

THE
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Edited by ERNEST E. ROBERTS

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Photo by C. Thurston Holland

THE GIANT

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THE GIANT

By J. M. DAVIDSON

Once upon a time (I am tempted to begin my story thus because it all happened so long ago) there was a giant in the Alps. He is still there, raising his two heads high into the sky. His castle is built of sheer rock-walls surrounded at their base by treacherous moats cut in blue-green ice. No roads lead to his domain, no drawbridges; only cunningly-hidden traverses span the moats. And, at the time of my story, access was obtained to the stronghold by a succession of long, curving, hempen ropes in place of the more secure, but less authentic, beanstalk.

The Giant is a creature of uncertain moods. Sometimes he will encourage adventurous spirits to approach him, to mount his shoulders and scramble to the top of his heads, and there he will delight them with his enchanting wonder-scene. At other times he will be in bad humour and suddenly lash himself into a passionate frenzy. Woe, then, to the reckless man who comes within his reach!

Despite the introduction, this is not a fairy-tale, nor even an allegory. It is an artless story of a day spent in climbing the Aiguille du Géant. And, moreover, one of the characters is our Editor—a man of unusually retentive and accurate memory—so that any fanciful over-statements would certainly not be permitted.

Before daybreak one fine morning in July, 1909, four friends—E. E. Roberts, the late L. J. Oppenheimer, the late Adam Fox and "A Fourth-man"—left the inn at Montenvers and took the path to the glacier. They came fresh from a series of happy expeditions, with high spirits that would not be depressed even by a falling barometer or by the warm night

air which announced the arrival of the Foehn wind. Did it ever occur to them that this was to be a day when the Giant was not at home to visitors?

They advanced quickly up the glacier, so well-known to them, over the séracs, and then eastward to the snow-covered glacis of the stronghold. Above towered the Giant, black and clear-cut against the blue background of a cloudless sky. It was midday when they reached the snow-slopes—a late hour which, in the case of this mountain, has little importance. The summit rocks present the only difficulty of the ascent and they are climbed more easily when warmed by the sun.

The four climbers were on two ropes. First Roberts and Fox, and following them, Fourthman and Oppenheimer—an arrangement which was followed throughout the day. When the party had mounted the mixed rock and snow for a considerable distance, the second pair being close behind the leaders, the first mishap occurred. The top of a large slab of rock must have been resting in a state of very unstable equilibrium, for as the first man passed over, it became dislodged. In its fall it bumped slowly close to No. 3, but by that time its momentum was so great as to make his effort to check it quite futile. Oppenheimer, the last man, was at that moment mounting a shallow scoop in the snow directly in line with the fall. In the second or two, during which he realized the danger, it was impossible to move aside to safety, and the rock bounded through the air straight for his body. Instantly he flung himself down behind a small pinnacle of rock projecting a few inches above the end of the slabs, almost invisible from above and too small, indeed, to hide even his head from the helpless gaze of his companions. There was a crash—the mass had hit the projecting rock and had broken into two pieces, one piece bounding down on either side! Oppenheimer, quite undisturbed, continued his way upwards, with no worse hurt than two skin abrasions on his shoulders.

It was in a chimney above this that the fatal accident happened to Emile Rey, that "greatest of guides," whose physical collapse remains a mystery to his companion.

As the men approached the shoulder whence the real climbing begins, a white, eddying streamer was seen clinging to the top of the peaks and floating to the north. At one time it dis-

appeared, but was soon seen again floating to the north-east and again to the north-west of the summits. Surely, the Giant had called upon the Foehn wind to signal that to-day he was "Not at home"! Fourthman, who had climbed the mountain before, thought that discretion called for a postponement of the expedition. His companions, wishing to add a new peak to their lists, were reluctant to retreat. When they arrived at the foot of the rocks all hesitancy vanished. A descending party of two, guide preceding tourist, came swinging over space by means of a fixed rope, which was frayed until not more than one strand remained intact, down to our halting place. They reported that weather conditions on the peak were warm and windless, in fact perfect.

Our four men left their platform and, carefully avoiding the frayed rope, first climbed some rather difficult rocks and then followed a long and easy traverse leftwards. At the end of the traverse a succession of fixed ropes showed the way to the first summit. Climbing directly upwards to the west arête and thence on slabs, in chimneys and on traverses, good progress was made in the warm sunshine. One member of the party, at least, refrained from touching the ropes and commenced a tirade against the immorality of spoiling a great climb by such unnecessary aid. What a danger he thought they might be! Frayed by weather and by swinging in the wind, suspended from pitons driven into crevices and wedged there by bits of broken boxes, how easily some of these pitons could be withdrawn by a direct pull outwards!

A brilliant flash and simultaneous explosion, that shook the mountain, stopped the discussion. A thick blanket of mist came with the thunder-clap. Every point and roughness of the rocks hissed at the climbers like hosts of angry vipers. *Bzzz-zzz-zzz!* A wind arose, blowing now warm, now cold, charged with rain, sleet or hail. The two parties became separated, Roberts and Fox pressing on upwards after a necessary hold-up at the foot of an awkward chimney which rises from the end of a sensational traverse above an enormous slab. Over the first summit and down in the dip below the highest point the second pair met the leaders, who were now descending. Upward they hurried until a weird, dwarf-like apparition loomed through the mist. Two or three steps and

they saw that it was a little image of the Virgin. She, too, showed her disapproval of the enterprise by adding her own to the chorus of hisses. The little aluminium figure, fixed on the summit by pious guides of Courmayeur, disfigured and dented by strokes of lightning, seemed herself a martyr to the tyranny of the Giant.

With scarcely the instant needed for an "Ave," the two men descended into the hollow between the peaks and there decided to wait, under the shelter of an overhang, until the electric storm should pass. An hour went by. What an unforgettable hour! Soaked to the skin, while the rocks hissed and the wind howled around them in their eyrie, Oppenheimer quietly talked of his beloved Lakeland, of his plans for the future, of his ambitions as an artist and his wish to retire from business in order to study painting in Montmartre. Alas! his plans were never to be realized. A man gentle as fearless, he died fighting for our country in the Great War. But his influence is still with us and will last beyond the lives of those who were privileged to be his friends.

The hour went by. The rocks still hissed and the wind still howled. Instead of abating, the storm became worse and the rain had changed to snow. It was evidently not a mere passing electric disturbance; descent must be risked. Oppenheimer led off along a narrow ledge leading to the first peak, a ledge which falls away sheer to the glacier below. As the shortened rope paid out, Fourthman stepped from under the overhang. Instantly, a heavy blow fell on his neck and shoulders; he barely escaped staggering over the edge.

"I have been struck, Opp., are you all right?"

"I only felt quite a slight shock," came the answer.

"My hair is on end and I am afraid for my hat. Does it make you feel like that?"

For reply, Oppenheimer turned round on the ledge, bowed low and, taking his hat off with a sweeping salute, uncovered a very bald head surrounded by a close-cropped fringe of auburn hair. Both men had a hearty laugh; all nervousness had vanished. There remained only fear and anxiety for the safety of their friends.

The two men arrived at the fixed ropes with changed ideas about the spoiling of the climb. They now called down



Photo by C. Thurstan Holland

AIGUILLE DU GÉANT

blessings on the heads of the guides who had fixed the ropes there. Down they slid, both moving together regardless of frayed strands and insecure fastenings. A kick with the heel on the pitons as they passed—that was all. By degrees, as they descended, the rocks ceased their horrible hissing and only the storm and snow continued. No one can ever affirm, or deny, that this descent of 450 feet of cliff was a speed record. But, in what must have been a remarkably short time by the clock, though an age in the mind of the climbers, they were down to the shoulder. There they had a happy re-union with their companions, who had been waiting under an overhang of sorts in a state of grave anxiety, having almost given up hope for the safety of the belated pair. Plastered from head to foot with snow, Fox and Roberts as they descended the chimneys had felt shock after shock pass down their clothes.

It was now only helter skelter on the ropes down the great slab, a scramble down the snow-slopes, loose rocks, and glacier to the Rifugio Torino, where the climbers remained, weather-bound, for two nights and well into the second day.

This had not been the Giant's "At Home Day" and the gate-crashers had narrowly escaped summary vengeance.

DAYS ROUND THE SUSTEN PASS

By H. L. STEMBRIDGE

We foregathered at Meiringen, and for the best part of two days we slept, and lived on the fat of the land, while the heavens opened and it rained as though it would never stop.

On the first day we optimistically bought four days' supply of food, intending to go up to the Gelmerhütte on the morrow, but by the end of the second day we talked of jettisoning the lot and of the advantages of sunbathing at Lugano. It is true we gazed at the waterfalls which surround Meiringen, floodlit in vivid greens, reds and blues, but the sight of more water left us completely languid, and even the gorge of the Aar up which we padded with water dripping down our necks, though impressive, did not induce us to linger. The sky was leaden, the clouds moved with exasperating majesty across the mountain sides with no thought of hurry and we retired to bed on Sunday with no hopes for the morrow.

Monday.—Through the bedroom window the clouds were still low on the hillside but, Lord be Praised, the rain had stopped. By eleven o'clock, when we boarded our car, the sun was actually shining, and as we bade farewell to our host he assured us of a fine spell. Unlike most weather prophets he was right and we enjoyed almost two weeks of unbroken good weather.

We rode rapidly up the valley of the Aar in the direction of the Grimsel. Beyond Innertkirchen the valley narrows almost to a gorge, with mountain sides of appalling savagery, bald rock, steep slabs—holdless and overhanging like the tiles of a roof, and the farther we went the worse it seemed to get. With some relief therefore we reached the upper platform of the valley beyond Handeck and saw that it opened out slightly. The car stopped—we shouldered our heavy loads and left the road behind. For a week we were to see neither road, nor car, nor village.

How glorious is that first step on to the hillside, the first clear pool, the first movement off the track on to grass and flowers! The path struck steeply up the mountain side and we dropped into the familiar rhythmic pace of the hills. An

hour's march led us into a high side valley, dammed to form a huge lake, the Gelmersee, the edge of which we followed for some distance. If ever that overworked adjective "stark" could be truthfully applied it was to this place. The lowering sky, the dark dour waters of the lake, with the savage and splintered ridge of the Gelmerhorner reflected on its surface and the welter of shattered peaks ahead, all of naked rock almost without vegetation, gave to me, at any rate, feelings of remoteness and insignificance which did not recur during the whole holiday. Thousand foot chimneys, narrow and with no exit, led up towards the ridge of the Gelmerhorner, while at its foot a tangle of boulders fringed the water's edge.

At the head of the lake our way lay up the left branch, the Diechtal, which from a distance looked steep and slabby. As often happens it proved less steep on closer acquaintance and we ascended rapidly, keeping to the left bank of a stream which fell in cascades over a series of platforms and slabs. The Gelmerhütte stood high up on the eastern skyline, and as we approached along a track which was obviously little used, it appeared to be shuttered and empty. This proved to be the case and we spent a most comfortable night with the place to ourselves. Few huts can be more excellently fitted up, and we turned in full of the joy of life, while a sleety downpour outside made us appreciate the more the comforts within. An easy day!

Tuesday.—A grand clear morning and the first view of the peaks across the Aar valley! We could now appreciate the splendid position of the Hut. It faces the Gelmerhorn ridge where any amount of first class climbing is available, while behind the hut is a most extensive maze of snow fields and glaciers broken up by high ridges and covering an area of forty or fifty square miles. Southwards beyond the Aar the first rays of the sun caught the snows of the Finsteraarhorn and gradually tipped peak after peak, until finally the topmost rocks of the Gelmerhorn glowed in the light, and we felt it time to be on our way.

Our objective, the Trift hut, lay to the north-east beyond a long high ridge which completely barred our path. At its lowest point, the Diechterlimmi, its height was 10,702 feet, roughly 3,000 feet above the hut. We proposed to advance

to this point, traverse northward along the ridge over the top of the Diechterhorn (11,183 feet) and descend on the far side to the Trift Glacier.

It was a glorious morning, and as we forsook the moraine the snow felt crisp and firm beneath our feet, and sped us along up easy slopes towards the pass. When the snow gave way to patches of ice and small crevasses had to be circumvented, our pace declined somewhat, and when the angle of the slope steepened so that step cutting became necessary, the exhilarating air of the morning made that usually irksome operation an undiluted pleasure.

Our col lay ahead, to its left a rocky peak, the Diechterhorn, to its right a series of ragged points interspersed with snowy cols. On the opposite side of the glacier to the north rose the Ofenhorn, a fine symmetrical peak, while looking back, we gazed down on the whole Gelmerhorn ridge, beyond which the giants of the Oberland shone, detached and magnificent.

We ate our second breakfast on the Diechterlimmi in a cool wind; we did not linger but set off up the rocky and rather loose ridge which led towards the Diechterhorn. The first summit on the ridge was reached by the rocks, we avoided the second, traversing the snow slopes below it, and climbed the final summit firstly up steep snow and finally by the rocks. Continuing northwards the ridge narrowed and as the rocks fell away steeply on both sides it gave us some interesting moments.

From a patch of snow at the end of the ridge we took a beeline down the steep slopes towards the Trift Glacier. Ignoring the S.A.C. Guide, Roberts as usual took his own line, threading a masterly way through the crevassed portion and striking an icefall at its most vulnerable point.

It was now past midday, the glare and heat on the glacier were intense, the air sultry after the freshness of the heights, the going heavy. However the Trift Hut was only two or three miles down the glacier and in less than an hour we were dumping our sacks on the straw and making derogatory remarks about the washing up of the previous occupants. This hut too was empty when we arrived, and throughout the whole day we had seen no track of any description.

One of the greatest pleasures of life in the huts is the long

hours of the late afternoon, when, basking on the sun-baked rocks, time slips by unnoticed and life becomes a very leisurely affair. The Trift Hut stands on a buttress poised above the terrific icefall which separates the upper from the lower Trift Glacier. Towards sunset a party of Swiss approached from the lower glacier, looking very weary after the long ascent. We turned in with some satisfaction on learning that they proposed to leave the hut before us next morning, as we hoped the embers of their fire would serve as the basis of our own.

At 4.10 a.m. when we were rudely awakened, the Swiss party were still cooking and not likely to be clear for some time. So we lit our own fire, left the hut at 5.15, and passed them as they were putting on crampons at the edge of the glacier. As we kept making contact with them throughout the morning it was interesting to weigh up the advantage or otherwise of crampons in that district. We came to the conclusion that any time which they saved on the steeper névé above was more than balanced by the time lost when wearing them on the easier slopes below.

The gods were very good to us—another perfect morning—and as we left most of our gear at the hut we fairly raced up the three thousand feet to the Weissnollen Pass. The snow was of that splendid consistency which holds a firmly planted foot on a steep slope without the need for kicking or cutting. At eight o'clock we reached the Col, met the sunshine and ate a second breakfast.

We were now on the rim of a gigantic amphitheatre of snow, symmetrically proportioned, which was actually the source of the Rhone Glacier. We hoped for a three peak day on the Rhonestock (11,880 feet), the Dammastock (11,992 feet), and the Weissnollen (11,329 feet), all of which rose from the rim of the basin, the first two far away, the third close at hand. The sides of the basin were of smooth hard snow, and heading for the Rhonestock we were able to contour round at a great rate, traversing below the Dammastock and easily avoiding the large crevasses below its steep slopes.

The top part of the Rhonestock from the direction by which we approached was rather steep smooth névé and we intended to keep below the steepest part working gradually upwards till we struck the rocky south-east ridge, and to climb this

until we could work out on to the easy snow cap.

All went according to plan; after a bout of step cutting in hard snow we reached the ridge. The rocks though glazed proved easy, but were inclined to be loose and the face to the south above which we climbed seemed extremely steep. Once above the steepest part of the ice slope we left the rocks and started to cut steps up the snow again. Gradually the snow became thinner and we found ourselves cutting steps in ice—a slow process. We were still well below the summit and if the ice continued, to cut up the whole way would be a long job. Retracing our steps to the rock ridge we continued our climb up this and it obligingly led us to within a few yards of the top of the Rhonestock. The summit is a snow dome with steep ice to the north-east, and excessively steep rock to both west and south.

Detached as these peaks are from the main mass of the Oberland, and with no intervening ranges to block the view we could see the Monte Rosa Group, the mountains surrounding Saas Fee, the peaks round Zermatt, as well as the giants of the Oberland from the Finsteraarhorn to the Wetterhorn. Below our feet we had a good bird's-eye view of the Göschenental.

In normal conditions of snow it should not be difficult to descend the Rhonestock to the north and to make directly for the Dammastock. In the present icy conditions we descended by way of the same ridge which we had previously climbed, traversing then northwards to the top of the Damma Pass, from which it may be possible with great difficulty to get down to the Göschenental. The Dammastock lay ahead of us, a cone of broken rock. It was almost mid-day, the heat was intense and we munched our lunch in the grateful shadow of a large block.

In this isolated spot, bare rock surrounded by miles of snow fields, it was amazing to see several butterflies, similar to our common cabbage whites. Whether these frail creatures ascended to these heights every day, or whether they can withstand the freezing night temperatures is more than I can say.

We started the descent and soon found ourselves sinking deeply into soft snow. Although we could circle almost at a constant level round the northern rim of the snowfield, to cross

the few kilometres which separated us from the top of the Weissnollen was going to be hard work. An hour's steady plod brought us to the western rim overlooking the Weissnollen, which rises only a few hundred feet above the surrounding snowfield when approached from this side. A delicate snow arête curved in one beautiful sweep to the summit and although we felt some compunction at defiling its unsullied purity it was the obvious way of ascent. The crest forms the rim of the basin—on the inside the slope was steep, and overhung by a tiny cornice, moreover it was soft and inclined to slide. The slope on the outside was too steep to be comfortable; as a matter of fact we could only see the top two or three feet of it, beyond which we gazed into space only limited by the Trift Glacier, three thousand feet below.

We found it a bit of a problem to advance along the narrow crest without putting a leg through the cornice and when finally the first man did go through we changed our tactics and traversed a few feet below the crest on the inside and so reached the summit. To ascend a secondary rock summit was a matter of minutes, and the early afternoon saw us plunging with Gargantuan strides down the steep slopes below the col following our tracks of the early morning. We got a good deal of pleasure out of that descent, sloshing with heels down and the weight full on the foremost leg, letting the soft snow absorb all jar.

By the time we had trudged down the Trift Glacier our thirst was beyond my descriptive powers, but we made a goodly brew on reaching the hut, and this, followed by a long bask on the rocks with the three peaks in our pocket brought to a close a very satisfying day. Two parties of two now shared the hut with us, one of which argued audibly long into the night.

Thursday.—A loud noise of the chopping of wood fairly made the rafters ring about an hour before we were due to wake, and we got up with that "Why ever did we do it?" feeling. However a sniff outside at another perfect morning got rid of this feeling, and by five o'clock we were descending towards the lower Trift Glacier with Stein on the Susten Pass road as our destination.

For a few hundred feet the path descended very steeply and then ran level on the steep buttress of the Taltistock, providing

us with a first class scramble. We wanted to get on to the Tierberg Glacier, a steep narrow branch running into the Trift Glacier from the east. If we could maintain our height to the glacier a thousand feet above the confluence we should save a long descent and the corresponding ascent.

We worked round the mountain side high above the Tierberg Glacier; to get on to it was a problem. Ahead of us completely barring our way was a most disagreeable looking icefall.

We debated the advisability of retracing our steps, descending to the Trift Glacier and thence up the Tierberg, but finally decided to push on and endeavour to find a way immediately below the icefall. A series of ledges led us a long way and finally deposited us in a gully adjoining the foot of the icefall. Immediately above our heads the séracs tottered, sixty to a hundred feet high, tilted at grotesque angles, while the ground ahead of us was littered with blocks of ice, the débris of previous falls. With somewhat bated breath we dashed beneath them on to the Tierberg Glacier glad to get beyond their reach.

Ahead on the skyline was the little col, called Zwischen Tierberg. The slopes which led up to it looked very steep, but we were past meeting trouble halfway and were more concerned with the glacier below our feet. On it the bare black ice did not prove difficult owing to the amount of debris frozen to its surface. Further up snow covered the ice and made progress much easier. By keeping to the right bank, kicking steps and cutting where necessary, and on one occasion surmounting a steep bit by the rocks at the side, we eventually arrived at the col (9,900 feet).

Someone suggested we should climb the Vorder Tierberg, only a few hundred feet above us to the north, but the snow-fields beyond the col fell away seductively in the direction of the Stein Hotel. We dallied in the sunshine on the little pass, lost in admiration of the new ranges now revealed to us. Away to the north a huge ridge extended for miles—from where we stood it seemed almost a cliff—the Gadmer Fluh which culminated in the Titlis. In front of the Titlis the jagged fingers of the Fünffingerstöcke rise amidst a sea of glacier. Ahead of us in the east the gendarmes on the fine ridge of the Sustenhorn show up against the sky.



ON THE ZWISCHEN TIERBERG

We rattled down the east slopes in fine style to the Tierbergli Rocks, where with good food in the offing, the remains of our sardines, salami, and jam seemed less attractive than usual, but we ate our fill and then slept. Before setting off again we did a foolish thing. In spite of the warnings of Experience, who promised us a night on the rocks, we left beneath a cairn our remaining hunk of bread, which in appearance and hardness now differed little from its surroundings. In a few minutes we began to rue it.

Once you have seen the place from afar, it ought to be the simplest thing in the world to descend the Tierbergli Rocks on to the Steinlimmi Glacier. In fact it took us going on for three hours. The map and the S.A.C. book were both equally vague but a cairn at the top of the rocks suggested a start, and a suggestion of scratches and a lost jacket led us onward, till we found ourselves doing a first-class rock climb on the steepest buttress of the rocks, with visions of tea at Stein fading into the background. In the end we managed to get off on to a snow slope which led to easier rocks, which in turn dropped us down unpleasant slopes of moraine on to the glacier. We zig-zagged up and down, over and round endless mounds of rubble until at length we reached the far bank and struck a track. In the shade of a huge boulder we flung ourselves on the first real grass we had seen since leaving the road above Meiringen—I can smell the sweetness of it now.

Looking backwards at the buttress we had just descended we saw a perfectly obvious way of descent down a long snow slope which looked as if it might be a glissade and which would have avoided the upper rocks entirely. We blamed that hunk of bread. In half an hour we were in Stein. A great place the Stein Hotel, hot baths, change of clothes, grand beds and tea with cake!

The off-day passed all too quickly; there were the ravages caused by long exposure to sun and snow to repair, plans for the morrow to be made, and long pleasant hours sitting in the shade of the verandah, with cooling drinks at elbow, watching the antics of a filthy but affectionate pig which attached itself with embarrassing affection to each sweating pedestrian toiling up the Susten Pass.

Saturday.—We rose betimes, creaked downstairs in the dark,

boots in hand, and bade each other a whispered " Bon Voyage " as we split up into two parties, one to try the N.E. ridge of the Hinter Sustenhorn by way of the Sustenjoch, the other bound for the Fünffingerstöcke. The latter party ascended the steep hillside behind the hotel and followed the rocky bed of a stream until it mingled into the moraine below the Obertal Glacier.

Ahead of us lay an intricate system of glacier interspersed with rock ridges of appalling steepness. Among these were the five fingers of the Fünffingerstöcke, but which was which was only ascertained after a good deal of discussion. Our intention was to climb the second and third fingers and the best way of approach appeared to be up a branch of the Obertal Glacier on our right. Our first problem was to get on to the glacier ; the snout looked forbidding—blue-grey ice suggesting hours of step cutting. To our left a thin moraine led across the glacier but would land us at the foot of glaciated rocks which looked unclimbable.

As we could make a start on the rocks to the right we thought we would see what lay beyond. They were a mere jumble of huge boulders brought down by the glacier and piled on top of each other. The initial patch of about fifteen feet caused us some anxiety as we feared the lot might topple. After this came a long slope of rocks lightly poised on ice up which we progressed gingerly, expecting a landslide. Once on the glacier the going was easy enough and we advanced rapidly until well below a much steeper section which barred our path. Luckily this was well covered with snow and we kicked a slanting route up it without trouble, arriving on a snow ridge forming the rim of the upper basin, immediately below the fourth finger. This towered above us on our left, fine jagged pinnacles of solid rock, almost vertical and four or five hundred feet high.

The third finger, a considerably more rounded mass, stuck up comfortably ahead, while to the east the skyline was dominated by the delicate spires which formed the second finger. We advanced to a tiny col between the two, dumped our axes and sacks and started up the second finger. Appearances are deceptive and we found the first few hundred feet easier than we had anticipated. The last hundred feet provided excellent climbing which culminated in an exposed corner, vertical but with splendid holds, followed by an awkward step into a gap



VIEW FROM THE FUNFINGERSTOCK

Photo by H. L. Stibbridge

below the summit block. The rock was grand and firm throughout.

Once on the top we enjoyed the unique position to the full; we were perched on a block like the top of the Needle with drops of several hundred feet on all sides but the way we had come. We descended without incident, pausing to admire the delightful clumps of blue gentian and pink androsace which filled every nook and cranny where grit could collect.

The third finger lay close at hand and after a leisurely lunch, we trudged up the now soft snow to the rocks below the lower summit. A few minutes landed us on the top and we were rewarded with a splendid view down the Wenden Valley.

Descending to the col we plunged down the snow slopes with long strides, noting with amazement how quickly our morning tracks had vanished. Before we reached the lower glacier a distant hail was heard, which even at that distance we recognised as the voice of our respected Editor, whom we expected would be eating up the gendarmes away on the Sustenhorn.

We joined them at the Heuberg col and discovered that they had been turned by slippery shale at an impossible angle on the so-called grass traverse round the Sustenspitze, and had decided that the whole route and the broken glacier ahead was worthy of reconnoitring. Not to be deprived of a climb, they had returned to the Susten Pass and climbed along the Heuberg ridge, having great sport among the gendarmes en route. Leaving them to have a final fling at the Ober Heuberg we descended by a different route below the Heuberg and came out on top of the Susten Pass and so to Stein.

On the following day we made our way over the Susten Pass, heading for the Maderanertal with fresh fields to conquer.

SNOW OVER PILLAR FELL

By D. L. REED

An excuse for idleness, if any be needed, is the opportunity it gives for reflection on the good things previously experienced, days in the sun and wind, moments of elation or fear, one's first gentian, a small, round, warm lochan under Stac Polly on a hot day, the green wall of vertical vegetation on the face of Suilven, roast duck at the Hill Inn, or an omelette two feet long at Arolla, an "infusion" in an Austrian hotel, or rum and milk in a tent under Tryfaen; or even that little known inspiration, whisky and Ovaltine—which, oddly enough, brings me to the story.

There was a cottage in those days in Borrowdale, close to the river and a magnificent glaciated boulder; no one seemed to know to whom it belonged, or who paid the rent, but someone knew where the key was kept, and to that cottage I was taken for the New Year of 1929. As I was having what in some quarters is known as a "free lodge," it was not for me to complain of a few holes in floors or windows, but merely to marvel at the photographs and—a choice piece this—an ash tray which played "The Old Folks at Home." We arrived in the evening, ate, drank and were merry, and rose an hour late as usual.

There is a well known concern in the North of England of which it has been said, "Their trouble is they have too many bright ideas," and that was rather our trouble. The first, bright to the point of gleaming like pyrites to a prospector, was to drive to the top of Honister and leave the car there in order to get to Pillar. This was speedily agreed; the rest of the programme for short winter's day and a party of whom one was a novice, was to do a climb on Pillar, slip up to the top of the mountain, put in a circle of Mosedale if time permitted, drop down to Wasdale for tea and return in the early evening. How the return was to be accomplished was a question which was not fully "faced up to," as some people say when they mean "faced." The car went fairly well up Honister old road, but suddenly flagged and there was an avalanche of nailed boots from all seats, doors, and the dickey, that scrummed

down and kept things going.

At 10 a.m. we left Honister Hause going south, at 10.30 a.m. it started to snow. This last is from my notes, there is no record of the snow ceasing. Visibility was poor, my glasses were bunged up with snow, and I didn't know the lie of the land, so I cannot say whether we just got lost or whether we deliberately altered course, at any rate some time later, still moving easily, we found ourselves on the summit of Green Gable. Some there be who would have slunk off to Great Gable to sidle up a short and easy climb, and some, cast in an even less heroic mould, would have given up the idea of climbing in the snow, but not so our gallant leader—we proceeded briskly towards Black Sail, saw Wastwater and the sea through a temporary clearance, and pushed along the High Level Route to lunch at Robinson's Cairn.

It was a chilly luncheon and we didn't linger long waterproofing the knees of our breeches with sardine oil; moreover one of the expedition had a touch of mountain sickness and proposed not to climb. I didn't fancy being made to climb and envied him his tummy, but as it was abundantly obvious that one couldn't tackle a serious climb on a day like that, with the rocks smothered in snow, and more coming down and only three hours of daylight, I felt tolerably secure; but not quite secure enough to know how to take it when Goodfellow said, "I'm afraid we won't be able to do anything more difficult than the North," and Sale replied, "Well, I'd hoped to do something a bit better but it's the traditional thing for the New Year. We'd better be moving." So in desperation I played my one and only card and made a speech about being very slow, holding the others up, spoiling the fun and all that; I put in a bit about the unkindness of leaving a sick man to find his way to Wasdale alone and turned my back on Pillar. It was a poor card and had I known the first thing about the North Climb I might have played a better defensive hand; as it was I was gently but speedily told why three were necessary and filled in anticipation with the pleasures of being hauled over the Nose.

But even then I didn't know that if a man was wearing a belt and no braces the rope might pull his shirt right out of his trousers and leave an exposed isthmus for the snow to

land on.

Then good idea number two made its insidious appearance when Gowing volunteered to carry all the ice axes except one to Wasdale, saying, and rightly, that more than one would be an incumbrance on the climb but omitting to remark, as did we all, that an axe each would be a comfortable prop and stay when returning along a snowy High Level Route in the dark. So he pushed off to good cheer at Wasdale whilst I was left with those two night hawks, Goodfellow and Sale; one has known them start to descend the North-East in semi-darkness and I have a vivid memory of crouching under a cornice on Ben Nevis whilst Goodfellow attacked it and emerged on the summit at a time when most people were sitting down to their Good Friday supper.

One of the first things one learns in a French course is "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute," and the next is not to believe it. So I was fully prepared not to believe the others when after clearing away a quantity of snow from the first pitch and struggling up, they told me it was much the most difficult on the whole climb. How right I was! Moreover, the *premier pas* had one advantage, the third man could stand well clear at the base whilst the others shovelled snow. Thereafter with some monotony and for some hours the leader scraped out snow with his axe and dropped it on to the second, who shook it off and kicked it with additions on to the man beneath; and at this point it might be well to repeat that a legitimate fall of snow was still proceeding. Apart from the first pitch and this snowball business no very clear recollections of the climb remain, until we reached the Nose. It appeared that no lofty flights of the imagination had been needed to christen Twisting Chimney and Stomach Traverse; the four winds of heaven met boisterously at the Split Blocks, and the Crevasse demonstrated the truth of Mr. Chesterton's theory that a view looks particularly impressive when seen through one's legs.

So we reached that well-known debating floor, the ledge beneath the Nose. The hour was four o'clock, the date December 30th, the weather snowy. To our credit be it said we wasted no time in discussing the merits of the three routes, or recollecting how many people had fallen off the Hand

Traverse just as their companions thought they had succeeded; Goodfellow descended into Savage Gully and Sale carrying the forward policy perhaps a little too far caused him to complain forthwith of being lowered too far and too fast. Sale quickly joined him in the Gully and left me to solitude, which as the hours dragged on, seemed as unattractive as Selkirk made out, in fact the words of his complaint began to buzz around me. Fortunately I was able to displace them with pleasanter images, big fires, big chairs, hot baths and kindred subjects, also to reflect that "There is a great deal to be said for Anchovies, the Fifth Symphony, Woollen Underwear, the Cheese of Port Salut, and Kubla Khan."

Eventually the others appeared and as it was not quite dark, though nearly so, they cannot have been away as long as it seemed. Once again there was no argument; they let me climb on to the flake and then yanked the body smartly over the top without giving it time to explain about the braces. By the time I had adjusted my attire it was 4.30 and the light which had been beaten to its knees at lunch-time definitely took the count. The other two decided they had had enough rock climbing for the day and just walked off the Rock. Heaven knows how they did it, but we reached Robinson's Cairn with no interesting pitches at all, except once when we lowered the leader over a black and bottomless abyss to find him fetch up on solid ground with his middle level with our feet.

By this time we were a party of strong silent men; without a word we abandoned all thought of the circuit of Mosedale and with one accord turned our faces towards Looking Stead. We had of course kept on the rope for the traverse and as it was now freezing, and a pernicious wind had arisen, rightly or wrongly we kept it on for the High Level Route. We had a brief unsuccessful struggle with a hybrid lamp, the offspring of a mountain lantern and a miner's cap lamp, which was as obstinate as a mule or any other animal of dubious ancestry, and then groped off. Some would have called it dark; it was dark, but our eyes had grown accustomed to the waning light and we made positive progress in the thick soupy sort of semi-darkness reflected from the snow. The pace was fast enough to prevent our getting stiff, a thin sheeting of frozen snow pre-

vented the wind from biting us, it began to appear possible to reach Wasdale before breakfast time, so things were looking up. At Looking Stead however, the wind did become rather trying and the party, though tired, moved off into the comparative shelter of Mosedale without pausing to unrope.

So far everything had gone well although somewhat slowly, but in the valley we received a set-back. We escaped the wind according to plan and we could not object to our tiredness being revealed by the fact that we fell down one after the other at exactly the same place in exactly the same way and after each had warned the other; the trouble was that it got much warmer, so much warmer that our clothes thawed and we felt thoroughly wet and cold, much too uncomfortable to remove the rope. And so at 8.30 p.m. or thereabouts we filed into the Wasdale Head Hotel, thanked Gowing for refusing to arrange a search party, and got him to untie the knots before we entered the dining room.

Now the mathematician, when he reduces a problem to, say, seventeen simultaneous equations considers it solved, for although the labour of working them out may be very considerable it requires no finesse and can be performed by any pedestrian algebraist. From the mathematical point of view, therefore, our problem was completed as we had reduced the complications of the North Climb and the difficulties of finding our way from the bridge of the Nose in darkness and snow, to the simple matter of a walk over Styhead. We were not, however sufficiently philosophic to attain this view point nor could we, as one suspects the mathematician does, delegate the working out to some minion; after a discreet interval, and about the hour of 9.30 p.m., we set forth. Burnthwaite looked a great deal more inviting than the track but we turned not aside until we found ourselves confronted by an unyielding stone wall, then we turned sharp left straight uphill until we regained the track, and laboured along it.

Just before the sign-post someone ventured to have another bright idea, to take a rest whilst sheltered from the north wind which we should assuredly meet on top. We laid ourselves down full length in the snow and wondered whether the robins would cover us with leaves before Gowing made us get up. We did encounter the north wind, cold and wet and very

damnable, we passed the tarn, very quiet in that hollow of the hills which seems so immense at night, we arrived at Seathwaite long after bedtime. Along the level road it was no longer necessary to concentrate on defying the wind and I began to chew the bitter end of a thought that went something like this:—"There is a car at the top of Honister—it is a long way to Seatoller and a long climb up Honister—Sale and Goodfellow want that car to drive to Norton to-night—someone must go to get it for them—well, Gowing can go—alone?—well, who can go with him?" And there was only one answer, for I was spending the night at the cottage.

Honister was not so steep as we anticipated and at one a.m. the road was quite free from traffic. We expected that the car would be full of snow and would not start. It was and wouldn't, at least not till very nearly the bottom of the hill. We rattled into Grange at about the same time as the others arrived on foot, all very weary, very sleepy and oddly enough very hungry, ready almost for what Aglaia called a simple snack—the recipe is fairly well-known—"Take five bulls, pile neatly on a brisk fire, garnish with a sprig of thyme, and serve hot." But there wasn't even a single bull handy so we did the best we could with a pound or two of sausages, and a strong noggin of whisky and Ovaltine, which touched the right spot accurately and with celerity.

The hour was now three a.m. and quite properly there is little more to say; Gowing and I added tea and cheese and marmalade to the sausages and somewhat stiffly climbed the stairs. Sale and Goodfellow set off and drove to Norton, but how they did it I simply cannot tell.

MOUNTAIN AND SEA.—IV

By M. BOTTERILL

Over ten years have passed since the publication of the last article with this title. Many changes occur in ten years. *Molly*, 10 ton yawl, remains always ready to sail whenever her skipper wishes to explore some Western Isle, but alas, the years have taken toll of her crew.

For Skipper, some of the novelty has gone : gone too is that freshness of outlook which marks the novitiate stage, for which freshness experience will forgive the novice his faults and over-statements. Perhaps in rock-climbing I find the change most marked : experience cannot make up for diminished muscle and increased weight.

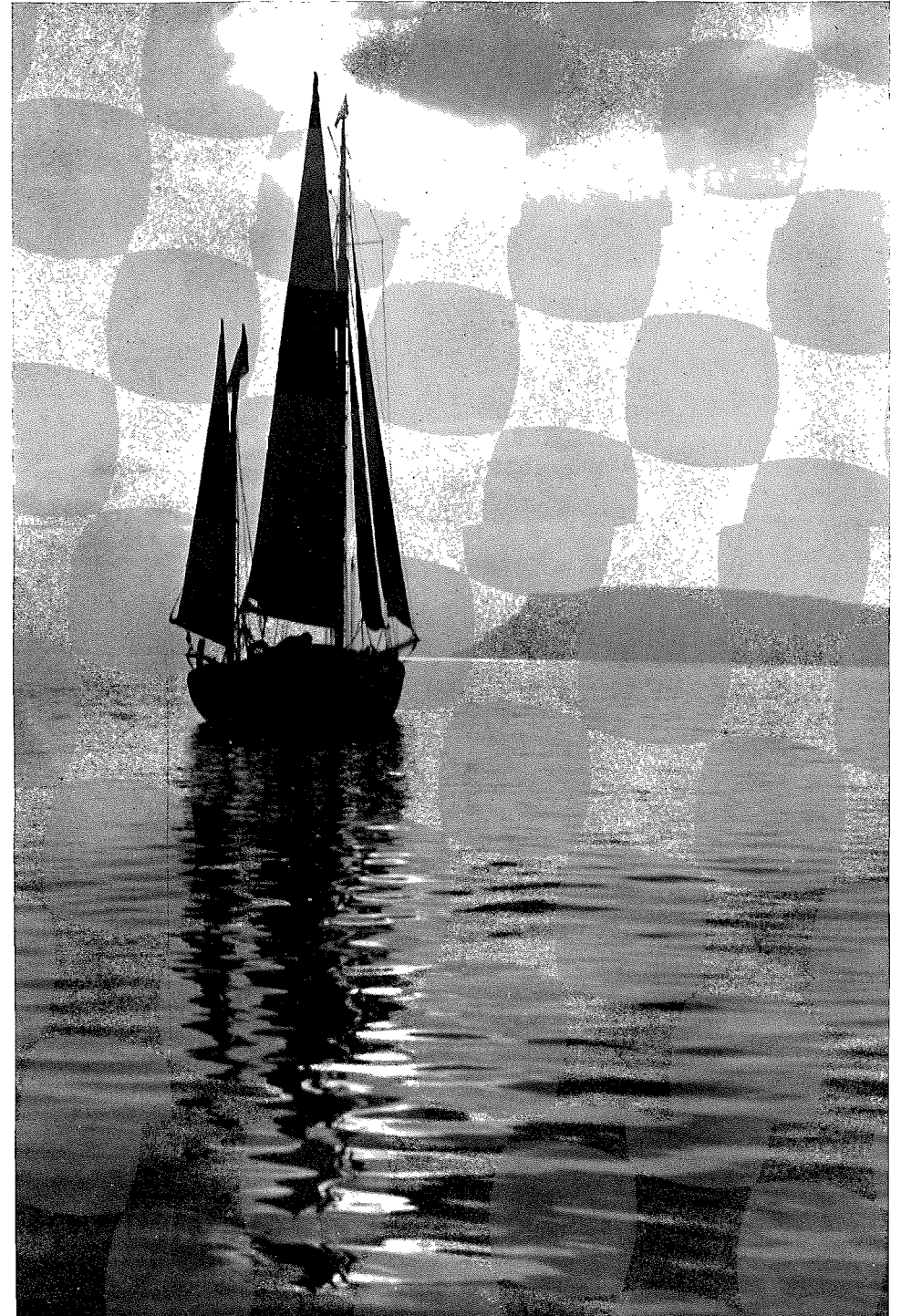
But since Mountain and Sea be both of them exacting mistresses, requiring ardent wooing, so too they will repay the devotee by displaying ever fresh charms and exciting unending interest until physical disability dulls the senses, and age leaves but the memory of the larger freedom won in youth.

With the years comes a useful caution enabling one to avoid many arduous and trying times. It is not usually the old hand who spends a night out on some precarious mountain ledge ; but at sea one has still to stand up to an occasional dusting, though experience render such occasions rarer.

The defection of *Molly's* auxiliary engine at the end of 1934 has led to a recrudescence of one evil, *i.e.*, nights-out at sea. As yet we have not replaced that undependable piece of ironmongery and as a result have been welcomed like the prodigal son, by the die-hards who won't have an engine at any price.

In 1928 I climbed Cir Mhor with Rimmer by the Western Stone Shoot—"the climbing is more treacherous than difficult"—and also Caisteal Abhail by the Witch's Step. Ben More in Mull was added to the bag in that year.

1929 was marked by constant rain and gales. Several abortive attempts were made on the Coolin. I had one good day with Cooper on the Dubhs and Alastair via the Gap, returning down the Sgumain Ridge. Looking back over the years I have had bad luck with these hills. Out of seven days to be devoted



to climbing there, on three it would be impossible to make a start ; on two we would start and be turned back by heavy rain before reaching 1,500 feet ; on the other two, one would allow us to reach the summit and only get off with the greatest difficulty, and only the remaining one would be a real good mountain day.

1930.—Stormy spring weather with northerly gales caused *Molly* to arrive late at Fort William for the Club Meet. But we arrived in time to collect Fred Booth as crew and almost to lose other members who came to visit *Molly* in a sinking punt. We explored hills on Rum and S. Uist, Booth bringing luck in the way of weather.

Later, more of the Outer Isles were visited and we even climbed the 1,500 feet of Benbecula, an otherwise flat island most of whose surface is water. A landing was effected on the difficult and extraordinary Shiant Isles, followed by a run up Loch Seaforth (between Lewis and Harris) in a gorgeous and unforgettable sunset. It is one of the most beautiful of the Scottish lochs and is only rarely visited.

Unsettled weather set in and so it was decided to take a run to France. The bad weather followed us all the way south until we reached Milford Haven on July 13th, some 14 days later than intended.

15th July, 1930 (*St. Swithin's*).—*Molly* made 22 sea miles of the 100 which separate Milford Haven from Land's End, beating under double reef until the wind became so violent no headway was possible, and we ran back in a gale with heavy rain, the dinghy sunk and towing under water.

17th July, 1930.—A second attempt was made under similar conditions and we were glad to reach the Haven again after getting only 10 sea miles south. The bad weather was so consistent I went home for a week and heard that it was very fine in Scotland!

Heavy winds still prevailed on my return to the yacht and we put in time with a run up the river Clwyd. We learned later that whilst we were having tea on the *Molly* in a sheltered reach, two people were drowned just round the bend where the full force of the wind was unobstructed.

30th July, 1930.—Weather quietening down all day ; we were a month behind schedule ! It was now or never. At

9 p.m. we put out to sea, finding a light breeze against us, and a heavy sea running still. Progress was slow.

31st July, 1930.—Sea had subsided and the wind had gone lighter still. Barometer down 2 points this day and a nasty haze coming on towards evening. In the night we thought we detected the glow of some seaport on the Cornish coast.

1st August, 1930.—Barometer down a further 3 points, a dull menacing day and very poor visibility! Skipper having foolishly taken coffee made from essence, when no milk was available, fell very ill. It's poison! In the early afternoon we sighted Pendeen Point, making our position some 10 miles north of it. We had made 80 miles, with only some 20 miles to go to round Lands End. The wind was freshening and unless its direction changed I knew we could not face it. A big sea got up and a mizzen stay carried away, but we repaired it. At 5 p.m. in a howling wind and with the sea rising all the time we had to take in our mainsail and heave-to.

There was only 10 miles to go to get into the English Channel but it was impossible. I decided to run back the 90 miles to South Wales and gave the necessary instructions from my berth, where I had been wedged in with cushions after a dose of medicine. I slept through a terrible night, having told them to keep watch until 6 a.m. when I was to be awakened. *Molly* sailed herself with only a small mizzen and a small jib and required no one at the tiller.

2nd August, 1930.—I took over at 6 a.m., having partially recovered, and sent crew below to doze. We were all hungry but even boiling a kettle could not be done in that evil sea. Water sluiced about the cabin. Cook managed to make some sardine sandwiches and put them in a watertight tin. It was great fun trying to get one out and eat it before a sea got it.

9 a.m.—Sighted Lundy Island, N.E. 10 miles, so I changed to port tack. We had made good 50 miles, without attention to the tiller. I judged that we should make 5 knots and therefore arrive back at the haven by 5 p.m., but this last 40 miles took us over some bad shallows so that the seas there were really dangerous. I dodged them all I knew (it's a game I find very fascinating), but a nasty one came in aft and a large part went straight down into the cabin carrying the wet carpet forward and completely wrecking our last sandwiches. At

5 p.m. we entered the Haven, which seemed incredibly peaceful after 70 hours' storm-tossing. After a square meal we slept the clock into its second round!

The French trip was abandoned and instead we ran *Molly* to Port Dinlleyn (Carnarvon Bay) where Burrow and Rimmer were holiday-making. Even there evil wind pursued *Molly*. On the 18th a bridge party came on to *Molly* but could not return—even the boatman would not put out to fetch them to their sorrowing wives until 7 a.m. next day! I draw a veil over their sufferings; an anchored boat is worse than one under way.

Again on the 20th Skipper entertained a party to tea, but on taking them off was himself unable to return, although *Molly* lay near the shore. I left her at anchor (not without misgiving), accepting dry clothes and a bed ashore. It was a terrible night; a yacht with six aboard was lost off Fowey. *Molly* rode safely all night without anyone aboard. And so by September of this stormy year *Molly* arrived at Glasson Dock and lay afloat all winter where Skipper could get to her.

In 1931 and 1932 we found that in sailing from Glasson for Scotland in spring, we usually had adverse northerly winds, and in returning in autumn adverse southerly winds, giving cruises more adventurous than pleasant. I skip new anchorages made in the north and fresh hills climbed, and visits to Northern Ireland, and come to the trip south in 1932, which must rank as our most unlucky year.

We lost main anchor and chain at Oban, our dinghy off the Chicken Rock, I.O.M. We had sails torn to ribbons in the Irish Sea and the vessel out of command all night—once on her beam ends—and finished by grounding in the Lune and nearly losing the yacht and ourselves. Jack Wright and Skipper sailed her off, water-logged, and beached her at Glasson. After these unhappy experiences I decided that if once I got back to Scottish waters safely I should want a lot to persuade me to look at the Irish Sea again.

In 1933-4 we sailed north and resumed lovely cruising again in Scottish waters (rain or no rain!), making many new anchorages, and visiting Ruttledge on his Island of Gometra. We even entered Loch Teacuis (Morven)—a rock strewn firth into which very few yachts have ever penetrated. At the end

of 1934 a big-end made a complete end of the engine.

In 1936 *Molly* sailed north to Loch Laxford (nearly at Cape Wrath). One or two nights out could have been avoided had we had an engine. The year was marked by splendid weather up north, much better than in Northern England. In particular I remember a splendid view from the summit of Busbheinn (also called Bay-ish-ven and Bairsh-ven). This is an outlier of the Torridon Group and we could see the whole sea-way back to Laxford and pick out the various Lochs in which we had anchored.

Sutherland was suffering from drought, so much so that the streams were so reduced as to prevent the salmon running upstream for spawning. They were jumping out of the sea noisily enough to disturb our night's rest. I met an old Scot ashore. "Ye're off yon wee yawl?" he questioned. I pleaded guilty. "See the way the salmon's jumping all round yer boat—you should be gettin' some," said he. "But we haven't a licence," said I. "It's no a licence ye're wantin'" said he, "it's a net!"

1937 by contrast was very wet up north. Such wet spells serve to enhance the wonder of the odd fine days that do occur and we had such a day basking on the Scur of Eigg with marvellous visibility—the mountains of the mainland—the Coolins of Skye—the Chain of the Outer Isles with their hills—and the near-by range of hills on the Island of Rum.

Round about August 1st we experienced a delightful spell of weather, but almost without wind, so *Molly* could not get far. I'm afraid the yachtsman takes a lot of suiting! Almost our last "sail" was a very slow "row" to Crinan in one of those most wonderful Highland sunsets. The water was so still that it gave us perfect reflection of the mauve hills of Mull and the black-purple of Scarba and Jura, whilst through the Gulf of Coirebhreacken streamed the orange light over the Atlantic, where the sun had set. The middle distance was dotted with islands and islets varying in shade and colour as the sunset glow caught them. Only in Scottish waters have I seen such vivid colouring—a colouring whose very vividness blends with and is part of the seascape, producing a harmony which no artist can depict. And so with this lovely picture in mind I left *Molly* to hibernate.



LOCH TEACUIS

LOCHS MORAR, NEVIS, AND HOURN

By A. B. GOGGS

Between Mallaig to the south and Kyle to the north lies a large area of Scotland which is virtually unapproachable by motor car, and perhaps for that reason is destitute of accommodation for a traveller. A study of this area on the one inch O.S. map is a delight ; for mile after striding mile the contours dance with never a break for a great, flat-footed, yellow band of motor road to blunder across them. To explore this area the best method is unquestionably by sea. This has two great advantages, for in the first place the problem of carrying sufficient camping equipment and stores to be independent of local supplies for relatively long periods solves itself, and in the second place the mountains are seen from the best level, namely sea level. Other advantages will occur to those who have come to hate the sight, smell, and noise of their own and everyone else's motor car.

Femina and I decided that this would be a very proper way of spending a holiday and took the first step by purchasing a collapsible canvas canoe. We then referred casually to our yacht in conversation. Apart from being nearly upset into Semerwater while trying to sail we had no preliminary experience with this boat, but except for one weakness mentioned later we found it very suitable for our purpose. Eighteen feet long and with a beam of thirty-two inches, it had sufficient luggage space, and when we had become accustomed to the flexing which occurs in a short choppy sea, it did not even frighten us. Above all it was fast and easy to paddle and handle. Our friends reacted splendidly to the whole idea ; one said it would be too hard work, another that he would be ashamed to take such a lazy holiday—one that the bottom would be ripped out on rocks and anyway it was absurd, another, who had recently been reading his Poe, that we should be carried out to sea and sunk by a maelstrom, and anyway it was absurd. As a final makeweight Femina found an aunt who had been upset from a boat in the Hebrides by a school of porpoises. The magnificent exploit of two Germans, who crossed from Flushing to Thames mouth in a full gale with a

similar boat, a week before we started, gave us something to work to.

We arrived at Morar, pronounced Maw-ra, on a Saturday afternoon in June and spent the evening in finding a place at the end of the loch where the boat could be assembled and packed, out of sight of the kirk. We were successful and twenty or thirty people must have passed us next morning without seeing us. At eleven-thirty we pushed off from the shore and simultaneously the congregation came out of kirk. About a mile down the loch we started to remember the things we had left behind and on my walk back to fetch them I passed most of the congregation yet again, feeling and no doubt looking not a little foolish. The first two days, in which we went down to Kinlochmorar at the eastern end of the loch, were largely experimental. The freeboard of the canoe when fully loaded was only about six or eight inches; the waves looked very large, and there was a concealed feeling at the back of our minds that perhaps our friends were right, which is never a very pleasant feeling. This soon passed however and by the end of the trip we recognised the stability and security of the boat.

At Kinlochmorar we were confined to our tents for two days by bad weather but two low altitude expeditions were made to the bealachs (passes) between Morar and Glens Dessary and Pean. The S.M.C. guide book speaks very highly of the first which is a very narrow, deep glen, bare of trees, but when we climbed it very early in the morning it seemed a bleak, rather cheerless place. The other is a great, broad glen, green with trees and grass and open to the sky. It mounts by a series of steps to the bealach while down one side of it a stream runs through a conglomeration of rocks, each as big as a house, where birches and oaks grow. It seemed the most beautiful place in the world at the time. Here we met some wild goats which took fright and fled at speed up the most exposed edge of a slab not quite so steep as Botterill's.

A portage was made over the 1,300 yards that separate Loch Morar from Loch Nevis which is a sea loch. Three journeys were necessary and it was very hot. The canoe was re-launched and taken safely through the "swillies" between Kylesmorar and Kylesknoydart into Upper Loch Nevis.

This passage is made interesting by a half-tide rock which controls the centre, but fortunately we did not know that as we passed over it on a full tide. Kylesmorar boasts of two houses of which one is the post office and the other the home of a most able man who is now building his own fishing boat, with wood cut and seasoned by himself. That finished he proposes to start on a hydroplane!

The weather was again not too good in Loch Nevis and it was not possible to climb the big peak of Sgurr na Ciche which dominates the head of the loch. The shapely peak of Sgurr na h'Aide, pronounced as far as we could tell Ah-je, was climbed along the west ridge and gave magnificent views down Lochs Morar and Nevis to Sleat, the Cuillins, and the islands. We found very many deer in the upper corries of this mountain.

Some difficulty was experienced in leaving the loch, for a high wind the day before had left a big sea behind it. We put the nose of the canoe tentatively round the headland into the open sea and promptly ran for shelter. Two camps were pitched here; one at a deserted farm, Earnsaig, deserted that is by all but sheep which nimbly climb the staircase to the upper rooms, the other behind Eilean Guibhais. Because of this high sea and because both the back-rests of the canoe, which brace the whole boat together, had broken, the original intention of going up the coast to Loch Hourn was regretfully abandoned and it was decided to pick up the car again at Mallaig and drive round.

The open sea passage to Mallaig was started at five o'clock in the morning since the tide notoriously waits for no man. On this voyage of six miles or so, we felt the real swell of the sea for the first time and we saw some splendid breakers below Mallaig lighthouse as we passed into the harbour. This bit of coast is steep and has few possible landing places in an emergency.

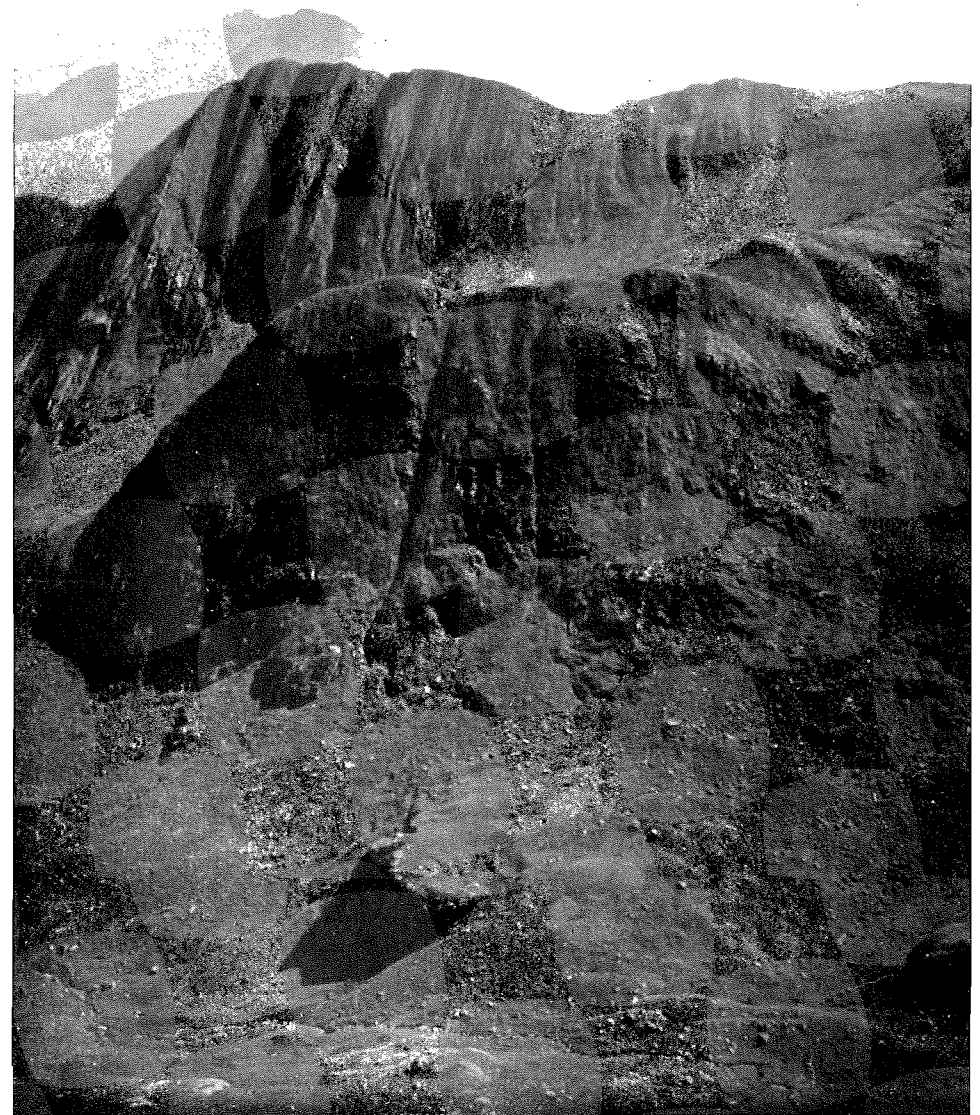
The journey to Loch Hourn was uneventful but darkened by a hotel, where we spent the night to get a rest from tinned food, giving us soup out of a packet, prawns out of a tin for fish, baked beans out of a tin for vegetable, and peaches out of a tin for sweet. At Kinlochhourn where the road ends the canoe was re-assembled and launched. A semi-permanent

camp was established between the farms of Skiary and Runival. Here we were joined by D.L.R. and his wife. Ten days of extremely hot weather followed during which not too many mountains were climbed; in fact only the Saddle, An Caisteal and Stob a Choire Odhair.

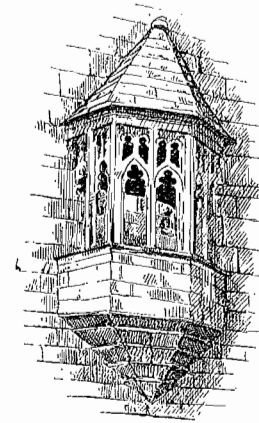
The first of these, which is the magnificent peak on the left going down Glen Shiel to Dornie and Skye, gives an amusing scramble on its ridge and one very easy pitch of about 30 feet. The Stob was climbed by one member of the party, which started very late, rowed four miles down the loch, and climbed and climbed in great heat seriously intending to reach the summit of Ladhar Bheinn. At about 2,800 feet a mutiny occurred and the Skipper was sent on to climb the inferior peak and "save face" while the mate and crew lumbered down hill to bathe; the porters, to change the metaphor, did *not* behave magnificently. The north-east corrie of Ladhar Bheinn is hemmed in on two sides by fine cliffs, one belonging to the main peak and one to the subsidiary ridge, Dhorrcail. One's first impression is that they should be seamed by climbs, although the S.M.C. guide only mentions one, and this impression persists on closer examination. The mountain has the advantage of great inaccessibility, defying, with the nine miles that lie between it and the nearest road, the most earnest mountaineer. To explore it properly a base camp would have to be brought by sea from Arnisdale, about three miles across the loch.

A few notes may be added for anyone who may wish to visit this area in a similar manner. Three inflated motor tyres were thrust into the extreme ends of the boat in addition to the buoyancy bags provided by the makers. These will float the fully loaded boat without passengers even if waterlogged. Two lightweight tents, mattresses, sleeping bags and personal luggage were carried in six bags, or bolsters, each about three feet long and nine inches in diameter. Four of these were tied along the sides and two were put under the front canvas with rope and climbing boots.

Food was carried in plaited straw baskets which have the advantage of adjusting their shape to any space and of being without corners or edges. Two post offices only can be used as food depots and these are at Kylesmorar and Arnisdale;



the post office at Inverie marked on the O.S. map no longer exists. Milk and eggs can be readily obtained, butter sometimes, and bread not at all. At Arnisdale there is a small shop where some tinned provisions may be got and tobacco of a sort. The people everywhere are most charming and kind, and for a quiet climbing holiday for the self-sufficient this method of travel and this area can be highly recommended.



THE CHISLEHURST CAVE MYTH

By ARTHUR BONNER, F.S.A.

Reprinted by the courtesy of the Editor of "The Times."

[See Baker's *Caving*, Chap. V. As an antiquarian Mr. Bonner is well known as the principal author of *The Place-Names of Surrey*, but best known to us as once an active member of the Club, and as having a wide acquaintance with dene-holes and other chalk workings. Dene-holes (draw-wells) he has restored from legend to science.

The Times in March, 1937, published an account of a descent into old workings at St. Mary Cray (Kent). "No indication that they have been entered since Roman times, when the Druids were driven out." It was suggested the workings were similar to and connected with the Chislehurst Caves where were "30 miles of explored passages, hewn out of the chalk with deer antlers, the marks clearly visible." There was also a reference to an Elizabethan villa at Chislehurst with a spiral passage to the caves.

The caving world, long familiar with the advertisements of underground Druidical marvels, was hugely amused when, two days later, the distinguished anthropologist, Sir Arthur Keith, who has probably never heard of Baker's *Caving*, wrote to *The Times* that "of all the great prehistoric works of our country none has been so neglected by archaeologists as the caves of North Kent.—The great circle at Avebury compels us to marvel over the labour that its erection involved, but the evidence of prehistoric toil at Chislehurst is much greater than that to be seen at Avebury." He asked for information.

This was very hard on the archaeologists after all the work which has been put in on genuine sites in Kent, so the reply was as follows, 12th March, 1937.—EDITOR.]

Sir,—I respond to Sir Arthur Keith's inquiries in your issue of March 6th. From 1909 until 1924 I was investigating the caves and mines in the chalk in south-east England, from Bedfordshire to the South Coast, with special reference to Kentish deneholes and Chislehurst caves. I examined several hundreds of the denehole type and various examples of the more extensive excavations, and I acquired a mass of relative evidence which I still hope to publish.

Chislehurst caves I had known since 1905. In 1921 I, with assistants, completed a survey of the caves which in part had been made by a mining engineer whose partial plan was published in the *British Archaeological Association Journal* for 1904. The caves were discussed in that *Journal* in 1904 and 1908.

In 1907-08 an energetic investigator, the Rev. J. W. Hayes, of West Thurrock, met with important facts which demonstrated a recent date for these workings, which he set forth in a paper published in the *Journal of the Royal Anthropological*

Institute, Volume 39, 1909—facts which I have been able to supplement. Mr. G. W. Miller, the careful local historian, in the "History of Chislehurst" and some later writings, has contributed further facts of a like character.

From these sources I quote the following data:—

A local deed of 1737 mentions "the chalk cave" at this spot. Nothing further appears until 1830, when the caves were leased to a limeburner, who sold lime and chalk and supplied gunflints to the Government (I and others found many gunflints in the heaps of flint-chips which lay on the floor of the "inner series" of workings before the War). The caves were then in active working, and about 1840 five limekilns were in regular use, and chalk was also sold to farmers for land-manuring. From the "middle" and "outer" series of workings the chalk was raised through a shaft in each, by winch, and part of the machinery was existing in this century. These two series probably were worked out by about 1850. The "inner or remote" workings had no shaft, as the chalk was trolleyed out on the level to the face of the cliff on the south of the present entrance. This series was in operation until 1855-60, when a succession of heavy roof-falls blocked the headings to such an extent that it was decided to relinquish the mines. These roof-falls are still in evidence at the west end of these workings a little way in from the cliff, and are shown on the plan.

The Ordnance Survey, 25 in., of 1862-63, describes the place as "chalk pit" and marks "engine house" and two kilns remaining then.

In 1921 I showed the caves to two of His Majesty's Inspectors of Mines, in a friendly and unofficial way. They were unaware of the facts given above. They dated the workings, by the methods which they promptly identified, as nineteenth century, with features introduced in 1830 and later; and they were amused at the idea of antiquity for them.

The conclusion is clear—that the caves are chalk mines and show no early date; and, incidentally, that the so-called "deerhorn" pick marks are fanciful.

There are chalk mines still working at Wickham Lane brick and tile works near Plumstead, and three or four others near there were in active work within this century—all within

a few miles of Chislehurst ; and close by was one under Camden Park, working last century. At Totternhoe, Beds., there are several in the lower chalk, disused and closed ; one of them was opened by the Government for a few days in 1915, and I went through its lengthy passages, which had seen active work some 50 years ago ; others were of earlier date and provided clunch (hard chalk) for twelfth-thirteenth century churches.

The length of the passages in Chislehurst caves has been greatly exaggerated. I and my colleagues measured every yard and crawled over or along the heaps of debris in choky passages. The actual length is about $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles, to which the fully choked up passages, if measured to the nearest property limit line, might add as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. The spiral ascent from the "middle series" ends, almost vertically above its start, in the garden of Woodlands, a Victorian (and not an Elizabethan) house ; and it was made about 1860 by G. H. Baskcomb, proprietor of brick and tile works, who then owned part of the caves and of the land above. The so-called "Roman" well was made by him about 1864.

Your correspondent of March 4th errs in his direction. St. Mary Cray is not north of Chislehurst caves but south-east ; and as all of the passages on the south-east side of the caves come to a natural end (virgin chalk) there can be no connexion.

Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR BONNER.

[Kent Mushrooms, Ltd., who now occupy the "remote" series, has cut a new entrance tunnel crossing the workings cut off by the roof falls of 1855-60. A liberal estimate of total lengths is now a possible six miles.]

THREE EASTERS IN IRELAND

By P. N. BARTLETT

It is more than a year ago now that I was asked to write on the cave exploration in County Clare in Western Ireland. Our party has been visiting this area for three successive springs, spending about a week each time exploring the caves and pots, with which these parts are only too liberally supplied. It is our habit to take the night boat from Liverpool to Dublin and from there to continue our journey overland in hired cars, which cost about five pounds a week. Motoring is essential to our purpose, as we have considerable distances to traverse and our time is limited, owing to the unfortunate necessity of earning our livelihood.

In the main the roads are good and improving and motoring is comparatively free from the obstruction of other vehicles, though natural impedimenta such as pigs, donkeys, and fowl of various species form hazards which give zip to the mechanical process of driving. Donkeys represent an alternative form of transport and appear to cost about twenty-five shillings each. Our cars suffered from a variety of minor ailments but their general constitution was hearty ; they required every consideration and were inclined to be fretful if not assuaged by the mystic rites of frequent oiling and sedulous tinkering. Horns worked intermittently, the steering was seemingly fore-ordained and there was a tendency to shortage of breath in the tyres, accompanied by a galloping consumption of water. On the whole they were willing and reliable beasts of burden and more suited to the hurly-burly of Clare side-roads than their smarter counterparts in England.

Our explorations were inspired in the first place entirely by Dr. E. A. Baker's book, *Caving*, known to us as the Caveman's Bible. On the whole we did not tend to give to cave exploration the status of a serious science, though we were prepared to admit that it might add much to the sum total of human misery. The spirit of exact scientific enquiry is foreign to the mystic Irish soil and is only relentlessly to be pursued in that country for purely hedonistic and personal motives. It was then for this reason that we stayed at Lynch's

Hotel in Lisdoonvarna and when once they had accustomed themselves to our oddities, they gave us every assistance and comfort, which our angry but servile bodies demanded after five or six hours underground. They came to regard us with tolerant affection, that affection we have for incomprehensible things with which we have grown familiar. April is an off season at Lisdoonvarna and therefore cheap, though this strange and somewhat melancholy resort is crowded in summer.

The weather has been usually fine and dry, fairly warm with occasional bitter East winds, a season of primroses, which are surprisingly large and which produce all the pleasant sensations and associations they should. They grow well amid black and acrid peat soil. The landscape is dry and barren, astringent like the country above Austwick and Sulber Nick—a Celtic country of peasants. Its attraction is not obvious and is an acquired taste, like olives or porter. The coast hereabouts is magnificent, an endless show of colour, in haze or when clear and rain-washed, with views across Galway Bay to the odd-shaped hills of Connemara, not to be called to memory without pain and pleasure and a sentimental realisation of the brevity of our pleasure in it.

Our explorations have centred round Slieve Elva, the fairy hill, which may be likened to an island of impervious rock, in the midst of the grey sea of limestone. It is composed of Yoredales and rises about 1,800 feet above sea level and from its top many streams flow down on to the limestone and there sink, forming caves all round the base of the mountain. The limestone has a general tendency to dip towards the south.

The great cave of Poulmagollum is situated on the East side of Slieve Elva, near the prehistoric Caherbullog. A rope and a twenty-foot ladder are needed to get down, though there is an alternative entrance in the N.E. corner by Gunman's Cave, over a roof traverse and down a drop of ten feet into the main passage. The latter entrance needs no tackle beyond a handline down the pot.

Poulmagollum is a long, high cavern with lofty and impressive rock formations, probably the finest stream passage in the British Isles. Towards the end, it flattens out

into a bedding plane, and in 1936 we seemed to have gone as far as it is possible to go, well beyond the initials E.A.B. About 1,200 yards down the cave a large stream comes in from a branch passage on the left. This branch we followed up to the waterfall, which blocks the passage in normal weather; 1936 was exceptionally dry. We went through the waterfall, turned left to a block of fallen stalactite and mud, over this and down a 15-foot pitch into a great high rift, with a floor so muddy that we did not explore beyond. By muddy one means up to the thighs in very sticky mud.

During this exploration, two of the party had explored the cave which comes in at the N.W. corner of the pot, and they made a through route of about 700 yards, coming out behind Cosgrave's Farm. This fine new cave is known as Upper Poulmagollum or Pollbinn—the pleasant cave. There are many other caves about here, all part of the Poulmagollum system.

At Easter 1935 a large pot was found three-quarters of a mile below Poulmagollum—100 yards east of the road to Lisdoonvarna. We identified it with Poulnaelva of the map, which we hoped meant the fairy pot. It is an impressive place, and on two sides the moss- and lichen-covered walls drop a sheer hundred feet. From the grass slope on the south side it is one pitch of 75 feet to the bottom, where the stream flows east and the general tendency is in that direction. We found it blocked down stream and could not get through, though I still think it would be possible with very little digging. It would be worth while trying, as we heard a big stream beyond. It is possible however to get into the stream passage here, above the big waterfall which drops down into the pot in the N.W. corner. This leads into a stream cave, which comes out in a swallet about 600 yards to the North of Poulnaelva and on the West of the road. It is a good passage—rather wet with good stalactitic formation. It is known as Upper Poulnaelva or Poll Lismaurahaun.

In 1935 we visited the Coolagh River Swallet or Polldonough. The cave was then followed about 800 yards, as far as a large pool in the main passage. As it was very wet we turned back, determined to explore further in 1936. We were fortunate, as the water was very low, and the whole

affair was much easier than the year before. It is usually a very wet cave, and care is necessary as the stream seems to rise very quickly. The cave drains a large area on the West side of Slieve Elva. It starts in a long winding passage, about six feet high and three feet wide. At first it was possible to stand upright and even to admire the rock and stalactite formations. Soon the passage lowered to about four feet—a narrow T-shaped channel, filled with water, a breathing space between the water and roof, full of straw and the refuse of recent floods. Then we came to a short double crawl—a foot between roof and floor. The roof rose again and we found ourselves in a stream passage, similar to the one at the entrance; this finished in a still longer crawl.

Finally, sticking a head over a lip of rock, we looked into a large cave, 15 feet high and six or seven feet wide. A young river slipped noiselessly down its smooth and polished floor. We turned right down stream, down a small waterfall, and to the pool which had stopped the party the year before. A belay was rigged on the left and one of the party, putting on a rope and an electric headlamp, slipped into the water. The pool proved easy to cross. A push off from shore and a couple of strokes brought him to a ledge and more or less dry land on the other side. A rope was rigged and by pulling on this and by dint of much kicking, four of the party went across.

The cave continued high and wide, down several small waterfalls and through pools. These were not noticed by some until they stepped into them straight up to the shoulders, leaving nothing visible but a head moving over the face of the waters. Some pools were long and deep, up to the arm pits, so that one seemed to float through them like a disembodied spirit. Rapid progress was made until the passage was blocked by a fall of great boulders. This was turned by climbing up to the right and then left along a narrow crack and down on to the floor of the cave, by a muddy slab. We arrived at a junction where we followed the stream to the right up to a muddy pool. Here the water seemed to sink left under the rocks, probably into a bedding plane. Returning to the junction, we explored the left-hand passage—again very muddy and blocked after a short distance. The party returned upstream, taking the pool with neat dives.

We were much pleased with this fine new cave, with an estimated distance of three-quarters of a mile to a mile.

Meanwhile a pothole had been found on the west side of Slieve Elva, which we also explored. The first pitch was nearly 90 feet and high hopes of a good cave below were entertained. Unfortunately we drew a blank; beyond a fine pot, a few boulders at the bottom and some bones, nothing was discovered. At the suggestion of the voluble audience of two from the farm of Ballyelly, we called it Pollapouka Ballyelly. E. E. Roberts and Gowing had joined us for this trip and provided the tackle, as ours had vanished into the inscrutable mysteries of the Great Southern Railway and was duly delivered to us on the day of departure.

By exploring the line of clints, where streams run off the gritstones of the Western side of Slieve Elva, we found two good caves and the promise of more. This was in 1936. One of these—*Faunarooska*—we hoped would turn out one of the best caves in County Clare. The other—*Polldubh*—we explored the afternoon after descending Pollapouka. The cave started in a break-through into a small stream passage, containing good stalactites; this was followed down until the stream ran through a curiously arched window into a bigger passage. This big passage was followed a long way but contained nothing of note, except a very cold pool. Soon we arrived at the inevitable bedding-plane, full of evil-smelling mud and probably flooded under normal conditions, at least I hope so. This final crawl was very long and trying and we followed a crawl left as well, which yielded nothing but bruised knees. We came back to daylight again by following the main passage back to its sources. A black hole, if ever there was one, we called it Polldubh, amongst other things. The other cave we explored the next day.

Faunarooska Cave, as we called it, opens in a small swallet hole in the western slopes of Slieve Elva. Its entrance enjoys what house-agents call an unequalled view across Galway Bay and it also has an ample supply of running water. I well remember how attractive that view was and how long we lay about in the sun, before we could decide to go down, our last Thursday afternoon in 1936. Eventually, on going into the cave, we found ourselves in a narrow high twisting passage,

which we followed down, twist after twist, for a very considerable distance. Soon our way was varied by crawls in the water under curtains of stalactite, which grew in number and beauty. By some especially remarkable fan or pendant stalactite curtains we called a halt and played a tune or two on this odd *glockenspiel*. We came too upon a very fine grotto, feeling with Martel and other pioneers 'that a forest of needles of delicate hue now arose before us.' Then came a block in the passage and the roof started to close down, an ominous sign in these parts, but up to the right we got into another passage, which we followed for some distance. The cave up till now had reminded us of the upper series in Swildon's Hole in Mendip. Then quite suddenly we came upon a small waterfall and a deep pool, and we were in a high and roomy passage.

This we followed conveniently for some way, when at length we had to climb up and make our way over boulders, and a kind of roof traverse. Then we dropped down again into a crack, rather narrow and filled with one foot of water and several feet of most tenacious mud. It was a case of keeping on the move to prevent oneself from sinking. Later we came into a passage of stalactite and tufa formations—the finest I have seen outside the caves of Majorca, at least such was my first impression, though later familiarity bred a certain measure of contempt. We arrived at a junction, where the left hand route went down a few yards of muddy passage to the head of a pitch, a big one for Ireland, about sixty feet as near as we could guess by slinging over lumps of mud. The right hand passage was blocked after a few yards by a stalactite curtain.

Returning along the passage, we found the stream sinking left through a crack. A few feet upstream from this point, we found a little ten-foot pot, which led round into a lower stream passage. This we followed until we arrived at a fissure, down which the stream disappeared; the first pitch of this seemed about twenty feet deep. As we had no tackle, we left it at that and made our way back. The passage seemed to turn and twist unendingly, till we began to cast an eager eye for familiar landmarks, wondering if the road led uphill all the way. It is easy to miss the way out and we went on some way before discovering our mistake. We had

been down about five-and-a-half hours and we estimated the length of the cave to be about a mile; I expect it is rather less.

All this fun took place in Easter 1936 and we left Roberts and Gowing behind with full instructions how to find the cave; to our secret delight they did not succeed in finding the entrance and we had doubts as to whether we ourselves should ever find it again.

At Easter 1937 however we finished it off. First the stream pot or rift, which we had estimated to be twenty feet, needed a forty foot ladder; it was a pitch similar to the rift down from Long Churn into Alum Pot, but much wetter and with a constricted taking-off place as in the Dome Pitch in Lost Johns'. This forty footer is followed by about the same depth of rift and chimney pitches, which I did not descend. The final twenty feet of this was very hard and smooth going and was characterised by a huge knife-edged flake of rock, projecting into and dividing the rift. At the bottom is a sump; one hero estimated its depth to be five feet, which he subsequently proved to be correct by the total immersion process; there was an apparent continuation with nine inches breathing space between the water and the roof. We should not regard it as poaching if any one would care to explore further. The pitch at the end of the dry muddy passage turned out to be a fine ninety foot pot with good stalactite flows on the walls. At the bottom of this the passage closes in after a hundred feet.

Others in our party this year also visited the upper reaches of Polldubh and in the same series, a cave named Poll Balliny, which was followed for a few hundred yards; progress was restricted in places but stalactite formations were good. Another small pot and cave near was entered with the help of a couple of sticks of gelignite, which explosion delighted all including the farmer, whose land we blew up.

We explored thoroughly the western, northern and eastern sides of Slieve Elva; there were many shake holes, most of the more feasible ones on the north and leading towards the Poulmagollum system. We tried to get compass bearings of most of our finds and hope to fit them to the six-inch maps of the district. Stop press reports a large hole on the

mountain west of Slieve Elva.

There are many other caves undoubtedly in the eastern part of the Burren, as this limestone district is called; we came upon one or two which we did not finish. The whole district requires exploring on foot with the aid of six-inch maps; this would take two people about three months. Then a larger party could do the actual exploration of the caves in a comparatively short time. We had to spend much time wandering about to find a suitable hole and even now we have explored only the Slieve Elva district at all thoroughly. There are miles upon miles of country we did not touch. Personally I enjoyed wandering about, but really keen cave explorers were apt to grow tired of searching one likely looking swallet hole after another and finding so few that looked promising. The number of swallets is legion, perhaps surpassing the ingenuity of man to examine them all, though it improves one's botany, patience, and geology.



IRELAND RE-VISITED: CAVES IN NORTH AND SOUTH

By G. S. GOWING

There is something about a club meet in Ireland at Easter that singles it out above all others as something worth remembering. Partly perhaps it is the sea-voyage, partly the different type of countryside, but above all it is the fact that spring always seems so much more advanced on the other side of the Irish Sea.

In 1936 winter was hardly over on the Durham Coast—the ski still rested against the wall of my garage, ready for use, instead of being tied up among the rafters. And as I drove across to the boat at Heysham, by Northallerton, where I picked up the Editor, up Wensleydale through that mysterious belt of mist that always seems to hang across the valley just beyond Leyburn, the countryside became progressively greener. But the following day, driving from Belfast to Enniskillen, there was an even greater difference and primroses were peeping out of the hedgerows.

We were taking a car with us, as Roberts and I proposed to go south to Clare after the meet at Enniskillen. So we had to be early on board the mail boat and we dined together in the little saloon, served by the same waiter who attended us last year. We turned in early, for want of anything better to do, and the next thing I, at any rate, heard was the rattle of the winches and the cries of the stevedores as our cargo was unloaded at Belfast.

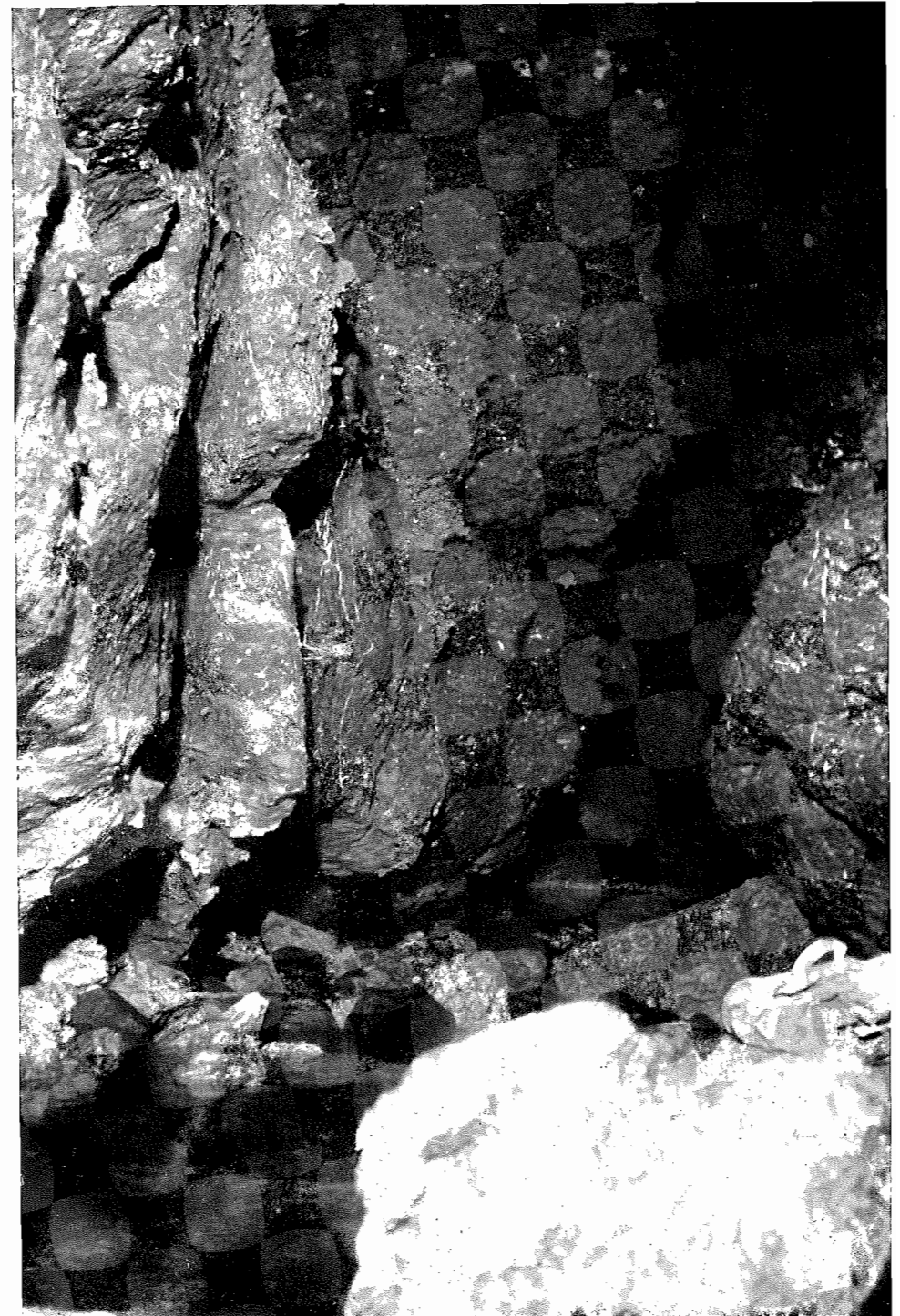
Breakfast over, we went in search of the rest of the party, which had come aboard late the previous night from the train. We found them just packing into the hired car that was to take them to Enniskillen, the same car that we hired last year, a little older, a little shabbier and with the same vibration in the transmission, but even more shattering than before. Soon both cars were on their way to the west and lunch-time saw us in the Imperial Hotel, discussing the programme for the afternoon. Unfortunately, of the 1935 party, W. V. Brown and four of the Billingham men were unable to come, but Fred Booth, Roberts, Nelstrop and the writer were joined by

Charles Burrow and Harold Booth, although the latter was unswerving in his determination not to leave the light of day.

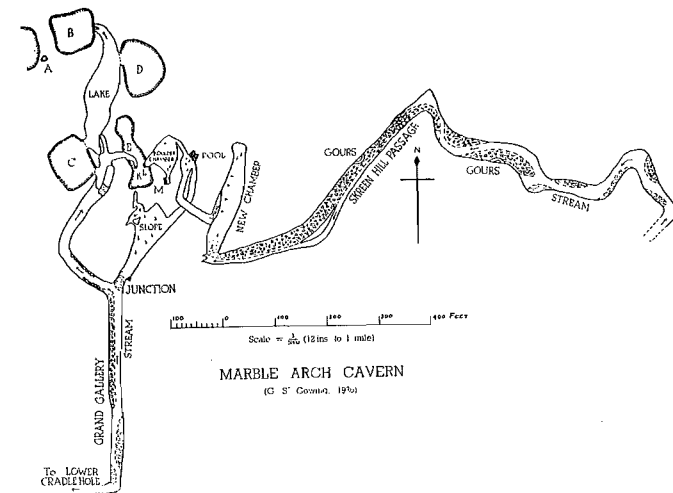
So the six of us set off along the familiar roads, this year with considerably improved surfaces, and after greeting Mr. Bowles and getting from him the key were soon walking up the Cladagh Glen. Our objective was an opening near Monastir Sink, swallowing a small stream the direction of which, together with the configuration of the surface, held hopes of an underground confluence with the main River. So in we went and after the many twists and turns of an exceedingly narrow passage, we arrived at a rift some twenty feet deep. An awkward little traverse led past this to a point at which daylight could be seen, but no amount of wriggling, even when aided by excavation from the surface, sufficed to make an easier route by which a ladder could be brought in. So we gave up, with the full intention of returning later in the week-end; which we never did, because of greater attractions elsewhere.

The water in the Cladagh was as low as it well could be, so on the Saturday the five explorers made straight for the New Chamber in Marble Arch Cave. Down into the ruckle in the Boulder Chamber there are many routes which appear to be dead-ends and it is worth noting that the most certain is to keep hard left. This brings one into the passage to the Pool Chamber by a greater and more uncomfortable distance than the best route, but it gives an opportunity of crawling along its prolongation, which falls slightly to a pool in a muddy bedding plane.

Reaching the New Chamber, where last year we had been confronted by a raging torrent was now only the merest trickle, and on turning upstream a striking passage was disclosed. This passage is rarely less than 30 feet wide and at least as high until the very end of its 400 odd yards and we were soon hastening upstream to see what new things we could discover. Starting from the chamber, the passage runs E.N.E. with galleries on each side at an old stream level. At the first corner the stream flows in an ox-bow almost entirely separated from the main passage by a rock curtain. Turning now N.N.E., the passage is nearly filled with a scree slope forming the right bank of the stream and here we passed some fine *gours* at the base of a cascade of tufa coming from an apparently



large cave some 20 feet above the floors ; near by hangs one of the best stalactites in the cave, depending some five feet from the roof. At the end of this reach is a boulder jam, which is readily climbed, and then the passage turns E. with the stream meandering from side to side, but still nowhere of any great width. More *gours* are passed and then the character changes, the floor becoming more level with a consequent widening and deepening of the stream into large, nearly isolated pools. Several lengths have to be waded to a depth of three or four feet until, at a final sandbank, we reach a lake where one soon wades out of one's depth.



We named this passage Skreen Hill Passage, as it runs approximately under a hill so named on the 6-inch map. The problem is—where does the stream come from? As we saw it this year it was a trifling thing, but on the previous visit it was a river of no small dimensions. Since it appears to lead in the correct direction, there seems a considerable probability that it is the river that sinks at Pollasumera—there is a dry valley leading from this sink to Skreen Hill, a piece of evidence

that may be, however, entirely misleading. It has previously been reported* that the stream from Pollasumera re-appears at the "springs" in the Cladagh Glen; but having seen both during flood there is no doubt that the water appearing at the latter is only a fraction of that disappearing at the former. The other interesting problem is—where does the water go to after leaving the New Chamber? There seems little doubt that it must join the Cladagh somewhere in Marble Arch Cave, but where? It is true that a trickle appears from the wall near the Junction in the old cavern, but to us it appeared decidedly smaller. Only an extensive visit and plenty of fluorescein can answer these questions beyond doubt.

After our discovery of the new passage, the party went to the Junction and out by the river, Nelstrop leading the way into the long pool and proving that, under these conditions, it is not particularly deep. Off we then went above ground to Cradle Hole and into the Upper Cave. First we went downstream under the great choke and found the passage soon closed in a splendid belfry, floored by a round pool, eight feet below. Then in a body we marched upstream through the great pool which so nearly stopped us in 1935, wading in places where previously we had been forced to climb. Even the final reach, which we had managed by climbing precariously along ledges, could now be waded; and so bit by bit we made our way into the middle of the final lake, ahead of the farthest point reached last year. We could hear the water "glugging" where the rock wall appeared to meet the pool, but still no one was entirely satisfied that something could not have been done with a boat, and many were the regrets that one had not been brought.

The thermometer had registered 45° F. for the temperature of the water and at our best paces in the cool atmosphere we set off for Monastir Sink. The cave was entered, the pool waded and found to be a dead end; then back to change clothes by Marble Arch. Booth and Nelstrop, however, report the existence of a passage high up at the dead-end, which might be reached by a difficult climb.

* See Brodrick, *Y.R.C.J.*, III, p. 51. "We were informed by Mr. Bowles that he had seen his father put chaff into the stream (*i.e.*, Pollasumera) and it had come out at the point marked "Springs" in the Cladagh Glen."

Harold Booth had, in the meantime, climbed Cuilcagh, the mountain on which rise the streams we had been exploring. It proved an excursion we should all have liked to have made.

Saturday evening's discussions had closed with the decision that at all costs the Skreen Hill Passage must be surveyed, so on the morrow Fred Booth and the writer spent several hours with chain and prismatic, the while Nelstrop filled the air with echoing explosions and billowing clouds of smoke which reverberated and rolled along the passage—with what results can be judged by the reader. During this time Roberts and Burrow explored the old cavern, reporting that the confused area off the descent from "E" to the balcony entrance in "C" does not lead to the stream but to a view down through cracks, presumably in the roof between "C" and "D." A ball of paper on a string would settle this. A dry bit of the main channel above the place of climbing on to the balcony was found to be due to the stream from the big pool undercutting the right wall and forming singular pillars in the area, reminiscent of the frontispiece to *Eaux Souterraines*. (The letters refer to Brodrick's plan, *Y.R.C.J.*, Vol. III, p. 64).

We all met at the far end of the new passage and then Nelstrop donned a life-belt and swam upstream to the full extent of an eighty foot rope. He could find no sign of a landing and stated that, although the roof was undoubtedly approaching the surface of the water, there might be a chance for a boat.

The day finished, for the Editor, ingloriously; for he allowed himself to be photographed for the press by two photographers who had followed us from the Imperial Hotel. Fortunately the photos were either not news, or too dreadful, for they never appeared, at least to the best of our belief, in the *Belfast Daily Telegraph*.

On the Monday, all but the Editor and his assistant were seduced by the fine day and the attractions of Lough Erne. They refused to come caving, and instead, apparently, went bone-digging; for it is reported that they unearthed a skull on Devenish Island; which is not altogether surprising, in view of the fact that there is an old churchyard there. So we two set off and, for a start, had a look at Cat's Hole where we merely confirmed Baker and Brodrick's reports. Half an hour

was enough to exhaust the possibilities of this place, so we turned our attentions to Pollasumera. The beck was disappearing long before the cave entrance and we went rapidly along the 90 yards of passage to a choke of branches. In the area to the left we found Brodrick's pool dried up and beyond it a maze of low passages and bedding planes that no doubt fill to the roof in times of flood. Around here we crawled for a long time, but could find no trace of a river passage, as might well be expected from the fact that the whole area is subjected to flooding. On coming out we found the weather distinctly colder and in fact had to make our way to the Cladagh Glen through a succession of hailstorms. Had we known it, this was a warning that England's cold Easter weather was coming over to Ireland.

The morrow was a pleasant morning as we left Enniskillen, but a drizzle had already set in as we passed, with the usual delays, the Custom Station at Belcoo. Beyond, in the Free State, Eire now, the roads degenerated into narrow winding lanes, with appalling surfaces; so much so, that by the time we reached Sligo we were wondering whether we should reach our destination in County Clare the same day. But from Sligo the Dublin road made our spirits rise somewhat and we made good time until we left it to drive south across Connaught to Galway. Here the roads were indescribable, but fortunately their straightness enabled us to keep up a good speed, praying for the car's springs to hold out. Several times we went astray, misled by signposts that had been bent round to point the wrong way—Irish humour, one supposes. The country was dreary in the extreme and we realised that the great central plain of Ireland extends much farther to the west than one normally imagines.

Beyond Tuam, roads improved and the country was less forbidding and by Galway, where we had tea, the rain had stopped. Then we had the sea-coast and a winding run of 40 miles over limestone country, finishing in a long hill up to the downland country among which Lisdoonvarna lies.

Lisdoonvarna is a queer place; a little village of about 300 souls set in a completely treeless, desolate land, its spas bring thousands of visitors to its dozen or so hotels in the season. But out of season it is dead, and all its hotels are normally



SURVEYING UNDER SKREEN HILL
(MARBLE ARCH CAVERN)

shut. Lynch's Hotel opened up for us and for a party of speleologists led by Pick of Leicester, who were visiting for the second successive year. We were greeted by them with acclamation and anxious enquiries as to whether we had brought any tackle, for all theirs was still somewhere en route from Dublin on an Irish railway! The need for tackle sounded promising and after an immense dinner we all sat round a peat fire and listened to wonderful tales of this country of caves.

Our first expedition was a pot, discovered by Pick's party some few days before. It turned out disappointing, merely an eighty foot shaft with nothing at the bottom. Some local farmers watched our descents with amused interest and it was from the chaff interchanged between us that a name emerged for the pot—Pollnapooka or Fairies' Hole. The locals said it was called Poulmagollum (hole of the doves), but this appears to be almost a generic name both at Lisdoonvarna and Enniskillen and should be reserved, by long usage, for the large pot on the slopes of Slieve Elva, which that afternoon Pick, Roberts and I went to see. This other one is really a fine pot, nearly as large in area, and certainly deeper, than Cradle Hole. From there we wandered on to Poulnaelva, with which Baker guessed it to be connected, and then walked back across the summit of Slieva Elva, a fine Yoredale mountain with grand views over Galway Bay to the Aran Islands and the Atlantic.

On the following day Roberts and I turned our attention to Poulmagollum with the intention of checking some of the measurements and confirming, or otherwise, Baker's suggestion that it is joined with Poulnaelva. We had to use a 90 foot rope as a handline down the sloping tree-covered upper part of the pot, and then the steel ladder for the final vertical pitch. Lacking a belay on the lip, we tied the ladder to the rope, to our no small discomfort, owing to the stretch in the latter. At the bottom of the open pot, we went straight in along the narrow winding stream passage, chaining as we went for two solid hours; it seemed interminable, as we splashed through pool after pool, chain-length after chain-length. We passed a high tributary waterfall at 350 yards and then, at 1,560 yards, we arrived at a junction, which we assumed to be that of the so-called Poulnaelva branch. With relief we flung down the chain

and carried on, worn-out but unencumbered. The character of the passage changed at last from rift to bedding plane type, the roof came down, and leaving the exiguous water channel to the right we took to our bellies. When Baker came here in 1925 this bedding plane was probably under water.

Through it we soon came out again into the main channel, still spacious but now with a lower roof. Roberts crawled back up the contracted portion. Presently the stream disappeared into the right bank, and soon after the dry passage forked repeatedly. The continuous route led us steeply down over *gours*, the lower stages stained with the reds and browns of iron. There we wriggled our way through boulders, the walls closed in and we were at the end. It took half an hour to return beyond the crawl. On careful comparison with Baker's account there seems to be but little doubt that both we and Bartlett's party went beyond his furthest, and both parties reached the same point.

Returning to our junction, we set out for the entrance, for the day was getting on. We were pretty well drenched and the water was only 41° F. (by thermometer, not guess), so we hurried forward as fast as we could go. Suddenly we heard the roar of water and then were confronted with a waterfall, certainly not the one we had passed on the way in; and with the waterfall came the end of the passage! Where were we? What had happened? Then it dawned on us that our junction was not Baker's but beyond it; that hurrying back, we had repeated exactly the same error he had once made, and were now at the end of the Poulnaelva Branch. Fed up as we were, we realised that we had at least got some good from our mistake, for there was no sign of daylight and anyway both distance and direction proved that this point was nowhere near Poulnaelva. So we carefully retraced our steps and found without much difficulty the point at which we had gone wrong; we had missed Baker's junction on our way in by hurrying through a low wide crawl in our anxiety to avoid a wetting; on the way back, already wet through, the highest and most obvious waterway seemed the most natural route and we had turned up the side branch. An hour's hard going brought us to the ladder and soon we were changing into dry clothes in the biting wind on the top of the pot. When Baker and Kentish first did Poulna-

gollum there were many gravel dams. Heaven be praised, broken by traffic they and the worst pools have mostly disappeared.

Space does not permit of much account of the rest of our expeditions from Lisdoonvarna. One off day we had, when we admired in glorious sunlight, the magnificent cliffs of Moher, where the Yoredale rocks stand over 600 feet sheer out of the Atlantic (see Kentish's photo, *Vol. IV p. 136*). Saturday morning, chilly and wet, was spent exploring Poll Dubh; in the afternoon we tried in vain a little cave on the roadside between Lisdoonvarna and Fisherstreet. At the latter village we struck Bartlett's promising looking open pot; but alas! it was the local charnel house and our ladder ended on the remains of a cow! A pity, for at the bottom was a bedding cave with a little stream running merrily towards the sea.

The necessity to return came all too soon and the week-end saw us heading, half-frozen, north west across the centre of Ireland. Of how we saw, in the cold rain, the Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise, of how we failed to find the Sheela-na-gig at Abbeylara, of how we spent the night at Athlone, space will not permit me to tell. Suffice it that after an uneventful and unusually calm crossing, we learnt at breakfast at the Hill Inn that the weather in England had been far worse than what we had in Ireland, a fact which gave us some consolation for we had thought our weather cold enough.

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DAN-YR-OGOF AND THE WELSH CAVES

BY THE EDITOR

Long ago I read in a guide to South Wales about the beauties of the ravines of the Neath and its tributaries, the Mellte and Heppste, and had noted down the existence of a great arched cave, Porth-yr-Ogof. A vague account in Bradley's *Romance of Wales* of an excursion inside with two candle-ends was all the information I could find, until I learnt from W. O. Duncan, of Birmingham, that he had explored it and had found also two other caves.

The *Geological Atlas* shows that the S. Welsh limestone is a band of only a mile or two in width, extending from sea to sea round the Millstone Grit and the Coal Measures, with two blocks in the Gower Peninsula and S. Pembroke. On the north side of the ring the rivers run south from the Old Red Sandstone area—the high ground of the Brecon Beacons, Fforest Fawr, and the Black Mountains—through the limestone, and on to the Grit and Coal Measures. The dip is gently to the south, and the master joints appear to be east and west. In Yorkshire the Old Red is absent, and the limestone lies directly on the Silurian; also the water flows off the Yoredales on to the upper bed of limestone, but in S. Wales on the contrary it flows off the Old Red to strike the lower beds, and the Yoredales are not present.

Due to the fact that the northern part of the ring is in the heads of decidedly coaly dales, and was approached before the motor age only through hideous industrialism, the region has never been developed for tourists or thought of as the edge of delightful Breconshire, for it is not in Glamorgan.

Careful map study showed that beside the Mellte-Heppste-Upper Nedd region, there was a big rising at Dan-yr-Ogof near the head of the Tawe, the Swansea river, and considerably to the west at the source of the Llŵchwr, which runs to Llanelli.

To lovely Brecon, whence I had climbed the Beacons years ago with Bonner, I came again in September, 1936, saw Porth-yr-Ogof in spate and nearly got through, did three little caves near, saw too the gorge of the Upper Nedd, and nearly finished a little cave there. I heard from the people at

Cwm-y-Porth that a week before some Somerset men had been over with a boat and surveyed Porth-yr-Ogof (Arch of the Cave). Then on the way to St. David's I went to the marvellous ruin of Craig Cennen Castle near Llandeilo, and across the valley to the Eye of the Llŵchwr (Llygad Llŵchwr), hopeless through the water but with a promising looking hole.

Most important of all, from Glyn Tawe I did the Vans, came down the Giedd to Sink-y-Giedd, a choked swallet against a little cliff with shale (rottenstone) at the base, traversed three miles of fell, no clints, many stretches of slab, and so down by the steep dry groove above Craig-y-Nos to Dan-yr-Ogof rising. A cave indeed! I could not cross the flooded beck into the great black entrance, but that did not matter, for at the Gwyn Arms I learnt that the owner and his brothers had been in $\frac{3}{4}$ mile and used a boat.

A real caving expedition was worth while, and for this I enlisted Platten and Gowing for the last week of May, and much correspondence followed over the boat question. After Upper Cradle Hole the advisability of buying a boat was often discussed, but the second Enniskillen party did nothing and had to confess their unwisdom. But Gowing and I went one day to Briggate to inspect a strange craft which looked like a cross between a baby's bath and a balloon tyre. We fingered it, discussed how easily it would puncture and what would happen if it did, then said we would take it along. Five pounds, Franklin Pneumatic Boat, 4 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. inflated, 3 ft. by 8 ins. diameter deflated, weight 7 lbs.

Then it had to be packed up, and the picture of two men and a young lady assistant kneeling on and maltreating the boat in an effort to expel several hundred cubic feet of air through an infinitesimal orifice must have been highly diverting to the customers who gathered round. But at last the spoils were carried off in triumph and embarrassment, as the five foot paddle looked very like a double-ended fly-swat out in the street. Gowing has since sawn it in two and put on metal ends which screw together, but for Wales we substituted a cricket bat arrangement.

"The weather fights for the big caves." This truism was some consolation as I drove along in May, 1937, through awful rain, and crawled in a thick fog from Buxton to Leek; the sun

did come out before I reached Wales, but Dan-yr-Ogof was in hopeless flood.

You don't find roomy hotels at the heads, however beautiful, of coaly valleys, but my colleague at Brecon gave welcome and ready help and we established ourselves, one at the Prices' delightful little inn, Gwyn Arms, Glyn Tawe, and two at Carreg Haffes farm behind it. Mr. Jeffrey Morgan of Abercrave had readily given us leave to explore Dan-yr-Ogof, which he had kept possession of, and watched, to prevent destruction.

He came up and told us the tale of 1912, how he and his brothers had found a dry cave above the river cave (which can only be followed a painful 80 yards) and explored it up to a great pool, how a coracle had been bought and in it Mr. T. A. Morgan had voyaged 40 yards across the pool and 20 yards up a tunnel, landing near the foot of a waterfall. Pulling the coracle back with string, three others had followed, and after the leader had climbed the cataract and seen a watery tunnel beyond they had retreated.

Here we must record our very warm appreciation of the help we received from everybody we came across. All showed a real interest in our explorations, took us to caves, came in with us, carried our tackle, and extended to us a real Welsh hospitality. Our thanks are due especially to Mr. Jeffrey Morgan who made us free of Dan-yr-Ogof and has so generously entertained us, to Mr. T. Ashwell Morgan and Mr. Ashford Price, his nephew, for their great work inside, to Mr. Llewellyn Morgan of Ystradgynlais who guided us to Llygad Llwhwr and back over a grand pass, to our hostess at Carreg Haffes, and not least to Mr. David Price, who housed our tackle at the Gwyn Arms, took us to Pwll Byfre, helped to carry to Fan Fraith Pot, crossed the ferries and could not do enough for us.

Dan-yr-Ogof.—The Tawe owing to a thick bed of drift does not go underground, and the Llynfel is the short and bounteous tributary which issues from the fine arch in the wooded curve of the western fellside between Gwyn Arms and Craig-y-Nos. The name (Undercave) is really that of the adjacent farm, and the cave might well be dubbed "Cave of Boats." High above are two small dry caves of archaeological interest.

Reinforced for Sunday by Nelstrop we were guided in on the 23rd, a wretched day, to the lower of two holes on the R. bank, then by two short crawls in opposite directions at higher levels to a small hole, now fitted with an iron door, into a roomy and very fine passage above the river. In it three pools are impounded, two rather deep, but not worthy of the rubber boat, which was dumped till needed.

Past gours and a gushing waterfall we came to a junction, T₁. A wide passage, right, led to a slope into the First Canal. A waterfall from the roof stopped us, but later Nelstrop rushed it and came to a dead-end. A bit behind, an upward crawl brought us to a hole we had seen before reaching T₁.

Going left at T₁ we came under a bridge to a place named "The Parting" by the Morgans, and Gowing climbed into an upper passage. A few yards further is T₂; to the left here a loop runs back to behind The Parting. To the right after a long and interesting bit of travelling, mostly good going, we finally crawled out on to the top of the scree in the unmistakable and impressive Bridge Chamber. On our immediate right was another hole, the end of an alternative way in.

Under the Bridge off the scree was a 20 ft. wide high chamber and we looked left over boulders to the First Pool, but first we went down scree to the Second Canal and left a candle burning there. The First Pool was deep and 12 yards long, but Nelstrop showed us the way; somewhere ahead was a great roar of water. Over a steep bank was a shallower pool, some 20 yards, and then we stood on a narrow beach and looked at the Third Pool, the Coracle Pool as it proved; it simply ran away into darkness. I confess that till we found the Three Pools it had never occurred to me that we were going to be up against pools of the Marble Arch type. I had thought only of passages of ordinary width and short pools. With that ominous roar ahead we agreed that the Morgans' crossing of 1912 was a great effort.

Nelstrop made a gallant attempt at wading—at low water it goes about 30 yards—then we went back and waded the corner of the First Pool into a passage whence a way led down to a canal, the Second Canal as the candle in the distance showed. At the top of the Bridge Chamber we crawled up

through the other hole into a magnificent chamber, evidently "The Cauldron," and going on past very fine stalactites came to an open space and a drop.

Here on a ledge was a bottle, securely sealed, and on the paper within we read, "June 1912, J. L. Morgan, T. A. Morgan, Edwin Morgan, Morgan R. Williams (gamekeeper)." Somewhat uncertain now as to whether the pool of the coracle was not somewhere further ahead, we climbed down the drop, came to a T junction, went down to a canal with a waterfall from the roof, went back and came to a gushing waterfall. With one shout all four declared we were nearly out. We had come down Gowing's climb to The Parting.

With the rubber boat the Stalactite or Cauldron route was retraced. At the First Pool *Cymry* was inflated and made its first voyage, a very wet one for the writer. Blown up much harder, two went over in it and two waded. Sitting in this size of rubber boat with one's feet out over the bows, it feels easy to upset. Practice in daylight soon shows that this is almost impossible, since when filled with water the boat is remarkably stable. A twelve stone man needs some skill to prevent water coming over the rounded gunwale, and must avoid rolling. To get in or out you stand astride of the boat in shallow water; the problem of landing on a ledge from deep water has not yet been solved.

On the Third Pool Gowing with string attached went out over ninety feet and reported a closing in with a low tunnel discharging a strong current but running askew. He had to cut the string to get back. Nelstrop then went out 140 feet, got into the tunnel and saw the fall, but with the makeshift paddle the current was far too strong. So after Platten and I had paddled on the pool we retreated.

Our news of three pools was a puzzle, the Morgans having coped with only one pool. After thorough discussion Mr. Ashwell Morgan decided to go in again, and on the 25th he came up from Swansea and went in with Messrs. Ashford and David Price and the three of us. This time we took a passage above the Bridge, which twisted round at once and led to the wade in the far corner of the First Pool. Mr. Ashwell Morgan simply could not recognize the place in its flooded condition, and it was not until Gowing had taken



Cymry into the tunnel and seen the waterfall, and we had explored everything back to the Parting and to the Pools again, that the identification was agreed. As I was leaving Glyn Tawe a week later after four days' fine weather Platten rushed in with the news that the First Pool was down four feet, and the chances good with low water. But clearly a fleet of boats would be required.

During the summer Mr. T. A. Morgan's old enthusiasm blazed out. Using a two-man boat of wood and canvas with side air chambers, he and Miss Coote and Mr. Ashford Price crossed the Coracle Pool. It must be recorded that Dr. Coote swam the whole way back. Climbing the side of the low cataract they went fifty yards through deep water, and climbing another cataract came under a lower roof to a Fourth Pool stretching into the distance.

Moreover Mr. Morgan somehow managed to get two wooden ladders into the Cauldron. Tied together they reached up a 30 foot wall to a narrow passage which in 29 yards led the party into the fine "Red Chamber." Here there is obviously an upper storey. For this Mr. Morgan provided ladders short enough to be got in, and with these in October Platten and two others found two chambers and a passage between.

For the September attack Platten recruited an army from Somerset and bought *Red Cymry*. As usual I took along an awful flood and drove the first half-hour in dense fog. It was hardly worth while going in on Saturday. The old hands and Dr. Baker found the second and third pools almost one, but we all boated. Ashford Price and Miss Coote made a determined attempt to get up against the current, pulling on the roof and sides of the tunnel, but gave up when a piece of rock came off into the boat.

Only two Southerners were at the supper to which Mr. J. L. Morgan entertained us, but a carload arrived at ten, loudly sounding the praises of South Welshmen. From Bristol over Aust Ferry they had worked their way in the dark through the colliery districts, men riding on the step to show them the turns, and good fellows going miles out of their way to pilot them. Three men arrived in the night.

Fifteen went in at eight, Baker and I at ten through a dense

flash-powder fog. *Cymry* was found soft and could not be blown up, so I arrived at the beach to learn to my joy that nine including Dr. Baker, were over, and the pool definitely lower. Weaver and Harris were first over against an awkward current in the tunnel; Weaver went on ferrying while Wigmore and Harris took *Red Cymry* up the cataracts. Harris found the Fourth Pool a backwater without visible inlet, but Miss Coote noticed a cave just where one emerged from under the low roof. Here was excellent landing, and the ferry only 15 yards.

Ten people crossed; I got left behind while exploring a loop which ran steeply up and down to cracks by the first landing. We put in our time digging through the beach to lower Second Pool. The ten were pretty quick and came back reporting marvels; they had reached a great Boulder Chamber and stopped beyond at some awful mud.

We others adjourned our crossing to the morrow, and all were out in mid-afternoon to meet the advance guard of the sightseers. Mr. J. L. Morgan entertained us to dinner at the inn, and after the world's workers had driven off, at his house, where *Cymry* was tested and the fault traced to the pump.

Entering on September 20th with a wild idea that a train was to be caught at Swansea at 5.30, Miss Coote, Messrs. Ashwell Morgan, Ashford Price, D. Price (Gwyn Arms), Wigmore, Platten and Roberts found the pool much lower and no current in the tunnel. The landing was above water, in fact the flow comes under the rock there. With all three boats in use ferrying was very smart and great fun.

The 1937 Cave begins with a black limestone passage, rather low, dead-ends. An easy climb at its start led into a good passage leading to a fine chamber. Ware a deadly little hole in the floor! A roomy passage with grottos took us into the lower storey of a big chamber, an overhang being straight ahead. A climb up the right wall finished in the entrance of a big passage, on the way back found untracked and 100 yards long, very fine and lofty in the further half, with a pit at the end and chances at the bottom. Going in, we traversed into a long chamber ending in a boulder slope.

Here we began to have trouble with some of the five

acetylene lamps, which got worse and worse in spite of pricking. Through a narrow exit in one branch we came to the mud, which was tackled and a two storey chamber reached. The upper storey went and we came into an extensive low chamber with many pencil stalactites. (Mark your entry). Keeping left in the higher part we entered a lofty aven with a strong drip, and fed.

Narrow passages led to a terribly narrow crawl. Here T. A. Morgan and I struck, and while the other five went through to wallow in mud, I climbed an ascending rift to a boulder choke with breccia of two kinds which made one wonder if the surface was near.

It was a great show and there is more to be found. A month later Platten's party got forward 100 yards to a sound of water, and found extensions off the chambers.

By the time we returned to the ferries, only one acetylene lamp worked feebly; our retreat was made with candles and feeble electric lamps. The water had fallen yet more and one paddled out into the ocean of the Coracle Pool with the barring spike of Saturday high over head. Meeting the ferryman and his glimmer reminded one of ships at sea.

Llygad Llŵchwr. We reconnoitred this the afternoon Platten arrived and finished it with the aid of *Cymry* the following Friday. (If you boldly pronounce the name as it is spelt, not being too superior to remember *w* is a vowel even in English, you will get a lot nearer than you will to the English spelling, Loughor, which beat us for weeks). The stream is discoloured and tastes muddy; oddly enough it bifurcates at once, flowing into two rivers.

After some crawling which includes a loop, the passage becomes big and irregular, then one climbs to a higher level. The underground river is reached at four points, three needing a short ladder, but two looking on to the same pool. This one was waded up 30 yards to an enclosed pool, and from the lower pool a wall was climbed into a tunnel 20 yards long. At another place Gowing voyaged 80 ft. across an enclosed backwater; at the third the problem of leaving the boat for a pierced wall was unsolved. No connections were made, and the way in which the water entered and left these deep stretches was very curious. The local people have some

pluck, dates were everywhere we reached, 1835 to 1933.

This is the cave at which the *Daily Mirror* located its mendacious account of Platten rescuing me from a watery grave.

The Nedd.—We lost two May mornings in the Ystradfellte region owing to very heavy rain. *Pwll Du* is not a rising of the river from a dry bed, but a pool of surface water with hardly any flow at the foot of a cliff. The actual rising is higher up the ravine.

Exploring the W. bank we heard of and uncovered a hole level with and S. of Cwm Farm. Gowing and Platten scrambled down twenty horrid feet with spiders to a chamber with dead sheep. The *Great Chasm* of the six-inch map was a huge shake-hole under a cliff; Platten drew a blank with a dead badger.

At the Pwll-y-Rhyd bridge we were disgusted by the quick finish of the *Bridge Cave*, in which we heard water loudly. At *Pwll-y-Rhyd*, a great joint cutting across the dry bed, you can if you like lie down in the water of the cave at one end and wriggle into a wet chamber where you can stand up and climb out to daylight. The day did not invite; we missed out the middle.

A very jolly bit of gorge leads down to three caves, *Upper White Lady*, a fine opening of which there is a photo in North's *Limestones*, and *White Lady* on the R. bank, with *Arcade Cave* a little lower down on the L. bank. We used *Cymry* on the three pools of *Upper White Lady* and were disappointed, though it is a fine straight view to daylight from the far end. In a branch is a fourth pool, obviously connected with the pool in *White Lady Cave*.

The *Arcade Cave* had been partly explored by the Birmingham men and Tom and Lewis Lewis who now came along. Mr. Braithwaite's party apparently did it at Easter, calling it "town drain," a vile libel. It follows well marked joints, magnetic N. and true E., and tends south; we made it 460 yards long. After seeming good for miles. it suddenly closes in solid.

The Lewises of Blaen-Nedd-isaf told us of a pot hole on the moors, so to have their guidance we drove all the way round again and carried two ladders to where we had guessed

it to be, close to the swallet of a stream coming off Fan Fraith, unnamed on any map, one mile E. of Pwll Byfre (the swallet of the Byfre). We named it *Fan Fraith Pot*, but Mr. Braithwaite's party, described to us as "novices from Cardiff," who made the first descent at Easter, with the aid of a horse for their ladders, call it *Pant Mawr Pot* which seems even more vague. We did a little pot on the way up, but it was grand to get hold of a ladder again for a 60 ft. climb after the small beer of "mere caves." It is a fine pot, the only worthy pot found so far in Wales, and there is a grand wide passage below downstream with some amusing work upstream.

Ystradfellte.—East of the Mellte Castle-Hirwaun road we did the *Gwaen Cefn-y-Carreg Pots* at 1,200 ft., 100 yards up a steep hillside, shown as "cave" on the six-inch map. Under a great flat roof of basal conglomerate of the Millstone Grit are three pots, their sides once covered with "rags." The outer was climbed, and the innermost laddered 30 feet giving entrance to the middle one.

Gowing had gone back to work when Platten and I boated on the great pool of *Porth-yr-Ogof*, a most impressive place, surrounded by an entertaining labyrinth. I waded the length of the shallows and got out at the sink-holes, but the stink was too awful to continue nearer to the rising. The curious White Horse seems to be natural; it is so like a drawing as to suggest a whitewashed fake.

Cwm Dwr Quarry Cave is a hole in the quarry face close to Craig-y-Nos station. It had never been done, and might have been deep but for a great slope of scree. However it did need a short ladder to hold the rock together, and contained three chambers with some amusing scrambling in an old stream passage.

This was our last expedition in May. The weather had not treated us too kindly, except for the one blazing sunny day on which I made a trek across the fells to the Twrch, but the ten days had been great fun, and one knew where to look for new, if minor, possibilities. We had put Wales on the map!

IN MEMORIAM

JAMES CROWE

James Crowe died on October 10th, 1936, aged 32 years. He was born in Edinburgh and took an honours degree in chemistry at Edinburgh University, whence he joined the staff of Imperial Chemical Industries, and was stationed first at Winnington, and afterwards at Billingham.

Pot-holing and climbing won his enthusiasm from 1930 onwards and he was elected a member of the club in 1932. Climbing holidays took him to North Wales, the Lakes, Skye and in 1934 to the Lepontine Alps. At Gaping Gill in 1932 he was one of the party who arrived at the meet by way of Flood Entrance, and was at the bottom of the Main Shaft to greet the first man down.

Before 1936 his sight began to give him anxiety, and in March of that year he underwent an operation. This was partially successful, but he did not wholly recover from it. His courage and cheerfulness never failed, however, and it was a great shock when he died following a further operation. It was characteristic of him that, though he must have known the dangers attending the second operation he continued at work until he could hand over without inconvenience to his colleagues, and then went away quietly, with hardly a word of his trouble, so that his friends might not be distressed.

Jimmy, as he was always known, had a great generosity of spirit, and a charm which won him friends wherever he went, and never an enemy. His cheerfulness was immense and infectious, and all that he did was done with enthusiasm. Everyone who knew the joy of his companionship can tell of incidents—an overturned car, a fall while rock climbing—not humorous in themselves, but which Jimmy by the spark of his personality turned into memories rich in laughter.

Jimmy never took any thought for the morrow; he might possibly have lived longer if he had, but he would have lived less gaily and done less to make life good for those who knew him. It seems a hard thing that he who enjoyed this life so well and who hurt no one in his enjoyment of it, should have had to leave it so soon.



JAMES CROWE

WILLIAM VILLIERS BROWN

The sudden death of William Villiers Brown, 25th October, 1936, at the age of 57, came as a great shock to his many friends; his well-known figure will be greatly missed at all Y.R.C. Meets.

He was educated at Allan Glen's School, Glasgow, but had been long in business in Leeds (he joined the Club in 1910) and was a director of J. Halden & Co., Ltd.

Brown was a great walker, and never happier than when tramping the dales and moorlands of Yorkshire. From Leeds to Simon's Seat and back was many times a Sunday walk. On one occasion he walked from Fort William to Tyndrum, and another day-long walk, from Leeds, has become legendary.

He was an enthusiastic pot-holer, one of the first to lay siege to Diccan Pot, to the attack of which he returned many times, an article by him on the pot appearing in Vol. V. Ready and able to infect the beginner with his own enthusiasm and at the same time teach him to observe every safeguard, he was in his element when the work was heaviest, and we can recall some great feats of strength. One of the few active survivors of pre-war pot-holing, he was always to be counted on for support for any expedition and his loss was much felt when his knee hampered him in the last two or three years; alas, that his constant interest and keenness are passed from us for ever.

Of his new explorations we recall Gingling Hole, Marble Steps, Gavel Pot, Rumbling Hole, Lost Johns', Cradle Hole (Enniskillen), and many smaller ones.

Brown was, however, first of all a fine mountaineer, and the great hills were his delight. A splendid rock-climber, he was with the late C. D. Frankland on some of his first ascents in Lakeland, and climbed extensively in the British Isles. He had climbed without guides many peaks between Mont Blanc and the Bregaglia, was a member of the Alpine Club, and had been to Norway twice, to Corsica and to the Atlas Mountains (Y.R.C.J. V., "A Raid on the High Atlas"). A good companion of a generous nature, he was a man to depend on; his word was his bond.

Brown served several years on the Committee, was Vice-President, and was elected President, 1932-4, an honour he greatly appreciated, for he was heart and soul with the Club in all its doings.

WILLIAM MARTIN CONWAY
(1856-1937).

Baron Conway of Allington was long known as Sir Martin Conway, the writer of those classical books of mountaineering travel, *Karakoram Himalayas*, *First Crossing of Spitsbergen*, *Bolivian Andes*, and *Alps from End to End*.

He was one of the first Honorary Members of the Club, but as we can hardly claim that he was specially interested in or had a special connection with us, it is best to refer our readers to the full memoir in the *Alpine Journal*, and for Conway's own account of his career to *Mountain Memories*.

One can remind younger men that all climbing guides spring from the *Zermatt Pocket Book*, and that Conway wrote the first Himalayan climbing book. Although he avowed a preference not to lead on the mountains, there is plenty of evidence that he was an expert with map and compass, and a real leader.

The barony no doubt came for national or political services, but during an evening the writer once spent with him Conway was emphatic that his knighthood was for mountaineering, not for art or politics, and very proud of it he was.

The Club was represented at the Memorial Service, St. Margaret's, Westminster, 23rd April, 1937, by J. D. Ellis.

JAMES FALSHAW WATSON

James Falshaw Watson died at Codsall Wood, Staffs, in June, 1937, aged 75. He had been a member since 1904, but since 1917 had been established at Bilston in the Black Country and had lost touch with our activities. An engineer by profession, he was a man of high repute in business. He had been a keen Rugby football enthusiast and was a great lover of the country.



WILLIAM VILLIERS BROWN,
(President 1932-34)

WILLIAM ANDERTON BRIGG

(1862-1938)

Yorkshire has lost much by the passing of William Anderton Brigg, on 4th January, 1938. Public representative, magistrate, philanthropist, and sportsman, he had built up a reputation which will not be forgotten.

Born August, 1862, a twin son of the late Sir John Brigg, M.P., he went to the Keighley Trade and Grammar School and to Giggleswick School, then to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. and LL.M. Called to the Bar in 1888, ten years later he settled down in Keighley as a solicitor. He was Clerk to the Denholme U.D.C., Registrar of the Keighley County Court, at one time acting Town Clerk, and an Assistant Charity Commissioner, holding enquiries into the ancient endowments of Kildwick, Halifax, Huddersfield and Sheffield.

Brigg became a Town Councillor in 1912 and the same year Mayor of Keighley, retaining the office four years. In the difficult days of the critical years he worked unstintingly to promote the interests of the local men on active service and in expanding the hospital service. Later he was Chairman of the War Pensions Committee, and his activity in this sphere was mentioned when the M.B.E. was conferred on him recently. He was chairman of many other bodies, and as an active educationist became Chairman of the West Riding Association of Part III. Education Committees.

He became Alderman in 1924, and next year was honoured with the Freedom of Keighley. Twice he fought unsuccessfully for a seat in Parliament.

Outstanding among the many benefactions in which he had a part was the magnificent gift to the National Trust by himself and his brother, County Alderman J. J. Brigg, of East Riddlesden Hall.

William Briggs' chief recreation was mountaineering. From 1891 to 1914 he was every summer in the Alps or Norway, and became a member of the Alpine Club in 1894 (Committee 1911). He came into rock-climbing in the early days, and was in the first groups to practise on the gritstone outcrops as well as in the Lake District. With Solly, Slingsby and Baker he was on the first climb of the Eagle's Nest Ridge, and was

with O. G. Jones on the first descent of Collier's Climb.

In the Alps he was mostly with his brother, J. J. Brigg, and Eric Greenwood, climbing the Dom, Weisshorn, Schreckhorn, Matterhorn, etc. in 1891-4. Later they were particularly fond of long journeys and many passes. We mention the following:—

1895. Rossbodenjoch, Mischabeljoch, Colle delle Loccie, Lysjoch, Monte Rosa by the rocks, Col d' Hérens.

1897. Orsieres to Zermatt by the High Level Route, Breuil, Courmayeur, Mont Blanc traverse.

1899. *Alpine Journal XXI*, "Through the Tarentaise and Beyond."

1900. Gross Venediger to the Dolomites.

1902. Vélán, Grand Combin, Hohsand Pass, Tosa, Macugnaga, Weisstor.

1903. *Alpine Journal XXII*, "A Pilgrimage to Monte Viso." One of the earliest climbs of the Viso N. E. ridge, 9 hours on the rocks.

1908. Zinal Rothorn, Rimpfischhorn, Col du Grand Cornier, Col des Bouquetins, Cogne, Herbetet, Dégioz, Col du Géant.

1909. *A. J. XXV*, "Mont Pourri, A Note."

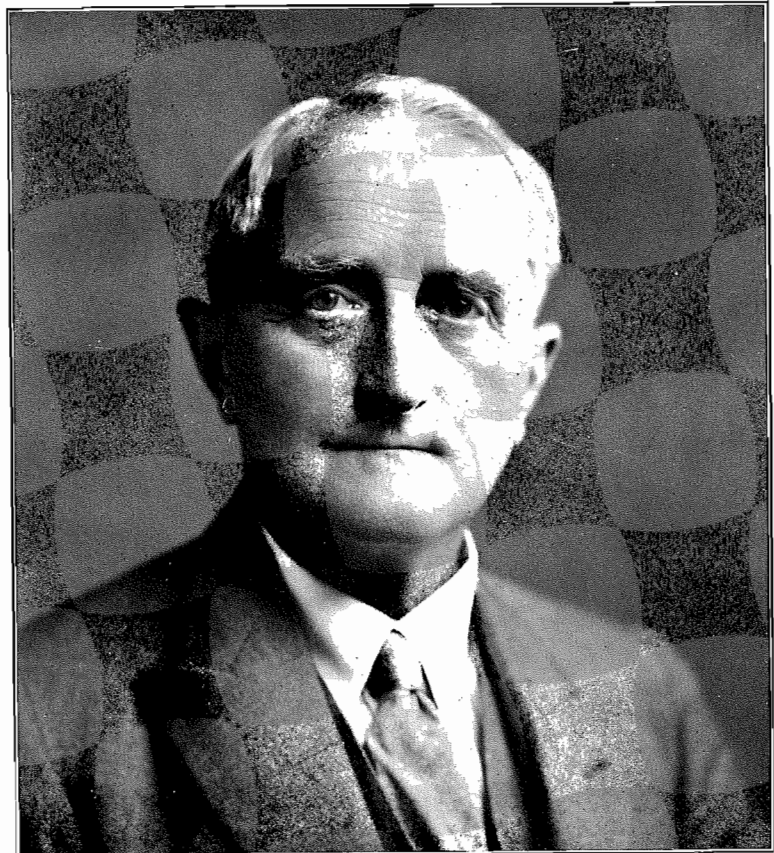
1913. Tirol—Vent, Similaun, Meran, Sterzing, Pfitschtal.

1914. Maritimes—Certosa di Pesio, Colpiano, Cima di Gelas, Ciriegia, Termini di Valdieri, Argentera. See *A. J. XXIX*, p. 300.

W.A.B. had ski-ed in the Black Forest (*Y.R.C.J. III*, p. 154) and at St. Moritz, and climbed several times in Scotland, Ben Nevis in snow, Glencoe and elsewhere. An article of his appears in *S.M.C.J. XII*, "As Heaven's Water Dealeth."

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club he joined in the far-off days of 1894, became Editor of the Journal, 1909-20, and was elected President 1919-22. Being much interested in archæology he edited also two volumes of the Kildwick Parish Register.

Brigg's life found natural expression in countless avenues of service. Never seeking any honour, never refusing any which came to him, he moved amongst us seeking ways in which he could assist his fellow men.



WILLIAM ANDERTON BRIGG,
(President 1919-22)

CHIPPINGS.

RESCUE ORGANISATION.—The Wardens twice had serious calls during 1936. First, a lady was killed on the spot in Alum Pot by a stone thrown over, and second, a man fell in Marble Steps at a pitch below the "hole in the floor" approaching the big pitch. The latter was at such a bad place that a general call was anticipated and begun with 20 men from the Craven Pot-hole Club, who responded nobly by turning up until 9 p.m. on a week-day. Fortunately Mr. Hainsworth got the victim to make a ladder climb, and he was on the surface before eight.

Another accident without a call also took place, but none during 1937. Perhaps the Caving Code drawn up by the Wardens, and issued as a leaflet may have had some effect. Certain is it that the burden they have to shoulder is a heavy one, and a call on a week-day is a serious matter for all concerned.

THE DEEPEST GULFS.—Since we gave in 1932 a list of the five deepest pot-holes in the world, all in Italy, two more have come in, the Antro della Carchia or Tana d'Eole and the Tonion Schacht. The order of the seven is:—

Spluga della Preta (1927), 17 miles N. of Verona, 637 m. deep = 2,090 ft.

Antro della Carchia or *Tana d'Eole* (1934), Apuan Alps, 541 m. = 1,775 ft.

Abisso di Verco (1928), N. of Gorizia, now 536 m. = 1,758 ft.

Abisso del Montenero (1926), S. of Idria, about 480 m. = 1,575 ft.

Tonion Schacht (1928), Steiermark, about 470 m. = 1,542 ft.

Grotta Bertarelli (1925), 20 miles S.E. of Trieste, 450 m. = 1,476 ft.

Abisso di Clana or *Frederigo Prez Abisso*, 7 miles N. of Fiume, 420 m. = 1,378 ft.

In France the four deepest caverns were given as Morey, Rabanel, Armand, and Paradis. There have been revisions and new discoveries. Morey has not the 250 m. attributed to it (*Géze, La Montagne*). Using the information which appears in *Spelunca* and *La Montagne* (October 1936), the

list appears to be now :—

Gouffre Martel (Ariège), 303 m. (Nov. 1935) = 994 ft. deep
(*La Mont.*), (another 40 m. will join this to Grotte de la
Cigalère, total 482 m. = 1,581 ft.).

Trou de Heyle (Basses Pyrénées), 270 m. = 886 ft. (?)
(*La Mont.*).

Grotte des Eaux Chaudes (Ossau, Pyrenees), 234 m. ascent =
768 ft. (*Spel.*).

Grotte de la Luire (Drome), 213 m. deep = 699 ft. (*Spel. VII.*)

Aven de Hures (Lozère), 205 m. = 672 ft.

Grotte-Gouffre du Paradis (Doubs), 204 m. = 669 ft.
(*Spel. VII.*)

Chourum Martin (Hautes Alpes), 199 m. = 653 ft. (*Spel. V.*)

Aven Armand (Hérault), 196 m. = 643 ft.

Aven Rabanel (Hérault), 195 m. = 640 ft.

GAPING GILL.—Now that the pot-holes are getting well known, and some of them even hackneyed, the era of mass excursions seems to have set in. We hear of forty people reaching the Vestry in Lost Johns', and of fifty going down Swildon's Hole. At the British Speleological Society's meet at Gaping Gill, Whitsun Week, 1937, 356 people were sent down and there was folk-dancing, etc. in the Main Chamber. On good authority we learn there were 70 at the bottom at one time. A wooden ladder gave them access to the East Passage. The volunteer crew of the Craven Pot-holers at the winch worked down 253 in the week-end. The charges were, 7s. 6d. members, 10s. 0d. non-members booked, 15s. not booked. A very large profit must have been made.

The great event was the amazing feat of Mr. E. Hensler who crawled, *alone, a quarter of a mile* through the worst of unrelenting low bedding-planes (off the Booth-Parsons Crawl) into a new series of passages, and returned after five hours. Only those who have followed him in can realise the determination and hardihood implied. We take off our hats to Hensler.

It is claimed in *Caves and Caving*, No. I, that our old friend the *East Slope Chamber* was not entered between 1908 and 1937. This is a curious error, see *Y.R.C.J.*, Vol. V, pp. 226-7. Four parties at least and a good dozen Ramblers had been down, the last, Davis Burrow and Jack Buckley in 1927

(B.A. visit). I should have thought that the discovery and descent of the Boulder Chamber Pot in the same year was worth mentioning as the only notable addition between 1909 and 1935.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S MYSTERY CAVE.—One of the excellent Australian illustrated papers is *Walkabout*, a geographic magazine. A short article, October 1936, gives some information on the above, the author having apparently been inside.

Four miles down from the town of Swan Reach, Murray River, S.A., is a natural arch, 25 feet high, with a large chamber inside and a smaller tunnel beyond. Round two bends are found several tree trunks, "how they got there must ever remain a mystery, as the bends are right angles and it would be impossible to negotiate them with a trunk one-third the length of these 30 ft. giants." "The most peculiar feature is a track moulded clearly in the rock—the track of a cloven hoof—known as the Devil's Hoof Mark." Kind of rock not stated.

No cloven-footed animal is known to have existed in Australia. Men are said to have been in 12 miles. Applying the usual factor of safety one may suppose the cavern 2½ miles long.

THE HOWGILL FELS.—Crawford's article in No. 22 lays emphasis on the steepness and distinctiveness of the group. On thinking over this summer's visit I am convinced that the Howgill Fells belong to the Lakeland Hills and not to the Pennines, geographically as well as geologically. To take the Shap Fell road as part of the boundary of the great mass is natural, but Whinell and Grayrigg Forest to the east of it are characteristic Lakeland fells and form an "isthmus" connecting with the Howgills, but for the grand and abrupt gap cut by the Lune.

It is the Rawthey, not the Lune, which ends the S.E. arm of Lakeland, cutting off the Howgill Fells from the very different Pennines. From Fell Head and the Calf on a glorious day the whole of the Pennines from Crossfell to Wildber and Penygent stood out quite distinctly from the

Howgills which appeared quite definitely linked up with the Lakes. Geologically the Howgills are Ordovician with Silurian above, and bear a remarkably close resemblance to the Grassmoor Fells.

I would add that the best way to reach Black Foss is to use Crawford's early train and rickety bridge at Low Gill, then after passing Fair Mile Farm continue N. with a touch of E. over Far White Stones, to the left bank of Carlin Beck. Keep high above the stream until you meet a large tributary, then descend into Carlin Beck near the junction, whence it is an amusing scramble up the main beck to Black Foss, and so by various routes over the tops to Sedbergh.—J. D. ELLIS.

DALNESS FOREST AND ARDGOIL.—The National Trust for Scotland acquired of late the Clachaig end of Glencoe running up to the top of Bidean. To this has now been added the far larger area of the Dalness Forest, stretching over the Buchailles and down to Loch Etive. The Scottish Mountaineering Club having secured an option, and raised itself £5,000 with a promise of £3,000 from the Pilgrim Trust, the President appealed last April to the kindred clubs for support. £1,800 was promised in a week or so, and the purchase made. The Y.R.C. contributed £25, besides individual subscriptions.

The Council of the National Trust will not let the forest, but will give free access all the year round. Except oddly enough in some urban districts no common rights exist in Scotland. It is a great thought that the iron ring of private proprietorship in the Highlands is broken and that there are some hills on which one can wander as of right. I had written "for the first time," but in *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XII, p. 323, is recorded that the first National Park already exists—in the Highlands! It is the Ardgail Estate, from 1905 the property of the Glasgow Corporation, stretching over the whole peninsula from the skyline S. of Glen Croe, and by a strip from the top of Ben Ime over Rest and Be Thankful. It is extraordinary that I have never heard or read any other mention of it, even when staying at Arrochar or in discussions on National Parks. Botterill tells me that Loch Goil is the most wooded and most beautiful of the Clyde Lochs.

FRIENDS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.—Useful work has been done in 1937. Buttermere Hause is irretrievably damaged, but a proposal of villa development on Ullswater was met by valuation of the land and a public spirited purchase of most of it by Mr. Francis Scott.

The Lake District Farm Estates Co. has been formed to buy farms. The Americans have created National Parks by private effort and purchase, see review of *Appalachia*, and it is only on these lines that anything will ever be done. It is unduly sanguine to expect a Treasury grant, other than in the final stages.

A move is being made to induce the Forestry Commission to plant in the dreary country to the west, instead of further large scale planting which interferes with access to the high fells.

The Westmorland Supply Co. is an up-to-date body which has laid underground five miles of the Ullswater line to the mines, but it is an atrocity that the Central Electricity Board should state officially that *they* can only consider mere convenience.

The Mid Cumberland Electricity Co. also is still in the dark ages of industrialism, and the local R.D.C. is incompetent to grapple with it. For the Borrowdale line the consulting engineers, County Council and Society, could not accept their figures. The underground line along the roads would have cost little more than the estimate for defacing the fellsides.

FLIGHT OVER EVEREST.—*The Pilots' Book of Everest*, published 1936, is very much more interesting than the first book. The two pilots, Clydesdale and M'Intyre, give intelligible accounts of the courses of the planes near the peak. On the first flight the down draught forced them to pass between Makalu and Everest, M'Intyre having a very narrow escape from touching. On the second flight McIntyre just went over the peak in a frightful side drift, but Clydesdale could not quite reach Everest, having to turn away off the south face.

My previous impression was that of photos of Everest there were practically none resulting, but this book shows

that some have been discovered. There is one opposite p. 154 which shows apparently the top 700 feet of the N. face, and which suggests there is a longish ridge behind the summit.

The book is well worth reading, giving one a much clearer idea of the ill luck of the expedition as regards weather (if it is ever better), and of the real dangers. Clydesdale criticizes severely the film as released; having seen it I can appreciate the view that the best things had been cut out.

LEGENDS.—We weary of reading fancies and legends about King Arthur. Historically his existence depends on a 24 line passage in Nennius' *History of the Britons*. "Then it was that the magnanimous Arthur, with all the kings and military force of Britain, fought against the Saxons. And although there were many more noble than himself, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and was as often conqueror." The rest of the passage gives the names of the twelve battles, of which only Dubglas in the region Linuis, Cat Coit Celidon, and Cair Lion can lead to anything but wild guesses.

Arthur is expanded into a world conqueror in the fabulous history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, but the legend of Stonehenge contained in that work seems unknown to any but historians. It is, Aurelius, an earlier king, desiring to set up a war memorial at Ambrius near Salisbury, was advised by Merlin to use the Devil's Dance, a monument of stones in Ireland. Uther was sent over with an army, fought the Irish, dug up the stones and they were duly erected at Ambrius, which can only be Stonehenge.

COMPASS VARIATION.—See *Y.R.C.J.*, Vol. VI, p. 346. Besides the Admiralty Chart 3,775 for the Atlantic Hemisphere, complete information is now available for this country through the publication of the results of the last magnetic survey. The lines are placed on a physical map to the scale of one millionth (16 miles to one inch), and the date is the middle of 1933.

In 1938 the variation on Ingleborough will be very close to $12\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and in 1940, $12^{\circ} 10'$, as Gowing calculated. *Remember these are minus*. Decrease in the North of almost eleven minutes annually. South Welsh caves exactly the same.

ON THE HILLS

Himalayas.—F. S. Smythe was in the strong team which attempted Everest in 1936. Owing to the destruction of most of the expedition's homeward mail by an Indian postmaster, now in prison, we got none of those letters with pungent phrases, red-hot from the scene of action. Ruttledge was our guest at the 1936 Dinner, and Tilman at the 1937 Dinner. The 1938 Everest party is to be, Tilman, Smythe, Shipton, Odell, Oliver, Lloyd, and Warren.

We have been asked for no ladders, so perhaps the west side of the North Col is to be tried first. May the weather be kind!

In 1937 Smythe spent four and a half months in Gahrwal, and from a base in the Bhyundar valley had seven successful climbs and two failures, besides much botanical work. Four were magnificent climbs; the best was Nilgiri Parbat (21264) with two Bhotia porters from a low camp at under 15,000 feet, the longest and hardest day he has had in the Himalaya. After 22nd July he and Oliver tried Rataban, and then explored the Banke plateau with only five porters, so carrying big loads. Besides two smaller peaks they were successful in the end in climbing Mana Peak (23860) over a peak of 21500, a very hard climb indeed. Smythe did the last 800 ft. alone, over "Chamonix granite." They had only one completely fine day in the next five weeks of monsoon weather, tried Nilkanta in vain, and up the Rishi managed to get to within 1,000 feet of Dunagiri summit after a four days' blizzard. Six feet of snow drove them away.

Smythe returned to the Bhyundar in September to complete his botanical work, and brought home thousands of plants and bulbs. He has been much complimented on his contributions to plant geography.

The Alps.—The summer of 1936 must have been the most continuously cloudy season ever known up to the middle of August, when it improved.

Bentley Beetham was in the High Tatra with the Somervells and Meldrum, see *A.J.*, XLVIII, and also in the Alps at New Year and Easter.

Allsum on long leave from Assam, from Flims did Piz Sax,

Sardona and Segnes, Vorab and Flimsenstein with E. E. Roberts. Then they had a delightful round of six days, Ponteglias Hut, Piz Urlaun, Brigels, Kisten Pass, Ruchi-Hausstock to Panixer Pass and Elm, and back over Segnes Pass, mixed weather with two brilliant days for the peaks. In a fine week from Göschenen Alp, Lochberg, Sustenhorn, Hinter Feldschyn, but on the latter a prolonged storm on the top rocks prevented the solution of the tricky final pitch. Back again in Assam, Allsup has recently had some wonderful views of the inaccessible Eastern Himalaya.

G. A. Potter-Kirby was lucky beyond belief, one wet day in three weeks. At the Zermatt Dinner of the British Members of the S.A.C., he found himself about the senior member present, dating from the year of the Association's foundation. Zermatt was having a bad time, very few English, a few Italians and Dutch. Exchange then 15-16 francs to the £.

J. N. Davidson was ski-ing early in the year and did the Mönch in the summer.

W. M. Roberts was in Austria at St. Anton.

B. Nelstrop had a fortnight's ski-ing in February, including the Titlis and the Joch Pass. Best of all he came through quite unhurt.

At Christmas, Beetham was at Lenzerheide and Davos, Bartlett in the Zillertal, Lawton at Wengen, Thornton at Andermatt. The latter reached Zurich by air in 4¼ hours from London.

F. H. Slingsby made a tour in Norway, but had not the good fortune to climb other peaks after ascending the Romsdalphorn.

The Alps, 1937.—This summer the weather was the reverse of 1936, excellent up to 13th August, exceptionally and continuously cloudy afterwards.

The President, J. M. Davidson, had bad weather in Tyrol, but climbed four peaks.

Bentley Beetham climbed in the Julian Alps in Jugo-Slavia, then went into Austria, and to the Zugspitze area.

E. H. Sale, W. E. Evans, and D. L. Reed were in Austria, and amid much June snow climbed Schaufelspitze, N. Wildgratspitze, Stubai Wildspitze, Liserer Ferner Kogel.

J. L. Thomson climbed Wetterhorn and Strahleggghorn.

J. Rigg was in Eastern Switzerland, and in the Silvrettas

climbed Piz Buin, Fluchthorn, Augstenberg, and Silvrettahorn.

F. H. Slingsby had the great misfortune to break his leg coming down from the Wetterhorn. At the bottom of the great snow slope from the Dossen Sattel to the Hut, the guide leading, the party slipped and struck the rocks. Two were so injured that they had to be carried down the long descent to Innertkirchen by the Oberhasli Section Rescue Organization. Slingsby's injuries were such that he was not able to go to his office until 10th November. We all hope that the continuing treatment will enable him to walk and carry as sturdily as formerly.

W. M. Roberts did the Resti Pass and others between Adelboden and Kippel.

P. N. Bartlett was in the Dolomites—the Tschierspitze, Grosse Zinne, Langkofel, Tofana, Cinque Torri, Rosengarten-spitze, Rosengarten Nordturm, and a peak in the Zillertal.

F. S. Booth, H. S. Booth, H. L. Stenbridge, F. B. Cooper and E. E. Roberts, starting from the Grimsel Road, climbed the Diechterhorn, Rhonestock, Dammastock and by the Zwischen Tierberg reached Stein. After one party had done Fünffingerstocke II and III, the other Ober Heuberg, they trudged down the long Meiental and picked up D. Shaw at Amsteg.

The six then climbed Gross Windgälle (which except for thirty feet, is *not* a rock-climb), five the Dössistock, and four Gross Scheerhorn. The Hufi glacier has so much retreated and is so crevassed at the edges that it was impossible to cross it to make the traverse from the Hüfi Hut.

Shaw, Roberts, and G. C. Williams (S.M.C.) then experienced 10 dreadful days, with one fine exception when they made a minor expedition. In the end the last two bagged the Sonnigwichel, a peak of grand rock, in spite of mist, snow, and a route not as per book.

B. Nelstrop, with Messrs. Byrom and Chapman, reached Chamonix, 5th September. After doing the Aiguille de l'M, they climbed the Grepon, 4 a.m. to 6 p.m., and inevitably bivouacked. Thereafter the weather was so bad the party went touring Switzerland.

S. Marsden and A. W. Wilson visited the Göschenen Alp in September, and climbed the Sustenhorn without guides. The

delightful S.A.C. Hotel, Maderanertal, they found almost on the snow-line.

In the spring of 1937 H. Yates was more enterprising than other ski-ers, and spent his annual holiday in a hamlet high up above Bourg d'Oisans (Dauphiné).

Other Holidays, 1936.—Allsup, home April to November, on leave from India, took some of the cities of S. France on the way. He spent much time in the Lake District, and visited the Highlands with the Editor—Ben Venue—all the peaks of Cruachan but one—Beinn Fhada to Bidean round on a perfect day—1,000 feet of cutting up Ben Nevis No. 3 Gully, etc.

Calvert in July drove round the Sutherland coast to Gareloch beginning at Betty Hill on the last day of seven weeks' fine weather. It is odd no one can ever hit these long periods of fine Highland weather except on the last day or the day after. Ben Loyal was reached at the second attempt. He saw two accidents, saw two cars ditched, and twice went for aid. The Sutherland coast is no place for the ordinary driver in a chin-deep car.

Devenish tramped along the Roman Wall. Quite a large party spent a slothful time in the Scillies.

1937.—J. J. Brigg and the late W. A. Brigg made quite a considerable tour on ski in Yorkshire in the late winter.

M. Botterill was yachting as usual along the Western Highlands, and R. Rimmer was with him round Mull for 12 days in June, only two fine.

Woodman too has taken his yacht up and down the same coast.

Although the Highland weather was stated to have been fine in May, it was vile later. A. B. Goggs is unable to add a sequel to his boating article, the Editor had a half-day with sun out of 14, and others report similarly. However the general fine weather for a week or two in August struck Skye, and S. Thompson reports that being unable to sleep and driven by the midges to spend half the night walking by the sea, his party fled to Ben Nevis.

Nelstrop has done a number of the stiffer climbs, Bellevue Bastion, Clogwyn du'r Arddu, Scawfell Pinnacle Face, Pillar Northwest.



Photo by B. Nelstrop

Platten has been constantly at work in the Mendips, camping, caving, and digging. After the second attack on Dan-yr-Ogof, he spent most of October at Glyn Tawe.

Brecon Beacons.—Some years ago I drove from Cardiff to Brecon. The road, after it has shed the accumulated ugliness of the mining valleys—and these were lovely once—climbs over Fforest Fawr and rises well above the 1,000 ft. mark before it descends in a ten mile slant to the fertile plain of Brecon. On that occasion, I promised myself a walk over the Beacons, a promise redeemed at Whitsun, 1937.

Few people realise that in South Wales there is a big stretch of country comparable with, and indeed very similar to, the Yorkshire moors, and hills higher than anything in the Pennines, excepting only Cross Fell. Were these hills as near to Leeds as they are to Cardiff, I should not have had only the larks for company in the glorious sunshine of Whitsunday morning.

A few miles north of Merthyr Tydfil the road passes the three reservoirs which supply Cardiff with its water, and these are unusually free of that peculiar waterworks architecture which forbids a moment's illusion that such lakes are natural. Higher up, near the summit, one might be crossing the Pennine, yet with hills rising 1,500 ft. above the road. It was these hills, the Brecon Beacons, that attracted me, and leaving the car, I mounted the crest of a ridge which runs north, then east over the summits of the two Beacons, and then bends southwards again, suggesting a circuit long enough to be made into a day's walk if plenty of time were spent lounging in the sun, and in wondering why these hills were so deserted while being so pleasant and accessible.

To the south the Beacons throw out buttresses, separating deeply cut valleys reminiscent of the Sedbergh fells, but the slopes are not steep. Yet the ridge itself is fairly sharp, for there is an escarpment on the north side, below which gentle slopes lead down towards Brecon. Near the tops there are some exposures of rock on this side.

The two major summits stand about half a mile apart, separated by a col some 300 ft. lower. On the higher peak I found the meanest cairn I have ever seen on a considerable summit, built of a few stones and pieces of turf, which added

perhaps eighteen inches to the stature of the mountain. It flew a flag, a tattered and faded griffin, indicating, perhaps, that there had been a coronation. The lower summit, lacking nothing of the dignity, and only 30 ft. of the height of its neighbour, boasted no cairn at all. The Cribin, further on, is a fine peak, and the top of the short grass ridge towards Brecon is so steep, that people who get up with unnailed boots either go round or go down sitting.

These are fine peaks lacking honour in their own country. Seen from the south, the outline of the Beacons bears a striking resemblance to the couchant lion of Penygent seen from Ribbleshead. Surely this is recommendation enough for any Rambler stranded for a week-end in South Wales? Seen from the north, there is a striking line of sharp peaks, most striking of all when seen from Llanfrynach, E. of Brecon.

When the sun shines the steep northern escarpment is a marvellous sight, banded with scores of lines of rock to which clings a vivid green vegetation and cut by great earthy gullies of a vivid red. There are no ledges, so if you want to climb the really steep parts, make no bones about it, take an ice-axe.—W.E.E.

GEOLOGY.—The attention of those interested in the geology of the country in which they climb or cave is directed to an admirable series of booklets, published by the Geological Survey at a price of 1/6 each. They have 70 to 80 pages and are well illustrated by drawings, photographs, and maps. That entitled "The Pennines and Adjacent Areas" deals with the pot-holing districts of Derbyshire and Craven, while "Northern England" describes the Lake District. The general name of the series is *British Regional Geology* and it may be obtained from H.M. Stationery Office.—G.S.G.

CAVE EXPLORATION

I.—NEW DISCOVERIES

Northern Ireland, Fermanagh, Marble Arch Cavern (alt. 430 ft., rising of the Cladagh, west of Florence Court, 12 miles from Enniskillen).—11th and 12th April, 1936, Gowing, F. S. Booth, Nelstrop, C. E. Burrow, and E. E. Roberts found at the S. end of the New Chamber of 1935 a huge river cavern, 30 feet wide, named the *Skreen Hill Passage*, which ran first N.E. and then S.E. to a point surveyed as 400 yards E. of the New Chamber. Here a huge pool was waded, immediately followed by another in which Nelstrop swam 25 yards without reaching anything.

Enters, pointing E. to Monastir Swallet, was followed to a point 75 yards off whence the surface could almost be reached.

Cradle Hole Upper Cavern water was followed a few yards into the choke downstream, and a very fine high belfry found.

In *Pollasumera*, which was quite dry, no continuing passage and only two new short dead-ends were found. In *Cat's Hole* the rift at the end was descended and a crawl made back to the main cavern (Easter, 1936).

Irish Free State, Clare, Slieve Elva, Poll na pooka (alt. 870 ft., N.W. end of Slieve Elva, above Ballyelly Farm, one of two big shake-holes below the uppermost scarp).—April, 1936, Gowing, Roberts, Bartlett and Messrs. Balcombe, Sheppard, Watson, and Boscoby. The third pot-hole to be found on this hill, 84 ft. ladder from the end of a slope, no passages.

Clare, Slieve Elva, Poulmagollum (alt. 750 ft., E. side of the hill, 300 yards N. of the road junction $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles S. of Fermoy, 1,540 yards N. by W. of Poulnaelva).—Baker's furthest passed by a bedding-plane on the left, stream passage regained and followed beyond a sink into a dry area.—13th April, 1936, Bartlett and Messrs. Balcombe, Sheppard and others. 16th April, Gowing and E. E. Roberts.—The latter party chained the incredibly winding passage up to 1,558 yards, completely missing the so-called Poulnaelva Branch and stopping at another, a small one. The high waterfall on the left was passed at 350 yards. At Baker's farthest, a considerable distance beyond the 1,558 point, the bedding-plane exposed by low water was used to regain the main passage, but it

was proved possible to return through the narrow throat upstream. After the water disappears on the right, the passage repeatedly forks. The furthest extension was reached by passing over some beautiful *gours*, the last of them brown. Temperature of the water, 41°F. (5° C.).

Bartlett's party also followed a passage at the foot of the waterfall finishing the so-called Poulnaelva branch, as far as some very bad mud.

Clare, Slieve Elva, Poll Dubh Lower (alt. 780 ft., W. side of the hill, obvious swallets of stream, 700 yards N. of Blake's Bridge).—April, 1936, Mr. Pick's party, and later Gowing and Roberts. A winding passage with two entrances, about 750 yards. After a deep pool the cave closes with two very painful crawls, one dry, one wet.

Mr. S. J. Pick had parties at Lisdoonvarna at the Easters of 1936 and 1937. 1936—Messrs. S. J. Pick, Balcombe Bartlett (Y.R.C.), Sheppard, Watson, Brown, Boscoby. 1937—Messrs. S. J. and D. Pick, Balcombe, Bartlett, Sheppard, Harris, Hazleton and Radcliffe.

Clare, Coolagh River Swallet or Polldonough (alt. 580 ft., close to a road, exactly 2 miles slightly N. of N.N.W. from Lisdoonvarna).—April 1936, finished by five of Mr. Pick's party with the aid of a fixed rope, after Balcombe had been lowered to and had swam across the pool at 800 yards. A fine stream passage which closed down after over $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Slieve Elva, Faunarooska Cave (alt. over 800 ft., difficult to find, must be a mile N.E. of Poll Dubh, Balcombe gives its position as, lat. 53° 4' 4", long. 9° 16' 50").—16th April, 1936. Balcombe, Bartlett, and Sheppard made this important discovery, length nearly a mile, and exceptional in containing internal pot-holes, estimated then at sixty and thirty feet. A very fine cave.

28th and 30th March, 1937.—Mr. Pick's party descended the pot-holes; that into which the stream falls, $\frac{2}{3}$ of the way in, proved to be 100 ft. deep, that at the end of the dry continuation proved to be 85 feet. Nothing beyond.

Slieve Elva, Poll Dubh Upper (alt. about 850 ft., 700 yards N.N.E. of Poll Dubh).—March, 1937. Mr. Pick's party. Entered by a swallet and a pot. Runs close under the surface and connects with the upper part of the Poll Dubh.

Further towards Faunarooska Cave this party also found the small *Firework Pot*, now covered, and *Poll Balliny* which goes in a painfully narrow course which felt like quarter of a mile.

Slieve Elva, Poll Binn or Upper Poulmagollum (alt. 820 ft., two swallets, No. I a little S. of Cosgrave's cottage, No. II 200 yards N.W. of cottage).—No. I, April 1936, Mr. S. J. Pick and another. A very fine journey down little pitches to Poulmagollum Pot. A ladder is necessary to get down into it. No. II, Mr. Pick's 1937 party. The whole trip past No. I is about 1,000 yards of passage.

Clare, Fisherstreet Pot (close to the sea, just S. of the road).—April 1936. Gowing and Roberts. 30 feet deep. Stream channels at the bottom, but a dead cow also.

Clare, Ballycasheen Cave (half way between Kilfenora and Corofin).—Mr. Pick's 1936 party. On the tributary to the R. Fergus marked on the map, E. of Pollnaboe. A short passage with three chambers is reached down a rift 20 feet high.

NOTE.—All the above caverns are in Carboniferous Limestone.

Sutherland, Inchnadamph, Cave of Water, or Uamh an Uisge (alt. 800 feet, 2 miles E.S.E. of the hotel).—The path up the glen leads close to the impenetrable *Traligill Swallet*. Three caves are half a mile off where the ridge between the active and dry beds of *Traligill* steepens. The arch seen at a distance is the trifling *Cave of Roaring*, but the roar is from the *Cave of Water*, which a burn enters by a waterfall from a 40 foot pot-hole above, to rage down a wide thrust plane, 30°-45°. E. E. Roberts, July 1937, went down the side of the slab 110 feet with a hand line, and found the cave narrowed into a steep tunnel. Excellent standing ground for a party when the burn is not in spate. He climbed past the fall and followed the watercourse off the pot above round two or three corners to a ten-foot fall, which in fine weather might perhaps permit a wet climb.

Uamh Cailliche Pearag in the top bit of limestone in the dry S. branch of *Traligill* is a short tunnel and climb. *Fhuaran Allt nan Uamh* on the burn $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles S. of Inchnadamph is an unobtrusive rising, not affected by spate. No "swallow-holes

and chasms " could be found on the plateaus S. or N. of the hotel.

In Cambrian Limestone. Except Cave of Smoo' the only caves reported in Scotland, barring sea caves.

Ingleborough, Gaping Gill Hole, Hensler's Passage.—16th May, 1937, Mr. E. Hensler of London entered a bedding-plane off Booth-Parsons Crawl, South Passage end, which has been noted and tried by various people but not reported. Along this bedding plane, extremely flat, unrelenting and without cross joints, he crawled *for quarter of a mile, alone*, an amazing feat, and entered a waterworn passage, leading to a very fine big passage with branches. The new series was surveyed in two days' work by Messrs. Grainger, Binns, Longbottom, Davies, and Bottomley, another great feat.

In September Messrs. Douglas and Wheel with the Editor got in a long way and found it much more trying than they expected. On the 26th Douglas, Dawson, Johnson and Howard (Northern C. and F.C.) went through and found a new large shattered chamber. "The best party is four, neither more nor less."—"I never took any pot-hole punishment so fierce as the journey out."—"The sooner someone breaks through from the surface, as at Flood Entrance, the better."

Ingleborough, Simon Fell, Nick Pot (alt. 1,300 ft., the swallet of Shooting Box Beck.)—Easter, 1936. Northern Cavern and Fell Club descended a new pitch, 280 feet deep. Total depth about 400 feet.

24th August, 1935, Douglas and Proctor found the final choke partly released by the last winter's floods and got through into two chambers and to a great pitch. Next day Dawson went to a ledge at 80, and the end of the ladders at 200 feet. Two other ways in were found. On 28th September, over 200 yards of trench had been dug and a wooden sluice gate at the great pitch provided, when fearful cloudbursts put an end to the work.

In spite of the cold at Easter, Proctor, Douglas, Dawson, and Parker, descended the pitch of 280 feet, plus 15 more among rocks. A great disappointment to find no passage, but a brilliant finish to two great years, 1934-5, for the Northern Club.

Simon Fell, Allotments, Marble Pot (alt. 1,350 ft., close to the long boundary wall).—Whitsun, 1936. The waterfall in the recess in the open pot being dried up, Thornton and Roberts had a nice climb to a big belfry, up into a smaller, and by a roof traverse into a third with a huge stalagmite pillar.

Chapel-le-Dale, Douk Cave.—Correction. 1906. *Davis Burrow and Mr. R. F. Cook were the first to make the through journey to the middle Sheepfold Cave* (which begins as a rift and not as a bedding-plane); Douglas and Thornber were the second, by the reverse way (*VI, p. 351*). Gowing and Roberts repeated it downwards in flood water last July, and there being hopeless confusion as to which branch was used, the Editor tried the Ingleborough branch later with Spenceley and stuck hopelessly. Going out again they came down and returned by the Ribblesdale branch, left side; the Beetham tunnels must be very close but to the right in this miserable stretch.

Spenceley (*actat.* 16) entered the north cave at the Sheepfold and got through to a dead stop in a grotto, 8 feet wide and high. His shouts were heard easily in the middle cave.

Ribblesdale, Sell Gill Hole (alt. 1,160 ft.).—August, 1937. The really dreadful bedding-plane at the end of the stream passage was forced by the Leeds Cave Club into a good-sized chamber. Two later visits worked through into a second and a third. The lesson seems to be that all bedding-planes lead somewhere.

Ribblesdale, Jackdaw Hole (alt. 1,250 ft.).—May, 1936. Mr. Graham Watson cleared away boulders at the bottom of the scree and found a passage going over blocks filling a rift. With Mr. W. H. Watson (Y.R.C.) he explored it 60 yards to where a short hand line is needed. With others he found the total length to be 100 yards. Some good stalactites and much soft deposit. In 1937 the Leeds Cave Club excavated between the blocks down to water.

Ribblesdale, High Birkwith Cave (alt. 1,125 ft., rising of the beck above the farm).—About 1932 the final pool, 80 to 100 yds. long, was explored by Messrs. Hainsworth, Bradley and another on a petrol tin raft.

In June, 1937, Gowing and the Editor with Rowe, Emmott, Lever, and Fecitt (N.C.F.C.) and later Bloom and Wheel of Giggleswick School used *Cymry* with success. The boat

had to be forced into a fissure at the far end. I hear that later the Moor and Fell Club used a raft there; a non-swimmer upset and was towed back clinging to it.

Wherside, Scales Moor New Pot (alt. about 1,250 ft., near the scarp and Ullet Gill, lost at present).—August, 1936. Johnson, Douglas, and Emmott (N.C.F.C.) had a perfect ladder-climb down 30 ft. into a rift, and on the rope 25 ft. deeper. A small stream enters below ground.

Wherside, Spectacle Pot (alt. 1,240 ft., close to the cross wall N. of Braida Garth Pots).—March, 1936. Messrs. Graham Watson and G. Wilson. Sink only seven feet deep. Fifty feet of ladder. At the foot a crawl into a chamber 40 ft. high.

North Riding, Hawenby, Windypits IV and V. (alt. 970 ft., S. edge of Gowerdale. Leave car E. of Silver Hills Farm, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from Boltby Bank, and go N. Leave must be obtained to remove the substantial coverings).—No. IV, April, 1936, H. L. and F. W. Stembridge and E. E. Roberts. 85 feet of ladder with a landing on the roof of the lower storey at 60 feet. Zigzag rift with three right angle corners, body width. Total depth 95 ft.

No. V, March, 1936. Gowing, Stevens, S. and H. Thompson, and Roberts. Ninety feet deep with two landings. Rift ran only twenty feet, then down and up a little. Two small branches. Total 100 ft.

The Lower Corallian has slipped towards the dale over the Oxford Clay. I is the best, the Duncombe Park Pit. II is at Antofts, the keeper's house, and is not likely to be explored, being used for the offal of slaughtered deer. III is on Ashberry. (*Y.R.C.J.*, VI, p. 355).

Somerset, Priddy, Swildon's Hole beyond the Sump.—18th October, 1936. Messrs. Balcombe and Sheppard (Northern C. and F.C.). On the 4th Sheppard in his special diving suit got through. On the 18th both swam the Sump, forced two more points, and followed the stream in a Clare type cave to a dip under the water. A summary of this and later work with Messrs. Harris and Braithwaite is—Sump I—Duck I—Crawl I—level and twisting passage with "the Aven"—The Bend—Crawl II—Duck II (2 inches of air)—40 feet—Sump II (over ten feet long)—25 feet—Little Bell—

Sump III (fifteen feet), about 350 yards. Balcombe went through the last into the Great Bell and found Sump IV. The effects on him of the repeated immersions were temporarily serious.

Somerset, Banwell, New Cave.—Summer of 1937. Miners have broken into an opening, which by a pitch of 22 feet led Messrs. Weaver, Lumbard and Bowen into four chambers, 10-20 ft. high, with total length of about 80 yards.

Devon, Ashburton, Pridhamsleigh Cave.—Devonian Limestone. As long ago as 1870 this cavern, containing three chambers, the largest 60 × 26 ft., was explored and planned up to a "lake" 93 yards from the third chamber. Oct. 1936. Capt. Bannister and his son, Messrs. Paynter, Harris, Braithwaite, Duck and Backhouse, using a folding canoe and Paynter also swimming, proved the pool to close at 10 yards. The bedding planes on the N. of the third chamber were followed to the "Deep Well," and by a sensational roof traverse over it a new series of passages was reached.

II. WALES.

Breconshire, Glyn Tawe, Dan-yr-Ogof (alt. 700 ft., conspicuous rising $\frac{1}{2}$ mile S. of Glyn Tawe, 18 miles from Brecon).—June, 1912. Messrs. T. A. Morgan, J. L. Morgan, Edwin Morgan, and Morgan Williams (keeper), left a record in a bottle of their exploration of this very fine cave to a waterfall. The stream can only be followed up 80 yards from the grand entrance. The dry cave presently divides, the upper branch passing through the Cauldron, a splendid chamber, and reunites in the Bridge Chamber, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in.

Mr. T. A. Morgan in a coracle went 40 yards over a wide pool beyond and 20 yds. up a tunnel, landing at the foot of a cataract, where the others joined him.

May, 1937.—Floods beat off a Y.R.C. party, Nelstrop and Gowing getting into the tunnel. In August Mr. T. A. Morgan, Miss Coote, and Mr. Ashford Price crossed the pool, waded 50 yards beyond the cataract, passed a second cataract, and found another huge pool.

The same party climbed 30 ft. of wooden ladder in the Cauldron to a passage of 29 yds. leading into the *Red Chamber*. With more special ladders Platten, Cooke and Lawrence in

October went up into a 30 yard passage and two avens.

18th Sept., flood water. 19th Sept., using two boats, an extensive cave beyond the second ferry was entered by Miss Coote, Messrs. Harris, Wigmore, Weaver, Brown, Barker, Backhouse, Lumbard, Lawrence, and Foskitt.

20th Sept., Messrs. T. A. Morgan, A. Price, D. Price, Wigmore and Miss Coote with Platten and E. E. Roberts, using three boats, repeated the journey to the Boulder Chamber, adding a straight passage of 100 yds. above the 12 ft. climb. Beyond they went through a two-storied chamber to a low stalactite chamber and to a belfry. A narrow crawl led on some distance. October expeditions, all led by Platten, went further to within sound of water, and made other additions.

Glyn Tawe, Cwm Dwr Quarry Cave (alt. 1,100 ft., at Craig-y-Nos station, 20 ft. above quarry floor).—1st June, 1937. Platten, Roberts and two local men, W. J. Doyle and Oswald Brown. First descent. Ladder used down 20 feet of rotten rock, steep slope of scree, three connected chambers and a short but interesting stream passage. Likely to be filled soon with quarry refuse. The little *Penwylt Quarry Cave* down the road from the station is now entirely despoiled.

Glyn Tawe, Fan Fraith Pot (Pant Mawr Pot of Braithwaite's party) (alt. 1,400 ft., 80 yards S.W. of swallet of nameless beck from Fan Fraith, one mile E. of Pwll Byfre, one mile N. of Pant Mawr).—Easter, 1937, Mr. Braithwaite's party with Lewis Lewis, and 30th May, 1937, Platten and E. E. Roberts with Tom Lewis (Blaen-Nedd-isaf). A fine pot, 72 ft. from the fence, 60 ft. ladder climb. Magnificent down stream passage of one hundred yards, 25 ft. wide, which suddenly closes among boulders. A narrow passage upstream to a chamber with waterfall and a climb up a fissure.

Ystradfellte, Gwaen Cefn-y Carreg Pot (alt. 1,200 ft., $\frac{3}{4}$ mile S. of Mellte Castle, E. of road).—May, 1937. Gowing, Platten, Roberts. Three pots under a flat roof of basal conglomerate of the Millstone Grit, outer climbed, innermost laddered 30 ft., giving entrance to the middle pot.

Ystradfellte, Porth yr Ogof (alt. 760 ft., a great arch, 50 ft. wide and 20 ft. high, much visited, admission 3d.). The Mellte is swallowed here in flood times, is seen in two sinks

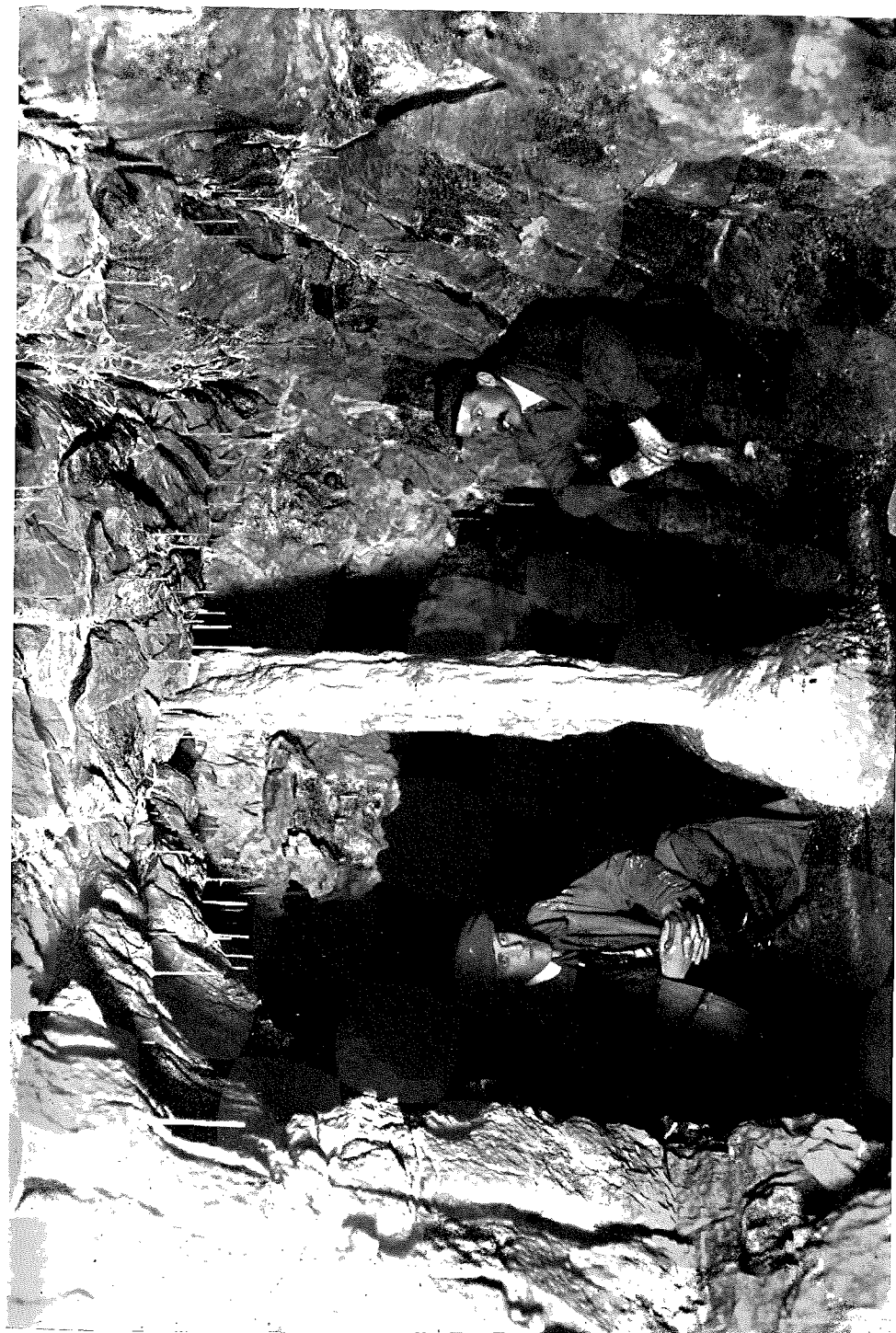


Photo by T. A. Morgan

IN DAN-YR-OGOF

150 yards S., and emerges 70 yards further in a deep pool through a narrow crack. Almost completely explored by Mr. Duncan's party in 1935 or 1936, but Mr. Braithwaite's party, Sept. 1936, put a boat on the big pool, and one of them swam in and out again through the final crack (see *Caves and Caving*, No. 3).

Inside on the left bank is a dry cave and two routes to the river. On the right bank is the wide tourist route with two ways to the shallows beyond the big pool; where daylight is seen it is not a very wet job to go out. If you keep hard right off the tourist route a most intricate area is entered with some fine things.

Cwm-y-Porth Wood Caves are 200 yards S. of the farm, just below the top of the bank. One of them contains two amusing crawls and so does the *Silver Bog Sink*, a swallet on the moor, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile east. Sept., 1936, Eion Matthews and E. E. Roberts.

Upper Nedd.—A great joint, *Pwll y Rhyd*, cuts deep into the river bed. A very wet crawl leads out of it into a cave ascending to the R. bank. On the L. bank at the bridge above is the 50 yard *Bridge Cave*. A few minutes' scrambling below *Pwll y Rhyd* is the fine *Upper White Lady Cave*, three big pools in a dead straight line, with the little *White Lady Cave* just below, and *Arcade Cave* a little lower on the L. bank, 460 yards long. The last was done by Gowing, Platten and Roberts, also by Braithwaite's party, but probably first by Birmingham climbers. The local people had done the others. There is also a small covered pot-hole, high up on the bank, S. of and level with *Cwm Farm*.

Llandeilo, Llygad Llŵchwr (Eye of Llŵchwr), alt. 750 ft., 1 mile S.E. of Trapp. A powerful rising. Explored by local people, dates from 1835 to 1933 at all points reached by Platten, Gowing, and Roberts, May, 1937. Entrance above the water exit. The route, narrow at first, becomes big and irregular, then passages lead to the river at 4 points, two looking on to the same pool. Even with the aid of the rubber boat, no connections could be made.

III. OTHER EXPEDITIONS.

Leck Fell, Easegill Force, Cow Dub Holes.—Probably all done before 1929 and 1937. Count of these little caves runs E. on S. bank from the Force. First two, trifling. No. 3 amusing, easy climb to small grotto, then to an alcove where a pin was found in 1929. No. 4, a stream cave is entered with difficulty, then 30 yards to a bridge of blocks and a fork of short dead-ends. No. 5 at a marked gap, descend into a winding watercourse, sidle to a fork, right branch goes furthest to a waterfall 70 yards in. No. 6, almost opposite No. 5, and No. 7, an artificial looking opening inside a wall, trifling. No. 8 fifty yards above No. 7, a swallet on N. bank, six feet climb into a 30 yard passage. No. 9, a fenced pot some distance along the S. bank—a side tunnel leads to a climb into it, whence another crawl leads into a tunnel of 40 yards. In a branch Johnson (N.C. and F.C.) got down a very narrow climb into two short passages.

Dentdale, River Dee.—J. D. Ellis has noticed that the bed is dry even in flood time between the Cauldron Fall and the other fine waterfall above. *Neither fall is the Dee*, which is dry for miles above, and appears below the Cauldron at the rising called "The Lopes."

The higher fall is the beck from Hackergill Cave, which is lost wholly on the R. bank in impenetrable cracks. The fall into the Cauldron, which sometimes overflows, is the Hackergill Beck.

Nordrach on Mendip, Golgotha Pot.—In the last issue, doubt was expressed as to the safety of the point reached. *The Journal of the Mendip Exploration Society* states that a collapse has occurred above this place, and the cavern has become very dangerous.

Czecho-Slovakia.—In the summer of 1937 Albert Humphreys visited the High Tatra and many show caves.

Demanova Cave, vast halls and passages of exceptional beauty; *Dobsina Ice Cave*, 390 ft. × 196 ft. and 35 ft. high; *Macocha Abyss*, 900 ft. × 400 ft. and 448 ft. deep, exit of 800 yds. by electric launch; *Catherine's Cave*, hall 314 ft. × 144 ft. and 65 ft. high, and many others near Sloup.

REVIEWS

COLLECTED POEMS OF GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG. (*Methuen, 12s. 6d.*). In these days of Purism, Surrealism and other "isms," it is refreshing to turn to the works of a poet who sees beauty in beauty instead of in ugliness.

For the man and woman who are devotees of town life and who find their joys in man-made pleasures, the poems of Geoffrey Winthrop Young will have no message. It is to the genuine lovers of nature that they will appeal. They have a sincerity which is all too rare in modern literature. They should specially appeal to members of a mountaineering club, whose main source of union is derived from their common love of Nature. It is not unlikely that this book of collected poems might win converts even among those who have always fought shy of Poetry as a whole. Anyone who has enjoyed the thrill of climbing rocks, the rush of roaring torrents, the smell of mossy banks, the beauty of mountain sunsets and other phenomena of nature, will be grateful to Mr. Winthrop Young for putting into vivid language emotions which they themselves could not express in words.

The philosophy of many of the poems suggests Wordsworth, but a more virile Wordsworth. For example, the phrase "make the man and save the child" cannot fail to remind us of the "Ode to the Intimations." As regards technique, one feels that at some period the author came under the influence of Swinburne. This is not only noticeable in the alliterative language and sonority of several of the poems, but also in the vivid use of simile and metaphor. The Swinburnian influence is specially to be observed in such poems as "Mountain Speed" and "Hymn to the Sun."

Sometimes the poet is in mystic mood, but his mysticism is not of the esoteric kind. It is a mysticism which we have all shared now and then, when brought face to face with the grandeur and loneliness of nature on mountain tops.

Lovers of poetry will not need to be urged to read this book. Others, who love nature, but are apt to decry poetry, may find in these poems something to convert them to an appreciation of the beautiful expression of beautiful things.—D.H.L.

CAMP SIX: by F. S. Smythe. (*Hodder & Stoughton, 1937, 307 pp.*). Although the official history of the glorious failure of the 1933 Everest Expedition has been told to mountain lovers in Hugh Ruttledge's splendid book, *Camp Six* by F. S. Smythe is essentially a personal narrative. Smythe virtually takes us with him on every step of his journey and permits us not merely to picture every thrilling incident but to share in all his mental processes.

The descriptions of the journey to the Base Camp are light and interesting and the Author's equestrian performances on Relling and April the Fifth constantly evoke a smile. To any animal lover, the

exploits of Polickey, the Tibetan mastiff, who attached herself to the party, make a special appeal. She accompanied parties as high as Camp 3A, "gaily leaping crevasses or floundering gallantly through patches of soft snow," and apparently slept outside the tents at an altitude of 22,000 feet without undue discomfort.

One cannot help being impressed and thrilled with the keenness, the cheerfulness and bravery of the porters and especially those who, with Longland, established Camp 6 and made the descent to Camp 5 in one of Everest's worst blizzards.

No short resumé can do justice to Smythe's graphic account of the terrible climatic conditions which hindered the establishment of the various Camps, the manner in which apparently insurmountable obstacles and difficulties were eventually overcome and the magnificent final assault made by Eric Shipton and the Author. One is permitted to share in his thoughts and criticisms, his longings for food, his feeling of lethargy, and one marvels that even in the worst of climatic conditions his power to appreciate beauty and the grandeur of nature never seems to have been dimmed.

The photographs are quite up to Smythe's usual standard, and having regard to the assiduity with which the Author plied his camera one's only regret is that more of the pictures taken are not included in the book.

One could wish that every boy in this country should read this book and thereby receive inspiration bravely to overcome difficulties which at times appear to be insurmountable.—B.A.B.

OVER TYROLESE HILLS: by F. S. Smythe. (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 292 pp., 36 illustrations, 12s. 6d.). Except the last quarter of Conway's *Alps from End to End* I cannot recall any book which describes climbing in the Austrian Alps. Smythe's is just what people want. There are many fine pictures; of such difficult subjects as high Alpine valleys, two strike me as brilliantly successful, the Windach Tal and the Samnaun Tal.

The book is a charming account of a delightful journey over many peaks, and should be read by everyone who plans to go from one D.O.A.V. inn to another. With a Canadian, Secord, Smythe travelled from the Silvrettas to the Gross Venediger, after which bad weather fell upon them. Secord is an economist with international free-trade as a remedy for European troubles. He has a tough life-work as a missionary anywhere in N. America.

Like everyone else, they found the Austrians pleasant folk, though in one place Smythe comments on another side of them. After all, charming people like Austrians and Turks seem to be peculiarly detested politically.

The remarks in passing on present climbing fashions and the degradation of Austrian peaks are many and amusing, but the climbs described show that off the routes "developed" there are many good things to be done. Of great interest is the borrowing for mountaineering of

Joly's wire ladder idea; Smythe carried a 15 foot wire ladder, weighing one pound, for use in case of a bad fall into a crevasse.

THE MOUNTAIN SCENE: by F. S. Smythe. (*A. & C. Black*, 1937, 153 pp., 78 illustrations, 12s. 6d.). This wonderful collection of mountain photographs, from Holmbury to the Highlands, from the Eastern Alps to Mont Blanc, to Gahrwal, and to Everest is a joy to turn over, to anyone interested in pictorial photography an education. Some it will set on to burn most of their films, others to take more thought.

A few good examples of advice are:—The most important thing in landscape photography is managing the foreground; Smythe suggests a crevasse or a human figure to balance the background, and the principal foreground object should not be directly in line with the main background object. The majority of effective landscape and mountain pictures are taken with the sun somewhere in the half circle in front of the camera or directly into the sun with the lens shielded; the most pernicious advice to a beginner is "to keep the sun at your back." (Till I heard this book discussed I did not know how many are prepared "to die in the last ditch" in defence of this maxim). In the Alps for the same reason, to secure contrast, it is hopeless to use the camera between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. The use of panchromatic films or plates gives better tone value.—A.W.W.

ALPINE JOURNAL (Nos. 252-255, 1936-7, 10s. 6d. each). First in importance are the articles on the Everest Reconnaissance, on Rutledge's second expedition, 1936, so well organised and so fortunate up to the reaching of the North Col, only to be "snowed off," and on the ascent of Nanda Devi. Then there are Bauer's Sikkim expedition, the ascent of Mount Waddington, the survey of Nanda Devi basin, and Chapman's great adventure on Chomolhari.

An expedition of soldiers not officers, of the 1st East Surrey, up Kamet to 200 ft. above Meade's Col, is epoch-making. Things must be improving for other ranks in the Army in fact and not on paper, while those who think the soldier gets rubbish will note that the Army kit used proved excellent.

Carson Roberts has written two most interesting articles. It appears that after Venetz and Mummery he was the third to lead the Grépon Crack, and he so impressed Emile Rey that they went up and down the Petit Dru and Aiguille du Géant *unroped*. The dreadful thing was that Rey fell coming off the latter, 24th August, 1895, the same day Mummery was lost on Nanga Parbat.

Read also Somervell on the High Tatra, Porter and Wyatt on New Zealand, and much beside.

D.O.A.V. men made many ascents in the Caucasus in 1935 and 1936. Their habit of bivouacking is extraordinary in our eyes and fills one with admiration for their hardihood. One party was 4, 3, 5 and 4 nights out, traversing continuously over formidable ridges, miles in length. A British party did well in 1937, the first since the War

except J. H. B. Bell (S.M.C.) with Russians.

Accounts appear of the first three ascents of the Grandes Jorasses N. Face, all within ten days, conditions exceptional. Three Munichers at least have been killed on this wall.

Sherpa porters will be wonderful people if they do not become superstitious about Nanga Parbat. This year's terrible disaster may have been due to great ice changes; it emphasizes the huge scale and real difficulty of this mountain of misfortune.

Other accidents inevitably occupy much space—the Eigerwand and other amazing examples of present day recklessness, such as the Watzmann affair with its concentration of *bergwacht* and military to rescue two madmen from a winter week out in bad weather. The Editor makes most refreshing remarks as he records new steeplejack climbs.

There are full memoirs of the great career of Lord Conway of Allington, who died at the age of 81.

HIMALAYAN JOURNAL (Vol. VIII, 1936 and Vol. IX, 1937, 8s. each.) Apart from the articles on the great expeditions, Everest and Nanda Devi, and the contoured map of the N. Face of Everest, the greatest interest will be found in the attack on Kabru by Cooke and Schoberth, an experiment in climbing in a winter month, November, which Mason in dealing with "Rainfall" agrees is the finest month. Cooke reached the top, and on the whole they had good weather, with cold not too severe, minimum—11°F.

A most creditable affair was the attempt on Peak 36, Karakoram, by John Hunt, Waller, Carslaw, and Brotherhood. Istor-o-Nal (Chitral), 24,271, was almost reached by Dennis Hunt with Lawder. Siniolchu was climbed in 1936 by Bauer's party, but the French were driven off the much higher Hidden Peak by the ceaseless snow of the too early monsoon.

Wadia's geological article lays down the essential unity of structure and strata in the 1,500 miles of Himalaya. It has risen 5,000 feet since the advent of man, and is still rising. The strikes of the beds make a hair-pin bend round Nanga Parbat, along the Indus trench to the S.W., and a similar thing occurs at the other end of the Himalaya near Namcha Barwa and the Tsangpo gorge, though Kingdon Ward maintains the line of snowy peaks continues east.

SPELUNCA (*Bulletin de la Société Spéléologique de France*, Nos. 5, 6, 7, 1934-6). Spelunca remains to us, though the Spéléo-Club de France has changed a very good name for something more elaborate. A glance through one of the three numbers, let alone all, leaves one almost stupefied by the tremendous amount of work done by the French enthusiasts, and makes one realise what very small beer is now left to us in Britain.

The pages are crammed with brief notes on cave after cave, and pot after pot. M. Joly, the President, had 45 "firsts" in 1934, 27 in

1935, 30 in 1936, but in 1935 much time was taken over the great discovery of the Aven d'Orgnac (Ardèche). Here a ladder climb of 160 feet reached down into a vast descending hall, 500 metres long, filled with wonderful stalactite masses, often enormous.

In 1936 he led a party of thirteen, provided with four boats, the full length of the difficult Grotte de Vignan (Gard), a task of nearly 24 hours and a distance of well over three miles.

M. Casteret has been in Morocco, and found there three pot-holes of about 400 feet vertical, and one of 300. Moreover he has gone down further in the Gouffre Martel, to 738 feet.

The results of M. Joly's visit to Majorca are to be found in No. V, pp. 114-7, twelve caves and pots, plus two remoter pot-holes of 100 and 170 feet for which there was no time.

In one article we find an amusing instance of the danger of a single line of survey, W. being mistaken for N. in the principal gallery; in another that one group can ascend pitches of over 300 feet up a rope at the rate of 15 ft. per minute, using three "singes mécaniques," metal gadgets which grip the rope.

M. Gache's party, engaged with a 260 ft. pitch in Baume Ste. Anne (Jura), tried all the three methods, and concluded that without leaving men at the top it is most practical to use ladders, the last down and first up making use of "singes," but for a vertical of over 200 feet it is preferable to have windlass and rope, *i.e.* to have a party at the top. This they did on the 400 ft. pitch in the Malaterra (Vercors).

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL (Nos. 121-124 1936-7, 2s. 6d.). An ascent in February of the Crowberry Gully, prolonged till late, turned out better than it might have done, light lasts out wonderfully on snow, but a December attack on the Crowberry Ridge was less successful, except in avoiding a smash, a defeated party getting clear only at dawn after 14 hours of descent in darkness.

More new climbs are recorded in Glencoe, in particular Agag's Groove, and on Garbh Bheinn of Ardgour. Bell has begun on the Coire Ardair rocks (Creag Meaghaidh), and he and Allan have climbed the gully between N.E. Buttress and Observatory Ridge, removing a Slav piton on the way.

Of climbs on seven buttresses of Beinn Mhor (S. Uist.) MacLellan gives report, the fifth and sixth forcing the party to use pitons to get up.

"Benighted on the Moor of Rannoch" relates a daring expedition in bad weather one January years ago, made by men responsible for planning the Fort William railway. How they escaped death was concealed from us for a year till the second part appeared. Probably they all knew what they were up against much better than the reader imagines.

The National Trust now has possession of Dalness Forest and the Clachaig end of Glencoe, 12,500 acres, including the Buchailles Etive, Bidean, and Aonach Eagach ridge, a boon so great one cannot yet

grasp its consequences.

We greatly regret the loss of W. W. Naismith, recognised as the real founder of the S.M.C., and of another great pioneer, J. H. Bell.

These are the first numbers edited by Dr. J. H. B. Bell, one of the very few climbers who condescend to take an interest in Gaelic. Perhaps he may dare to make known some of the rules of pronunciation, a good deal simpler than the rules of our own spelling.

Guides.—Revised editions of *Ben Nevis* and *Northern Highlands* are out. The former contains much additional matter, the energy of Macphee in coming up to tackle new climbs in spite of bad weather being phenomenal.

Northern Highlands is only slightly enlarged. The tourist is not of much importance there, and the routes and climbing on these peaks have not been thoroughly explored. In time there will be much to add.

BRITISH SKI YEAR BOOK (Nos. 17 and 18, 1936-7, 10s. each). It is impossible to mention even one tithe of the matter in these volumes, so interesting are they both to mountaineer and racer. Outstanding is Mr. Arnold Lunn's fifty page essay on Greek Olympics and the Ski Olympics at Garnisch, distinguished by clear thinking and plain statement. An admirer of ancient Greece, he has no sympathy with those who are hypnotised into thinking the Greeks did and wrote all the best things in the world; a sound sportsman, he inclines to the view that the Olympics, which carry great prestige, are a menace to the sport. "International sport helps to foster friendly feelings between sportsmen of different countries in inverse ratio to the importance of the event," and again, "Young athletes will march when mobilised by their elders, however friendly their personal relations with athletes of other countries. It is not by imponderables such as these war is averted."

A merciless critic is Mr. Lunn, so it is comical to find he has let Mr. Seligman make what amounts to a *complaint that Smythe and Shipton did not take up an anemometer to Camp Six*, and has allowed another man to refer to "the childish attitude of the Alpine Club to *ski-mountaineering*" when that pillar of the Downhill Only, Peter Lunn, justifies this attitude to the ski-ing crowd by confessing that he has never been up the Schilthorn and has just been converted by two girls who took him up the Riffelhorn rocks.

RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL (Nos. 30 and 31, 1936-7, 4s. each). As amusing and as literary as ever, witness "Tiger Rag" and "Aneroids" to begin with, and half a dozen others. On the serious side, Dr. Hey gives most valuable advice on action "After the Accident."

J. K. Cooke and F. S. Chapman were with the second Marco Pallis expedition, and by a three weeks expedition, mostly bad weather, got two peaks in Lhonak.

Something of the doings with the Bavarians abroad is revealed by

Taylor. On the first outing everyone except the leader seems to have come off, the second party were benighted in spite of a rope from above at times, the rock appalling, three pitons for eight feet—it was evidently not enjoyed. Jenkins tells of the Bavarian visit here. Evidently their best men were real tigers, but I notice accounts avoid any allusion to the use of pitons by the weaker leaders. One remonstrance had to be made on Gimmer.

In "Further Scratchings Underground" Forrester writes amusingly of ventures into abandoned Derbyshire lead mines, a perilous business at times.

Mr. J. H. Doughty, sometime President and Editor, was a remarkable man, a delightful speaker and writer. His death is greatly regretted by the many climbers who have come into contact with him.

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL (Vol. V, No. 2, 1937, 5s.). A short account of the Nanda Devi ascent is given by Odell. The severity of the climbing accounts for the failure of the Sherpas to reach the highest camps. Probably this expedition means a further advance in their capabilities.

"The Cornish Cliffs," first of three articles, is a considerable enlargement by Andrews of what he wrote many years ago. A full and interesting relation of a visit to the most developed part of the Canadian Rockies includes some suggestion that it is decidedly expensive if you are lucky enough to get there.

CLIMBERS' CLUB GUIDES—I, Cwm Idwal Group—II, Tryfan Group—III, Glyder Fach Group. 6½ ins. by 4½ ins. Diagrams and photos. Climbers to-day make constant visits to the crags in a way impossible in pre-motor years, and the Ogwen rocks have now been strung with routes only a few yards apart. Messrs. Edwards, Noyce, and Kirkus have described and recorded all the climbs, even the shaky ones on the Devil's Kitchen cliffs, so minutely that it is great fun to see if there is a new first ascent of something done thirty years ago. A most useful set of books.

FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB JOURNAL (Nos. 29-31, 1935-7). At last the date on these journals is put right by boldly giving the last, the Lakeland Number, two dates and two numbers. There is so much of interest one can only say, read them.

So many camping people have staggered, overladen, through the Pyrenees that Mr. and Mrs. Side are to be envied for their skill in setting out with only 53 lbs. including 100 ft. line and two axes. In his reminiscences of Fifty Years of Climbing, Haskett Smith reminds us that persistent gardening has made many climbs much easier. There is a history of Lakeland climbing, an account of the first descent of Central Buttress, Beetham on Birds, and a good article on Roman Lakeland. E. W. Hodge has walked the old route over the Kent Sands, but gives no details as to times, etc.

The Climbing Guides have been reduced in size to suit the pocket, and brought completely up-to-date. For the first time the Journals have no new routes to record, so close is the network.

WAYFARERS' JOURNAL (No. 5, 1937, 116 pp.). The great feature is the excellent 40 page Guide to the Lofoten Islands, by H. P. Spilsbury, which ought to be published also in book form.

From the Himalaya comes Nicholson's description of an almost successful ascent of Simvu, beaten off only by a terrific crevasse across a broad ridge and Pallis's sympathetic pages on Ladak, of which in place of sob-staff he says, "Medicine, to my mind, is the one solid advantage we have to offer the people of the trans-Himalaya."

There is a remarkable number of fine illustrations, and that attached to Plint's excursion into Stamp Collecting makes one wonder why the Post Office never employs a competent artist, or at the least one who knows the name of our country is Great Britain, not Postage.

The catalogue of 225 peaks and humps in the Lake District will give a lot of amusement in looking over maps.

CAMBRIDGE MOUNTAINEERING (1936, 88 pp., 3s. 6d.). The University Club holds very successful training meets both at home and abroad. Of unusual trips such as are open to people with vacations we find one in "Norway in a Trawler," a month with eight days' climbing, and another in "Pyrenean Wandering," across France with car and tent. Some notes on High Altitude Research and on the Balkans are of much interest.

JOURNAL OF THE MENDIP EXPLORATION SOCIETY, I and II.—Platten has taken this new club at Bristol under his wing, as containing real workers, and produced the first number by typing, a limited issue of 50 copies. It contained three articles of length, Bats, Swildon's beyond the Waterfall, and Balcombe's account of his most desperate feat in Swildon's beyond the Sump. The second number Platten printed himself on a hand-press. We congratulate him most heartily. There is an account of an expedition as far as the second sump in Swildon's and back in four hours, but Dan-yr-Ogof is the main feature.

APPALACHIA (Nos. 81-3, 1936-7, 2 per year, Appalachian Mountain Club, H. Q. Brattleboro', Vermont). I have read every word of these entertaining numbers, and have some idea now of the delights open to the hill lover in the Eastern States. True it is some go very far afield, climbing and bicycling in the Alps; A. H. Marshall describes his searches for and ascents of the highest points of all the 48 States, and Wiessner his lead up the redoubtable Mount Waddington (British Columbia).

This first ascent took 13 hours from camp, up bad rocks, on the last 1,000 feet of which pitons were freely used. A previous feat of Wiessner

was the second ascent of the Grand Teton N.W. Face, and two other members, using 20 or 30 pitons, got up all the S.W. Ridge. The Shiprock, a rotten volcanic core in New Mexico, 1,800 feet high, is however of a substance which defies all the efforts of the hammer and nail people.

Houston deals with the effects of altitude on Nanda Devi, and concludes that a long period of hard work up to 23,000 feet leads to good acclimatization.

There are amusing articles on ski-ing, which has suffered in Vermont a disconcerting outburst of popularity. Ski-tows abound. The first was built only in 1933, and I believe there is a rush of them now in the Alps. You go up 300 feet in two minutes, and if well off, can run 15,000 feet downhill per day.

Camping in the Appalachians is among trees everywhere. Ski-runs only fifteen feet wide have to be cut before a centre can develop; Balsam Firs cover the Great Smoky Mountains summits, over 6,000 feet above sea. Still in Maine and elsewhere rock-climbing places are being found.

Two articles deal with the formation and opening out of the Shenandoah and Great Smoky National Parks. The latter is in Tennessee and N. Carolina, was formed by voluntary effort and purchase, and handed to the nation. A thousand families were bought out in 687 sq. miles and will, as time goes on, one by one withdraw.

Canoeing is a great sport both for women and men; running the broken Eastern rivers is called back-paddling.

When one lays down these magazines, one suddenly realises that the perfect English in which they are written comes from the same nation as the horrors of Hollywood. I don't believe the word "guy" is to be found. It is pleasant to think that there are multitudes of people of our own type in U.S.A., perhaps even in California. There is a Yorkshire touch in a paper on the circumstances of the first death on Mount Washington, of one of the Strickland family.

JOURNAL OF THE MOUNTAIN CLUB OF SOUTH AFRICA (Nos. 38-39 for 1935-6, 2s. 6d. each. Index of Illustrations in Nos. 1-37 with No. 38). The extent of S. African climbing grounds grows ceaselessly; Table Mountain, Cedarbergen, Drakensberg, yield numerous new routes and summits. It is good news for many that more and better rock-climbing is within 70 miles of Johannesburg than can be obtained in Britain—no peaks, but on 70 miles of the Magaliesberg escarpment, 100-500 feet high.

The amazing change brought by the motor car is noted; frequent trips and small parties take the place of large parties at rare intervals, and the cheerful companionship of long train journey and waggon drive dies out with some loss to the social life of the Club.

No. 38 contains an interesting account of the first ascent of the Amphitheatre Wall, Mont-aux-Sources, led by D. P. Liebenberg, whom we remember as a guest at most of Y.R.C. winter Meets, 1936-7. We

shall not readily forget his energetic, if unorthodox methods of tackling the ladder climb in the Hill Inn barn.

MOUNTAINEERING JOURNAL (1936 and 1937). The first few numbers were very uneven in interest, and the Editor continued his irritating tone of patronage and his failure to read the proofs. "Armscliff Crag" turns out to refer to Almscliff, but the author is probably the culprit in christening the Cup Climb, "Cup and Saucer."

We note full accounts of two particularly insane German climbs, and Rickmers' sober article on the Eiger Nordwand. He is always ready to justify and explain the German point of view, but he has limits. We quote, "German youths consider assault on a bombarding peak a justifiable risk. Staking their lives is a patriotic duty," and again, "two days are normal, three nothing out of the way."

Of Irish peaks an ascent of Carn Tual is described, and a full description with sketch-map given of the Reeks. Nothing is said of the weather; the late Raymond Bicknell climbed them all without seeing one.

The last two numbers have been edited by Dr. J. M. Edwards, who has adopted a new policy, reprinting accounts of ascents from other Journals as soon as possible. On these lines the magazine may be a success.

SHORT GUIDE TO THE SLOVENE ALPS: Mrs. F. S. Copeland and Mme. M. Debelakova. (*Kleinmayr & Bamberg, Ljubljana, pp. 128, 6 in. x 4 in., 2s. 6d.*). The names of these two ladies are familiar to readers of the *Alpine Journal*, and they have produced with this compact little book the first mountaineering guide-book in English to the Alps of Jugo-Slavia, far away in the S.E. Coolidge tells us the old Austrian dominions here were Slavonic-speaking, and that the natives loved not those who spoke German. In consequence the names in his list are no use now. Terglou is perhaps recognisable as the noted Triglav. Spik he knows not. We are of opinion that the principal Slovene town Ljubljana is that once called Laibach.

It is certain that this most useful publication will tempt the more enterprising to visit the Julian Alps. There is evidently much climbing besides hammer and piton work!

LA MONTAGNE. Two numbers, Oct. and Nov. 1936, are largely given up to cave exploring (not bone-digging). Joly's wire ladders are evidently much used, but Casteret and others work successfully with the narrow rope ladders. There are many magnificent photographs with articles on the Trou de Toro region and the Devoluy (Grenoble). We gather the future lies in the Pyrenees and the Hautes Alps.

CLUB MEETS

1936.—Over forty sat down to dinner at the Hill Inn, Chapel-le-Dale, on February 1st, and most went out to a Treasure Hunt afterwards, though some were left in peace. Weather mild and misty. The usual walks included a sweep over the Twistleton limestone plateau, the Ingleton "Scenery," Ling Gill, and to Bainbridge.

The Meet at the Greyhound, Shap, 29th February, was handicapped by heavy snow in the late afternoon. The Stembridges' was the last car to cross Stainmoor that night; Gowing stopped at Bowes. Sunday was spent in a walk up West Sleddale and down Swindale, half the time in a blizzard. Hearing of a block on Shap Fell, the return was made by Tebay and after six miles there was no trouble, the snow having melted off in Lonsdale, and on to Leeds.

Miss Wight's comfortable quarters at Hartrigg, Buckden, received the party of March 21st-22nd. The weather was inclined to be sunny, and was decidedly warm for the season, over 60° out of doors. The loss of the garage key, dropped in the road and carried off, kept the early arrivals busy over effecting an entrance. Davidson's party visited Douk Cave and Sleets Gill; Bone and the Editor measured the new find, Birks Fell Cave, as 230 yards and Kirk Gill Cave as 30 yards.

The Irish expedition at Easter was again successful, adding the Skreen Hill River Cavern of 400 yards to the Marble Arch series. Another party of eight were climbing from Beddgelert.

The Burnthwaite (Wasdale) Meet of May 1st-3rd, was undoubtedly the most successful of the year. Over twenty men came, and the weather can only be described as gorgeous. Four men crossed from Rosthwaite on Friday night, and climbed on Boat Howe on Saturday, the army arriving from Langdale. On Sunday two parties were on the grand rocks of the Pulpit and the others on Scawfell Crag.

Twenty-four, including five of the Leeds University Climbing Club camped at Gaping Gill the Whitsun week-end, May 31st. Heavy rain began early on Saturday and lasted till noon; after that the weather was fine with a cold north-east wind. A party went to the Stream Chamber on Saturday p.m., and on the way settled the puzzle of Devenish's and Frankland's climb to the Alcove in Sand chamber, up to the right, on to a ledge and across the top of the Alcove and down. The second route into the Mud Pot from the Stream Chamber is now quite obvious, for thin men.

On Sunday Davidson, Matheson and E. E. Roberts went in by the Flood Entrance with a minimum of tackle. The forty foot pitch proved to be a real forty footer, not something less. At the first setting the 33 ft. wire ladder seemed hopelessly short, and the slipping of the last rung but one was an unpleasant incident. Don't be short of ladder there! F. S. Booth and F. H. Stembridge, with whom they exchanged, had strenuous work getting on to the ladder by the rope extension, for grappling with a wire ladder is quite a problem. Worse

still their lamps went wrong after being refilled with muddy water, and after a trying time they were glad to get out!

The *Letterbox Pot* was laddered on Monday, but though the *East Slope Chamber* was found to have a newly collapsed entrance, those who had not been down did not seem very keen to chance a boulder off the scree after hearing about the 1924 descents.

A week later the tackle was used for descents by 18 Rover Scouts, organised by Armstrong. It was amusing to find from conversations with spectators that the apparatus is assumed to be provided and hired out by a proprietor, and that we were supposed to be "making a bit."

21st June, a joint meet with the Rucksack Club (5 men) and the Wayfarers (3), at Ingleton Bridge Hotel and a camp below Newby Moss. Pillar Pots and others were descended; it had been hoped to do the long ladder climb into Long Kin West but the thunderstorms of Saturday interfered. It is a fact that a motor car lies at the bottom of the shallow Pillar Pot V, and logical deductions proved that it had been a trailer used by Hainsworth, for motor tyres taken up to the 1935 Jubilee bonfire. Hainsworth, however, says that he sledged the stuff over Newby Moss, and suggests that the wreck may be traced to the "rockery men," bandits who scavenge the clints for commercial purposes, and to whom probably the extraordinary damage to the Farleton Fell clints is to be ascribed.

Only nine men were at Horton for the 19th July. A visit was paid to the passage recently found in Jackdaw Hole by Mr. Watson.

Only Devenish was at Tal-y-Braich for 3rd August. In the autumn he returned the kindness of the Rucksackers by taking some of them down Swildon's Hole (Somerset).

Much good climbing on Gimmer Crag was enjoyed on 13th September from the Robertson Lamb Hut.

A furious gale with very heavy showers spoilt the Saturday afternoon of the Ke'd Meet. Sunday, October 18th, was a lovely day, and the autumn colours were seen to marvellous advantage in the wonderful gills. Various parties went up Shunnor Fell, Whitsundale, and Water Crag (much water and no crag).

An outburst of snow and frost was about the last thing expected on Saturday morning, 5th December. The first man reached Heathwaite Farm, Coniston, through some odd squalls, but at four a severe snow-storm began. Gowing, much handicapped on the last stretch, came in from Edinburgh after dark, four more at eight, and towards midnight a scuffling at the door called people out of bed to let in Rigg, Thomson, and Liebenberg who had somehow got through in nine hours. It is marvellous they ever found the farm. In brilliant sun, furious wind, deep snow, and hard frost, the Old Man and Dow Craggs were crossed, and in some marvellous way people got home the same night over icy roads, so efficient is present day road clearing.

1937.—The Hill Inn Meet, February 7th, was favoured by a spell

of good weather following a damp and sunless January. Crawford and Roberts had a wonderful Saturday over Harter Fell and Cautley Craggs. 28 were at dinner; pot-holing in the barn, and a view of Hastings' gift of slides followed, Brodrick and Rule identifying the figures in the older ones. The President's party on Sunday found the remarkable straight line of sinks and the ring revealed by the air photographs of the Gaping Gill area, discovering only that all were deeply covered with drift.

The Meet at the Robertson Lamb Hut, February 27th-28th, had almost the same experience as the Coniston Meet of December. Deep snow and a terrible westerly blizzard met the cars after passing Ambleside, and ice formed on the windscreens. The gale could not be faced for long on Sunday when there was a slight thaw. A lot of pushing had to be done on cars garaged at the hotel, and the hill from the Hut had to be cleared to get away. In spite of the extraordinary damage to telegraph posts and wires, people got home to the east the same night, Lancashire way being clear of snow.

Both Meets at an early Easter, 28th March, had sunny weather and found much snow on the high fells. The President's party of nine at the Corrie Hotel (Isle of Arran), included Dr. E. A. Baker, and in the time most men climbed six or seven peaks of the Goatfell group. As ever, Nelstrop refused to sleep under a roof, and went forth every night to a tent on the moor. Rock-climbing could not be done, other than the Witch's Step, which was hard, and the traverse of A'Chir, but there was one real bout of step-cutting down into the head of Glen Sannox.

At the Coniston Meet one man had an excellent run on ski from Great End to Bowfell and half way down Hell Gill. There was also climbing on snow in the Great End Gullies and in the rarely visited gullies on Dollywagon Pike.

During April twenty men spent a brilliant day in sweeping the Gaping Gill area, aerial photographs in hand, and in excavating various sinks which showed delusive promise.

The Lost Johns' Meet on Leek Fell enjoyed delightful weather, and was very successful, seventeen men attending. The morning of Coronation Day, 12th May, was terrible up to 9 a.m., then cool and cheerless. A party of seven put in the ladders on the first two pitches, and escaped the heavy rain of the afternoon. It had been the intention of most of them to climb Ingleborough to the bonfire, but heavy clouds compelled Mr. Hainsworth to put off the lighting till Saturday. On that day, Davidson, Fred Booth, Frank Stembridge, Haslam, White and Roberts worked in six ladders, etc. to the Battleaxe, and visiting the Old Pitch found that the necessity of fitting beams for belays would take up much time if the round trip was attempted.

On Sunday twelve men descended. Hilton and Nelstrop did the whole of the Master Cave upstream, and Fred Booth, Stembridge, and Matheson went downstream through the pools till they stuck in the quicksands, distance made to be 1,100 yards. On Monday the

President and Editor went down to the Master Cave and Lyle Chamber, Bob's Pit being done on the return, and the supporting parties coming in by relays made a clean sweep of the tackle by 9 p.m.

Next morning *Rumbling Beck Cave* was measured as 64 yards to the pot and 54 yards over ground. A terrific downpour for five hours after noon interfered with loading and the marquee had to be taken down soaked.

Goyden Pot was the object of the Middlesmoor Meet. There were eighteen guests from kindred clubs, but except Hilton and Yates I understand the members present did not know the cavern. The whole crowd are reported to have met at the Sump, and made the ascent to High Rift in a dense cloud of tobacco smoke.

Only five shared in the Scawfell expedition in July, but they had a very jolly bivouac on Esk Hause and a great day afterwards.

Two men were with the Rucksack Club at Tal-y-Braich for August Bank Holiday. Nelstrop went up Bellevue Buttress and Longland's Way on Clogwyn du'r Arddu with Alcock (R.C.).

At the Robertson Lamb Hut in September the weather was vile, but three parties climbed the Bowfell Buttress, one of which chose a very long way home via Eskdale.

A brilliant week-end in October showed us the autumn colouring of the N.E. to perfection at Hawnby. One large party followed the edge of the Hambletons, another went by Roffa to the edge of Helmsley Moor and along the Carlton watercourse to Fangdale Beck.

For once the night of the Annual Dinner was not densely foggy. Mr. H. W. Tilman, our principal guest, expressed a desire to get down a pot-hole, and there were many volunteers before the Dinner was over. Sunday was fortunately a pleasant day for driving, a large party went out to Alum Pot, and Mr. Tilman reached the bottom in quick time.

A snowy week preceded the Meet at Appleby (Bongate Hall), and it almost became a question of whether people could get there. The writer went by train, but the other eleven got through by car, Godley coming up all the way from Worksop. Sunday was a lovely day, and there was much good skiing, the whole country being deep in snow with a further fall during the night. Men were very fortunate to get through returning home.

CLUB PROCEEDINGS

1936.—The Week-end Meets held were :—2nd February, Chapel-le-Dale ; 29th February, Shap ; 22nd March, Buckden ; Easter, 12th April, Enniskillen and Beddgelert ; 3rd May, Wastdale ; Whitsun, 31st May, Gaping Gill ; 21st June, Ingleton (Coldcotes) ; 19th July, Horton-in-Ribblesdale ; 2nd August, Tal-y-Braich ; 13th September, Great Langdale ; 18th October, Keld ; 6th December, Coniston.

With deep regret we record the deaths of W. Villiers Brown, President 1932-4, and of James Crowe.

The twenty-second number of the Club Journal was published during the year.

The thirtieth Annual Dinner took place at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, on 21st November, 1936. The President, Alex, Rule, whom illness so unhappily kept away last year, was in the chair, and the principal guest was Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, leader of the 1936 Everest expedition. The kindred clubs were represented by Mr. G. Winthrop Young, Alpine Club ; Mr. G. C. W. Williams, Scottish Mountaineering Club ; Mr. R. R. Jennings, Rucksack Club ; Mr. D. Murray, Fell and Rock Club ; Mr. S. T. Wright, Wayfarers' Club ; Mr. G. Mottram, Midland Association ; Mr. C. H. Wells, Derbyshire Pennine Club ; Mr. E. Douglas, Northern Cavern and Fell Club ; Mr. E. Smith, Craven Pot-hole Club ; Mr. C. R. Reddihough, Gritstone Club ; Mr. R. R. W. Folley, Leeds University Climbing Club.

At the Annual General Meeting held 21st November, 1936, the following were elected to hold office, 1936-7 :—

President, J. M. DAVIDSON ; Vice-Presidents, HENRY HUMPHREYS and J. HILTON ; Hon. Treasurer, B. A. BATES ; Hon. Secretaries, D. BURROW and F. S. BOOTH ; Hon. Editor, E. E. ROBERTS ; Hon. Librarian, R. RIMMER ; Committee, H. ARMSTRONG, C. CHUBB, G. S. GOWING (Hon. Assistant Editor), B. NELSTROP, F. W. STEMBRIDGE, H. L. STEMBRIDGE.

1937.—The Week-end Meets held were :—7th February, Chapel-le-Dale ; 28th February, Great Langdale ; Easter, 28th March, Corrie (Arran) and Coniston ; 25th April, Clapham ; Whitsun, 16th May, Leck Fell ; 27th June, Middlesmoor ; 11th July, Camp on Esk Hause ; 2nd August, Tal-y-Braich ; 12th September, Great Langdale ; 17th October, Hawnby ; 11th December, Appleby.

With deep regret we record the death of Lord Conway, long known as Sir Martin Conway, one of our first Hon. Members and a very great mountaineer.

The Club supported the Scottish Mountaineering Club in their purchase of Dalness Forest (Glencoe) for the National Trust by a gift of twenty-five pounds.

The thirty-first Annual Dinner took place at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, on 20th November, 1937. The President, J. M. Davidson was in the chair, and the principal guest was Mr. H. W. Tilman, leader of the 1938 Everest expedition. The kindred clubs were represented by

Mr. W. N. Ling, Alpine Club and Scottish Mountaineering Club; Mr. H. R. C. Carr, Climbers' Club; Mr. A. Burns, Rucksack Club; Mr. J. Donkin, Midland Association; Fell and Rock Club. Dr. C. P. Lapage; Wayfarers' Club, Mr. H. P. Spilsbury; Derbyshire Pennine Club, Mr. H. B. S. Gibbs; Gritstone Club, Mr. R. G. Delius; Craven Pot-Hole Club, Mr. E. H. Llewellyn; Northern Cavern and Fell Club, Mr. E. Douglas; Leeds University Climbing Club, Mr. W. A. Butterfield.

At the Annual General Meeting held 20th November, 1937, the following were elected to hold office, 1937-8:—

President, J. M. DAVIDSON; Vice-Presidents, J. HILTON and A. HUMPHREYS; Hon. Treasurer, B. A. BATES; Hon. Secretaries, D. BURROW and F. S. BOOTH; Hon. Editor, E. E. ROBERTS; Hon. Librarian, R. RIMMER; Committee, C. E. BURROW, G. EDDISON, G. S. GOWING (Hon. Assistant Editor), B. NELSTROP, F. W. STEMBRIDGE, H. L. STEMBRIDGE.

1938.—We deeply regret the death of William Anderton Brigg, President 1919-22, and Editor 1909-20.

NEW MEMBERS

1936.

STEVENS, HARRY, 515, Street Lane, Moortown, Leeds, 7.
 WILSON, ARTHUR WINN, 2, Moorfield Terrace, Stanningley, Leeds.
 MARSDEN, STANLEY, Glenholme, Grange Road, Staincliffe, Batley.
 MATHESON, ALASDAIR WILLIAM ARCHIBALD, 2, The Crescent, King Lane, Alwoodley.

1937.

RIGG, JACK, 4, Clyde Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees.
 THOMSON, JAMES LEONARD, 341, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.
 GODLEY, JOHN THOMAS HUGH, Steeley Corner, Worksop, Notts.
 HUME, FRANK BOUGHTON, Dalton Grange, Huddersfield.
 LACY, WILLIAM, Birch Hall Lane, Manchester.
 THOMPSON, SIDNEY, 40, Dragon Avenue, Harrogate.

BACK NUMBERS.—These can be obtained from the Hon. Librarian, R. Rimmer, Hotel Metropole, Leeds, 1. Prices.—Nos. 1, 3 and 4, 5s. each; Nos. 2 and 5, 10s. each; Nos. 6, 7, 11, 12, 4s. each; Nos. 8 and 9, 2s. each; No. 13, 3s.; Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 5s. each; Nos. 19, 20, 21, 22, 4s. each. Specially designed green buckram cases for the six volumes, 2s. each. Postage extra.

CLUB ADDRESS—Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, 10, Park Square, Leeds, 1.

PRESIDENT—J. M. DAVIDSON, 9, West Road, Noctorum, Birkenhead.

SECRETARIES—DAVIS BURROW, Lyngarth, King Lane,

Alwoodley, Leeds.

F. S. BOOTH, 42, York Place, Leeds, 1.