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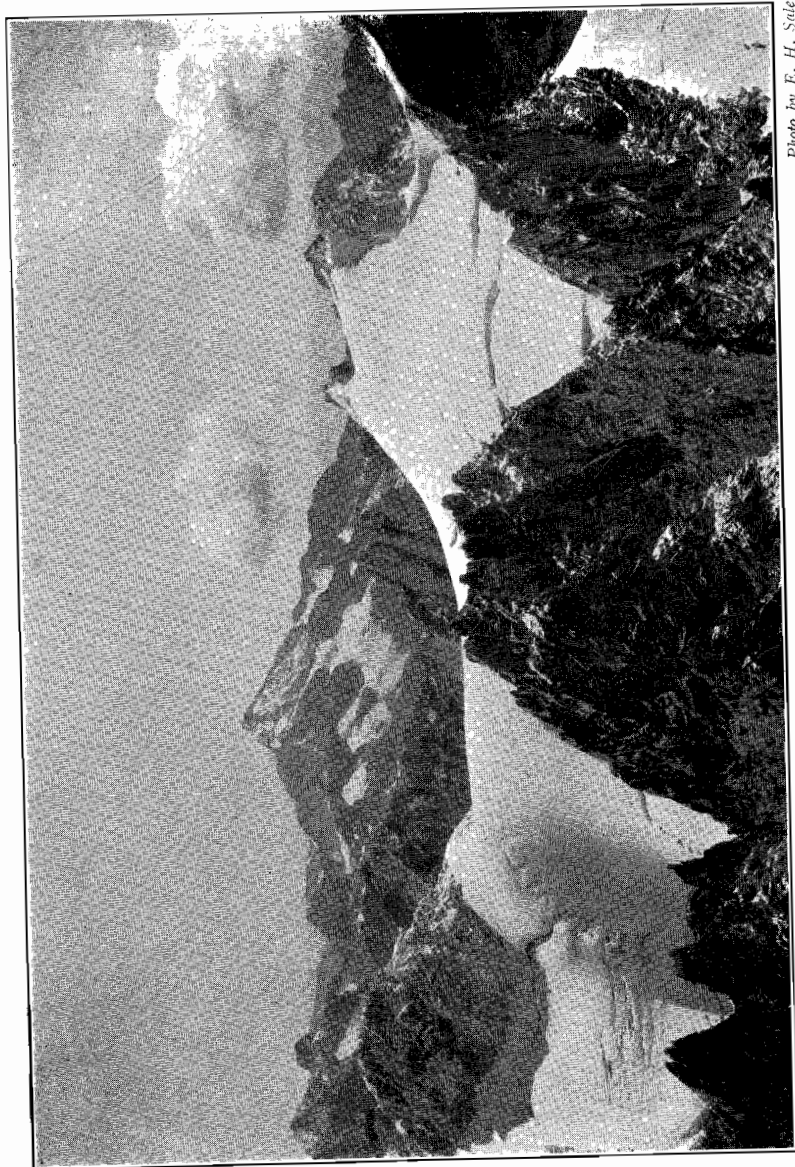


Photo by E. H. Sale

MONTE DISGRAZIA
(SEEN OVER BREGAGLIA PEAKS)

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IN THE ADAMELLO AND BRENTA GROUPS.

By E. H. SALE.

Some time early in the summer of 1931 I got a postcard which said: "Join me in the Adamello and Brenta districts in August." A suspicion that the names referred to mountains somewhere in the Alps was confirmed, and some subconscious premonition of the fall of the pound prompted me to say "yes" and to use my remaining fortnight's holiday before Mr. Snowden became really active.

Carrying a lot of maps, guide books, and tobacco, I met Binnie at Brigue on August 15th and listened to a tale of woe about the weather in the Oberland during the past fortnight. Binnie's spirits were not much improved when we came out of the Simplon tunnel into Italy in cloud and rain, but by the time we arrived at Milan the sun was shining again, and we negotiated the marble staircases of the magnificent new station successfully in our boots. From Milan, we took the Venice train as far as Brescia, where we stayed the night.

The Adamello and Brenta mountains lie south of the Ortler group and roughly north-east of Lago d'Iseo and north-west of Lago di Garda. We proposed to cross the Adamello group from Edolo on the west (in the valley to the north of Iseo) to Pinzolo on the east. Pinzolo is but a short distance lower down the valley than Madonna di Campiglio, the best base for the Brenta. Given good weather, our only doubts were about the huts, several of which were reported to be locked, with the keys kept on the wrong side of the mountain.

We left Brescia early on Sunday by an excursion train for Edolo. Being the Italian August bank holiday the train was pleasantly filled, but fortunately unprovided with glass

in the windows so that we got ventilation if not quiet; we were not the only folk cheered up by a real summer day. Arriving at Edolo about midday, we bought any amount of provisions and after lunch set out for our first hut, Capanna Baitone.

So far Binnie's Italian had done good service, the only failure on the shopping list being butter, and that because the shop was shut. But when we asked the way to the valley up which the hut track went, the only replies were blank stares. Edolo was just off the side of our large scale maps, but eventually we found the valley and began a long steady trudge in the heat. Fortunately, the Val di Malga is a shady valley, but since the height of Edolo is only about 2,100 feet, and Binnie had already been out for a fortnight, I soon lost so much by evaporation that I had a permanent thirst for the rest of the fortnight.

Opinions differed about the Capanna Baitone. A letter from the Compagna Italiana Turismo told us that it was locked and that the keys were kept in Brescia. On the other hand, Binnie thought that Canon Newton had found it open, yet the C.I.T. letter said all the huts were locked. So we climbed on for about four hours and then saw a new dam which was being built across Lago Baitone, a lake a little way below the hut. Below the dam were some workmen's huts, and as we passed a man shouted to us from one of them. Not knowing enough Italian to understand him, we went on and were discussing the best route past the lake to the hut now in sight, when he followed us and began a long speech. We tried French and then German, and learnt that the hut was locked. When we said we were English, he brought along a friend who had been in the States and in a very short time we had been offered beds in one of their huts and were being offered all kinds of food and drink. We accepted the latter and ate our supper surrounded by an enquiring audience of Italian navvies to whom the sudden appearance of two Englishmen seemed to be an event of considerable note. We found out that they worked for 16 *lire* a day, and had been up there for four years, working only from May to October. Some of them stayed up all winter and apparently passed the time ski-ing.

Our hosts tried to persuade us to join them with another bottle of Chianti after supper, but as we wanted to get off in good time we declined with thanks, even though promised a ride back from the canteen in a ropeway bucket.

The group of mountains to which the Adamello gives the name is bounded on the north by the Tonale Pass, and east and west by the valleys in which lie respectively Pinzolo and Edolo. To the south they fade away into the lower mountains between Garda and Iseo. A deep and beautiful valley, the Val di Genova, runs west from Pinzolo right into the heart of the *massif*. To the north of the Val di Genova is Cima Presanella, 11,694 ft., the highest point of the group, and flanking it east and west, M. Gabbiolo and Cima di Vermiglia. The southern half consists principally of three parallel ridges running north and south, with extensive snow fields between them. The western ridge culminates in M. Adamello and the eastern in M. Caré Alto, while the central ridge has no summit worthy of notice. South-west of Adamello are some lesser summits, one of which, Corno Baitone, was our first objective.

Leaving our good friends the dam builders at half-past five next day we soon passed the Capanna. It was a very solid hut and there is no doubt that had we arrived there the night before we should not have slept inside it. It was a lovely morning, though even by eight o'clock mists were boiling from the south. By 8.30 we arrived at a little col, the Bochetta di Laghi Gelati, and after a short halt set off up the ridge for Baitone. We soon found it easier to traverse left rather than to stick to the crest and presently climbed up some easy slabs to the top (10,929 ft.) at about 10.15 a.m. Except for an occasional wisp of cloud, the weather was perfect. Though not very high, even for this country of little mountains, Baitone is a good viewpoint. Away to the north and west were the Ortler, Bernina and Disgrazia, and then over the low Aprica Pass one could look right down the Val Tellina. Behind us lay Adamello and Caré Alto, the fine western precipices of the former looking very formidable with their sprinkling of recent snow. Far below us, picked out against a bank of cloud in the valley, was an aeroplane flying over the Tonale Pass. For about an hour we lay on

the top, and then the call of food sent us back to our sacks at the col. From there we could see our next hut, the Rifugio Garibaldi, close to the glaciers of Adamello. We chose a route to it which gave the least unnecessary descent, but it led us across a wilderness of large and scarcely stable scree. By the end of the day we loathed the sight of a boulder.

From the Bochetta the hut was too far off to make out signs of life, and although our hosts of the dam had said that we should find a guardian there, the C.I.T. letter had said it was locked, the key being miles away. So we were considerably cheered by positive evidence that the track was used by mules, and at four o'clock came in sight of a palatial edifice with ladies and gentlemen sitting outside it in armchairs. So far from being a locked hut, one can stay at the Rifugio Garibaldi "en pension." Scattered round about are some ruins of war huts, and near the hut is a memorial chapel. That night we had our first experience of dessert in those parts—pears, peaches, and bunches of grapes which took nearly an hour to finish.

Next day we climbed the Adamello, taking the easy way over the col in the ridge to the north and up easy snow slopes on the east side. The north-west face, seen in profile from the hut, must give some splendid climbing. A fine morning failed to last and we arrived at the top in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours at eight o'clock in mist and a little snow. By eleven, thanks to the cold night and the absence of sun, we were at the Rifugio alle Caduti dell' Adamello, close to the Lobbia Alta Pass over the central ridge. This hut is a war memorial to the Italians killed in the Adamello district, and is at a height of over 3,000 m., and a splendid centre for ski-ing excursions all the year round. It is open throughout the summer, and considering its height the tariff is very cheap. Its only drawback is the proximity of some heaps of war refuse. While we were there the wind was in the right direction, but had it been east

As we started next morning the clouds dispersed, and picking our way through the wire entanglements on the Lobbia Alta col, we crossed the glacier to the Passo di Cavento. Here we crossed the eastern of the three ridges some way north of Caré Alto, and traversing south along the far side arrived at the bottom of our peak. We chose the right hand

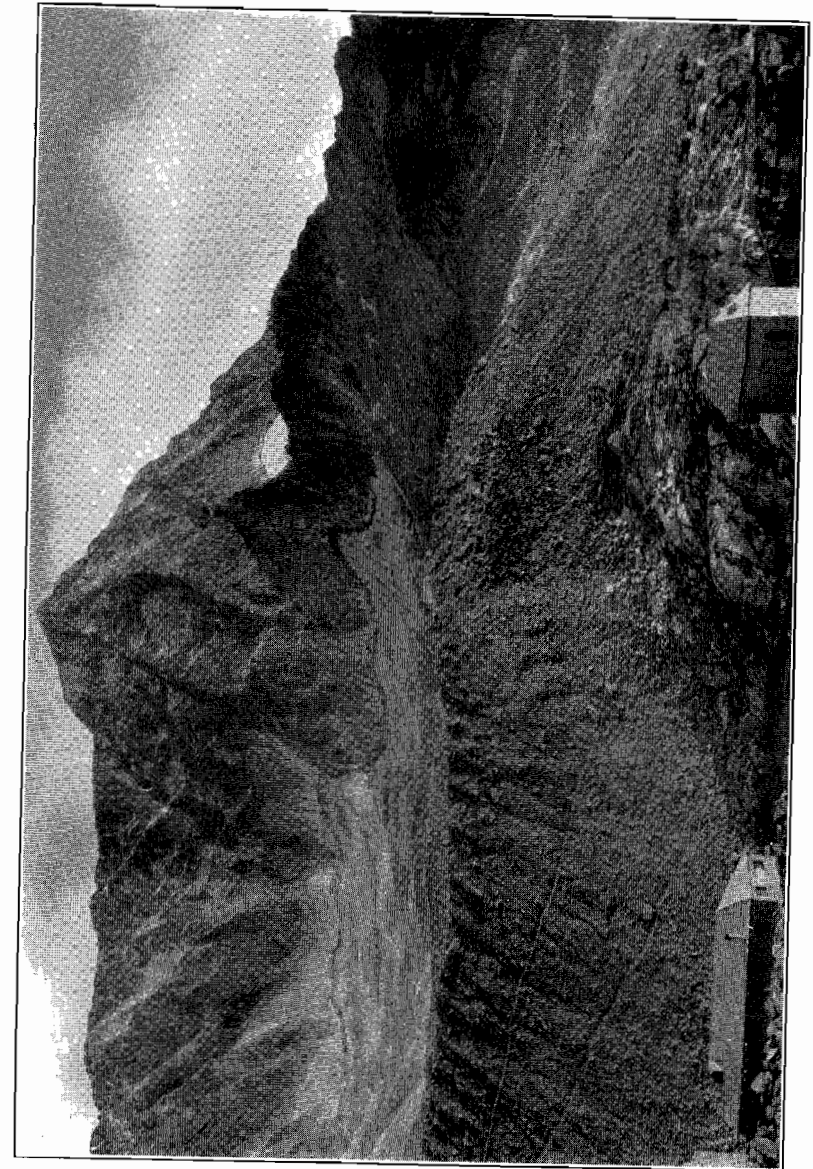


Photo by E. H. Sale

ADAMELLO (NORTH FACE).

ridge of rock in preference to the steep snow of the face. This was probably a mistake, but we scrambled up over awkward blocks and then some amusing slabs to the top. Caré Alto is at the south-east corner of the group, and the day being clear as well as hot, we enjoyed a magnificent view. The tops of the Apennines were just showing over the mist in the plains, while the whole panorama of the Alps from Monte Rosa to the Ortler stretched from west to north. In the east the towers of the Dolomites were silhouetted against the horizon, and much nearer the rocks of Brenta and Tosa ridge threw a deep shadow over the valley in contrast to the glistening white where the sun lit up the small patches of snow at their summits. An hour passed all too quickly, but at ten o'clock, with thoughts of the hot sun and the glacier, we started down for Malga Lares, the Val di Genova and Pinzolo. At the chalets of Malga Lares, we disposed of our superfluous bread, which had become so hard that neither coffee nor hot soup would soften it. In the absence of butter, it had not been the most popular part of our diet. We handed it to an unsuspecting cowherd, and got away before he had stopped saying thanks.

From the alp the path dropped steeply down in welcome shade to the bed of the Val di Genova. Just on our left the torrent from the Lares glacier plunged over the edge in a magnificent waterfall; unfortunately the position of the sun made it impossible to get a photograph.

The Val di Genova is a beautiful valley; in spite of the heat and the sun on one's back and the hard road, it has a charm of an elusive nature that makes one want to go there again. For hours, it seemed, we trudged down its stony track, which, wherever the road went downhill, consisted of egg-shaped stones set on end. As a reward, the afternoon sun lit up the end of the Brenta ridge ahead with a rosy glow, and just before the Val di Genova opens into the main valley the church of St. Stephen's stands on a little tree-clad mound which seems to have been put there specially for the purpose. Another two miles along the level and we arrived at Pinzolo at half-past six.

Next day, with a key in our pockets, we started out after lunch for the Presanella hut, thankful that the sacks were

lighter than when we left Edolo. As we arrived at the hut, it started to rain, but thanks to a tip from the Editor about turning Italian keys twice, we were soon inside, and thereafter only came out again when it was necessary to avoid suffocation from the smoke. All night it blew and rained and thundered, but when Binnie looked out at half-past three the sky was clearing. We got away at 4.4 a.m. under a clear sky with a north wind in our faces. On the glacier the wind was blowing the snow at us, but we pushed on and reached the Presanella at 9.15 after one halt. We did not stop to admire the view but hurried down a few hundred feet to a sheltered spot where we had left our sacks. After taking a few photographs and eating some chocolate we started down again, only to find that the snow which had given us foothold on the way up had been blown away, and for some way down we had to cut steps. Back at the hut we changed into shorts and made our way slowly down. We lay down in the shade for an hour to let the sun get down a little before we walked back down the Val di Genova, contrasting the afternoon's heat with the bitter cold of 9 a.m.

Next day we took the bus to Madonna di Campiglio, and spent the afternoon in idleness watching the briskly fought final of the local tennis tournament. In the evening we met Dr. Finzi, the first Englishman we had seen, with his guide Franz Biener, and found that he too was bound for the Tuckett hut next day. Our plans were to go up to the hut, do Cima Brenta, and go round to the Tosa hut. Thence we wished to climb Cima Tosa and the Torre di Brenta and, if time permitted, to go down to Molveno and to spend a day on Garda on our way home. Finzi persuaded us to make an early start next morning and also to buy either *kletterschuhe* or rubbers. Binnie didn't have much difficulty, but I got the only pair of size 45 tennis shoes in Campiglio.

Sunday morning was dull and before we got to the hut the rain began. We gave up our hopes of a climb and spent the day there. About six in the evening it cleared up and we had some wonderful views across the valley where the peak of Presanella appeared through the sun-lit clouds.

The Tuckett hut lies just at the western end of the Bocca di Tuckett, one of the two great clefts in the Brenta ridge.

Immediately to the south of the pass is the Cima Brenta itself, 10,352 ft. A small glacier coming down from the Brenta fills the bed of the gorge, which is confined by imposing dolomite cliffs. Near the hut the Castelletto Inferiore provides a variety of rock climbs from the moderate to the severe.

At 5.30 next day we set out up the glacier to the top of the pass, where we dumped some superfluous luggage. Cutting steps at first, later we took to the rocks and traversed round by the ordinary route to the east side of the mountain. Steady progress up rocks of no great difficulty took us to the top at half-past nine. Clouds had followed us up the eastern side and though we waited for an hour and a half we failed to get a glimpse down to Molveno. The west was occasionally clear, but as the weather was looking worse we went down and reached our spare clothing just as the rain started.

Crossing the Bocca di Tuckett, we took the high level track or Sega Alta along the east side of the ridge to the other pass, the Bocca di Brenta, where lies the Tosa hut. Unfortunately the first part was in thick mist, but towards the finish the weather cleared a little and allowed us glimpses at close range of the towers and peaks of the ridge south of Cima Brenta, including the Guglia di Brenta, "sharpest needle of the Alps," as the *Hochtourist* calls it. The round of the Brenta from Campiglio, by the Bocca di Tuckett, Sega Alta track, and Bocca di Brenta is deservedly popular and involves nothing that cannot be negotiated without a rope or axe.

The improvement in the weather was only temporary, and before we got to the Tosa hut it was raining steadily again. Finzi and Franz arrived soon after us, having done one of the "super" climbs on the Castelletto Inferiore, and come round the west side of the ridge over the Bocca di Brenta. We meant to start for Cima Tosa next morning, and Finzi was anxious to try the Guglia, but the rain went on all night without a break. Finzi then suggested to us that we should join up with him and move off for a day or two to the Engadine or the Bregaglia. After a lot of hard work with time-tables we decided on the Bregaglia, as from the Engadine I should not have been able to get back to England in time unless everything in the programme went off without a hitch. So we went back to Madonna di Campiglio, loaded

ourselves into Finzi's roomy car and he drove us via the Tonale Pass and the Aprica Pass to Sondrio in the Val Tellina.

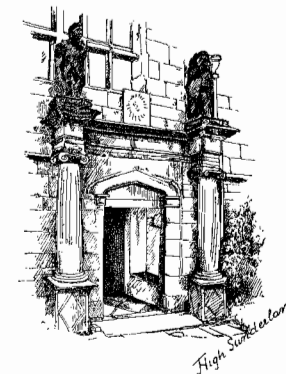
Next morning we drove up the Val Masino to Masino Bagni where we garaged the car and after a terrific lunch went up to the Rifugio Gianetta. The bad weather seemed to have disappeared for good, but as soon as we saw Piz Badile it was obvious that our proposed route, the West ridge, would have too much fresh snow on it to be feasible. Finzi, who had of course been there before, suggested trying the east ridge of Piz Cengalo, which he had not done. Next morning was fine and cold, and we were soon round the end of the south ridge of Cengalo, and going up the glacier to an obvious col between our peak and what was probably the Gemelli. The Badile hut has four maps on its walls, all different, but we came to the conclusion that one of them was more or less correct. Unfortunately it bore no trace of origin.

Breakfasting in the sun just above the col, we were soon off again, over rocks covered with an inch or so of fresh snow, but at 9.15 Franz peered over the top of something and announced that we were "*abgeschlossen*." A fair sized gap separated us from the true east ridge of Cengalo, which rose on the far side in steep slabs thickly plastered with snow. The descent to the gap would have gone all right, but the slabs on the other side were out of the question in that condition. A traverse across to the south ridge was barred by a little couloir with a nasty pile of débris at its foot into which the sun was now shining fully. We thought about going right to the bottom and round, but the day seemed to be one made for laziness rather than hard work. So we lay in the sun for a couple of hours, watching the cotton-wool like clouds in the Engadine and the Rhine valley slowly melting away, and trying to identify all the mountain groups from the Dom to the Disgrazia and to find the little col above Maloja which is said to be the watershed between the North Sea, Black Sea, and the Mediterranean.

That, as far as I was concerned, was our last climb. Dr. Finzi very kindly drove us down to Colico next day, where after a bathe in the lake, he said good-bye and went up to join a friend at Maloja. Binnie and I made our way back via Milan and parted at Brigue, where Binnie tried to get

revenge for an earlier defeat on the Bietschhorn. But as usual this year, the weather broke again and he was disappointed.

The Adamello and Brenta mountains are not very high, nor very difficult, but they form a delightful district for a short holiday. We found the huts both well kept and cheap, those in the Brenta group being semi-hotels which are apt to be rather crowded. We were far better treated by the weather than were people in Switzerland, where strong men abandoned climbing in disgust for a life of ease by the Italian lakes. True, it stopped us doing the Tosa and the same storm produced the snow which foiled us on Cengalo, but had we stayed another day at the Tosa hut no doubt we should have got our peak, and had any of us known the east ridge of Cengalo, we should not have considered it under the conditions. So we were thankful to be amongst little mountains, relatively quite lofty, as the valleys are so low; and moreover enjoyed the exploration of a district seldom visited by English climbers.



A NOVICE'S HOLIDAY AT SAAS FEE.

BY DONOVAN SHAW.

It is not easy to say what made us decide to spend our first climbing holiday in Switzerland at Saas Fee, but I am as convinced now as when experiencing the delights and thrills of our mountain excursions around that gem "Valaisanne" that we could not have chosen a better centre for our *premiers pas* in the High Alps.

For six months we had steadily amassed volumes of information on the relative merits of the different climbing centres, much of which was the result of our persistent approaches to experienced members of the Y.R.C. These responded nobly and obligingly to our enquiries, and we owe to them a deep measure of gratitude for our good fortune. Finally, out of the infinite variety they offered us, by a process of elimination which I dare not explain on paper, we found ourselves left with two places claiming our attention equally, Arolla and Saas Fee.

Now if we had possessed any pretensions to being logical I suppose we should not have arrived at such an impasse. We knew of Arolla's fame. We could associate it with the Dent Blanche and other renowned peaks. According to the guide-books it was as convenient for big mountains as for little mountains, offering facilities for every kind of climbs: it was the climber's paradise. Besides, our expert advisers seemed of one mind that it was just the spot for us. Our notes, in short, should have read "Arolla, all pros, no cons." But we were not disposed to be logical: and after all who wants to be so in assessing such matters? The surprise delights of a casually selected holiday are supreme. I believe our revered Editor's spell in the Alps this year was the outcome of careful reasoning, of real sound logic indeed. But what came of it? *O quel malheur!* Logic therefore knew us not. We would invade the ramparts of Fee. We would make our start where, we were told, we should be out of our depth. At any rate we should then know how we stood! Down in me I rather imagine that I was influenced by æsthetic considerations. Saas Fee is a bewitching name. Perhaps also I had in mind that Saas is about 6,000 feet up—but that is merely a whisper.

Of our journey to Switzerland, celebrated by adverse fortune gathering into our compartment that world phenomenon the old lady who has lost her railway ticket, I need say little. The trans-continental train carried us without mishap to Visp, where we boarded the Zermatt train for Stalden. Saas is reached by a mule track from the latter village and we understood we should have a walk of about four hours. Actually it took us nearly six hours: but it was very hot and we had to shelter for some time from a heavy rain storm. The path is very charming and, on the return journey, one gets a magnificent view of the Bietschhorn over the north side of the Rhone valley. The collection of huts and hotels which constitutes the village of Saas Fee is confined in a small plateau several hundred feet above the main—Saaser Visp—valley, from which access is gained by steep paths. This plateau is so surrounded by towering mountains that it resembles a vast amphitheatre. Facing one, up the valley, the great ice-fall of the Fee Glacier is overlooked by the Allalinhorn and Alphubel, huge and dazzlingly white, giving the impression that they are sentinels guarding the upper expanses of snow and ice. On the west side the Dom, the highest Swiss peak, the Täschhorn, the Lenzspitze and Nadelhorn rise sheer from the valley floor so that a crick in the neck follows a too prolonged examination of their summits. The Egginer and Mittaghorn present fine rocky headlines against the sky on the south. Such an encircling array of heights should brighten the eyes of any man whether he be climber or pedestrian.

At Saas we were met by a young Swiss friend who had arranged to join us on our holiday. He had already been in the district a short time and was obviously in good form; in fact his excellent condition was brought to our immediate notice on our first climb. Our first day we spent prospecting around, doing just sufficient in the way of climbing as a hot day warranted. On the second we obtained some stimulating exercise in the wake of our Swiss friend on the south arête of the Egginer. We stuck the pace gallantly, consuming astonishing quantities of water so long as streams were available on our route, notwithstanding the words of wisdom we imparted to one another upon our conduct. The climbing was easy but interesting. I think we enjoyed most a very lazy

two hours on the summit picking out the different peaks and discussing our plans. Our friend informed us that the traverse from the Mittaghorn to the Egginer was well worth doing, but as we were more concerned in getting experience of snow and glacier climbs we left it until too late.

Somehow our abnormal thirsts accompanied us to our hotel, and on this theme, were I less discreet, I might strange tales unfold. Alpine hotels appear to be resorts to which climbers return every few days there to talk of gourmands and gourmets. It was, by the way, a treat to us to see the obviously locally recruited waitresses invade our dining room *en masse* with each course. I was reluctant to speculate upon the disaster which would follow a slip by the leader: someone else suggested that the procession was scarcely complete without the requisite music.

Our second venture was the Nadelhorn, and as the weather seemed uncertain we ascended to the Mischabel Hut with provisions for two or three days. The morning of the climb was young, cold and clear, when we set off, but soon after reaching the Hohbalen Glacier icy cold blasts of wind bore down on us from all directions, whirling snow around. A guided party of three had preceded us but their tracks were obliterated. We met them descending at the Windjoch. The wind had been too severe for them and the guide counselled us to return. This we did not care to do and we continued with the intention of going to the top if possible. Under ordinary conditions the ascent from the Windjoch is easy, and in any case the route up the arête presents little difficulty. As it turned out we were insufficiently clad for the boisterous, biting wind, and when only about half an hour from the summit we were obliged to return. To compensate a little for our rebuff we ascended the Ulrichshorn on our way back. The following day was calm and perfect for our purpose, and from the "Needle" peak we drank in the panorama of white-topped mountains almost as avidly as the water we had gulped on the slopes of the Egginer.

Notwithstanding repeated and profuse applications of some preventive preparation my two companions succeeded in becoming severely scorched by the sun. As Mr. Weller said of the young lady who drank more cups of tea than were good

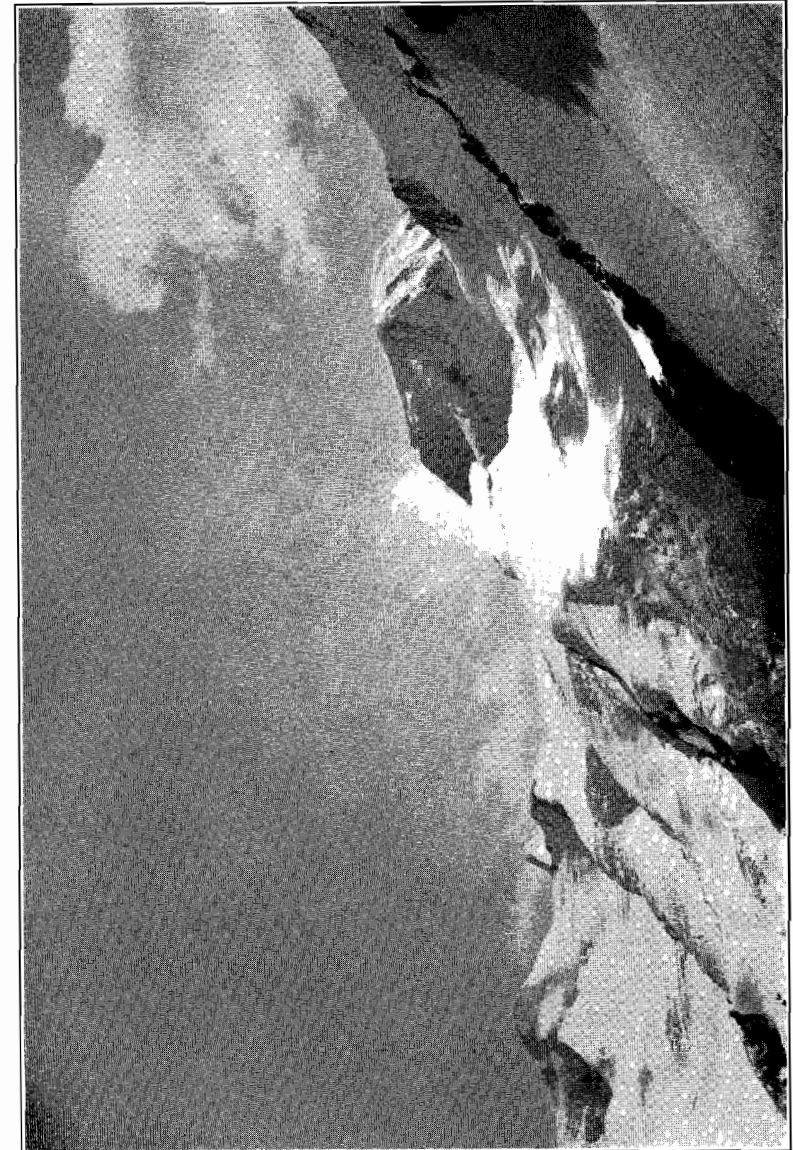


Photo by H. Booth

for her, they "swelled visibly before my wery eyes." They did their utmost, largely on my account, to restore themselves to normality and at length resorted to a thick coating of zinc ointment. I received a shock when I called to see them the next morning. The sympathetic utterances on my lips had to be waived until I reminded them that they were like unto a certain soap advertisement, one named "Monkey Brand." It was out of the question to do any more climbing amid the the snow for a few days so we started for the Monte Moro Pass, the famous view point of Monte Rosa.

Alack a day! We got only as far as the shepherds' chalets on the Distel Alp. It was then raining in torrents and it was evident that the clouds had settled down for a lengthy period. Our Swiss friend used diplomacy in securing an empty hut and we decided to stay the night in it. The roof leaked abominably and the chamber underneath ours gave a pungent indication of its having been a cow byre. However, with the aid of a meagre spread of cattle fodder and two soaking blankets loaned to us by the aged proprietress, we managed to get a fairly comfortable rest. I was anxious to be on the outside edge of our bed, for what seemed obvious reasons, and by skilful manoeuvring won the second position, F.B. deliberately taking outside to my great but unexpressed wonder. He must have had his campaign well worked out. I think he wedged his foot against a roof support. At any rate he fell straight off into a hoggish slumber and contrived while in this state to have the rest of us fixed so tightly that we couldn't budge. The position was relieved by one of our number relinquishing his rights. Let the glory be his.

The sunburn having moderated and the weather cleared, we hied ourselves to the Britannia Hut, bound for the Allalinhorn. We were somewhat late in setting out from the Hut and the snow was getting soft before we had gone far. Numerous crevasses were waiting on the glacier for us innocents and we promptly did what was required of us. It was at this stage of our climb that our sole disaster occurred. A Bruddersfordite was the proud owner of a Panama hat which had proved useful in the hot sun. During a short halt he carefully deposited it on the snow, whereupon a merry wind was born to waft it lightly away. It lodged tantalisingly fifty feet off. The

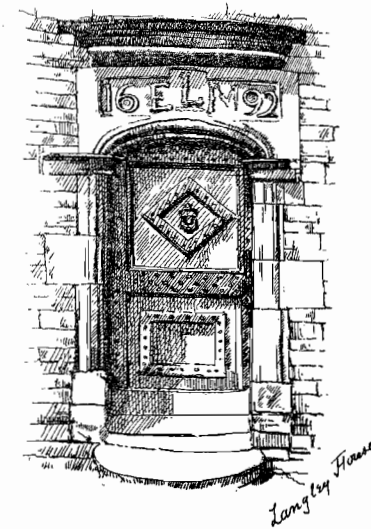
owner stood transfixed for a while, and then the look of sheer horror on his face—a Yorkshireman, remember—was transformed into one of hope. He was unroped and made a dart for his cherished possession but almost at once sank into a small crevasse. By the time we had restored him to comparative calm the Panama had resumed its course and was careering gaily downward, sometimes bowling along on its edge, at others sailing through space. We watched it with mingled feelings steer round the slope hundreds of feet lower down and pass out of our ken. Then the storm broke. Yorkshiremen, so we are told, usually remain calm and unruffled in times of great stress. But I expect there *are* occasions . . . Well, the scene was worthy of the Frenchiest Frenchman whoever attempted to describe a spiral staircase. Somehow too we became included in his apostrophe.

However, the subsequent negotiation of the snow slope above the Allalinjoch, the rock scramble on the east side of the S.W. arête and the passage over the snow cornice, allowed him to forget his great trouble for a while. Scarcely had we gained the summit than the clouds descended and cut off any view. It was cold and uncomfortable, so we set off downwards almost at once for the Feejoch and the long trudge over the Fee Glacier to the Langefluh.

As a finale to our climbs we arranged to ascend the Sudlenzspitze and traverse to the Nadelhorn. We deemed it unwise to do this guideless and started from the Mischabel Hut accordingly. The early morning moon was bright and our lanterns could quite well have been left behind. The going up the east arête of the Sudlenz proved easy as far as the Grand Gendarme, where we rested for breakfast. Here a little rock work was interesting and acceptable. The only part of the ascent however which we would regard as needing careful attention is the final snow slope. There had not been any snow for some time and the hard ice was in places barely covered. Even where the snow was thick it did not seem too safe. The traverse from the Sudlenz to the Nadelhorn is, almost equally, one half snow and the other half rock. We were just leaving the snow portion when we were suddenly enveloped in a snowstorm accompanied by a driving wind and lightning and thunder. Although we were exceedingly

uncomfortable and it was difficult to get along everybody seemed to enjoy things, except the guide and myself. It was surprising how quickly the snow accumulated on the rocks. We continued perseveringly on our course and eventually descended below the storm some two hours later.

Our last day was a day of rest. We merely sat about outside our hotel letting our eyes rove over the scene of our holiday. This was a pleasure in itself. Whether a holiday has been well enjoyed can be measured by the reminiscences which can be attached to it in later years. Saas Fee I am sure will be well remembered by our party of four.



A TREK IN NORTHERN RHODESIA.

By E. J. WOODMAN.

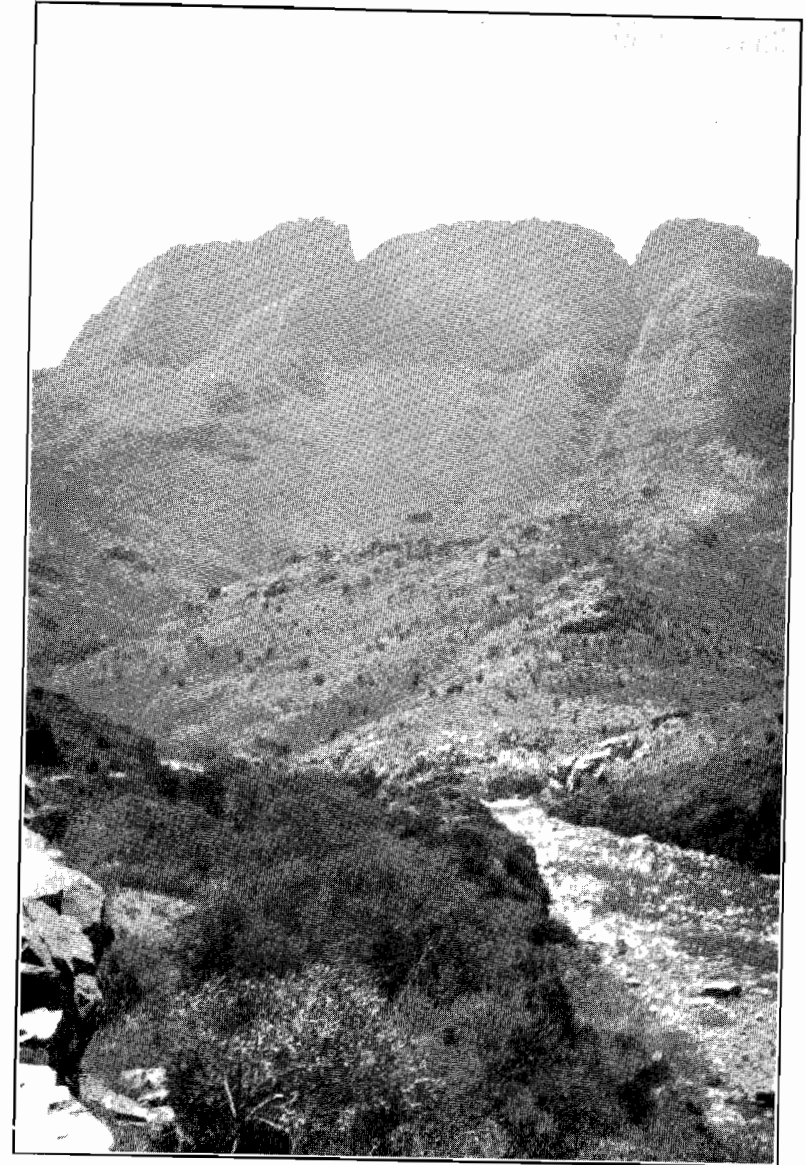
After the continued strain of being a Yorkshire Rambler for a short period, and to recover from the effects of pot-holing, I was told to clear off to a warm climate. South Africa had long been very attractive to me, so I decided to go there, with no plans, being unable to find anyone to accompany me. I resolved to stay for at least a month in the Cape Peninsula to get the benefit of the climate, but after that to let things take their own course. Lack of funds prohibited a trip to the Drakensberg or into Central Africa to the Ruwenzori (which has always had a fascination for me).

On the 29th November, 1928, I sailed from Tilbury in S.S. *Gloucester Castle*, a small 8,000 ton boat, and after an exceedingly pleasant voyage reached Cape Town in 22 days. Early on the 22nd day I got up to see the view of Table Mountain. A sheer cliff rising out of the morning mist greeted us. As the cloud shifted, we got a marvellous view of the town nestling beneath its imposing background.

Cape Town is an interesting place, being a very old settlement, while the mixture of Dutch and modern English styles, in architecture and farming, is a source of endless marvels in the Cape Peninsula. Having to spend considerable time in Cape Town for other reasons, I decided to stay out in the Peninsula so that I could get into town any time required. I decided on Kommetje, and put up at a small hotel for £3 a week. In a fortnight my old motor cycle arrived from England and I proceeded to explore.

The Peninsula was delightful, the mountains of the Table Bay group being all around, 2700-3,000 feet, bare dry rock warmed by a sub-tropical sun. I met Dr. Barnard of the South African Mountain Club and spent an enjoyable day scrambling about with him, and putting in a good walk as well. (Temp. about 100-110° in the shade). The heat does not affect one much, so dry and invigorating is the atmosphere.

Eventually I regained strength and decided to get further afield. The old motor cycle I exchanged for a car, loaded up, and away into the distance.



CERES MOUNTAIN, MICHELL'S PASS. *Photo by E. J. Woodman*

The mountains rise up in about 50 miles from the coast. I got through the first belt, spending a few days in the first range near Bains Kloof, and proceeded to Ceres. Here I met a young South African who was needing a change and took him off on tour to the South Coast. Every night we slept in the open, often not bothering to put up a tent. The nights on the veldt were wonderful, clear, starlit, and with a blazing fire of veldt bushes one is soon comfortable. (There are no trees on the veldt, except thorns and few even of them).

My people being due out for two months I returned to Cape Town to meet them on February 25th, 1929. Going up one of the passes a native chauffeur got the wind up, and as I was going down crashed into me and finished the Morris. My camera was useful, I took a few exposures, went into Cape Town on a goods train, and met my people, thus appearing in the Mount Nelson Hotel generally dishevelled and dusty straight off the veldt. The other fellow's insurance company paid for the damage and I sold the remains, and like a good Yorkshireman made all costs, as I had got a good price for the motor cycle.

My people decided to tour the country by car, doing 140-150 miles a day, stopping in hotels *en route*. I wanted to get the benefit of the open air, so took a railway ticket to Bulawayo and arranged to meet them at the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. I spent a few days shooting with a friend I had met whilst in the Cape, and then left for Livingstone, on the north bank of the Zambesi, where eventually I got a native servant who said he could cook!

We managed to get a lift on a timber train and so got 70 miles out of Livingstone before I was due to go to the Falls and meet my people. Livingstone is in Northern Rhodesia, and the Falls Hotel in Southern Rhodesia, with only a railway bridge between and no motor traffic allowed. Porters, however, were seized upon and we duly arrived at the hotel and met again.

The Falls have been described many times, but no description can convey the majesty and grandeur, of clear blue sky, millions of gallons of water, narrow gorges, 300 feet of spray rising like a beacon visible for 80 miles around, wondrous,

everchanging, and everlasting rainbows, and all the colours of nature.

I made friends with a farmer whom my people had met, and was invited to go and see him 500 to 600 miles further north. Needless to say I went, arrived at a station, dumped everything, and chartered a Ford from the local magnates. Twenty-five to thirty miles does not seem much at home, but with large tents, food, clothing and necessities, in the tropics it is a long way. The Ford solved it, and after going along a fine road for two miles, we got on to the main Great East Road. The road, however, does not live up to its name, being a narrow track with marks where the wheels go, and one in the middle for the oxen; grass up to 8 or 9 feet high on either side. It serves, however, the main purpose of roads in Rhodesia, to give one a line to follow, although at times even this vestige of a track is apt to give out. We arrived, however, after much bumping and losing our way.

The farm proved very attractive, three round wattle huts, very cool under the hot sun and exceedingly clean and airy at night. The natives do not understand how to build straight and even a white man cannot make them, so every hut is round. The height there was 5,000 ft. and the country hilly, the hills rising up 1,000 ft. above the general level, densely wooded (for Southern Africa) and dry as a bone. It amazes one to see trees existing through six months of drought.

The country had only been settled round here for about 15 years, and the farmers were troubled by a good deal of wild game. Snakes were quite common, but round the farmhouses all the ground had been cleared and the owner's young daughter, about 9 years old, was told to keep within the clearing unless accompanied. One evening when the natives were clearing the bush away I saw a yellow body flash across from one side to another, and hastily fetched a gun and spent nearly half an hour trying to find the reptile. After a while one gets quite callous and unheeding with snakes, so I poked about in the various bushes—knowing it was a puff adder. Next morning, when the niggers were at work, they suddenly jumped back, and there, where my feet must have been about an inch away the previous night, was a large puff adder, which was finished off with a spade by

Mr. Shaw Kyd. The average native in these parts will not go near any snake, dead or alive, and it is left to the white men to kill them off.

The farm surroundings were glorious, clear sunrises in a chilly morning, the "Morning Glory," a blue convolvulus, opening up all round, and just a nice cool nip in the air. The sunsets in N. Rhodesia are an everlasting delight and glory—the distant mountains taking on all the hues of the rainbow, and the sky one mass of colour. One goes to bed with the certainty of another morning more or less like the last.

After a few days on the farm I managed to raise four oxen and a "Scotch cart" with the intention of setting off into the blue, but this time unaccompanied by any white man. We duly assembled all the kit, consisting of "scoff" box with flour, bacon, jam, a few tomatoes, onions (being the only vegetable that keeps) and potatoes. The natives are largely ignorant of vegetables and do not grow them. Bread is baked with hops and sugar in water. One just fills a bottle with water, adds sugar, and a pinch of dried hops, and beholds next morning, yeast (or rather a solution of it). This bottle is most vital and one looks after it carefully.

I had engaged an ugly looking nigger who had been with white men before. He had been christened "Jam" (no doubt on account of his liking for this scarce commodity). Mr. Shaw Kyd's cook, Kalemba, also accompanied me, along with another boy, Kai, and a piccannin. We started off at 4 p.m., loaded up with bath, tent, etc., and the first night got to an outlying cattle ranch. Here I was most kindly received and had a meal and slept the night in my tent. I understood the owner had lost four cattle that season to lions, so things looked cheerful.

Next morning we pushed on into native territory, and at midday slept under a wild fig tree. The grass, now we had got away from settlement, was anything up to seven feet high, and in the short patches the seeds penetrated one's stockings and delved into the flesh; they are barbed and work in everywhere. As a protection I had started wearing a pair of climbing boots and leggings, but soon gave them up for bare legs, no socks, and canvas shoes. The hard baked

veldt is no place for nailed boots. We arrived towards sundown at the Chongwe river and found it impossible to cross, as the banks were too steep.

I had been warned not to take the oxen over the river, mainly because of the tsetse fly (which is more or less fatal) and also because of having to build thorn fences against lions every night. I therefore sent Kai back with them and pushed on to the village about half a mile across the river, getting porters from the village. This process needed a lot of persuasion, but I put iodine on the sores of the headman, and so made a friend of him for life.

Here Kalembe, my borrowed cook (and everything else), had to leave and go back, and I found "Jam" had very little knowledge of English, amounting to adjectives, plus go—come—big—small—beast—dog—lion—buck, etc., and this was all. My first attempts at bread making were not a marvel, but I improved bit by bit. Game was scarce, so my flour was being used up! A raw heathen native came along desiring a job as porter, and meat and salt, so I took him on, and christened him "Joseph" as he arrived with a goat. (The goat he returned).

After getting a few porters (a difficult job, as the men were mostly away working on roads and mines up in the north) I moved on to the chief of the district's town, Wunda-unda. Milk and eggs could be got here with a little luck. Eggs are apt to be too mature, the natives not understanding the use of them except for rearing chickens.

Here I managed to get a few small buck in the short grass in the woods. In the valleys and flats the grass was eight to ten feet high and one could see nothing. We happened to strike fresh tracks of lion but after following them for a bit, lost them in hard ground. (This was lucky, as it was a foolish thing to do). I had reasoned, however, that if "Jam" and "Joseph" armed with spears only were game, I, with a high power rifle, ought to be! Also "Jam" had my gun loaded with solid ball in one barrel.

I now had trouble with "Jam"—he wanted to move off to his village with the rest, but by the threat of putting on my boots (now relegated to being carried in the bath) he became somewhat tractable.

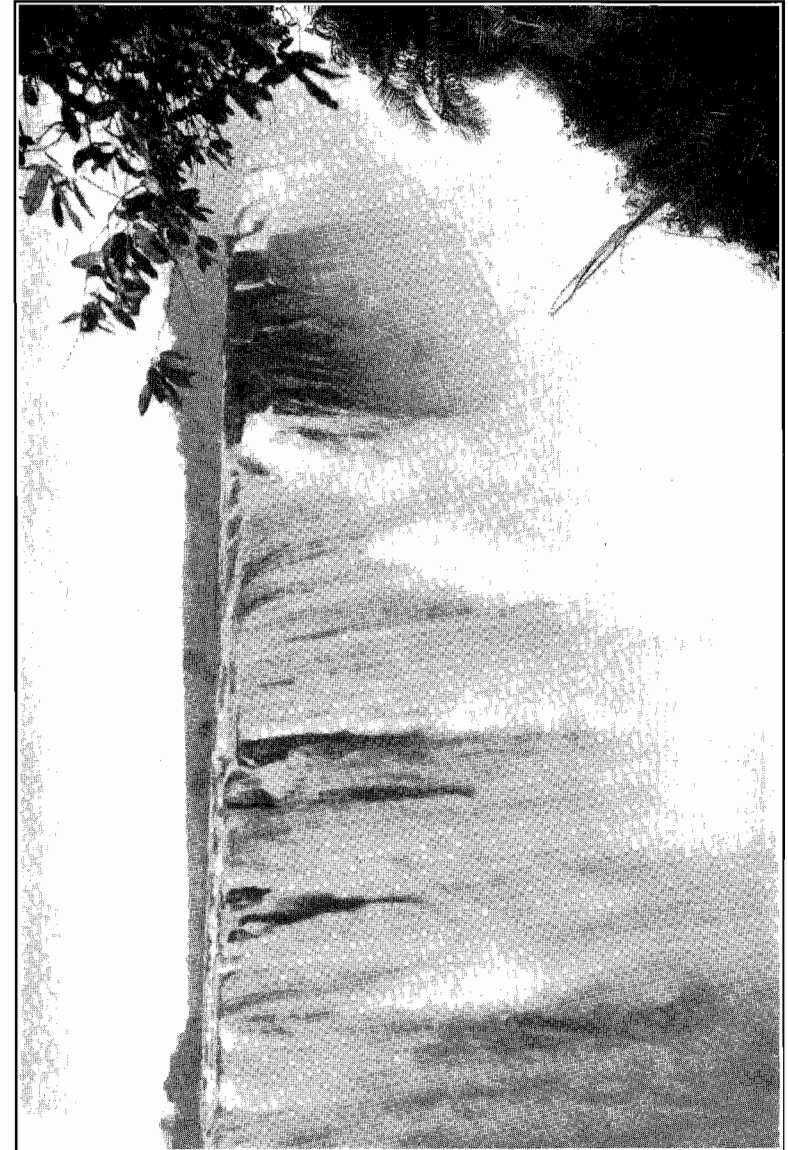


Photo by E. J. Woodman.

VICTORIA FALLS, RIVER ZAMBESI.

Round here the hills were covered with trees and short grass, but game was scarce and no bigger buck were to be seen. Every time I had a shot there was great excitement from Joseph, who had never seen a rifle before, and one's accuracy of aim is not too good when a raw native, in order to see better, is waving his spear in the region of one's neck and ears. Joseph turned out the best of the bunch.

We pushed on, covering about ten miles a day, towards 'Chipongu, where the ground was supposed to be better and more hilly. The troop goes along, a native in front, self behind him with loaded rifle and a gun handy. The native in front is much quicker at seeing snakes than the white man! The track is a narrow path only allowing one man at a time, through grass the usual six feet high; here and there one comes across barer patches of sand with a few trees, largely mimosa, with business-like thorns, and some leguminous trees bearing large pods (also thorny). Flowers of many varieties are seen on the sandy soil, and some of great beauty. In the drier and more barren places one comes across the giant euphorbia, an ugly looking tree—cactus, full of acrid milky stuff.

The birds give out no song. The chief performer is the dove with which one gets eternally fed-up; all the other small birds give out harsh discordant notes which jar on one's ear. During the day insect life is not felt or seen, and a mosquito net keeps it out at night. (I was never much bothered with mosquitoes the whole time in Africa). Going along the track we came across fresh tracks of what one said was lion, another hyena, I thought most likely the latter. They were not very old, as they had not been disturbed, so the natives wished me to go in front with the rifle!

Camping in the evening at a village we pushed on, spending either the morning or after 4 p.m. *trying* to shoot small buck for meat. My flour was running very low and was only used now as little as possible. One soon gets tired of a meat diet. Onions were very useful, as they withstood the climate and formed vegetable food. Eventually I was reduced to mealies (maize meal), and Kaffir corn and monkey nuts, and much as was the fun of originating new farinaceous dishes, the palate and the stomach did not very much relish it! The

monkey nuts were the best stuff. Meat killed one day at 4 p.m. was no good to me the next evening. I only tried it once, and my head spun round and round, and so did everything I looked at. (Alcoholic drinks unobtainable—oh, for a Hill Inn !)

The natives are very primitive here—a Magistrate once or twice a year, boys back from labour, being about the only contacts with white people. Native agriculture was very like what it must have been in England before the time of the enclosures—a flat piece of land large enough to support the village being dug and planted, without walls or fences. In the daytime all the village is hoeing and frightening away the wild birds and animals, and at night a watchman or two in a small hut make a continual din. Plants must be fortunate to do without ears ! One can always *hear* a native cultivated patch, and *smell* the village not far off (at least in Rhodesia).

Water is carried in canvas bags which keep the water cool by evaporation from their damp surface. One fills them with boiling water *which one boils one's self*, for the native will never boil water for drinking properly, as he does not understand the idea, though he will boil it properly to make tea for the white man !

The hilly country was becoming more distinct. It was simply, however, caused by the lowering of the level of the plateau, as is often found in Africa. The hills were very dry and water was scarce and at good distances away. The views from the tops were wonderful ; acres and acres of small valleys with grass and occasional trees, wonderful colours towards the setting sun, and in other directions 40 miles of plain with distant hills rising about 1,000 ft. above the plain. The country is one vast upland and at 4,000 ft. is quite healthy and cool, the nights being cold enough for one to sleep well and soundly.

Time being nearly up, I turned my face towards the railway and the Cape, via Mr. Shaw Kyd's farm. Whilst there we caught a live iguana, which I should have liked to have brought back home. Imagine the astonishment of the local habitués of the "Falcon" at Arncliffe, to see such a beast running about the "pub" floor ! It would have been worth many pints of Tetley's best !

Five nights and four days brought me back to Cape Town ; never was human being so glad as I of the food on the train, and at the farm, particularly the small bottles of South African wine, while to get the fruits of the Cape again was a great event.

I travelled home first class by a slow boat, excellent in every way, for £40. The total cost of my whole trip from England and back home was £220-£225 plus an old motor cycle worth at home, £30-£35 with luck ! This cost included buying and selling a motor car, doing 2,000-4,000 miles on it, and a £30-35 railway fare. As I was not in the best of health when I went out I had to be careful, and so had to live in a civilized manner for a month or a month and a half, and at expensive hotels for nearly four weeks.

From my experiences I now think it would be possible to get out there for, say, £40 fare—make it £55 with sundries ; that is £110 return first class by a good boat. Once there, stay about a week at hotels and the remainder of the time in the open, trekking from place to place at the cost of one's food for the day, which in Africa is almost negligible, if one cares to make it so, and need not amount to very much if one wants the best one can get. Enough fruit (in season) can be bought in the country for less than fourpence to feed one for the day. Out in the lesser known districts and countries, Rhodesia, etc., if one had some form of transport one could make a profit easily in the harvest time by taking produce to the town or railway line. Transport is the whole key to African development.

When the rain comes down on one's tent roof, when the grass without is soggy, when my tent mate comes in with heavy boots covered with mud after a wet day at the winch—Fell Beck in flood—only the shouts, and the smell of Percy's good roast beef and Yorkshire pudding drive one's thoughts from those evenings spent in cooking an evening meal, under a sky of flaming colours, as the stars come out in glory and the smoke of one's fire rises straight from the silent and limitless veldt.

JUNE DAYS IN ROSS AND SKYE.

BY D. L. REED.

Alpha and Beta went up by road; Gamma followed two days later to be met somewhere on the line between Inverness and Achnasheen. "No one," a commercial gentleman informed him, "no one north of Aberdeen cares much about the time," a statement borne out later by a roadmender near Little Loch Broom. He asked the time; we told him. "Will that be summer time?" he said.

The train was a couple of hours late at Inverness; the others, half an hour late on schedule, chased an imaginary train all the way from the Cromarty Firth to Achnasheen and seemed to be getting further behind all the time. At last they found a porter who convinced them that the train they had been told about at different stations was going the other way.

The car was well provisioned, four dozen oranges, one Dutch cheese, ten packets of chocolate of ten different varieties, two pots of honey, besides commoner comestibles. We sampled them all on the way to Loch Maree. Here, or to be exact at Kinlochewe, we pioneered by staying at the Manse instead of the hotel. Virtue had its own reward, the minister claimed relationship with Campbell of Sligachan and we were made exceedingly comfortable. But it was at the hotel we heard how a stag came down off the moor, charged the clothes line and disappeared on to the Heights of Kinlochewe, bearing Mistress Campbell's red flannel petticoat on its antlers.

Loch Maree is worthy of the Highlands, well set with wooded islands, Slioch on one side, Ben Eay on the other, notable at one time for the visits of Queen Victoria, later for botulism and at all times for midges.

Mist hung around the Central Buttress of Ben Eay (Bheinn Eighe) when we approached, mist that hid the distant view but gave the climb enchantment; we felt that we had got value for our four hundred miles from Yorkshire, for we saw not a single cairn or nail scratch. The angle of the rocks was a magnificent approximation to the vertical; Gamma remembers this (and having the remains of a boil dressed before roping), the dark sandstone of the lower half of the climb, a broad, sloping, grassy terrace dividing it from the light

grey quartzite above, and Alpha removing jacket and pull-over to tackle a narrow chimney. He remembers also a grand scree run of fifteen hundred feet or so on the descent.

We had some stirring descents this June, this and a gully on An Teallach, Dubh na da Bheinn in mist and a gale o' wind, interminable scree on Blaven and a scamper from the foot of Collie's on Alasdair down into Glen Brittle.

Next day Ben Liathach, that sets a worthy ridge between Ben Eay and the head of Loch Torridon, three thousand four hundred feet and hard going—some startling precipices on the north side, the top sometimes quartzite, sometimes sandstone weathered into curious "fingers" which looked like stacks of gargantuan chocolate biscuits, appealing sight to Alpha.

Fifty miles of narrow roads along Loch Maree, past Gairloch, Gruinard Bay and only just past a fishing party who had laid out a salmon on the road and were standing around it in solemn admiration, brought us to Little Loch Broom and a starting point for An Teallach, a complicated mass which showed its rocky summits for a moment before retiring into the clouds. We finished the honey and set off at two p.m., soon to meet mist and a cold wind. There was a quantity of sundew on that moor and a brilliant red heath grew in patches between the rounded grey quartzite stones that made up the last five thousand feet of scree—we thought it more at the time but five thousand is a reasoned estimate. The descent was worth the labour. Alpha found a snow gully, a thousand feet and perilously steep, rocks unclimbable on the right, slimy and loose on the left. We climbed into it and became a little frightened—no rope and would a pointed stone be as good a brake as an ice-axe? Alpha commenced to kick steps, Gamma followed slowly wondering how he could steer for the side if he came off; Beta thought about it. Step after step Gamma followed Alpha, till, at a place where the slope eased momentarily they turned round to look for Beta and were horrified to see him descending crouched instead of erect; he had no snowcraft. Alpha and Gamma felt that if once he got his weight on his bottom instead of his heels their job would make slip fielding to Macdonald look like catching shuttlecocks in a drawing room. Then Alpha tried a short standing gliissade towards the haven of a rock wedged in the

now and fetched up under control in a species of Christiania, to his great joy. Thereat Beta was forgotten, the other two finding they could perform rudimentary Stems and Christies did the last five hundred feet of snow in dazzling style, a magnificent run, climbed back and did it again before Beta had descended by way of the rocks.

Heavy rain came on before we reached the car ; four hours we had on An Teallach, crowded ones ! It may have been because we were late and wet, or because the cars ahead were moving slowly, or perhaps the glissading had gone to our heads ; we were held up on the way back behind two big Bentleys.

We cruised off the next day through Achnasheen to Loch Carron over Strome Ferry, and over the Kyle to Kyleakin, and so by Broadford and Sligachan to Glen Brittle. Returning from the island we crossed Dornie Ferry as well, completing the "three ferries ride." Of these crossings it is said that whereas the ferrymen at one are incompetent and at the next uncivil, those at the third are invariably intoxicated. We had one or two landmarks to pick up, Sligachan of course—(presumptuous no doubt to criticise such a delectable hotel but the price of shandy really is out of proportion—"Do you wish beer, or do you wish ginger beer, or do you wish both?" said the meticulous waitress and charged according). Then the track to the Red Burn and Nan Gillean ; the house of the doctor whose maid knew no answer but "Coo." "Is the doctor in?" "Coo!" "Is this the doctor's house?" "Coo?" "Where is the doctor?" "Coo..."

The place where W. casually drove his car off the road into the ditch, and the ditch showing its scars a year after the event

So we bumped down the Glen Brittle track ; the Coolin ridge was clear, I remember, and down in the glen the bank of gorse justified by its display our ministrations of the year before. We brought up at Mary Campbell's ; she issued forth with greeting and behind came the hospitable aroma of the kitchen. We enquired of her brother, Ewan Campbell. Immediately, without word spoken, almost before the end of the question, some subtle change in atmosphere made us aware all was not well ; Ewan Campbell was dead, he died in the winter 1930-31.

Having stayed once *chez* Mary there is pleasure in returning ; one arrives just in time for tea, always, and the welcome is real. Gaily we balance sponges on the tea-pots in the bedroom, toss with pennies for the right of sleeping alone, speculate how many men will be sharing the other bed. The holes in the sitting room floor are not mended, nor is the bed there made ; we might be returning from a day at the far end of the ridge instead of from a year in Yorkshire.

A dull morning and we set out late as usual. (Why is one always late at Glen Brittle ? Because it doesn't matter what time you get back. Because there is no darkness). Over the moor and round the point we went, Gars Bheinn on the left, Soay on the right—the fishers there have deerskin rugs but there were never any deer on Soay—so into Coruisk. We climbed a thousand feet up the Dubh ridge before the weather broke, strong wind and driving mist ; we quickened our pace, the wind freshened, the mist got home at knees and shoulders. At first the chill moisture invigorated, and we raced up the easy slabs to Dubh Beag. There are a couple of pitches down from the summit of Dubh Beag ; we found them and got down but the rope was sodden and heavy, the troops sodden and tired of leaning against the wind. We chased up Dubh Mor, tiring a little, Gamma wondering how long he could sustain the pace, how many times we should take the wrong ridge off, how many times we should have to retrace our steps before attaining Dubh na da Bheinn. We reached the summit of Dubh na da Bheinn, with its indeterminate surroundings made more bewildering by the clouds which drove through our breeches. We remembered that other time, the first, light mist only and hours spent looking for the Tearlach-Dubh gap, till we found an exposed basalt dyke whose photograph was in the guidebook—its name would tell us where we were—turning the limp pages to find the title "Vertical Face of Gabbro determined by a Basalt Dyke," then returning dejected to Dubh na da Bheinn.

We aimed now at Coire a Ghrunnda. Any other Coire would land us at the wrong side of the ridge, further away from home. It was important to find Coire a Ghrunnda ; visibility was twenty yards, every direction looked alike, but Alpha and Beta found it, Gamma fell off a crag right into it, only a six

foot fall but clear through the air, lasting long enough to make him very frightened. Shortly we found the lochan, walked across it without getting wetter, slid down the slabs to the lower corrie and hastened out across the moor. The mist had crept down within four hundred feet of sea level. Our fellow lodgers, the Breezy Colonel and the Silent Scot met us at the door with a whisky flask. Eight hours, the last four spent right on the top line of exertion.

Thereafter it rained for thirty-six hours. Amusements got more strenuous as time went on; a crossword in three dimensions was constructed by Alpha and Gamma, solved by Beta; Beta and Alpha found the names of the nine daughters of the nine mothers who each bought as many feet of cloth as it cost farthings a foot. After Gamma had found to his own satisfaction the locus of the mid points of parallel chords of a parabola the weather gave in.

As the clouds cleared we climbed the Cioch Direct to emerge joyfully into sunshine on the summit. We thanked God for gabbro and tricounis and double cotton cantoon*. We looked regretfully at the routes on the Cioch Upper Buttress for it was too late to tackle them, so we had to content ourselves by skating about down the great slab that looks so formidable to one who has not made a practical determination of the coefficient of friction of gabbro.

To have the weather clear up as one climbs is one of the delights of the Coolin. One starts beneath a grey sky wondering how long he will keep dry, climbs up into the mist, sees it moving, sees rifts, "the clinging vapour slopes athwart the glen," concentrates on a difficult pitch, belays at the top and behold the mist is gone! Rum is there and Muck and Eigg, Soay and Canna, Loch Brittle shimmers in the sun, and riding the western sky are the Uists, Benbecula and Mingulay.

The traverse of Garbh-bheinn, Clach Glas and Blaven was an excuse for dinner at Sligachan. More than a dinner, it was a brief return to civilisation after a week in the cottage and on the hills, a hearty feed after the long tramp down Glen Sligachan from the foot of Blaven. Taking Clach Glas from the north as we did one does not get the best out of the "Impostor." We

*D.C.C. a tough windproof fabric used in the manufacture of Billingham type breeches.

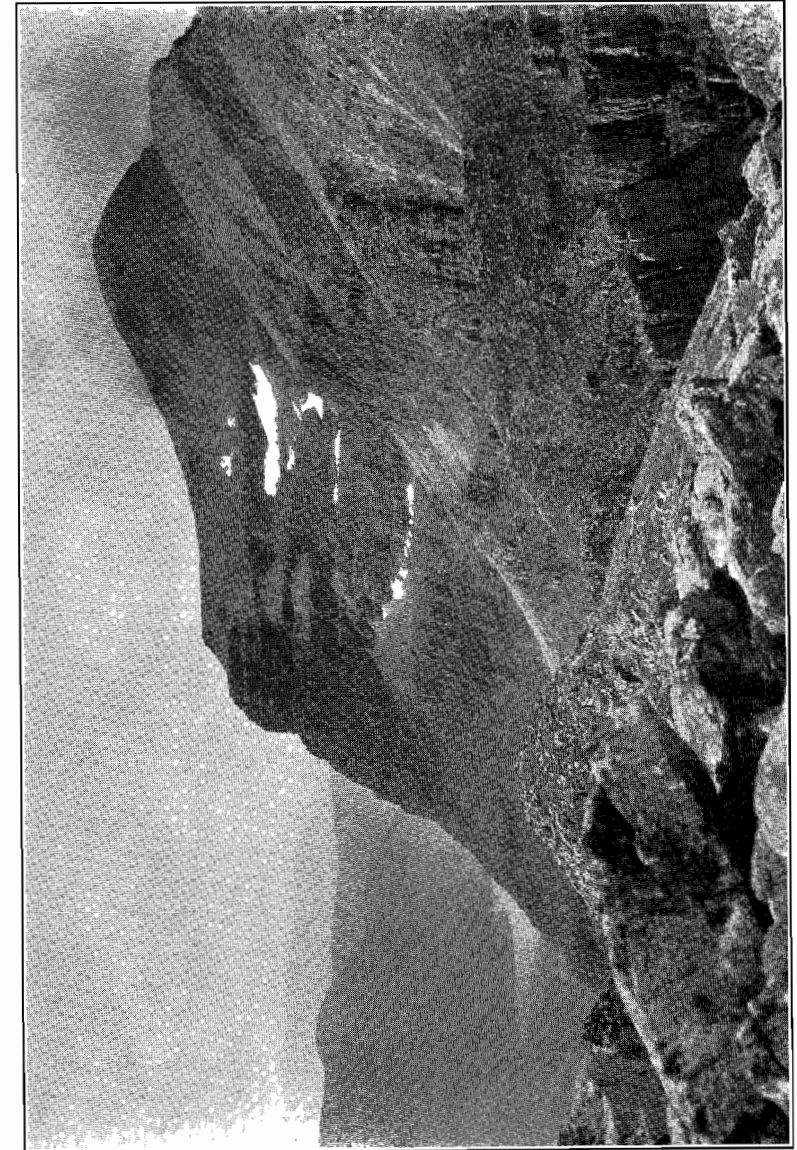


Photo by D. L. Reed

LIATHACH.

left the summit by an ordinary piece of ridge work, and not until we had skirted his slabby side and looked back did we realise what a truly terrifying knife edge he seems from the right point.

After dinner we drove quietly back to Glen Brittle, Alpha and Beta recalling their dangerous, sleepy-headed drive a year before after having done the ridge from south to north during the hottest day of the summer.

We spent another day or two on Sron na Ciche and Alasdair, then left for Glencoe. We found the road down Loch Linnhe handed over to a happy band who had torn it up and made mud pies of it. Accordingly we proceeded from Fort William to Ballachulish in a series of front wheel skids, reminiscent of a ski-ing party in the Pennines where an unsuccessful manoeuvre may deposit the performer in a hedge or ditch. Up Glencoe we went, first on the foundation, then on the surface of the new road. We spent the night at Kingshouse and the next morning set out for Buchaille Etive.

Votes were cast ; Gamma because of his idleness in Skye was chosen to lead Crowberry. Steep, firm rock, very pleasingly led to the little terrace before the *pièce de résistance*. (Why is there no suitable English phrase for this sort of thing ? How impoverished "bad corner" sounds, compared with "*mauvais pas*.") Gamma, looking at the direct way edged towards the easier but less virtuous route up the side of the gully. Alpha pulled him back and chivvied him out on to the face of the precipice. There he stood, his toes firm in two adequate ledges, his hands resting on a smooth sloping mantelshelf, his heels poised, or so it seemed, directly over the bar of the Kingshouse Hotel.

"The longer I remain, the more comfortable I feel and the less chance I see of getting any further."

Reprieve was granted, Alpha took his place ; "I agree," said Alpha. Some minutes later the rope moving out, slowly, showed that the leader had changed his mind. Gamma brought the third up, recited a short prayer to Arthur Beale and edged out on to the cliff. Somewhat to his surprise he reached the mantelshelf, stood there as best he could and found it much more uncomfortable than the stance below. There was, however, a finger hold just out of reach that should make all

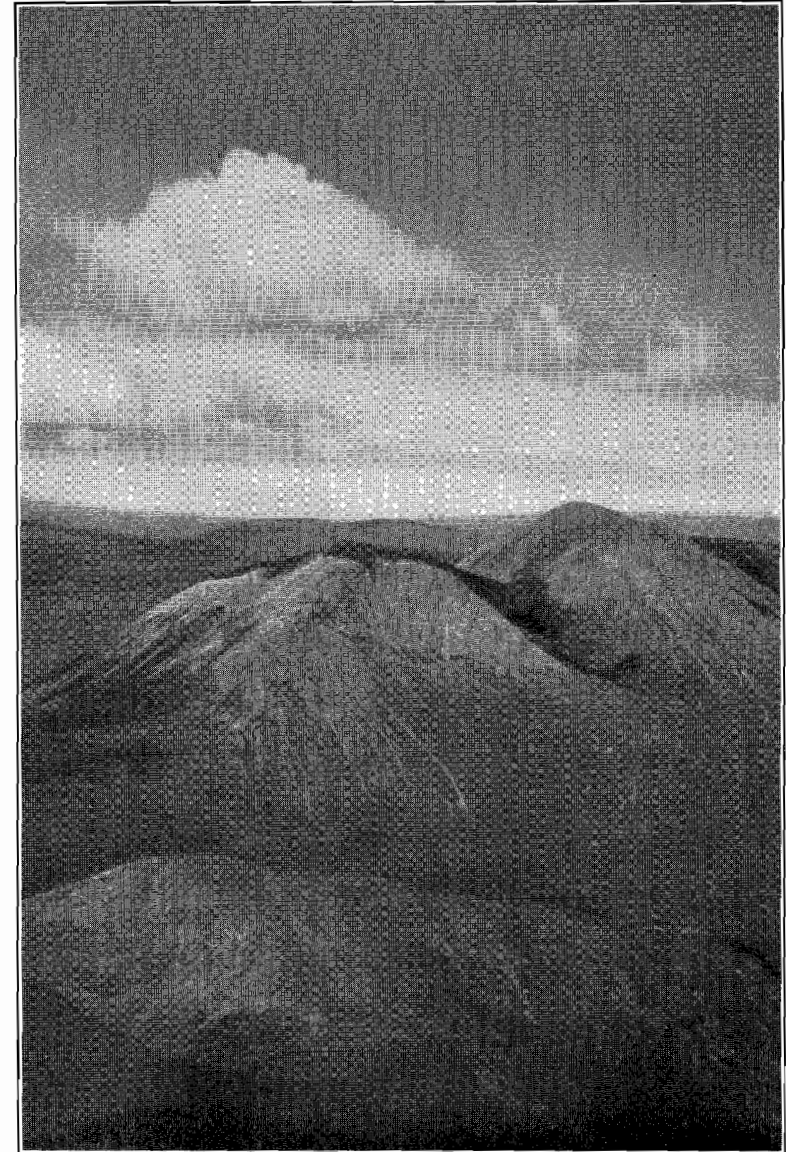
secure. He reached for it, stretched for it, extended every muscle to get it, got there and found it slimy.

Later he joined Alpha, found him standing on wet sloping rock, the rope hitched over a microscopic protuberance behind.

"Now you're here you might just hold the rope over that hitch in case Beta comes off," thus Alpha. Doing so Gamma had time for reflection.

We did some notable eating at Kingshouse that night; dinner was lavish, but we were not going to be defeated by it after conquering Crowberry. Alpha led again in magnificent style. Post-prandial entertainment was on a royal scale befitting the place: internecine strife between two navvies on the road outside, in the drawing room a disquisition from a gentleman who that day had seen a snow avalanche as he motored up from the south. There was no mistaking it, he'd done a great deal of ski-ing at Mürren (his accent was perfect), and he was just as sure of the avalanche as he was that the ending of all Russian genitives was spelt "obb" and pronounced "of."

Home next day, by the road already familiar, so few are roads in the Highlands, Bridge of Orchy, Tyndrum, Crianlarich, Callander, Edinburgh. Then, for it would be unseemly to spend the last day without seeing something new, we fetched a compass through the Border Country, by Selkirk, Hawick and by Note o' the Gate to that lonely region at the head of the North Tyne. Down the Tyne and across at Corbridge, across the Derwent near Castleside, the Wear at Witton-le-Wear till, little by little, we left the hills for that smoky desolation that invests the Tees.



LORD MACDONALD'S FOREST
(FROM GARBH BHEINN).

Photo by D. I. Reed

THE CAIRNGORMS.

By C. E. E. RILEY.

In these difficult times when we are enjoined to "Buy British" and spend our holidays in Britain, the lover of the mountain and flood might turn his thoughts to this wonderful range of Scottish hills. The rock climber may prefer the Ben Nevis district, but for the humble hill walker there is nothing in Scotland to approach the Cairngorms for their beauty, variety and grandeur; further, they are the happy hunting ground of the lover of wild nature. Here the lordly golden eagle has his eyrie, the confiding dotterel is encountered on the high tops, the fascinating ptarmigan greets one with his friendly croak and the graceful deer roam the glens in countless herds.

Aviemore, by reason of its situation on the main line of the old Highland Railway, is the most accessible centre, as it is not more than ten hours' train journey from the majority of the principal towns of Yorkshire.

For many reasons it is advisable to visit the range in the month of June, since the days are long, the weather is usually of the best (though June of 1931 had a sad relapse in this respect), and further, there is no risk of spoiling the activities of the deer-stalking and shooting fraternity, the lairds of the various forests not being amongst those who place their estates under the "strictly preserved" ban. The temperature is usually ideal for hill walking, the month is generally free from thunderstorms, also flies are not in the least troublesome.

Several interesting expeditions can be undertaken from Aviemore, notably the walk through the Larig Ghru to Braemar, a long and delightful journey taking one through the heart of the range via the Forest of Rothiemurchus up to the Pools of Dee, which are situated 2,753 feet above sea-level at the summit of the pass. On a memorable day in September, 1921, during a halt for lunch at this spot, three golden eagles gave a wonderful exhibition of aerobatics, and later in the afternoon two were seen harrying ptarmigan on the plateau between Ben Mac Dhui and Cairn Gorm. From the summit of the pass the track follows the course of the Dee, passing the Tailor's Stone, diverging to the east over the shoulder of

Carn Mhaim and joining the Lui Beg, thence past Derry Lodge and on to the Linn of Dee, where salmon are often seen struggling to leap the falls. From this spot a six miles foot slog along the road brings one to Braemar, but accommodation *might* be obtained at Inverey, thus saving a very trying four miles at the end of the day.

The return journey may be varied by the Little Larig, which runs through Glen Derry to a crossing of the Avon, from whence Glenmore Lodge may be reached by taking the well-defined track leading over the shoulder of Ben Bynack. From Glenmore to Aviemore is about eight miles along a road of which the first six miles are very indifferent and cannot be recommended for motoring. An alternative route is from Derry Lodge following the course of the Lui Beg to Sron Riach, over the summit of Ben Mac Dhui, and across the plateau with Loch Avon and the Shelter Stone on the right to Cairn Gorm. Magnificent views to the north and the east may be obtained from the summit. The descent should be made to Glenmore Lodge and so to Aviemore.

The peak-bagger will find plenty of material to engage his attention on this range, as according to the late Sir Hugh Munro's tables, there are no less than 65 tops each of which is 3,000 feet or over. A day might be devoted to Ben Avon which boasts ten of these tops, most of which are adorned with blocks of horizontal slabs of granite which serve to remind one of Almscliff. Beinn a Bhuird is another hill on which a good day may be spent and here, in Garbh Choire, the rock climber will find many opportunities for indulging in his favourite hobby. These two hills should both be ascended from Braemar, but even so, they are difficult of access, as a fair amount of foot slogging is necessary to reach the foot of either hill via Glen Sluggan.

Cairn Toul and Braeriach also deserve attention. From Aviemore take the road up Glen Einich to the bothy at the foot of Loch Einich, follow the track leading up through Coire Dhondail, thence strike due east to Cairn Toul, and the summit of Braeriach may be reached via the Angel's Peak and the Wells of Dee skirting the top of Garbh Choire to the snowbed which has not been known to disappear even in the hottest summers—this is a likely place to find

cairngorm stones. From the summit of Braeriach descend to Glen Einich, joining the road at the first bothy. *Caution*: the road up Glen Einich is now closed to motors except for the first three miles from Coylum Bridge.

Another interesting day may be obtained by motoring up Glen Feshie as far as Achleum, whence a good stalking path leads up to Carn Ban Mor and the plateau of Moine Mhor. Here is a delightful expanse of wonderful springy turf on which it would be possible for the horseman to gallop for miles; the vegetation affords good grazing of which the deer from the neighbouring forests are not slow to take advantage, and rare is the day in the summer on which a huge herd is not encountered. The return to Aviemore should be made along the ridge over the top of Sgoran Dubh, descending thence to Glen Einich. Fine views to the west are to be had during this walk, especially of the hills between Loch Ericht and Loch Laggan, and if visibility is good, Ben Nevis and Ben Cruachan are easily spotted.

It is advisable when contemplating a holiday in the Highlands to avoid, if possible, the period from the 12th August to the 15th October, but the following are right of way paths:—The Larig Ghru, the Little Larig, the ascent of Cairn Gorm from Glen More Lodge and the ascent of Ben Mac Dhui via Glen Derry and Loch Etchachan. The circuitous approach to Glen Sluggan from Braemar, across the Bridge of Dee to Invercauld House, may be avoided by walking down to the Dee from Braemar along the track to Inverchandlich, and, by the exercise of a little tact, the stalker might be induced to assist in the crossing of the river.

The writer has bagged the 65 Munro tops and they have all been ascended during the months of June and July. On no occasion was any difficulty experienced in obtaining permission to walk on the high ground and the stalkers, without exception, were pleased to help in every possible way.

The Scottish Mountaineering Club have published an excellent guide to the Cairngorms, copies of which may be obtained from Messrs. Douglas and Foulis, 9, Castle Street, Edinburgh. The best map is the Ordnance Survey of the Cairngorms, which is a combination of four portions of the ordinary one inch sheets.

THE EISRIESENWELT.

(THE GIANT ICE CAVE OF AUSTRIA).

By. J. W. PUTTRELL, F.R.G.S.

Austria is a perfect Elysium for all kinds of sport, but as a cave-man one envies the Austrians their large limestone areas, containing innumerable ice and stalactite caves of rare size and beauty.

On my way through Austria and Jugo-Slavia to the famous caves of Adelsberg, I saw probably the largest and finest ice cave in the world, and will endeavour to take you in imagination to and through the Eisriesenwelt (opened 1920) a wonderful underground palace.

As a student of caverns, I had read works on *glacières* or freezing caverns, notably those written by Mr. E. S. Balch, of U.S.A., and by the Rev. G. F. Browne, M.A., but scarcely thought that I should ever see such strange natural phenomena. In the list of towns and villages to be visited was Werfen in Salzburg, a summer resort of repute, situated 1,720 ft. above sea level, on the left bank of the swift-flowing Salzach, 30 miles south of Salzburg. Our party of Yorkshiremen had travelled from Innsbruck, and it was after ten, cold and starless, when we stepped from the train at Werfen. Over the bridge and into the village we trudged with our heavy rucksacks, where at the Hotel Post mine host soon provided supper and homely accommodation. At six o'clock next morning we were astonished on looking out of the bedroom window to see a heavy fall of snow.

Had we been on a ski-ing expedition this Christmas weather would have been doubly welcomed, but we had arranged for the Eisriesenwelt that day, necessitating a climb of several thousand feet up the steep face of the Tennen opposite. The storm abated after breakfast, so we started off at 7.45, and crossed the Salzach higher up. It snowed slightly, but the outlook improved as we ascended through fir woods and green pastures, dotted with typical chalets. The sun now began to shine, and a grand view of the Schlossberg appeared, with Werfen far below to the left. This fortress of Hohenwerfen, 2,200 ft. above sea level, was built in 1076, about the same period as the Peak Castle, Derbyshire, immortalised by Sir

Walter Scott in *Pevenil of the Peak*, and like the latter, it would doubtless be impregnable in those days of primitive warfare.

After half-an-hour, we passed a picturesque *klamm*, or gorge, tremendously deep, spanned by a frail bridge; here are wooden gangways with handrails, to facilitate progress. Soon we reached a *rast-hütte* (3,433 ft.) where we were glad to stop and refresh ourselves. The *herr* spoke a little English, the result of an enforced stay in England during the war, and after gathering interesting news about the cave and its early explorers, we set off again by a red-marked route, passing a green-marked track from Tanneck, 1½ hours below. The steep path bent and doubled repeatedly to avoid precipice and rock-entanglement. Meanwhile the sky had grown very dark, and eventually a snowstorm burst upon us, blotting out the entire landscape for a time, but the sun soon asserted itself again, revealing the cave-hut in a clearing, and high above, the cold grey crags of the Tennengebirge. Evidently there had been several snowstorms lately, for all was covered in white, whilst icicles decorated the roof and fringed the tables outside the hut; the inside was spotlessly clean and warm, and we feasted right royally on hot soup, meat and vegetables, an unexpected pleasure.

Having obtained our tickets for the cave, 3 schillings and 50 groschen, equal to 2s. 2d. in English money, we recommenced the climb under beetling cliffs and across deep ravines, with the guide, Lotter Moser. In thirty minutes the cave entrance was reached, an oval water-worn opening, like Thor's Cave in the Manifold valley, about 100 ft. high and broad; altitude, 5,436 feet. Unlike Thor's Cave, however, the rock face continued several hundred feet up to the skyline and one wished time had allowed for an inspection of the region above the cave, to examine its physical features, for geologically the cave is most interesting. It belongs to the Tertiary period, when mighty rivers flowing from higher lands ruthlessly cut through the lower sedimentary rocks, leaving tell-tale passages and caves innumerable, and such gorges as the Salzach.

Acetylene lamps having been served out, the party clambered up the rock-strewn slope, then dipped downward about sixty feet, following a joint, which, narrowing, brought

us to a palisaded gate, the real entrance to the cave. Gradually daylight faded, and the entrance chamber with its iced floor was seen to advantage, and beyond, beautiful frozen cascades, to us marvellous, but all this was nothing to the wonders yet to be revealed. We now ascended a steep arched chamber, over ice and scree, then by a wooden stairway skirted the nearly vertical edge of a frozen river, a novel sight. Here the guide climbed ahead behind a 40 ft. pinnacle, where with magnesium he displayed its rich emerald colour. Across to the right was another massive frozen cascade. Thus for two hours we explored grotto after grotto, gallery after gallery, with undiminished interest. Here for example is the Hymir Hall, a large place with graceful ice curtains hanging from the roof; there, the resplendent Ice Chapel, and, hard by, a beautifully rippled icefall, which, on illumination, reminded me of the rich green tint of a choice Arizona stalactite in my own collection. Then in the Donard Dom is a pair of majestic ice pillars linking roof and floor, with a crystal stalactite between, a full yard long. Looking up, you see the cleft (replica of many others) through which water from the mountain top has drained for centuries, to be by King Frost so magically transformed. At the farther side are other ice pedestals and figures so wondrously fashioned by nature that even a Chantrey or a Michael Angelo would scarcely imitate them.

The Mörk Hall, the largest grotto shown to visitors, is fittingly named after Alexander von Mörk, the first man to explore the Eisriesenwelt, in 1913. This daring explorer (aged 27) unfortunately lost his life in the War, September 1914, and was buried in a soldier's grave, far from home.

Ten years after, remembering his wish to be buried in the cave, his body was brought home, cremated, and the ashes placed in an urn and reverently deposited here. On arrival at the niche, we removed our hats in silent homage to the pioneer, and in memory of one who died for his country. Von Mörk was no ordinary man, and his no ordinary task to initiate the exploration of this vast ice cave, and we who survive and enter into his labours, readily recognise his worth and work. The Mörk Hall is 230 ft. long, less than half that of the first chamber in Gaping Ghyll, and no pillar supports

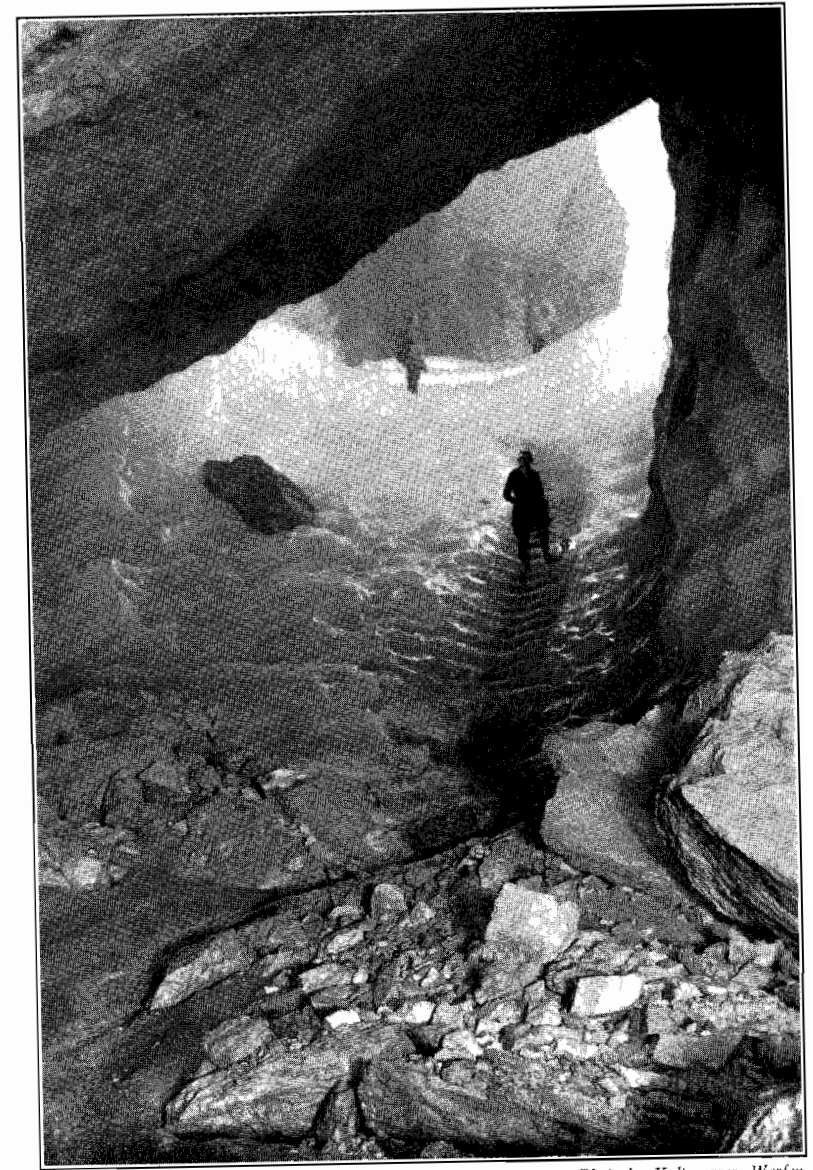


Photo by Kallenecker, Werfen

EISRIESENWELT. ICE STEPS TO VON MÖRK DOM.

the roof which reaches 165 ft., or 55 ft. higher than the Yorkshire pot-hole. When the brilliant magnesium light shone forth, the crystals in the dome scintillated like another Milky Way, myriad facets twinkling and reflecting the light from the darker background; a starry effect, and a fine feature of the cave. The crossing of the Ice Sea, or Lake, with its glassy surface, was amusing. We linked together, arm in arm, and shuffled and slid across the smooth ice, first one, then another nearly tripping, but with the help of the steadier members of the party all "landed" safely on the other side.

Traversing an intervening passage provided a change of entertainment not so well relished by some, at the time. Before reaching the spot we heard a strange noise, which increased to a terrible roar as we approached. Naturally, we expected to see a rushing torrent or a miniature Niagara, but on entering the passage were nearly blown off our feet, and to make 'confusion worse confounded,' all lights, save one, were extinguished. Instinctively we edged up to each other in the darkness and steered for that single point of light, which turned out to be an electric torch carried by the guide. As it happened I had a safety matchbox, but after creeping warily along, we reached a place where the harsh winds ceased, then relit our lamps and regained our composure. This peculiarity of 'Windy Corner' is interesting, if only that it illustrates the varying local atmospheric conditions and pressure. My discovery, by the way, of the Cave Dale entrance to Peak Cavern, Castleton (a wind-hole connection with the Great Chamber, 150 ft. below) was through a knowledge of this simple law of nature.

The party now examined the ice walls, here coated with powdery snow or hoar frost, as though coarse salt had been sprinkled; doubtless this disintegration is caused by the sand-blasting action of fierce air currents, which are seasonal in their nature, and derive their force and direction from alternations of temperature. Throughout the winter the wind sweeps *into* the cavern with hurricane force, and in summer, owing to the rise in temperature, it rushes *out*. Another grotto which one naturally called the 'Crystal Grotto,' was the limit of our journey. "Beyond," said the guide, "are long stretches

(18 miles) of galleries, etc., greater than any you have ever seen." It was tantalising that time and circumstances did not permit further investigation. This Crystal Grotto exhibited a rare cluster of perfectly clear stalagmites, Indian club shape, the whole resembling a glass and china department of a large shop, and when the guide, Moser, placed his light behind the glassy pillars, it refracted most dazzlingly through and on to the wall beyond. Looking distantly to the right, across an abyss, there were taller columns, exquisite in form, and ghostly white.

Reluctantly we began the return journey by another route, and I was glad that this did *not* exclude 'Windy Corner.' In passing I tried my best to maintain a light, but alas, 'Boreas rude' was against me.

At the entrance of the cave we enjoyed the splendour of day and the alpine breeze, then, further refreshed by a cup of tea, and still full of the wonders of the nether ice world, we made tracks for Werfen, arriving at the Hotel Post at dusk.

The public owes much to the efforts of Dr. E. Angermayer of Salzburg, and other noted Austrian explorers. For example, we climbed one of the great ice banks by a stairway in five or six minutes, but Dr. Angermayer, on his first ascent, succeeded only after eight laborious hours of step-cutting.

[Martel, in *Spelunca* 1930, refers to this cave as the greatest cavern and natural ice-cave in Europe, 27 km. = 17 miles of known galleries. How far this figure of the proprietors is dependent on survey is not stated.—ED.]

MORE ABOUT NOWT.

By the late C. E. BENSON.

" You say, dear mamma, it is good to be talking
With those who will kindly endeavour to teach;
And I think I have learnt something whilst I was walking
Along with the sailor-boy down on the beach."

Quite. I should not be in the least surprised if that ingenuous infant did pick up a wrinkle or two on that occasion. I myself have had my own education in modern languages supplemented by hearing sailor folk exchanging compliments. I am quite certain I should have been glad of a Mariner's First Aid to Self Expression last June.

I was featuring on that occasion as a speleologist of the Alice in Wonderland type. I did not do it on purpose, please. If solitary climbing be universally condemned, what about solitary caving?

We were sitting, Madame and I, at the foot of the Milestone Buttress. She was putting on rubbers. I was raking about in the rucksack for odds and ends when suddenly one of her puttees took it into its head to feature as the White Rabbit. It emerged from the rucksack, paused a second, and then bolted down the nearest thing which looked like a rabbit-hole. It was my fault entirely. I ought to have been more up to the ways of these semi-domesticated creatures. Only the previous summer an apple had served me a similar trick at the top of Cwm Glas. In like manner it executed a sudden bolt. Then for a short way it tantalizingly kept its distance. After which it took the rest of the descent in about four hops—long hops.

I did not immediately feature as Alice by following down, because the hole was too small. A little poking around, however, revealed an opening about, I should say, 12 inches by 12 over all. This would have been a regular Gaping Ghyll had it been square or circular, but it was not. It was a rough, a very rough isosceles triangle, somewhat on a slant and narrowing at the bottom. I do not like such places. I nearly got into trouble in one, and that too in the familiar Druid's Cave, or whatever the name is, at familiar Brimham Rocks.

I was wandering round with some friends and, of course, went through that ordeal, and, whilst it was in process, someone

looked up and reflected, poetically, how terrible it would be to be imprisoned at the bottom of that shaft with the blue sky in sight but escape impossible. Poets sometimes write nonsense. People sometimes talk nonsense. I asked myself, "Would escape be impossible?" On my next visit I put my theory to the test.

For some it would be impossible. The last time I was there my companion, a fine climber but some 6 ft. 2 in. and 14 stone, could not make a start owing to insufficient accommodation for what Ashley Abraham terms that portion of his anatomy incapable of deflation. I was all right in that respect and the chimney itself presented no serious difficulty in spite of the darkness, but the exit did. In fact I also stuck amidships with my legs swinging free. The situation was alarming, not on account of possible danger to life or limb, but by reason of its being a tourists' resort. My fertile brain quickly devised a method of extrication but what if a party of Yahoos came along before it was executed? Worse still, what if a girls' school came along half a minute after? Still courage is a sovereign virtue of the intrepid mountaineer. With deft fingers I swiftly unbuttoned my braces, let my knickers drop over my knees, pulled through and was clothed and respectable before any dangerous craft showed in the offing.

No such extreme measures were needed below the Milestone. My feet went through easily enough. The legs followed, then the thighs. The shoulders stuck, but this hindrance was dodged by wriggling out of my coat (whereat it promptly started to rain; the sort of thing it would do): and I was on the floor of the chasm. A good deal of wriggling and peering revealed the puttee, of course as far away as it possibly could be, at the back of a sloping cleft. Alas! I had not been trained, like the Mock Turtle and Gryphon, at a school where wreathing, writhing, and fainting in coils were taught, though I came somewhat near the last. My position indeed was, *mutatis mutandis*, an exact replica of Tenniel's picture of Alice in the White Rabbit's house. My head was bent on to my chest. One leg was under me, doubled up; the other was stuck straight out up a crack and my arm was poked out through the opening of the cleft, the equivalent of the rabbit's

window, with wildly clutching fingers at the end. Alas! the puttee was just out of reach. Like the Gryphon I exclaimed Hjckrrh or something to that effect. I might perhaps have touched it but then I was not sure whether the blackness beyond was a hole or solid rock. Consequently I had to undouble myself, wriggle out, trot back to the cottage, get a hooked stick, double myself up again, retrieve the puttee, unbuckle myself, and wriggle out. All which, of course, put me into splendid fettle and we had a jolly good scramble up and down and in and out and round about the Milestone.

"However we brave it out, we men are a little breed" and uncharitable to our fellow man. When a lady comes down to breakfast in the morning with a headache and can't touch her breakfast, we say, men and women, "Poor girl!" It is a sleepless night, or anxiety, or biliousness or something innocent which is the cause, and she is coaxed and petted. When a man comes down in that unhappy condition, the cause is invariably either drink or dissipation, generally both. Unless of course the victim is a parson, and even then someone will suggest in a whisper that he keeps his booze in his bedroom. These factors were not always the cause of similar "indispositions" on my part. I used to suffer terribly from headaches and consequent distaste for breakfast when I was a boy. So did my female relations in girlhood. When I came of age the cause of these symptoms changed in my case, but persisted on the distaff side.

Not that I have really anything serious to grumble about in respect of these misapplications of cause and effect, or rather of effect and cause. One such gave me the inestimable satisfaction of getting back my own. Another was instrumental in conferring on me the healthiest physical joy of existence.

I. In Brief. Long ago, in my pre-marital days, my sister went to Buxton for Bath and Water Treatment. I went with her. The Doctor was the husband of a very old friend of ours. My sister asked the Doctor whether he thought treatment might not help me, as I was a bit run down. He thought it might and prescribed treatment. It did me no good. On the contrary, it reduced me to the condition of a bit of chewed string. I went to the Doctor. He diagnosed the waters as

being simply poison to me and recommended me to take a country walk. Probably his ideas of a country walk and mine differed. I went to the Cromford Black Rocks and there, whilst backing up a chimney, my *plantaris* muscle went phut. I crawled back to Cromford, after the manner of a spider which has stuck one leg in treacle, and so to the Doctor. The Doctor doctored me. He also added quite unnecessarily that if my habit of life had been more careful, my *plantaris* tendon would not have busted. Three months later my dear old friend, his wife, wrote to tell me that poor dear Jack had broken exactly the same tendon as I had, getting over a stile at golf. I promptly wrote p.d.J. a letter of condolence, adding that if his habit, etc., etc. The reply, on a postcard, was monosyllabic and dealt with eschatology.

There were two by-issues to this episode. Of course the Doctor wanted to put me to bed. Equally of course I struck, and got on to crutches in two days' time. Ten days later I was at the Lakes. On my way thither, at Manchester, I was taken in charge by a kindly Irish porter who endeavoured to put me into the wrong part of the train. On my pointing this out, he exclaimed, "O begorra. I am that," and forthwith whipped my crutches under one arm, seized my bag, and set off leaving me on one leg, like a disconsolate pelican of the wilderness. A week later I out-titaned the Titans. They piled Pelion on Ossa. I went up Helvellyn on saddle-back, the one and only pony ascent of my career.

II. Doctors, invaluable as they be, are just weak mortals like ourselves. They make mistakes. They suffer from stunts. Just at the commencement of the present century, or at the end of the last, they discovered appendicitis. It was a most mischievous discovery. No one had ever died of appendicitis before. Now the fell complaint claimed its victims by the score, by the hundred. A man took a nasty toss in the hunting field and was knocked out. A doctor was summoned and at once made a bee line for the danger point. Across it he found pasted the legend: "I have been operated on for appendicitis." I had this from a doctor, so it must be true. Then came the pyorrhœa stunt, but that is too painful a subject to touch on. I was one of the victims and have not been able to enjoy a pipe since.

Honoured and blessed above all stunts be the Heart Stunt. It was simply raging Xteen years ago. Everybody was infected and a small proportion failed to survive. I was a victim. Nay. Not a victim. To it I owe my physical salvation. I confess I was a bit run down. It was a hissing hot summer and I had been working double-tides by day and fulfilling my society duties at night. I went to a doctor—a first-class man and a real friend. He told me I was run down, which I knew. That was why I went to him. Then he made an idiot of himself. Instead of saying I had been working too hard by day, he rather more than suggested that I had been a bit too late and lively at night. Of course he added that my heart was a bit dicky and superadded that on no account must I walk uphill. Light lie the turf on his tomb!

"That done it." All unwittingly I had been injected with the Elixir Vitae (Wheateye I suppose it is pronounced in these days of Wellerian—spell it with a 'wee,' Samivel,—pronunciation). Mountains had always called to me from afar, but up to date I had got no nearer than the Sussex Downs, and might have remained amongst those attractive, if insignificant purlieus but for that caution, that prohibition. I repeat, "That done it." It generally does. Forbid a one-lump man who takes salt with his porridge to indulge in sugar, and you will find him burgling his own store-cupboard at midnight and coming away with three lumps in his cheek or breakfasting out in order that he may cover his porridge with Demerara. Unfortunately my holidays were booked that year, or I believe I should have made for Wales or Cumberland right away. As it was I went to fish in Dumfrireshire. That was providential.

The fishing was enough that season to dishearten the keenest angler, on that particular river anyhow. It continued to be hissing hot and consequently the water, what there was of it, was like gin. One might as well have thrown one's hat in as a fly for all the chance one had of taking a fish, though you could see the herling lying so thick below the bridge that it seemed impossible one could make a cast without foul-hooking a brace at least. As for the evening rise—I know that evening rise:—

" At evening, when the light was dim,
 He saw a fish—or a fish saw him—
 And hooked it.
 And then, with high-erected comb,
 He took the fish—or the story—home,
 And cooked it.

Night fishing! With the water so infernally low, besides turning over about five fish for every one landed, you were, in a mixed river like that, just as likely to find yourself fast in a chub or some foul bottom-grubber as a trout. Like Professor Brussiloff, in *The Clicking of Cuthbert*, it gave me the *pipovitch*. Next morning daylight revealed a placard, and the placard revealed that a Tradesmen's Excursion was in the near offing. For the information of those who do not know what these excursions are I may say, out of hand, that a Choir Treat is not in it with them. You set off at somewhere about 5 a.m. and return at what Whitaker calls 23.59. That indicates the depression to which I was reduced.

The expedition landed me in paradise *via* the Carlisle and Maryport Railway, which is suggestive. Before me was the view up Borrowdale; on my right flank rose Skiddaw. I walked up to the summit, I walked back, and so to bed, several hours later, *via* the Maryport, Carlisle, and Caledonian Railway. Next week there was another Tradesmen's holiday from a nearby centre. This time Arran was the objective. I got there too. I walked up that Temple of Beelzebub, Goatfell, and enjoyed myself in spite of the flies. I felt much better. I felt quite happy, even at Kilmarnock Station. My joy was a bit damped when I got home to find that the liquor in my whisky bottle had sunk the label. I did not enquire. I did not complain. I went round to The Blue Bell and got half a bottle of whisky and hung round its neck a card bearing the following legend. "Please help yourselves out of this bottle and leave mine alone." From that day neither was touched.

I weathered the winter and next year saw me on the hills as much as ever I could get. On my return I met the Doctor. He shook hands heartily and said heartily, "You *are* looking fit. What have you been doing?" I told him. Then he said, still more heartily, "Damn that Lake District. It has lost me a promising patient."

FROM BARN TO BARN.

By H. P. DEVENISH.

By a curious paradox the South does not offer such hospitality to the thrifty wayfarer as may be found in such generous measure in the Northern Dales. In the South, possibly owing to the steadier winds, haystacks are the order of the day and, even when these are roofed over, the regrettably suspicious nature of these foreigners leads them to place them too near the farm buildings for convenience. The stout stone-built barn situated well apart from other habitations, which has stood four-square to all the storms for many a hundred years amid the hills—typical of the dour yet kindly land which harbours it—and which so thrills the heart on a winter's night, is there almost unknown.

Yet even in the Yorkshire Dales a certain discrimination is advisable. Here, too, some barns are nearer the home farm than they should be, and indeed are sometimes incorporated with the farm buildings. While these cannot be ignored, their value is restricted, and the experienced barn-walker will only use them in emergency. The average farm-yard dog is apt to misconstrue the midnight wanderer's approach, and, should the ensuing ululations succeed in conveying to his bucolic master's mind the idea that something is amiss, the uninvited guest's rest is apt to be disturbed. A suggestion emanating from the Principality, that an emergency ration of poisoned meat should be carried for such occasions, may be at once discounted as unworthy of the true sportsman.

Field barns may be divided into two classes, those which house cows and those which do not. The former offer the undoubted advantage of an admirable central heating apparatus and for this reason are much favoured by some schools of thought. It cannot, however, be too strongly impressed upon the novice that the countryman has not yet learnt the civilised habit of late rising, and his first waking thoughts always appear to tend cow-wards. At this hour his brain is, if possible, even more bemused than usual, and the effort to understand the explanations arising out of an unpremeditated meeting will only cause him needless pain.

The tactful traveller will therefore arrange his departure at a still earlier hour.

With the barns which harbour no animals so important as the cow, this inconvenience is considerably mitigated, though even here caution is advisable. No hard and fast rules can be laid down, where each case must be judged according to the particular circumstances, but, as a general indication of the accepted modern practice, the following suggestions for the time of departure are offered to the novice:—

1. *Cow-barns.* Half an hour before the arrival of the farmer.

2. *Cowless barns.* Half an hour later than 1.

Experience is undoubtedly the best teacher, but any serious infraction of these canons will tend to bring a fine sport into disrepute. Brewers, and others who possess a reputation, will probably require a further half-hour's handicap, and for this reason it is preferable that all members of the party should be of an approximately similar respectability.

Some exponents of this pastime prefer to practice single-handed, but there is no doubt that double harness offers advantages which cannot be ignored. If, for instance, when the party retires to rest, a back-to-back position is adopted, it will readily be understood that the area of radiation per unit is very considerably reduced, a valuable conservation of heat being thus ensured. The experienced barn-walker will therefore choose his colleague for his bulk rather than his conversational ability, for when the temperature is several degrees below freezing, a man's more solid qualities will be better appreciated. A tendency to snore should also be deprecated, though this is not of vital importance if the sound practice outlined above be followed.

It has been suggested that local guide-books should be published, giving the accommodation available in each district, with notes on the respective merits of the barns described. Such a course, it is submitted, would not be in the best interests of the pastime, and savours too much of the sybaritic tendencies whose increase has been such a regrettable feature of recent years.

NORTH, EAST, AND WEST.
(*Clapham Meet, January 28th, 1928.*)

Words by H. A. CRAWFORD. Music by J. K. CRAWFORD.

Oh, Yorkshire valleys, Yorkshire fells!
With heart and brain bemused, I longed
To leave the city's markets thronged
And buy the balm your beauty sells.
Oh, Yorkshire valleys, Yorkshire fells,
I'd buy the balm your beauty sells.

So up I went through Pickering,
Over the purple moor,
And the plover's cry
'Neath a cloud-flecked sky
Was the key to my heart's closed door;
And then as I climbed from Saltergate,
My spirit rose with me,
Till I reached the crown
Where the roads run down,
And I sang as I saw the sea.

Or leaving the plain by Garrowby
I crossed the rolling Wolds,
There the partridge whirred
And the rabbits stirred
And the sheep stood in netted folds!
Away to the south past Weighton,
Where Humber sweeps to the sea,
Like an azure bay
The County lay
And my soul from its bonds rose free.

And west this time by Ribbleshead
With white mist whirling down,
O'er hill and vale
By Wensley's dale,
To Reeth and Richmond town.
So men may sing of Warwickshire,
And some of Devon's sea
Or of Sussex and Kent,
Or of Severn and Trent,
But York is the county for me.

OVER TAILBRIGG FORTY YEARS AGO.

By S. W. CUTTRISS.

One spring morning in 1891 I turned my back on the interesting town of Richmond and started for a journey up the beautiful valley of the Swale, which was then new ground to me. I am mounted on my "trusty steed of wiry sinew," which has already carried me for many thousands of miles over the length and breadth of England's major county. I anticipate a hard day's work as a stiff breeze of arctic temperature blows in my teeth, accompanied by a heavy shower of fine snow, but ultimately the snow gives place to bright sunshine. Despite the unseasonable cold, vegetation is coming to life and the banks and woods are sprinkled with brightly coloured flowers.

A steady and pleasant ride of about ten miles brings me to the village of Grinton about twelve o'clock. Enquiry at the village inn elicits the information that bread and cheese is the only refreshment available, a not uncommon occurrence then up the Dales. On leaving, mine host advises me to keep to the north side of the river, as the road on that side is much the better of the two. Acting on his advice I pass through the mining village of Reeth. About two and a half miles up a narrow valley, a little further up Swaledale, are the Auld Gang lead mines. These mines date back to the ninth century and it is said they are still worked in the same primitive fashion as by the Romans.

The road now becomes very hilly, but with a fairly good surface; still I have to dismount repeatedly and push the machine up the short but steep inclines. When I hear the wheels of a trap grinding over the loose stones on the road on the south side of the river, I feel grateful to my late host for having advised me to take the north side. I arrive at Muker, twenty one miles from Richmond, just in time to shelter from a more than usually heavy fall of snow, which speedily covers the hills with a white mantle. The church bell is calling the villagers to their devotions, but the church itself being under repair, the service is held in the village school and I form one of a congregation of thirteen, seated

round a cheerful fire burning in the capacious grate. Service over and the snowstorm having ceased, I start again and presently fall in with a gentleman on horseback who enters into a pleasant conversation with me, a rather unusual circumstance, as horse riders as a rule have no love for cyclists.

The road presently divides, one branch leading to Hawes and the other continuing on to Kirkby Stephen, in Westmoreland. This divergence is caused by Great Shunnor Fell (2,329 feet), one of the highest hills in Yorkshire, and its outlying spurs. Being desirous of ascending this hill, I turn up the Hawes road. About two miles up the road are several pot-holes, known as the Buttertubs. Steep gradients and very bad surface induce me to leave the bicycle and continue the journey on foot over the open moorland, now covered with snow.

Continuing to the top of one of the hills I am reluctantly compelled to turn back as the country is again obscured by snow clouds. Although I had taken my bearings with the compass, when I again struck the road it was some considerable distance from the point where I had left it. Kirkby Stephen being my proposed rendezvous for the night I descend to the junction and continue on the Swaledale road a few miles further, to Keld, when I refresh myself once more at the Cat Hole Inn on the advice of the rider previously referred to. I visit Keld Force, but what more particularly attracts my attention is the broken character of the rock, in places large isolated pillars of rock standing on the edge of the gorge.

Somewhat after seven o'clock I start on the last stage of the journey, with eleven miles of unknown moorland to cross before reaching Kirkby Stephen. I had been riding and walking with little intermission since ten o'clock in the morning, mostly over rough ground, but I start with a light heart for what I know will be the hardest part of the journey. For about a mile the road is easy until the Swale is crossed—then I dismount and commence the climb uphill. Rising above the limestone the track is made with sandstone, the broken stones being merely scattered on the surface and cart-wheels having to do the rest. A few miles of uphill work over this sort of ground becomes decidedly tedious.

As I steadily rise up the banks the sun sinks into obscurity, and the sky is suffused with a bright glow, against which the snow-clad hills are cut in sharp outline. The wind has died away and not a sound reaches the ear except the occasional twitter of a bird. Neither tree, shrub, building, or living animal is in sight as far as the eye can see. The feeling produced on the mind is one of undefinable pleasure.

The keen frost reminds me I have left my gloves at home. As a substitute I use a pair of stockings, drawing them well up to the shoulders. The sun having set, a silvery moon is an effective substitute in lighting my path. At last I espy a low building a short distance away from the path, evidently a shepherd's shelter, and unfastening the door, I enter a small room, on the floor of which a little hay is strewn and at one side is a crude fireplace. Had there been any wood about I was strongly tempted to make a fire and stay for the night, as the hour is late and I should not be able to reach Kirkby before bedtime. Fortunately I was not able to find any fuel, as otherwise I should have missed a most glorious sight. About half-an-hour after leaving the hut I reach the top of the hill and a turn in the road reveals an enchanting picture. To the right and left, clad in their wintry garments, rises the ring of the rugged hills, while to the north-west lies the broad expanse of the Eden valley. Above, the sky is cloudless, but in the valley far below and between the hills are isolated masses of cloud like huge billows of pure snow. Beyond the valley, here and there, hilltops show above the clouds like islands in a snowy sea.

Descending the steep incline of Tailbrigg, I look about for some shelter, where I can remain until the morning. After some time I see a more pretentious building than the last, and close beside it the first tree I have seen for many miles. The lower floor is tenanted by a cow and the loft above is filled with hay. Making myself comfortable in the hay I endeavour to go to sleep but my efforts are not a success. The cow underneath persistently refused to settle down and could not bring the ruminating process to a conclusion. Then I felt my couch tremble as she rubbed her hide against a post. Interspersed with these diversions, she would heave a sigh of astonishing volume. After more than two hours

of patient endurance I give up the attempt to sleep, although I am quite comfortable and warm. After eating a few fragments of chocolate, I light a pipe and stroll down the hill for about a mile to see what the road looks like ahead. Returning for the bicycle I bid an anything but fond farewell to my late companion.

Another couple of miles downhill I turn to the right over a small stream and enter a narrow lane lined with bushes on both sides. Suddenly my way is blocked by a horse, which turns round and trots off in front. I then find there are a number of horses which, however, scamper out of my way. As the lane does not improve, I begin to have doubts as to it being the right road, especially as it gets rapidly worse, being cut deeply in the ground with a stream of water trickling down the centre. Leaving the machine in the hedge bottom I travel on for a good half-mile further, often over the shoe tops in mud. At last, being convinced I am off the right track, I return to the point where I entered the lane and find I should have turned to the left, and so eventually reach a good road (at Nateby). This little divergence cost me nearly an hour's hard tramp.

After chopping the frozen mud from the fork of the back wheel, I mount for the first time in the last seven hours and soon arrive at Kirkby. Knowing a comfortable hotel at Brough, I decide to ride on to that village, a good four miles further. Daylight is well advanced as I pull up at the "Castle." Judging by my appearance, it might have been the depth of winter, my beard and moustache being frozen hard with the moisture from my breath.

Do I hear someone murmur: "And you called cycling a pleasure"?

[This article is printed much as it appeared in the *Leeds Mercury*, May, 1891.—ED.]

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM ARTHUR WRIGHT.

The news of the sudden death of W. A. Wright on July 27th, 1931, at Pontresina while on his summer holiday, came as a great shock to his many friends. He was 63 years of age and unmarried.

The eldest son of the late Alderman Samuel Wright of York, he was chairman and a governing director of Messrs. Leak and Thorp, Limited, York. A man of singular integrity and uprightness of character, he will always be remembered with affection and esteem by his business competitors.

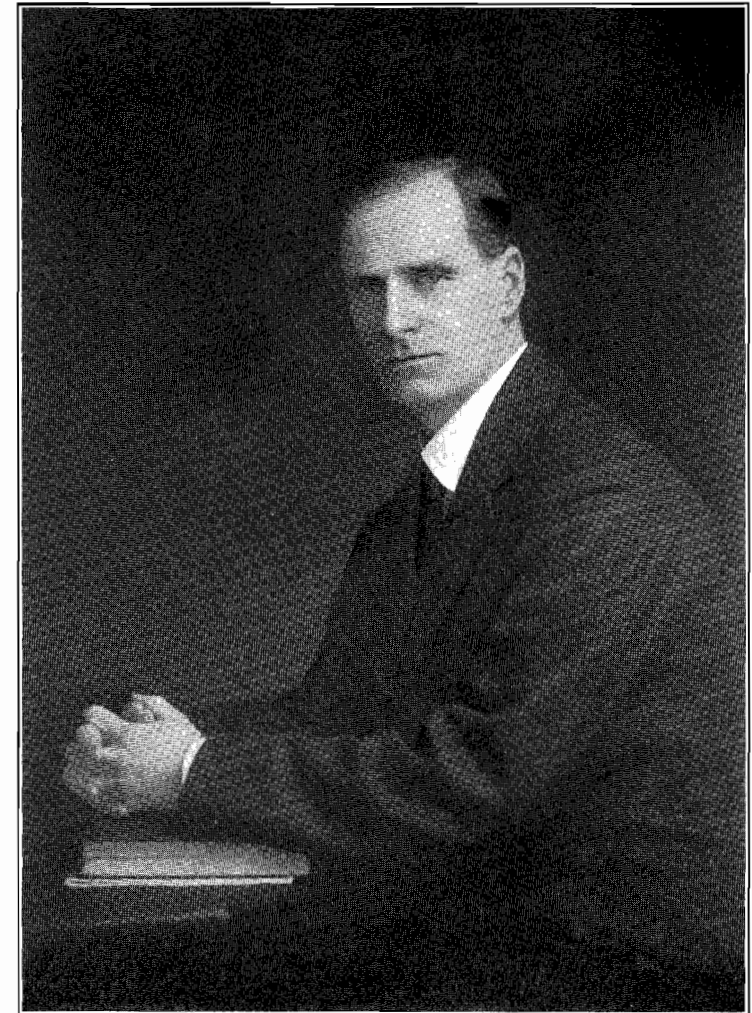
For reasons of health he had resided for upwards of 20 years at Harrogate, and being of a somewhat retiring disposition, had not associated himself with the civic activities of his native city, but he possessed the unusual distinction of being a member of two of the ancient York Guilds, the Merchant Taylors Company and the Merchant Adventurers Company, and was a past president of the York Chamber of Trade.

An earnest supporter of all charitable objects, he was a generous contributor to the funds of the York County Hospital, in which he had endowed a bed, and was a member of its House Committee, also a generous supporter of the Clifton Home for Girls, a governor of the York Charity Schools, and of the Bootham Park Mental Hospital.

He was also keenly interested in music, and was a consistent supporter of the Leeds Triennial Musical Festivals, and of the York Musical Society.

An active Wesleyan Methodist, he was a generous benefactor in this connection, especially to Trinity Wesleyan Church at Harrogate, in which he had held practically every office open to a layman. He had also subscribed liberally to various funds for York Minster.

As a mountaineer, he was a careful and conscientious climber, and his enthusiasm and sound technique enabled him to withstand the fatigue of long days on the hills. His visits to the Alps year after year proved him to be a true believer, and full of love for the mountains. His last article, on Lake



WILLIAM ARTHUR WRIGHT.

Como, sufficiently indicates his interest in travel, art, and books.

It is singularly fitting therefore, that Wright was laid to rest at Pontresina 'neath the shadows of the mountains he loved so well.

He was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1925, and the secretary has been good enough to furnish a copy of his qualification sheet, which shows that he visited nearly every Alpine centre, and that most of the major peaks had been climbed by him. Dating from 1903 to 1925 it is a most comprehensive list of peaks and passes.

He first joined our own Club in 1901, resigned for three years, and rejoining in 1912, was Senior Vice-President in 1931, an honour of which he was deeply appreciative. He was probably not too well known by the bulk of the members, as his many activities did not permit him to join our week-end meets and Sunday walks, but those who got to know him well, found a charming personality, and a firm and loyal friend.

G.A.P.-K.

ROBERT KIDSON SWALES.

We regret to record the death of Robert Kidson Swales, who had been a member of the club for many years.

Although he never took part in the Club's more strenuous activities, he was very keenly interested in its objects, and attended many meets at Almscliff, Ingleborough and elsewhere. As a young man he was very fond of country rambles, and was also keen on all ball games. In his early days he played cricket with the old Moorland Club, which now seems to belong to a far distant time, so long ago is it since we heard its name. Later he took up golf and tennis, and in both games he was a very sound player.

But Robert Swales had a wider sphere than that of games and athletics—good and kindly though such spheres may be. He seemed to be known everywhere and to know something about everybody. We have smiled sometimes at his knowledge of people, but it was a kindly and sympathetic nature that caused him to take an interest in anybody, and this

brought him a wide circle of friends. To spend an evening with him was a delight: his ready wit and gay humour gave his friends many happy hours. But he had a serious side to his character and his devoted work for Wrangthorn Church, and the valuable service he rendered to the Leeds Tradesmen's Benevolent Institution, bear witness to this.

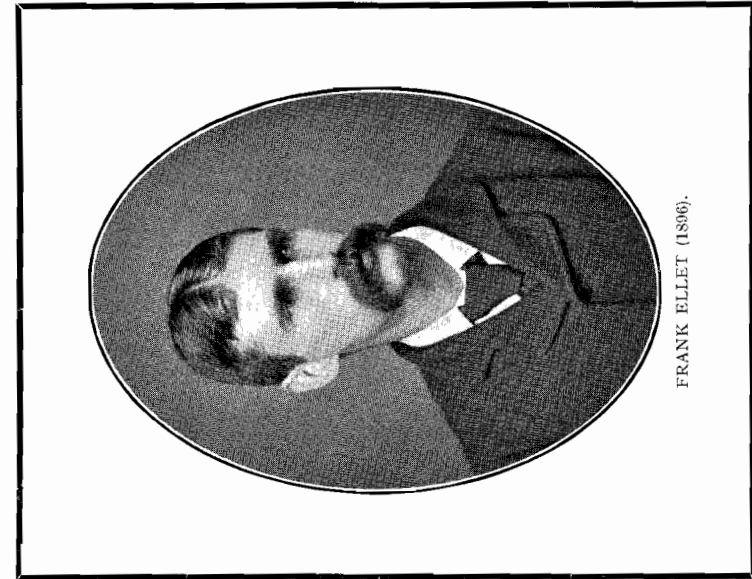
His most conspicuous quality, however, was his courage: he suffered a long and painful illness. This he bore with a courage and fortitude that was remarkable. He never complained: even in his suffering he tried to be helpful to those surrounding him and he kept up his gay humour to the end.

He was buried on July 11th, 1931, and those who attended the service at Wrangthorn Church will no doubt remember it for many years to come. It was impressive and inspiring. A congregation which crowded the church to the door sang the old hymns, "Fight the good fight," and "Onward Christian Soldiers." There were no signs of mourning, by request, and there did not seem to be anything to mourn about. A good man had lived well and died bravely.—G.P.

FRANK ELLET.

By the death of Frank Ellet, on the 20th January, 1932, at the age of eighty, the Club loses yet another of the older members and the remaining old members suffer the loss of a valued friend whose charm, modesty and personality will never be forgotten. To the younger men he is probably only known by name as although, right up to the end, he took a keen interest in the activities of the Club, he has been physically incapable of taking part in any of its expeditions for many years.

Several of his younger years were spent in Australia, roughing it, and immediately after his return to England he developed a liking for and spent all his available time in rambling over and exploring the wildest moorlands of our northern playgrounds. He climbed with many of the great men of the early nineties, Cecil Slingsby, G. Hastings, Collie, O. G. Jones and others whose names are historic, in the days when



FRANK ELLET (1896).



R. KIDSON SWALES.

modesty demanded that if you took an ice-axe to the Lake District, at Christmas or Easter, it should be carefully concealed in brown paper.

Ellet soon became not only interested, but an enthusiast, in the kindred sport below ground and many of his companions will remember that he never shirked nor grumbled at any task, however laborious. In an early exploration of Gaping Ghyll, he dragged 400 feet of heavy rope for an hour, alone and without a halt, through narrow, low and tortuous passages, at that time a maze of stalactites. He added cheerfulness and practical knowledge to any camp, even under the worst conditions.

The writer will ever remember several long week-ends spent with him on the sides of Ingleborough, when, laden with as much tackle as we could carry, pot-holes were descended as they were met with; unfortunately, in those days, the pure joy of the job was the only thing that mattered and so no records were kept of the actual locality of these explorations, unless indeed they were of such magnitude that the undertaking required a larger party. He was one of those who explored practically every explorable inch of Clapham Cave beyond the Giant's Hall, a most trying expedition for him with severe varicose veins in both his legs and feet.

While he never had an opportunity of climbing outside the British Isles, he had a good acquaintance with Alpine work, a considerable knowledge of Lakeland climbs and, for a time, was a regular weekly attendant at Almscliff Crag, soon after that practice rockery was discovered.

Elected in 1896, Ellet remained a member until his end and we all shall mourn our loss.—E.C.

CLAUDE E. BENSON.

The article which appears in this number is the last with which Claude Benson will delight us. He died in Easter week, 1932. A memoir will appear in the next number.

W. CECIL SLINGSBY.

(From *The Hills of Peace*).

From Yorkshire's breezy dales he first drew breath,
 And in his youth he learned to love the fells.
 A generous soul, he liked to share his joys
 With other men; and as the years passed by
 Full many a mountain brotherhood was formed
 In which he played his part. Nor was this all.
 He spread the sacred flame of mountain-craft
 In other lands. Norwegians hailed him as
 Another Odin visiting their land
 To lead them on to conquer icebound peaks,
 Within the circle of the midnight sun:
 So now his name is known through all their land,
 And will be known so long as manhood lasts.
 But we, with hills less rugged, like to think—
 His spirit, passing like the summer breeze,
 Still draws its fragrance from our heather slopes,
 And wanders on to greet the tufted grass
 Within the crevices of some high rock,
 Where distant views entrance—Such natures show
 The peace of nations is no empty dream
 Beyond the reach of our humanity.

LAWRENCE PILKINGTON.

CHIPPINGS.

ALPINE CLUB AND KINDRED CLUBS.—F. H. Slingsby has been elected a member of the Alpine Club. T. R. Burnett was President of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in 1927, 1928, and 1929. We regret that this honour was not recorded at the time. W. M. Roberts became in 1931 President of the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club.

THE CENTRE OF THE CLIMBING WORLD.—There were once no two answers to the question—where in this country is it to be found? One only—Wastdale Head, and the precise point round which the climbing world revolved was the famous billiard table with its game of fives. Mountaineers hear with a shock that the billiard table has gone! Now is the time to secure a leg, or a piece of the cloth, or even of the slate, for the remains are stored somewhere in the barn. Such relics may be of untold value in generations which will regard the removal as on a parallel with the destruction of other antiquities, and from such events will trace the downward path to, say, the removal of the "wall" at Zermatt, or the Kapelle Weg at Saas.

The idea of motorists lounging where mountaineers smote and cheered fills one with a sense of ludicrous incongruity. No more will the smokeroom empty when wild howls, the thud of feet, and the crash of the ball announce that "the lamp is lit." We can hear them now.

Wastdale Head can scarcely be itself again till the billiard table has faded into a distant memory.

DOW CRAGS OR DOE CRAGS.—The Editor has no use for the iniquities of English spelling, and once more complains that he has got let in. The F. & R.C.C. guide-book being entitled "Doe Crags," he supposed that his own pronunciation of Dow (to rhyme with Cow) was locally incorrect, and altered the spelling of the place in Benson's last article to the official form.

Forthwith he learnt from the wonted amusing post-card that the author's "face had been blackened," that Benson was

a protagonist in a furious controversy—Dow or Doe?—on the side which rhymes Dow with Cow. For his action the Editor immediately presented his most humble apologies, and endeavoured to provoke another to share his indignation with our preposterous spelling, which makes the proper recording of our dialects and of our colloquial speech impossible.

Benson followed up with an article in the 1931 *Climbers' Club Journal* in which he proved beyond contradiction that Dow rhymed with Cow, all in his usual delightful vein. Unluckily Haskett-Smith also wrote an article, in the 1930 (*i.e.*, 1931) *F. & R. C. C. Journal*, which leant the other way. The latter, however, hinted that Lakeland dialect speakers are not clear between the two vowels; only such a fact can make one of his statements credible.

FASHION AND POPULARITY.—One of the amusing Press stunts of the last year or so has been the attention given to "hiking" and "hikers." Originating in Manchester and Sheffield, the fashion of going about on Sunday in a particular type of costume has spread to other towns, and boomed by the Press has reached even to *Punch* and the shop windows.

Apart from Derbyshire, which appears to have been flooded with people every Sunday for years, there is undoubtedly a marked increase in the number of walkers close in to large towns and along certain routes. How far the movement really goes is a matter of dispute. The number of visitors to the Ingleborough area may not have increased, but certainly on some routes in the Leeds district there are innumerable parties of walkers to be seen, where once there were few. Conway's point, that the extension of transport facilities tends to fix the crowd more firmly to certain lines, has still much force. The best districts of our immediate area are, at the moment, no more visited than formerly, and the only hiker the writer has met, off the fixed routes, turned out to be a Rambler with his jacket packed up.

How long will the present fashion last? Some people hold that most of it is only a modern form of "petting party," others that the walkers will once again revert to cycling. The latter sport has never ceased to attract a host of stout fellows, and plucky girls, but the turning of the roads into

railway tracks, the bad behaviour of many motorists and the ill-temper exhibited by most towards cyclists, have introduced a peril and discomfort into cycling which in the Editor's opinion must make "hiking" a more permanent competitor with cycling that has hitherto been the case.

A regrettable feature is the distinct tendency in the Press to ascribe all sorts of hooliganism and misbehaviour to "hikers." This kind of thing is performed by exactly the same classes and types as before the present fashion, and it makes no difference to them whether they have motored or walked—at the present day they are more likely to have come by motor, public or private.

An unfortunate consequence of this campaign of innuendo and depreciation may be a growth of hostility towards ordinary well conducted people on the part of employees of the landowners. The worst of it is the landowner would be the sufferer in the public esteem. Lack of discretion towards the classes sympathetic with them, towards ladies and children, would recoil on them. Argue as people like, there is a distinction between trampling through crops, and walking along a lonely private road or over rough pasture.

TRAVELLING CHANGES.—It will probably be another fifty years before there are any improvements in the method of landing passengers from the cross-Channel steamers, but some sudden railway changes make one hope that the French companies may soon be able to afford chalk and blackboards sufficient to announce whence and when their trains leave.

The Southern Railway has abandoned its policy towards second class passengers and brought some old first-class trains into use for them. Both in 1930 and 1931 one was able to get not only a seat on the boat train *but also lunch!*

Sleeping compartments, second class, are now a possibility between Boulogne and Switzerland. We must not fail to add that the Fort William journey is also changed beyond belief by the introduction of third-class sleepers.

On the reverse side, the midnight train from Basel has changed for the worse, into a train of international coaches from a distance, and the chance of a comfortable seat is very small.

MARTEL.—Mons. E. A. Martel, the master "stroller in caverns," geologist and hydrologist, was elected in 1928 President of the Société de Géographie, and is still reigning, we believe.

In recognition of his work a monument carrying a bust of Martel and a relief of his splendid assistant, Armand, was erected in 1927 not far from Millau, in the region of the Causses and the Gorges of the Tarn.

In 1928-29 M. Martel published two magnificent quarto volumes on the little known scenery of France in stupendous cañons as well as in caverns, entitled *La France Ignorée*, indispensable to anyone who proposes to tour the remarkable regions described.

THE DEEPEST GULFS.—In *La Géographie*, November, 1930, Martel wrote an article (which he has sent us), *Les Nouveaux Abîmes*, founded on an Italian article by Sgr. Boegan of Trieste, which gave particulars of the five deepest abysses in the world. One of these, Grotta della Margna (G. Bertarelli), was noticed in this *Journal*, 1927, as then the deepest, but Italian cave explorers with official support and subsidy have since shown tremendous activity.

First comes *Spluga della Prata* (1927) (27 km. N. of Verona), 2,090 ft. deep = 637 m. Ten vertical shafts superposed, one of 420 ft.

Second, *Abîme de Verco* (1928) (N. of Goritz), 1,699 ft. = 518 m., attaining the drainage level of the neighbouring Isonzo.

Third, *Abîme Montenero* (1926) (Idria, Carniola), 1,640 ft. = 500 m.

Fourth, *Grotta Bertarelli* (1925) (Raspo, Istria), 1,476 ft. = 450 m.

Fifth, *Gouffre de Clana*, (12 km. N. of Fiume), 1,378 ft. = 420 m.

Three other caverns descend over 300 metres, two in Italy, one in Montenegro. Twenty-two surpass 200 metres, eighteen in Italy and four in France: Morey (Doubs), 250 m.; Rabanel (Hérault), 212 m.; Aven Armand (Lozère), 210 m.; Le Paradis (Doubs), 200 m.

The great pot-hole, Chourum Martin (Hautes Alpes), supposed to be exceptionally deep, was found in 1929 to go down less than 200 metres to 623 ft., the great chamber being 200 ft. high and long and 100 ft. wide. The expedition lasted four days.

EXTENSIVE YORKSHIRE CAVERNS.—If one measures up all the passages to be found, Gaping Ghyll is obviously the greatest, with about two miles. Next comes Lost Johns' with its immense Master Cave of some 1,500 yards, which must exceed a mile and a half in all. Fantastic claims are made for a cavern exploited near Ingleton, a simple stream passage which is probably not longer than Douk Cave, over half a mile.

Other long continuous passages are Clapham Cave, Long Churn, Scoska, Jingling Cave and Eglin's Hole, but the only really remarkable long passage is allied to the Lost Johns' Master Cave, deep down at the very bottom of Mere Gill Hole, the main stream being over 750 yards and its tributary, the Torrent, quarter of a mile.

Martel gives Bramabiau, $7\frac{1}{2}$ km., under 5 miles, as the most extensive French cavern, but in this connection there has recently been noticed an unfortunate statement in Kendall and Wroot's *Geology of Yorkshire*, that six miles of passage and chambers have been planned in Stump Cross Cavern. It is to be hoped this will not be copied by French writers, as so far there appears to be no ground for it. Mr. Simpson has supplied the Editor with a copy of Botterill's plan of 1903, on which he was one of the workers, and the Old Cavern was then planned at 1,050 yards, to which Mr. Raistrick made some additions. The Editor visited again the 1922 extensions in July, and repeated his estimate for it of three-quarters of a mile in all.

Henry Humphreys saw Long's 1922 plan of Stump Cross, and writes that it showed an extension of $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile, and that Long did not claim he had planned six miles of passages. As to the figure of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles for old and new, the Editor is informed by Mr. Boord of Pateley Bridge that before the sale the cavern was surveyed by a well-known firm and that he would consider it an over-estimate.

ON THE HILLS AND ELSEWHERE.

Kamet.—The mountaineering event of 1931 has been the successful attack on Kamet (25,477 ft.) by the British party led by F. S. Smythe. In the minds of the Yorkshire Ramblers there was a peculiar fitness about this success, for a Yorkshire Rambler had conquered a great peak, so far the highest actual summit to be attained, which had been first resolutely attacked by another Yorkshire Rambler, Morris Slingsby, in 1911. The account of the latter remarkable climb is to be found in *Y.R.C.J., Vol. IV., p. 19 et seq.*

In 1913 Slingsby returned to the attack by the same route and reached over 23,000 ft., while Pierre Blanc and Meade, trying the opposite side, opened out the better route and reached over 24,000 ft.

The organisation of the expedition of 1931 aroused much interest in Yorkshire, and in February the Club voted 100 gns. towards the expenses, an act which Smythe acknowledged in the following letter:—

“ 22nd February, 1931.

“ Dear Burrow,

“ It is with something more than gratitude that I reply to your letter informing me that the Club has granted 100 guineas towards the expenses of the Kamet expedition. It is indeed difficult to express adequately the gratitude of the members of the expedition and my own for this generous act.

“ Having lived in the South for some years, I have sometimes felt myself to be out of touch with the Club and its activities, whilst I have generally been prevented from attending Club Meets, but my visit to Leeds, recently, bridged a gap of years and made me feel once again as when I lived at Bradford and used to escape weekly on to the crags and moors.

“ If you will forgive a personal note—it was members of the Club who taught me to climb, and it was as a member of the Club that I learnt that most precious gift of the hills, good comradeship.

“ If we are fortunate enough to tread the summit of Kamet we shall be but completing the work of another member of the Club, Morris Slingsby. Had he survived the War, he would have climbed it.

“ Whatever the result it will be something more than a pleasure to relate next winter the story of our success or failure, and if it is success the members of the expedition will feel that its fulfilment was rendered possible by the sympathy and generosity of the Yorkshire Ramblers.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ FRANK SMYTHE.”

For a full account of the expedition, pending the publication of a book, readers who did not hear the lecture are referred to *Alpine Journal* (November, 1931). The Editor hopes that in the next number Smythe will reveal to us some of the happier aspects of Himalayan exploration, for there have been dark hints that all is not so bad as it sounds, and that camping in Britain is a poor show.

The party reached their base camp on 9th June and returned on 26th June. Smythe, Holdsworth, Shipton and Lewa climbed to the top on the 21st, and Birnie, Greene, and Kesar Singh on the 23rd. Many smaller peaks were climbed during the month of July, and Ranikhet, where the expedition broke up, was reached on 13th August.

Seventy porters was the total employed, under Birnie as transport officer, and it is a matter of great satisfaction that no life was lost and that their behaviour has received the highest praise. The whole effect of the expedition must be to leave another local nucleus of natives who are willing to venture on the high glaciers.

The dangers of the Himalaya are serious, Lewa was badly frost-bitten, and Smythe was carried away in an avalanche and almost crushed to death.

The ascent of Kamet opens, no doubt, an era in which many peaks over 25,000 feet will be conquered by ordinary mountaineering methods, and by experience of the effects of altitude over 24,000 feet. It is inevitable that parties will be reluctant to miss the opportunity of photography at the greatest heights. The Editor would not presume to offer advice, but he has often wondered whether the final efforts on Himalayan peaks would not be eased by a resolution to scrap the cinematograph.

The Alps.—What is the matter with Alpine seasons? 1929 was said to be the worst ever, equal to 1912, 1930 up to the third week in August was not good, and 1931 seems to have continued the line, with the added injury that it was not so much storms as incessant cloud with absence of sun which reduced the number of ordinary fine warm Alpine days to about one out of five. The position of Swiss hotel-keepers,

first of all affected by the striking absence of Germans and Americans, then by the weather of 1931, and now threatened by the exchange troubles of 1932, must be extremely serious.

Holidays, 1931.—E. H. Sale, T. C. Mitchell, and D. L. Reed went out to Zurs-am-Arlberg, January 10th-25th, for ordinary ski-running. Highest point, Madloch. They did not join the Arlberg ski-ing school, as did some of the Gritstone Club men.

Sale and Reed's June fortnight is recorded in this *Journal*, as well as Sale's August holiday in the Alps.

G. C. Marshall walked up the Zugspitze (Bavaria). He then entered Italy by a closed pass, the Hoch Joch (near the Weisskugel), between Vent Tal and Schnalser Tal. Apart from a lengthy palaver with the commandant of a frontier village post and the company of an armed escort as far as the nearest small town, where the Commissar was interviewed, the trip was uneventful. Prior to the excursion the Italian Ambassador in London had been approached, and had notified the frontier authorities. Without this precaution such passes are not recommended.

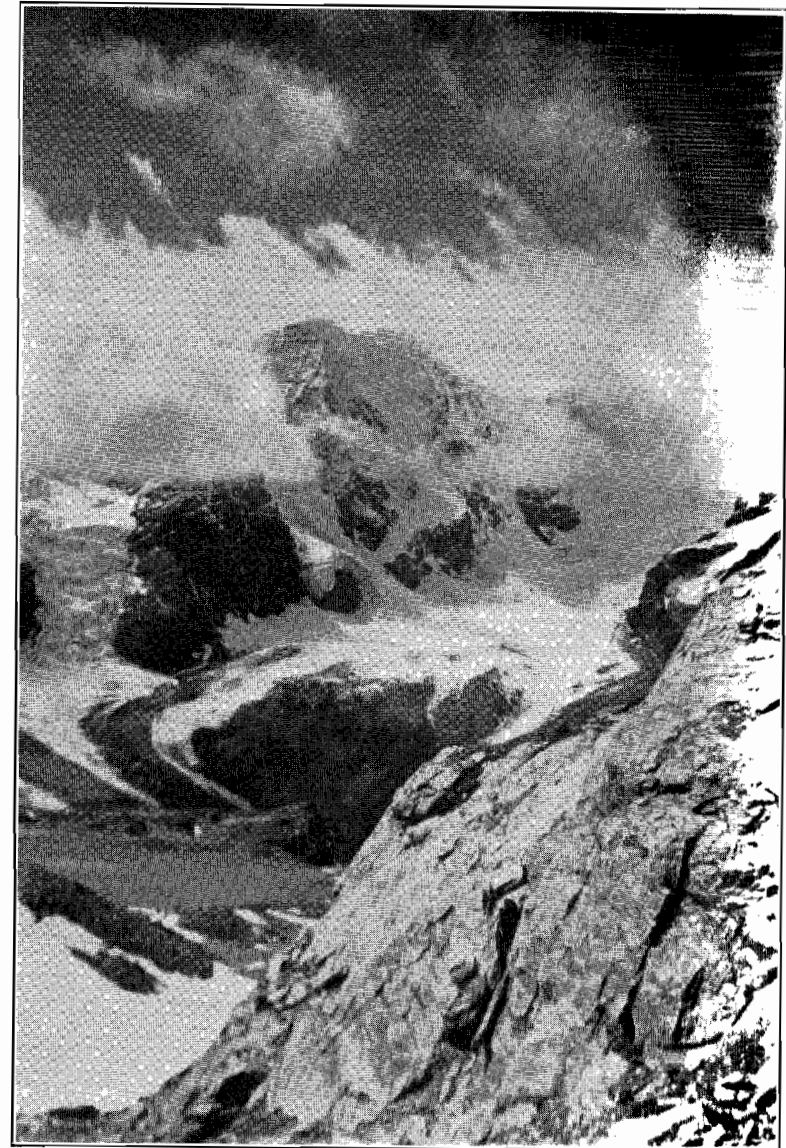
Last of all Marshall ascended the Hintere Schönlauf Spitze in the Ortler group.

W. M. Roberts from Maloja did Salacina, Monte Forno and Pizzi dei Rossi, Monte Sissone, and was beaten otherwise by the weather.

W. V. Brown and E. E. Roberts walked from Lucerne to Disentis, Andeer to Maloja, two very bad days, two sunny days, and two densely cloudy days. They climbed Monte Rosso, Cima del Largo, and Cima di Cantone.

E. E. Roberts managed to force Piz Tschierva and Piz Prielvus, but then had the luck, on a brilliant and bitter north wind day, to traverse Piz Trovat, Piz d'Arlas and Piz Cambrena (with Gueterbock and Greg). He also walked up Piz Languard and had a good rock climb on Piz Gravasalvas.

F. H. Slingsby appears to have been most unfortunate, tramping with guide to many huts without any luck at all. In 1930 he walked up Karwendel and Dreitorspitze, and from Kandersteg climbed with a guide Hockenhorn, Wildefrau, Morgenhorn, and Balmhorn.



KÖNIGSSPITZE.

Photo by G. C. Marshall

F. and H. Booth and D. Shaw went to Saas, and their climbs there are recorded in this number.

J. K. Crawford at Easter did Wild Boar Fell and the other Mallerstang summits, Helvellyn in March, Cader Idris in July, and went to the Highlands when summer began in September, bagging Cairngorm, Slioch, and Sgurr nan Gilleann, and driving as far as Dundonnell.

M. Botterill sailed from Lancaster to Skye, calling at Rum, where further exploration of the Alival chimneys was made in decent weather in the early part of the year. On the way south he landed at Staffa and Iona. Two voyages were made to Ireland, including a visit to the grave at Downpatrick where St. Patrick is *not* buried. On both occasions there were views of the fine profile of the Mourne Mountains.

W. Allsup was last heard from when touring Assam on factory and electric business. He had reached the Brahma-putra Gorge, 1,300 miles by car, and as far beyond as the Tibetan border. He has heard of unexplored caves and speaks of cliffs and gorges within forty miles of Shillong, capital of Assam, and of journeys which take him to 8,000 feet.

CAVE EXPLORATION.

I.—NEW DISCOVERIES.

Ingleborough, Gaping Ghyll.—Whitsuntide, 1931. Fresh ground has been opened when almost despaired of. In the second chamber beyond the Flood Pot, Sale pushed sternly into the passage of the "glutinous mud" and discovered a varied hundred yards with two climbs.

Later, Fred Booth, by a daring climb off a man's shoulders, reached up a smooth face a passage noted high on the wall of the first chamber. Digging promised to break through to a region of noisy waters, but was interrupted by urgent orders to return.

The original account of the descent of Flood Pot needs some emendation. The appearance of two openings is due to a bridge. 72 feet of ladder leads to the top of a scree slope which descends about 20 feet lower to the floor of the main dry pot. Through a hole at the head of the scree slope 60 feet more of ladder (132 feet in all) reaches the deep pool

which floors a parallel pot-hole, of which the top is the hole climbed across to reach the chambers referred to above. The ladder ascent to the Flood Entrance Passage is 122 ft.

Ingleborough, Diccan Pot.—18th–19th July, 1925. The head of the waterfall into Alum Pot was reached for the second time, by W. V. Brown, Hilton, Devenish, F. Booth, Hollis and E. E. Roberts, after midnight, the water being considerable in amount, despite drought. Two ladders were put over without waiting for the third and Hilton nearly reached the ledge, 30 ft. from the bottom. Only the effects of the wee small hours on the vitality of the party can account for the complete absence of enthusiasm about making the complete descent. The expedition has not been recorded in this part of the *Journal*.

On 31st January, 1932, astonishing at it may seem, Hainsworth (Gritstone Club) and an Ingleton party, after waiting many months for an opportunity, were actually favoured by the frost so much as to be able to pipe the Diccan water down Long Churn, and made the complete journey to the bottom of Alum Pot in comparative comfort.

Fountains Fell, Gingling Pot.—Second descent, September, 1931, by the Northern Cavern and Fell Club. The manhole and entrance to the canal were found absolutely choked with boulders and flood *débris* which had to be laboriously removed.

A hole connected with the sink of Gingling Beck has opened out and was found to lead in ten yards to a dismal looking round shaft which was laddered 25 ft. into a two foot pool. They also got into a passage under the dry bed and after a narrow crawl, went down fifteen feet into a bedding plane where water could be heard.

Nidderdale, Goyden Pot.—Though flooded out on four occasions, patient work by Yates and Butterfield and others has given a valuable plan.

Nelstrop has contributed a new entrance.

A hole in the floor leading to the Great Chamber, has led Yates and Co. into an amusing stream passage ending in the recess under the Bridge where, covered by a waterfall, it has been asking for fifty years to be entered.

Gaskell's 1888 passage was rediscovered independently in August, 1931, by Yates and by another party, the latter pushing through a very narrow passage and reaching the Nidd again by a 50 ft. ladder, it is said.

Yates and Higgins, in April, 1931, climbed from the water-trap in the New Passage into the end of the upper passage, High Rift on the map, and this most remarkable connection has been since found from below after failing to discover it from above.

Giggleswick Scar Caves.—During the summer a small cave was broken into in the face of Giggleswick Quarry, and by now is probably quarried away. The *Naturalist* for January, 1932, contains the results of long continued excavations by Mr. W. K. Mattinson in *Kinsey Cave*, which appears to be the same as that named *Taylor's Cave* by J. J. Brigg in his schoolboy article in the *Giggleswick Chronicle*.

Bishopdale Head, Buckden Pike Pots.—Some picturesque pot-holes exist about the 1,800 feet level, from 40 to 60 feet deep, and have been descended by the Northern Cavern and Fell Club.

Castleton, Giant's Hole.—Yates and others have climbed up into an independent series about 20 yards from the entrance, entered by a low bedding plane crawl to the left, not at all obvious. The bedding plane leads to a small chamber from which three routes are possible. Two lead into another chamber, beyond which determined efforts have been made to dig through. It is only possible to work two hours at a time until the candles cease to burn. The amateur miners have now given up.

Stockdale, South Bank Hole.—Also known as Lord's Hole after the discoverer in 1920. It was explored by the Craven Pot-holers in 1930 or 1931, and further discovery was made by Messrs. E. Simpson and E. Clarkson, 13th March, 1932. The depth reaches 165 ft. in three pitches. Two branches at the bottom provide parallel 40 ft. shafts.

II.—OTHER EXPEDITIONS.

Leck Fell, Lost Johns' Cave.—Whitsuntide, 1931. The Northern Cavern and Fell Club had great difficulty below the Battleaxe owing to heavy rain, but got down on the

Monday. Leaving their tackle in position, they reached the Master Cave on 31st May, rather extraordinary good luck as elsewhere there was twelve hours' rain in the night. See *Y.R.C.J.*, Vol. VI., No. 19, pp. 44 and 79.

Somerset, Eastwater Cavern.—11th October, 1931. Devenish and E. E. Roberts and two lady novices, guided by S. C. Morland, made this most interesting descent with ladders, probably the first time they have been used there. The first vertical requires only thirty feet, the second twenty, after which the ladder is left and the great pot-hole climbed down the sloping Mendip strata. One pulley and 150 ft. of line make all safe.

Greenhow, Stump Cross Cavern.—No Ramblers appear to have visited the considerable second discovery of 1922 except J. Buckley and the Editor. No clear description of it appears to exist, and as the Editor visited it a second time last July for reasons stated elsewhere, he now does his best.

There is a door to the lower gallery, from the end of which opens the artificial sand tunnel leading to the "roomy passage" of 60 yards—the "wash-out" of 1922. The ten foot climb on the left leads to a beautiful crawl at the end of which you can now join the "roomy passage" opposite the opening to the second discovery. The worst part ahead is an ordinary mud slide through a tunnel, both the really serious eight-inch slits having been abolished. Then follows a long cavern passage of considerable width and height. There ought to be a roar from the floor at one point, where a ladder can be put down and a curiously dissected area entered which cannot be penetrated any great distance. There is also a long dry crawling branch which can be followed to a dead end.

When the cavern becomes low again, a stream is soon reached in about 600 yards from the sand tunnel. On the left bank a chimney can be climbed to two dead ends. Upstream with low water the second pool closes in. Downstream is more interesting. Beyond a deep pool and a sharp corner the first of two dry left-hand passages was not explored. The end is two successive falls of eight feet each, with little pools and no passage below. At the head of the falls a dry passage runs to the right till it reaches a walled-in pool.

REVIEWS.

THE KANGCHENJUNGA ADVENTURE: by F. S. Smythe. (*Victor Gollanz Ltd.*, 1930, 464 pp., 16s. net). It is not always that first-rate climbing powers are found united with the literary gift of being able to describe one's climbing exploits forcefully, accurately, and picturesquely, but in this work our distinguished member, Mr. Smythe, has given us a brilliant example of how it can be done. His story is one of a campaign more than of a climb, and besides his thrilling narrative of the attempt on the mountain, Mr. Smythe is all the time studying the philosophy of Himalayan climbing:—the "bandabast" of porters and provisions, of tents and equipments, no less than the psychology and physiology of climbing at over 20,000 feet. That he learnt his craft well his more recent conquest of Kamet is evidence. Climbers, and even walkers, may learn something from his remarks on the "rhythm" of climbing.

The peaks of the Himalayas are of more recent origin geologically than those of the Alps, and their ridges and pinnacles are rougher and more inaccessible. Some, like the graceful Siniolchum, seem to be inaccessible pyramids of snow and ice; while Kangchenjunga, in addition to its forbidding ice cliffs, is protected by a constant succession of avalanches. The attempts on the Northern ridge by the Bavarian party in 1929, and again last year, were defeated after almost incredible exertions by terribly bad weather.

Mr. Smythe, after a full and generous description of the 1929 expedition, goes on to describe that of Dr. Dyhrenfurth, in which he was one of three English members. His story leads up to a climax, when the party who were trying to find a practicable route up the great ice wall were nearly annihilated by the fall of a cliff of ice, and one of the best of their porters was killed. After this an attempt was made on the North-west Ridge, but this was hopeless as a route up the mountain, being just possible for skilled mountaineers with no cares of time, weather, or provisions, but quite out of the question for loaded porters. It is this question of making a route for those who carry the loads which is ever before the Himalayan climber.

After these two desperate attempts it came as a relief to climb the Ramthang Peak (23,000 feet) and Mr. Smythe had even the delight of ski-running. Rather than return empty-handed, the Jonsong La was crossed and the Jonsong Peak (24,344 feet) ascended. Mr. Smythe points out that there are many fine peaks over 20,000 feet in this corner of the Himalayas which would afford fine climbing for what he calls "ordinary mountaineering parties," who would be content to leave out the more or less inaccessible giants. We shall no doubt hear more of these from the climbers of the Himalayan Club.

To sum up, Mr. Smythe has written a fine book about a fine expedition. There is humour as well as serious appreciation of the mountain and a full recognition of the work of his companions. Any criticism

of methods is skilfully concealed and full justice done to what was a very considerable enterprise which involved the use of 400 porters and 6½ tons of goods, the latter under the able supervision of Frau Dyhrenfurth.—J.J.B.

THE HILLS OF PEACE : by Lawrence Pilkington. (1930, *Longmans, Green & Co.*, 48 pp.). This little book the author has plainly sent us that we might read his charming tribute to W. Cecil Slingsby. This we have reprinted under *In Memoriam* on page 148.

These are the poems of a man to whom the great hills have been a joy and a consolation. Amid the questionings of life and struggle we come across a few verses called "Aspiration," and a longer poem, "Moods and Mountains," in four parts—Grampians, Coolins, Connemara, and the Alps, where the pictures are those of personal experience of glorious days. All mountaineers will read the latter poem with pleasure.

KINDRED CLUB JOURNALS.—The Editor, on behalf of the Club, thanks all the kindred clubs who exchange with us, for their courtesy and for the extremely interesting reading they turn out. It is beyond his power to review them all seriously, and he has so far failed to discover any member who will undertake the task.

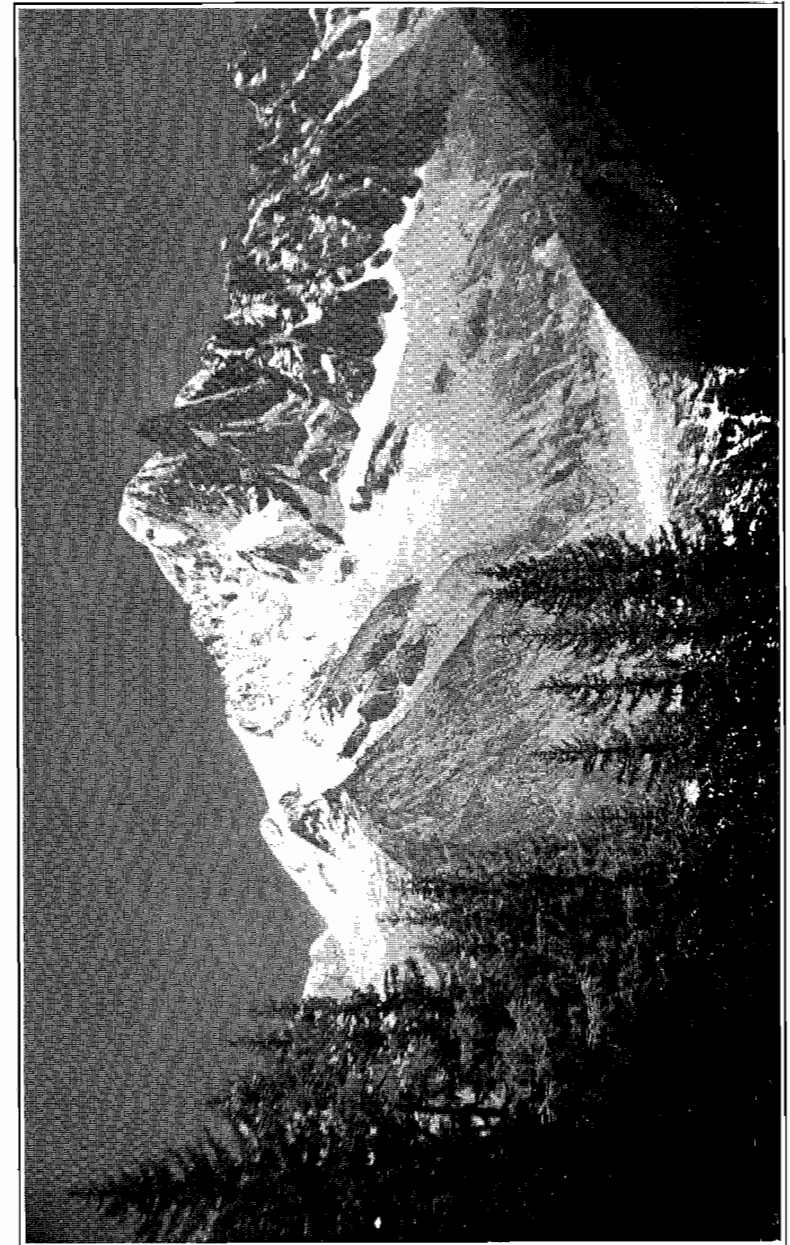
He proposes simply to use such notes as he has made, and to avoid, if he can, meticulous criticism such as is properly applied to commercial publications produced by whole-time editors. Much should be forgiven to volunteer editors, busily engaged at other jobs; covers will come off some numbers, the price will appear where the title should, the wrong date will go on appearing on the front, the index or the advertisements or the contents or the numbering will get mixed up, the address of the club cannot be found, and so on. In fact, the amateur editor does well if he can keep the spelling errors down, and the accents, particularly the circumflex, attached to the right words. The sooner the European languages agree on some unity of alphabet, and the abolition of accents, the better for future generations. But think of the unemployment this would cause!

ALPINE JOURNAL (May and Nov., 10s. 6d.).—For a guinea a year the subscriber gets over 400 pages of the Alpine news of the world.

But if these thick numbers make you think the pace of Alpine events is ever so much hotter, remember that, when twenty-five years ago they cost a half-crown each, they appeared quarterly and totalled 300 pages to the year.

Beginning with the November number of 1930, the great events described are the two Kangchenjunga attacks and the ascent of Petermann Peak, Greenland. Very difficult rock climbing by guides on the Hörnli of the Eiger is recorded, and the conquest of the E. Ridge of the Grand Teton (Wyoming).

In the May Number, 1931, the notable event included is the ascent of Mt. Bora, 16,200 feet, by Allen Carpe's party, after a strenuous



struggle over trackless country and with sledge transport on the snows, characteristic of Alaskan mountain exploration. From the summit they saw eight of the thirteen North American mountains over 16,000 feet. Ten of these peaks are in Alaska, three in Mexico, and the four highest are—Mt. McKinley, 20,300 feet; Mt. Logan, 19,850 feet; Orizaba, 18,200 feet; Mt. St. Elias, 18,000 feet.

Sgr. Benedetti describes his ascent of the Furggen ridge of the Matterhorn, and Prof. Graham-Brown his new ascents of ice faces in the Bernina group and the ascent of the Breithorn Younggrat, led by that great guide Graven.

The remarkable type of expedition now attempted by the most brilliant Alpine guides is shown by Miss Fitzgerald's amazing account of her traverse of the entire Grandes Jorasses ridge, descending to the Col des Hirondelles and thence to the Leschaux hut at 1.30 a.m. Nor must we omit Shipton's traverse of the twin peaks of Kenya, nor Porter's paper from the New Zealand Alps with its pictures of magnificent ridges.

The last number (Nov., 1931) contains Smythe's report of the Kamet campaign, and Allen Carpe's of his ascent of Mt. Fairweather, a peak of the Mt. Blanc order, but within 20 miles of the Alaskan coast. Joseph Georges and Couttet receive the credit of their magnificent leads, on the Dent Blanche North Ridge, and on the Chamonix Aiguilles.

HIMALAYAN JOURNAL, Vol. II., 1930, and Vol. III., 1931. (*W. Thacker & Co.*, pp. 206 and pp. 172, 8s.).—In Vol. II. Col. Tobin gives a most interesting summary of the climbing which has been done in the Sikkim groups, and Herr Bauer a graphic account in eight pages of the 1929 Bavarian Kangchenjunga expedition.

The Shyok Flood of 1929 was the sequel to the formation of the dam described in Vol. I. A fissure opened obliquely in the glacier dam, almost from bank to bank, long before the water got near the top. Details are given of the behaviour of the mass of water on its journey of hundreds of miles to the plains. Major Mason anticipated a closing up of the glacier and another flood in 1931.

General Bruce revives the memory of the Nanga Parbat expedition of 1895 by writing in Vol. III. on "The Passing of Mummery," and Dr. Dyhrenfurth describes his attempt on Kangchenjunga.

Madame Visser-Hooft summarises the work in 1929 of herself and her husband on the Siachen glacier, in the region E. & N.E. of the Karakoram Pass, and so to Yarkand. There are four articles with information for travellers, a climbing article from the Sutlej basin, another on Winter and Ski-ing in Kashmir.

Both volumes give much space to valuable reviews. It is astonishing to learn that the Turfan Depression (E. end of Tienshan) is 1,000 feet below sea level, though in the far interior of Asia. We note also that the Himalaya is a range of new uplift of very ancient rocks, and that Gaurisankar and Everest are still confused though 36 miles apart.

RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL, Vol. VII., No. 1.—Ever since the famous serial we expect something startling, but this time find ourselves put off with a piece of fiction worked up no doubt from an actual incident. However we discover a fine portrait of Sale in the Rucksack Portrait Gallery, and an account of an Alpine Meet by Burton which leaves us completely winded. Perhaps Rucksack men take a holiday at home before going out. Anyhow this Meet went up the Piz Morteratsch the first day, up the Bianco Ridge and over Piz Bernina the second day, to the Forno Hut on the third, 15½ hours to Disgrazia and back on the fourth, some of it up the Largo on the fifth. Even the weather could not stand this pace!

Entwistle's interesting article on a walk across Lozère once more drives home that more Englishmen should try to see the limestone Causses and the wonderful Gorges of the Tarn.

The Editor writes amusingly on trekking with boys, and Holland again recalls some of his climbing experiences. We can assure him that if he saw an *alleinganger* on the Langkofel traverse, the man was not a spook.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL, Vol. 19, Nos. 109-112.—The loss to the S.M.C., and to mountaineers generally, of the charming personality of George Sang is great and lasting. The same volume contains both his last article, on the Mam Soul group, and a memoir of him.

It is good to find the Teallachs mentioned again, and news of Larachantivore. "Twelve Days at the Club Hut" seems to show that the really effective stringing with routes of the Ben Nevis crags has begun. Bell has contributed, too, a really stiff new climb on Bidean nam Bian.

But, Mr. Editor, is not Unna's "Ross and Sutherland" a crime against future readers? Think of the hundreds who will find it in the index, and thank you for making them rake out a dusty volume.

Murray Lawson, in reviewing our *Journal*, made a really savage attack on pot-holing. An invitation to come to Gaping Ghyll was at once dispatched by the President, with a suspicion that perhaps this was a new way to procure one, but without effect.

CAIRNGORM JOURNAL (twice a year), Nos. 67-71, 1929-31.—As a rule the articles in the *Journal* of the Aberdeen club deal with Eastern Highlands only, but in No. 68 there is a most interesting article on the Moor of Rannoch. From it we learn that the piece of ancient forest through which the railway passes is not being naturally regenerated, as the sheep and the deer destroy the seedlings. Remembering the magnificent stretch of ancient forest on Loch Maree, containing the most perfect trees we have ever seen, it seems to us a great pity that some society does not make a move to have Crannach Wood

effectively fenced. There is, we believe, still sufficient shelter to enable young trees to get up in places.

Some new rock climbs on Lochnagar and Sgoran Dubh are described in Nos. 67 and 69, and later reports show that Lochnagar is being well worked over.

The proposal for a Cairngorm National Park has taken a definite form, the Town Council of Aberdeen having prepared a report which estimates the purchase price of 282 sq. miles at £354,000, and of an area reduced to 168 sq. miles at £195,000.

A most sporting walk by two ladies from Braemar to Rannoch and over Corryarrick Pass and the Larig back to Braemar is recorded in No. 71, the biggest day, from Kinloch Rannoch, finishing with the eleven miles of trackless moor from Rannoch station to Kingshouse.

Generally speaking the excursions show to what an amazing extent motors have made accessible areas which once demanded a holiday of several days, such as the Ben Lawers Group.

ANNUAL OF MOUNTAIN CLUB OF SOUTH AFRICA for 1930, No. 30 (*Galvin and Sales, Capetown, 2s. 6d.*).—A record of much rock climbing, there being four papers on Table Mountain routes alone.

The clearest picture we have ever imagined of South African mountain country is to be found in the reading of the first article, "Bughunting in the Swartbergen." by F. Berrisford, with its delightful description of motoring on rough tracks over passes and over the Karoo, and of climbing in the broken country.

Six articles are devoted to the Cedarbergen. How the stiff climbs described compare with the Dolomites we don't know, but the photographs certainly give the impression of desperate exposure. Mountaineering is evidently opening out some corners of the wilderness. We read of two huts being built and a ski-ing ground discovered. There are evidently scores of peaks to be bagged, but in South Africa, as elsewhere, holidays are few and far between.

GRITSTONE CLUB JOURNAL, Vol. IV., No. 1.—One interesting article in this private club record recounts Robinson's experiences in Sutherland and Ross. This evidence added to that of many others is that the keepers in the Kinlochewe district are peculiarly pleasant and inoffensive. He ascribes this to the small size of the forests.

An important narrative is that of the conquest of Swinsto Hole. The writer is quite severe on the journalistic performances of the new pot-hole clubs.

SPELUNCA (*Année 1930—Bulletin de Spéléo-Club de France*). The work of the Société de Spéléologie stopped in 1914, and the society was dissolved. At Montpellier in 1930 it was decided to form a cave exploration club, but the interest aroused was such that its scope was enlarged, and in March, 1930, the Spéléo-Club de France was launched.

In April, 1931, there were sixty members, the first names being Martel, Joly, Degrully, Pouget, Casteret, Fournier.

Martel opens with an article on the revival of "Spéologie," his shortened term for the subject, and on the work going on in various countries. He is obviously extremely sceptical as to the figures for the widely boomed Carlsbad Cave (New Mexico). The immense areas drained by the risings in the Jurassic of France give great practical importance to speology there from the point of view of water supply. Our limestone clints are mere trifles in area.

Under the title of "Subterranean Streams of Izaut," Casteret relates a most astounding solitary exploration, first by swimming, then by canoe, followed by climbing and wading hundreds of yards in bathing costume with bare feet, to a distance of 1 kilometre. He has explored five of these singular watercourses.

Joly describes numerous pot-holes requiring considerable ladder climbs, near Montpellier and l'Herault apparently, and records roots at 40 metres. Unfortunately no indication is given of the tackle or the methods used. These pot-holes are of the Newby Moss type, and as far as I can make out only two men descend.

BRITISH SKI YEAR BOOK (1931).—This volume of 356 pages is published in an edition of many thousands and deals as completely as ever with the events of the year.

Mr. Lunn is frankly disappointed with the position of British ski-mountaineering. As we have said before, we do not see how this is to be altered. The keenest mountaineers are normally professional men, only a fraction are assistant schoolmasters. Schoolmasters have their vacations within fixed dates; other professional men cannot be expected to take their long holiday in the winter, and if they did, it would be extremely difficult to arrange that other guideless climbers did the same. Then, too, a first long holiday must be devoted to learning to ski.

Don Munday's expeditions in British Columbia seem to be the most important recorded. Besides many Alpine articles there is information about ski-ing in Jugo-Slavia and Australia.

Important full particulars are given of the loss of four lives in the forest, a mile from the Riederfurka (Brigue). The Concordia Hut is a death trap in winter bad weather. Forced at last to risk it, this party of eight left the Aletsch glacier at the right place and were overwhelmed on gentle slopes among trees by a mass of loose snow, which moved only a short distance. So bad was the storm that the survivors could not even reach the hotel next day, but they had ample fuel in easy reach. This is the second, if not the third, grave disaster in retreating from the Concordia and shows that the only safe course is to force a way up to the Jungfrauoch.

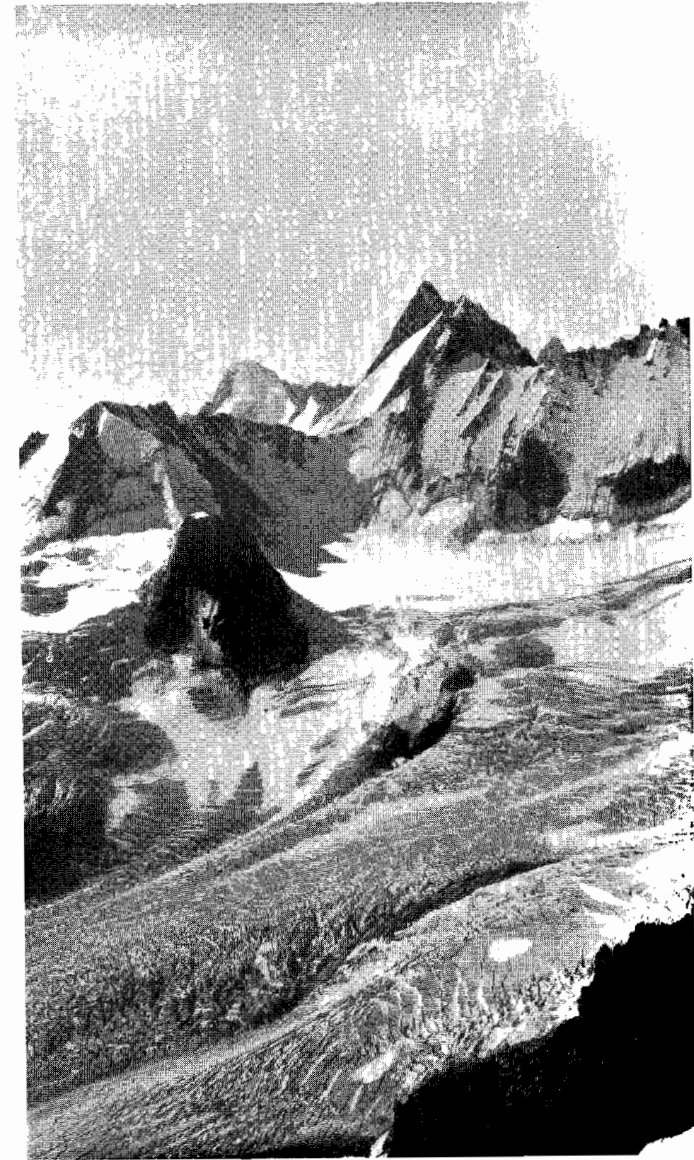


Photo by J. C. Galt.

TOUR NOIR.

CLUB MEETS.

1930.—The Meet with the Derbyshire Pennine Club at Longnor (Staffs.) was unfortunately put forward at the last moment to 21st-22nd June, and many men were disappointed in missing the climbing on the Roaches. These crags have numerous gully and face climbs, many being over 100 feet high. Some men were tempted on to an innocent looking climb, but should have been warned by the expectant gathering of their hosts at the foot of rocks, who cheered each man as he struggled frantically with the last pitch, which required body, feet, and arms to assume impossible positions. We look forward to further climbing on the Roaches.

A small party spent a very jolly August Bank Holiday time with the Rucksack Club at their Capel Curig Hut. They climbed Craig-yr-Ysfa Great Gully, Tryfan Grooved Arête, and the Monolith Crack. The latter must have been chosen as being something of the same kind as the tight 40 feet pitch in Flood Entrance, but a waterfall should be guided down the tight place to make us feel really at home.

At Horton-in-Ribblesdale, 27th-28th September, we were joined by members of the Wayfarers' Club, and twenty men did the through route, Long Kin East to Rift Pot, or *vice versa*. Although there was a fair amount of water down the short pitches in Long Kin East, the descending party dodged most of it, but the ascending party had to put in their speediest climbing.

1931.—The Chapel-le-Dale Meet, January 31st-February 1st, had the indifferent weather characteristic of that winter, but the blizzard of the afternoon and evening made such remarkable use of a few inches of snow, that it gave us a lot more fun than grey skies and rain. Over long stretches the roads were bare, but the absent snow had gone to build up heavy drifts in between. Up to five o'clock cars got through from Ingleton, but it was agreed that the Stockton men must be stuck in Widdale. However, Gowing burst upon us then with the news that they had got well past Ribblehead. Armed with one spade and two coal shovels, a rescue party sallied forth, and in a whirl of powder snow, dug through the big drift, beyond which half the road was almost free till near the Inn. Twenty-five sat down to dinner, and then there arrived Marshall and Wood from a car abandoned at Ribblehead, and Butler's party from a car left below White Scar. Macpherson came through from Ingleton at nine, and last of all, near midnight, Albert and Harold Humphreys, after dining at Ingleton, raising the party to 33 in all.

Sunday was quite pleasant with glorious views, and after two drifts had been dug through and after some indifferent ski-ing and walking, the column of cars left early, 2 to 3 p.m., in case there were any obstacles on the way. The snow was only thick in Ingleton and between Buckhaw Brow and Settle. Beyond Settle the country, except in Wharfedale, was green.

The most sporting approach had been by Devenish and Slingsby, who came from Grassington, starting Friday night, via a hay barn in Wharfedale, the Stake, Bainbridge, and over the old road to Ribbleshead.

The Malham Meet, 14th-15th March, was made the occasion of a "Scouts and Outposts" affair over Fountains Fall with the Gritstone Club. Twenty Ramblers in five cars went over to Horton, crossed the Penyghent ridge and stringing out along the Silverdale Road, reached Malham in under the four hours allowed, but only collected two or three Gritstone men on the way. Unless someone interviews each man and writes a monograph on the subject, it is very difficult to find what occurred. One capture was made by stalking successfully a man who had got through by crawling.

At Easter, wonderful weather rewarded the eleven members who met at Wastdale Head and who had excellent sport.

For Lost Johns' the Club obtained permission to use the shooting hut on Leck Fell. Two of the pitches were rigged the previous weekend, and the night of the 25th-26th April was spent underground by eleven members and three guests. The first party went in at 9 p.m. and the last two men reached the surface at 4.30 a.m. Everyone got to or beyond Dome Junction, but heavy water defeated those who reached the Battleaxe pitches. Some criminal had broken the Bayonet off short. Owing to numbers, the work was not hard, but the expedition was an interesting example of the fact that nothing is gained in such a place by employing more than about eight. Three more men visited the Cathedral on Sunday, and the ladders were carried out by successive parties. The last to enter claim much merit for holding on through the asphyxiating fog produced by the photographers. Robinson performed prodigies in feeding the multitude of 18. Leck Fell's usual storm began as the last cars were being loaded.

The Gaping Ghyll Meet was successful in two respects, though on the whole too "jumpy" to be really pleasant; fresh ground was entered and it was shown that traffic up and down can be maintained through a bad flood. In spite of heavy rain on the Friday and showery weather on Saturday, the first men found it exceptionally dry below. Hilton and E. E. Roberts descended 132 feet to the pool finish of the Two Hundred Foot or Flood Exit Pot.

On Sunday, Sale pushed right through the glutinous mud of the small passage off the second aven beyond and a hundred yards of new ground was discovered. Then Fred Booth somehow climbed the "impossible" wall to the hole in the first aven, and excavation was about to begin when the party was recalled by news of a sudden flood. Everyone got out by five o'clock, traffic being steadily maintained under conditions which appeared to those below likely to give them a long detention.

Monday was again a miserable, chancy day, but not bad enough to stop an attack on the Flood Entrance. As the downward party found, no surveyors or supporters were allowed below, and the four of them had to drag out all the tackle. In spite of that handicap, everything was up above by six o'clock. More fortunate than in 1930, the campers were able to dry their things on Tuesday and pack up in glorious sunshine.

Eight members met six or seven Wayfarers at the elaborately fitted Robertson Lamb Hut in Great Langdale, 20th-21st June. The hut is on the south side of the new road, about a mile from Low Dungeon Gill Hotel. To make it perfect, a grass path is required alongside the two miles of pitiless tar macadam above it. The weather was misty until the Sunday afternoon, when came a touch of summer.

The summer was absolutely hopeless for any serious pot-holing, even straightforward caves being repeatedly inaccessible when attacked. Though the days were fine, heavy storms by night spoilt the Kingsdale programme, 18th-19th July. Only two Rucksackers turned up, and with four of our men got thoroughly drenched in doing the old part of Marble Steps Pot. Fourteen people stayed at Braida Garth.

On September 19th, some twenty-five of us met the Derbyshire Pennine Club at the Nag's Head, Castleton, and after high tea proceeded in a body to the Peak Cavern. Nine of us and one D.P.C. man waded through both the deep pools to the far end described by Baker.

On Sunday, a grand day, 14 Ramblers and Mrs. Smythe went down Oxlow Mine with a strong detachment of our hosts. Those who stayed above, congratulated themselves on the better choice.

The Cat Hole Inn at Keld in Swaledale possesses more accommodation than people think, for over 20 men stayed there, 17th-18th October, the President confessing that Keld and its glorious waterfalls were new ground to him. Hollow Mill Cross Pot was done again, but no new finds have been reported.

1932.—The Chapel-le-Dale Meet was more popular than ever, fifty men managing somehow to sit down to dinner at the Hill Inn on 6th February while extraordinarily calm weather balanced the blizzard of 1931. The President organised a murder and a trial, with preliminaries

which have left some doubt as to whether there is or is not a Water Pollution Research Board. The subsequent bonfire and rockets must have left Ingleton wondering.

Woodman drove to and from Ashford in Kent, 300 miles, and picked up Slingsby in London on Friday night. This is real enthusiasm!

CLUB PROCEEDINGS.

1930.—The Week-end Meets held during the year were:—26th January, Chapel-le-Dale; 9th March, Clapham (with the Derbyshire Pennine Club); Easter, 20th April, Coniston; 11th May, Kettlewell; Whitsun, 8th June, Gaping Ghyll (with the Rucksack Club); 22nd June, Longnor (with the Derbyshire Pennine Club); 28th September, Horton-in-Ribblesdale (with the Wayfarers' Club).

A Ladies' Dinner took place at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, on 14th February.

The nineteenth number of the Club Journal was published just before the Annual Dinner.

1930-31.—At the Annual General Meeting held 8th November, 1930, the following were elected to hold office during the year:—President, T. GRAY; Vice-Presidents, W. A. WRIGHT and C. CHUBB; Hon. Treasurer, B. A. BATES; Hon. Secretaries, D. BURROW and F. S. BOOTH; Hon. Editor, E. E. ROBERTS; Hon. Librarian, J. BUCKLEY; Committee, H. ARMSTRONG, W. V. BROWN, J. BUCKLEY, C. E. BURROW, A. BUTTERFIELD, J. HILTON, A. E. HORN.

The twenty-fourth Annual Dinner took place at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, on 8th November, 1930. The President, T. Gray, was in the chair, and the principal guests were Judge Woodcock, and Sir Wm. Ellis, Alpine Club. The kindred clubs were represented by Mr. J. E. Grosvenor, Midland Association of Mountaineers; Mr. C. D. Yeomans, Derbyshire Pennine Club; Mr. H. Baxter, Rucksack Club; Mr. H. Poole, Climbers' Club; Mr. H. Priestman, Scottish Mountaineering Club; Mr. B. C. Alferoff, Wayfarers' Club; Mr. F. O. Smith, Gritstone Club; and Mr. J. F. Seaman, Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Over ninety people dined.

On 13th December, 1930, F. S. Smythe lectured to an audience of nearly 400 on "The Kangchenjunga Adventure." The choice of day, Saturday, enabled a large number of men to come in to Leeds, and the big muster to hear a lecture of this important character was highly gratifying to the Committee.

At the Annual General Meeting it was decided that members who have paid thirty years' subscriptions should become Life Members.

At a Special General Meeting, 17th February, 1931, the sum of 100 guineas was voted to the funds of the Kamet Expedition.

1931.—The Week-end Meets held during the year were:—1st February, Chapel-le-Dale; 15th March (with the Gritstone Club); Easter, 5th April, Wastdale Head; 26th April, Lost Johns' Cavern; Whitsun, 24th May, Gaping Ghyll; 21st June, Great Langdale, Robertson Lamb Hut; 19th July, Kingsdale (with the Rucksack Club); 20th September, Castleton (with the Derbyshire Pennine Club); 18th October, Keld.

With deep regret we record the deaths of W. A. Wright, our senior Vice-President, and of R. Kidson Swales.

1931-32.—At the Annual General Meeting held 14th November, 1931, the following were elected to hold office during the year:—President, A. E. HORN; Vice-Presidents, C. CHUBB and G. L. HUDSON; Hon. Treasurer, B. A. BATES; Hon. Secretaries, D. BURROW and F. S. BOOTH; Hon. Editor, E. E. ROBERTS; Hon. Librarian, J. BUCKLEY; Committee, H. ARMSTRONG, W. V. BROWN, J. BUCKLEY, C. E. BURROW, C. C. BRISTOL, R. F. BUTLER, F. B. COOPER.

The twenty-fifth Annual Dinner took place at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, on 14th November, 1931. The President, A. E. Horn, was in the chair, and the principal guest was the Rev. W. L. Schroeder. The kindred clubs were represented by Sir Wm. Ellis, C.B.E., Alpine Club; Dr. Lewis Graham, Scottish Mountaineering Club; Mr. G. A. Lister, Midland Association of Mountaineers; Mr. J. L. Longland, Wayfarers' Club; Mr. T. P. Fox, Rucksack Club; Mr. G. O. G. Lennard, Fell and Rock Climbing Club; Mr. C. Baines, Derbyshire Pennine Club; Mr. H. Poole, Climbers' Club.

1932.—On 30th January, F. S. Smythe lectured in the Philosophical Hall, Leeds, to a crowded audience, on "The Conquest of Kamet." The number of men who came in from a distance and who drove home in the darkness was again very gratifying.

With deep regret we record the death of Frank Ellet and of Claude E. Benson.

NEW MEMBERS.

1930.

DAVIS, NEVILLE RYLAND, 10, Atkinson Road, Sale.
 WOOD, BASIL JOHN, 44, High Street, Norton-on-Tees.
 REED, DAVID LAWRENCE, Thorpe House, Stockton-on-Tees.
 WHITE, PAUL, Scandinavia Mills, Cleckheaton.

1931.

NELSTROP, BERNARD, Avalon, Heybridge Lane, Prestbury, Cheshire.
 FOLEY, INNES CLIFFE, Lloyds Bank Chambers, Collingwood Street,
 Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 MOORE, JOHN, 3, Oakwood Mount, Roundhay.
 PRYCE, ARTHUR (Rev.), Chapel-le-Dale Vicarage, near Ingleton.
 HEYS, ALAN EDWARD, 42, St. Michael's Road, Headingley.
 EVANS, WALTER EDMUND, 33, Norton Avenue, Norton-on-Tees.
 ALEXANDER, GEORGE BAKER, Devonshire Hall, Headingley.
 MOORE, JOSEPH, 4, Oakroyd Villas, Manningham, Bradford.
 HIGGINS, WILLIAM FREDERICK, Carreg Wen, Bryniau, Meliden,
 Prestatyn.
 SEED, ERNEST CARL, 469, Huddersfield Road, Wyke, Bradford.
 WILLIAMSON, JOHN, Moorfoot, Ilkley.
 WILLIAMSON, MAURICE METCALFE, 45, Rainhall Road, Barnoldswick.

1932.

NELSON, GEORGE HENRY FOX, 40, Hollin Lane, Far Headingley.
 LEACH, EDMUND ARTHUR, Rockfield, Halton, Leeds.
 LEACH, FREDERICK HERBERT, Rockfield, Halton, Leeds.
 BROWN, JAMES DUNCAN, Thorpe House, Norton-on-Tees.
 BYRNE, BRIAN TURPIN, Ivanhoe, Appleton Road, Stockton-on-Tees.
 CROWE, JAMES, Thorpe House, Norton-on-Tees.

BACK NUMBERS.—These, which are limited in number, can be obtained from the Hon. Librarian (168, Wellington Street, 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, 17 and 18, 5s. each ; No. 19, 4s. Specially designed green buckram cases for the five volumes, 2s. each. Postage extra.