tackle. Fell Beck was in full spate. The dam, left in position since Whitsuntide, was taking water down the Rat Hole to full capacity, yet a foot of water was tumbling down the main hole across the whole width of the lip. Descents on such a day would have been out of the question, but the conditions seemed only to act as a spur to the workers and in a little over two hours the winch was erected, the gantry bolted in position and a bell tent pitched in which to house the engine, ladders, rope, etc., until the following week. Had the weather been fine and moderately settled it had been our intention to fix the engine, but this was considered inadvisable under the existing conditions. It meant that more work had to be done on the following Friday so that everything would be in readiness for descents to commence at an early hour on Saturday, so a party of half-a-dozen arrived on Thursday evening and Friday morning to complete the preparations.

During the week the weather had steadily improved, by Friday it was almost ideal and the waters of Fell Beck had subsided to normal summer level. At 4 p.m. everything was in order and Fred Booth was lowered to fix the guide line and telephone. A mishap—in the shape of a broken telephone cable—delayed the completion of Friday's work, but by 7 p.m. a sound repair had been effected and the party, now numbering twelve, sat down to a feast of Yorkshire

pudding, roast lamb and potatoes, happy in the knowledge of a day's work well done and a steady barometer giving promise of a fine week-end.

Descents had been arranged for members of the British Association to take place on Saturday and Sunday, 3rd and 4th September, sixteen on each day. This number was again divided to make four parties of four each, timed to arrive at the Ghyll at one and a half hour intervals, starting at 8 a.m. The earlier parties each day had of necessity to stay in Clapham overnight, and to ensure their punctual arrival in the morning E.E.R. and W.V.B. also stayed in the village to guide them over the moor.

Saturday morning dawned cool and with that gentle haze that betokens a fine day. Such it proved to be. The camp was early astir, breakfast served at 6.30 and shortly after 7 the first of the below-ground party was down.

It might be well here to explain how the working party and guides had been arranged. Out of the twelve, six were detailed for operating the surface tackle and six below ground. Of the latter, four were guides, working in pairs, and two remained in the main chamber receiving and dispatching guests. A time table had been mapped out which allowed each party of four to have two hours' exploration underground from the time the last member reached the bottom, the guides each conducting two parties.

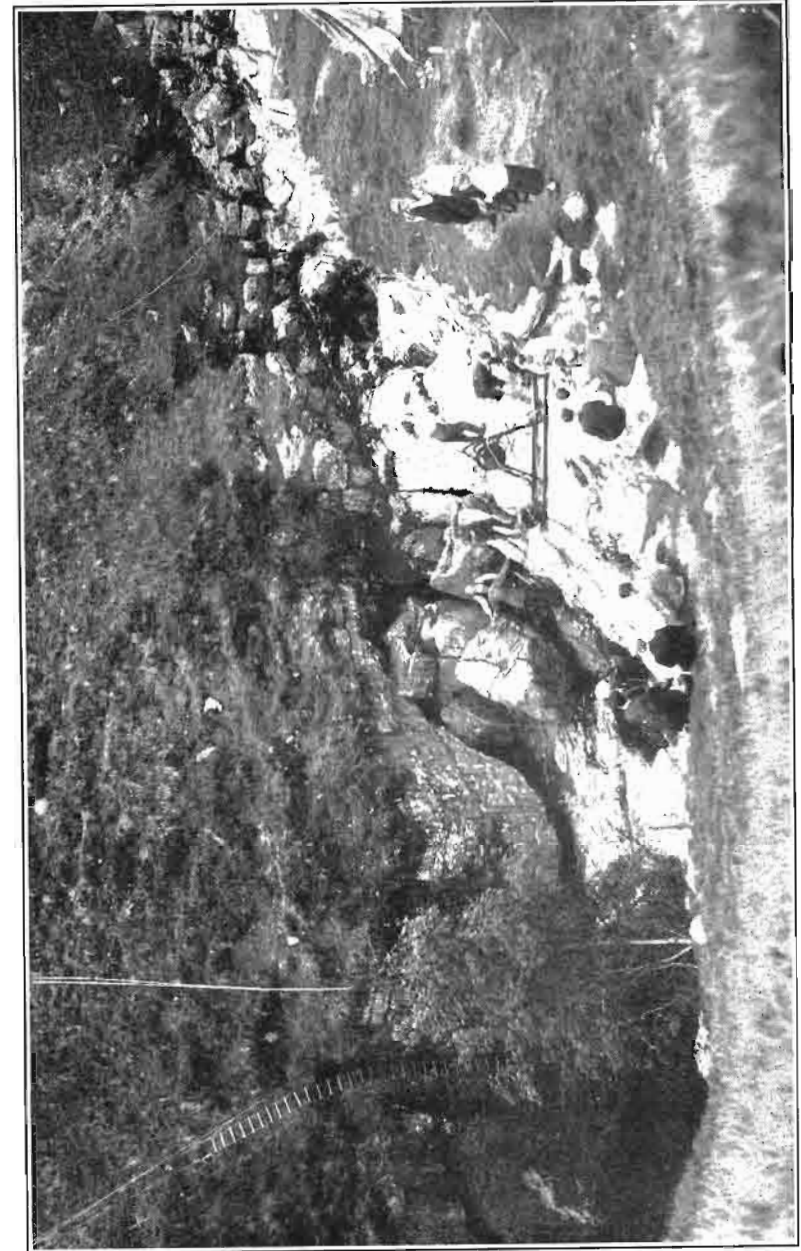
The parties on Saturday were as follows:—

No. 1.—Messrs. M. H. Donald, F. C. Turner, E. W. Hodge, A. Smith. Guides:—Fred and Harold Booth. Route:—East Passage as far as Mud Chamber; South Passage as far as Flood Exit Pot.

No. 2.—Miss M. Barker, Miss G. Walmsley, Prof. C. K. Ingold, Mr. Butler. Guides:—E. E. Roberts and A. E. Horn. Route:—South Passage to far end of Stream Chamber main passage.

No. 3.—Mr. John Parkin, Mrs. Parkin, Miss G. Bacon. Guides:—Fred and Harold Booth. Route:—South Passage to Stream Chamber.

No. 4.—Messrs. H. T. Flint, F. W. Shotton, S. W. Evans, T. Hori, Bulsara, Prof. Curtis. Guides:—E. E. Roberts



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WAITING THE SIGNAL.

and A. E. Horn. Route :—West Chamber ; East Passage as far as Mud Chamber ; South Passage as far as Sand Cavern.

In addition to the passages traversed by the groups, every member of the B.A. had ample time in which to make a fairly exhaustive tour of the Main Chamber itself. All parties went into the South Passage, and, a lamp having been placed in the "window," high up in the West Chamber, were taken to the south end of the Pool Canal, from whence the light of the lamp can be seen, and its reflection in the still waters of the Canal was considered by all to be one of the most spectacular features of the visit.

The first party to visit the Stream Chamber had a weird experience when nearing it. In the little recess at the top of the pitch between the Sand Cavern and the Stalactite Chamber, they disturbed a bat. It was clearly seen by every member of the party and was very nearly caught. One has heard of the bats in the Austrian Caverns and one could readily understand finding them in any ordinary lateral cave, but it is believed to be the first time that one has ever been seen down Gaping Ghyll. It must also be remembered that the point at which it was seen is nearly a thousand feet from the Main Chamber and a good deal more than that from the Flood Exit on the other branch of the South Passage.

Above ground a large party had watched operations in glorious summerlike weather. Descents and ascents had proceeded smoothly throughout the day and at 6 p.m. precisely, the last of the day's guides was safely brought to the surface and the tackle covered up for the night.

On Sunday, another glorious day, the working parties exchanged duties, the surface party of Saturday going below and vice-versa. As on the previous day, our visitors, including eight ladies, proved themselves fully equal to the short ladder climb and the delicate, not to say fearsome operation of negotiating themselves into the swinging bo'sun's chair. In no case, certainly as far as Sunday's party are concerned, was any more than verbal assistance required from the gantryman on duty.

On Sunday the parties were :—

No. 1.—Messrs. J. B. Williams, E. C. Woods, Dr. Thouless,

U



Mackey. Guides:—J. F. Seaman and G. L. Hudson.  
Route:—West Chamber; South Passage to Stream Chamber.

No. 2.—Miss M. Gough, Miss J. Gough, Mr. W. P. Harper, C. B. Childs. Guides:—W. V. Brown and J. Hilton.  
Route:—East Passage as far as Mud Chamber; South Passage to the Stream Chamber; the West Chamber.

No. 3.—Miss C. M. Jones, Miss D. Bailey, Miss Barton, Mr. G. Barton. Guides:—J. F. Seaman and G. L. Hudson.  
Route:—East Passage to Mud Chamber; South Passage to Flood Exit Pot; Stream Chamber.

No. 4.—Dr. C. Appleton, Miss M. Appleton, Miss E. Appleton, Messrs. J. H. Reynolds, F. G. Maunsell and Edgerton. Guides:—W. V. Brown and J. Hilton. Route:—East Passage as far as Mud Chamber; South Passage to the "T" Junction; West Chamber.

The last man up, C. E. Burrow, brought the telephone out at 6.5 p.m., a total of fifty-six descents having been made in the two days.

The main credit for the success of this expedition must be given to the sub-committee which made such admirable arrangements and carried them out to the letter. We must also acknowledge the great work done by the guides. They had no light task, dealing with mixed parties, all strangers to the surroundings and for the most part novices in the art of crawling and scrambling in semi-darkness. Yet, as will be seen from the routes given above, many of the parties were taken great distances, and what was more important to the successful working of the expedition, they were brought back to the Main Chamber exactly to time. Not once was the chair kept waiting for a party overdue. Lastly, we must not forget the very real assistance given by our visitors themselves. To each one had been suggested beforehand the best way of helping, and each one responded nobly.

Perhaps we cannot do better than to conclude this article with the following "impression" written by one of the ladies, Miss Gertrude Bacon:—

"A tramp across a trackless, desolate moor, and then, suddenly, a great gaping hole, its fern-edged sides going instantly down into blackness, and a faint blue haze rising

from the apparently bottomless depths into which an underground stream plunges its way. A terrible place to come upon suddenly alone in a fog, and sufficiently awesome even on a fine September morning with the kindest of friends eager to rob the descent of every shade of terror. Nevertheless, I cannot pretend that I was either brave or agile as I sidled along the narrow edge of the abyss, climbed down the few steps of the rope ladder, and stepped across to the narrow seat on which I was to be lowered. Firm and skilful hands assisted me, and a strong rope was round my waist; nevertheless, balloons and aeroplanes held far less terrors for me than that bo'sun's chair.

"Then down and down through the mild thunderstorm of the waterfall with the dank grey walls slowly rising past, and then more kind friends to help me alight on the wet floor of the vast dim cathedral below—a wondrous shadowy cavern, the remembrance of which will never fade from my mind. Nor will that of the next two hours when, with two indefatigable guides, we walked, crept, crawled or wriggled through the Portcullis, along the South Passages where stalactites scratched one's back and stalagmites stood up like organ pipes, and huge stones barred the narrow way, and stodgiest mud clutched the shoes from one's feet, and one edged as far as possible from a grim black hole with a river in its depths. My torch had failed before we won our way back to the cathedral again, and merciful gloom hid my muddled garments; but a hot brew of delicious soup was very welcome, and I settled myself on the bos'un's seat for the seven minutes' ascent with my mouth full of chocolate, and my heart full of gratitude to those kind men who had given me such an unforgettable experience."

Sir Arthur Keith, the British Ass., and other men of learning,  
To trace the origin of man have recently been yearning.  
Throughout the week their thoughts had been of nature upward  
trending,  
And so no doubt they found relief to spend one day descending.

But when the *Yorkshire Post* displayed a full page illustration  
Of entertainment given to the Brit. Association,  
His arm around a lady's waist it showed the real he-man;  
'Twas hardly in the best of taste—Oh! naughty Freddy Seaman!

John Buckley—give him all his due—is really some pot-holer,  
But having lost his old tin hat, he turned up in a bowler,  
And so went down and spent the day with Davis prim and proper,  
But what we really want to see is Roberts in a “topper.”

Committee men and President were equally delighted ;  
Their labours, though a work of love, did not go unrequited.  
They feasted and they junketed with smiles a'growing wider,  
The “apple” out of Appleton had turned to bottled cider.

For 30 years a faithful few in muddy coats and breeches  
Have plotted out a wandering maze of passages and pitches.  
They say that cooks and artists both are never made but born, Sir,  
And so among cartographers, make place for Rule and Horn, Sir.

We have our leaders on the crags and others down the pot-holes,  
And those who quit themselves like men when Percy serves out hot  
rolls,

But for an all round paragon to put us on our metal,  
We could not find a better type than dear old Captain Kettle.

(*C. Chubb at the Y.R.C. Dinner, 1927*).

*The Plan.*—On the outbreak of war the survey of Gaping Ghyll was nearing completion but in the dispersal of men and materials some of the drawings were lost. Some rough notebooks were available, however, and though obscured by mud and candle grease it was just possible to re-plot the missing sections. Here of course is a possibility of minor error.

The main features are so well known and so often traversed that a serious error would be easily noted. Portions of plans in doubt were re-surveyed. From the commencement of the survey by Messrs. Gray and Cuttriss in 1896 to the present a number of men have carried on the work in different parties and at necessarily long intervals. The present plan as drawn is therefore an attempt to co-ordinate all available plans to date and was undertaken at the request of the committee who feared that otherwise much information would be lost.—A.E.H.

## GAPING GHYLL IN 1904.

By M. BOTTERILL.

The Editor has suggested that some record of the independent descent of Gaping Ghyll, accomplished in 1904, would be acceptable to readers of the *Y.R.C. Journal*. The writer's notes, made at the time, are full of literary shortcomings, but possessing, as they do, the saving grace of youthful enthusiasm, can still conjure up some of the glow of that unique experience, one's first descent of Gaping Ghyll.

The descent was planned in the first place, by the late Fred Botterill, before he, or others of this party became members of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.

Fred's plan of action was as impracticable as it was original, the idea being to have a double rope on a block so that ascending and descending weights could be made to counter-balance each other and so save some of the labour of man-hauling. Fortunately he was joined by Payne, who realised the difficulties of such a scheme. The modified plan, like Fred's, employed no ladders ; but fixed steel guiding wires were to be used to prevent torsion.

Something like 700 ft. of thick rope and a similar length of steel wire were taken up to G.G. for the August Bank Holiday. The writer was nominally in charge of the telephones.

Since no life line was to be employed, much time was spent in fixing the beam in the side passage by the engineers, Payne, “Long” Booth, and Clarke, so that the pulley should be quite secure. A “duck-board” completed the furniture of the side passage. This part of the work was in charge of A. Botterill, who had the honour of being allowed the first test of his own handiwork ; but first a large stone was lowered as a trial, and in order to give the rope a chance to lose its twist. The stream had been diverted so that the side passage was dry.

It was Sunday noon when the rock was lowered, and it was tea-time before A.B., the first man, reached the bottom. His welcome arrival was announced to us, according to plan, by a pistol shot. We above heard the report faintly, but the

man below was greatly impressed by the noise. Telephonic communication was established after some little delay. It was now 5.30 p.m. and although little difference in light was perceptible above ground, the telephone told us it was darkening below. We also learnt that the first man had been so rapidly twisted on the single rope as to be quite dizzy on arrival. (Later, one member of the party was rendered almost unconscious from this cause). We also got a decorative description of the amount of water falling on the victim during the descent. Fred Botterill and Williamson followed and then an attempt was made to fix the steel guiders, but the rope had a lateral vibration with an amplitude of about five yards, which snapped one of the steel wires, and that promptly coiled itself round A.B., who was being hauled up. It was necessary to lower him again, and at 70 ft. from the floor the tangled wire held him up half-an-hour until the mess could be cleared. This was fortunately accomplished without accident. After that the wire idea was scrapped. Only the three men made the descent on Sunday, but about twelve people went down on Monday, among them being Miss Johnson, the first lady to make the descent.

Besides lateral vibration, a rope of 300 ft. has other periodic motions of a troublesome nature, *viz.*, the alternate twisting and untwisting, or torsion, and a longitudinal movement or stretch, so that the victim imagines himself at the end of a piece of elastic. These movements become more rapid as the man gets higher until the periodicity breaks and a welcome quiet supervenes.

The difficulty Fred had sought to avoid, the necessity of having many haulers on the line, was intensified by the absence of a winch, but everybody (including, I believe, interested spectators) tailed on to that length of rope on the moor and so made the expedition a success.

In spite of its disadvantages, being slowly lowered into the depths with a twisting motion affords opportunities of appreciation not to be enjoyed where ladders are concerned, and the sight on clearing the rock curtain and getting a first glimpse of the moss and fern clad main shaft through a sheen of iridescent spray, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

IN MEMORIAM.

ARTHUR HILTON HIGGS.

Arthur Hilton Higgs died on November 16th, 1926, after an operation following a long illness, the severity of which he successfully concealed from all his friends. Elected in 1922, he was a man of varied interests and accomplishments, and there are few sports in which he had not at one time enthusiastically indulged. Higgs was fond of the open air and the moors and was a keen pot-holer for several years. Unassuming, quiet, fearless of criticism, with an inventive mind and fertile imagination, his was a personality that we have loved and shall miss. We tender our respectful sympathy to his widow and children.

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CLAUD DEANE FRANKLAND.

"Of those that hearken to the mystic quest  
A score return unscathed, one pays the price—."

The news of the death of Claud Frankland on Great Gable, Sunday, 31st July, 1927, fell as a stunning blow upon his friends one by one, scattered on their holidays among the great hills he loved.

Those who knew him as a schoolmaster and that alone, knew him only in part. They would be aware of his great love for boys, his devotion to outdoor sports, his instinctive "playing the game," and his wholesome influence on those under his charge. They would know that he added to these qualities a keen intellect and a sympathetic understanding. Non-climbers who knew him rarely heard him speak of climbing. They heard of his prowess from others—never from himself—and they little knew of the position he held among rock-climbers.

But we knew Frankland as a mountaineer, the cragsman transcendent. Deliberate yet quick in movement, unhesitating in his steps, perfect in balance, calm and controlled, eye, foot, and hand in perfect harmony—his progression from one difficulty to another was a picture of grace and apparent ease.



ARTHUR HILTON HIGGS.

Daring things he constantly did, but he never gambled with Fate. He was supremely confident because he knew his own powers.

The natural leader of any party he joined, he never got stale or tired, and as the days wore on and climb succeeded climb, he seemed to recapture the spirit of youth and to infect his companions till it was sheer joy to watch and follow him.

"The difficulties are only mental" was his favourite saying, and under his inspiration it was surprising how these difficulties faded away, but his work showed—as that of any artist will—the study and practice of every detail.

It is scarcely too much to say that Claud Frankland was without equal among cragsmen, and it is fitting that he should sleep his last long sleep at Wasdale, for to us who have climbed with him and loved him, the encircling mountains will for ever wear a mournful glory to his memory.

"This be the verse you grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."

A fine athlete all his days, Frankland made a climbing expedition to Skye before the War. The *Journal* records his war service as:—France, Jan., 1917, W. Riding Field Ambulance, Beaumont Hamel, Bullecourt, Avrincourt, Cambrai, Maubeuge, Army of Occupation.

Elected in 1919, he quickly took up an active part in the work of the Club, and served on the Committee from 1919 to 1924, when he became Hon. Librarian. His great feats since the War have been mostly mentioned in the *Journal*, the double ascent of Scawfell Central Buttress, Esk Buttress, in Wales the Devil's Kitchen, in Skye the round of the Coolins. At home two of his long climbs at Almescliff have never yet been led; few can follow.

In pot-holing he long held himself too old to stand the wet, but he was in the first descent of the great Diccan Pot Shaft (1922), the first to risk the passage through the Second Flood at Gaping Ghyll (1924). His most extensive series of expeditions was Rowten Pot, Jingling Pot, etc., Boggart's Roaring Hole and Pillar Pots in 1926, and the last were the new G. G. passage of 1927, and the Flood Entrance.



CLAUD DEANE FRANKLAND.

Frankland's caution was as marked as his grace and strength, so that it is certain that the handhold must have stood testing from below.

As we picture him moving steadily and certainly on far more difficult climbs, it is a struggle to realise that Frankland of all men has perished by a fall, and more to grasp that Great Napes of all crags betrayed him in the rare moment when he depended on one hold.

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#### ALFRED BARRAN.

By the death of Alfred Barran, on October 12th, 1927, at the age of seventy-six years, the Club has lost one of its oldest and most loyal members.

Elected a member shortly after the Club's foundation, he quickly took a keen and a practical interest in its activities and its members. After service on the Committee, he became President in 1903 in succession to William Cecil Slingsby, a position he filled with credit to himself and honour to the Club. For over thirty years he kept up his interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the Club and we are glad to recall that he was present at the last Club meet in Chapel-le-Dale.

Barran was a lover of nature in all its aspects, but the mountains made a special appeal to him. In his earlier years he climbed a great deal in the Alps, especially in the Dolomites, and in 1897 was elected a member of the Alpine Club, an honour of which he was justly proud. In his mountaineering, as in his life, he had little or no desire for prominent recognition, but to those of us who were privileged to know him as a man, as well as a mountaineer, Alfred Barran has left behind a treasured memory.

In his home at Giggleswick he was a perfect host, a man of extensive travel, wide reading, marked culture, and genial, but quiet humour; to be the guest of him and Mrs. Barran was a sincere delight. We all mourn his loss, but shall always remember him as a fine type of English gentleman.



ALFRED BARRAN,

*President of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, 1903-6.*

## THE LOSSES OF 1927.

At the Annual Dinner, 12th November, 1927, the President, after paying a tribute to the older men among the founders and those who joined the Club in the first year or two of its existence, men of lofty aims and ideals to whose wise oversight the success of the Club was due, concluded his speech as follows:—

“ We meet to-night under the shadow of a strange sequence of great losses in the world of climbers.

“ The President who followed after Slingsby's long reign, Alfred Barran, has lately gone from us. It is good to recall he was at the Meet with us at the Hill Inn last January. He was a very lovable man. An Alpine climber, he joined thirty-four years ago, and, one of the seniors to whom I have referred, he took an active part in moulding the Club into shape.

“ Barran died in the fulness of years, but the call over the last pass to the hills beyond came to Frankland in the fulness of his strength and the heyday of his fame. He died on the rocks, amid the great hills he loved. The wild wind is his requiem; the crags are his monument. He left with the Yorkshire Ramblers the memory of a charming personality, of glowing enthusiasm for, and boyish enjoyment in, everything that was good. In the world of affairs, he left behind a high professional reputation. A great master in the cragsman's craft has gone away from among us and left a gap not easily filled, but a story of great doings which is an inspiration.

“ Our kindred clubs have suffered losses of men whose names are household words. The Scottish Mountaineering Club has lost that great guideless climber, Harold Raeburn, whose death is traceable to his efforts in the Himalaya.

“ Herbert Cain, President of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, we shall always remember with gratitude as the man whose insight and imagination made a reality of that magnificent memorial to the Glorious Dead—whom we commemorated yesterday—the possession by the nation of the highlands of Scawfell and Gable.

" Philip Minor, ex-president of both the Rucksack Club and the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, was our principal guest three years ago. Still full of the joy of life and with a long record of expeditions, yet he did not begin climbing until he was forty-two. Few men made more or warmer friends.

" Six years ago, Raymond Bicknell proposed the toast of our club and, this year, his personal popularity had made him a Vice-President of the Alpine Club. Known as a great iceman, both in the Alps and Norway, he died, like Frankland, among surroundings where he was wont to be master and, strangely enough, on the very next day.

" These men many of us have known and climbed with. The losses of the kindred clubs are ours ; our losses are theirs. Together we mourn and together we rejoice in the memories of high endeavour and achievement their names recall.

" If these men could speak to us still, I think they would say : ' We know your sorrow ; we felt like sorrow for our predecessors but we did not allow sad thoughts to overcome us. Keep us in remembrance—ah ! we know you will not forget—and when you meet together make merry as we used to do ; let rejoicing and gladness predominate. Crack the old jokes ; sing the old songs ; keep your hearts set on the heights ; carry on ! ' "

## CHIPPINGS.

ALPINE CLUB.—W. V. Brown has been elected a member of the Alpine Club. It is also of interest to note that Allsup is the Secretary of the Mountain Club of India, which came into existence at Calcutta, September, 1927, and to which the Alpine Club " wishes every conceivable success and good fortune."

THE ITALIAN FRONTIER.—Some years ago we alluded to a most inconvenient closing of the Monte Moro and other Alpine passes leading into Italy during the season of 1921. During 1927 and 1928 all entrance of foreigners into Italy except by rail and by highroad has been strictly forbidden and the prohibition has been sternly enforced. Some people have been quaintly surprised to find that the regulations applied to the English. It is no use attempting to ignore them, nor is one allowed to leave Italy by the high passes.

Climbing on the frontier from the Italian side goes on freely if one undertakes to return to the starting point. We are not quite clear as to whether an absence of two or three days would be allowed, provided one was staying at an Italian hotel.

SWISS POST.—In that best of all transport systems, the Swiss post, the fixed tariff limit now stands at 15 kilos. (33 lbs.) for two francs. Above that the postage is according to distance, so that in practice the ordinary bag below 44 lbs. will probably cost four francs.

REGISTERED LUGGAGE.—The time of travelling from Calais, etc., to Berne and elsewhere continues to improve, but at the sacrifice of the efficiency of the registered luggage service, which is nowadays quite unreliable. Several trains now leave the ports, through passengers in the first, the luggage in the last, so that registered luggage must not be expected till several hours after arrival.

Returning, it is important to be aware that in order to get luggage to London by the 3.30 p.m. train, Basel must be reached in good time and the articles registered by the



11.45 p.m. train. Passengers can now arrive at 3.30 p.m. direct from Berne, but their luggage does not travel by this connection; if registered early in the day via Basel, there is only a chance that it may leave by the 11.45.

Despite railway advertisements to the contrary, arrangements for entraining passengers on the English side grow more and more unsatisfactory. To put the matter plainly, the Southern seem to be trying to force second class passengers to travel first.

PASS STORMING. This is the title applied by the *C.T.C. Gazette* to walks with a bicycle over mountain passes. Those climbers who for some reason have found themselves compelled to wheel and carry a bicycle over Styhead, will read with amusement and enjoyment an account in the October number of 1927 of the passage of the Larig Ghru (Cairngorms), and confess themselves completely outdone. The time of the portage from Derry Lodge was ten hours, a good effort.

THE THREE PEAK WALK.—The Editor apologises for having forgotten, when writing the note in No. 17, that John Moulson (Gritstone Club) and N. P. Elliott (of both clubs) had made a Five Peak Walk. From the Mere Gill camp, September 1925, they went over Ingleborough, Fountains Fell, Penyghent, Whernside, Greygareth and back to camp—6 a.m. to 5.45 p.m., a most enjoyable tramp.

RAIL AND MOTOR.—At Castleton last July, the Yorkshire Ramblers were astounded by the hundreds of young people in walking rig, all over the countryside. We understood they had entered the district by train. There is nothing like it to be seen in the neighbourhood of Leeds, and though the railway companies have lowered the fares to an extent which frightens the shareholders, we seem as far as ever from that change of heart which will alter the services and shake the supremacy of the bus.

The L.M.S. has at long last issued for Leeds a list of "walking tour tickets." Most of them are very short, but some of the longer ones would be very useful if the train service did not limit the start to twelve o'clock on weekdays and the 6 a.m. train on Sundays.

## THE HERALD'S ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT.

Mere words cannot do justice to the beauty of the scroll on which the type-script with illuminated capitals is engrossed, the deal rollers, and the seal attached with scarlet silk.

*To the President of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club,  
January 29th, 1927.*

WE, the Officers and Members of The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, ask your acceptance of this Chain of Office as a token of the esteem and respect in which we hold our President. We have long felt that the President of this Club should have conferred upon him some decoration symbolical of the high office which he holds. Up to the present year, however, as the Club Funds have never shown a credit balance of more than a few hundred pounds the idea of making a really fitting adornment has had to be abandoned.

With the coming of 1927 immediately after the close of 1926, it was thought that with the return to the Gold Standard, and the release from Strike Duties of certain High Craftsmen skilled in the art of Symbolic Decoration, that the time had come when it was possible to give effect to the wish we had had slumbering within us in a half digested form for so many years.

The tangible result of this Manifestation of Good Will towards you I have just had the honour of placing around your neck, and you will observe, Sir, when the first shock of this ordeal has passed, that not only is this Chain of Office a treasure of rare intrinsic value, but a thing of wondrous beauty, and we hope it will be a joy and comfort to you during your Presidency.

Further than that, the Chain itself has wonderful associations: it is an exact model to scale of the original ladder used for the descent of Gaping Ghyll in the Nineteenth Century, which it is believed was modelled upon the one used by the angels seen by Jacob at a slightly earlier date. Throughout the ages the ladder has stood as the emblem of Progress.

At the base of the ladder we have the Club Badge; no words of mine are necessary to enlarge upon all that that conveys to the mind of the beholder. Immediately below

this we have the ancient sign of The Three Golden Balls, which has, of course, no reference to the financial status of the Club, as even after the lengths to which we have gone this evening, the Treasurer assures me we are still quite solvent. No, Mr. President and Gentlemen, as you will doubtless have guessed, this is a symbolic representation of the motto of the Club so ably practised by its petrogymnasts and speleologists, namely, "No Advance Without Security."

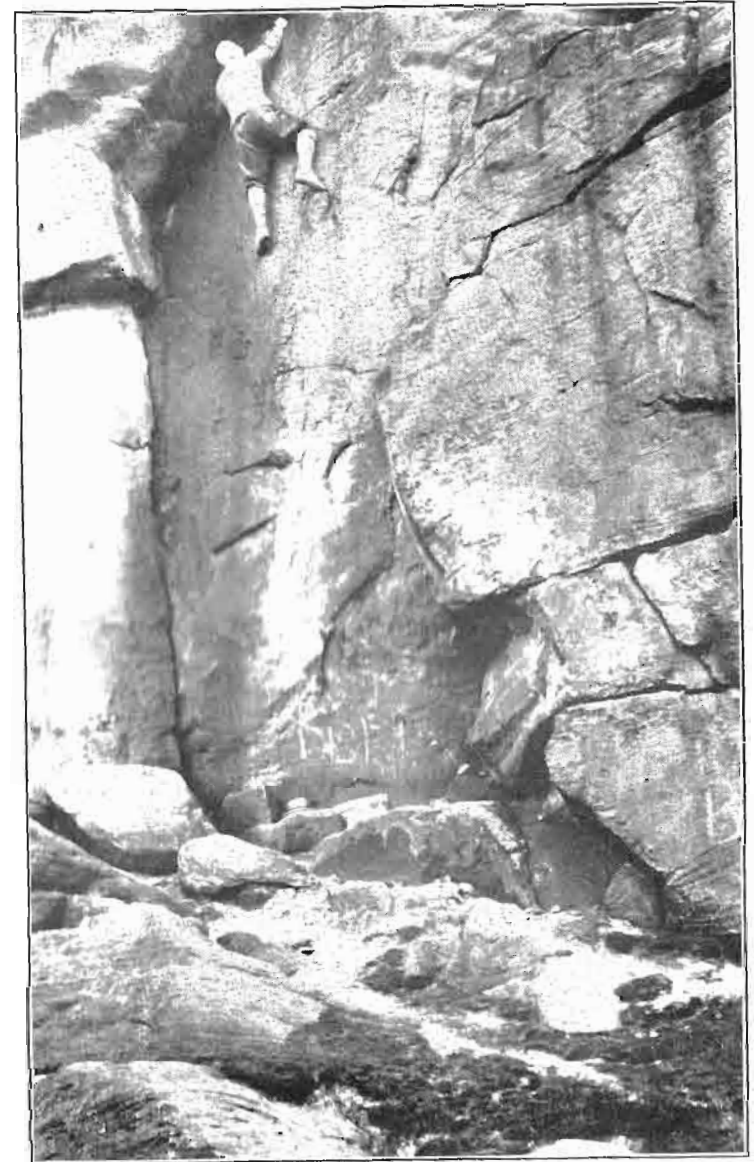
Represented on one of the side chains we have a Helical Instrument designed for applying tensile stresses to the obstruction not infrequently found in the orifice of the vessels from which we draw our Courage. Again, we have an instrument of great antiquity. Earlier records show that, back in the dark ages, something of this type was used by one Archimedes for the purpose of raising water to a higher level. In these more enlightened days the Yorkshire Rambler has discovered that it has other and better uses.

No adornment for our President would be complete without the magnetic contrivance known as a compass, popularly supposed to lead us in the straight and undeviating path from which a Rambler should not err.

Now it was known to certain of our members that one Said Freeman of Wren Bydding in the County of York owned one of these instruments which was not as others, and it was hoped to secure this actual one, rendered so valuable by its associations, for the Presidential Chain. Unfortunately this hope proved impossible of realisation, but by dint of untiring effort, one was eventually obtained from a firm of Jewellers named Woolworth, who, immediately they knew the purpose for which it was required placed the whole of their resources at our disposal. In passing I should like to pay tribute to the manner in which this firm studied our interests; no trouble was too great for them, and in these days of Soulless Commercialism it was indeed a pleasure to find that though they did not actually refuse to accept any recompense, their charge was but a nominal one.

It is believed that, although the Compass on the chain is not the original one, that it will prove equally unreliable.

Other emblems we have are the Trouser Button Rampant *or*, on a field of Harris Tweed *azure* indicative of great effort,



C. D. FRANKLAND ON THE GREEN CRACK

great determination, and bull-dog tenacity: the Three Stars, symbolising mature judgment, courage and forethought, and also calling to mind the name of the first man to descend Gaping Ghyll, to wit, Martel; the Candle to lighten your path through dark places; the Bottle to cheer and comfort you; and we must not forget to mention two almost unique specimens of the Toe-nail of the Troglodyte.

Your Heart of Gold is also indicated as it always is—full of Spirit.

Your Infinite Resource and Sagacity are symbolised by Felix, and your Soundness and Integrity by a Cracked Bell.

Many of your other virtues, both real and imaginary, it has been impossible adequately to represent.

As was mentioned earlier in the Address, the Chain is modelled on the Gaping Ghyll Ladder, and that has only some 369 rungs. Also in considering the proper effect due cognizance had to be taken of your Lack of Rotundity (a defect which will doubtless disappear in due course).

Well, Sir, in finally handing over to you this Chain and Illuminatory Address, I should like to add that I personally feel the honour very deeply of having been asked to perform this duty.

I am but the mouthpiece of everyone present (the names of my fellow-conspirators may be obtained from the Secretary).

We feel sure, Sir, that you will wear this Emblem at all our functions, and that you will in wearing it not only lend dignity to your high office, but that the joy and dignity you feel will be Reflected in the Hearts of all those present."

"The Night shall be filled with Music,  
And the cares which infest the Day  
Shall fold their Tents like the Arabs  
And silently steal away."

## ON THE HILLS.

While the main body of the Club was at Ogwen (Easter, 1927), J. K. Crawford, Harris and others visited the Highlands and ascended Ben Cruachan, Ben Lui, Ben Doran, and Ben Nevis. Later in the week the Editor went up Coulter Fell in the Lowlands and heard of their expeditions through an accidental encounter.

The summer began well but failed to become really warm and fine. Except from those who crossed the Channel, members' holidays seem to have run monotonously on the lines of "only 1½ days fine weather."

At Easter, 1928, while the Club was enjoying sunshine at Coniston, the Editor and Charlesworth struck warm weather without the sun at Kinlochleven. The snow disappeared magically before the rain, and two of the three expeditions on the Mamores were very damp affairs. Their best day was a hot traverse of the Aonach Eagach ridge under an overcast sky. The Bidean nam Bian expedition was confined to step-cutting in a dense mist.

The Highlands appear to have had nothing but bad weather even when the English summer reformed after its bad beginning and became gloriously fine.

F. and H. Booth, Crossley, DeLittle and Whitaker spent a fortnight in Skye at the end of June, and had little good fortune. However, they ascended Sgurr Dearg by the Window Buttress, Inaccessible Pinnacle, Cioch, Sgumain and Alasdair, Sgurr nan Gillean, Bhasteir and Bhasteir Tooth. Like a Y.R.C. party of many years ago, they returned with views on the best methods of crossing Skye burns in flood.

An excursion to Galloway is also reported with a pleasant ridge walk from Mickle Millyea over Corserine to Carlin's Cairn, and another to Merrick, the highest point of the Lowlands.

The moorland trudge from Marsden to Edale has been one of H. Buckley's long walks. We draw his attention to the Rucksack Club effort, Colne to Rowsley.

*The Alpine Regions.*—Only a small part of the 1927 season was really good. On August 19th such bad weather set in that during the next week the British simply vanished from

the Alps and the mountain hotels were almost emptied. It is held to have been proved that it can rain in the Alps as viciously as in Britain. Nevertheless, from 27th August to 3rd September was a most glorious week without a cloud over Italy for days on end.

1927.—In the Easter vacation Bentley Beetham went out *alone* to the High Atlas (Morocco) and made several ascents in spite of difficulties of every kind, but we have no details.

F. S. Smythe and F. H. Slingsby broke new ground by an expedition to Corsica in May. "Good hard snow, plenty; May undoubtedly the best time; rock *AI*, climbing comparable to Coolins; country extremely beautiful; forests magnificent."

Monte d'Oro (trav. N. to S.) in bad weather, Punta Orientale, Monte Falò, E. peak, attempt on E. arête Paglia Orba, lower two of Cinque Fratelli on an off day, Punta Cartelliccia, Paglia Orba by S. face, Monte Cinto (highest in Corsica).

Smythe made three more bivouacs alone after Slingsby left, and climbed Punta Artica (easy scramble), two first-rate rock peaks N. of Paglia Orba (one new?) and Capo Tafonato N. summit.

W. A. Wright in the early summer ascended Monte San Salvatore, Monti Crocione, Grigna and Legnone and crossed the Bocca di Brenta from Molveno to Pinzolo. In August he climbed Pointe de Plate from Sixt and traversed the Buet to Chamonix. Thence he went up Belvédère and two short rock climbs, Aig. de la Perseverance and L'Index, finishing with Pointe d'Orny and Aig. du Tour on the Chamonix side.

F. and H. Booth and S. H. Whitaker spent a week in the Pyrenees, but found that Vernet les Bains is in the wrong district and made only one ascent, a peak of Canigou.

W. M. Roberts had F. H. Slingsby in his party over the Col d'Hérens and Allalin Pass. Later from Saas he did Ulrichshorn and Balfrinhorn, Fletschhorn, Stellihorn and Nollenhorn, and finished by crossing the Lötschenlücke.

A. B. Roberts was in Austria, Stubaital and Oetztal. Most expeditions spoilt by bad weather.

F. S. Smythe completely re-established his health by a couple of months in the Alps, during which he made at least six ascents of the first order, culminating in a magnificent

climb of Mont Blanc from the Brenva glacier with Mr. T. Graham Brown, which ranks with the famous Brenva route over the ice ridge, and which has been named the Sentinel route. Besides these great climbs, the Brenva, Sentinel and Col Maudit routes on Mont Blanc, the traverse of Aig. Blanche de Pétéret (a very lucky one too) and the E. face Aig. du Plan, Bower led him up the Knubel Chimney on the Grépon, he made a new route on Les Courtes and climbed Grands Charmoz and the Dufourspitze and Signalkuppe of Monte Rosa. We heartily congratulate Smythe and our friends Bell, Bower, Graham Brown, Ward and Macphee.

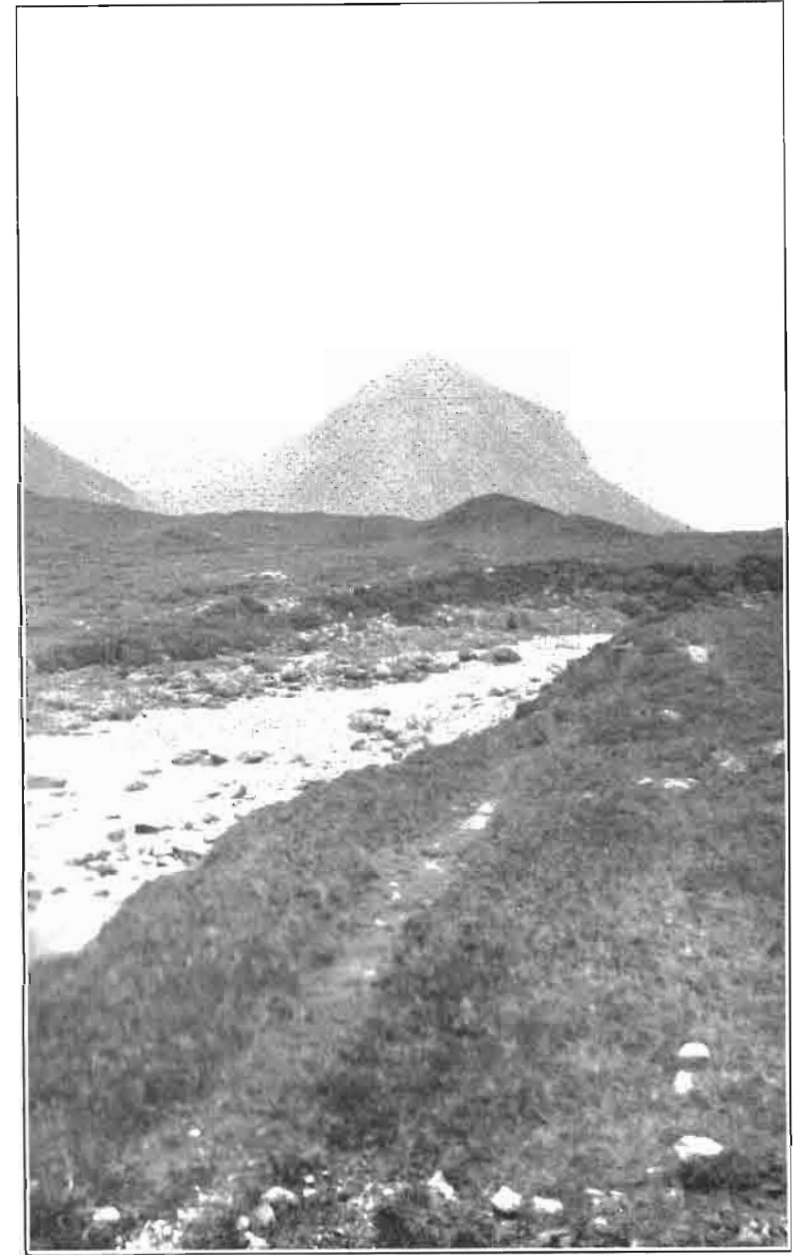
Beetham's summer campaign was again a wonderful sequence of ascents. With W. V. Brown and E. E. Roberts he began from the rarely used Eismeer Station on the Jungfrau railway, gaining the Bergli hut without difficulty by keeping high above the icefall. Then followed the traverse of the Gross and Hinter Fiescherhörner, Grüneckhorn and Gross Grünhorn, Fletschhorn and Laquinhorn and with Meldrum added Alphubel. With Roberts and Chorley he did the Hohberghorn, Stecknadelhorn, Nadelhorn, but he and Chorley also put on at the ends of this grand traverse Dürrenhorn and Ulrichshorn.

With Brown and the two others he traversed the Strahlhorn and Fluchthorn, with the Adlerhorn. With Roberts, Meldrum and Chorley the Parrotspitze of Monte Rosa was crossed in a terribly cold wind and the night spent in the Punta Gnifetti hut. Next day he and Chorley bagged the other lower summits, Schwarzhorn, Ludwigshöhe, Pyramid Vincent, Balmenhorn, and Punta Giordani, while the other pair bagged Zumsteinspitze and the first two of the lower peaks.

With Roberts, a crampon ascent was made of the Dent d'Hérens and a glorious failure on the Bieshorn, starting from the Weisshorn hut at 8.40 a.m.

After a vain excursion to the Mont Blanc range, he fled with Wakefield to the Engadine, and is known to have done Piz Bernina, Piz Roseg, Piz Morteratsch and a stupendous traverse from Piz Trovat over Piz d'Arlas, Piz Cambrena, Piz Päu, Bellavista, Piz Zupo and Piz Argent.

1928.—Bentley Beetham and W. V. Brown made in April the expedition to the High Atlas recorded in this number.



MARSCO (SKYF)

Photo by C. J. Benson

H. Brodrick in March ascended Pico Ariero (6,000 ft.) in Madeira.

G. R. Smith visited Corsica in April. Weather limited ascents to Paglia Orba, Capo Tafonato, and Monte Cinto. The Grotte des Anges is uninhabitable in wet weather.

The season was one of the finest ever known in the Alps, even beating 1911. The bare ice on the glaciers came up further and further, the snow slopes grew thinner and thinner over the icy core, and crampons, once carried in doubt of ever needing them, became every day wear.

F. S. Smythe followed up his Sentinel route by carrying through another brilliant climb of Mont Blanc with Graham Brown from the Brenva glacier, to the left of the Sentinel and leading to Mont Blanc du Courmayeur.

His full list is Altels, Aig. Chevannier (from Taléfre glacier), Grépon, Aig. Verte by Moine Ridge from Charpoua hut, Trident de la Brenva, Pic de la Brenva, Dent du Géant, Aig. de l'Argentiére and Mont Blanc (new route).

W. S. Harris, with a guide, climbed Unter Wellhorn, Kingspitze, Vorderspitze and Hohjägiburg, traversed the three peaks, Wetterhorn, Mittelhorn, Rosenhorn, and finally did the Schreckhorn.

J. M. Davidson did not get out in 1927, and was so unlucky as to be seized with illness in 1928 and his season cut down to the Mittelhorn.

J. Hilton and E. E. Roberts began with a reconnaissance of the Ago di Sciora on a bad day, then crossed the S. Casnile Pass, and with Beetham traversed Monte Muretto, Monte dell'Ora and Piz Fora. Next Beetham led them over the seriously difficult traverse of Piz Glüschant and La Sella (W. peak), and alone they did Piz Palü and Bellavista, followed by Piz Bernina and Zupo on the next day. Roberts later climbed Piz della Margna by the N. ridge solo.

W. M. Roberts climbed Pte. de la Rechasse, and Dôme de Chasseforêt in the Pralognan district, Aig. d'Argentiére, Mont Blanc, Combin du Valsorey with descent by Col du Sonadon.

Bentley Beetham with Pryor, Meldrum, and Travis visited the Ortler range, and bagged the principal summit and several others. Moving to the Bregaglia group they climbed Monte Rosso, Cima di Vazzeda and Cima di Rosso (trav.), Cima del

Largo, Piz Casnile, Castello (trav.). As mentioned he then did Piz Fora, etc., and led the difficult traverse of Piz Glüschaint and La Sella (W. peak).

Going to the Western Alps with Wakefield he is known to have traversed La Meije. Other information fails.

*A Note on Guide-books.*—It is admittedly a difficult thing to write a clear description of a route on many mountains, but even if such descriptions may not be perfectly clear, there is a minimum of adequacy below which they should not go. This summer three of us went up the Dôme de Chasseforêt from the Felix Faure refuge. In this limestone district we knew how difficult of access the lower slopes are from the upper on account of the steep precipices, more often than not unclimbable. But we read in Gaillard's *Alpes de Savoie*, vol. I., pp. 116-7, that to descend to Pralognan from the West Col du Dard "one takes for guidance the Dent de Villard, which one can see on the other side of the valley of the Doron de Pralognan. At the end of 20 minutes in this direction a pyramid on the edge of the moraine will be seen. It indicates the passage down to the Cirque du Grand Marchet which one reaches in 40 minutes." This is a free but sufficiently accurate translation. But alas! The directions were excellent as far as the pyramid, which we reached without the least trouble. A rough track showed itself there and we felt our difficulties were over so we not only unroped but finished up our water bottles as the Cirque was to the left front only 40 minutes below and beautiful streams were flowing in the valley. But here I quarrel with the guide-book. The rough track vanished in a few minutes and to this day I do not know how you get off the buttress we were on into the Cirque du Grand Marchet. After climbing all over that wretched buttress we eventually got into the next cirque on our right down a steep gully for which we roped, and then we had to scramble up a steep horrible slope, for we had gone 250 feet below the little col joining the two cirques. We put in two hours trying places all over the buttress, each time hitting the top of something quite unclimbable, and our tongues were literally hanging out when we got to the water at last. I do feel that a word or two about finding the way from the pyramid was needed. Where on earth the proper route was

into the cirque we could not tell on looking back, and the place we came down appeared to be the only one available, as far as I could see.

Later on we ascended the Combin from the Valsorey Hut and though we met with no checks or difficulties, I felt there was a similar complaint about the Swiss guide-book in connection with this peak. There was a detailed description of what one might meet, but no indication that the whole thing is extremely easy and that there is only one piece of easy rock climbing up a gully. Even that can be left out and a horrid, loose, but simple slope ascended. We got the impression that there would be a good bit of quite easy rock, actually we rarely, except at the place alluded to, used our hands.

These climbing guide-books seem to say too little or too much. Two or three lines would have been ample for the Combin, but the Cirque du Grand Marchet wanted a good deal more.—W.M.R.

## CAVE EXPLORATION.

### I.—NEW DISCOVERIES.

*Leck Fell, Lost John's Cave.*—6th August, 1928. Exploration completed by parties led by Messrs. P. F. and Innes Foley.

An extensive and remarkably intricate addition to this cavern was entered by the Messrs. Foley on 21st June, 1926, and they have since led several expeditions to it, doing very fine work. Six pitches of varying depths, all nominally dry, led in the end to the stream. A very fine upward climb beyond the third pitch gave them a view of the Dome Chamber. On another branch three other pitches led to another view point of the same. A Y.R.C. expedition at Whitsun, 1928, entered the Dome and finished that branch by reaching the stream where it could be followed neither up nor down. In the longer branch they carried on two more stages with the water, and reported a ninth pitch. In August the original explorers found this to be the last.

An article and plan are promised for the next *Journal*.

*Giggleswick Scar Caves.*—Brodrick reports that about 1910 he and Hill found or uncovered a cave which they thought was Staircase Cave, N.W. of the Schoolboys' Tower (and therefore near Schoolboys' Cave). He went down on a 70 ft. rope, untied and climbed down the last bit, forcing a way out at the foot of the Scar. A recent search has failed to recover this. It is certainly not Staircase Cave, which is quite open.

*Barbon Fell, Hidden Pot.*—19th June, 1927. Woodman and Roberts. The existence of a forty foot pot-hole on the opposite side of the road to Bull Pot and concealed by brush-wood piled into the sink-hole of a tiny stream was not noticed till early in 1926, and was unknown even to the farmer.

Much dangerous *débris* and loose rock had to be removed before the final twenty feet of ladder could be descended. Several promising crawls, one upward nearly to the surface, failed to lead into Bull Pot, as hoped.

*Wharfedale, Foss Gill Pot.*—First descent, by the late Mr. Gordon Maufe, before the War. On the limestone platform opposite Starbotton, above Foss Gill beyond the second wall. Some thirty feet down at the S. end of an obvious rift is the entrance to a pot-hole. The ladder descent is just 40 feet.

Frankland was lowered into it in July, 1927, and the exploration was completed in 1928. The rift ran S. no great distance before closing in. Mr. Maufe also reported a weird oblique crawl cave, very wet, of considerable length, near the Foss. An endeavour has been made to force the Foss Rising, but the most promising avenue was found to be choked with boulders.

*Brough, Swindale Pots.*—Beetham has pointed out a group by the side of the high road to Grains o' th' Beck, three miles N. of Brough. A week-end with him in July accounted for them. The floor of the upper hole is easily reached, and there are a couple of short ladder climbs in its recesses.

The lower hole has a fair chamber, and requires twenty feet of ladder.

## II.—OTHER EXPEDITIONS.

*Ingleborough, Mere Gill Hole.*—Third descent, Gritstone Club, July 16th-17th, 1928. "Mere Gill at last. Went in eight strong at 9 p.m. Saturday, and came out at 8.30 a.m. Sunday. Much water on pitches. Never wish to see the place again, but may think I enjoyed it, after I have got over the present fatigue."—(From a postcard to the Editor).

*Ingleborough, Jockey Pot.*—September 11th, 1927. (F. Booth, H. Booth, E. E. Roberts). This party report a glorious descent well worth doing. The side tunnel gives a clean rock entrance with excellent holds without the mess and dirt of the surface lead and in which a pulley can easily be rigged. They confirm the measurements of the first party, 220 ft. from surface, which again confirm Balderston. From the tunnel end a rounded vertical groove of 32 ft. led to a little niche whence a single descent of 168 ft., the first half in a slight grooving, led to the floor, a total of 200 ft. of ladder.

The loads were rather heavy for a party of three from Clapdale. Four would have made it a picnic.

*Chapel-le-Dale, Weathercote Cave.*—For well over one hundred years it has been known that passages could be reached both above and below the famous fall, but the printed statements are very vague. For many years the lower passage has been choked with a mass of branches. A couple of wet uncomfortable crawls have yielded the following:—Where the second waterfall appears in bad weather, you get up into the bedding plane from which it pours, and with much pain attain the side of the tunnel conspicuous from below, well back from the waterfall. On your left the stream leaves the bedding plane by a ten foot fall. Progress upstream without any head room or hope of improvement cannot be made for more than a few yards. It is easy to get down into the tunnel. The situation is grand, and it appears possible to climb out on the left wall, good belays.

In the dark corner at the foot of the fall, you can now get through the entanglement of timber and descend a hole into.



a passage, hopelessly blocked by the stuff down to the left, but admitting of some short crawls to the right in the rock behind the fall, but there is no passage upwards.

*Cam Fell, Foxholes.*—The position of these two beautiful little pot-holes in highly fossiliferous rock, alluded to by Cuttriss, *Notes on Caves*, has been uncertain. They are close to and west of the wall at the foot of the slight descent south from Round Hill (six inch map). Coming from Ling Gill Bridge, follow the direction of the tributary above it to the east for three-quarters of a mile till a cross wall is reached; then follow wall half-mile north. The pot-hole next the wall has an interesting little descent in the dark and is more complicated than the other, 100 yards away.

*Kingsdale, Bull Pot.*—Third descent, 16th July, 1927. Brown, Hilton, F. and H. Booth, Roberts, Whitaker. A delightful night expedition under dry conditions. The third and fourth pitches were found to be only about 50 ft. each. The most direct way on the 3rd pitch is probably through a hole in the floor, by which in fact the tackle was sent back. Below this point the direction of the descent is 245° magnetic, the reverse of the upper part. A narrow rift was found on the left wall of the lowest passage and descended a certain distance. With the aid of a ladder, and much trouble, the next party should break a little new ground.

*Leck Fell, Short Drop Cave.*—Cuttriss's short note, printed in *Vol. V.*, p. 63, gives no indication of the length and grandeur and interest of the passage through to Gavel Pot. Two very surprised adventurers with a single electric lamp found themselves hundreds of yards beyond the difficult crawl without reaching the waterfall by the Stalactite Chamber. In July last the journey was made in haste on a stormy day and the uprights of the old ladder at the waterfall found still in position. The flight back to daylight took half an hour. The point at which one finds one is leaving the water for a dry branch is the beginning of the troublesome crawl, in a tunnel at your feet.

*Barbon Fell, Bull Pot.*—Evans reports a 5½ hours exploration in July, 1927, with discovery of several new passages. No details as to where. The 1926 cavern is very large and in one corner must be nearly 100 ft. high.

*Nidderdale, Goyden Pot.*—The Labyrinth does not seem to have been entered since the Club's mass visit in 1921, but the Gritstone Club has recorded a visit to the cave which almost finished in disaster, the party fighting its way out against a flood.

A party from the Wath meet, 1928, went in 50 yards to the Window and in another fifteen to where in 1921 the upper passage closed in three plugged holes. The eastern is now open, and a troublesome crawl over mud, squared timbers, and branches tends up northerly and finishes in clean rock at a little 14 ft. pot-hole, water flooded.

Another visit was paid in May to try and clear up the puzzling points in an article by Mr. George Gaskell, *Chambers' Journal*, Vol. V., May, 1888. He claims the discovery of a passage reached by a ledge and scramble of twelve feet, leading past the foot of a circular shaft to a deep pool under a great vaulted dome. The entrance was somewhere near the head of a 30 ft. waterfall into the River Chamber. None of these were found.

Entering the River Chamber, the drier and more interesting route is to keep right; the existence of the bridge is much more obvious just before reaching the torrent. Above the long wide bridge the cave is very imposing but there are no passages off it, as stated *Y.R.C.J.*, Vol. V., p. 66. It is now possible to understand the use of a ladder and ropes by Lowe and by Gaskell.

The hardened practitioners of to-day have no hope of keeping either dry or clean, but the early explorers naturally avoided the water, went on to the Bridge, as Lowe says, and laddered from the far side, quite a good route.

Far downstream the end of the cave, in 1921 an entanglement of branches, is now quite clear and the Nidd disappears into a floor of gravel joining a sloping roof.

*Caves of Southern France.*—The superior claims of mountaineering have long prevented any Ramblers from making a tour of the many famous French caves. Henry Humphreys and B. Holden, Jr., in June, 1928, at last removed this reproach.

Les Eyzies (Dordogne), two days. *Roc de Tayac*, extensive ancient dwelling. *Grotte de Grande Roc*, small cave, rich in fantastic deposit, the wind theory will not suffice. *Miremont Cave*, 4 kms. of passages, three hours at good speed. *La Grotte de Carpe Diem*, *Grotte de Font de Gaume*, small but very interesting, paintings of bison, reindeer, mammoth, etc. *Grotte de Cro-Magnon*.

On the run of 100 km. to Rocamadour, *Proumeyssac Abyss*, cage and motor winch of one live horse power, beehive chamber, 150 ft. high and 120 ft. diameter. *La Cave*, entered by a cutting 450 yards long, fine sérac formations excavated from under mud.

From Rocamadour, *Puits de Padirac*, staircase of 200 seven inch steps in daylight, watercourse about 350 ft. below surface, small waterfalls over large and beautiful sérac formations, access by paths and boats, largest chamber 150 ft. across and about 300 ft. high, all deposits discoloured. *Grotte de Zacheus*.

Lourdes, *Grotte de Bétharram*, much larger than Padirac, contains the largest chamber they had ever seen though only 50 ft. high, deposits immense, after three hours rapid movement exit by a level three-quarter mile long. Biarritz, *Grotte de Lare*.

All these caves can be visited in Sunday clothes.



*Photo by Miss M. Buckley.*  
MOUNT RUNDLE, BANFF (ALBERTA).



*Photo by Miss M. Buckley.*  
MORAINÉ LAKE, VALLEY OF TEN PEAKS, (ALBERTA)

## REVIEWS.

MOUNTAINEERING VENTURES: by Claude E. Benson. (*T. C. & E. C. Jack & Co. Ltd.*, pp. vii. and 224, 6s. od. nett). This little volume is a summary of a few of the great epic stories of the mountains, cast in that happy vein of mingled jest and earnest with which the author has so often entertained his fellow *clubbistes*. He takes each story in turn, pulps it, dresses it afresh in his own language, and presents it with such a wealth of description and display of intimate knowledge of the *terrain* that the reader might well be pardoned for thinking he had actually formed one of the party. In this way he deals with the doings of great climbers—de Saussure, G. W. Young and others on Mt. Blanc and its Aiguilles, Whymper on the Matterhorn, Slingsby on "Skag," and of others on the Meije, Aorangi (N.Z.) and elsewhere—concluding with an eloquent summary of the attempts on Mt. Everest. Nor does he fail to "point a moral and adorn a tale" with apt and frequent comment and advice on all articles of the mountaineering code, meant to bring home to every climber the truth of the saying "the price of freedom is eternal vigilance." His comparisons of small things with great—of British hill climbs with their big Swiss brothers—will help those who only know the former to understand the latter. The book will send many readers to the original narratives and some, let us hope, to the mountains themselves.

The illustrations (photographic) and especially the "jacket" are worthy of the text.—W.A.B.

CLIMBERS' GUIDE TO SNOWDON AND THE BEDDGELEERT DISTRICT: by H. R. C. Carr—1926. 143 pp., 12 plates, 9 diagrams, 3 sketch-maps. 5s. (*Burruip, Mathieson & Co.*). The fourth of the series of guides published by the Climbers' Club completes the task undertaken for North Wales twenty years ago. The number of crags, great and small, described or located by the book is astonishing, and it is a delightful hunt, reminiscent of happy days, to try to find any omission.

But completely and pithily though the climbs are described, the book is also a most useful guide to the many grand mountain walks of the area. We congratulate Mr. Carr and his assistants both on the contents and on the convenient size of their publication. It should have a great sale.

THE OPEN AIR GUIDE, by J. R. Ashton and F. A. Stocks—1928. 210 pp., 3s. 6d. (*John Heywood*). A handy book of reference for wayfarers of all kinds in their early stages. There is a good chapter on roads, and other chapters give useful information on maps, camping, stars, weather, architecture, etc., to find which would otherwise entail some trouble. An appendix contains lists of high passes and of peaks over 2,500 feet in England and Wales.

HILLS AND HIGHWAYS, by Katharine C. Chorley—1928. 232 pp., 6s. net (*J. M. Dent & Sons*). A volume of walking essays and of very pleasant reading, dominated by Lakeland and the Alps. Wastdale, Will Ritson, and the Patriarch of the Pillar appear in it—Scotland and Italian painters.

The passages about the walker and the motorist in "Lake Country Inns" have a more subtle humour possibly than when they were written, for nowadays the walker is, except on highdays and holidays, a motorist too. We applaud the sound distinction the author draws between inns and hotels.

There is a local study, "Cities of the Pennines,"—a frank expression of opinion about the stone towns of E. Lancashire. We plead guilty to feeling no disagreement with the epithets Mrs. Chorley applies to the industrial north or to the moors of the Southern Pennines—she knows the latter better than we do—but we cannot help noting that she has, like many other northerners, forgotten in the pain of the moment that beyond the industrial north lies the Enchanting North, where Pennine moors are not blasted like those of the Southern Pennines, nor are stone towns like the horrors of the gritstone. Even in Lancashire, N. of Rivington Pike, the towns are not one with the moors, and one passes from a world of grime to a world of colour.

ALPINE JOURNAL.—Each number now runs to some two hundred pages, packed with interesting articles. During the last two years those of most outstanding general interest appear to be "The Ascent of Mount Logan" by A. H. MacCarthy, and "Mount Tasman and its Satellites" by H. E. L. Porter, while we at least will include Smythe's full accounts of his expeditions of 1927.

Two articles on knots seem to leave nothing more to be said, except that pot-holders are strictly forbidden to employ in the dark any but the simplest knots over which no mistake can be made.

KINDRED CLUB JOURNALS.—The Club possesses full sets, and members are urged to make greater use of the opportunities of reading the current numbers, even if they do not feel sufficiently well-off to buy them. The Editor, well aware of the traps which await reviewers, has no desire to deal with them at great length, but acknowledges with gratitude the kindness of the Clubs with which we exchange publications.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. G. B. Green, Editor of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*. He is succeeded by Mr. Jack MacRobert, to whom we wish every success. His first two numbers have been distinguished by the beauty of the photographs.

The *Cairngorm Club Journal* records that Mr. J. A. Parker has joined the little band who have done all the "Munros" or Scottish 3,000 footers. This Journal still adheres faithfully to its own district.

The last number of the *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club* contains an article of grave importance by the Editor on the staff work and planning which will be required to be done by some one if an injured man is to be brought in with all speed after an accident. The previous number contains the Langdale Guide and an account of the round of the Coolins by Frankland and Miss Barker.

The second number of the *Pinnacle Club Journal* shows the women's club going strong. Miss Bray has an interesting and amusing article "Climbing with Foreigners," including the crossing to the Guglia di Amicis by an 80 ft. rope bridge, hanging by one leg and hands, and apparently a cord loop.

*The Gritstone Club Journal* is again pluckily produced by typing. In an article by Hastings, "Low Douk," we recognise a record of the first traverse from Gavel Pot to Short Drop, in 1885, but unluckily not quite completed.

To the *Wayfarers' Club Journal*, a new comer, we wish a long run. If the Editor is as successful in collecting articles in the future as his assistant has been in finding advertisements, the W.C.J. is going to strike out a new line in climbing journals. It contains a surprising number of articles and the only good picture of the Cima del Largo we have ever seen.

*The Proceedings of the Bristol Spelæological Society* record that the Society is persistent and successful in the patient and careful excavation of rock shelters for prehistoric remains, of late at Ross and Cheddar.

After reading the *British Ski Year Book*, a splendid volume of 300 pp., all we feel able to say is that we envy those people who have time to learn ski-ing, and a second long holiday in which to practise the art.

The *Climbers' Club Journal* contains an interesting symposium on how the three writers began to climb. It records a long wanted discovery of rocks near Birmingham, by Mr. T. S. Knowles who, unhappily, has perished at the hands of bandits in China.

Last, but not least, comes the *Rucksack Club Journal*, now edited by Mr. J. H. Doughty. It contains several new departures, and, remembering the pleas of a contemporary for a really literary climbing journal, its introduction of fiction and a prize competition, we are inclined to think that the "literary journal" has now arrived. All other climbing fiction is amateurish by the side of the thrilling serial for which Mr Doughty has found authors.

Humour is certainly not lacking in the Rucksack Club. It is therefore remarkable that the reviewer of *Y.R.C.J. No. 17*, should have taken the opening remarks of Frankland's article seriously and failed to recognise Mummery's well known joke about an inaccessible peak, etc.

Climbing Mechanics and a new technique, the carrying of chockstones, are other points which make the *Rucksack Club Journal* one to be watched.

## CLUB MEETS.

1927.—The first meet of the year at the Hill Inn, Chapel-le-Dale, January 29th-30th, was very well attended, having been advertised as including a Country Dinner with a speech by the President. The company of thirty-three, including four ex-Presidents, listened to one of the racy discourses for which Leach has become famous and then underwent a severely critical training as a choir.

To the strains of a suitable anthem, an imposing procession bore into the room a superb Chain of Office on which no expense had been spared and with which the President was invested after C. E. Burrow had read from a sumptuous roll an Address in moving terms, which will be found given elsewhere.

The winter of '26-27, remarkable for beginning in October with a heavy snowstorm while the leaves were thick on the trees, was generally mild, but provided us with a wild week-end, with snow on the tops and snow storms most of Sunday. The telephone speedily spread the news on Sunday night that a serious accident had occurred to Mr. T. S. Booth. While in Ling Gill he slipped and, falling a short distance, sustained severe head injury and fractured several ribs. He was taken by car to Settle and thence by motor ambulance to Leeds Infirmary. We are pleased to congratulate Mr. Booth heartily on his wonderful recovery.

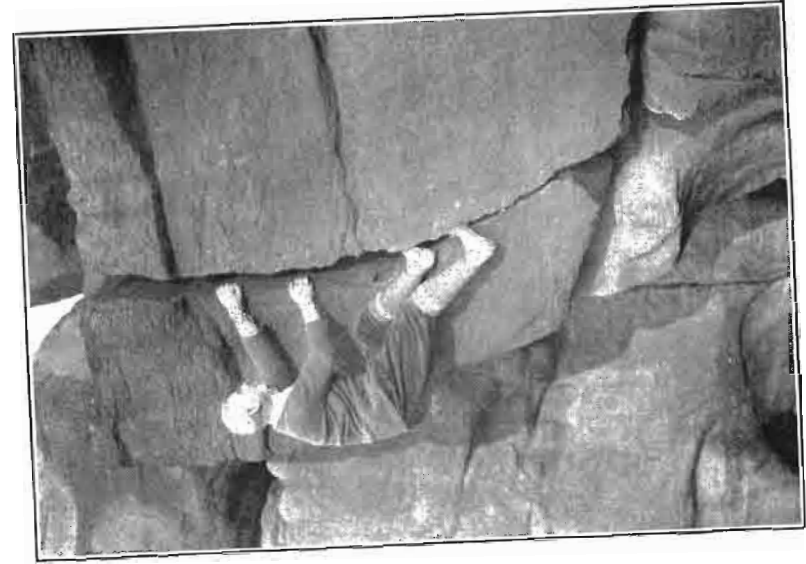
Ramsgill, March 6th-7th, was approached in wretched weather, but a glorious winter day of sun and wind left more vivid memories of moorland tramps.

The spring opened well, the more enterprising having two good climbing days at Brimham Rocks, and sunny weather attended the company who drove to Ogwen Cottage for Easter, 17th April. It is singular that during the whole time cloud and gloom covered the Snowdon group while Ogwen gloried in sun. Frankland spent three days on Lliwedd, leading the Slanting Gully, East Gully, Roof Route and others.

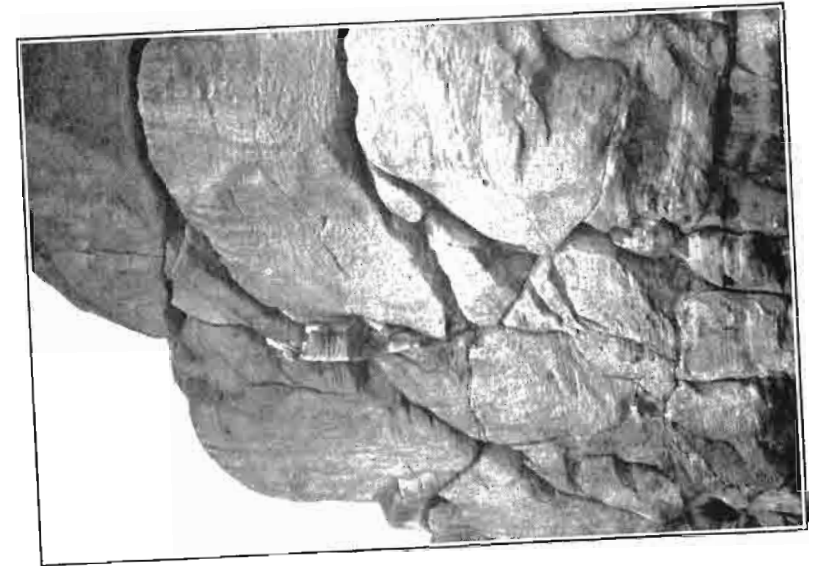
The week closed with an extraordinary outburst of wintry weather to balance the eccentricity of the previous October.

The Whitsuntide Camp at Gaping Ghyll began with a perfect evening on the Friday, and three good days' work was put in below, but the weather was not too kind, men having to stand by the hoisting tackle two nights in heavy rain. A small passage was discovered off the Old East Passage, and two parties successfully exchanged places by the Flood Entrance route.

A small party remained in camp and worked Star Pot, but were glad to feel the last of rain and wind, and welcome the sun which bursts out on such occasions at Clapdale Hall.



GREEN CRACK FINISH.



CENTRAL CLIMB.

C. D. FRANKLAND AT ALMESCLIFF.

The Horton-in-Ribblesdale meet, July 2nd-3rd, was well attended, and a dozen or so did the Three Peak Walk, by night in the case of Whitaker, F. and H. Booth, while Woodman and Wade were content with two by night.

The British Association Excursion to Gaping Ghyll is fully described in this number. The feature of the work was the unfaltering and continuous running of the wire rope and chair. Rapid as were operations on Saturday, they were even more speedy and unchecked on Sunday, an incredible number of people being raised and lowered in eleven hours.

A tribute must be paid to the sacrifice of time and the enthusiasm of that well known body of Gaping Ghyll experts which alone enabled the Club to extend the invitation to the British Association. They deserved the glorious weather.

Dovedale, September 24th-25th, was new ground to most of us. The Derbyshire Pennine Club led us down the Manifold Valley, and showed us the entrances into many crawl caves, which, alas, the flooded river completely swamped.

The autumn and winter were remarkably damp, and the South of England suffered very bad weather, of which the culminating point was the Christmas snowstorm, the worst snowstorm within living memory. We in the North escaped with only a touch on the hills, and appreciated a good old fashioned frost over the New Year.

1928.—The damp winter gave no quarter to the meet at Clapham, January 28th-29th. Both days were terribly wet but did not hold up the walkers, while those who explored Clapham Cave had certainly the drier expedition, wet as it was. Twenty-eight mustered at dinner, the President, H. H. Bellhouse, was invested with the Chain of Office, and spoke winged words, for immediately the spirit of oratory descended upon the room, and speech after speech was made, punctuated by thunders of applause and the crash of the weapon with which the Toastmaster of the Day heralded his announcements.

The next meet was at Wath in Nidderdale, March 10th-11th. A thin carpet of snow on the roads met the party who drove out to breakfast, but the moors were well covered by a burst of squalls before they started on their expedition up Ramsgill to the watershed and down Merryfield Beck. On Sunday morning we awoke to a real snowfall and a wild day with fierce gusts. The longest expedition seems to have been that of the President's party, on the Kirby Malzeard road, across the gill to Dallowgill Church, to Greygarth, and by road to Ramsgill and Wath. The going would have been heavy all the way, but the wind blew the snow on the upland roads into beautiful little drifts and left long stretches of bare patches.

At Easter (April 8th) some twenty rock climbers met at Coniston and enjoyed sunny warm weather on Doe Crag. As in 1927 an extraordinary outburst of winter took place at the end of the week.

At Whitsuntide (27th May) a large party again encamped at Gaping Ghyll. On Friday night Woodman arrived feeling very ill, but took part in the work which was going on. Early on Saturday morning he was discovered to be in a serious condition, suffering from pneumonia, and had to be conveyed on an improvised stretcher by slow degrees to Clapdale Hall. Hither a rough-riding motor cyclist to Dr. Lovett's had summoned the Settle Ambulance and Woodman was driven straight home in a critical condition. The Club congratulates him on the fight he put up with the disease and his wonderful recovery. He is now on his way to South Africa, after a course of reading in the Journals of the Mountain Club.

The principal thing done below ground was to put together in the Pool Chamber of the South Passage a raft sustained by petrol tins. After being wrecked on a reef, certain adventurers were hauled up into the Lost Passage, and made their exit by the West Chamber, proving beyond doubt that the three places are in the same vertical rift.

A joint meet with the Derbyshire Pennine Club took place at the Golden Lion, Horton-in-Ribblesdale, 16th-17th June. In somewhat threatening weather Alum Pot was polished off on Sunday in great style. Long Churn was entered at ten, and the first man up, by the long ladder lead to the Cup, appeared at 12.30. The accidental visit of the Wayfarers' Club allowed some of them a canter in Long Churn and elsewhere. The lust for speed, once whetted, continued until at 5 p.m. two amazed Ramblers watched the last car but one tear off round the Horton corners as if it were January instead of a June night.

Eighteen men attended the return meet at Castleton, July 21st-22nd. One party did Giant's Hole on Saturday afternoon, others Peak Cavern, but the official programme began with a pretty little cavern, newly broken into, Trey Cliff. A ladder descent after dinner!

But our hosts went further than that, for they gave us the cave expedition of a dream, having put in much time in rigging Oxlow Mine and fastening the bits of it together. All we had to do was to walk down the ladders, and when in the far extreme of the Great Halls, we found the famous "sump" unrigged, we just said "Fetch a ladder" and someone actually went and brought one! Eight of the eleven Ramblers then proceeded to get wet.

The only place in Yorkshire that we can think of which could be treated in the same way and made the scene of something like a picnic is Marble Steps Cavern.

The last meet of the year was at Bainbridge, 13th-14th October. Muker and the Buttertubs were visited.

## CLUB PROCEEDINGS.

1927.—The week-end meets held during the year were:—30th January, Chapel-le-Dale; 6th March, Ramsgill; Easter, 17th April, Ogwen; Whitsuntide, 5th June, Gaping Ghyll; 3rd July, Horton; 25th September, Dovedale.

The British Association met in Leeds, and the Committee undertook to arrange a descent of Gaping Ghyll as one of the excursions. On September 2nd and 3rd, the expedition was successfully carried out, thirty-five visitors being lowered and guided into the caverns. The Association acknowledged its debt by printing the plan of Gaping Ghyll and presenting the Club with 400 copies.

The seventeenth number of the *Club Journal* was published in June. We record with deep regret the deaths of our third President, Alfred Barran, and of the Hon. Librarian, the great cragsman, C. D. Frankland.

1927-28.—At the Annual General Meeting held 12th November, 1927, the following were elected to hold office during the year:—President, H. H. BELLHOUSE; Vice-Presidents, W. V. BROWN and C. E. BENSON; Hon. Treasurer, B. A. BATES; Hon. Secretaries, J. BUCKLEY and F. S. BOOTH; Hon. Librarian, J. K. CRAWFORD; Hon. Editor, E. E. ROBERTS; Committee, H. S. BOOTH, M. BOTTERILL, J. H. BUCKLEY, C. E. BURROW, D. BURROW, J. HILTON, R. RIMMER.

It was decided to erect a memorial stone over the grave of Claud Deane Frankland in Wastdale Head Churchyard. A set of the *Club Journals* has been presented also to his old school, Ossett Grammar School.

The twenty-first Annual Dinner was held at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, on November 12th, 1927. The President, H. H. Bellhouse, was in the chair, and the principal guest was Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, creator of "Captain Kettle." The kindred clubs were represented by Mr. W. N. Ling, Alpine Club; Mr. F. S. Goggs, President, Scottish Mountaineering Club; Mr. C. Myles Mathews, President, Climbers' Club; Mr. J. Hirst, Rucksack Club; Mr. J. M. Davidson, Wayfarers' Club; Mr. E. W. Steeple, Midland Association; and Mr. R. Robinson, Gritstone Club.

1928.—The week-end meets held during the year were:—29th January, Clapham; 11th March, Wath in Nidderdale; Easter, 8th April, Coniston; Whitsuntide, 27th May, Gaping Ghyll; 17th June, Horton; 22nd July, Castleton; 14th October, Bainbridge. The Horton and Castleton meets were jointly with the Derbyshire Pennine Club.

We regret to record the deaths in a motor accident of our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Kilburn, of the Hill Inn, Chapel-le-Dale.

The Club now consists of eleven honorary and one hundred and fifty ordinary members.

1928-29.—At the Annual General Meeting held 10th November, 1928, the following were elected to hold office during the year:—President, H. H. BELLHOUSE; Vice-Presidents, C. E. BENSON and C. E. BURROW; Hon. Treasurer, B. A. BATES; Hon. Secretaries, J. BUCKLEY and F. S. BOOTH; Hon. Librarian, J. K. CRAWFORD; Hon. Editor, E. E. ROBERTS; Committee, H. S. BOOTH, W. V. BROWN, J. H. BUCKLEY, W. S. HARRIS, R. RIMMER, J. F. SEAMAN, H. B. TAYLOR.

The twenty-second Annual Dinner was held at the Hotel Metropole on 10th November, 1928. The President, H. H. Bellhouse, was in the chair, and the principal guest was Sir William Ellis, Alpine Club. The kindred clubs were represented by Mr. F. Lawson Cook, President Wayfarers' Club; Mr. R. J. Porter, Fell and Rock Climbing Club; Mr. H. V. Hughes, Rucksack Club; Mr. J. Moulson, Gritstone Club; and Mr. J. A. Walter, Derbyshire Pennine Club.

### NEW MEMBERS.

1927.

TAYLOR, HARRY BURROW, 1, Linden Street, Dewsbury Road, Leeds.  
 WHITAKER, SAMUEL HENRY, Wyngarth, Beardwood Brow, Blackburn.  
 WADE, DAVID HAROLD, Craigens, Pannal, Harrogate.  
 SUMMERSCALE, ALEC, Witchwood, Rockferry, Cheshire.  
 HOLDEN, BLACKBURN, JR., 19, Ribblesdale Terrace, Gisburn Road, Barnoldswick.

1928.

COOPER, FRANK BRUCE, 3, West Park Grove, Roundhay, Leeds.  
 McCANDLISH, ARTHUR GORDON, 15, East Parade, Leeds.  
 MARSHALL, GEORGE CYRIL, 146, Station Road, Billingham, Stockton-on-Tees.  
 FENTON, ALEXANDER M., Scandinavia Mills, Cleckheaton.  
 POLLARD, JOSEPH LISTER, Hangingstone, Ben Rhydding.  
 CROSSLEY, ROLAND THOMAS FEARBY, 7, Rowan Avenue, New Earswick, York.  
 HARE, OSWALD, 86, Huntington Road, York.  
 CULROSS, DOUGLAS GORDON, 10, Studley Road, Harrogate.  
 LOCKWOOD, ARTHUR, Pen-y-Gwryd, Nantgwynant, Carnarvonshire.  
 YATES, HARRY, Headlands, Barlow Moor Road, W. Didsbury, Manchester.  
 BEST, VINCENT GEORGE, Beckside, Wolfe Avenue, York.  
 MACPHERSON, ERIC GORDON, Headingley Hall, Leeds.  
 SALE, ERIC HANSON, Dilston House, Collins Avenue, Norton-on-Tees.  
 GOWING, GEOFFREY SENIOR, 17, Bank Road, Billingham, Stockton-on-Tees.  
 FISHER, GEORGE ANNESLEY, 12, Swadford Street, Skipton.  
 WILLS, WILFRID DEWHURST, Eshton Hall, Gargrave.  
 CRAWFORD, JOHN BASIL, 6, St. Mary's Road, Newton Park, Leeds.  
 INGOLD, CHRISTOPHER KELK, The University, Leeds.  
 BUTTERFIELD, ALFRED, 12, Beech Grove, Pollard Lane, Bradford.

BACK NUMBERS.—These, which are limited in number, can be obtained from the Hon. Librarian (J. K. Crawford, 10, Park Square, Leeds). Prices:—Nos. 1, 3 and 4, 5s. each; Nos. 2 and 5, 10s. each; Nos. 6, 7, 10, 11 and 12, 4s. each; Nos. 8 and 9, 2s. each; No. 13, 3s.; Nos. 14, 15, 16 and 17, 5s. each. Specially designed green buckram cases for the five volumes, 2s. each. Postage extra.

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