

VOL. VII.

1949.

No. 25.

THE
YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS'
CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by ERNEST E. ROBERTS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Return to the Alps	H. G. WATTS 193
A First Visit to the Alps	R. E. CHADWICK 198
Cyrene Underground	H. S. STRINGER 205
Summer Camp in Lewis	A. W. A. MATHESON 209
Almscliff—A key to climbs	H. L. STEMBRIDGE 213
Floreat Hibernia	H. L. STEMBRIDGE 228
Pot-Holes on the Ulster Border	J. A. HOLMES 233
Car Pot Breakthrough	D. BRINDLE 248
In Memoriam—S. J. FARRER, F. CONSTANTINE, P. ROBINSON ..	253
Chippings	255
On the Hills	259
Mere Gill History	263
Cave Exploration	266
Club Meets	278
Club Proceedings, 281	New Members .. 282

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Malham Cove	Frontispiece
Wetterhorn	196
Almscliff Sketches	219, 221, 223, 225
H. H. Bellhouse: F. Constantine	252
Fiesch Glacier	260
Pollprughlisk	268

PLANS.

Almscliff	215
Knockmore, Cuilcagh, Slieve Rushen	241, 245

Published by the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, 42, York Place, Leeds, 1.

Further Up the Dale



THE
BUCK INN

BUCKDEN

Yorks.

One of Yorkshire's Oldest Inns



R.A.C. A.A.
Free and Fully Licensed



Good Food and Comfort
Assured

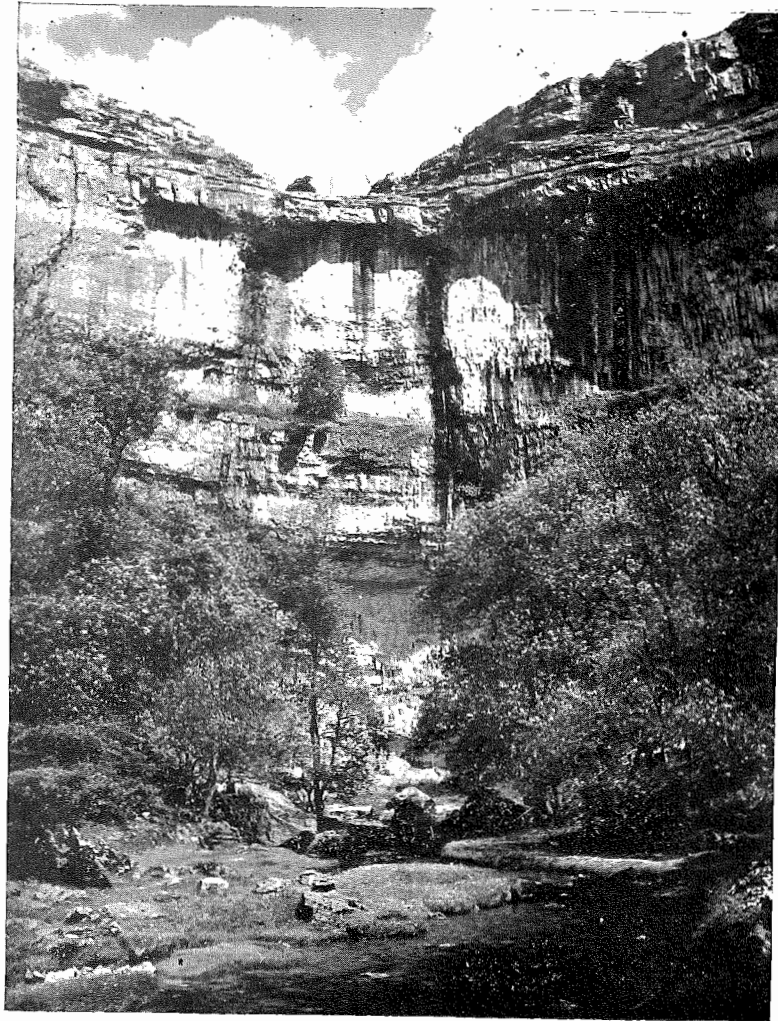


PERSONAL ATTENTION

by the Resident Owners

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Petfield

Phone Kettlewell 227 'Grams "Buck, Buckden"



MALHAM COVE

Photo. by W. A. Poucher

THE
Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal

VOL. VII.

1949.

No. 25

RETURN TO THE ALPS.

By H. G. WATTS.

I. *New Year, 1947. Wengen.*

It was in May 1946 that we decided, come what might, that we would go ski-ing at Christmas. Because we liked the Oberland we chose Wengen; it faces the sun, and is a good place for children to learn how to ski. We booked our rooms for 23rd December, and settled down to seven months of saying that something was sure to stop us going.

We got to Calais after dark, the tide had been tricky, and the Southern Railway was taking no chances with the newly refitted S.S. "Canterbury." The sea was rough, and there were 930 passengers on board. Calais has a new bright customs house, but here came the first noticeable change from pre-war days. Where were all the porters, that shouting, gabbling, gesticulating mob that used to bustle English travellers unintelligibly through the "Douane" and into the wrong carriage, or even the wrong train?

There was a strange quietness about France, impressing itself upon the consciousness throughout the night, at Amiens, at Laon, Rheims and Châlons-sur-Marne. Even the trains seemed to have forgotten how to make that once familiar hissing noise at stations, perhaps the steam supply had something to do with that—it was very cold.

There would be a breakfast car at the Swiss frontier, "Oui, M'sieur, à neuf heures et demi, assurément." Six hours late at Porrentruy, omelette with real eggs, fresh rolls and black cherry jam—at 3.30 p.m.! Real strong coffee to wash away the taste of the bitter acorn brew gulped in buffets at Chaumont and Belfort.

Then the "Ting-tong" of the signal bells as we went through the stations, and soon the cheery gutturals of the Swiss-German dialect after we passed the language frontier at Biel. Interlaken-Ost, Lauterbrunnen, and the Wengernalp Bahn for the last lap, the snow getting deeper and the air

crisper as we went up. The welcome as we walked into the Hotel Waldrand was what we had been looking forward to for eight dreary years; Fraulein Lauener was in the hall to shake us all by the hand and to tell us that supper would be ready as soon as we were. The head waitress loaded our plates, and came back with second helpings; when we asked if there would be enough to go round she just said "You are in Switzerland now." We found out later that the Swiss were actually as severely rationed as we in England, but food in abundance was made available for visitors because they realise that health and contentment are their country's greatest export.

Money caused us a little anxiety at first. The amount we had been allowed to take out of England was then £75 for each adult, and £40 for each child under 16. We found, however, that this allowance was plenty and to spare for a stay of three weeks, even when we had bought all we wanted in the shops. Staying, as we did, in a small hotel, our board and lodging came to just £1 each per day, including heating, baths, afternoon tea and tips. People staying in larger and more expensive hotels found it more difficult.

Wengen has become much more cosmopolitan since the war. Before, English was the language one heard spoken in the shops, on the slopes, in the train and in the bars. Now, although there are plenty of English people, the language one hears most of is, quite properly, Schweizer-Deutsch. The Swiss have taken up ski-ing with tremendous enthusiasm, and at the Christmas and New Year holidays they come up in their hundreds from the industrial towns.

They ski well, with a reckless disregard for their own, and sometimes other people's, safety, but they are better performers on hard than on soft snow. On the latter the middle-aged Englishman, who learnt the Telemark in the early nineteen twenties, comes into his own and leaves them behind. They are cheerful and friendly, and obviously pleased to see us back in their country.

Although on high days and holidays the more frequented runs, such as "The Bumps" and "Tschuggen Glade" are perhaps a little too thickly covered with fast-moving or prostrate bodies, the less sociable performer with a desire for

solitude does not have to go far from the beaten track to find it, either on the broad slopes below the "Männlichen," or on the Punchbowl below Eigergletscher, while the impressive but really easy slope known as "Oh God!" is quite untrodden, except for a few linked Christies which look fine from the train on the other side of the valley, but on closer inspection are not free from an occasional "grave."

A ski-lift from the Scheidegg to the summit of the Lauberhorn has opened up the runs from there back to Scheidegg or down to Wengernalp station, and saves a climb of 1½ hours. Another ski-lift from Inner Wengen to the practice slopes at Allmend avoids the 25 minutes' trek back to Wengen and gives a final 600 feet of running.

There is a new rope railway from Grindelwald to the Faulhorn slopes on the north side of the Grindelwald valley, and this has given access to a glorious stretch of new ski-ing country.

We were lucky with the weather. Snow fell at Christmas, and again at New Year, and a light fall a week later covered places beginning to be dangerously icy. Between snowfalls the sun shone and it froze hard. There was no sign of the general thaw which so often spoils three days between Christmas and New Year. Christmas is not really an ideal time to go, if one is not, as we are at present, tied by school holidays. The days are short, and the high tours made possible by the railway to the Jungfrauoch are not practicable until late January owing to the danger of sudden unsettled weather. After mid-January the sun has increased in strength, there is almost a certainty of good snow and settled weather, and the absence of holiday crowds makes life less of a scramble.

British ski-ing at Wengen is organised by the Downhill Only Club; this is not, as one might be led to think from its name, an organisation the sole object of which is to encourage Englishmen and-women to hurl themselves over precipices, but a club which does everything possible to help skiers of all degrees of proficiency or otherwise, from the perambulator to the bathchair. In 1947 the club was being revived after the war, had acquired office premises in the village, and was organising S.C.G.B. tests, races for all grades of skiers, and club runs for members. Activities were a little hampered by

lack of experienced members to act as club officials, but this was a difficulty which would right itself as new members became established. A delightful function is the weekly Dutch party in the Eiger bar, on Wednesday evenings; the favourite drink is draught white wine straight from the barrel.

The day came only too soon when we climbed into the Wengenalp Bahn for the last time and snaked downhill through the tunnels. Lauterbrunnen, Interlaken-Ost, the last glorious dinner in the Swiss dining car, Bern, Porrentruy, and the night-long rattle through France, to a dawn at Amiens showing the devastation of 1940 and 1944, increasing until at Boulogne and Calais only a quarter of the houses are habitable and the once prosperous cement industry is virtually derelict.

II. *New Year, 1949. Wengen again.*

An austere Chancellor interfered with our plans in 1948, so once again we booked our rooms at the Waldrand many months ahead and hoped for the best in 1949. We kept ourselves amused on foggy evenings calculating how much we would be able to do with £35 each.

The post-war French 2nd class carriages are far from comfortable, the seats are hard and narrow, and do not pull out like the old ones used to. But some of the once familiar noises were beginning to creep back, the gabble at Calais, the hiss of the steam, and the tinkle of the restaurant car attendant's bell. The carriages were overheated and the train was dead on time. A food-hog run down the corridor at Porrentruy was rewarded with hot coffee and eggs and bacon at 9 a.m., and we got to Wengen in time for lunch instead of late for dinner. The great advantage of this is that all the essential accoutrements can be acquired in the ski shop in the afternoon and one is ready to start serious ski-ing at first light next day.

Rumours about shortage of snow had reached us in England, but it began to snow as we reached Lauterbrunnen; we felt that this was a good augury. But our hopes were short-lived, it only snowed lightly for a few hours, and that on to hard bare ground, so that a slight puff of wind blew it away, and the normal New Year traffic down Brooklands, over the Bumps and round Slip Cartilage Corner soon swept it off, revealing



Photo by H. G. Watts

WETTERHORN FROM MÄNNLICHEN

treacherous lumps of rock and frozen molehills. It wasn't till the last day of our stay that enough snow fell to give a good foundation, and even that was spoiled by a thaw. Throughout the fortnight the sudden change from vertical body and horizontal skis to vertical skis and horizontal body was accompanied by an unreasonably large amount of pain and suffering. However, such snow as did fall in the Alps at this time fell at Wengen, and we counted ourselves lucky indeed compared with places like Davos, and the Engadine, where they got practically none.

The best ski-running was on the north side of the Scheidegg, especially Punchbowl, Männlichen and Tschuggen Glade, where the snow is not much exposed to the sun. Männlichen was done three times, once under good conditions of fresh powder snow, and twice when the snow was crusted, ridged and very tricky. The best run of the fortnight was down Tschuggen Glade immediately after a snowstorm but in sunshine. On two occasions my habit of carrying a spare ski-point in my rucksack saved a member of the party from a ruined day and a long trudge home with a broken ski.

The penurious state of all British visitors arouses the keenest sympathy and helpfulness in the Swiss, and one's choice of some object in a shop usually brings forth from the shopkeeper some such remark as "You would do just as well with this one instead, it is nearly as good and half the price." Actually the £35 is quite adequate for a fortnight as long as one stays at the cheaper hotels and keeps away from spiritous liquors. Our hotel bill, including baths, tips and kurtax, and not drinks or afternoon tea, came to just under Fr.20 per day each, that is about 23s. The most expensive items are the ski-school and the Wengernalp Bahn. Under the prevailing snow conditions the railway could not well be avoided, and a run down any of the north-facing slopes on the Grindelwald side of the Scheidegg would cost a skier from Wengen Fr.7 in rail fares.

The D.H.O. Club is now under the presidency of Ken Foster who for many years has cheerfully carried the burden of editing the club's journal. There are fast club runs and ordinary club runs two or three times a week, and the white wine at the Eiger bar is as ambrosial as ever.

A FIRST VISIT TO THE ALPS.

By R. E. CHADWICK.

1947. It was suggested that a Novice's first impressions of the Alps might be of interest and use to Members ; of interest to the experienced, who, through the eyes of a tyro, might for an instant or two recapture the sensations of the first impact of the Alps ; and of use to other young members who, if the state of the world permits, hope to make their first Alpine expedition in the near future.

We were a party of four ; two experienced men (Harry and Frank Stembridge) and two novices (Blair and myself). The experienced end of the party had hired a guide, booked accommodation, and made all arrangements with Cook's, so all the novices had to do was to get on the train at Leeds and be carried by the Stembridge organisation without hitch or discomfort to the Hotel Alpina, Zermatt, where they proved the theory of beginner's luck by winning the toss and so getting the room with bath attached.

The first day (Friday) was devoted to training ; and what could be more fittingly so described than a ride on the Gornergrat Railway up to Riffelberg ? From there, amid a fairy land of high alp to the Riffelhorn and then via the East rock ridge to the summit, while there throbs in my mind a jingle picked up heaven knows where

"Next while contemptuous experts sniffle

He scrambles up the Horn of Riffel."

Let it be said to the lasting honour of the Club that we managed to do without the railway on the trip down.

Saturday was given to another training walk—a hot slog up the Unterrothorn relieved by a bathe in the Stellisee and two glasses of milk on the return journey. In the evening we came across Chubb who had walked over from Arolla, and also W. M. Roberts who was staying at the Monte Rosa.

On Sunday, food for two days was packed, and very heavy it seemed. At four p.m. we set off with Felix Julen our guide, for the Trift Hotel, with the intention of traversing the Trifthorn to the Mountet hut, and then traversing the Zinal Rothorn on the way back to Zermatt. We had a meal at the Trift in the evening, and the two novices shared a single bed,

which whether due to cramp, excitement or indigestion, failed to induce sleep ; it was a relief rather than an effort to get up at 2 a.m. The night was warm and still and for several hours the only sounds were the clatter of ice axes and the heavy breathing of everyone except Julen. We were clear of the moraine soon after first light, and by dawn were approaching the glacier. There the guide held a short conference. These conferences reminded us of conferences at Headquarters in action during the war, and before very long we used to refer to Felix Julen, much to his amusement, as the Brigadier. The Brigadier considered that the weather would break and that we should first make sure of the Rothorn. So we changed direction right and at 7 a.m. he relaxed discipline by letting the troops have a hasty second breakfast, the party then having gained the ridge. After a lot of rough boulder scrambling the rocks gave way to an ice or snow arête, for some distance only about one foot broad at the top. The drops on either side were perhaps a little more than just exhilarating to one not yet having confidence in his grip on ice, but soon the rocks of the final pyramid were reached. Here two members of the party, who had been suffering from mountain sickness, turned back with a guide engaged by Sallitt who was making the same expedition, while the Brigadier and three Ramblers completed the final rock climb in about one hour, arriving at the crowded summit at 10.30 a.m. We then returned the way we had come, and on approaching the Trift Hotel at about 4 p.m. were most heartened to see the two sick men, fully recovered, coming to meet us waving a bottle, the contents of which assisted in a swift though somewhat unsteady descent to Zermatt.

Tuesday was dull and overcast, but the Brigadier ordered us up the Rimpfischhorn, and so the afternoon found us plodding up the path to the Fluh Alp Hotel in a light drizzle. The staff failed to call us and it was not till nearly 4 a.m. on Wednesday that we left the hut. The night was clear and warm, and at first light all the great peaks flushed rose red, while white clouds veiled the darkness of the valleys. 7.45 a.m. saw us at second breakfast at the foot of the first rocks, and at 10.0 a.m. we panted our way to the summit, to see the

peaks of three countries spread out all round us reaching to the extreme distance where snow peaks merged with white cloud. The descent was simple, the rocks being then warmed and the snow softened, and at 2.30 p.m. we were back at the Fluh Alp, and after a short rest, soon down to Zermatt.

Thursday was remarkable in being the only occasion of successful mutiny in a well-disciplined holiday. The Brigadier wanted to push us up the Ober-Gabelhorn, but the troops struck and the furthest we got that day was to the shade of some trees at Winkelmatten.

By Friday afternoon, however, the Brigadier had restored order, and four heavily laden Ramblers trudged non-stop the ten miles or so to the Schönbühl hut, prepared to try issue with the Dent Blanche. As most of the hut seemed to have the same intention, 2 a.m. Saturday found us in an all-British queue on the path across the moraine. By a piece of brilliant glacier navigation, the Brigadier brought us to the head of the queue, but he had miscalculated our lack of condition, and when we finally reached the main rock climb, the pitches in front were strung with climbers like flies on a fly paper. The top was reached at 9.30 a.m. in perfect conditions, the view being, if anything, more extensive than that from the Rimpfischhorn. The descent occupied longer than had been anticipated owing to the danger of dislodging loose stones on the Wand fluh (one of which from a following party hit Frank Stembridge on the head) and it was not till 4 p.m. that we got back to the hut and tea. Frank and the Brigadier then returned to Zermatt, while two men rested upstairs, and the fourth did his day's good deed by giving the Brigadier's supplies of tea to the advance guard of another Yorkshire party; and indeed it was 8.45 p.m. before four tired men sat down to dinner at Zermatt.

Sunday was first ordained as a day of rest by an earlier and higher Authority than Felix Julen, and it was not till Monday that we got off the train at Randa bound for the Dom Hut, the traverse of the Lenzspitze and Nadelhorn and descent to Saas Fee. Frank had chosen the better part and waved good-bye to us at the station. At 3.15 a.m. on Tuesday, we left the Dom Hut and proceeded at pace to a rocky outcrop,

on the Festijoch, whence the route lies up the Dom. Finding a party already having second breakfast there, the Brigadier suggested going a little further before our first halt, and we weakly agreed. With the intervention of an awkward bergschrund and a fairly long ice slope (both in shadow and cold as death) it was not till 9 a.m. that we again reached rock on the Lenzjoch and had our meal. We were then on the main ridge, and by 10.45 a.m. we had reached the top of the Lenzspitze, via countless obstructive gendarmes.

The descent that followed was on a hard snow arete, not more than a foot or so wide, and was one of the titbits of a very fine day. There followed another shattered ridge, mustering even more gendarmerie than the last, and it was 1.15 p.m. when we reached the summit of the Nadelhorn, whence an easy ridge led us quickly down to a glacier and the Mischabel hut by 3.30 p.m. Tea and a rest followed, and at 5.15 p.m. we left for Saas, arriving an hour and a half later. The first person seen in the village was Chubb who had walked over some days previously, and whose advice we sought as to lodgings for the night.

With difficulty the Brigadier was dissuaded from catching a bus at six on Wednesday morning, and we obtained a reprieve which allowed us till 7.30 a.m. for breakfast. In the afternoon, however, the Brigadier got his own back, by mobilizing the two novices for the Matterhorn, almost as soon as they got back to Zermatt, and by 7 p.m. he and they were entering the Hornli Hut.

Thursday at 3.40 a.m. saw the Brigadier with the two novices in tow leaving the Hornli by lantern light. Candles glimmered in the rocks and the first half hour reminded me more of pot-holing than mountaineering. The early start was, however, justified as by just after 8 a.m. we stood—the first party that day—on the top of the mountain which, of all others, most captures the imagination. The climbing was not difficult as conditions were good, and fixed ropes helped wherever the rocks were smooth and glazed. At least fifty other people were following us, and the descent was delayed more by human than by natural obstacles. At 1.10 p.m. we were back at the Hut, and left the Brigadier, who had arranged

to meet the other two there to make the same ascent with them the following day; thence down to Zermatt, with a great feeling of satisfaction. We could now walk the Zermatt Valley without the nagging challenge of the Matterhorn obtruding itself at every turn.

On Friday the more experienced party settled their accounts with the Matterhorn also, while the novices ate ice-creams and bought postcards. Then after a farewell dinner for the Brigadier came Saturday and the train back to Leeds, shortages, queues, and office routine.

The following week-end, in pursuance of a long-standing engagement, I climbed on Bowfell Buttress and Dow Crag. Compared with the climbs of the previous fortnight, I found the distances childish, the technical difficulties most alarming, and the country side as charming as ever.

What then are a novice's general impressions for the benefit of those who have never been there?

First, last and above all, the need for stringent economy of time. The days are long, even when guided, and it is only by cutting out every minute of wasted time that the average party seems able to accomplish some of the climbs at all. The Brigadier kept us usually on about 25-30 feet of rope only, and nearly always we were moving together. On the English Drill Book method of always moving singly we just would not have finished one single mountain. It is not that he moved quickly—but that he never stopped. We were allowed to rest on the average about once every 3-4 hours. Above all, I learnt the equal need of economy of time in things collateral to the climbing itself, e.g. coiling and uncoiling ropes, getting dressed, getting breakfast, changing clothing, and all the other things that delay in however small a degree the accomplishment of one's main purpose.

We never encountered anything on the standard climbs we did, of much greater technical difficulty than a Lake District "difficult." Technically, most of the rock climbing would be classified as "moderate." The exposure is of course many times that of any English climb. The traverse of one of the last gendarmes on the Rothorn brings you on good holds over an A.P. drop of at least 2,000 feet. But there is no techni-

cal difficulty on rock to anyone used to the Lakes, apart from the need to climb steadily without continually pausing to feel around for holds and considering the next move. For training it is absolutely no use rubbering around Gimmer. The best thing would be fifteen hour days on the heather with a sack—and the nearest British equivalent to an average Alpine Expedition would be the ridge walk in Skye from say Sgurr Nan Eag to Sligachan. For snow and ice work the Ben at Easter gives one only the haziest notion of the real thing, and that is the best these islands can offer.

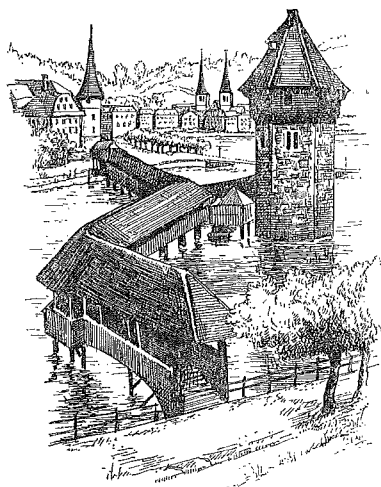
It is however a characteristic of the Alps that they ask for more than mere physical energy and technical skill. Early starts in the dark, long tiring days, hot sun, glaring glaciers, exposed holds, loose rock, the deathlike cold of an ice slope in shadow, the menace of green gaping crevasses, and lack of sleep in huts, call for mental equilibrium and a true love of the hills, and for these, as the advertisements say, beware of inferior substitutes. The Alps would soon find them out.

Then after economy of time is the need for economy of weight. In the end, I wore or carried the following clothing only—boots, socks, two pairs of thin wool pants, thin wool vest, flannel shirt, two pullovers, canvas trousers, canvas "Anorak," felt hat and wool gloves. The most I wore at one time was everything except one pullover, which, in spite of the Brigadier's advice, I counted worth its weight as a reserve. "Extras" like towels, slippers, etc., must be ruthlessly rejected and care taken that one does not fall into the common error of carrying far too much food. "Knacke Bröt" (a sort of Ryvita) is lighter than bread, and keeps better; nothing is more nourishing for its weight than nuts.

The last economy (which is a characteristic imposed, not by the hills, but by the Government) is economy of money. As it was then 1947 we had £50 each on top of travelling cost, and managed easily. It is my belief that a party of four could have a guide and do the climbs we did for £30 a head, apart from travelling. To do so they would have to stop at inferior hotels and cut out luxuries and presents. The guide with gratuity cost us 680 francs, but without the Brigadier we could not have accomplished one quarter of what we did.

We climbed on two ropes, Harry Stembridge leading the second rope, on all climbs except the Matterhorn, which we did in two separate parties on different days. The guide raised no objection, and I believe there was a party who had one guide to three ropes, or even more.

Lastly, what of the hills themselves? Their size and sweep and contours are beyond description. Shattered ridges soar upwards from heaving seas of snow and ice to fantastic pinnacles and peaks. I cannot begin to express one's first sight of the Weisshorn flushed in the dawn with the last stars still in the sky. Above all, nothing in Britain can convey the immensity of the scale, and even at the end of the fortnight, I was hopelessly out in estimates of time and distance. The Alps are painted on a huge canvas in black and white without compromise or half tones. But at times one has a sneaking longing to see the low mists, the heather, the mosses and the brown peat streams of the North—perhaps because we had dry weather only!



CYRENE UNDERGROUND.

By H. S. STRINGER.

Between Tocra and Derna the highest of the two plateaux of the North African coast averages 1,350 feet and rises to just over 2,500 feet at its highest point. The whole thing is limestone. The geologists classify three layers of this stone as the upper-, middle-, and lower Eocene, as coral limestone, cave limestone, and shelly limestone respectively. This is obviously a pot-hole paradise. The average rainfall of that region is above that of the British Isles, falls only during a very few months of the year, and disappears from the plateaux comparatively quickly without there being (with a few notable exceptions) any watercourse from the hills right down to the sea.

In addition to that intriguing situation there are the waters of Lethe and the fresh water river at Blue Lagoon, near Bengasi. The quantity of water available even to-day in that coastal region is amazing and I never understood why it was allowed to remain desert in other nearby regions.

The oddest water hole I ever came across is the round pool at Kufra, an oasis 600 miles from Bengasi and 800 from Luknor. Not a shrub between, and yet at Kufra, four miles from the oasis is a perfectly round pool over a quarter of a mile across, 14 feet below sand level. More salt than the Dead Sea, you can walk in it quite easily. A frightened non-swimmer with us fell in, and his face and cries as he realised he was out of his depth and was not sinking I shall never forget. The slides slope at 60 per cent. under water and at 40 above to the level desert. The startling thing is that you can stand in the salt water, facing the bank and scoop a pool with your hands. *It fills with fresh water* and this you use to wash the salt off your skin.

It is easy to imagine how the waters of Lethe gained fame. To a man who had travelled over hundreds of miles of hot waterless waste, a cave always containing thousands of gallons of really cold water must have been supernatural. It is inexplicable to-day. I saw air photographs, and it does seem that two pools in the desert indicate continuous underground flow from Lethe to the Blue Lagoon by the sea.

The caves at Lethe are entered from a large inexplicable Wadi in the centre of the first plateau up from the coast.

After descending the rock floor of the Wadi at a gentle slope to a depth of about 30 feet the roof closes in to form the rock cave. The cave is approximately 50 feet wide and of considerably greater length. It contains fresh water to a depth of about eight feet, and the level does not appear to alter summer or winter. The Italians built a kind of landing stage in the cave very close to the water which confirms that it never did rise in winter more than a few inches. I can personally vouch that the level does not sink in summer. There are two further caves beyond the first, but so far as I and other ill-equipped investigators could tell there is no outlet, and we could not find any way by which the water came in other than by the dry wadi.

At the Blue Lagoon there is a lake varying from eight to 20 feet in depth of fresh water covering some three to four acres. The inlet is underground and impossible to explore. The outlet is to the sea by an interesting river through the sand dunes. The river is half a mile in length, about six feet deep, and with banks of really soft shifting sand. Yet it is the only place I know on the North African Coast where the flow of fresh water is so strong that throughout the year the sand is unable even to form a delta at the mouth. The speed of the current in this short river is such that you must run fairly fast to keep up with a man swimming towards the sea, and progress can be made against the current only by an exceptionally strong swimmer for a few yards. So far as I could learn from natives the river had always been there and had always flowed at the same pace.

Apart from these two places I found no physical evidence of underground water tunnels although I explored very many places and dry pots. I think the explanation may be that there is a third bed of limestone which is now beneath the sea in all except a very few places. The water may find its way through this last drowned plateau out to sea.

The most interesting of all these places on this coast is at Cyrene. The road from the Jebel (mountain land) falls to sea level below Cyrene from just over 2,000 feet in 10 miles, or from Cyrene itself for 1,660 feet in $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Throughout its length the road is laid on limestone. Cyrene, and Apollonia

below it, were two thriving settlements of the Greek civilisation, 600 B.C. to the Vandals, 1,000 years. Cyrene was the most important place in Africa—a thriving commercial centre, and the centre of the religious cult of Apollo. The baths cover a tremendous area, and the Temple of Apollo itself had an Inner Sanctuary Baptismal Chamber continually supplied with fresh running water. This water still runs at the controlled height made by the ancient priests of the cult.

I spent a lot of time finding where this water came from and how it had been stored for the dry summer months for use in the quantities that would have been necessary. After exploring long tunnels which turned out to be the Greek drains, and huge caves connected by tunnels which were then pronounced to be the old wine storage vats, I found a man-made tunnel about 30 feet from the top of the second escarpment roughly following the contour about 30 feet from the top of the cliff. This tunnel was about three feet in height, and just wide enough for one's shoulders, and ran for a very considerable distance. There seemed to me to be no purpose in it unless it had been cut along the natural strata of limestone to gather the percolating water. At one place the tunnel was broken on the inside of the cliff. It was possible with difficulty to get through the hole and this led one to the edge of a lake the extent and depth of which I was unable to explore on account of insufficient room.

Higher up the escarpment was a second tunnel also the width of a man's shoulders, but this was some four to five feet in height, and every six feet or so a niche was cut in the wall, obviously to hold lights. The ruins of the temple show that the contour of the ground is not much altered, and if this is so then this larger tunnel had no connection with any of the secret entrances to the temples and sanctuaries inside the area of the Temple of Apollo (which covers the main part of the centre of the second plateau above the sea at Cyrene). It is interesting to think that the Greek engineers had found the secret of the water flow through the limestone from the holes, and that the lower tunnel was their main conduit from natural caves, and the higher tunnel the route of inspection by their engineers. The lower tunnel was damp and the higher one perfectly dry.

While trying to explore all this I found two damp pot-holes, and in the process of acquiring camel ropes made of palm fronds in order to get down them I met an archæologist who proved to me that they were the private priests' entrance to the Inner Sanctuary of the Temple of Apollo, and the exit by which the initiates of the order were brought to the surface in a mechanical lift so that they could never know where they had been. From these two "pots" I was shown the almost perfect remains of the three circular caves comprising the Inner Sanctuary of Apollo's Temple. I believe that an attempt is to be made to prove beyond doubt that the centre one is the holy of all holies which was the real home of the Oracle. It is a round cave of perfect beehive shape. Round it seats are cut in the rock sufficient to hold twelve initiates, and a throne for the priest. At the back of it, entered from another place, we found a narrow passage up which it was just possible to crawl to a tiny chamber in the rock. To stand in the cave and hear the voice of a person hidden in the chamber behind this cave was a most eerie experience. In the next chamber were seats cut round a square cave, containing a large tank hewn out of rock, which was said by archæologists to have been the chamber where baptism by immersion took place. The old entrance to these chambers, now blocked by a fall, was a tunnel seven or eight feet in height containing water at a controlled height of about ten inches. It was perfectly made, like old oak fashioned with an adze, and ran for 30 odd feet, at a gentle curve all the way, with two right angles in it. The impression caused was that of having walked a long way into the rock, while the fact is that the tunnel nearly follows the outside cliff. There was one window hole in the tunnel, and the theory is that this was the means by which the priest intoned prayers and issued instructions to initiates passing through the tunnel.

The whole place is fascinating both from an archæological and a geological view, but I do not feel competent to write about it. It requires a romantic pen, continually quoting from the classics, and I had better leave it as it is, almost forgotten and unknown, but leaving a longing to return in everyone whom I know who played there.

A SUMMER CAMP IN LEWIS.

By A. W. A. MATHESON.

Dusk had already turned to darkness as the *Loch Ness* quietly nosed her way towards the Stornoway pier late one evening in August, 1947. In spite of the lateness of the hour, however, the pier was ablaze with light and crowded with what seemed to be the entire population of the town, assembled to watch the arrival of the mailboat. Stornoway was full of visitors, every hotel was booked to the limit and no further room could be found for incoming travellers. Let the intending visitor to the Isles be warned to book accommodation well in advance unless he wishes to spend the first night rather miserably as we did—two people and a dog with camping gear and luggage packed into a Morris 8 parked on an unknown road, enveloped in grey sea mist and with no idea of what lay around us.

When daylight came at last we set off across Lewis in the crisp morning air towards the west coast. An excellent tar macadam road wound its way for miles across desolate peat bogs and brown rolling moors, which drained into innumerable small lochans—lochans which shone in the bright sunshine like the fragments of a great mirror. Between these lochans, dotted about the moor, were the summer shielings. A shieling is a small hut with drystone walls and a turf roof and it is here that the crofters still come each summer to seek fresh pastures for their cattle.

Soon the good road lay behind us and we were bumping and rattling in a cloud of dust along a road devoid of surface. That cloud of fine white dust trailing behind us like a plume, seeped through every crevice of the car, and soon everything inside took on a greyish tinge. We passed many townships, each with its tiny crofts scattered in straggling lines of small concrete, stone, or turf houses, and possessing numerous small patches of oats, potatoes and pasture, with the rolling hummocky moors on one side and the Atlantic Ocean gleaming beyond the broken coast line on the other.

Eventually, after passing through Carloway without finding any suitable site for camping, we left the "main road" and continued along a cart track which appeared to drop down

towards the sea. Leaving the wide spread peat banks and the piles of peat stacked at the roadside awaiting transport, the road led down a narrow valley, shut in by grey rocky hills reminiscent of the fells of the higher Yorkshire Dales.

At last a cluster of crofts was reached, just five in all, and beyond lay the glistening sea. This was Dalmore; Dalmore, where for many days we were to hear the great Atlantic rollers breaking with a boom and a roar on the golden sand of the little beach beyond the dunes. The beach shimmered in the heat and as each turquoise and emerald wave curved and broke, a curtain of white spray drifted off the top of it. On each side this lonely Hebridean beach was shut in by towering grey cliffs which rose sheer from out of the water and echoed to the crash and thunder of the breaking seas. Great white gannets with their black-tipped wings fished just off the shore, dropping like plummets into the sea after their prey. Oyster-catchers, with their immaculate black and white plumage and long brilliantly coloured stilt-like legs, ran along the foam edge calling in alarm at the sight of our dog. Many varieties of gulls frequented the shore, guillemots perched on a sentinel rock out at sea, and flights of graceful tern frequently passed across the bay. Great northern divers were regular visitors to our small bay and from the headland we saw a rolling school of porpoises and once a lone whale.

Beyond our tents the *machair* or dune grass was a riot of wild flowers, yellow bedstraw, rest harrow, scabious, gentian, red and white clover and a host of others, and over all shone the sun for three weeks, day after day, until we could see the small patches of oats ripen and change colour, the potato tops wither and droop and the wells dry up.

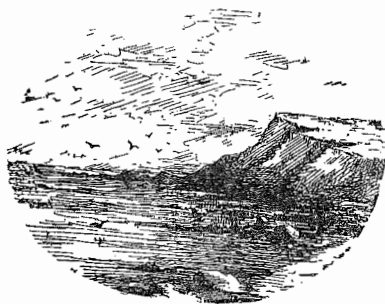
Our nearest neighbours lived in "a black house." This was a much larger edition of the summer shielings we had seen. The dry stone walls were six feet thick at the base and tapered upwards. Deep set windows were let into these walls, which were surmounted by a roof of turf and straw held down with ropes heavily weighted with large stones. Inside the peat fire smoked, some of the smoke found its way through a hole in the roof, but most of it swirled around the earthen-floored living room until our unaccustomed eyes smarted.

The smell of the peat reek pervades the whole island and becomes part of one's memory of the place and recalls the outstanding kindness and generosity of the Islesfolk themselves.

We have met with many kindnesses on camping holidays, but never have we been made to feel so much at home as we were at Dalmore. Every household went out of its way to make us welcome. We were inundated with offers of potatoes, milk, eggs and anything else they had which they thought we might need. Whenever a fisherman returned home the choicest selection of his catch was invariably offered to us. One little old lady would come toddling down the track, a creel on her back, her knitting needles clicking busily and in her basket there would be perhaps potatoes newly lifted from the ground, perhaps a basin of crowdie and cream, or perhaps a young chicken dressed ready for the pot, and always there would be an invitation to supper. For all these things they would accept no payment of any kind. They said that as long as we remained amongst them, we were their guests and brushed aside all suggestions of payment with the phrase "and you are very welcome." The Gaelic only is spoken in this little community, but whenever we were present the conversation was always in English, even though the old people found it very difficult to express themselves and occasionally had to appeal to a son or a daughter.

These people fish a little and tend their crofts. They shoe their own horses, tend their cattle and sheep, cut their scanty crops of corn with a scythe and gather it into sheaves by hand, labouring long and hard for a meagre return. During the last few years, however, the weaving industry has been given a new impetus and to-day every croft has its loom. Gone are the days when the home-grown wool was dyed and spun at home. Now a lorry brings the dyed yarn already spun on to bobbins. They weave the tweed on mechanical looms, operated by a foot treadle, and the cloth is collected and sent to the Stornoway mills to be finished. This industry is keeping most of the younger people at home, as they can earn a reasonable living at the weaving. Consequently, the townships are alive with young folk.

There are many more things I could tell you about "Lews," of the beautiful mountains of Harris, of black lochs (starred with water lilies) nestling in hollows of the hills, of the sheen-white sands of Uig, of the wild rock-torn Butt of Lewis with its lighthouse, of places with grand Norse names, Bragar and Shawbost, Barvas and Grinnavat, of golden beaches strewn with shells, and showing no tracks but those of sea-birds, of the dancing Northern Lights overhead at night; but for me all "Lews" is centred in Dalmore, that enchanted place of turquoise seas, golden sands, wild desolate crying of gulls over the old burial ground, the peat reek and above all, the friendliness of the people who live there.



ALMSCLIFF—A KEY TO CLIMBS.

By H. L. STEMBRIDGE.

History. Mr. T. Gray, the first Editor of the *Y.R.C. Journal*, has given the history of the early days of sport on Almscliff.

The first few climbers were chemistry students at the Yorkshire College, of whom Herbert Ingle and Dent went first as far as is known, and about 1893 climbed the Long Chimney. Gray soon after joined Ingle, and together they did many of the now classic climbs, including the Cup Climb, Stomach Traverse, V Chimney and Long Traverse, and Square Chimney. Edward Calvert joined in later and the first ascent of the Bird's Nest was made by Ingle after Calvert had attempted it and been compelled to jump down.

Several good climbers followed, notably Walter Parsons and Fred Botterill. It fell to Frankland in the 1920's to develop the Face climbs, among them Central Face, Green Crack, and Traditional.

During recent years severe routes have been evolved by Dolphin, including Great Western, Demon Wall, and most difficult of all North-west Girdle Traverse.

Description. Almscliff is a Gritstone outcrop consisting of High Man, Low Man, and a large number of outlying boulders, the whole providing an excellent practice ground for the Rock Climber. The rock is clean and sound, it dries quickly and its rough texture enables much use to be made of friction and press holds. Many of the faces would be uncompromisingly clean had not a kindly providence slipped in a few delightful cupholds although some of them are barely sufficient to hold one finger. Most of the climbs are well nail-scratched.

The High Man, which is divided into two main blocks, presents steep faces to the North, West and South, but overhangs are often encountered. The main face of the Low Man faces South West, but there is a lesser face looking towards the North West which lies beneath a great overhang. The Boulders round the crag on the N.W. provide innumerable short problems of which it is only necessary to list the main ones.

Position. $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles S.W. of Harrogate; $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles E.N.E. of

Otley; 10 miles N. of Leeds. O.S. Map reference (1/25000-44/24) 268490. Height above sea level 700 ft. approx.

Access. From Bradford/Harrogate or Otley/Harrogate bus dismount at Wescoe Hill, Holly Park or Rigton Lane, any of which points is 25 minutes' walk from Almscliff. *By train.* Weeton Station between Leeds and Harrogate is 25 minutes' walk away.

Campers can obtain water from a small spring 120 yards N.E. of N.E. gully. A pure stream runs through Crag Wood on private land.

Note. The object of this key is to enable the reader to identify the climbs. Each of the main faces has been sketched, the routes have been marked upon it and numbered to correspond with the list in the text. The position of the main faces and the boulders mentioned can be found by looking at the plan. All climbs known to the writer as having been led have been included, apart from minor variations to some routes and some boulder problems.

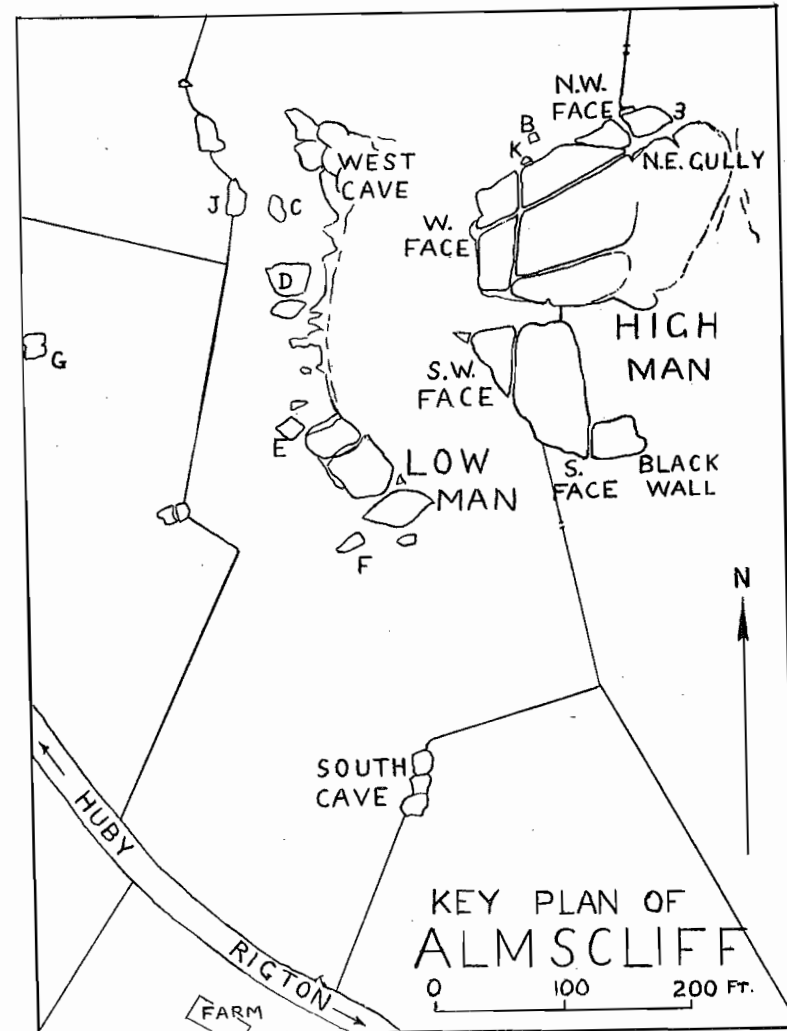
Once the climb is located the route is unmistakable in many cases, it is simply a matter of following the scratches. No attempt has been made to describe every climb, but, where the route is not obvious, by reason of its complexity or because it is rarely climbed, a short description is given.

The opinion of several climbers was obtained before deciding the standard of severity of the climbs, as, particularly on Almscliff, one man may find a climb difficult which another may consider moderate. For this reason no attempt has been made to list climbs in order of severity.

The terms "right" and "left" refer to the climber facing the climb. The height given is the vertical height of the climb measured to the nearest five feet.

E. = Easy	V.D. = Very difficult
M. = Moderate	S. = Severe
D. = Difficult	V.S. = Very severe

The author is grateful for the help in compiling these notes which he has received from many friends in the Y.R.C. and other climbing clubs. He is particularly indebted to A. R. Dolphin for details of his many new ascents,



B — NORTH BOULDER
 D — VIRGIN
 E — MATTERHORN BOULDER
 G — TROUSERS
 K — PULPIT

Plan is based on Original Survey of 1894 by S. W. Cuttriss and T. Gray

HIGH MAN. N.E. GULLY

1. Corner Crack. 20 ft. D.
Near the head of the gully on the E. wall. Although the jammed rock which provides the finishing hold moves, it is considered safe.
- 1A. Alternative start. 25 ft. V.D.
Start 18 feet to left.
2. Gully Face Climb. 25 ft. S.
Start as 1A but, instead of traversing to right, climb straight up.

HIGH MAN. NORTH FACE.

3. Fisher's Traverse. S.
Start near the entrance to N.E. Gully on the right (see plan). Traverse right, above the overhangs, for 30 ft., when an ascent can be made.

HIGH MAN. N.W. FACE.

4. Cup Climb. 35 ft. M.
The second pitch is climbed outside the chockstone on the left wall. Traverse round the nose and finish up the arête.
- 4A. Teaspoon Variation. 35 ft. V.S.
Start by way of the undercut crack immediately on the right of the cave.
- 4B. Alternative Start. 35 ft. S.
25 ft. to the right of the cave an upward traverse, chiefly on the arms, leads to the main rift.
5. Z Climb. 35 ft. V.S.
Rubbers. A zig-zag course up the face between the Cup and the Central Face climb.
6. Central Face Climb. 35 ft. V.S.
Climb 15 ft. to a niche where the leader can rest if the rope is passed over the large rock above and held firmly from below. Traverse left a few feet and then straight up.

7. Parson's Chimney. 40 ft. S.
The first pitch is usually climbed as a layback on the left wall but the chimney can also be climbed by bridging. A small crack high on the right wall at the back of the cave enables a start to be made on the second pitch. Good finishing holds.
8. Overhanging Groove. 40 ft. V.S.
From the layback crack, which is the first Pitch of Parson's, continue straight up the overhanging continuation. Finishing holds good.
9. Frankland's Green Crack. 40 ft. V.S.
From the top of the corner crack traverse a few feet to the right on poor holds. Climb the wall above with great difficulty until it is possible to stand on the horizontal crack. Finish by an exciting cave pitch. The leader may be played from the top of the Pulpit Rock.
10. Fat Man's Misery. 20 ft. S.
A strenuous climb between the left edge of the Pulpit Rock and the main face. Climbed as a layback or by jamming. An easier way to the top of the Pulpit is by the right-hand chimney.
11. Pulpit Corner. 20 ft. V.S.
The edge of the Pulpit midway between the two chimneys.
12. Long Chimney (outside finish). 40 ft. V.D.
Face left. Near the top traverse well out on the left wall using good undercut holds.
- 12A. Long Chimney (inside or Tunnel finish). 40 ft. M.
13. Saint's Niche. V.S.
To stand up in the shallow niche presents one of Almscliff's most severe problems.
14. Great Western. 40 ft. V.S.
Strenuous and exposed. Rubbers. The vertical corner crack 25 ft. to the right of the Niche, is climbed as a layback for 15 ft. until it is possible to pull out on to the left wall into a diagonal crack (for the feet). Hand traverse left on good holds until a strenuous pull can be made, over a pinnacle, into a recess where it is possible to rest. The overhanging crack above the recess is overcome by hand-jamming.

14A. Alternative Finish.

An even more sensational finish is made by taking a long stride to the right from the recess into a short crack, which is climbed by means of a hand-jam.

15. Crack of Doom. 40 ft. V.S.

The Great Western layback crack is climbed to the overhang, when it is possible to make an exposed semi-hand traverse to the right on unsatisfactory holds.

16. Retribution Rib. 40 ft. V.S.

The rib between Crack of Doom and the Leaf is climbed for about 18 ft. when an awkward move is made to the right into the chimney. Finish as "Leaf."

17. N.W. Girdle Traverse. V.S.

Surely the last word! Best number 3. Rubbers. Starts at the top of the Cup Climb. Traverse to the Niche on Central Face climb. Hand Traverse to cave on Parson's. Extremely severe traverse and hand traverse to Green Crack (top of initial crack). Delicate Traverse to Pulpit, followed by hand traverse into Long Chimney. From near top of Long Chimney make a sensational traverse beneath the big overhang and across the face into the recess on Great Western. Reverse Great Western to Layback crack and finish up Crack of Doom.

HIGH MAN. WEST FACE.

18. Leaf Climb. 35 ft. E.

19. The Nose. 35 ft. S.

A severe pull over the nose, with easy rocks beyond.

20. Nose Flake. 35 ft. V.S.

For 12 ft. A very strenuous route over the overhang a few feet to the right of the Nose.

21. Zig Zag. 30 ft. V.D.

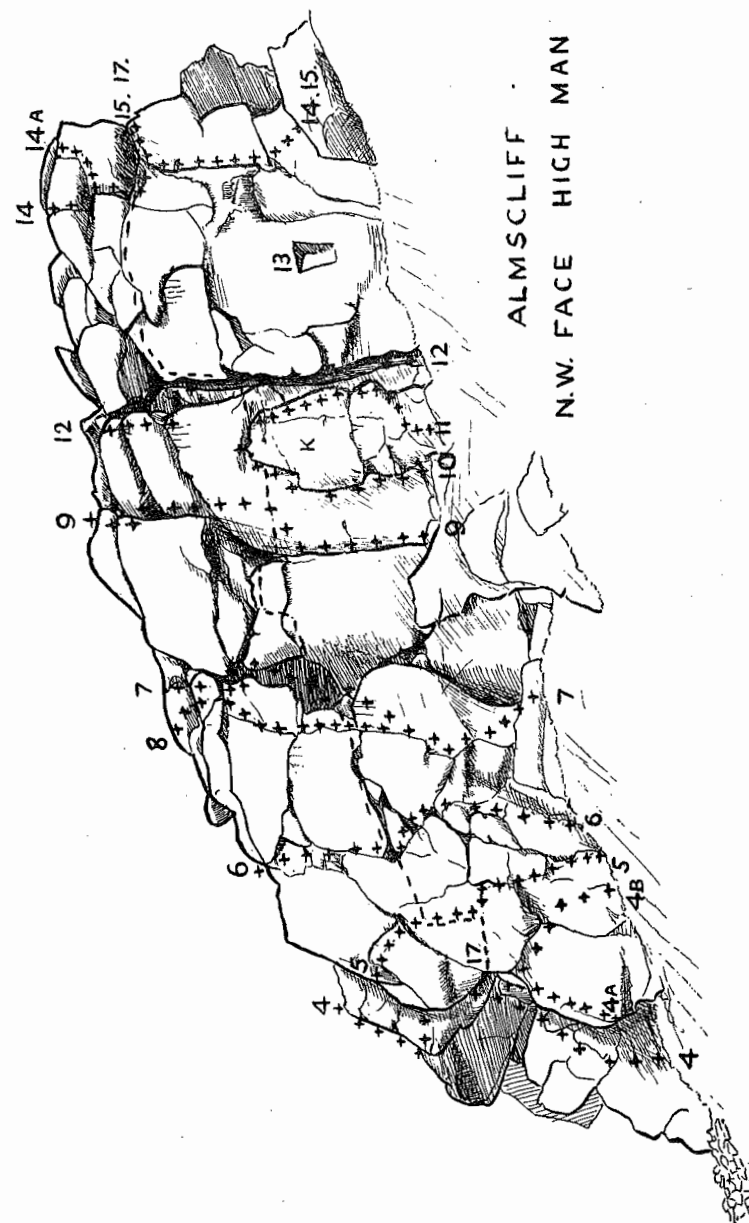
From a comfortable position under the overhang make a hand traverse to the left.

21A. Zig Zag Direct. 30 ft. V.S.

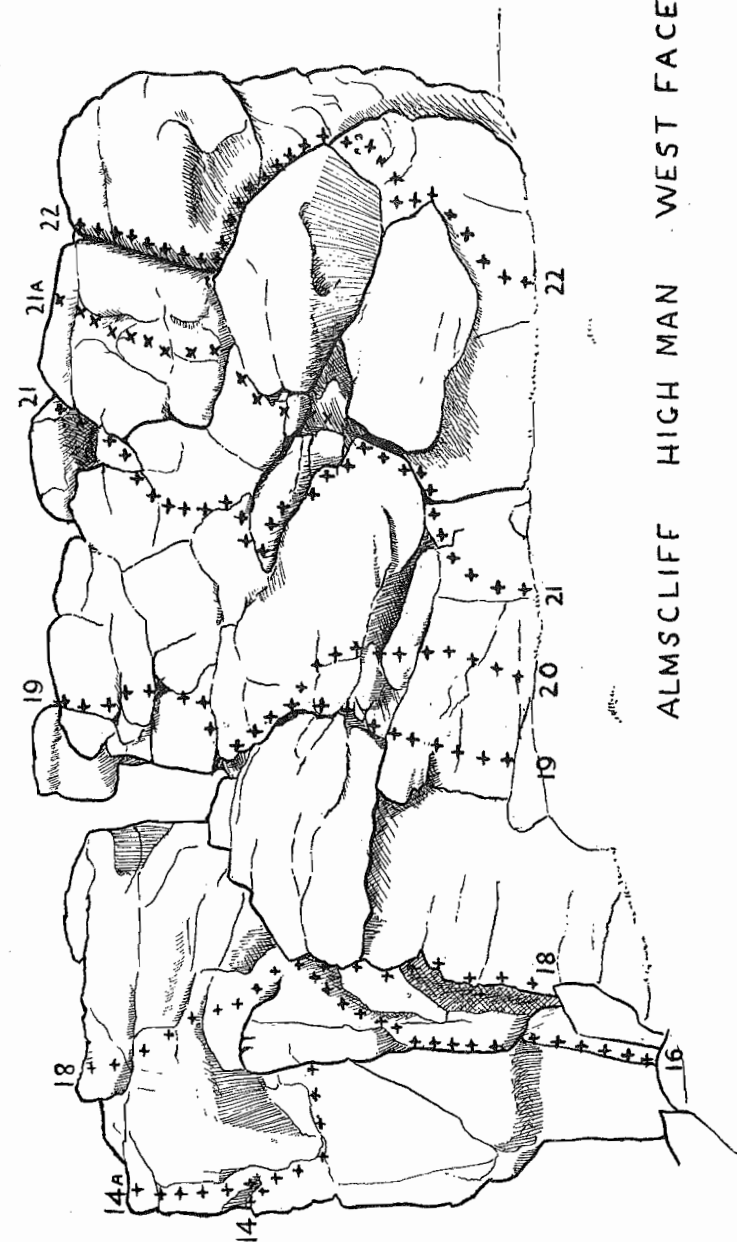
Straight up from the "comfortable position."

22. Goblin. 30 ft. V.D.

Starting well to the left work up to the "eyes" of the Goblin. Pass up the slanting ledge to the left to a good stance. Finish up the crack.

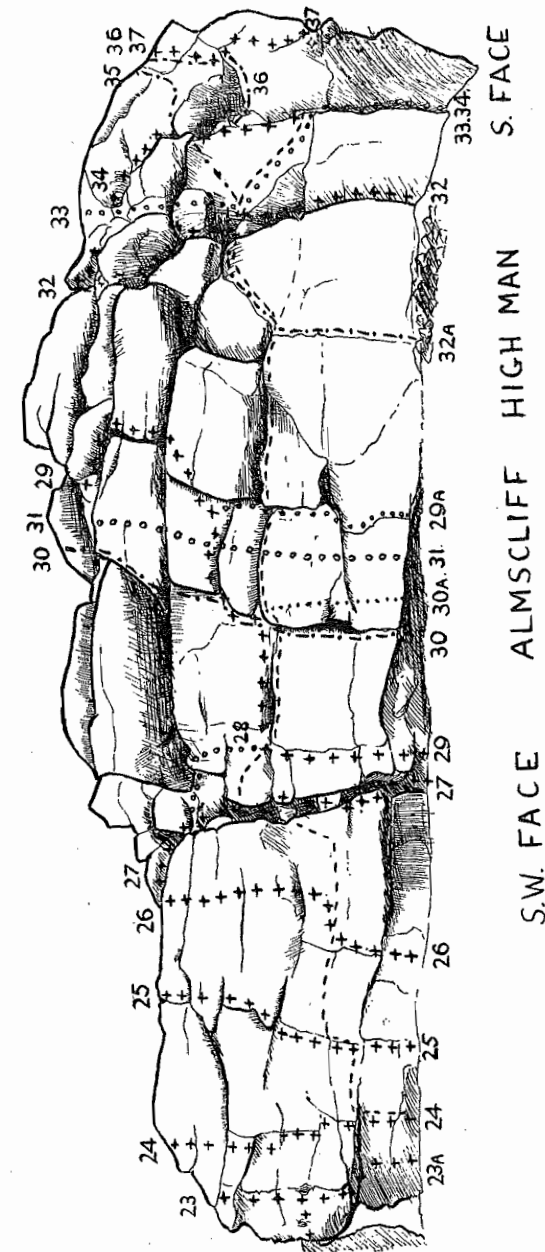


23. Tight Chimney. 20 ft. M.
In the North wall of the Rift which divides the High Man.
HIGH MAN. S.W. FACE.
23. Pothole. 20 ft. D.
Start from adjacent boulder.
- 23A. Pothole Direct. 25 ft. V.S.
A direct start climbed over the overhang.
24. Traditional. 30 ft. S.
After 15 ft. a steeply splayed ledge and lack of direct handholds make the next horizontal crack hard to attain. To finish straight up rubbers are better than boots, but the traverse to the left is not so difficult.
25. Bird's Nest Crack. 30 ft. V.D.
A left arm jam at 10 feet and another near the top.
26. Demon Wall. 30 ft. V.S.
A face climb midway between Bird's Nest and Three Chockstones. A small flake is used as a handhold for surmounting the overhang, after which rounded horizontal cracks are the only means of support.
27. Three Chockstones Chimney. 25 ft. E.
28. Crack and Wall. 25 ft. S.
The crack immediately to the right of Three Chockstones Chimney is climbed to the broad ledge. Continue straight up on same line until stopped by overhang. Traverse left to top of Chimney.
29. Stomach Traverse. 30 ft. M.
Follow "Crack and Wall" to broad ledge. From right hand edge of ledge traverse to right until it is possible to ascend by squirming or climbing into a crack.
- 29A. Direct Start. 30 ft. S.
Start immediately below final crack.
30. Central Crack. 30 ft. S.
From the broad ledge climb up the corner on the right and squirm over the bulge above.
- 30A. Alternative Start. 30 ft. S.
First pitch climbed on face to broad ledge.
31. Jacob's Ladder. 30 ft. V.S.
Straight up the face between Central Crack and Stomach Traverse (Direct Start).



ALMSCLIFF HIGH MAN WEST FACE

32. South Chimney. 30 ft. M.
- 32A. Crack Variation. 30 ft. S.
A short severe crack (climbed by handjamming or as lay-back) followed by an easier move across the face to the right leads into South Chimney.
33. South Face Traverse. 40 ft. S.
Starts round the corner to the right of South Chimney. From the sloping ledges traverse left. Climb the corner quickly on poor holds. Finish up the rib immediately to the right of South Chimney.
34. South Face Climb. 40 ft. V.S.
From the corner shelf in South Face Traverse climb the East Corner of slab. An overhanging nose is approached and used to reach an obvious incut shelf 3 feet below the Summit. A very delicate movement is necessary once the climber is committed to standing on the tip of the nose. The finish is a squirm either way to leave the shelf safely.
35. South Wall Traverse. 35 ft. V.S.
Rubbers. From the South Chimney Chockstone traverse right to the top of the East Corner of the slab. An exposed traverse right is then made above the big overhang, finishing up a narrow crack in the middle of the face.
36. Bird Lime Traverse. 35 ft. V.S.
Rubbers. From the top of the East corner of the slab mentioned in the South Face Climb traverse right underneath the big overhang for about 25 ft., when a very hard pull up is made into "Black Wall" near the top. Finish up "Black Wall."
37. Black Wall. 30 ft. V.S.
Rubbers. Start at Right Hand edge of Black Wall (see plan). Good holds lead to an overhanging nose of rock, which is surmounted with difficulty. A slightly overhanging traverse is made left for 10 ft. to a tiny ledge below an overhanging wall. The ascent of this wall is the crux of the climb. Finishing holds good.



38. S.W. Girdle Traverse. S.

Starts with the first few feet of the Traditional and finishes at the foot of the South Face Climb.

LOW MAN.

39. Long Traverse. D.

From the large block marked "L" on the Low Man Sketch (which may be reached by routes 40.42.44) traverse to the left under the overhang, until it is possible to reach good holds on the corner.

39A. Long Traverse Alternative. V.D.

Start at the foot of the rocks, below and to the left of the finish of 39. Climb up to the corner on good holds, make a delicate step under the overhang and reverse Long Traverse.

40. "V" Chimney. 20 ft. S.

Round the corner to the left from Square Chimney. Face right for 12 feet and then face left.

40A. "V" Chimney Direct Finish. 40 ft. V.S.

From the ledge where "V" Chimney meets "Long Traverse," pull up until it is possible to reach poor holds on the top of the overhang. With their help traverse a few feet right, when a very awkward mantel-shelf move leads to the top.

41. Pigott's Stride and Whisky Crack. 40 ft. V.S.

Star up the corner of the Matterhorn Boulder. Take a long stride across to the buttress of the Low Man (reaching well to the right for a good side hold). Finish up the Whisky Crack.

42. Square Chimney. 20 ft. V.D.

Back up—facing right.

43. "V" Crack. 20 ft. S.

Start from Square Chimney (if climbed from ground without using Square Chimney it is V.S.).

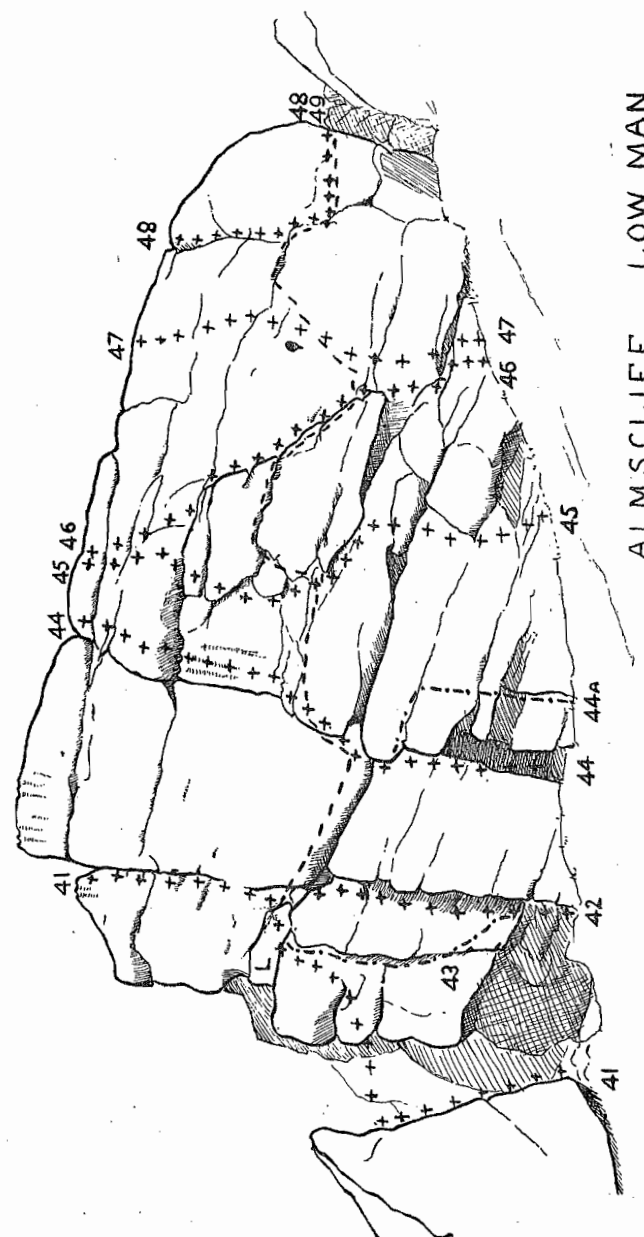
44. Fluted Column. 40 ft. D.

From the top of the Flutings a good hand hold can be reached well to the right above the overhang.

44A. Alternative Start. 40 ft. D.

45. Pinnacle Flake Climb. 40 ft. S.

Start 12 ft. to left of "Easy Way." Climb to sloping



ledge below bulge. Follow ledge until left side of pinnacle is reached. Finish by way of top of pinnacle.

46. Easy Way. 35 ft. M.

47. Stew Pot. 35 ft. D.

48. Kiernan's Traverse and Rough Crack. 25 ft. S.

Start near the top of the gully. Traverse left for 18 ft.

Climb the rounded crack, mainly by jamming.

49. Low Man Girdle Traverse. S.

Start as 48. Descend part of Stew Pot, cross Pinnacle

Face. An awkward face traverse leads to broad ledge.

Finish by Long Traverse.

BOULDERS. (See plan p. 215.)

B. North Boulder.

The Northern edge provides good practise in boots on sloping holds. A severe slab climb using the South edge as a layback.

C.

From the middle of the low side one route leads upwards to the right and another to the left. Sloping holds make both ways difficult.

D. Virgin.

A magnificent boulder with five recognised routes and several variations.

North Face. A moderately difficult traverse with good pocket holds.

Top Side. Right Corner. A steep and delicate corner climb which may be started on the North or on the East face.

Top Side. Central Face. Severe. To reach a good finishing hold is necessary to step up boldly on poor holds.

Top Side. Left Corner. Start on the East face and finish up the South face on good holds.

South Face. Stride and Diagonal Route. V.S. From the adjacent boulder take a long stride on to the Virgin.

Ascend a few feet and traverse left to sloping ledge.

Pass round corner and follow sloping ledge down to left.

Step out left and ascend delicately.

E. Matterhorn Boulder.

S.E. Corner a very severe layback.

East Side a thin crack.

F.

An excellent slab climb on South Side. A traverse along West Side and a climb up N.W. corner.

G. Trousers.

N.W. edge—a delicate traverse. A short climb on the South Face.

West Cave (Low Side).

An amusing low level traverse starting below the cave goes to the left and finishes round the corner on the North Side.

A good climb starts six feet to the left of the cave up a slanting ledge, followed by a balance move over bulging rock.

A few feet to the right of the cave climb a steep corner to a good ledge. Continue straight up.

20 feet to right—a short but strenuous corner crack.

South Cave.

A neat climb up the centre face of the North block. A strenuous corner crack where the North and Central blocks meet is climbed as a layback.

The severe crack in the middle of the centre block is also climbed as a layback.

See also :—

"Some Gritstone Climbs" (Laycock).

"Recent Developments on Gritstone" (Almscliff section by Frankland).

"Mountaineering Journal (Vol. 4)" (Byne and Critchley).



FLOREAT HIBERNIA.

By H. L. STEMBRIDGE.

It has been said, probably with some truth, that if a man wished to escape notice he should make for the centre of London or some equally densely populated area. Be that as it may, the very last place he should go to is the north-west of Ireland. Within a day or two of the arrival of the Y.R.C. party in Enniskillen on Whit-Saturday, 1948, everybody knew about us and our truck, and as we rattled along the narrow dusty lanes the occupants of the many little farms looked out to see the extraordinary phenomenon.

The object of our visit was a matter for conjecture. "What manner of men are ye?" exclaimed the old woman on Slieve Rushen. "Are ye business men?" Our appearance after six consecutive days of potholing should at least have absolved us from such a suggestion—but then, the sartorial standards of the uplands are not noticeably high!

We may not have been business men, but there could be no doubt that we meant business—or at any rate Sam did. Sam was our lorry driver, a Belfast man whose main ambition seemed to be to take his truck where no truck had ever been before—a pioneer if ever there was one. "The milk wagon" we were told "managed to get as far as the bridge. Maybe you can ride to there, but beyond that you'll have to walk." With consummate skill Sam eased our truck over the bridge and nosed our way for miles beyond. As he thrust the covered wagon through the mass of overhanging branches the effect inside was that of continuous machine-gun fire, and so narrow were the lanes under Slieve Rushen, our offside mud-guard scraped the wall of some cabin while our nearside wheel hovered perilously on the lip of a deep ditch. To him this was the breath of life, but neither cajoling nor persuasion would get him inside a cave. "The only man who'd get me down there," said Sam, "is an undertaker"—and he really meant it.

The extraordinary thing about this meet was the epidemic of restlessness to which the whole party succumbed from the very first day. "Let's get away earlier!" was the cry.

"Get fell in," was the catch word. Admittedly there was a lot to do, and all new stuff at that, but to the middle-aged climber inured to setting off at 10.30 after a leisurely breakfast, the increasing tempo became alarming.

I am inclined to think that the responsibility for the outbreak rested upon Harold Armstrong, the President, and Chubb. It was my privilege to sleep in the same room as the President and my ambition was to take him an early morning cup of tea. I never achieved this ambition because I am prepared to swear that he was never in bed before I went to sleep, nor was he there when I awoke the following morning. It is possible he may have been there during the interval but that wouldn't amount to much!

Before six in the morning people were stirring, by seven the place buzzed like a beehive—a party was even known to set off complete with potholing impedimenta by seven and before nine the place was deserted. As some wit put it "Just for once I'd like to lie a-bed until dawn." I think it was the same man who apologised for the singularly untuneful dirge he was singing while preparing a very early breakfast by explaining that he "liked to get a few notes in before the birds started up."

One would imagine that these early starts would result in correspondingly early returns and long leisurely evenings when the day's events could be discussed, but nothing could be further from the facts. No one dreamed of getting back before nine, and by the time we had off-loaded, had a swim in the Cladagh to get the mud off, eaten a meal and washed up, we rarely had time to get over the Border into the Black Lion before the bar closed at midnight.

If from what has been said, I have given the impression that this meet was a grim business, all work and no play, I must correct it at once, for in truth, it was a very light-hearted affair, with any amount of fun, and laughter. Moreover the sun shone all day and every day, the hillsides were ablaze with gorse, the May blossom was at its best, and primroses and violets made every bank a miracle. Never, never shall we forget that sweet scented Ulster countryside! Truth to tell we were intoxicated with the beauty of it and with the

excitement of new discoveries day after day. It was good to be alive, far too good to waste time a-bed.

The high moors were populous with peat-diggers working hard to cut and stack the peats while the good weather lasted, but not so hard to prevent them downing tools to watch our operations. These Ulstermen were a good humoured lot and their naive comments caused much laughter, although time and again we debunked their long-cherished myths about their local pot-holes. "Sure enough, there's no bottom to it!" was a favourite remark but, alas, it was invariably wrong and we felt it rather indelicate to disillusion them.

Many were the legends they told us, not glibly, but quietly and sincerely, as if believing in their truth. There was the story of the farm hand who reported to his master that the clib (a clib being a young horse) had fallen down a pothole. Disbelieving him, the farmer accused him of stealing the clib, but the hand persisted in his story. To prove his innocence he was lowered in a creel, with instructions to cut off the clib's tail and bring it to the surface. This he did and was, of course, vindicated. We assume he went down the first 100 foot pitch only, as from the quantity of loose stuff on the succeeding pitches it was obvious they were in their virgin state.

A good deal of gardening was necessary in most of the pots and it was felt generally that "I think we've pushed most of the loose stuff down now" should be registered in the catalogue of "Famous Last Words."

It was the old man of Aghaboy who told us the story of the two fiddlers who disappeared into their local Pollnagollum and were never seen again, although weeks later, their fiddling was heard coming from a hole under Ben Aughlin, four miles away. It is customary to divide every estimated distance underground by five, but in this case it proved insufficient as the total length of that cave, by accurate measurements, was reduced from four miles to 79 yards.

Referring to the same cave, the old man remarked, quite sincerely, "I'm after thinking there's fairies in the place—many's the time I've seen the quarest little footprints going in there." He offered to accompany us, but when it came to

leaving daylight his courage failed him. "Maybe ye can manage with yourselves now," said he and gracefully withdrew.

This reluctance to leave the light of day was not uncommon—on several occasions volunteers proffered their assistance to show us the way into a cave but they would never venture far—"I don't hold with holes," or "I don't want to dirty me clothes," and him in the raggedest and dirtiest suit you ever saw in your life!

There was one exception and that was the peat-cutter who will live for ever in a local blaze of glory because he went with us down Polliniska until he could look into the gaping shaft of Pollnatagha. "Glory be to God" said he fervently, "Man dear, it's terrible!" The following day down he went again and this time we took him into a side shaft from which, through a very ordinary hole in the wall, you could see down into Pollprughlish. Afterwards I heard him relating his experience to a wide-eyed audience, "And there was the loveliest little window you ever saw in your life"; in the course of time his exploits will probably assume legendary proportions.

If the curiosity of the peat-diggers was not unnatural their questions were often difficult to answer. "Who's the head man?" "What's the pay for the job?" or was it the nearness of some illicit still which prompted a Free Stater to dismiss us with "Och! They're Government fellows—always meddling in what isn't their business!"

Nevertheless we had our uses, for on one occasion we rescued Mick Riley's creel which he lost when his donkey nearly fell down Peter Bryant's Hole two years ago. Fifteen shillings that creel had cost him and he was overjoyed to get it back nearly as good as new. Invariably, too, our truck was filled to overflowing at the end of the day with peat-diggers wanting a lift to the main road.

So many and varied were the incidents in those crowded days that it is difficult to know where to stop—I should like to tell you the romantic story of the Pint Pot of Swanlinbar, but this may bring a blush to the cheeks of Jack Holmes, or I could recount the dramatic occasion in the Bullock Hole

when Roberts' sarcastic exclamation "Are you trying to lasso the mayor (or mare) of Swanlinbar?" was immediately followed by Nemesis in the form of a stray dog which ate his sandwiches, but these incidents are of interest mainly to those who were present.

Nevertheless some things crowd upon the senses—the scent of flowers which pervaded Killesher, particularly in the late evening and at dawn, the ever-present call of corncrakes, there so numerous but in England almost extinct, the chirping of the crickets on the open hearth as you entered the kitchen in the early morning—the jolly face of Chubb reflecting the glowing peats as he crouched over the fire frying chops—and what chops!

There is an extraordinary atmosphere of freedom in the air at Killesher, freedom from restraint particularly delightful to men who, for a decade, have been bound so rigidly by regulations of one sort or another. Partly it may be due to its remoteness, but mainly it springs from the genial ruling spirit of the place, Mr. Barbour.

It is no small matter for any household to absorb fourteen active men for a week but the serene flow of life at Killesher Farm was unruffled by our invasion. With an hospitality reminiscent of a more romantic age, the whole house and its contents were placed at our disposal and so spontaneously was it done, so naturally and with such grace, that not a man of us but felt that the arrival of the "boys from Yorkshire" gave as much pleasure to Mr. Barbour as it did to ourselves. Here, indeed, was the embodiment of goodwill.

To lean on a gate with him some sunny morning, to listen to his talk for half an hour—to understand his generous philosophy—here was a man, I thought, who could teach me a good deal about the art of gentle living. Long may he flourish.

POT-HOLES ON THE ULSTER BORDER.

By J. A. HOLMES.

Those Y.R.C. men who attended the 1947 Whitsuntide meet at Killesher—the first Irish meet since 1939—could be divided roughly into two groups. The first had been there pre-war and had always enjoyed perfect summer weather even at Easter, each short visit leading to some new discovery on a grand scale. The second consisted of those men new to the Irish tradition of fine weather and exciting discoveries. Inevitably all those who could not stay the full week found this first visit somewhat flat. The weather was inclined to be cool and showery, the conditions on the moors wet and failure to accomplish much new left the impression that a week-end in Ireland was not worth the time spent in travelling.

The fortunate few who stayed out the week were favoured latterly with brilliant sunshine, and although doing comparatively little in the underground regions spent long hours on the moors. The lure of "new" country, as viewed from the summit cairn on Cuilcagh, spreading away into the hazy distance,—and the cross-country trip to Shannon Pot—the source of the Shannon, put quite a different aspect on our Irish outlook.

The large quantities of food left behind by the week-enders must also have contributed in no mean way to the general feeling of contentment. The climax to the weeks' activities came when the two younger members of the party were hurried out of the Legnabrocky Pots by a very senior member and compelled to escort a young lady through the Marble Arch Caverns!

At August Bank Holiday that same year a lone Rambler again enjoyed Mr. Barbour's hospitality at Killesher, prepared to walk wherever inclination led. Inclination was largely governed at the outset by the Editor's 6-inch O.S. maps with potholes and risings underlined in red ink and also by extracts from Hayward's "In Praise of Ulster," dealing with the underground caverns of the Swanlinbar River.

It was just as well he had little intention of doing any pot-holing or cave-crawling because on the evening of arrival

the weather broke with a severe thunderstorm and three nights' heavy rain turned dry stream beds into raging torrents. However, for the remainder of the week the weather was perfect with sunshine from morn till night and he was able to cover a fair amount of interesting country.

Broadly speaking the pot-holes in this area fall into four groups, comprising:—

- (a) The Marble Arch group of river caverns.
- (b) The pot-holes in the Swanlinbar area.
- (c) The pots and caves in the Boho-Knockmore region.
- (d) The limestone country to the west of Black Lion.

Of these, the first has been the happy hunting ground of recent Y.R.C. meets. The latter area was dismissed by Brodrick as an area of no particular interest, and since then has received little attention.

The Boho area contains interesting caves, most of which have been described elsewhere, and a few deep pots such as Noon's Hole, Reyfad Pot and Rattle Hole, all looked at the previous Whitsuntide. It seems possible that a more intensive exploration of this area may be well worth the trouble.

Finally the Swanlinbar area! The 6-inch O.S. map names several pot-holes on the limestone platform to the N.W. of Swanlinbar, completely overlooked till lately as they are on a tiny strip not worth buying! Roberts and Chubb at Whitsuntide '47 paid a flying visit to these pots—hidden among peat hags and cuttings—and saw enough to realise that there was pot-holing in this area sufficient to keep a strong party busy for longer than a mere week-end. The Pigeon Pots a mile and more to the North had been investigated in 1939, but the area became of especial interest after reading Hayward's "*In Praise of Ulster*." He describes how the upper reaches of the Swanlinbar River (also named the Claddagh) . . . "rising in a fine gorge between Cuilcagh and Cratty pursue an underground course for over three miles through a maze of limestone caverns beset with a forest of fantastic stalactites."

A wet morning with thick mist over the moors found the lone Rambler tramping stolidly up the banks of the Swanlinbar river. An even wetter afternoon and he was splashing his way methodically from South to North along and across, but mainly

through, the several swollen tributaries of the same river and heading towards the high ground of Cratty and the featureless moors beyond. Much later that evening, the mist cleared, the rain stopped and he came upon a deep limestone gorge with a river hurling itself below ground under a fine limestone arch. The *only* limestone gorge on the Cuilcagh plateau east of Monastir Sink, and nothing to do with the Swanlinbar river; this was Pollasumera whose waters rise again as a Cladagh at Marble Arch!

Other outings that week included a visit to Slieve Rushen, an isolated range of hills a mile or two to the east of Swanlinbar village. From the highest point a very clear view was obtained across the fertile lowlands of the Co. Cavan with Cavan Cathedral faintly discernible as a white blur in the far distance. The O.S. map names a Pollnagollum and Tory Cave. These were visited. The former was a deep pot hole with a floor then estimated at 70 ft., and the latter a muddy bedding-plane of no particular merit. Elsewhere in this region all streams flowed above ground and there were no signs of any other pot holes or even sinks.

On another wet day a circular trip from Swanlinbar via the Bellavally Gap to Glangevlin—lying south of the Cuilcagh-Tiltinbane ridge—proved no limestone country in this area, but the continuation of this walk N. past Shannon Pot and on to Black Lion was much more interesting and in limestone country all the way, very pleasant indeed. A deep sink named on the map Pollnagossan appears to be of interest. It is the deepest of a long line and engulfs a small stream flowing into a narrow cleft. It looks as though it would go without undue difficulty. Further investigations were, however, curtailed by the lateness of the hour and long dead mutton.

In general this lone visit served to confirm that a strong party could be well and truly occupied for a week in the Swanlinbar region alone and tackling only new pots. It may also be added that any person not even vaguely interested in pot-holing could not wish to find a more interesting corner of Old Ireland, the traditional Ireland of folk-lore, old-world courtesy, poverty and pride.

As a result of excellent staff-work on the part of the Club

Secretaries, Whitsuntide 1948 saw yet another Y.R.C. party, 13 strong, cross the Irish Sea. After the usual smooth crossing we were packed at Belfast into a huge 3-ton lorry with all our gear, and away we went in brilliant sunshine to Enniskillen. Sam the driver has been mentioned elsewhere. He made the party up to fourteen and a very welcome addition he was. May the next Irish party be lucky enough to obtain his services.

We soon were settled in at Killesher and down to the job of planning our campaign. Reyfad won the day as our first objective on the grounds that it should be tackled while the fine weather lasted. Perhaps the 1947 party had deeper reasons.

Reyfad lies on the limestone platform about a mile to the south of Noon's Hole—situated in the Boho area. There seems to be to-day no active stream engulfed but only seepage from the surrounding peat cuttings, sufficient to render descent under wet conditions unpleasant but not to explain the size of the main shaft.

Reference to the accompanying plan shows two small pot-holes (A) and (J) in the same depression and perhaps 50 ft. apart, both leading into the closed main shaft, which at the level of (C) takes the form of a rift 40 ft. long by 15 ft. at the widest part. Incidentally its dome must be only a few feet below the moor.

Both pots were quite dry and were quickly laddered, the main attack being made via (A). The floor BC consisting of loose debris offered little in the way of a suitable belay for a long ladder descent and a stake jammed across the rift served that purpose. (CD) was a steep cleft in the main shaft leading to a narrow platform (D) about 2 ft. wide by 3 ft. long and forming the lip of the main ladder descent. 120 ft. of ladder were passed over this lip, the end soon out of sight below the overhang. A heavy limestone block lodged at the top of the cleft worked loose and threatened to send a minor avalanche of rocks down the whole ladder pitch. A rapid withdrawal to a safer level and hurried consultation resulted in abandoning descent via this entrance.

Meantime a second party had laddered the smaller hole which opened into the main shaft about 20 feet higher up and about the same distance to the north-east. Seventy feet of

ladder dangled into the main shaft. A descent of 40 ft. showed the end of the ladder swinging well above a ledge of limestone on the brink of a still deeper hole. Back to the surface for all available tackle and down into the depth went seven ladders this time safely belayed to a stake set well back on the moor. The first man down quickly followed.—Down, down without a pause, 100 feet, 150 feet, 200 feet.—At last a whistled signal to halt after paying out 210 feet of life-line, followed by a muffled shout of success.

A short rest and up again he came. Two further descents were made on two life-lines to investigate a rat-hole 18 inch by 12 inch in the floor of jammed boulders, and descending 6 feet to a substantial rock bridge. Partial clearance of the smaller boulders disclosed a rift down which stones could be dropped perhaps a further 50 feet. However, the instability of these smaller boulders forbade further investigations and the party withdrew to the surface. So ended a memorable day.

A description of the section is as follows :—

- A.—Ash tree at head of rift 5 ft. by 8 ft. About 30 ft. deep.
- B.C.—Loose debris floor sloping to narrow window (C) and opening into large closed pot.
- C.D.—Steep cleft holding jammed rocks, to platform (D).
- J.K.—Smaller shaft than AB and 15-20 yards further north. 15-20 feet deep with sloping debris floor and opening into main shaft about 20 feet north and 15-20 feet above (C).
- E.—Narrow ledge sloping outwards—2 or 3 feet wide and about 120 feet below K. Rock here clean and sound.
- G.—Foot of the ladder. Floor of massive jammed boulders 30 feet long by 12 feet wide. Dry and showing no signs of flooding.
- H.—Rat-hole descending 6 feet. Possibility of a further 50-foot pitch. The measured depth of this pot-hole from foot of ladder to moor level was 230 feet. In the main shaft the ladder hangs clear of the walls with the exception of the top 15 feet. The top 20 feet of the pitch below (K) was in the form of ridged lumps of black limestone, the surface breaking away in brittle flakes, though the underlying rocks appeared quite sound. Below this level the limestone was clean and white as far as F. At this depth

the rock darkened and at the bottom it was black, brittle and abraded in sharp edges.

Our next objectives were the group of pots above Swanlinbar. Sam managed to convey us as far as the quarry and we then had a carry over the moor for about a mile to Polliniska Pot, digressing slightly from the direct route to look at Pollnagapple, a fine natural limestone arch on the edge of the moor.

Polliniska when visited the previous August engulfed a vast flood of water. This had now diminished to a moderate stream falling 30 feet into an open rift about 18 feet by eight wide. 30 feet to the north lay Pollnatagha, a deep well-like shaft about seven feet in diameter.

Polliniska was quickly laddered and explored. As was expected it proved to be a subsidiary pot to Pollnatagha, the water following a northerly channel and entering the latter shaft about 50 feet below the surface. A dry channel opening in the southern wall of the pot (W) merely led back to the main shaft.

After two or three unsuccessful attempts to bottom Pollnatagha, all available ladders were put down and belayed to a convenient boulder on the moor. Down went the first man. At length his faint signal indicated he had bottomed at 168 feet. A brief interval for exploration and out he came to describe an extremely fine ladder descent with the ladder hanging clear of the walls the whole way and also clear of all but spray from the stream.

His brief inspection had revealed a vast circular chamber floored with boulders and peat washings, but with no obvious stream channel leading away.

Three further descents were made. One man roughly exploring the perimeter of the chamber with the sinks at (A), (D) and (C), while the other two extended exploration of (A).

The section and plan of this chamber are mainly impressionistic.

X.W. Shaft of Polliniska with the stream entering over the southern lip.

Y.E. Pollnatagha shaft. The main chamber was roughly kidney shaped, perhaps 150 feet long by 100 feet wide

and rising at (M) to a very high dome from which fell a smaller stream of water.

A. Sink about 15 feet long by 12 feet wide, descending 20 feet through mud and boulders to a steep narrow pitch 30 feet deep. This was laddered to a floor of stones.

Running water was heard but not encountered. From the foot of this pitch a dry passage J-K was followed without difficulty for 200 paces in a southerly direction against a strong current of air. Further exploration had to be discontinued for lack of time.

C. A sink similar to 'A' and requiring laddering was not descended.

A quaint feature of Pollnatagha noted by the men at the surface were the periodic puffs of cold air rising from the shaft and forming a localised evanescent mist. Surely a sign of a secondary air passage in the depths of the pot.

200 yards south of Polliniska and named on the 6-inch O.S. map is Pollprughlisk, a very fine looking pot and partly overgrown with vegetation. It lies in a hollow about 15 feet deep and at the north end a small stream enters in wet weather. The south wall falls sheer from moor level to a floor of boulders 100 feet below. The rift lies roughly north-south and is about 20 feet long by 18 feet at the widest point. An interesting little scramble under the clints 50 feet across the moor leads one along an underground gallery smelling of foxes to a window opening into the north wall of Pollprughlisk and about 30 feet down. (*Anglo-Irish gh is the Scotch ch.*)

All ladders were sent down the main shaft and descent made from the northern end, down a good pitch of 100 feet, the ladder hanging clear for the lower two-thirds. The pot at this level consists of a rift approximately 60-70 feet long by 10 feet wide, running roughly 50 deg. true and descending over boulders and debris a further 20 feet to the lowest part of the rift (E). Here in the West wall is an opening (D) originally 8 feet above floor level, but subsequently lowered considerably by kicking away masses of loose limestone blocks, etc. This opening led to a closed parallel rift (H-J), at this level only three feet wide and spanned opposite (D) by three large boulders precariously balanced. These were crossed to a

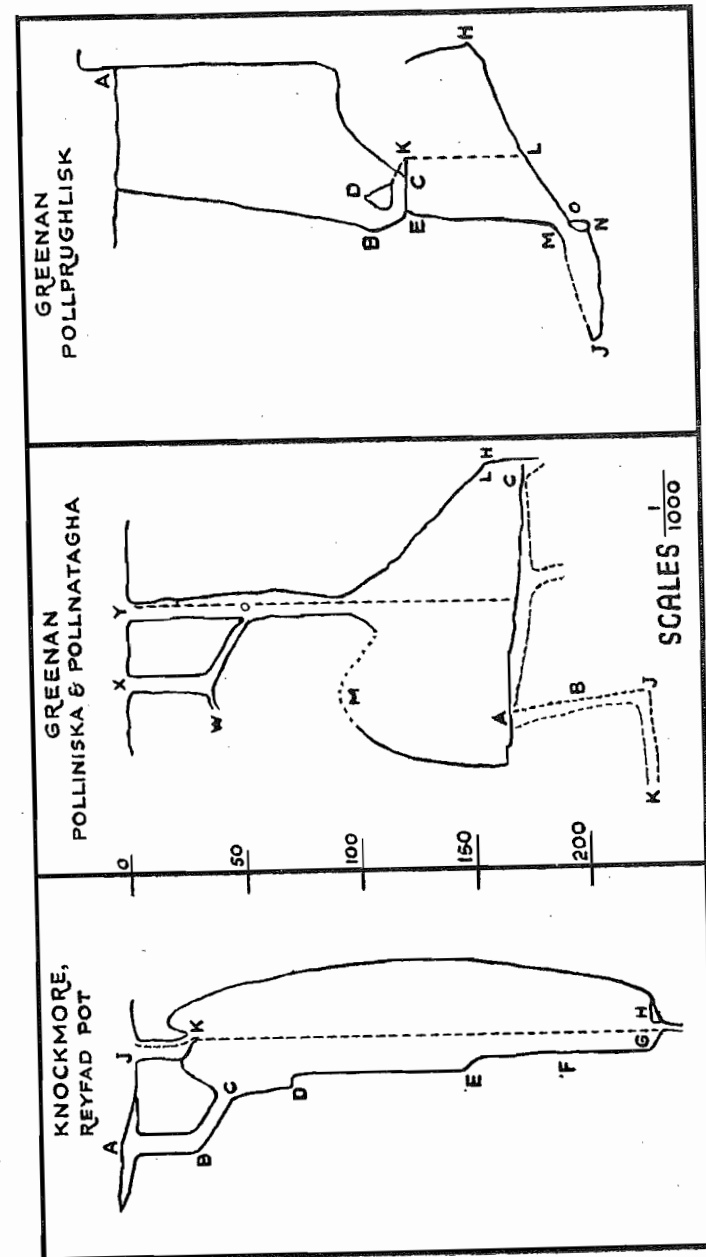
platform (C) about 12 feet square and sloping steeply towards the closed rift. This appeared about 50 feet deep, but prior to rigging the ladders much hard labour was expended in levering away several loose rocks, jammed at the head of the rift.

The ladders down this pitch were belayed through (D) to a large rock in the main rift and the ladders themselves ran over a stout stake (K) jammed across the rift. These precautions were necessary on account of the extremely brittle nature of the black limestone. This second rift was found to be floored with a thick mass of peat descending steeply from south to north to a tightish arch (M) leading to a deeper continuation of the same rift (N-J). This proved to be the end of the pot. The floor consisted of peat washings and mud. The walls were covered with slime and the whole rift petered out as a small drain. The depth below moor level was estimated at 205 feet. Eight men made the complete descent.

In times of flood this rift must be immersed to a depth of 90 feet since pieces of wood and drift were lodged at a height of 10 feet above the platform (C). Like Slieve Rushen Pollnagollum and unlike Polliniska it consists of a series of open joints in the limestone enlarged by acid corrosion from the peat. In this type of system and where the water can only drain away slowly the greatest corrosion will take place in the lower regions where the water is under pressure. Enlargement by erosion will be practically nil since the rate of flow of the water is negligible. Consequently one will find high banks and walls of rock merely cemented together by peat and mud which in an actual stream cavern would have been washed away. On the other hand the upper walls of such a pot with the exception of the top few feet may be quite sound.

Peter Bryant's Bullock Hole, the last big pot on this stretch of moor, lies within 200 yards to the north of Polliniska. Once more all the tackle was left overnight at Pollprughlisk.

On Wednesday morning three Ramblers, detached from the main body, were despatched at a very early hour complete with single rope and ladder to walk from the Border through Swanlinbar to explore the Aghaboy Pollnagollum, whose passages, according to Hayward, extend over half a mile under the moor. The remainder of the party were to tackle the



Bullock Hole, but at a more reasonable hour.

Situated on the edge of the moor, in the townland of Aghaboy and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the south of Polliniska, this Pollnagollum is a fine open pot roughly 30 feet wide by 50 feet long in a north-south line and thickly overgrown with vegetation. A small stream falls in wet weather over the north wall.

Guided by an old countryman the party descended the fifteen feet to the rocky floor by an easy scramble down the south wall and without need of any tackle. A steep boulder-strewn slope led to the foot of the north wall—a limestone crag 40 feet high. Of three passages leading under this crag, only the centre one proved of any interest and this petered out after 70-80 yards. Neither of the other two extended more than 50 feet.

Polladranta marked on the six-inch map must be a small lochan, search being made for it while returning over the moors to the Bullock Hole.

This last pot-hole lies in the hollow about 20 feet below moor level with two or three small trees growing nearby. A small stream enters from the west. The rift itself is about 8 feet wide by 10 feet long. A pitch of 25 feet at the north end leads to a commodious floor of boulders. The stream strikes the lip of this shelf and cascades down a steep pitch of 70 feet to a substantial ledge. From here to the floor of the large chamber is a further 60 feet. On the other hand the south wall of the rift forms a slight overhang from moor level to the ledge, clear of all projecting rocks and also out of the stream.

Eight men made the descent into the large chamber which is roughly rectangular in shape. A continuation of the slope below the foot of the ladder added a further 20 feet to the depth of the pot giving a total of 180 feet below moor level. The dimensions of this vast chamber were measured at 120 feet by 90 feet. No further pitches or passages were found and if any exist they may well be hidden under the pile of limestone blocks rising 20 feet or more in the centre of the chamber.

A quarter of a mile to the north-east of the Bullock Hole the main track off the moor literally skirts a hole only 2 feet by 4 feet, unfenced or protected in any way and level with the surrounding moor. Known as Peter Bryants' Hole, it had the

reputation of being the deepest hole on the moor. A quick inspection, however, showed that a single ladder and a long hand-line would be sufficient to bottom the rift.

Thursday was a rest day—which meant the only trip organised was one undertaken by Mr. Barbour and six Ramblers to partake of the fleshpots of Sligo.

The two men on fatigues, after completing their chores, made history by boating into Cradle Hole and back from the Grand Gallery of the Marble Arch Caves. What a great pity that lack of time precluded taking advantage of the exceptional dry spell to see what further additions could be made to this already extensive underground system.

Three other men eschewing the attractions of Sligo returned to finish off Peter Bryants' Hole. This proved a pleasing rift, clean, easy of access and well endowed with stalagmitic formations. Maximum depth was estimated at 130 feet below moor level and a length of 170 feet.

A single ladder belayed to a stake led down a vertical pitch of 15 feet and thence down a steep stalagmitic slope to a level platform (CD), on which lay a large creel lost by one of the peat-cutters two years previously. The rift, bearing approximately 30° true, now widened to about 10 feet and descended via a loose scree slope for 80 feet to a point (G). Here it was about 25 feet high and blocked by stalagmite deposits save for a low arch. Beyond, the scree slope continued at an easy angle for another 30 feet but bearing now 45° true.

A steep climb of 20 feet down easy rocks led to the lowest level attained. The floor after a further 30 feet rose steeply over cemented limestone blocks to within six feet of the roof (L). A funnel (M) 2 to 3 feet wide, 12 inches high and containing masses of short straw stalactites continued in the general direction of the rift for some distance. It was not attempted.

A peculiar feature were the thin "shelves" of deposit on opposite walls of this rift, as though in times past they might possibly have been joined to form a false floor, which through later subsidence of underlying blocks had given way to the present floor level. A disturbing thought that the present flooring may also be of the same nature.

The handline of 220 feet was belayed to a stout white

stalagmite at the foot of the ladder, and though not essential was a great help.

The day finished with a climb to the summit cairn of Cuilcagh and thence via Pollasumra and Monastir Sink to Killesher.

One full day now remained to us and we had only one more large pot-hole to add to our list. Friday saw us gathered with all our gear around the Slieve Rushen Pollnagollum. Just how we got there safely Sam alone knows. For this one of our "first descents" Sam could surely claim a "first ascent." His lorry seemed to shrink into the narrow lanes.

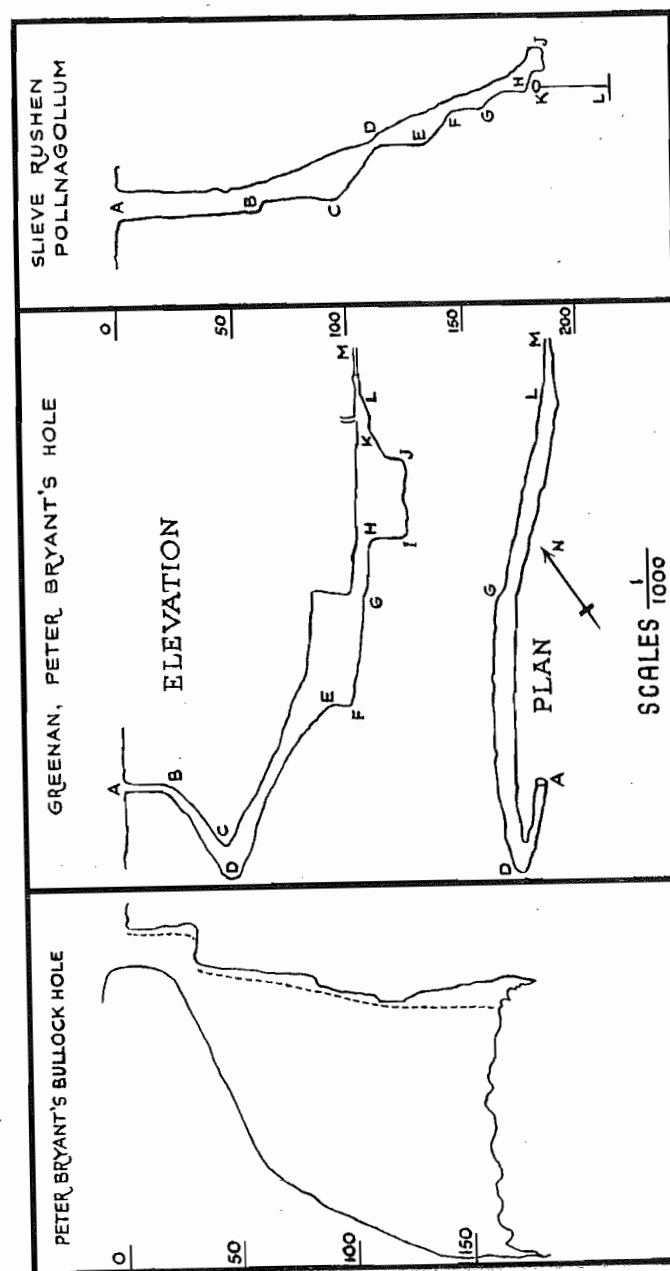
Pollnagollum consists of a triangular shaped rift about 10 feet long by 6 feet greatest width, and lies about 8 feet below moor level. It is surrounded by the usual vegetation and low wall of turves.

Four ladders belayed back on the moor to a stake were dropped mid-way along the northern wall. A good first pitch of 100 feet was broken by a steep platform 70 feet down. The rock on all sides appeared brittle and rotten as in the second pitch of Pollprughlisk. Thin layers of protruding black limestone banded with layers of lighter hue, gave an impression of artificiality.

From the foot of the ladders (C) a high closed rift about 6 feet wide and bearing 50° descended for 30 feet at a gentle angle to a short ladder pitch of 20 feet (D) down what appeared to be the face of a peat bank. A further short slope of peat and debris led to a second vertical pitch (F) 12 feet high, consisting of loose rocks cemented by peat and proving very treacherous, since several rocks were dislodged here and bounded to the bottom of the rift below.

Further progress now lay along a second narrow rift bearing at 85° to the original one. Here the rock seemed sounder as evidenced by the wide ledges on both sides. A descent of 20 feet down these ledges brought one to a rock floor (H). At the northern end a drop of five feet through a narrow opening led into a short but somewhat wider chamber (J). Here the rift closed and quaintly enough, attached to a bank of peat washings was found a large white cocoon.

Four feet above the floor (H) a deep ledge surrounds the South end of the rift and leading away are three muddy crawls



in directions West, South and East. The first two soon became too tight. The latter was followed through thick mud for 25 to 30 feet to the head of a rift (K) approximately 10 feet long by 1½ to 2 feet in width and bearing 50° most likely an extension of the original rift (CF). This was laddered with difficulty to a depth of 32 feet (L) by one man who reported no further possibilities in the thick mud. The depth here was estimated at 215 feet.

It seemed quaint that only this one pot-hole should exist on the whole of Slieve Rushen. Extensive search the previous August failed to reveal the shallowest of sinks.

So back to Killesher and a swim before supper in the icy waters of the Cladagh. The last night of a very happy week was spent across the Border in the town of Black Lion with Mr. McGovern of "The Bush" as mine host.

Sunday we spent packing up and making ready for the return journey. Nevertheless we found time to take one last look at the Glen and the Marble Arch Caves, lingering awhile on the top of Skreen Hill. The weather which had been perfect all week showed signs of breaking. When eventually we reached Belfast, it was in cold pouring rain.

Other caves and risings which were visited and found to be of no special interest were Brocky Cave on Benaughlin, Greenan Rock Cave, Polliniska (Rising) and Sumera (Rising), all in the Swanlinbar area.

Pollboy, Pollahune and Pollnaowen sinks engulfing quite large streams on the lower ground North-east of Tiltinbane, offer no possibilities.

For future pot-holing expeditions, exploratory work still remains to be done in Polliniska and also Reyfad. The possibilities of the underground river caverns in the Marble Arch area, given dry weather, are perhaps not exhausted, and Rattle Hole near Reyfad has yet to be descended to its ultimate end. All this apart from survey work to be completed.

However, if a small but active reconnaissance party can be raised early next year to cover new ground, then the next Irish meet, given reasonable weather, will be an even greater attraction than the last.

Whitsuntide 1947.—Armstrong, Chubb, Roberts, F. S. Booth, Chadwick, Holmes, Godley, Marsden, F. W. Stembridge. (9.)

Whitsuntide 1948.—Armstrong, Chubb, Roberts, W. Booth, Godley, Marsden, Holmes, Cullingworth, Spenceley, Haslam, H. Stembridge, F. Stembridge, Burton. (13.)

GEOLOGICAL NOTE.—Fermanagh, like much of Ireland, is based on Carboniferous Limestone covered with Drift with mossy peaty areas. E. & N. of Enniskillen Old Red Sandstone extends from within Tyrone to the shore of Lower Loch Erne. Near Florence Court to the south the bold upland mass of Cuilcagh (2,188 ft.) rises from the Lower Limestone to a wide platform of Upper Limestone above Middle Limestone (Calp) followed by a long steep ridge of Yoredales capped with Millstone Grit. On the side we know so well it closely resembles Ingleborough, but the limestone platform is far wider and more covered with drift; at its eastern (Swanlinbar) side is a huge area of peat-diggings.

The swallets of the Marble Arch group of caverns on the northern edge are at about 600 ft. above sea, and the newly-discovered Polliniska group of pot-holes among the peat-diggings is at 1,000 ft. on the eastern edge. The risings, Hanging Rock Cave, Cascades in Marble Arch Glen, the so-called Polliniska near Mullan Quarry, Sumera, etc. are thrown out by the calp which seems to contain few beds other than shale and sandstone.

Hull's section in Stanford's Geological Atlas shows the Upper Limestone dipping to the south from the Marble Arch. As there is a steady S.E. ascent on the limestone thence to Pigeon Pots and Polliniska there are evidently questions for study. I understand that apart from the general survey, not much detailed work has been done in the N.W.—*Editor*.

CAR POT BREAKTHROUGH.

By D. BRINDLE.

[By the courtesy of the Craven Pot-hole Club, Mr. Brindle's very full record has now been placed at the Editor's disposal, and we publish most of it. Like other caves lately dug into, the new Car Pot has a terribly narrow approach, and required many week-ends of work by men who are lucky enough not to be cut off from the pots to-day by distance.

Car Pot is over the sky-line wall seen E. of Gaping Gill. On top of the Birkbeck Trench ridge close to the wall will be found a pot-hole which can be walked down, and Car Pot is forty yards further from the wall, a rocky pot 27 ft. deep. In 1909 Brodrick and Rule cleared a fissure and made a 44 ft. ladder descent. It is right above the end of Gaping Gill East Passage.

Digging on the floor has been done at intervals since 1933 by the Craven P.H.C. men.—Ed.]

Mainly because of A. C. Waterfall's hopes of success, several of us rushed up to Clapham on 25th April, 1948. Car Pot is rather cramped for space to dig, so only Waterfall, Birkett, and Hartley went down, but by the end of the day stones could be heard to rattle down, so prospects were good.

On May 9th, there were five men; K. M. Wood and myself went down and dug under a drip at what used to be the highest point of a steep floor. Stones began descending an unknown pitch and before long we had a dirty-looking opening big enough to crawl through. Two ladders were rushed up from Clapdale; one was tied to the first pitch ladder and thrust into the breach. Hartley descended, I next.

The narrow opening led into a nearly circular shaft, about 10 ft. diameter, the pitch being 25 ft. with a floor of stones, rather damp from the drip. Sounds indicated Hartley about 15 ft. away along a narrow cleft. After much puffing and blowing he declared the place too tight but ages seemed to elapse before he emerged from the rift which did not look too bad to me (I had not tried it then) and we departed joyful at getting somewhere.

Campers at Clapdale at Whitsuntide all had a go at the Car Pot Letterbox, but the following "Crawl" was a really nasty bit of work in which you stuck like a cork in a bottle. The weather was really beautiful so we spent our time elsewhere.

A garden trowel was used to deepen the Crawl on May 23rd

and a damp job it was too, a puddle persisting at the tightest part of the Crawl in spite of us lying in it and mopping it up. At last, however, the "breakthrough" occurred. Past the Crawl the passage widened and the trickle of water vanished down a narrow crack. This was disappointing but a few feet farther on the nick narrowed and then widened out to a possible but rather awkward pitch. The three of us (B. Hartley, K. M. Wood and myself) retired jubilant.

The following Sunday saw seven men up at Car Pot with more ladders. S. Peckover, B. Hartley, K. M. Wood and I got through the Crawl and descended the following 25 ft. pitch on to ledges above a narrow rift. A short traverse took us to the head of a nice 50 ft. pitch which was followed by a short, high passage to the head of a fifth pitch. 50 ft. of ladder was lowered and Hartley and I descended to a ledge from which the pitch took a turn and then plunged into a black abyss. It was now evident that Car Pot was really big and we congratulated ourselves on the success so far obtained. We got another 50 ft. of ladder down but we were still short of the bottom by about 30 ft. so the retreat was sounded.

The next attempt was on June 6th, a miserable day. The Club was up in force and in spite of the soaked ground we decided to carry on. The troublesome drip above the second pitch had become more of a showerbath now but a bucket placed on a ledge about 8 ft. up caught a certain amount so we got away fairly lightly. Near the head of the big pitch, a small stream drops in from the roof and the behaviour of the spray caused by the increased flow gave a reason for the curious fact that one wall of the passage is smooth, apart from a large flake of rock which forms a really substantial belay, while the opposite wall is very heavily pock-marked with deep hollows. In spite of the water we put the ladders down the 130 ft. pitch and (not without misgivings) I descended to the ledge at 50 ft. down and sent over the piled-up ladders. On a ledge 8 ft. lower are some very fine specimens of knife-edge limestone of which one or two flakes have since dropped down. The ladders went down under the "Gong" (a great flake of rock which emits a dull booming sound when struck hard) and then came out into the open shaft for the last 25 ft. of the pitch.

At the bottom a large passage runs N.W.-S.E. ; to the S.E. (South Craven Passage) a wall of mud and stones 20 ft. high barred the way while to the N.W. (North Craven Passage) the stream descended a sloping floor of stones before turning from the main passage to disappear in a siphon choked up with small stones. Past the siphon the passage, now rising, carried a small stream. It was now smaller but quite roomy and after the source of the stream was passed, quite dry. Craven Passage, now widening, contained much sand-like dried mud and many fallen boulders while the stalactites reminded me, very forcibly, of the East Passage in Gaping Gill. At last I turned back and was very glad of a good life-line on the big pitch which was decidedly wet.

The three of us pulled the tackle back up to the end of the Crawl, and we were very glad to hear Birkett at the other side of the Crawl. Wood went through and began helping Birkett with the tackle which had, of course, to be tailed through. The water was on the increase as indicated by the louder roar from below so at last Hartley and I abandoned the tackle and went through the Crawl which was streaming with water. Birkett was waiting to help us through the Letterbox but after seeing Wood struggle up through the rush of water we decided that another route was essential. Discarding some sodden clothing we managed to climb up the rift a short distance before the Letterbox and traverse out into the open pitch. The Crawl was bad but Birkett's position was worse. The water which sprayed down the pitch was loosening stones above and bringing them down to arrive, very often it seemed, on his helmet. Before long we were out of the watery inferno into the gentle rain of the storm outside. A. C. Waterfall who held the fort at the bottom of the first pitch (usually dry but now wet) came up last and we all made tracks for Clapdale farm and dry clothes.

Next week-end, Hartley, K. M. Wood, and myself were the lucky ones to get through the Crawl and, greatly helped by being able to pick up tackle left, before long were in the Craven Passage. Once here, we turned north past the siphon and the inlet, to the dry passage which rose and widened before flattening out to a great bedding plane 40 ft. wide and 3 ft. high. Formations were in evidence and a few yards farther on

the floor dropped and the cave opened out into a large chamber (Curtain Chamber) and we saw, for the first time, the beautiful curtain that gave the name. A large stalactite 7 ft. from starting point to tip hung from the roof. From the top of the stalactite a beautiful curtain about 2 ft. high and 4 ft. long ran along the roof at an angle of about 30° to the horizontal. Below the stalactite and separated from it by 6 ft. of space was a large stalagmite about 5 ft. high and 2 ft. diameter. A 2 ft. high stalagmite stood under the end of the curtain. This set of formations was promptly voted the best ever seen (we were naturally biased) and we proceeded up the passage beyond to find an array of smaller stalagmites and hosts of straws. We noticed at this point that many of the straws were broken, which suggested an earth movement of some kind. The passage went on, contracted, widened out and finally ended in a sandy choke. Greatly pleased with our discoveries we decided that the time had come to return. We found the big pitch moderately damp and after hauling the ladders up out of the water we left them in residence and departed.

More than a month later, July 18th, four of us (Hutton, Wood, N. Brindle and I) made an early start in. This time we attacked the wall of mud and stones to the south. By cutting steps with a pickaxe we managed to climb this "Mud Wall" and a ladder was soon fixed. Hutton and Wood went on south while my brother and I went north to Curtain Chamber to try and take a photograph. We had nearly set up the apparatus when the Mud Wall party returned so we ushered them into position and let the flash off from Flash Boulder—a mighty chunk of rock facing the formations. We gathered that South Craven Passage rose steeply and then flattened out to a crawl on a floor of mud with many stalactites, stalagmites, and pillars. This bedding plane was penetrated to a point where it would have been necessary to break stalactites to proceed, and since the crawl was less than 1 ft. high and still decreasing they turned back. We now realised that it was about time for the retreat, so we departed as quickly as the Crawl would allow, but it was midnight when we arrived back at Clapdale Farm.

July 31st saw the next descent, when the surprising number of six got through to Craven Passage, V. J. Wood, K. M. Wood,

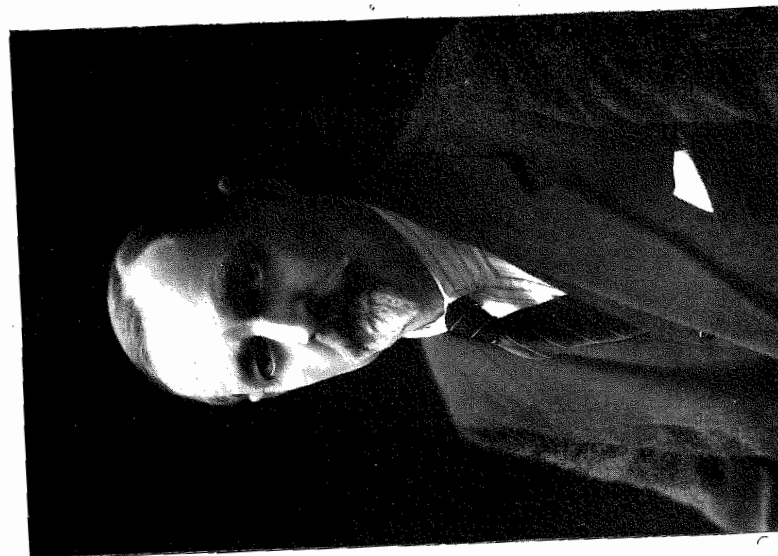
Hampden, Peckover, Hartley and myself. After a thorough examination of North Craven Passage, about 150 yards long, Peckover, K. M. Wood and I went along South Craven Passage. After breaking a few stalactites we forced the muddy crawl and found ourselves in a large passage. The roof level remained approximately constant while the floor fell away until at an offshoot the height was about 20 ft. The crawl we had just come through was not a bedding plane but a large passage filled almost to the roof with mud. From the offshoot (Glissade Pot, so called because of the slippery mud) we hurried forward up the passage which was now decreasing in height and which contained some exquisite stalactites and stalagmites until we arrived at a fork. These were evidently inlet passages and the left branch proceeded to turn into a low, wet crawl while the right branch passed a 30 ft. aven and divided, both branches being too small to follow at 240 yards. Having explored all the passages we could, we returned to Glissade Pot. A steep, slippery descent led to a 15 ft. pitch that we could not descend without tackle.

Saturday afternoon August 14th, saw K. M. Wood, N. Brindle and myself up at Car Pot and all prepared for surveying. A stake accompanied us up to the descent and was driven into the mud at the top of Glissade Pot to serve as a belay. The Mud Wall ladder was attached and the 15 ft. pitch descended to a choke! The last probable exit from Car Pot was thus written off and the survey commenced. Photographs were taken and the difficulty of removing the ladder from the Mud Wall was solved by an abseil which worked very well indeed. After finishing the survey of Craven Passage the tackle was hoisted up the 130 ft. pitch for the last time and left. When we finally emerged it was Sunday morning and seventeen hours since we had entered the place, a Marathon effort.

August 28th. The survey was finished and then the task of pulling the tackle out through the Crawl began. Much to our surprise it went out with hardly a hitch, and by 3 a.m. on Sunday morning a mountain of ladders and ropes had risen outside the pot. Later on Sunday the last of the tackle was taken down to Clapdale and the siege of Car Pot was at an end. We left it very much as we had found it for others to "enjoy" but felt tremendously relieved that the ordeal was over at last.



FRANK CONSTANTINE

H. H. BELLHOUSE
President, 1927-29

IN MEMORIAM.

SYDNEY JAMES FARRER.

We regret to record the death in late December, 1946, of Sydney James Farrer, an Honorary Member since 1939. When a boy of seven he saw Martel descend Gaping Gill and the photograph of Martel on the ladder published in the last *Y.R.C.J.* (No. 24) was taken by his father.

He was active in public life and served as a County Councillor. He had done a good deal of ski-ing and climbing, while to the exploration of pot-holes with which his Ingleborough Hall estate is so closely connected he gave the friendliest interest and support. We owe him a great deal for much good service in affording access by his private roads. At the little Jubilee Dinner in 1942 at Clapham, Farrer was one of the few who could attend.

FRANK CONSTANTINE.

Frank Constantine was for fifty-five years a Yorkshire Rambler, and for twenty-six years one of the Secretaries. Elected a member in 1893, he served from 1894 to 1920, then a year on Committee, and as Vice-President 1921-23.

The long Joint Secretaryship between Constantine and Lewis Moore was a very happy one in every way, as with the advice and guidance of the Alpine Club it contributed so largely to the success of the Y.R.C. The scope of the Club's activities in mountaineering, pot-holing, and ski-running extended, and membership and interest increased. Election to membership became a coveted honour. During this time an increasing number of distinguished Alpinists and travellers visited the Club giving added keenness to the members and interest to the public.

Connie's organising powers were first-class. A delightful man to work with, hard working and enthusiastic, he took endless pains in running the show and in giving his genius for friendship full play.

An untiring walker, but not a climber, though his love of mountains and open spaces was very keen, his knowledge of Great Britain was extensive, as he tramped everywhere to innumerable Club meets and camps, visiting also Norway and

Switzerland for ski-ing when the sport attracted a limited number of English runners.

A breakdown in health led to his retirement at a comparatively early age, and after a long illness he died in March, 1948. His friends will never forget his cheery and unselfish help in all circumstances.—A.E.H.

PERCY ROBINSON.

Percy Robinson, one of the stalwarts of the Club, died on 28th February, 1949. His death is a real loss to the Y.R.C. He was an expert camper and legendary as cook and caterer at Gaping Gill meets and elsewhere. Once a racing cyclist, he became a skilled performer on rope ladders in the heroic age of 1904-1908. The picture of him on a ladder by the Ledge in Gaping Gill has been a widely-used slide and illustration.

He was remarkable for his accurate recollection of early descents and we owe to him the knowledge of the two descents into the East Slope Pot before the First War by Hastings and Horn, to which they attached no importance.

It was his advice also which brought the narrow Botterill ladders into use on a large scale in Mere Gill in 1912 in place of the old heavy 12-inch type. He was one of the pair at the winch in 1913 lowering Tom Booth and then Wingfield to the Buttress while Hastings manipulated a tail line from the floor of G.G.

In the Kaiser's War he served for two years in France as motor cyclist with the R.A.F. Percy was Vice-President 1922-24, and continued to attend our Meets up to the last.

H. H. BELLHOUSE.

A memoir of our President, 1927-29, appeared on p. 161, Vol. VII in the last number, but a portrait was not then available.

FRANCIS SIDNEY SMYTHE.

Many of us remember so well Frank Smythe's apprenticeship on Almscliff through the winter of 1920, that it is a painful shock to learn of his death on June 27th.

CHIPPINGS.

THE DEEPEST GULFS.—France now has the deepest gulf known in the world (see *Y.R.C.J.* VII, p. 169). Chevalier's parties in 1947 succeeded in working up by aid of a mast from the Trou de Glaz to the plateau of the Dent de Crolles at two points. The depth from the higher through the *Trou de Glaz* to the exit of the *Guiers Mort* was well over 2,100 ft., beating the Italian *Spluga della Preta*.

COMPASS BEARINGS.—The magnetic declinations given in the last *Journal* appear to be slightly too low, the rate of decrease having slowed. In the middle of March, 1949, the *Colliery Guardian* statistics gave the declination at Abinger as minus 9° 30', to which an extra 1° 32' has to be put for Ingleborough. The tables show that about once a week there is a range of $\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ in a single hour, and that over a single week there will be the same range in the *mean* hourly figures.

The magnetic declination in 1949 at Settle is about minus 11°.

SURVEYING.—A few words may help those enthusiasts who take up the surveying of caves, to avoid the misfortunes of others. Compass bearings to 5° and tape come out surprisingly well as against chain and prismatic compass, errors cancelling out. The point is that no single line can be safely relied on but must be checked by a closed circuit or a return or second survey.

Draw on the standard scale, 1000, not according to the size of your paper. Find the declination, and make your frame N.S.E.W., if possible. If the frame has to be askew, draw some N. and S. lines across it. It is not a serious matter in caving, but those who have climbed in the Mont Blanc Range with its skewed maps, know what dreadful blunders can be made.

If you are a stern John Bull and desire to perpetuate an eccentricity other than spelling and measurement, by the use of magnetic north, put on the date and give the man who uses your plan 30 years hence a chance.

WARNED OFF AGAIN.—It is not a joke but a fact that last year Marshall entered White Scar Cavern wearing his helmet

with lamp and was compelled to go out as soon as the guide noticed he was a man of experience underground. See *Y.R.C.J.* III, p. 345.

The British Speleological Association owns the underground rights of Lancaster Pot, the entrance to which has a man-hole in a concrete cover. The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club has been refused permission to enter the cavern.

NATIONAL PARKS AND ACCESS TO MOORLAND.—The new Bill may not be entirely satisfactory to the Friends of the Lake District who continue to struggle for the carrying out of the formal undertaking to remove the factory, etc. on Windermere. Few have any confidence in the Minister, but at least it seems that we may tramp over the enormous wastes of the Highlands without anticipating unpleasantness, and ascend a hill without being told we were seen from the big house, or even land on the island of Rhum.

WOODCUTTING AND DRAINING.—Yorkshire seems to have suffered more than commonly from the cutting down of small woods and copses, completely altering the scenery. Nidderdale above Pateley is quite changed for instance.

An enormous area of moorland extending into the remotest places has been closely trenched by mechanical means. It will be interesting to watch for changes in vegetation. Also the more rapid drainage and the concentration of flow may have effect in opening out sink-holes in the limestone districts.

A NOTE ON LAKELAND NAMES.—Even before the war of 1914-18 writers tended to repeat errors once made. Possibly the gap caused by the 1939-45 war has accentuated this by breaking continuity of usage. This note will, it is hoped, cause others to follow up and even to contest one's conclusions.

Wind Gap, Pillar. Old 1-inch sheets omit this, but the 6-inch O.S. gives Wind Gap. Haskett-Smith (*C.C.J.* 17 & 19), quotes from old Close Rolls about 1300 A.D. Windyate, Windyatrigg. His plan in *Climbing in the British Isles* shows *Wind Yatt* whilst for the Gables Gap he has Wind Gap. Reference to Wasdale prefers *Wind Gap*, and considers the name for the

Gables Gap a mere Borrowdale term "never heard in Wasdale Head."

Obviously the "y" of Yatt has tended to make Wind into Windy. The Pillar one has priority, and it is suggested both forms should be discarded for Gable Gap. For Great Gable the Close Rolls give Mykelgavel.

Aron. Haskett-Smith in *Wales* gives Aran as meaning high place or alp, as it is to the farmers of Seathwaite. Ford and Mrs. Lynn Linton describe the Sty track as mounting over Aaron End above Stockley Bridge. Aaron has nothing to do with "Moses."

Great Doup is the cove you come up from the Pillar Rock past the Patriarch's memorial (if it still exists) to reach the ridge of Pillar Fell without going over the top. Opposite is supposed to be an easy scree run into Mosedale. Some recent books misplace this well-known hollow.

Haystacks Tarn. In *the Lake Country*, 1864, the Lintons give this as *Loaf Tarn* and Rastall and Smith, *Geol. Mag. Vol. III*, and Marr *Geol. Lake District* describe the peculiar eroded peat masses as "mushroom like," indicating the shape a loaf of bread takes in baking. Unfortunately Innominate (!) seems to be fashionable.

Patterdale, Boardale House. The 6-inch O.S. gives 1,320 ft. for the true top, usually given as 1,260, and recently as 1,400.

St. Sunday Crag. This is the name used in Patterdale for the fell top. The O.S. maps all give "The Cape" for the top, but it has been impossible to trace who used this name or what it means.—W. ALLSUP.

THE BLACK-HEADED GULL NESTING ON COTTER END TARN.—The widespread distribution of the Black-headed Gull, *Larus ridibundus* (Linn.), is familiar to most, but despite the inland peregrinations of large numbers of these birds in search of food, the actual setting up of a colony of nests for breeding is perhaps not so common. That breeding may occur inland in the Pennines, given a suitable and remote habitus, was well illustrated in mid-June of 1946 by the finding of a small colony established on Cotter End Tarn (W.Lon. 2° 17'. Lat. 54° 20'. Sheet 20, 1" O.S.) at 1,650' on Abbotside Common, above the Upper Ure.

The tarn is about 35 miles from the W. coast at Morecambe Bay and lies in a shallow, marshy depression between the heather-covered tops of Tarn Hill and Cotter End. Unsuspecting approach to the tarn aroused the birds, and whilst still a quarter of a mile distant, two scouts from the colony were quickly joined by a noisy caravan, wheeling and screaming overhead. The clamour became more insistent and the wheeling lower as the lake was approached, and the nests spotted. The nests were in two groups of approximately eighteen and thirteen, built of grass and reeds, and were set in clumps of reeds well away from the tarn's edge, the intervening water being nowhere less than a clear two feet. The majority of nests had two or sometimes three olive-brown eggs visible. The male gulls had brown summer head plumage.

The excitement of the birds was extreme. Meanwhile, Dunlins were happily swimming on the tarn, or standing by their shallow, laterally opening nests in the reeds and grass on the shore, close to our feet. To examine the gulls' nests more closely would entail a good wetting; also the limits of endurance of the unhappy parents overhead were strained to breaking point. So they were left again in possession of their lonely home. Still their fears were not allayed, and we were followed down the slope towards Cotterdale by the whole noisy brood for several hundred feet, and thereafter the two more silent but watchful scouts were still to be seen high above the skyline.—J. C. WHITE.

NYLON.—Kelsey has sent me an interesting article showing that the stretch of the very strong nylon rope is such that a man can be held after a fall of 150 ft. Experimental rope ladders of this otherwise ideal material have a stretch of 1 in 17, 6 in 100!

KINDRED CLUB JOURNALS AND REVIEWS.—The Editor has found it impossible to review these and can only thank the other Clubs for their courtesy in sending them.

Thornber's *Pennine Underground* is a great asset to the modern caver, and digging is going on furiously according to the keepers.

ON THE HILLS.

1947. *Canadian Rockies*.—F. S. Smythe has recorded in *Alpine Journal*, Nov. 1948, the doings of the party which in 1947 flew into the Lloyd George Range, N.E. British Columbia. "Most entertaining even though the mountains weren't very difficult, as never before have I been in the midst of 25,000 square miles of completely unexplored unmapped country with no local natives present. Apart from that I had some good climbing in the Rockies, including several first ascents, among them a rock peak near Jasper which turned out to be one of the finest rock climbs in the range. But we were much hampered by weather, the worst for forty years in the Canadian Rockies."

They also had a long motor tour through the U.S. Coast Range and saw later something of the White Mountains and Montreal's Laurentians. "But there is nothing in these eastern hills to equal the British, and when hills are forest clad all over they may be beautiful but they are very tame."

1947. *The Alps*.—In contrast to Great Britain there was a light winter snowfall. It was followed by an early summer and in July and August long continued drought. Many slopes were stripped of their normal ice or snow covering, certain climbs became abnormally easier, but the danger of stone-falls was much increased. So simple was the Matterhorn, people went up in troops, one S.A.C. section recording it had 100 men on top, but probably meaning the whole crowd or on different days.

H. G. Watts was ski-ing in the New Year at Wengen. In the miraculous weather of the summer, Davidson, C. E. Burrow, Slingsby, Hilton, F. S. Booth, and W. M. Roberts enjoyed a great deal of climbing and tramping. Chubb between Champex and Saas did the Col de Susanté, Col d' Herens, Allalinhorn and Alphubeljoch. Trevor Shaw hitch-hiked from Paris to Lugano and Zermatt, where he took a guide up the Matterhorn. Reaching Paris penniless he was grudgingly returned to London as a distressed British subject.

Harry and Frank Stenbridge, Chadwick and Blair were the really active party. From Zermatt with a guide they climbed Zinal Rothorn, Rimpfischhorn, Dent Blanche, Nadelgrat, and Matterhorn.

1947. *Great Britain*.—The first three winters of the war were worse and worse till 1942 became the "worst in living memory," but the eight weeks of snow-blocked roads in February and March, 1947, went a stage further. Much has been published on the subject, but I have never seen a map of the areas to escape the falls, a map which would be surprising. Ben Nevis carried less snow at Easter than ever before.

Besides the Fort William Meet, Marshall, Cullingworth and Storey were in the Highlands for Easter week at Inverey (Braemar), climbing Beinn a'Bhuird, Ben A'an and others.

Sale and Reed had a very wet week in May, climbing Cruach Ardran from camp near Criaularich, and Bidean nam Bian, etc., on moving to Glencoe. The return from the latter was over Stob Coire nan Lochan and down a steep gully which shows prominently in the Glencoe posters on railway stations.

The weather of the early summer was very disappointing, the glorious hot days we shall so long remember and had missed for so many years beginning on 12th July. During the previous almost Arctic week, Rigg, Marsden, and E. E. Roberts, from camp at Glyn Tawe, made the second descent of the 300 ft. pot-hole Pwll Dwfn and went through the very fine new torrent cave Ogof Ffynnon Ddu. In the next glorious week Ellis and Roberts found the Church Stretton Hills, Caer Caradoc, Stiper Stones, etc., very pleasing, while the first two did Dan-yr-Ogof, Pwll Swnd, and Llugad Lwchwr.

Spenceley and others climbed many stiff routes in Lakeland. H. Armstrong and A. L. Middleton spent a grand holiday in Arran.

Nelstrop on 23rd November did the Marsden-Edale walk, reaching Kinder Scout at four (Marsden 9.15 a.m.) and finishing in the dark.

Chadwick and J. A. Holmes dared the journey by rail to Seascale at Xmas, but even the Wasdale Fells could not tempt them to go through the experience again.

1948. *The Alps*.—There was again very little snow during the winter, but the inevitable swing over came in the summer with an amazing snowfall in June and a continuous succession of cloudy days in the worst British style. In three weeks at Adelboden the brothers Roberts had only two normal Swiss days,



FIESCH GLACIER

Photo. by J. Hilton

and on the last day, about 7th July, snow plugging began at 6,000 ft. Somewhat the same misfortunes befell Davidson, Hilton and R. E. Chadwick. Smythe took a car over and was reduced to touring and photography. Kelsey had better luck. He joined the Alpine Club training course at Kleine Scheidegg and went up five good peaks in a fortnight.

Trevor Shaw had a month's walking in Norway.

Britain.—Reed, Sale and J. D. Brown had a good Whitweek in Arran and climbed four of the Goatfell group. One grand view extended 180 miles from Ireland to a peak in Morvern.

Rigg and Marsden in July were in the N. Pennines, - Crossfell, Mickle Fell, etc. Rigg reports that digging out caves in S. Wales has fallen on an unlucky spell.

Skye was visited by a party including J. A. Holmes and Burton; many peaks were climbed. Gowing was at Lochailort in August, and A. Humphreys on Raasay.

Spenceley and McKelvie had a week in Borrowdale. Black Crag (Troutdale) (exposed), some of Beetham's climbs, Gillercombe Buttress (like Tryfan ridges but harder), Frankland's Tricouni Rib (very hard). McKelvie has done Hiatus on Gimmer and severe routes on Bowfell Buttress. Tophet Wall was done last Easter.

Ellis and Slingsby showed that, by a bus to Kirkland, Cross and Dun Fells are a comfortable expedition from Appleby. Ellis also drew attention to the remarkable black limestone gorge on the Maize Beck.

Gowing at Christmas had the best weekend of 1948 at Langdon Beck in calm and sunshine.

1949. *The Alps.*—H. L. and F. W. Stenbridge took a February holiday ski-ing at Crans-sur-Sierre. New snow lacking, surfaces of difficult packed and crusted snow. With H. P. Spilsbury they struggled to within 1,000 feet of Wildstrubel summit in a ten hour day, collecting a smaller peak on the way back.

Alpine Club Training Course.—We arrived at Scheidegg on a Saturday and went next day to the Guggigletscher to practise step-cutting, and with crampons. On Monday, of three parties mine went along the Lauterbrunnen Valley and up to the Mutthorn Hut, whence we climbed the Tschingelhorn.

On Wednesday the weather was bad, so we crossed the Gamchilücke instead and returned to Scheidegg. Next we went up by train to the Jungfraujoch hotel in bad weather, hoping it would clear.

Friday dawned brilliantly clear and we were up at six and out ski-ing. At nine we left for the S.W. ridge of the Mönch, five hours, our finest expedition. We went down the easier S.E. ridge to the Ober Mönchjoch and the hotel. Next morning we were off early, climbed the Jungfrau, were back at nine, and took the next train down to Scheidegg. With a different party I left for the Gleckstein Hut from which we climbed the Wetterhorn on Monday. Bad weather drove us down to Grindlewald on Tuesday but we went on to the Strahlegg hut. We climbed the Strahlegghorn N. ridge on Wednesday, but the weather broke that night and after glacier practice with a new Army technique of crevasse rescue we were driven down to the Scheidegg. Then home.

We were greatly indebted to the A.C. men present for their very good organisation and the trouble they took, an exceptionally large number of expeditions being made during the meet.—W. KELSEY.

Swiss Army Crevasse Rescue Method.—The man least likely to fall in carries a spare rope, a 6 foot loop, and a karabiner 4" by 2". The principle is that the karabiner is used as a pulley.

After a fall the main rope is hitched to an axe driven in, and the victim, if he can, makes himself a foot loop. Outside, the six-foot loop is laid out as a figure of 8 and the karabiner snapped across the middle making two loops, then snapped on to the doubled spare rope. The victim puts a leg through each loop when they reach him.

One end of the spare rope is hitched to the axe, or if on dry glacier it is sufficient to tie it to a crampon armed foot ground in perpendicular to the line of pull. Then pull on the free end over a sack or axe to prevent it biting into the edge. The strain on the spare rope is half the man's weight. Kelsey has hauled out a man easily from twenty feet down.

MERE GILL HISTORY.

It is necessary to make a summary of the history of the successful attacks of 1912 and 1914, and of the visits of 1934 1935 to the extra 200 yards found at the end of the long final passage, owing to loose statements recently published.

The low entrance to the cavern on the beach at the foot of the waterfall into the great surface rift was unnoticed till 1904, or probably 1905, by the end of which year its existence was quite well known.

Whitsun, 1905, and Easter, 1906. Messrs. E. Simpson, F. Howorth, C. E. Burrow, R. F. Cook, C. Stringer and D. Burrow reach the head of the Second pitch.

Whitsun, 1907. The first of seven camps by the pothole arranged by the late Frank Payne. Entrance hopelessly under water. The fall was persuaded into a wooden trough and thence into a canvas pipe which finally broke loose. H. Williamson went down in a bathing suit and boots and felt the edge of the entrance, but it is a legend that he dived through.

Whitsun, 1908 (see *Y.R.C.J.*, II, p. 312 and IV, 30). Payne, Hoessly, Roberts, Boyd and Oechlin reached the Second pitch. using ropes only, the hand and body line method. Hoessly and Roberts were lowered, and made the first march down the Canyon to the Third Pitch.

July, 1908 (see above). Night Attack. Thirteen men went down, and unsuccessful attempts were made to fix a pulley at the Second Pitch. Hoessly, Roberts, Boyd, Erik Addyman and Hazard reached the Third and made partial descents. The use of ropes only was found quite unsuitable, far too much friction particularly at the head of the Second.

In 1909 the Mere was hopelessly high and the party became involved in the Gaping Gill Flood adventure. In 1910 the Sunset Hole accident happened. At the easiest and simplest place for a straight drop on a single rope over a pulley which I have ever seen, the second rope was discarded as a nuisance, but the body line broke at a rotten place and Boyd's thigh was broken. Talk of complicated methods, such as counterpoise (whatever that is), is nonsense.

Whitsun, 1911 (see *Y.R.C.J.*, IV., 30). Heavy wide ladders, home-made. Trench dug and the stream juggled with to get

the Mere as low as possible. Payne, Hazard, Addyman, Stobart and Roberts. The last two went down the Third Pitch and discovered two pools beyond. That Whitsun men had to return on Monday night.

Coronation Week. Payne, Hazard, Addyman and Roberts left the Third Pitch ladders ready tied and returned to the surface in 70 minutes. Rain for 36 hours set in that night, and even a week later the Mere was still drowning the cave.

Whitsun, 1912 (see IV, 30). Victory! Payne, Erik Addyman, Hazard, Stobart, E. E. Roberts, and R. E. Wilson (killed in E. Africa) descended the Third pitch. Addyman was sent on and reported to Hazard, Stobart and Roberts a passage over $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. These three went right past the Torrent, lost the water among stones and crawled forward over stones till jammed between floor and roof. *Y.R.C.J.*, IV, p. 41, begins twenty lines on the journey beyond the Torrent.

The ladders lost in 1911 were replaced by four narrow Botterill ladders and these immediately became the standard for first-class tackle.

Whitsun, 1914 (see note *Y.R.C.J.*, IV, 272 and VI, 336). Further discovery work with eight men in two waves as the safest measure. Third pitch tackle taken down Second by Erik and Oscar Addyman (killed in France), Stobart and Barstow. Third Pitch rigged by Payne, Roy Sanderson (killed in France), Stewart Sanderson and Roberts. The dry cross-over on the left beyond the Bridge Pool was followed right through to a stream by Roy Sanderson and Roberts, the latter part being so difficult the rope was abandoned. The stream was followed down quarter of a mile and proved to be the Torrent. The other two were having trouble with the kinking of a special new life-line, but had gone down singly to the Bridge Pool.

Payne, the driving spirit, had not been to the end, so he went down with the first party next day. Stobart got up into a high passage before the Torrent, then he and Barstow went right to the final jam, Payne and Oscar Addyman stopping on the dry stones according to my recollection. Erik maintains he stopped at the Third Pitch.

July, 1928 (*Y.R.C.J.*, V., p. 329). The Gritstone Club in a night attack went to the Bridge Pool but do not claim to have done the great passage.

July, 1934 (see *Y.R.C.J.*, VI., pp. 336 and 350). Long Passage extended by the Northern Cavern and Fell Club. Drought, no water on the pitches. Dawson followed the cross-over to the difficult part. Procter, Buckley, and Butterworth went to the 1912 point which had altered, and on the left they scraped through into a passage 4-5 ft. high, carrying a mere trickle, and went 150-200 yards to a pool six feet wide touching the roof. On the return Butterworth was pushed up into the Torrent, went to its head and back. Gregson and Thornber also went to the new finish. Mr. Simpson surveyed to the Torrent.

Jubilee Week, 1935 (*Y.R.C.J.*, VI., 337-8 and 350). Davis Burrow, Hilton, and Nelstrop went right through to the 1934 finish, followed by F. S. Booth, H. L. Stembridge, and E. E. Roberts. The fourth expedition to reach the 1912 finish.

August, 1947. The B.S.A. descended the cavern and a party led by Mr. R. D. Leakey went down the great passage to what is obviously the 1912 finish, both from the description of it and from the survey which they had the patience to carry on.

An anonymous article appeared in *Cave Science* III., Jan. 1948, claiming the complete exploration and first conquest of Mere Gill, instead of the fifth visit to the 1912 finish. The author appears not to have consulted *Y.R.C.J.*, VI., p. 336-8, and from internal evidence has not been along the great passage. It is clear that the entrance to the 1934 extension has silted up again.

August, 1947. A fortnight later the Craven Pot-hole Club descended the three pitches, but did not give enough time to complete the expedition. The first two pitches were dry.

New discovery—Twenty feet down on the Second Pitch, Mr. A. C. Waterfall crawled under the overhang, and advanced moving stones until he was seen and the wall of the Canyon climbed up to him.

It will be observed the difficult bit of the Cross-over has only been done once, in 1914, and the Torrent twice, and are not surveyed.

SUNSET HOLE.

Some amount of legend has gathered about the exit made into the bottom of Braithwaite Wife Shake-hole in the September

after the accident to Boyd in 1910. A large party from a Y.R.C. Meet at the Hill Inn, went down the end pitch, and resumed the burrowing at the small talus slope in a side cavern with such success that a shaft began to form outside against the rock face. Two men were already at work there and voices were audible. Work went on with tremendous enthusiasm after the first cave-in, until a vertical shaft about 8 ft. was formed against the rock, up which came Erik Addyman, followed by the brothers Stobart, by Kentish, Wingfield and last Tom Booth.

The shaft was obviously a tempting danger, so the latter at his next visit pushed enough rocks off the cliff to stop anyone getting into trouble. Some years later there was a rockfall which covered the hole completely and in later years there has been a slide of earth with a continuous washing down, so that work done against the rock face has found the boulders embedded in clay and silt.

CAVE EXPLORATION.

I.—NEW DISCOVERIES.

Fermanagh, Knockmore, Reyfad Pot (alt. 990 ft., $\frac{1}{2}$ mile S.W. of Pollanaffrin). 16th May, 1948. Main shaft under the smaller hole, 200 ft., Godley, Marsden, J. A. Holmes. Some possibility of another 50 ft. Route by the larger 40 ft. pot found too dangerous. The second really deep pot to be descended in Ireland. An attack in 1947 was repelled by the heavy surface water.

Fermanagh, Greenan, Pollnatagha and Polliniska (alt. 1,000 ft., on the Border, marked on O.S., 3 fur. N.W. of Greenan Hill, 2 miles N.W. of Swanlinbar). Polliniska is a fine 25 ft., waterfall pot-hole opening by windows into Pollnatagha, 168 ft., deep.—17th May. J. A. Holmes and H. Stembridge, followed by Burton and Cullingworth, who with one ladder went down 80 ft. more into a passage with a strong draught for 200 yards.

Fermanagh, Greenan, Pollprughlisk (a short distance S. of Polliniska, both actually on the Border. On the six-inch map).—18th May. H. Armstrong, F. Stembridge, Spenceley, W. Booth, Haslam, E. E. Roberts and the six named. 100 ft., then a

long slope, and another 50 ft., ladder climb in a parallel rift floored with masses of peat. The head of this second descent needed an incredible amount of clearing. Not an active swallet.

Fermanagh, Peter Bryant's Bullock Hole (alt. 1,000 ft., 300 yards N. of Polliniska, also a waterfall pot).—19th May. The above party of twelve. A commodious floor, 25 ft. down, opens to the S. by an easy 130 ft., of ladder climb into a great cavern, 40 yards by 30 yards, floored with enormous blocks.

Cavan, Aghaboy, Pollnagollum (alt. 700 ft., $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles W.S.W. of Swanlinbar).—19th May. Armstrong, H. Stembridge, Holmes. A fine open pot masked by vegetation, N. wall 40 feet high. An easy scramble. Three passages, the longest 75 yards. A legend-destroying visit.

Fermanagh, Greenan, Peter Bryant's Hole (alt. 1,000 ft., somewhere due N. of Cratty, in the peat-diggings N. of Polliniska, a very small hole by a footpath leading S.W. from the top of the severe climb on the road above the quarry).—20th May. Holmes, Marsden, Cullingworth. One ladder, then 220 ft., of hand-line scrambling to a depth of 140 ft.

Cavan, Slieve Rushen, Pollnagollum (alt. 970 ft., $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles due S. of Kinawley).—21st May, 1948. Almost all the party. Open pot, nearly 100 ft. ladder. Small pitches led down to 215 ft. depth. Very rotten, but the last group found the bad places left quite solid. Not an active swallet.

Fermanagh, Marble Arch Cave.—May, 1948. Spenceley and Burton just got through in the rubber boat where Gowing and Nelstrop swam. May, 1947, Marsden, Holmes and Miss Hoey climbed out from the top of the boulders by a route parallel to Brodrick's ladder.

Florence Court, Legnabrocky Pot (alt. 630 ft., 225 yds. N.E. of Monastir Sink, W. slope of Legnabrocky Hill).—May 30th, 1947. Marsden, Holmes, and Roberts. To the N. of two small pots. Thirty and twenty ft. pitches led to a varied passage running true N. for 60 yards. Brodrick went down the outer pot only.

Clare, Slieve Elva, Pollnagollum (Baker's). Messrs. Coleman and Dunnington have followed two more branches below the Junction for 400 and 120 yards. *Pollnaelva* has been descended,

and a cave forced for 25 yards. The Upper Cave was explored for 1,100 yards, 500 new. The survey now makes Pollnagollum system itself nearly four miles.

Ingleborough, Car Pot (alt. 1,330 ft., first pitch opened out 1909, see *Y.R.C.J.*, III., 174). Digging by the Craven Pot Hole Club has gone on at times since 1933. In May, 1948, a thin letterbox was opened out at about 80 ft. depth and descended by B. Hartley and D. Brindle into a shaft, by a 25 ft. pitch. Owing to the persistence of Hartley, Brindle and K. M. Wood a very bad tight crawl was dug out and pitches of 26 and 50 ft. descended, Brindle on the wet 6th June going down 130 ft. into the very fine Craven Passage, running to N. and S. Seven men only in all were able to get to it and the exploration was completed on the 14th August.

Ingleborough, West side, Quaking Pot (alt. 1,450 ft., half-way from the top of Crina Bottom to Tatham Wife Hole, near the sink P.102A).—1942. B.S.A. parties. Two very tight pitches, arduous. About 200 ft. total depth.

Ingleborough, Mere Gill Hole.—August, 1947. A. C. Waterfall (Craven P.H.C.) found on the second pitch it was possible to crawl along the undercut ledge. The Craven men had the pitches almost dry. His light was seen from below and the wall was climbed to it.

Sunset Hole. January, 1949. Mr. J. Eyres (Red Rose Club) made a stiff climb in the end chamber, and later 80 yards of varied progress was made.

Chapel-le-Dale, Douk Cave.—1943. Miss M. Lodge, solo, cleared the unpleasant right hand passage and got out through a narrow slit under the sheepfold wall.

Ribblehead, Thistle Cave (alt. 1,000 ft., 100 yds. W. of the Runscar rising).—1948. Mr. W. Taylor. Entrance very tight, 190 yards of wide passage.

Penygent, Hull Pot (alt. 1,250 ft.).—Under normal conditions the stream does not enter the pot, but leaves the upper cave and descends to a pool reached by a crawl from the N.E. corner. Messrs. R. D. Leaky and A. Gemmell, B.S.A., June, 1940, diverted the beck into the open pot, and Mr. Leakey then led through the "siphon" to a pitch, which later proved to be 110 ft. deep, into a chamber in which a total depth of



RIGGING POLLPRUGHLISK

Photo. by H. Armstrong

200 ft. was reached.

Fountains Fell, Coronation Pot (alt. 1,550 ft., 120 yds. S. of Gingling Hole along a line of shake-holes, fell in during winter 1936-37).—June, 1937. Messrs. E. Smith, A. Mitchell, A. C. Waterfall descended 66 ft. ladder into a large chamber 100 ft. by 40 ft., 100 ft. high. Nasty boulder slope. Further drop of 25 ft. through jammed boulders. Like all the Fountains Fell pots except Gingling Hole, loose and very dangerous.

Fountains Fell, West Pots (alt. about 1,650 ft.). Landmarks wanting. Follow up the quite definite W. branch of the depression N.E. of Rough Close till *New Year Pot*, now quite obvious, and *Rocky Pot* are reached. 200 or 300 yards S. is a line of three pots; *Batter Pot* dug out 1947 by the Northern Pennine Club, 50 ft. deep; 38 yards off, bearing 155° true, the very dangerous *Shatter Pot*, and a further 55 yards, *Strangle Pot*, both already recorded. From them Rough Close Farm bears 235° and 240°.

Rough Close Pot (alt. 1,600 ft., 250 yards from the corner of the wall running N.E. from the farm).—1947. Northern Pennine Club. 45 ft. deep.

Wherside, Gaze Gill Cave (alt. 1,100 ft., N. bank of Gaze Gill).—Dug out by the N. Pennine Club. A roomy passage, about 150 yards.

Kingsdale, Simpson Pot, near Rowten.—1940. Description and survey by Mr. A. Gemmell appears in B.S.A.'s *Cave Science* II. The entrance is very inconspicuous, about 100 yds. from the distant first gate S. from Rowten Pot, in a marked line of weakness running down to the swallet of the Rowten Beck. There are eleven pitches, ten small, the last but one, Slit Pot, 75 ft., being extremely difficult through the slit and on to the ladder, the return very exhausting.

The real entrance was found by Mr. Greenwood. The principal workers were Messrs. Leaky, Burgess, Greenwood and Glasmell, and C. L. Railton was the first down the last pitch. A fine sporting place, full of variety. Finish in the final passage of Swinsto, 395 ft. down.

Leck Fell, Notts Pot (alt. 1,275 ft., almost due S. of Lost Johns' over one wall, i.e. it is between the two walls above the Iron Hut, but a good way up from the grass road. In a well

marked line of weakness).—March, 1946. Messrs. W. Oakes, G. Cornes, L. Lewis (B.S.A.) found an interesting series, partly dry. Three main routes with interesting pitches lead to a sump at 415 ft. (See *British Caver* XVI.).

Notts Pot opened out just before the Second War, and P. M. Stott of Nottingham University was the first to draw attention to it, January, 1946.

Easegill, Cow Dub Holes, Oxford Pot (alt. 1,020 ft., R. bank, 80 yards above the Easegill Waterfall and its swallet pool, revealed by a landslip in winter of 1947).—Noticed twice in March, cleared Easter, dug open Whitsun, 1947, by Messrs. Simpson and Gilbert, the latter making first descent of a 55 ft. pitch. In June Messrs. W. and J. Oakes, Cornes, and W. Taylor began the cave, $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ mile easy passages, total depth 130 ft., which was practically completed in July by a large party. Mr. Gemmell has made a plan and given us a copy.

Westmorland, Casterton Fell, Lancaster Hole (970 ft., 130 yards S. of Cow Pot, concrete top and locked man-hole).—An amazing discovery of a vast ancient network of caverns and passages, by an accident as singular as that of Pwll Dwf. Sitting on the slope, Mr. R. W. Taylor noticed a powerful draught, and in a few minutes a 100 ft. pitch was dug out. 13th October, 1946, first descent 110 ft. pitch, which now has an iron ladder, by Messrs. R. W. and W. Taylor, Oakes, Kitchen and Cornes, B.S.A. Other pitches and innumerable branches followed, now provided with 150 ft. of iron ladder. In November, 1946, Messrs. R. W. Taylor, Gemmell and Ridges reached the Master Cave and found the great Montagu Cavern. (*Cave Science* II and in *Cave Science* VI full description and plan of the Near Series.)

Lancaster Hole through Cow Pot.—August 9th and 13th, 1948. Messrs. Gemmell, Leach, and Wild. A very tight fissure with a strong draught was noticed near the foot of the ladder as bad as Flood Entrance, but Mr. Gemmell got down and opened a way in a horrible mud crawl of 50 yards to a deep pitch. Attacking with tackle, Mr. Gemmell went down a splendid 150 ft. pitch into Lancaster Hole, went up the iron ladders and out through the man-hole. The ladders came out that way, too.

Cave Science VII announced that six feet of concrete had been put into the fissure, but a Y.R.C. party found it open in February. However in the night of 5th March they had to get out 10 feet of stones, and of Spenceley, McKelvie, Burton, Cullingworth, Marsden, and R. H. Holmes, there was only time to send the last down the 150 ft. pitch. Conditions that snowy weekend dreadful, out at 7 a.m.

Malham Tarn Sinks.—A dig by the Craven Pot-Hole Club, January, 1949, put down a deep shaft and reached a passage 4-20 ft. high.

*Nidderdale, *Lofthouse Rising*.—May, 1946. Messrs. E. S. A. Gill and Kyme, Post Office Engineers, in a rubber boat penetrated 30 yards to a beach. This was repeated by Messrs. W. D. Gray, Crosby and Fitch.

Swaledale, Kisdon Pot.—Matheson reported in 1940 that a pot-hole covering had fallen in at the far end of a row of shake-holes in the field behind a ruined cottage seen on the shoulder of Kisdon from the Cathole Inn.

October, 1945. Messrs. Francis and Gray, P.O. Engineers, 90 ft. deep, overhung all round, top 6 ft. wide.

Bishopdale, Kidstones Fell, Underset Pot (alt. 1,660, close to a dry branch of Back Gill, 200 yards from base of the scarp of Main Limestone).—October, 1948. W. Booth, Blair, Burton. In a large well-marked sink, has to be uncovered, 26 ft. deep. Believed to be the first pot found in the Underset Limestone.

Wharfedale, Mossdale Swallet. There is a full account of this remarkable cavern in *Cave Science* I. The entrance, a tight 8 ft. drop, made by Mr. R. D. Leakey in May, 1941, is under the overhang round the corner to the right from the actual sink. It is necessary to dam off the stream or you will enter a deluge. Exploration of the labyrinth went on till September, 1941.

Gritstone Fissures.—At least two articles have recently appeared dealing with descents of fissures near Saddleworth; mention is also made of them in Moorhouse's *Postlet Walks*.

Warm Hole (Chew Beck) is the deepest, 85 ft. with 20 ft. pitches. First explored 1899. Through Humphreys I learn Mr. W. Waring went into the narrow cracks ahead until 180 feet of rope was out. Repeated 1931 by a party led by

Mr. S. S. Williamson of the 1899 group.

Fairy Hole (Alderman Head near Pots and Pans).—40 ft. deep. H. and A. Humphreys did this about 1907 and found a record of 20 years before. They also found *Tom Bell's Cave* near Heptonstall on the edge of a steep crag; H. Humphreys about 1916 went down 60 ft. in what appeared to be a ruckle of boulders against the crag. *Hell Hole* further up the valley was similar.

Derbyshire, Peak Cavern, Buxton Water. 17th August, 1947. Messrs. Balcombe and Coase made their way under water for 100 yards. Progress beyond is shown on their plan, and there have been Press reports that divers have reached through the water into dry caves early in 1949.

Peak Cavern, Swine Hole. Same date and divers. This flooded tunnel is shown on the plan to run also for 120 yards.

Peak Forest, Gautries Hole. April, 1948. Messrs. Salmon and Boldock have found an interesting extension to this cave with a 40 ft. ladder pitch.

Somerset, Mendips.—Digging is going on with the most extraordinary vigour and continuity, possible I suppose because of the nearness of Bristol and Bath. It is only 20 miles over the Mendips to Wells, and the Mendippers seem determined to turn it into a pot-hole area. Any number of digs have been disappointing, e.g., Ramspit, Hillgrove. In Somerset the bedding planes are not horizontal but dip steeply. Platten's *British Caver* probably records all these efforts.

Charterhouse, Longwood Swallet (alt. 750 ft., S. of Lower Farm).—The Stride Brothers have carried this further into an area named *August Hole* at a depth of 500 ft. Much of it appears unpleasant and at some points dangerous.

Burrington Combe, E. Twin Swallet.—Dug into 1936. By 1940 a chamber 56 feet by 15 had been washed out. Appears to slope steeply for 120 feet.

Burrington Combe, Rod's Pot. Discovered 1944 by Bristol University S.S. Plan in *British Caver* XVI. 190 feet deep in all.

Stoke Lane, Witheybrook Swallet.—1947. Eight ft. shaft. 32 yds. bedding plane.

St. Cuthbert's Out, Cuckoo Cleaves.—May, 1947. Weaver, Millward, and Harvey. Fifteen foot shaft, 11 tons removed. Cave goes to 250 feet deep in 130 yards. Passages now known 230 yards. Visitors report the entrance unpleasant.

Priddy, Eastwater Cave, new route.—1947. Messrs. Stanbury, Coase, and six others. Follow the canyon nearly to the S bend, enter a "rabbit hole" on the left, then a fine climb of 30 ft., a squeeze, 35 ft. ladder, over a dangerous floor of boulders, sensational 20 ft. climb, narrow tunnel over wedged boulders, ends half-way down the Second Vertical with a 4 ft. gap to cross.

Stoke Lane Swallet II.—June, 1947. Coase, followed by Balcombe and Stanbury, ducked through the water at the end of Stoke Lane Swallet I, the point reached by Devenish and Roberts in 1933, and found a really high stream passage 150 yards long into a good chamber.

Devon, Burlescombe, Perry's Pot (in Westleigh Quarry, 1½ miles).—January, 1944, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hooper, Messrs. Elliot, Johnstone, Pyatt, King, Erleboch. Total depth 120 ft. 75 ft. ladder reached a scree floor in which a hole formed. The climbs of the next 25 ft. were made under a hail of stones. (*British Caver* XVIII.)

Breconshire, Glyn Tawe, Pwll Dwefn (alt. 1,300 ft., 750 yds. W. of Dan yr Ogot, bearing 310°). A second astounding discovery by accident without anything to suggest it, Easter, 1947. Pitches 20, 45, 30, 70 and 50 ft., total depth 300 ft. The first really deep pot-hole in Wales.

5th July, 1947. Dolphin, Low and Paddock. With Lander they had previously done four pitches. Below is dreadfully rotten and dangerous. On 6th July, Rigg, Marsden, Hill, Densham and E. E. Roberts tried the fifth. Rigg got down and had a very narrow escape. Marsden almost down, much more clearing needed.

Llangadock, Bwlch Rhiw-Wen, Easter Cave (alt. 1,750 ft. high up in the quarry facing N.).—Interesting, short, locally well-known. A pool low down under the passage dried up in the dreadful winter of 1947 and a new series, 100 yards long and quite pretty, was reached. A. H. Hill and others. S. Wales Cave Club.

Cwm Pwll y Rhyd, Bridge Cave.—August, 1947. Messrs. Densham and Dixon found the choke, 50 yards in, had given way and got into the river passage under the dry bed for 150 yards, at its largest section 30 wide by 25 ft. high.

Fluorescein Results.—October, 1947. Mr. Harvey put 6 ozs. into Pwll Byfre which in 24 hours turned Ffynnon Ddu (by the Tawe) green, as expected. In March 1948, he put two lbs. into Sink y Giedd. In 48 hours the green colour appeared from Dan yr Ogof in the Tawe valley, having traversed a ridge at right angles to the upper Giedd. Digging had already proved that this water was too low down to feed the lower Giedd.

Sutherland, Inchnadamf.—1947. Mr. A. L. Butcher and a Sheffield University party explored the swallet *Uamh an Tartair* near Knockau, and found it leads into *Uamh Mhor*. In the Cnoc nam Uamh caves, of Water and Roaring, they worked upstream and found the series ends in a huge pool in a chamber at least 200 ft. long.

They used their boats in the *Cave of Smoo* but do not claim to have done more than Sir Walter Scott's sailors. The third visit!

CAVE DIVING.—Mr. F. G. Balcombe's enthusiasm is as great as ever. His equipment for this dangerous job is always improving, and through his Cave Diving Group he is training a number of skilled performers. Slowly Underwater Wookey Hole is being enlarged, with archæological discoveries to cheer the divers on. There are no signs yet of an end to the drowned area. A great success was in the Buxton Water of Peak Cavern where Balcombe and Coase walked 100 yards straight ahead before being stopped.

We deeply sympathise with Balcombe and his comrades in this difficult and dangerous business over the disaster of April, 1949, to a far more expert guest. In Wookey they have penetrated 165 yards to the Eleventh Chamber.

II.—OTHER EXPEDITIONS.

Fermanagh, Pollnagollum (of the Boats) (alt. 610 ft., near Legg Farm).—Whitsun, 1947. Third time. H. Armstrong, F. S. Booth, Godley, Marsden, F. W. Stembridge, Chadwick, Holmes. The R.A.F. boat was holed in the third pool and several men forced the climb over the arch to the R. bank chamber.

Leck Fell, Notts Pot.—25th and 26th September, 1948. Marshall, Spenceley, Cullingworth, Driscoll rigged five pitches between 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Spenceley went out at 3.30 and came in at 7.30 p.m. with McKelvie, W. Booth, Vevers (F. & R.), Aruison (F. & R.), and the Swiss, Casson. Sixth and seventh pitches rigged. Too much water to descend the 70 footer. Out 3.30 a.m. Parties in at 10 and noon. All cleared 5 p.m. 48, 16, 80, 100, 30, 40, 70 ft. estimates.

Fountains Fell, Winskill Pot.—This appears to be the same as the old New Year Pot.

Ribblesdale, Hull Pot.—The statement in the last *Journal*, p. 179, that the great slab had collapsed is a serious error, due to the extraordinary way in which things were masked for a long time by the snowfall of 1941. To climb out over the slab it was necessary then to go down into a great hole and climb up from the right behind it. Recent falls have made it possible to climb behind it direct from the left. Cullingworth has climbed out this way.

In early 1941 the hole in the floor must have been completely filled with snow with a rock fall on top of it, and the crack of ascent filled, leaving the appearance of a continuous rock wall at the far end when standing on the floor.

Large quantities of snow lay for months of 1947 in Pillar Pot and notably in Eldon Hole.

Glen Nevis, Samuel's Cave.—Hard to find among the crags and trees opposite the end of the road below the Gorge. Fox was guided to it at Easter, 1948. Entrance the size of a door, 100 ft. above the torrent. Chamber about 40 ft. high, four passages, longest 50 yards. Great joints in Archaean rock.

Devonian Limestone Caves, Buckfastleigh.—Mr. J. H. D. Hooper has summarised the Devon Caves in *Trans. Devonshire Ass.*, Vol. 79 (1947). The hill on which Buckfastleigh Church stands is honeycombed, and is scarred with quarries long disused, with one exception on the N. slope. The short *Tucker's Orchard Cave* is in a small cliff near this.

Baker's Pit is in a quarry on top of the hill, just S. of the church. Three openings in the floor lead down into a fan-like labyrinth extending under the church to extreme horizontal distances of 170 yards. The inner series now explored still contains some beautiful things.

On the E. side, Higher Kiln Quarry contains from N. to S., *Reed's Cave*, *Disappointment C.*, *Rift C.*, *Bone Cave* (since 1939 of great antiquarian interest), and *Spider's Hole*. Reed's Cave was once short like the other four, and has a fine archway, 20 ft. high, 20 yards long. In 1939 a break through was made by Messrs. Reed and Joint who with Mr. and Mrs. Hooper found a fine high chamber, 40 yds. by 25 yds. A beautiful inner system ran the total up to 735 yards. There is now a locked gate.

On the S. face of the hill in other quarries are *Rock House Cave* (150 yds.), the short *Rooster's Cave*, and *Smuggler's Hole* on a ledge below the edge, worth visiting. The well known *Pridhamsleigh Cave* is a mile or so on the road to Ashburton; more fine passages were found in 1947. *Bunker's Hole* near Dean and *Ware Cove* are also close at hand.

Castleton, Nettle Pot. The hut over the shaft of entrance having fallen into bad repair, the Derbyshire Pennine Club were compelled to close it with concrete temporarily. Application should be made personally at the farm and to the D.P.C. if an expedition is proposed.

Westmorland, Dun Fell.—Gowing was one of a party of members of the Mineralogical Society who were able to visit the Silver Band Barytes Mine at the invitation of the owners, Messrs. B. Laport, Ltd.

The mine is situated at about 2,300 ft. O.D. on the western slopes of Dun Fell, next S. of Cross Fell, and access is by lorry road from Knock running up the side of the mountain. The workings date from the 17th century, but the present main levels were driven by the London Lead Company, who took over the property in 1820 and who carried out some 17,500 feet of development. At the time of the visit there were still large quantities of snow left from the great storms of early 1947 and the levels were entered through snow-tunnel "extensions."

At about 400 yards from the entrance of the Low Level there is a series of natural passages following a N.N.W. joint system, used by the old miners as a cross-cut between the Deed Vein and the Swathbeck Vein. These were not explored, but another natural passage, to which access is obtained by the High Level, was traversed so far as its flooded condition (after the great snow-storm) would allow. This passage runs roughly E.N.E. for about 250 yards and then S.E. for a further 150

yards; this latter part is flooded. It is a rift passage, opening up in places to some 30 feet wide. It has been used by the old miners for working the Slope and Lopyy Sike Veins. All the passages are in the Great Limestone (here 60-70 feet thick) and are due, at least in parts, to mineralised faults of small throw.

TWO CAVES IN ASSAM.—In 1934 Allsup published a little book of 80 pages, *Walking Around Shillong*. "It is almost a tragedy to note the number of people who visit Shillong and see nothing of these exceedingly beautiful hills."

There are many fine waterfalls. Shillong is at 5,000 ft., Shillong Peak is 6,440 ft. Away to the south, near the abandoned hill station of Cherrapunji he has done two caves, pp. 64-5. Khasi Hills. Sheet 780.

Mawmluh Great Cave. Inlet and outlet, no through route. Allsup, Cooke, and Herbert, cold weather 1931-2. The stream from Mawmluh village is followed to the swallet in the N. face of the limestone outcrop, where it goes through the hill Rangsanobo (4,452). The cave is simple, but not recommended to the inexpert, being still in a stage of rapid formation by flood erosion and possibly earthquake falls. It can be entered for 700 yards to a shallow pot or well, measured May, 1940.

Several jungle-clad streams emerge on the S. side of the hill, so the outlet takes some finding. The pool chamber of exit is quite safe, but inside it is dangerously loose and is not recommended. An earthquake took place the evening of the visit to the outlet and the next day Allsup and Cooke had a narrow squeak here from a talus slope slide, so did not persist.

Mawsmmai Cave. Like Mawmluh Cave in a fine cwm. 20 minutes by path from village. Height above sea, 4,000 ft. Dry, only a few pools up L. passage. R. passage leads in a few feet into a chamber 50 ft. high, 25 yds. long. L. goes on a good way, swimming necessary (June, 1933). In May, 1939, Allsup got through, about 250 yds., crawling past where stopped before, into a series of small pool chambers, waded. Stalagmitic beach, 4 ft. from floor, showed the normal water level. Slight ascent through constriction, more pools and then the water entrance, two branches, up into daylight and heavy jungle. Two pillars stalactite propping the shelf and curtain deposit.

CLUB MEETS.

1947.—Twenty-nine men were at the Hill Inn on the 1st February. A picture by Heaton Cooper was presented to Davis Burrow on his retirement after 17 years as Hon. Secretary. * We came in for a foretaste of the eight weeks of snow and snow-blocked roads which were to follow. There was little snow coming up on Friday night, Saturday was bitterly cold with a N.E. gale, Sunday was worse with much drift and several inches of snow in the night, so that the eight who stopped on were lucky to escape. A large party ascended Ling Gill and cut steps up a magnificent ice curtain over the waterfall; another visited the Marble Steps area.

It was a great disappointment that the Meet at High Force, Teesdale, had to be deferred a fortnight and then abandoned in the awful winter. The same thing happened to the Coniston fixture in March, though conditions on the West turned out to be actually better than in the East.

At Easter ten men travelled to Fort William. The Highlands were found suffering drought, broken with great violence on the Saturday; they had experienced much cold but had entirely escaped the heavy snowfalls of the rest of Britain. Ben Nevis Gullies Nos. 2 and 5 were climbed and another fruitless search made for Samuel's Cave.

The weather for the camp at Newby Moss, 3rd-4th May, was miserable. Much snow was found still lingering in Pillar Pot.

At Whitsuntide nine men made the long journey to Enniskillen, staying once more in our friend Mr. Barbour's house, at Killesher, three for the week. Heavy rain fell on Saturday night, and the attack on the great new Reyfad Pot near Noon's Hole was defeated by the amazing amount of surface water. Pollnagollum of the Boats was done again, while Chubb and Roberts trekked to Polliniska and discovered that great pot-holes exist in the peat diggings on the very Border. Holmes was out in August again and visited five there and in Cavan.

The Clapdale Camp in June suffered fearful rain. Four men, however, followed Disappointment Pot passage to the old finish.

The Meet with the Wayfarers' Club at the Hill Inn in July was more fortunate and successful. The Three Peak Walk was done and Sunset Hole entered.

Nine men camped by Lost Johns' for August Bank Holiday. Only two knew the cave, the others gained much valuable experience of this intricate cavern. High wind and mist took the edge off enjoyment outside. A search afterwards soon found the recent new discoveries on these fells.

At Great Langdale, Robertson Lamb Hut, 19th-20th September, there were thirteen Ramblers as well as Wayfarers and Rucksackers. There was much climbing, even as far as Great Napes, and good weather.

In late October we had another delightful walking meet of over twenty members at Miss Burnett's, Wass.

To the Buck Inn, Buckden, December 5th-8th, twenty men came,

Spenceley cycling over the snow-covered Fleet Moss in the dark on Friday from Garsdale and back to Penrith on Sunday. Three walked back to Ramsgill, and Blair cycled over Park Rash and past Middlemoor. There was climbing on Kidstone Crag and a new minor pot-hole was found above.

1948.—In the last days of January a strong gale raged at Chapel-le-dale and the seven who went over to the Y.H.A. Dentdale had a grind back, while others had a bad time on the fells. Ingleborough, Whernside and Alum Pot were visited. There was a lantern show indoors, as well as a wonderful show cave in the barn on Saturday night.

There was a climbing meet at Almscliff on 29th February. Easter was as early as 28th March and was preceded by summer weather of which we enjoyed the last hazy four days. Fox had been a week at Glencoe Hotel, and the two Shaws doing peaks from Kingshouse, when Chadwick arrived on Thursday after a night in Glasgow and a tramp over Rannoch Moor from Rannoch Station, repeated by Armstrong, Fred Booth, and Holmes on Friday. The spiky ridge of Aonach Eagach was entirely free of snow, but there were many tricky slopes on Bidean nam Bian. Shadbolt's Chimney and other climbs and peaks were done. The break came on Monday but Fred Booth and E. E. Roberts forced the Ben Vare horseshoe. Fox went on to Ben Nevis, the Mamores, and hunting down Samuel's Cave.

On both days of the April meet at Pateley, parties went to Goyden Pot, and did the new 70 yds. of "Break Through Possible." Sunday was an oddly hazy day with some delightful walking up Ravensgill and round Guyscliff.

Arrangements for the Northern Ireland expedition at Whitsuntide presented great difficulties, but the final decision to hire a lorry and to stay at Killesher, together with days of continuous sunshine made the Meet an astounding success. Thirteen men stayed the week and six new deep potholes and a minor one were done, four over 200 feet and all 10 to 15 miles away, five close to the Border. It was discreet to interview the police and we received most useful advice as to the lanes practicable so that for the big pot in Eire the lorry was taken almost up to the Border. We owe much to Frank Stembridge for his organisation and to Chubb for his devoted labours in catering and cooking. The continuous practice on long ladder climbs and in rigging new pitches was just what the younger members of the Club wished for.

At Chapel-le-Dale in June we were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Kilburn who have now returned to the Hill Inn.

Fourteen Ramblers and four Wayfarers camped at Gaping Gill over August Bank Holiday. The Craven Pothole Club was holding a protracted camp and it was agreed that we should use their gear, which we largely set up, the big overhead gantry saving much time on the many runs up and down. Our third descent of the Boulder Chamber Pot discovered abandoned ladders at the bottom. A small party went

some way into the Grange Rigg (A. G.) Pot, the scene of the accident. The previous week-end an enterprising party had their first view of the Great Chamber by the route of the Flood Entrance.

Perfect weather was enjoyed in Langdale on 11th September and Gimmer Crag was popular—Pallid Slabs, Asterisk, A, B, C and other climbs being done. Sunday was atrocious, but Raven Crag and Scout Crag were climbed, with a new route by McKelvie and Kelsey.

Six men after a complicated bus journey arrived at Bainbridge on 1st October and on Saturday crossed the fell to Buckden in mist and rain. Sunday was clear and bright and the walk was continued to Lofthouse via Great Wherside and Mewfa. Led by the discoverer others ticked off the wet little Underset Pot.

Horton in Ribblesdale. For the 24th October weekend Bartlett came early with four members of the active Club he has formed at the R.M.A. Sandhurst. With two others of our men Gingling Pot was done on Saturday by a very long carry and a late return.

Many people must have been intending a visit some time to the Cross Fell area, for no less than twelve dined at Appleby on Friday, 10th December and twelve more came on Saturday, a day of cloud on the high ground. Six went by bus to Kirkland and groped their way over Cross and Dun Fells, passing an enormous opencast mine, and a big radar station. Four went up Rundale and down the Maize Beck to the remarkable black limestone gorge reported by Ellis where the river changes course from S. to E. This unmistakable landmark makes it possible to find High Cup Nick in the densest fog.

Sunday was brilliant. A number went fell walking by Swindale beyond Shap, others to visit Jingle Pot and Windmore Edge Cave recently noted in the line S. of Swindale Pots above Brough. From Catterick Bridge and other points the drivers had a bad time in dense fog after dark. The Crown and Cushion was well equipped and reasonable; we were well fed and very comfortable.

1949.—Low cloud both days and rain both afternoons with a gale on Sunday was our fate at the Hill Inn, 22nd-23rd January. Thirty men had a wonderful dinner on Saturday night, followed by the usual gymnastics in the barn; fifteen arrived on Friday. Two couples visited Easegill Kirks (Burton walked there and back) and proved there are two Kirks, the upper the more perfect, and unknown. A party went into Hackergill Cove, Dentdale.

The meet at Edale was to do the long rough tramp to Marsden, 18 miles airline, on the 27th February. Several parties came on Saturday from the Flouch Inn on the Penistone main road over the footpath to the Derwent and then by the route planned by Marshall. There were 21 for the night at the Church Inn and three more on Sunday morning, one by the 4.30 a.m. from Bradford. The high wind troubled the trampers on Sunday less than expected, about a dozen all reached Black Hill about the same time in fine weather, and fourteen seem to have got through.

CLUB PROCEEDINGS

1947.—The Week-end Meets were :—2nd February, Hill Inn, Chapel-le-Dale; Easter, 6th April, Fort William; 3rd-4th May, Newby Moss Camp; Whitsun, Killesher (Enniskillen); 14th-15th June, Clapdale Camp; 6th July, Hill Inn; 3rd August, Lost Johns'; 20th September, R.L. Hut, Langdale; 26th October, Wass; 7th December, Buckden.

We record with deep regret the death in December, 1946, of S. J. Farrer (Honorary Member), and in April, 1946, of James Backhouse.

At the Annual General Meeting, 15th November, 1947, the following were elected to hold office, 1947-8 :—

President, H. ARMSTRONG; Vice-Presidents, D. BURROW and A. L. MIDDLETON; Hon. Treasurer, B. A. BATES; Hon. Secretaries, F. S. BOOTH and F. W. STEMBRIDGE; Hon. Librarian, H. S. BOOTH; Hon. Editor, E. E. ROBERTS; Committee, B. S. BLAIR, R. E. CHADWICK, J. A. HOLMES, S. MARSDEN, H. L. STEMBRIDGE, R. G. TITLEY.

A year before Monsieur R. de Joly had been elected an Honorary Member, and the subscription was raised from 15s. to one guinea.

The 34th Annual Dinner took place at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, 15th November, 1947. The President, Harold Armstrong, was in the chair and the principal guest was Mr. F. Spencer Chapman, Alpine Club. Kindred Clubs were represented by Mr. H. Spilsbury, Rucksack Club; Mr. A. G. Spencer, Wayfarers' Club; Mr. E. R. Hodgson, Gritstone Club; Mr. B. Black, Leeds University Mountaineering Club.

1948.—The Week-end Meets were :—1st February, Hill Inn; Easter, 28th March, Glencoe Hotel; 18th April, Pateley Bridge; Whitsun week, Killesher (Enniskillen); 20th June, Chapel-le-Dale; 11th July, Langdale (Rawfell); 1st August, Gaping Gill Camp; 12th September, R.L. Hut, Langdale; 1st-3rd October, Bainbridge and Buckden; 24th October, Horton-in-Ribblesdale; 12th December, Appleby (Crown and Cushion).

We record with deep regret the deaths of Frank Constantine and G. L. Hudson.

At the Annual General Meeting, 20th November, 1948, the following were elected to hold office, 1948-9 :—

President, C. E. BURROW; Vice-Presidents, G. S. GOWING and G. C. MARSHALL; Hon. Treasurer, B. A. BATES; Hon. Secretaries, F. S. BOOTH and F. W. STEMBRIDGE; Hon. Librarian, D. S. BLAIR; Hon. Editor, E. E. ROBERTS; Committee, D. BURROW, P. W. BURTON, R. E. CHADWICK, J. A. HOLMES, S. MARSDEN, H. L. STEMBRIDGE.

Owing to his removal from Leeds D. S. BLAIR was replaced as Librarian by J. A. HOLMES, and he for the same reason by H. L. STEMBRIDGE.

The 35th Annual Dinner took place at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, 20th November, 1948. The retiring President, Harold Armstrong, was in the chair, and the principal guest was Mr. E. H. Partridge, Head Master of Giggleswick School. Kindred clubs were represented by Mr. H. R. C. Carr, Alpine Club; Prof. H. W. Turnbull, Scottish

Mountaineering Club; Mr. E. C. Brooks, Alpine Club of Canada; Mr. A. D. Ferguson, Rucksack Club; Mr. A. S. Mountfield, Wayfarers' Club; Mr. G. H. Webb, Fell and Rock Club; Mr. R. Hibble, Gritstone Club; Mr. P. L. Tyas, Craven Pot-hole Club.

1949.—We record with deep regret the death of Percy Robinson.

NEW MEMBERS

1947.

SURREY GRANT, ALAN G., Dale End, Creskeld Drive, Bramhope.

SURREY GRANT, S. G., Beckermonds, Bramhope.

HOLMES, JOHN AUBREY, 13, Brudenell View, Leeds, 6.

SHAW, TREVOR IAN, 34, King's Road, Monkseaton, Northumberland

HARDING, JOHN BURNARD, 16, Junction Road, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.

BURTON, PETER WIGHTWICK, 8, Park View Road, Heaton, Bradford.

KELSEY, WILLIAM, 21, Suffolk Street, Beverley Road, Hull.

McKELVIE, DONALD, 14, Primrose Terrace, Manningham, Bradford.

BOOTH, WILFRED, Winds End, Westfield Grove, Wrose, Shipley.

SALLITT, THOMAS WOODFORD, Marsden Hall, Chestnut Avenue, Willerby, E. Riding.

BRAYSHAY, JOHN ARTHINGTON, Ling Mell, Bramhope.

1948.

FOX, CROSBY WALLACE, 58, South Street, Collingham, E. Riding.

STONEHOUSE, OLIVER, Highfield, Sandal, Wakefield.

HARTLEY, CECIL ERNEST, 6, Margaret Road, Harrogate.

MIDDLETON, JOHN LEVAN, The Terrace, Boston Spa.

BARTON, JOHN PATERSON, 21, Spenslea Grove, Morley.

JORGENSEN, CONRAD WILLIAM, 20, Blenheim Road, Manningham.

TIMMIS, JOHN BARRIE, Challacot, St. John's Avenue, Thorner.

DRISCOLL, JOHN DENIS, Mount Pleasant Cott., Rainow, Macclesfield.

HEPWORTH, JOSEPH BULMER, Gallowgate, Weeton, nr. Leeds.

HOLMES, ROBERT LEWIS, 32, Leeds Road, Oulton, nr. Leeds.

FRY, SYDNEY, 40, St. Martin's Terrace, Brighouse.

OXTOBY, DAVID METCALFE, Dower House, Quorn, Loughborough.

JONES, DAVID MICHAEL HOWARD, Walton Lodge, Pannal.

RUSHER, JAMES VICTOR FRANCIS, Sandy Close, Porth, Newquay, Cornwall.

1949.

MAIL, IRVING ERIK, 14, Victoria Avenue, Harrogate.

WATSON, JOHN STUART, 20, Westcliffe Terrace, Harrogate.

DEVENPORT, JOHN BEDE, 11, Balfour Terrace, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough.

BACK NUMBERS.—Nos. 3, 4, 10s. each; No. 24, 7s. 6d.; Nos. 10, 19, 21, 23, 5s. each; Nos. 2, 5, 17, 18, sold out; others, 1s. each; Binding cases, 2s., Postage extra.

ROBERT LAWRIE LTD.

Alpine and Polar Equipment Specialists

**54, Seymour Street,
Marble Arch, London, W.1**

Telephone: PADDINGTON 5252.

Telegraphic Address: ALPINIST, WESDO,
LONDON.

BUSINESS HOURS: Daily 9 a.m.—6 p.m.
Sats. 9 a.m.—12 noon.

CLIMBING and SKI-ING BOOTS

from stock or made
to measure.

Accessory items
of Clothing and
Equipment:—Swiss
and French Crampons,
Ice Axes, Sleeping
Bags, Rucksacks, Jackets,
Socks and Stockings, etc.

Hand-sewn and machine-
sewn repairs and re-nailings
carried out to Climbing
Boots.

Orders executed by Post.

Illustrated Catalogue not yet
available, but Price List may
be obtained on application.

