

THE
YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS'
CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by HAROLD G. WATTS

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THE
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NORWEGIAN HOLIDAY, 1950

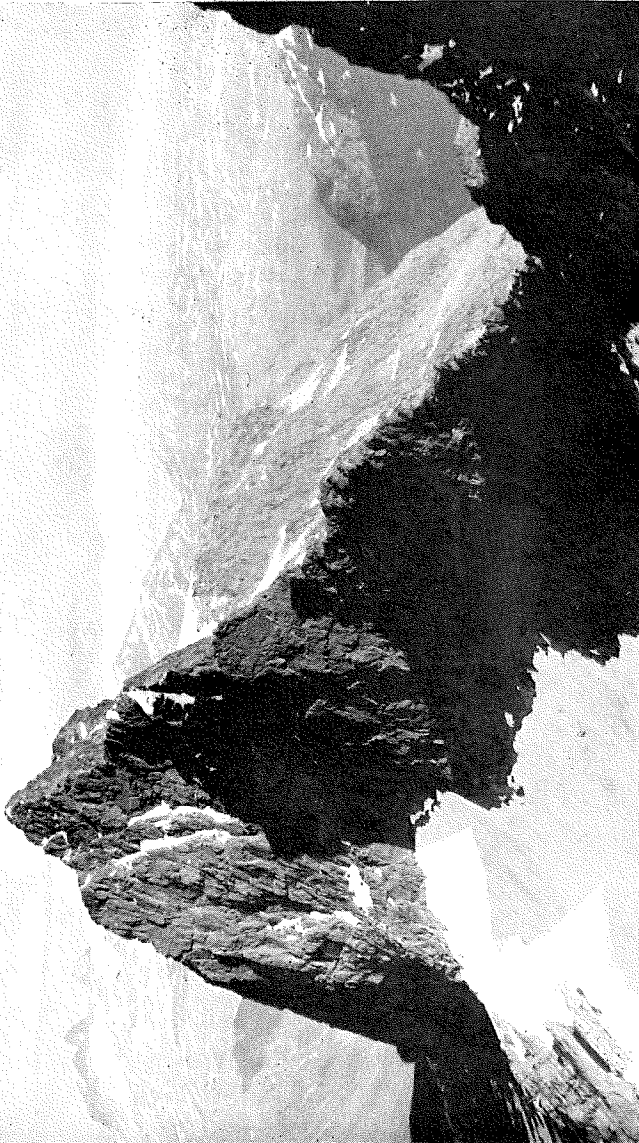
BY R. L. HOLMES

The approach to the Jotunheim, the highest mountain area in the country, is one of the finest possible introductions to a holiday. From Bergen fast steamers sail up the great Sognefjord almost to the heart of the mountains themselves. Near the head of the fjord the steep sides close in, and spectacular precipices, often divided by cascading waterfalls, give promise of happy days to come. Up the northern branches of the fjord the glaciers of the Jostedal icefield brim over dark rock walls, gleaming brightly high above the shadowed water.

Leaving the steamer at Hermansverk, a five-hour bus journey leads to Turtagrö, the climbing centre of the western Jotunheim. The road, twisting at first along the bottoms of dark valleys, then rises to run by blue lakes and swirling torrents. Dropping again to the fjord it skirts along the shore, at times on a bed blasted from the solid rock overhanging the water. At Skjolden the fjord is left behind and after passing through another deep valley the road hairpins up into the mountains.

At Turtagrö there is a good hotel, rich in associations of early days. Photographs of Slingsby and other climbers who did so much to open up the Norwegian mountains hang round the walls, and Fr. Berge, daughter of the famous Ole Berge is still in residence. From the windows can be seen the Skagastöls ridge, leading up to the great cone of Skagastölstind, one of the finest, and certainly the most famous peak in the district. Two hours up from the hotel, on the col between Skagastölsdalen and Maradalen, is the Bandet Hut. This is a small draughty building, little used now except for the brewing of coffee before and after climbs. Bedding and food have to be carried up by anyone intending to stay there, but as a reward for this effort, it offers an excellent base for many longer expeditions.

MIDTMARADALSTIND



The first two days of our stay at Turtagrö were showery, and we saw little of the mountains except for a brief glimpse of black crags through a parting in the mist, but on the evening of the second day the sun broke through and we saw for the first time the array of pinnacles and ridges, dominated by Skagastölstind, with the tip of the fantastic Riingstind leaning above the nearer hills. Our expeditions on these first two days were modest explorations, keeping below the mist as much as possible; but lured out by the improved weather, we set off on the morning of the third day on a longer excursion.

For the most part there is no need for early morning starts in Norway. The mountains are not high by Alpine standards, few summits rising above 8,000 ft. The days also are long, and since most of the hard climbing is on rock, with in general little danger from icefalls, 8 a.m. is a convenient time to set off on most routes. So on the third day we set off after an ample breakfast, packing our goat cheese sandwiches into our rucksacks along with the Karabiners and (a contribution from our Norwegian companion) a few pitons and a hammer.

We took the track up towards Bandet, our starting point on many days; reaching the hut after about two hours' steady climb we stopped for half an hour to brew coffee and eat a few sandwiches, until the cold drove us on our way. No matter how warm the day, twenty minutes in Bandet was always enough to chill.

We started off down the Maradals glacier, roped now, and across towards the foot of the North Maradalstind, a summit on the dark ridge that we could see running down in the direction of Vettisfoss. Slowly we approached the black rock and as we came nearer our intended route became more obvious. The cliff ahead seemed no higher than the crags of Scafell, and less vertical. As the glacier steepened again towards the rock the higher part of the gully we were to follow was lost to our sight. At last we came to a small bergschrund at the foot of the gully and the route proper lay up and to the left. We climbed a tongue of snow and on to precarious trellises of ice, but there was no way there. We moved right again and found a slender snow bridge leading across to the foot of some steep iced rock. After some delay the leader managed to cross on to this and

reached a small stance to which we followed. We climbed singly upwards; the going was difficult, especially when we were forced left on to a thin traverse. Belays were almost non-existent and at the worst section we were thankful for the pitons.

After some 400 ft. of snow climbing we made another attempt to enter the gully proper where the true route lay. This was still impossible so we climbed directly upwards again on to smoother and steeper slabs, which soared for hundreds of feet above our heads. The few hours within which we had thought to reach the ridge had already passed, and still the rocks stretched above. But at last we came near to the gully again and were able to clamber across into it. The snow on its floor was soft and the deeper debris held together only loosely.

At length the ridge itself again came into view. The gully steepened; I climbed up to the left and took a belay round a large boulder. Eric found a stance in the gully itself, some ten feet below, while Odd, the leader, climbed ahead. Suddenly he gave a shout. With a spurt of stones a great block on which he was standing shifted and began to slide downwards. Within a second Eric had swung on the rope, hurling himself out of the track of the rock. The leader pulled himself up on his handhold while I—and my belay—held fast. In a few seconds it was all over. The boulder rumbled down the gully and finally curved out to fall on to the glacier far below. Eric climbed up to a secure perch and Odd prepared to continue on his way. We were all somewhat shaken and climbed carefully over the rotten debris.

Half an hour later we reached the crest of the ridge. We stopped and ate a little dried fruit and a few sandwiches. Already the light was beginning to fade, and we shivered. Since we had reached the ridge hours later than we had intended we now sought the most direct way of descent. There were two alternatives; either to traverse along the crest to Lavskar, which offered an easy way down to the Maradals glacier; or to try and make a direct descent to the Riings glacier. We chose the latter for the way to Lavskar lay over the Pinnacles and we were in no mood for a prolonged ridge traverse. After an hour of cautious sorties and false hopes

we found what appeared to be a fair means of descent—a gully falling, as far as we could see, direct to the glacier. We started down; snow in the gully was soft and water dripped from the rocky walls, while the bed was of treacherously loose stones. We climbed slowly and carefully one at a time for the first few hundred feet. Time was going far too quickly; we uncoiled our other rope and began to abseil wherever possible. The shadow of the Riingstind lengthened across the snow below and a deep blue colour tinged everything. Now we were wet, tired and hungry, and however carefully we moved it seemed impossible not to send a few small stones bouncing down towards the glacier, so that the leader was forced to seek a shelter as much as a belay after each pitch of his downward progress.

But at last the gully became shallow and we could climb out on to the clean rock. We moved on down, slowly still, but more safely; another half hour and we were above the bergschrund at the foot of the rock; a way over was found and we were again on the snow. Progress was better now; we moved together down the slope, at times glissading cautiously; slow over a bad patch of ice, then more quickly again over snow. At last we stood on the glacier and familiar ground for we had passed this way twice before. We made for the rocks on the right, passed across them and then down on to a fine snow slope leading to the foot of the ice.

The walk down the valley and across the rough ground to the hotel was a two hour plod. But once back we sat down to a fine meal, followed by coffee in front of the big white fireplace, with five candles flickering above it. Then we slept.

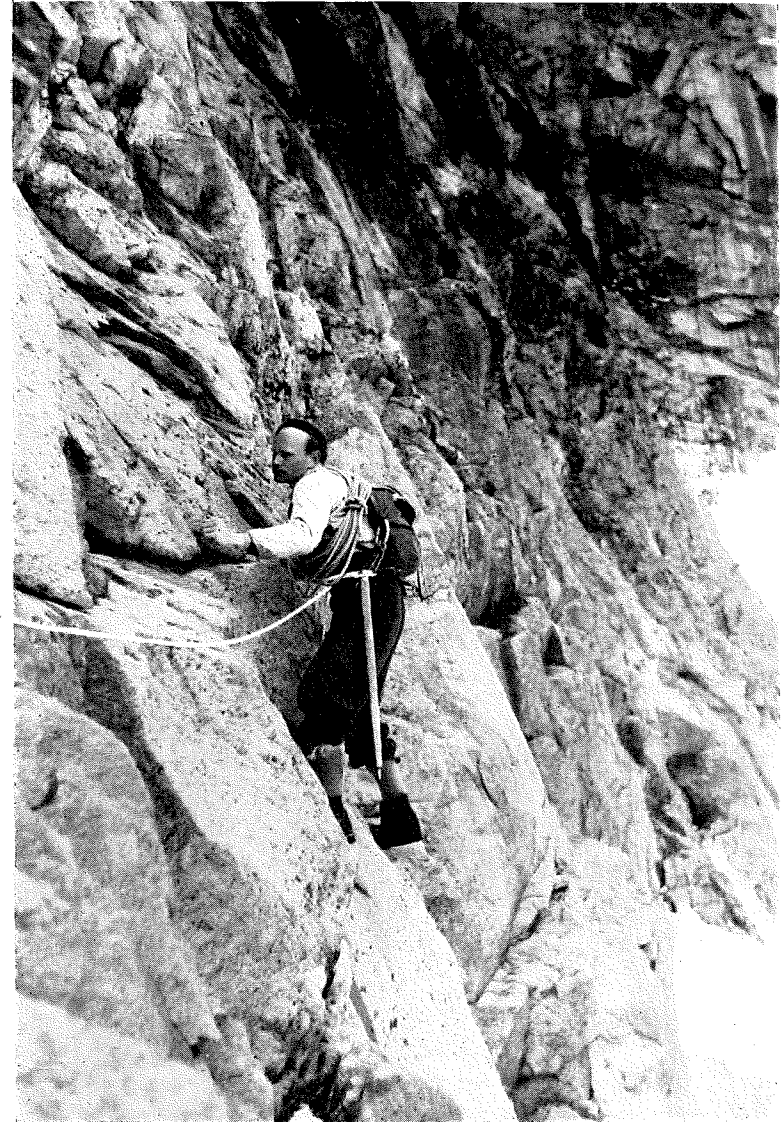
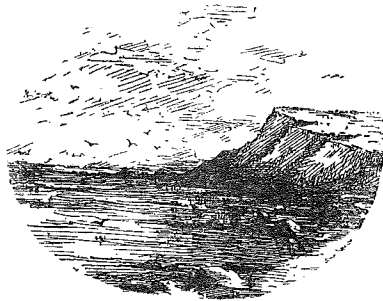
We spent several pleasant but less strenuous days at Turtagrö. Then the weather broke on the tops and we set off to walk round the more easterly Jotunheim, leaving Skagastölstind still unclimbed. The eastern mountains are as high as the western group, but in general less spectacular and less favoured by climbers. For all that there are some fine days to be had here. The one we most enjoyed, one equal to any in the holiday, was the traverse of Galdhöppiggen by the glacier route, from Spiterstulen to Elversæter.

From Elversæter we returned to Turtagrö, where fine weather once again favoured us. On our first day back there we climbed Skagastölstind by the ordinary route. The following day we set out again for the same peak, this time following Slingsby's original way. From Bandet we traversed right, over on to the Slingsby glacier, which we had seen from some two thousand feet up on the previous day, on the last part of the Vigdals route. Now we stood on those waves of jagged ice which from above had seemed to rear up against the mountain at an impossible angle. But the going was good; we held to the centre of the glacier at first, zigzagging between the crevasses and jumping the smaller ones; then as we climbed we moved across towards its right hand edge. Near the top of the ice we halted for food, then climbed up over the rock on to the steep final snow leading to Mohn's Skar. From the Skar we had an entirely new view of the mountain, and the last climb up the rocks to the summit made a worthy finish to the route—I think easily the finest approach to Skagastölstind.

A day or two later the weather broke again on the high ground and we decided to return to Bergen travelling by a way different from that by which we had come. We crossed the Sognefjord to Aurland—a town of shoemakers—and from here walked to Finse on the Bergen—Oslo railway, staying at Tourist Stations on the way. These are something of a cross between an hotel and a Youth Hostel, and are scattered about the country, each within a day's walking distance of the next. Placed often many miles from the nearest road, many depend for all their supplies on pack-horse transport. Food and accommodation are usually excellent and cheap.

Our route lay through wooded valleys; lakes and rivers of slaty blue water teemed with trout, not found in the higher glacial streams. The country was less rugged but strikingly colourful after the austere black and white of the mountains. At Bergen the big shops, the crowds, the fish market with tanks of live fish, and the busy harbour gave us more than enough to see in the day and a half we had before the boat sailed.

Norway leaves many impressions. The food is abundant and varied and is indeed a holiday in itself. Breakfast tables are hidden beneath a variety of cheeses, breads, fish and meats, making even the traditional English eggs and bacon appear a frugal meal; while in the evening, after a large dish of meat has passed several times round the table, one does well to sit quietly before a log fire, drinking coffee as the candles flicker over the white fireplace.



TRAVERSE ON NORTH MIDTMARADALSTIND

LATE SUMMER IN THE ALPS, 1950

By C. I. W. Fox

It was raining so hard when Bill Kelsey and I arrived at Grindelwald that we had to take shelter under one of the quaint bridges that span the local torrents. However, it could not go on for ever and soon we were lunching on the terrace of a restaurant and gazing up at the wonderful Oberland wall towering above us. We had just begun our meal when there was a shout and David Oxtoby was with us. We had arranged to meet him in Grindelwald after he had done what seemed from all accounts to have been a grand tour of Europe, and most romantic into the bargain, but that is another story.

Next morning saw us buying vast quantities of food: so much food in fact, that a native, coming into the shop, said, said "Ach so, Eigerwand, Ja?" We hastened to disillusion him.

By midday we were in the Jungfrauoch train, and got out at the Eigergletscher station, sending the main bulk of our food (enough for 12 days) on to the Jungfrauoch. After lunch we walked up to the old Guggi hut, where we spent a most uncomfortable but light-hearted night, for next day we were going to try one of the finest ice and glacier trips in the Alps—the passage of the Eigerjoch.

At two o'clock the following morning we were already stumbling across the Eigergletscher in the direction of the Klein Eiger. The famous ice-fall nearly had us beaten, but Bill found the key, which involved some rather hair-raising jumps across seracs. After several operations which included descents into dry crevasses we eventually emerged on to easier ground. We had brought a little petrol stove with us, and presently Bill, who was carrying the spare fuel, complained that the fumes had upset him and he was feeling sick, so our progress was slowed down while Bill's inside fought a winning battle with the petrol. Eventually we arrived at the foot of the final snow slope, and soon after we were admiring the wonderful panorama of the Oberland.

The "pass" we were standing on is at the top of one of the most appalling slopes in the Alps, which descends to the

Bergli. It is necessary to traverse along to the "South Eigerjoch" to get down behind the Mönch. "A long ridge of snow, sharp as the blade of a knife, was playfully alternated with great rocky teeth, striking up through their icy covering like the edge of a saw." Leslie Stephen who wrote this, took a poor view of the ridge and descended back to the *nevé*, then climbed the North slopes of the South Joch—52° by clinometer.

We decided to try the ridge. I have no recollection of the time we were on it, but Lauener estimated six hours on the first ascent of the North Joch. It was difficult. After passing the rock teeth we had to traverse Stephens' 52° ice slope, overlaid with about four inches of new snow. We considered it prudent to use ice-pitons to safeguard each other. It was snowing very heavily and we were in thick cloud.

After reaching the departure point from the shoulder of the Mönch—which we were able to identify by a momentary cloud-clearing—we steered a compass course to the Ober Mönch Joch, and then up to the Jungfrauojoch. I remember putting a foot into one of the tiny filled-in crevasses near the Touristenhaus, and thinking how foolish it would be to go into one of these after such a day. It was eleven o'clock at night when we got in, and we had been on the move for about 19 hours. However, we still had a reserve left and anyway we felt the "exercise in fatigue" to be justifiable. The thing that really caused us to be so late was Bill's sickness with the petrol fumes.

Next day, having collected our food from the station, we went down to the Concordia Hut in pouring rain: our chances of peak-storming seemed very thin. The day after was poor, but the weather showed signs of improving, so we decided to try the Kamm Westgrat on the following day.

The weather turned out to be grand and we set off in great spirits accompanied by a cheerful member of the Dutch Alpine Club, who had been there before. The ridge proved both easy and delightful, and seemed to go on for ever. The views all round were superb and the only things that seemed not to like being on the ridge were Bill's and Dave's hats which

projected themselves down appalling precipices with enormous speed. When we got to the top we all shook hands with great solemnity.

We had an intriguing time finding a different route down as the surroundings were quite different from the guide-book description: the glaciers seem to be going back very quickly and in fact some of the small ones have disappeared entirely.

We decided to find out what made the Gross Grünhorn "grün," so we set off early in the direction of the Grünhornlucke. We came up on to the Grünegghorn ridge by an easy couloir and soon we were standing on the top of the peak. Dave led us very ably down to the col and up the final rock ridge to the Gross Grünhorn. The view from the top was most memorable—all the Oberland, and the giants of the Valais visible 50 miles away. The Aletsch Horn looked a real Queen of the Oberland, and on the opposite side the Finsteraarhorn, supported by sweeping buttresses, soared majestically into the sky.

The time now seemed ripe for our most ambitious project, the traverse of the Finsteraarhorn, so next day we walked up to the Grünhornlucke, raced up the Weissnollen, and strolled down to the Finsteraarhorn hut. This hut is splendidly placed, but even so at least one of us has memories of aching shoulders from carrying large cans of water over the abominable moraine from a glacier stream some distance below.

In the early morning we set off across the dry glacier and in a short while we were at the foot of the rocks below the south-east ridge. An hour's scrambling and we were on the ridge, which became more interesting as we made our way along it. The final slab into the couloir is quite Gimmer-like in boots; the rock is very loose and the leader soon became the object of much abuse when he unavoidably dislodged some stones. We passed over the summit at a brisk canter, as the wind whistled horribly through us, and below, the terrific East Face plunged away in one appalling swoop. After a pause for a meal we walked down over the Hugi-Sattel by the ordinary route, with the AletschHorn and its attendant peaks towering in front of us.

When we got back to the Concordia the next day the weather looked like breaking, so we packed up and retired to the Jungfrauoch. We travelled down to Eigerletscher by train and then on foot down the beautiful path to Grindelwald in broiling heat.

Dave was running short of cash so he left for home, and Bill and I went round to Chamonix by motor-cycle; we thought the Col de la Forclaz far more hair-raising than any Oberland peak.

At Chamonix we made the unique Chalet Biolet our base; and there we met Warburton and Price of the Fell and Rock, who had been adventuring in Austria. On the following day we all went up to the Plan de l'Aiguille full of beans and vowing to DO something. So an early start saw us stumbling across the vile moraine below the needles and then up the Nantillon Glacier en route for the Grands Charmoz. We left most of our gear at the foot of the Charmoz-Grépon Couloir and were soon traversing upwards and to the left to the Grands Charmoz. On the ridge we entered a fantastic fairy-land of pinnacles and precipices; in a short time we were at the top of the great couloir. Our blood was up and we were enjoying ourselves immensely; we looked longingly along the Grépon Ridge, where the spires lean boldly over yawning space. On we went, finding the Mummery Crack strenuous but safe, and dangling and clambering over the spires. We were lucky in being able to watch a party of two finishing the terrific Mer de Glace face climb and, like so many before us, we marvelled at the daring of the first man to attempt the final section. These moderns however scorned even the "artificial aid" of an ice-axe and swarmed up with great speed on to the final block.

Soon we also were on the summit and, after a delightful but all too short rest gazing at the wonderland of rock and ice and space around us, we made ready to rope down over the Mer de Glace face. The Abseil belay appears as solid as it is pious.

Our way down lay first of all by the final crack of the Mer de Glace face climb. I did not see any pegs stuck in this to justify the phenomenal speed of the two gymnasts we had seen completing this section. The whole thing savoured of levitation!

Our abseil landed us in a rock crevasse on the Mer de Glace face, which we followed in the direction of the Nantillon Glacier. After what had gone before, the way down was comparatively easy, and we were soon sitting on the "Col des Nantillons," experiencing the well-known sensation of looking up and thinking "Good Heavens, was I up there?"

We said goodbye to Price and Warburton on the moraine (they were going down to Chamonix) and set off in the gathering dusk towards the Plan. When nearing home we were alarmed by much torch-flashing and shouting below us and hurried down to investigate. It turned out to be a large party of English people who were camping nearby and who were in the process of being metamorphosed into mountaineers, aided thereto by some guides. They thought we were survivors of some disaster but we soon reassured them and we parted with many good wishes.

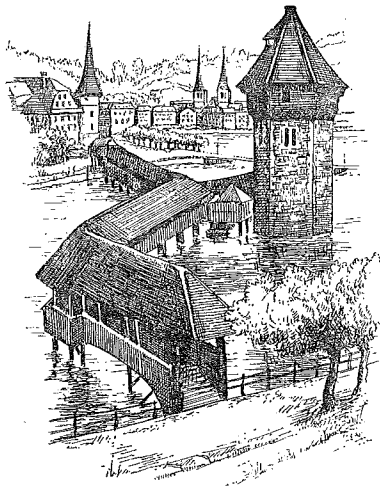
The weather next day looked doubtful, so we rested, picnicked, picked bilberries and watched the golden spires, splashed with new snow, rising above the boiling sea of cloud.

The near view from the Grépon is of course dominated by the Blaitière and the next morning saw us back on the Nantillon glacier on our way there. A steep ice-slope above the bergschrund entertained us vastly and we cramponed up it with great glee, but the snow-covered rocks above slowed us down and gave us plenty to think about. We viewed the wooden peg on the top of the Rocher de la Corde with grave suspicion but roped down without a mishap, leaving a short length behind us for our return.

The final sentry-box crack caused much amusement as the leader was unlucky enough to jar his elbow when swarming over an overhanging chockstone, and for a while he was suspended like Mahomet twixt Earth and Heaven. And so on to the wonderful one-rock summit with Chamonix spread out like a map below and all around the pageantry of Mont Blanc and its satellites.

On our way down we came across tracks of a large party which had cut huge bucket steps in our lovely ice-slope and then seemed to have gone into a Highland Fling on a large step above it.

We left the Alps as we had arrived—in pouring rain. But we did not mind, for we were very satisfied with our season and we took home with us grand memories of wonderful days.



A NEW TYPE OF CLUB MEET, EASTER 1950, CAIRNGORMS

BY R. E. CHADWICK

Apart from his love of good company and his Hebridean journey there is no evidence that Dr. Johnson was ever a member of a climbing club. The definition of "Club Meet" does not therefore appear in his dictionary. But what would the Doctor have said about a club "meet" described as *five days during which the members met only for one night?* "Sir, a most unclubbable diffusion of conviviality."

On Maunday Thursday night the dispositions were: at the Dell Hotel, Aviemore—Blair sleeping soundly; at Derry Lodge—Oxtoby. Between Edinburgh and Perth—Fred Booth, Hilton and Chadwick in one carriage and Mail, Watson and Wharldall in another; on another train Spenceley, Driscoll and Bob Holmes; at home in bed Jack Holmes and Stonehouse; over mid-Atlantic a deep depression housing the west wind. The latter must not mind being mentioned last; it will soon be seen that it is the chief character in this story.

In the small hours of Friday morning, Mail's party missed Booth's party on Aviemore station, and, concluding they had been carried on sleeping to Inverness, proceeded up the Lairig Ghru in as leisurely manner as 40 lb. packs permit. Booth's party, having come to the same conclusion regarding Mail's party, quietly broke into the Dell Hotel and having failed to locate Blair's bedroom by the device of whistling Ilkla Moor down the corridors, waited for breakfast.

By mid-day everyone became aware of the arrival also of the West wind. The forest danced and waved and once clear of the trees, backs already bent double with camping kit and supplies bowed to the blast. Spenceley, Holmes and Driscoll started up the saddle leading to the Shelter Stone; Mail, Watson and Wharldall pitched their tent in a deep hollow half way up the pass; and Oxtoby was making his solitary way over the snow fields from Derry Lodge. Seeing itself so disregarded the wind deployed successively mist, rain, hail and snow but failed to confuse Spenceley in his route-finding in the swirling whiteness of mist and snow and his party duly reached the

Shelter Stone wet but triumphant, where they met the valiant Oxtoby. Booth's party were meanwhile busily engaged in anchoring two small tents near the summit of the Lairig Gru, Jack Holmes and Stonehouse met at the Dell and the morning and the evening were the first day.

The wind counter-attacked heavily during the night. By a cunning change of direction, the wind, hitherto compressed in a funnel by the hills to blow from the South, now blew from the North searching out the vulnerable entrances to the tents. Dawn disclosed several inches of new snow and more falling. Here the wind scored its first victory. Booth's party had intended an early start and a long day on the tops. But tea at 5 a.m. failed to dispel a clammy prudence and after a long wrestling match with wet breeches and collapsing tents, they plunged and struggled straight down to Inverey. Mail's party, arising later from a less exposed position, at first held to their plans, but further experience of soft snow and blizzard soon persuaded them to the same course as Booth.

No wind however can dislodge the Shelter Stone and Spenceley and party, starting with high morale, committed themselves to the ascent of Derry Cairngorm. The wind encouraged by its other successes concentrated its efforts on dislodging them. Proceeding a few yards at a time between gusts, wet and weighed down with kit, they fought back gallantly and were worthily rewarded with occasional views.

Stonehouse and Jack Holmes starting dry from Aviemore stamped over the pass despite conditions and made good time to Inverey. That evening at Mrs. Morgan's fire all members met for the first and only time during this "meet," warm, well fed and comfortable. Outside the wind blew and the snow fell, but all in vain. No one gave it a thought.

The first party away was Booth's which departed by taxi to Derry Lodge whence they sought to recover their much tried equipment at the head of the pass. The wind made every effort to stop this enterprise, but finding force in vain, tried guile. On arrival at the forest Blair and Chadwick decided to camp among the pines as the weather seemed better and they were below snow level. The error of their ways was apparent

during the night, and the following morning Chadwick's boots, recovered under several inches of snow, had to be thawed over the stove before becoming bendable. Booth and Hilton meanwhile found lodging in a hay loft. Mail's party followed the same course with the same mechanical aids at a later hour, but finding their tent in its more sheltered hollow in good order spent the night there. Next morning Mail, finding it still dark at an hour well past breakfast time, was contemplating this phenomenon when a sudden movement dislodged the snow covering the tent and daylight flooded in. Meanwhile Spenceley and Driscoll sought and found fleshpots in Braemar and a bed at Ballater, while Jack Holmes and Stonehouse shared a day of eating and sleeping. Bob Holmes and Oxtoby returned to Luibeg and made a valiant ascent of Bènn Mheadon under conditions even worse than before, spending the night at Luibeg.

Monday saw the beginning of the end. Mail's party and Booth's party withdrew in good order through scenes like Napoleon's retreat from Moscow to the Railway Station at Aviemore. Jack Holmes and Stonehouse had a fine day on the tops to Glen Clova and thence by taxi to Dundee. Spenceley and Driscoll took a taxi to Loch Muich and took possession—with the permission of the keeper—of a bothy on the south east side of the Loch. Then leaving their gear they had a long satisfying day over Lochnagar and adjoining peaks, returning the following day to civilisation via Glen Clova. Bob Holmes and Oxtoby moved to the Corrou Bothy and were forced off the Devil's Point by bad conditions, but the following day, when all others had left, they reaped the reward of their perseverance. Cairn Toul, Braeriach, Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui all yielded to their efforts in a long day of windowing mists, and sudden vistas. Oxtoby returned the next day via Luibeg and Holmes forced himself through the snow drifts on the Lairig Ghru to Aviemore. The wind was thus left at last in undisputed possession of the battle field.

And the moral? An occasional meet of this sort is a great success but pick your weather.

THE CLUB COTTAGE
LOW HALL GARTH, LITTLE LANGDALE

BY C. E. BURROW

The formal opening of the Cottage took place on Saturday, October 7th, 1950, in the perfect setting of a Lakeland autumn afternoon. Mr. C. H. D. Acland represented our landlords, the National Trust, and officially handed over the property to the President, Charles Burrow, in the presence of 33 members of the Y.R.C. and kindred clubs. We were specially happy to welcome Mr. Harry Spilsbury of the Wayfarers Club, Mrs. Clifford Chubb and Mrs. J. I. Watts.

The President, wearing the Chain of Office, and installed with Messrs. Acland and Spilsbury on an improvised dais facing the Front Door of the cottage, welcomed our guests and expressed the thanks of the Club to Mr. Acland and to the National Trust for all they had done in finding the cottage for us. He also thanked Mr. Spilsbury for his many kindnesses and helpful hints on furniture and equipment; he then called upon Mr. Acland to say a few words.

Mr. Acland gave a brief outline of the work of the Trust in the Lake District, laying particular emphasis on the Trust's primary object, which was the safeguarding of the interests of the local agricultural community in a countryside which was increasingly becoming the playground of holidaymakers who did not always realise its importance as the farmers' means of livelihood. He asked members of the Club to give all the help they could by avoiding disturbance to fences, walls, crops and stock, and by seeing that others, less conscientious, did likewise. He explained that a cottage like ours could only become available to a Club provided it was not wanted as a dwelling and had been offered for tenancy by local residents. He hoped that Y.R.C. men would support the National Trust in its need for funds to carry on its great work, and would become subscribers.

Mr. Acland concluded by taking from his despatch case a golden key, 15 inches long, which he handed to the President.

The President thanked Mr. Acland, and said how deeply honoured he felt at being asked to perform this opening ceremony, he was indeed the first President of the Y.R.C. ever



CLUB COTTAGE



RIFT POT 1949

to have had such a privilege. He did think that perhaps an opening ceremony was superfluous because there seemed to be strong evidence within that the cottage had already been occupied by "squatters."

Before actually unlocking the door the President invited the assembly to spend a few minutes in happy contemplation of these commodious premises, and to appreciate the unique advantages which the members of the Club would in the future be able to enjoy. Outwardly the cottage was a very fine example of the architecture of its period. Among its many amenities were :—

Running water in every room (given suitable weather conditions).

Sleeping accommodation for 10 to 15 people.

Beds fitted with mattresses of an improved type, which had many good points. These however would not be noticed unduly if good thick pyjamas were worn.

A large airy bathroom (illustrated by a large airy wave of the President's arm in the direction of Little Langdale Tarn).

A commodious lounge with raftered ceiling (5 ft. 9 in. above floor level) and fine old world fireplace.

Well equipped kitchen with stove by Florence.

Lofty garage well fitted with anything the mechanic might need—provided he brought it with him.

Every room fitted with windows designed to open and shut and glazed with 20th-century transparent glass.

The President then descended from his seat on the dais, deftly inserted the golden key presented to him by Mr. Acland into the door of the cottage, turned the lock, flung open the door and declared the cottage open, at the same time wishing Good Luck to all those who should dwell in it and hoping that its walls might long echo with the patter of the Ramblers' feet.

After the cheers, led by E. E. Roberts, had subsided, Mr. Spilsbury, on behalf of the Kindred Clubs, wished the Y.R.C. members all good luck in their new venture.

The party then proceeded indoors where an excellent afternoon tea was served.

On the following day two members achieved a first ascent on an adjacent crag which received the name of "Opening Gully."

TALES OF OLD LANGDALE

BY A. H. GRIFFIN

*"Five and twenty ponies, trotting through the dark,
Brandy for the parson, baccy for the clerk."*

KIPLING

There was once a small boy who, having been asked in an examination paper the date of the Great Fire of London, adroitly wrote down "Don't know, but William the Conqueror landed in 1066." When the Editor wrote to me asking for an article on the "climbs, etc." within easy reach of our club cottage, I remembered this small boy and replied that I knew of no rock-climbing in Little Langdale but that I had some knowledge of the illicit whisky distilling and smuggling activities in the valley several years ago. Would this do? Glad to have hooked a fish, even if it was not of the required breed, the Editor said that he thought the Club would be particularly interested in the whisky side of my subject, and if I could drag in something about the "climbs, etc.," so much the better.

I think I should first tell you something about the situation of this our first cottage. You all know well enough that it is in Little Langdale, close to the Tarn, but some of you may be unaware that it is neither in Cumberland nor in Westmorland, but in dear old smoky Lancashire where the cricketers come from. Because of this fact the people on our side of the Brathay pay different rates from those paid by Mr. Delmar Banner, the painter, and those other neighbours who live on the other side. It also means that we have got to cross into another county every time we want a drink or to go the nearest shop, but as this only entails crossing Slater's Bridge and strolling a couple of hundred yards up the fell there is no great bother.

But to get back to whisky. The next time you happen to be at the cottage, have a quiet look round and see if you can see any signs of a still. Perhaps you may have no luck, but I know that about 100 years ago the great Lanty Slee had one of his at "Hall Garth" in Little Langdale, which could only mean our cottage or High Hall Garth a little further up the lane

Now Lanty Slee, I am sorry to have to tell you, was one of the greatest men Little Langdale has ever known, for he is mentioned in several books and there has even been a play written about him. If he had been a good man and stuck to his farming and slate quarrying, people would not still be talking about him now, 73 years after his death. But sad to relate, Lanty did not think very much of the Distillery Act of 1834, so he took to making his own whisky and also to smuggling it out of the district. He must have been very good at both these enterprises for he will probably be the only Lake District Distiller and smuggler to go down in history.

Although Lanty was born in Borrowdale, all his distilling and smuggling work was centred on Little Langdale where he lived most of his life and where he died. As I write—April, 1951—there is still living at the age of 87 years a retired Broughton-in-Furness farmer, Mr. Adam Slee, the only surviving son of Lanty, and I know several dalesfolk whose fathers or grandfathers either knew or worked with the great man. For Lanty, it should be remembered, was a character in his own right, in almost the Auld Will Ritson tradition. He has been described to me as "a turble strong, rough man and a gurt age when he deed" and I think he was also something of a philosopher. It is said that after his big trial in 1853 he summed up the situation in these words: "There's nea ald ship, hosiver battered by t'storm, but she'll be ment up and gang agen." And, sure enough, the old sinner was very soon at the same game again, operating from new stills, some of them high up in the hills.

I can think of one goodish story about Lanty. After a night in the cells he appeared one morning before the magistrates on the usual charge, and the chairman, very stern, looked down on the poor prisoner and observed: "We are told that you are able to furnish your friends with a glass of spirit at any time, but I think we have broken the spell this time." Lanty had no difficulty in coping with this one. He promptly dived into a hidden pocket and drew from its depths a full bottle of the best. "M'appen ye'r wrang," he quietly observed, "will ye have a touch?"

The old reprobate of Little Langdale was a farmer at Low Colwith for some time and then moved up the fell to the isolated farmstead of Low Arnside, high above the road between Skelwith Bridge and Coniston, a place which might have been designed for his dangerous game. He could pick out the Excisemen on their way up long before they could even see the farm and Lanty was generally able to hide the evidence in time. The still was in a field close to the farm and the place is still called Lanty's Cave, but I have had another story of this still from Mr. Fleming Mawson of Great Langdale, whose grandfather, Ned Mawson, worked hand-in-glove with Lanty for years. According to Mr. Mawson, Lanty had his "worm" at Low Arnside hidden under the flags of the kitchen, and a long pipe, cunningly contrived, carried the exhaust steam out of the house and into a hedge in an adjoining field.

But this was only one of Lanty's stills. There was one at Hall Garth, which perhaps a Y.R.C. member will trace one day, and there was another in an old quarry at Atkinson Coppice, between the Brathay Ford where some of us leave our cars and the new quarry at Moss Rigg. (Incidentally the indefatigable Jim Birkett, looking particularly ferocious with a red beard, undoubtedly one of the finest rock climbers in England, was working at this quarry when I last called there, and lives in this area.) A brother-in-law of Lanty's son Adam, Mr. Charles Dixon of Burneside, tells me he remembers once finding the site of this still. Apparently it was at the bottom of a deep hole, and Lanty used to go down there on a rope in pot-holing style, so that he could prepare his "brew" in private.

Lanty's conviction in 1853 finished his Low Arnside activities, but although he was an elderly man even then he could not get the game out of his system and he built other stills elsewhere. One of them was said to be at a house called Ivyhowe in Little Langdale, about one third of a mile before you reach the Post Office. Lanty built this house so that he could become respectable. There were other stills away up in the fells and I have heard that one of these was on the shore of lonely Red Tarn, a mile above the Three Shire Stone, between Pike o'Blisco and Cold Pike.

They say that Lanty made very good whisky indeed, but all that he asked for it was about 10s. per gallon. No doubt he would have done rather better to-day. In negotiating a purchase you had to know the ropes and the correct thing to do apparently was to enquire of Lanty whether he had had "a good crop of taties this year." Once you were across this fence he would be ready to talk business.

Quite a lot of Lanty's liquor used to be sold to the discerning gentry of the Lakeland countryside, but very much more went over the old smugglers' road across Wrynose and Hardknott passes, and down to the busy port of Ravenglass where most of the inhabitants had an interest in "the trade."

These years, and many generations before Lanty's time too, were exciting times in the long, colourful story of Little Langdale, and many a score of full-blooded adventures, reading like pages from Stevenson, took place—mostly at night—on those pleasant slopes just west of the club cottage. No old road in Cumberland or Westmorland smacks more of the days of the smugglers than does the road through Little Langdale and over Wrynose. Along this wild road, on many a rough night, went Lanty's whisky, sometimes in bottles but more often in bladders, and the feet of the ponies as they went trotting through the dark were bound in straw or sacking so that they should make no sound.

More than once Lanty and his men were surprised by the Excisemen, sometimes right up by the Three Shire Stone, and there were several fights and scuffles in the mist, with a few broken heads and no questions asked in the morning. On one occasion the smugglers were saved by Lanty's dog, which suddenly sat up with its ears well back and its nose pointed into the wind. "There's summat up" says Lanty, "luk shairp and git amang them staens," and sure enough the Excisemen rode through the mist and over the top a moment later.

Sometimes Lanty and his men would meet ponies dropping down Wrynose into Little Langdale laden with fresh salmon, great sacks of it, poached from the Duddon, for whisky was by no means the only illicit cargo to be taken past the Three

Shire Stone. Whether or not Lanty operated far into the Cumberland fells I cannot say, but for all I know he might have used the lonely "trod" around the back of Great Gable and down to Honister as well. Perhaps too, he would be involved upon occasion in those running sea fights that used to take place off the coast with the Government sloops from Silloth and Annan or the revenue cutter from Whitehaven. Certainly Lanty Slee, the Little Langdale farmer, would know all about these things, and even more about Fell Foot, the last house on the smugglers' road, and perhaps the real centre of the Lake District smugglers of long ago.

It was in this remote spot that the smuggling men used to meet to exchange stories and contraband. Look behind the old house, which used to carry the arms of Fletcher Fleming over the door, and you will see a curious terraced mound. Historians compare it with the Thing-mound of the Vikings, and say that here, on the main high road east to west and at the meeting place of passes to the north and south, the Viking settlers met for their annual Parliament. So there is any amount of history and romance in Little Langdale and on Wrynose, even though I cannot find you much in the way of climbing.



THADENTSONYANA
BASUTOLAND, EASTER, 1951

By C. W. JORGENSEN

During a restful week-end on the coast near Durban, the talk went on about high mountains in South Africa. My host, Desmond Watkins of the Natal Mountaineering Club, outlined an expedition into Basutoland which would take four to five days on foot. In 1949, he, Barry Anderson—a surveyor—and a small party surveyed the Makheke and established that peak as the highest in Basutoland (11,360 feet). This computation was accepted by the South Africa Survey Department last year. During later expeditions to Basutoland a still higher peak was thought to exist and the object of our proposed journey was to locate this and by survey establish its actual height. As the Drakensberg Escarpment is less than 11,000 feet generally, Basutoland can in any case claim the highest hills in Southern Africa, apart from Kilimanjaro and Mt. Kenya.

Imagine unsurveyed heights only 100 miles from Durban as the crow flies. I was only too pleased to join and when the final party met on the Thursday before Easter it consisted of Watkins as leader, with Anderson assisted by Roy Goodwin as surveyors. The remainder to act as cooks, bottlewashers and scarecrows.

About 95 miles from Durban we branched off the main Johannesburg road at Nottingham Road Junction where we left the tarmac and continued on a secondary road with earth surface. Taking into account that there are only 2½ million white people altogether in the Union the road system is good. Off the beaten track one finds roads with tolerable surfaces over which one can travel fairly fast and get to really remote places.

To give us the most of the views en route, we camped early that evening on the Amanzamyana (River of the Black Waters) by the road side. The views we enjoyed next morning certainly were worth waiting for. The road rises to 6,200 feet in one place before dropping into the Loteni valley. The Drakensberg mountains guarding the approaches to Basutoland looked fine. After branching up the Umkomaas river valley, we

finished our 63 miles of secondary road motoring at the last trading station. Here we left the cars at 4,500 feet and donned our rucksacks. Anderson was blessed with his precious Swiss theodolite which was quite a load in itself.

The track lay through the southern foothills of the Drakensberg Mountains, and on through their fortresses by way of the Mohlezi pass into Basutoland where we expected to be next day. It led us first through Black Wattle plantations, leading later out onto the bare hillside as it climbed towards the pass along the Umkomaas River. On the first day we passed some derelict farms and found striking examples of how rainstorms can erode unused roads to gullies with potholes 5-6 feet deep in many places. Although this was the track, it is only used by the packhorse trains to-day and these get round such obstacles easily. We were fortunate enough to pass such a trading caravan on our ascent. It consisted of packhorses, mules and long haired donkeys, carrying back supplies of mealie meal, sugar and salt, after bringing out the Basuto wool clip to be marketed at Durban or East London.

The Basuto is a mountain man. Generally his questions are as with most natives, set in a certain order:—"Where do you come from?" "Where are you going to?" He is proud of his country, of its constitution and of himself. Although the great irrigation schemes are meeting with success, the re-forestation of this bare, eroding country is not progressing well. As we ascended we lost the company of the Widowbird. This tiny black bird has an absurd long tail which makes its flight seem almost impossible. Camp was made just after 4 p.m. at 7,700 feet. By 7 p.m. all daylight had gone and the moon shone on what looked remarkably like Harrison Stickle—part of the mountain rampart above us.

In the morning we were delighted by a small herd of the big Eland buck, grazing above our camp. After striking camp, Steinbok were disturbed and fled lightfootedly as we laboured up the steep slopes leading to the Mohlezi pass 9,200 feet high. Before noon we were in Basutoland. In front stretched high undulating tundra-like country, with flat-topped hills surrounding the horizon. The Mohlezi river flowed as a small

stream in the wide shallow valley guarded by the Redi massif to the east and Thadentsonyana to the west. The Zulu's version is Taianeng Hlanayane but research after the trip proved the Basuto naming to mean "Little Black Mountain"; probably due to the cloud that generally surrounds it and it was officially named as such.

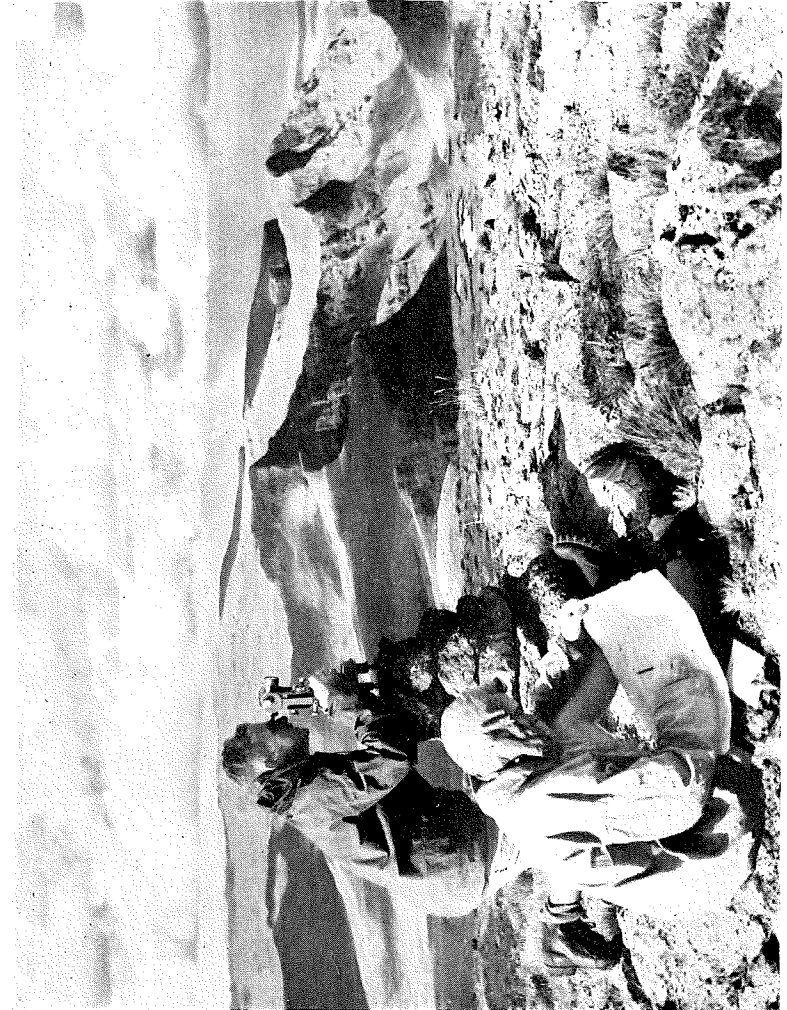
Camping that night on the Mohlezi river at 9,800 feet we had a wonderful singsong round the camp fire of both native and European songs, in brilliant moonlight and rapidly cooling air. Fuel here consists mainly of horse droppings which are in plentiful supply. Wild horses were grazing everywhere and herds of cattle were shepherded by Basutos on horseback. Merino sheep and Angora goats were grazing right up to 11,000 feet. One had come to grief on rocks near our camp. The white-necked crows had already pecked out its eyes and the party had begun; 12 vultures were joining in. These birds take little heed of humans and look unpleasant enough, standing two feet or so off the ground. The natives arrived shortly after noticing the birds from their farm a good few miles up the valley and took the dead sheep back to their kraal where "high" meat is considered a delicacy.

On Easter Sunday we were favoured with good weather and the clouds which had prevented us the previous day from surveying the top, did not return. After striking camp we toiled towards the high grass ridge, the crown of which was Thadentsonyana—the object of the expedition. It certainly was not impressive—merely a flat top to a huge grassy slope. Was it going to be higher than Makheke? The party was excited and I was in any case extremely happy to enjoy the impressive panorama and mountain scenery. Seventeen miles away to the North lay Makheke; 14 miles away to the N.E. we could see Giants Castle the popular Drakensberg Mountain. In the east the plains of Natal were visible miles away through the pass up which we had come. To the South Hodgson's Peak loomed high and behind us to the West lay the Mokhotlong valley. All this country is only vaguely mapped at 1/25,000. Consequently much of it is incorrectly portrayed and almost unknown. The Basutoland Administration is at present undertaking a survey of Basutoland, basing its work on recent

R.A.F. air mapping of the country. It is interesting to reflect this mountainous British Land lies here, surrounded on all sides by the Union of S.A. Needless to say there is no desire for amalgamation as this is an all-native area. The isolation of the protectorate is no doubt due to its altitude and difficulties of approach but it must be remembered that we came through the most remote corner of Natal to its counterpart in Basutoland. There are other, easier ways into the country from the Free State.

When we reached the top of our mountain, the surveyors got busy shooting angles to known landmarks and engaged in ritual, usual whenever they reached a high point from which they could take a round of angles. As high clouds drifted across the sun, cold struck us and sleet added to our discomforts. That night we camped just over 11,000 feet on the Senhonghong river. Although an electric storm was going on to the South and far below us, we had brilliant moonlight during the night. At the camp fire, I marvelled at being able to sit on grass at this altitude in the autumn. In Europe would be snow and ice all the year round, while the shelter of a mountain hut would be indispensable. On the tents, next morning, we did find a thick layer of powder frost—presumably dew. It was also interesting to reflect that the river we were camping at was a tributary to the Orange river and would thus end up in the Atlantic Ocean in spite of rising only 100 miles from the Indian Ocean on the East Coast. In all these high rivers, we found masses of tadpoles and frogs.

It was decided to return via the Manguang pass which is trackless like the Umkomaas pass. But whereas the former descends at less than 9,000 feet, the latter starts at about 11,000 feet with a steep rocky scree gully that would not "run." Before we began the descent, we cast a last glance back to our peak—now again a mere grassy hump in the north. To the south the extreme end of the swampy Sani plains could be seen a couple of thousand feet below. This is another easier way into Basutoland. Descending through the pass to Natal, rock pigeons, rock-rabbits (dassies) and baboons were our only company. Late that night the main party was back in Durban at sea level and in stifling heat.



THADENTSONYANA SURVEY

Throughout the highlands the vegetation was colourful and varied in spite of it being autumn. In spring, I am told there is a veritable carpet of flowers that follow in the wake of the snows of the winter months. Ski-ing on these slopes would be delightful. Even heather was found at all levels, rich in scent and honey. Much work remains to be done in classifying the flora out here, a rewarding rask for Naturalists and Hill-lovers alike.

The geology in Natal is readily observed due to the tremendous escarpment and to the kloofs or gorges. Granite is the foundation of this area and runs up to 2,000 feet, followed by beds of Table Mountain Sandstone, Dwyka Tillites (Glacial and estimated to be about 200 million years old). Above these are the Ecca Shales and the Beaufort Beds, composed of sandstone, rich in fossils. At 5,000 feet the Red Beds are found, followed by the Malteno Sandstone. This is the so-called "cave level." Being soft, the rocks have weathered away leaving the overlying Cave Sandstone as roof. It is in these caves that the well known Bushman Paintings are found. Above these layers there are two distinct layers of Igneous rock. First the Dolorite, estimated at 70 million years and then the Basalt which forms the Cap. These rocks are said to have been created in four great outpours, the last occurring about 60 million years ago. Basalt was then 4,000 feet thick and covered the country to the seaboard. Since then, time and weather has eroded away all but what is left in the Drakensberg, Basutoland and elsewhere with contours over 7,000 feet.

NOTE.—Thadentsonyana worked out at 11,425 feet above sea level, therefore the highest next to Kenya and Kilimanjaro.

ULSTER: THE SEVENTH TIME

BY E. E. ROBERTS

Whitsuntide 1949 once again tempted a crowd to Fermanagh. Remarkable success like 1948 could hardly be expected, but Pollnatagha to the South might turn out good, the limestone behind the great Knockmore cliff (west of Derrygonnelly) was reported massive, and there was a certainty of fine weather, millpond crossings, and grand fun searching for new things as in the pioneer days.

June 4.—Met by Sam Bryant and his lorry at Belfast. Ordnance Survey closed, no additional maps to be obtained. A lovely run with lunch at Dungannon finished with a warm welcome from Mr. Barbour at Killesher. Outside Five Mile Town the better road via Tempo to Enniskillen was missed.

June 5.—Sunday we were off to new things, by-passing Enniskillen by narrow lanes, and up the mountain road beyond Boho to the Noon's Hole dead-end, dropping Armstrong, Marsden, Godley, Watts and Burton with two nylon ladders, etc., to settle with *Rattle Hole*. Using the full length of experimental nylons, 100 ft., they duly ticked this off, returning in an atmosphere of hate which, however, use has modified in some people.

It is quite certain now that this was the first descent of *Rattle Hole*, 120 ft. They considered that Marsden and I, by the chimney route, were further from the bottom than we thought. Praeger's descent of a steep grass slope was obviously in *Murphy's Hole* not far off.

The President (C. E. Burrow), Cullingworth, W. Booth, Tyas and I went north to Pollamadda of the map, and laddered it, 36 ft. only. It looked promising, but Tyas boldly stepped over a dead cow, and found round the corner—nothing.

On over broken country into the narrow Legland dale which runs up behind Knockmore for a mile almost level at just over 700 ft. The far side is a hundred feet of cliff and scarp and brushwood above the lane. There we did a little cave and a conspicuous one which turned out to be *Garrison Cave*, 80 yds.,

very muddy, interesting, often visited, with an awkward little pitch near the end. A hunt followed along the top where the name on the six inch map seemed to indicate its position.

Above Legland Farm was shown a swallet, and on the way we met Mr. James Flanagan, who told us of a fenced pot just before the swallet which had gone through in a flood seven years before, when the dale above was turned into a great lake. He and I had met before below Knockmore and discussed six inch maps and many other things.

The active swallet was thoroughly searched, impenetrable. It is at the foot of a distinct barrier, on top of which was the new pot-hole, *Pollaraftra*, where you could once shelter. Mr. Flanagan said he would block it up, but he has not done so yet, 1951.

June 6.—*Pollaraftra*. The lorry went 15 miles, past Boho, along the foot of Knockmore and climbed the terrific bank with ease to the 700 ft. level. Then we carried tackle over a slight ridge to the pot from the road. A short pitch and one of 30 ft. took us to the stream and a chamber. The stream soon reached a dead end pool but Tyas and Cullingworth kept at a high level and Tyas got through a long, narrow and awkward route. Having left my overalls behind I did not try it. After lunch Tyas and Barton went through, and hours later reported a very fine stream cavern along which they had gone for half-a-mile.

Meanwhile five men had set out to find more caves, crawled into Pollamuck of the map, gone over delightful limestone ridges and dales but picked up nothing. Three more later went updale to the main road and crossed it to *Whitehouse Cave*, often visited, one small chamber well worth looking into. On the carry home Marsden went through *Tunnel Cave* and up Knockmore.

June 7.—On Tuesday morning it actually rained enough to put the Cladagh in flood. In the afternoon five men went into Marble Arch and thoroughly explored the top of the great boulder chamber. There is the window through which Brodrick's ladder came. Why? For there too is the easy crack to the top recorded in 1948. Perhaps it has opened naturally, perhaps someone has cleared it.

The passage at the bottom was measured, 40 yards left to a dead end, 20 yards right to the entrance of the Pool Chamber. The New Chamber (to Skreen Hill Passage) was flooded.

June 8.—*Pollnatagha*. Glorious Irish sunshine. The lorry took us south past Benaughlin and up the narrow lanes to Mullan Quarry, whence Watts en route for home returned to Killesher in two hours via the Rourkefield footpath high above Tullyhona Church. Pollnatagha was rigged and Burton, Cullingworth, Marsden, Tyas and Barton were down by 1 p.m.; Godley and Armstrong by 1.45, 168 feet of ladder climb were confirmed but the results were disappointing. All passages were found short and muddy, even the one deep down the 2nd pitch closed in far too soon.

The first whistle went at 3.40, all up by 5.15; raising the ladders was a dirty business. Though lifted away from the wall by a rope passed underneath, each pull collected much vegetation and mud. We wanted A. A. Scott's great bobbin fitment for Long Kin West. So awful was their condition that the ladders had to be washed immediately in the Polliniska beck.

On the return we were lucky to hit the scarp direct at the Natural Arch whence it is quite a way along to the quarry, I wonder how many people in Enniskillen or even Swanlinbar have ever been there.

June 9.—Another glorious day followed. A day at Sligo among the fleshpots of a country which had a good war is now quite a ceremony. Even Chubb left his self-sacrificing labours as caterer and cook for this excursion, but three of the ten got down off the bus at Manor Hamilton and walked, watching and enquiring for caves in a district of character so marked that "there must be lots," but almost in vain.

Personally I headed for the Pigeon Pots along the Rourkefield path, first of all to the powerful Tullyhona Rising, hoping against hope. But no cave, so along the dyke path to the ruined farm and then over Mullaleam Moor Top, past Lough Aleim, down on to the Pigeon Pots via a stream not shown on the 6 in. map to where it sank into what seems to be a pot-hole marked as 610 yards, 2° bearing from the north corner of the

Leg-na-Hurry gill. Returning home I picked up a second hole at 200 yards, 315°; so there are still some small things left here.

June 10.—*Pollaraftra*. Marsden, Tyas, Barton and Burton were driven up Knockmore Bank, and the last three got through and went on half-a-mile over various difficult blocks in a big stream cavern longer than the passages of the Marble Arch group. At the second sump Barton, who felt seedy, pushed Tyas and Burton up into a passage where they lost the stream, but in which water collected again until at about three quarters of a mile they were halted by a deep pool.

In August 1950 the Craven Potholers gave two days to the cavern; on the first Tyas, Holgate and D. Brindle waded the pool, made a severe climb and reached a deep canal. On the second day, with boats, Tyas and N. Brindle crossed three canals, the last very long, supported by D. Brindle and T. Jones, and halted after about a mile.

The map suggests that the water emerges at Gortgor Rising one mile air-line almost due east of Pollaraftra, a descent from 700 to 480 feet above sea-level, the rising being nearly 300 feet above the Boho lane, and so not having been visited—a pity.

Boho Cave. Godley, Cullingworth, W. Booth and I were dropped here. Deliberately against local advice we went in above, were forced to the left, and finally reached a high part going east and south. South took us outside. Entering next door we were again forced left and came suddenly into a high part running east, where we saw our candle to the west and marched straight out east by a long straight lofty passage. The whole distance is only about 150 yards. The quarry outside is working again. (See Baker's *Caving*.)

Pollkeeran. We now walked past Boho Church, up a steep lane, on westwards past a farm and out on to the platform. It is a huge sink-hole full of bushes. The beck flows along the side and back into it. A path leads on to Poll Beg Farm. Nothing doing.

Poll More is at the next farm north. The sink-hole is not obvious at first. The beck goes over a fall and down a gill, part only flowing into the great hollow on its left bank filled

with a grove of spruces and masses of flowering plants. The watercourse circles round through the lush growth to a final choke. In another country these two holes would be well-known. We reached Pollarafta just in time at 6.30 as the stuff came out. At 6.45 we were moving off; at 7.15, the lorry began its crawl down Knockmore and for a change we went home via Derrygonnelly. We had had a delightful time thanks to Mr. Barbour's hospitality and to the way in which Chubb managed and cared for the expedition.

I stayed on at Enniskillen after the crowd left and made up arrears of sleep. I will confess it rained on Sunday morning and even later, but for the next four days Ireland was in its old form, warm and sunny. The walk to Boho and over the moors to Belcoo with grand clear views of the Cuilcagh hill country taught me nothing new. On Tuesday I was taken to Swanlinbar, still adorned with slogans only slightly less forbidding than those of 1948, and a long straight lane led on to our Slieve Rushen route, which I soon left for the slopes of *Molly Mountain* to the north.

I could detect nothing of interest to account for the name Pollnagat, and further north the map showed three swallow holes, of which the first was a trifling disappearance, the second a pond with no sign of rock anywhere. However at the third a rill ran into a rocky tree-filled shakehole where the shape of the end wall and the steep dip were interesting. So back to a bus much too early.

Next day to Swanlinbar again and south-west to Aghaboy Pollnagollum across a lovely bit of dale. There is no bare rock near. The chimney of descent is easy and is now obvious among the masses of bushes. No fairies were observed. The return was over Cratty top, peat, with scattered limestone blocks, and a number with a curiously artificial appearance on the way up. The only bits of clint were at Polliniska. I went past the Quarry Cave which carried no water, the actual risings being at 10 feet lower level in the dry course and in the middle of the field.

What remains now in Northern Ireland? To finish Pollarafta, to repeat Noon's Hole, to tick off three small pot-holes, and if possible to enlarge the pot-hole area. So far we

have had the guidance of the six-inch map, which is serviceable, even in its first edition. Outside the British Museum the only available copy is at Glasgow, a first edition.

"With a Polliniska, Pollnagollum, Peter Bryant's Cattle Hole,"

"Pollamadda, Pollarafta, Marble Arch and Rattle Hole,"

"Pollnagapple, Pollnatagha, Pollnamuck (a dirty hole)"

"They wrote upon the kitchen wall the names of five and thirty hole."

Late News.—At Whitsun 1951 the Craven Potholers gave three days to Pollarafta, and over long pools got as far as $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. They also got one man, Tyas, to the bottom of Noon's Hole. As detailed elsewhere study of the O.S. map, second edition, has led to discovery of many Eire pot-holes, west towards Sligo in Leitrim, June, 1951.



MOUNT ETNA. SPRING 1950

By J. V. F. RUSHER

At the base of Mount Etna lies the town of Catania, not a beautiful city, since it appears to have been deluged by lava and pumice at various stages of its history. At six o'clock one April morning I waited in the town's grey streets for the bus to take me up the mountain. It was a pleasant cool morning and although I felt hungry, Italy not being famous for its breakfasts, I was ready to tackle the 10,742 feet to the crater's brink. The bus roared at full speed, as Italian buses always do, through the narrow black-brown lava-walled streets of the villages cuddling close under the shadow of the mountain and its rich sulphurous soil.

As we ascended, the fertile green vineyards gave place to vast screes of black ugly lava, which looked as if they had arrived only the day before, for the vines were growing right up to their very edge. Over all towered the supremacy of Mount Etna, its plume of smoke billowing from the snow-covered summit, token of the mighty powers of destruction lying quiescent within. On alighting into the brittle mountain air I found that I had as a companion an English school teacher, Miss Luscombe, who fortunately spoke Italian, a language of which I had no word.

Having breakfasted at the hotel a few hundred feet below, we met the guide, and set off on the 3,000 foot climb to the summit. The first 1,000 feet were easy though very dusty, a steady gentle slope. The mounting sun became increasingly warm on our backs, it reflected from the dry brown rocks and made climbing unpleasant.

We were soon up to the snow line, where in ancient days the nobles would collect the snow to cool their wine. The view down the mountain was quite superb. To the left lay the calm blue Mediterranean with its border of white sand. Below, Catania, that grey city with its straight streets cutting swathes through the tall buildings. Then away in the distance across the bright green broad Catanian Plain lay the brown hills of central Sicily. At the mountain's foot clustered those adventurous villages so near to molten death. The many eruptions

of the mountain's history could be traced by the black streams of broken lava jutting into the verdant vineyards and olive groves.

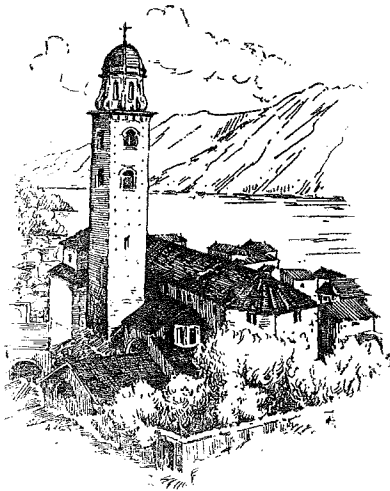
The snow was very soft and grew softer as the day wore on. At times we plodded through it ankle deep, at others we sank to our knees. We were soon past the half-way hut where we saw a few large black birds. From this point the climb gradually grew steeper, the drifts deeper and our damp feet colder. The sun was dazzlingly bright, sparkling off the white snow. Below lay the shoulder of Monte Rosa, its red flanks dropping sheer to Taormina. After three hours' climbing we came to the Observatory, 1,000 feet beneath the summit. The place is uninhabited, but near at hand are instruments for measuring the mountain's eruptions.

After a quick lunch of sandwiches and wine we pushed on. The climb grew more severe. We passed beneath the crater of a recent eruption still steaming hot, which made a gasping, groaning sound as we went by. Then came the last 50 feet scramble up the cone to the mountain top.

We stood on the rim, 50 feet above the crater's floor, momentarily clouded in the sulphurous smoke from its interior. What to me seemed extraordinary was the sight of snow, lying within yards of boiling steam issuing from some fissure. The crater gave one but little idea of the mighty force latent beneath; a force which through the ages has built a mountain 10,700 feet high and which affects the lives of half a million people working on its sides. From this sinister cup, looking like a giant cauldron ready for the boil, flowed last winter a stream of lava which wrecked two villages and did untold damage to the vineyards.

From here we could see, across the Straits of Messina, the Italian mainland, with its stark mountains stretching away to the horizon. We could look along the northern coast as well, and, in the distance, Stromboli standing grandly sheer from the sea. To the west was a deep blue-grey valley with many red-roofed villages. In the heat haze to the south, across the plain, we could just see, on the coast, the white walls of Augusta.

The scene was a riot of colour, the blue sky, with the dark blue sea shading to a lighter blue, bordered by the white beach; and the green, green valleys mounting through dark grey-blue to the brown hills above. All around lay the white snow, contrasting oddly with the black, red, yellow and brown lava shimmering under the hot sun.



THE CAVES OF CASTELLANA

By J. V. F. RUSHER

I first read of the Castellana Caverns, situated south west of Bari, in southern Italy, in an old Blackwood's Magazine. This account so stirred my imagination that I determined to go and explore the caves myself. Having visited Palermo and Catania in Sicily, I travelled up to Castellana and arrived at this small market village early one spring morning. Vito Mattarese, the Italian guide, was waiting at the station.

Before discovering the caves in 1938, Vito was just a simple peasant, but one with an unnatural urge to explore the deep hole near his home. Being a brave strong man he overcame his fear of the dark, haunted spot and went down. As always happens, caving fever gripped him and he struck out deeper and deeper under the ground. Then Dr. Francis Anelli, at one time curator of the famous caves in Postumia, heard of his find and helped Vito in his exploration. They started to open the cavern to the public, piercing the "Grave's" side with steps leading to its floor. They then began to construct a gallery down the main passage but the war put a stop to this. Then, in 1945, when Istria, with the Postumia cavern, was ceded to Yugoslavia, Dr. Anelli pressed the government for Castellana to take its place. The work went on apace, lighting was installed and the gallery was lengthened; visitors increased and the money rolled in.

A taxi took us out to the grotto, surprisingly changed by the hand of man. The guide Vito, now no more the strong, sturdy peasant, kept a bar and had at least eight children. A tea garden surrounded the walled cavern's mouth, walled so that no visitor should fall down its 150 ft. shaft. The welcome was no less hearty though, the family gave me breakfast, and it was Nini, Vito's eldest son, who acted as my guide. He could speak a very fair amount of English, and learnt more from me, though I learnt no more Italian.

Castellana village, as was later explained to me by Dr. Anelli, is at the bottom of a large drainage area. The rain, which falls with great intensity during two or three months of the year, runs down into certain deep pits, one the Grotto,

another the village's communal drain. The water, as in Gaping Gill, fills these holes (the stream above the grotto has been diverted) and is forced under pressure through the passages. The Murge tableland, under which the stream runs, is of semi-crystalline limestone, which is acted on very easily by the water. The system is very deep and the upper chambers, which have been explored, show no signs of recent water action. The stream, having passed through the system, flows into the Adriatic south of Bari, having descended 250 metres. Nobody has yet reached this great depth, since all entrances are barred by narrow passages.

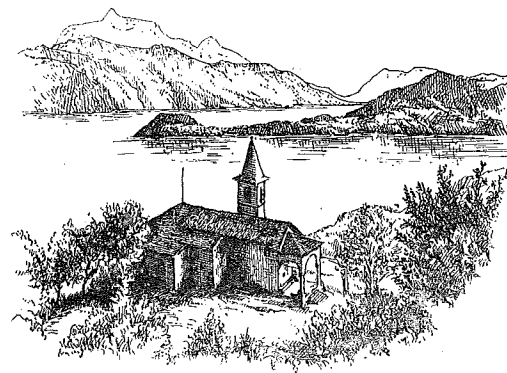
Having descended the countless steps to the "Grave's" bottom we followed the man-made tourist track. Indeed it was all very wonderful, but the pristine beauty was spoilt by the path driven through the natural passages regardless of the floor, which must have been at one time very lovely. Nini tried to show me the caves as if I had been any other tourist but I refused to behave as such. When I took it into my head to go crawling through some narrow passage he soon changed his tune and we branched off the main path. He was not half as energetic as I had anticipated and it amazed me to think that he, with all these unexplored caverns beneath his feet, should be no more adventurous.

The industrious Italians, though, had managed to build their beastly path right to the very last cavern, which I had hoped would still be untainted. Luckily however the money had run out and the lighting system did not reach that far. The last cavern, a sparkling white, reflected our lamplight from the myriad glistening facets of its walls. Everything is on a much grander scale than in England, but the whole feeling of adventure is desecrated by wanton commercialisation.

As we returned I tried to sound Nini on caves in the neighbourhood, but it was quite obvious that all his energy had been expended on showing people round this one. Immediately after lunch we went down again. With the aid of a rope we scrambled down a scree slope consisting of rubble from the workings above. Amongst this I found smashed stalagmites which must have formed at one time the floor of the

man-made gallery. We crawled along various passages until our way was blocked by a barrier of stalactites. We returned the same way and I quite enjoyed the tourist part, for the lights were out and I could imagine how it had looked to the first explorer.

I feel that given a party of determined explorers led by someone with a working knowledge of Italian, this district of the Murge should yield even deeper and more beautiful caverns. During my visit I was however unable to find out whether such caves had already been discovered by the Italians and ignored by Dr. Anelli, or whether they are still waiting to be found.



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

West Kilbride,

March, 1951

There are compensations for living on this windswept coast, and one was to open my own front door in Ardrossan and walk out with Sale to board the Arran steamer, in May, 1948.

In Arran we met J. D. Brown and stayed at Sannox. I would regard Sannox as a better climbing centre than Brodick or Corrie, unless one has tireless legs or a car, and we had neither. The peaks can be attacked direct by going out of the back garden and straight up the Cioch, or laterally by walking along the road to Corrie and ascending Goatfell by Upper Corrie: or taken by surprise by ambling up Glen Sannox till one reaches the heart of them right under the granite face of Cir Mhor: or from the rear by walking up North Glen Sannox towards Caisteal Abhail. We tried all these routes and not until we had been in the hills for three days did we see another living person on them, which is more than could be said of the Cuillin and which leads to that question the prudent would avoid—"How does Arran compare with Skye?" or "What has Skye got that Arran has not got?" The second question I have heard answered in one word "Drambuie"—but this is neither kind nor true. To endeavour to be a little more accurate, if less succinct, I would say that Arran has charm, but not magic, granite but not gabbro, ridges but not the Cuillin ridge. And could one meet, as we did in Glen Brittle, one man who has climbed Trisul, and another Mt. Kenya?

Nevertheless one should go to Arran, it is a delightful island, the hills are good and the view from them superb. But Zermatt does not look so good from the Matterhorn as the mountain from the village, and the best view in these parts, (other than the Carlisle road) is that of the Arran peaks from the mainland, reminding one of Belloc writing from the "Nona":—"Therefore did we lie thus in Harlech Bay, gazing at the great hills of Wales. There is no corner of Europe that I know, not even the splendid amphitheatre standing in tiers of high Alpine walls around Udine, which so

moves one with the awe and majesty of great things as does this mass of northern Welsh mountains seen from this corner of their silent sea."

Our first day on Arran was good, and I recorded, apart from North Goatfell, Mealloch and the Cioch, five deer, one grouse, one Peacock butterfly and one ladybird, this last above the 2,000 feet contour. Later we climbed Cir Mhor by an indeterminate granitic and speleological route, another day Caisteal Abhail (the Castles) and Ceum na Caillich (the Witches Step), a pleasant scramble; but our best day included the A'Chir ridge. We walked up Glen Sannox, ascended to the bealach between the Castles and Cir Mhor, skirted the latter and thus attained the south end of the ridge. It was the best ridge we found and the aged discovered that a rope was reassuring now and then, although the only time I fell was after discarding it, sliding down a steep slab and sustaining, luckily, much greater damage to my pride than my person, whilst Sale, who had just taken one photograph and wasn't ready for another, regarded the whole thing as most ill-timed. Continuing we completed the ridge and traversed to Beinn a' Chliabhain, which gives perhaps the best high view of the peaks themselves, dropped down into Glen Rosa and gently approached the road near Brodick.

One year later, and at 1.15 p.m. on a Saturday afternoon, the M.V. Lochinvar took a wide sweep into Oban Bay and shaped a course for Tobermory. It was a cold colourless day, so that Sale and I found the cargo more interesting than the scenery. We chose an hotel and found a children's party in full swing inside it, which was the last sign of life we saw in Tobermory for it was the close season for treasure hunting and next day was Sunday and we sailed at 9 a.m. Monday, Macbrayne borne for the intricacies of guideless travel in the Outer Hebrides.

We passed the mouth of Loch Sunart, swung west and saw Ardnamurchan Point, the most westerly part of the mainland, away to starboard. Coll now lay dead ahead, and as we approached we could examine the southerly aspect of our old friends Rhum, Muck and Eigg, whose northern sides we had so often seen from the Cuillin. We paused a while off Coll, a

desolate rocky coast, whilst boats took off miscellaneous passengers and cargo, tied up at Tiree long enough for a brisk walk and reached the sheltered waters of Castle Bay in Barra in the early evening. Flodday, Hellisay and Eriskay were unremarked and Loch Boisdale was reached at about 9.30 p.m. of a cold evening in the rain. So we landed on S. Uist, soon to see the truth of Macculloch's description, "A strange collection of sands, bogs, lakes, mountains, sea lochs and islands."

Tuesday morning was grey and cold, with the clouds well down on the low hills along the east side of the island. We had thought that an ascent of Hecla, although only 1,988 feet, might give us virtue by reason of the name, but the idea of a climb into dense cloud after a four mile struggle with the peat bogs soon lost its glamour and we did not possess Botterrill's facilities for penetrating the island to the base of the mountain (*Y.R.C.J. Vol. VI No. 19*). So we set forth to traverse the island from south to north, feeling secure in the characteristic of these parts, namely an inn at either end joined by the island's solitary road. It was a trudge against a north easter, the sky was grey, the road was straight, no woods, no villages, no hills in all that twenty miles, only the moor and the road and innumerable acidic lochans—the moor, "the awful blanket of peat" as Fraser Darling puts it, (*Natural History in the Highlands and Islands*) compared with which Rannoch Moor looks fertile,—and the only relief was four trees; these though only six feet high were definitely trees, and the only ones we saw in Barra, S. Uist and Benbecula. So we were not displeased when the bus overtook us and carried us to the inn at the north end of the island. We were rebuffed, but undaunted crossed the bridge to the south end of Benbecula, to find similar scenery but a more commodious hostelry. The manager here also pleaded cattle dealers and fixed us up at the north end of the island, where, after a brisk five miles walk we got a warm welcome, and for the first time met one of these ubiquitous merchants.

The next morning was still cold and dull, and we felt that even Kingsley might have found the wild north easter less attractive had he tried it in like circumstances for so long.

We had a walk round the north west corner of Benbecula in the morning, and had a look at the Monach Islands and, for the first time *marram*, *machair*, and a little arable land. Then to the aerodrome, where, after watching the mail plane come in and off load on to a dog-cart, we joined a lady and a couple of children, the only other passengers in our 28-seater. As we took off the sky began to clear and we flew straight on into sunshine and distant views and Hebridean blue. We judged our height at 2,000 feet as the plane crossed N. Uist diagonally, and continued up the east coast of Lewis and Harris. Skye came into sight at last, and the mainland from Gairloch northwards. Fortunately there was no contact between the newest mode of transport and the oldest rocks in Europe, and our only discomfort was that when we alighted on what we thought to be the Stornoway airport our fellow traveller remarked, "How nice to be at Tiree so soon"; but we trusted our map reading and disembarked.

The herring fleet was in, some Dutch fishing boats and a formidable fisheries cruiser, so having gazed with pleasure on the trees in the Castle grounds, and watched the herring fleet steam out, we took our tea and discussed the future. But let it be put on record that we ate ambrosia, herring of immaculate freshness, grilled in oatmeal, fish which outclassed Dover Sole or Red Mullet, and put to shame all the gastronomic gallimaufry from anchovies to Zabaglione.

We changed our plans completely, boarded the Loch Ness and so came to Mallaig about seven o'clock of a grey showery morning. At Morar post office we paused awhile to lighten our sacks. A car overtook us and stopped; it was our friend the cattle dealer and although we never quite found out how he got there or where he was going we gladly accepted a lift. He stopped at Glenfinnan and we alighted. Sale said "When I was here some ten years ago, before the war, a launch started down Loch Shiel at 1 p.m., it is now 12.55 p.m. and the jetty is about half a mile away." It takes more than Hitler to upset the Lady of the Lake, and all that afternoon she bore us gently towards Acharacle some twenty miles down the loch.

Next day secure in the knowledge that shortly we should be pursued by a bus, we made our way up Loch Sunart leaving

Ben Resipol cloud capped on our left. The bus arrived at Strontian and bore us up Glen Tarbet, but at the water shed we left the driver to complete his journey unaided, dropped down the road to Loch Linnhe and walked a pleasant six miles along its shore to Ardgour. Acceleration over the last mile was painful but necessary—we caught the last ferry which caught the last bus—and achieved Fort William.

The idea behind the stern struggle to reach Fort William was to have a look at the Mamore Forest road, shown as ~~General Wade's~~ Military Road on the 1 in. ordnance map. It was an easy day and just as well, for the weather was sultry and the route at first held little of interest except a glimpse of the southern slopes of Ben Nevis. The Mamore Forest hills are not seen to great advantage, except for Stob Bhan, which from this side is as white as any one could reasonably require; but finally one reaches the steep descent to Loch Leven and looks down and across the loch over thin birch woods. It was Saturday afternoon when we strolled into Kinlochleven without a care in the world—to be brought up all standing by the most frightening sight I have ever seen in the Highlands—a shinty cup tie.

Next morning, still burdened by the Plan, we climbed a winding road through the birches and followed in the tracks of ~~General Wade~~, if not of Major Caulfield, across the moor to the watershed between Glencoe and the River Leven. The pass was not at the lowest point of the ridge and the reason appeared to be to avoid a long stretch of bog which presumably was equally unattractive in 1750 or thereabouts. By now low clouds had returned and we saw little to the north, but Bachaille Etive lay in front formidable and grim as the storm approached. We strolled gently down the Devil's Staircase to the Glencoe road, ate our lunch in great contentment, packed our sacks and stopped a bus. It was going to Glasgow and we went with it.

D. L. REED.

IN MEMORIAM

FRANCIS SYDNEY SMYTHE

It was one Sunday in December, 1919, soon after Frankland, Somervell and I had crossed Pool Bridge on our way to climb at Almscliff, that a cyclist overtook us and introduced himself as F. S. Smythe, who had been proposed for the Club by Cuthbert Hastings. Smythe was a Berkhamstead boy and had been studying electrical engineering at Faraday House. He had come to Bradford for a year's practical training.

Throughout that winter he climbed at Almscliff, and did his first Lakeland climb at Easter, 1920, up Pavey Ark Little Gully. I found him to be exceptionally strong, and after a fortnight with him in August I reported that he had climbed the Eagle's Nest solo, and other severes, and that a new star had risen.

The next year he was back at Faraday House and had formed a friendship with J. H. B. Bell of the S.M.C. at Wasdalehead. Bell, thanks to a university friendship with a Russian mountaineering professor, has been the first Britisher to visit the Caucasus after the 1914/18 war.

In 1922 Frank went to Switzerland and Austria for further experience in hydro-electric work and in the two years that followed he wandered up and down the Eastern Alps and Dolomites building up a store of memories of delight. I joined him in August 1923 and together we did eleven Dolomite peaks, two really long and stiff. Great as Frank turned out later, I really believe he was most outstanding on the long Dolomite climbs, where route finding and great rock-climbing go hand in hand.

In 1925 after a further period of technical training in England, he was sent to Buenos Aires on telephone work, but life in the Argentine was so different from what he had expected that he broke his contract and joined the Royal Air Force. His squadron was sent to Egypt, where they were fed so badly that they all got poisoned, and in 1927 Frank was discharged as a permanent invalid. But he was a very hard nut and spent his gratuity re-establishing his health by Alpine climbing. He



F. S. SMYTHE

finished in superb form in September 1927 by leading Graham Brown up the Sentinel Route on Mont Blanc.

There is no need to detail his Himalayan progress from the Kanchenjunga expedition of 1930—beginning with enthusiasm over German thoroughness and finishing with very definite views on international expeditions and the German attitude towards getting killed—through the Kamet success of 1931 to the great Everest expeditions of 1933, 1936 and 1938.

During the recent war Frank was first employed as an adviser on equipment and later in training troops, in Scotland and in the Rockies, to live and fight in the mountains. He finished by getting himself blown up on the Gothic line in Italy. The Rockies attracted him after the war, but he was on his way to the Himalayas in 1949 when he was taken ill and came home to die.

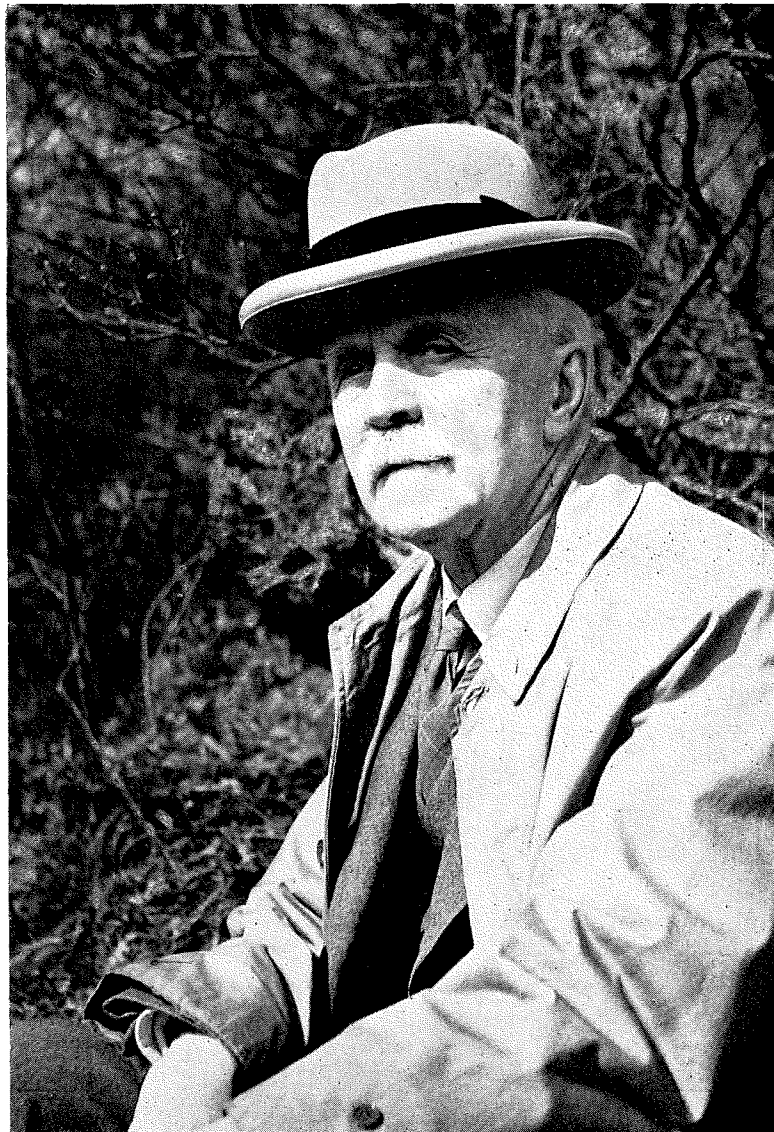
Laughter and joy fill my memories of Frank Smythe, he was an excellent correspondent—even from high camps on Everest—and all through he never lost touch with the Club. When we dined him in 1938, he reminded us that he had been half his life in the Y.R.C. He was a marvellous photographer and published many wonderfully illustrated books. Though many people think very highly of his *Spirit of the Hills*, I have always liked his *Valley of Flowers* best, myself.

E.E.R.

THOMAS GRAY
(President 1930-1931)

Tom Gray died in October 1950 aged 95. He was one of the first discoverers of Almscliff along with Edward Calvert, afterwards leader of the first English descent of Gaping Gill, when they were both students, and Gray was the second Englishman to stand on the floor of the great cavern.

He joined the Club in its second year and was on the Committee in its third. Our first Journal was brought out by Gray as editor in 1899. It may be mentioned that the Climbers' Club was formed in 1898 and very soon published a quarterly journal. Gray edited eight numbers—1899 to 1908.



T. GRAY

Slingsby, President for ten years from 1893, was extraordinarily well pleased with the Journals and their wide sweep. The letters between the two men show that their standard of criticism was very high.

During 1897 Gray made a short visit to the Alps and shared a new climb of importance with Calvert, but he seems to have been so deeply engaged in business and other affairs that he was never able to take long climbing holidays, though he was out in 1907 and 1911. He formed an amazing library of Alpine books and maintained a correspondence with Coolidge from 1896. Both were book collectors and had evidently much in common.

In the great pot-hole campaigns of 1897-99 I trace that Gray was down Sell Gill twice, Boggart's Roaring Hole and was in some Rowten attacks. His removal to York interrupted them, but he continued to carry on correspondence with Martel and all the leading climbers of the day.

Throughout his long life he maintained a lively interest in the hills and in all activities connected with them, particularly those of the Club. At 88 he made a valiant attempt to climb Coniston Old Man and very nearly reached the top. He was most anxious to attend the 1949 meet at Sawley Hall in his 93rd year but was unable to do so. His friendship with mountaineers whose exploits are now legendary, his passion for accuracy and his amazing memory of events which took place 60 or 70 years ago, made a talk with Gray a fascinating experience for a younger man. He loved to talk with aspiring mountaineers and was always happy to draw upon his memories of past events to help the searcher for information.

His death severs one of the few remaining links with the early years of the Club.

H.L.S.

JOSEPH MURISON DAVIDSON

(President 1936-1938)

The Wayfarers' Dinner walk of December 4th 1949, was over Moel Famau, and beyond it J. M. Davidson passed peacefully away among his friends. A great climber and a great leader, he had been a member of the Wayfarers since 1907, of the Y.R.C. since 1910, and President of both.

For a brief time in 1908 I was the last-joined member of the Alpine Club and the Y.R.C., and through Fred Botterill joined Davidson and his great friend Dr. E. A. Baker in the Alps. Davidson had climbed at Kandersteg with the Ogis and had four seasons. In much snow the Ogis took us over the Alphubeljoch, up Rimpfischorn from the Adler, across the Rothorn and back over the Gabelhorn, then we did the High Level to Mauvoisin, and from Champex over the Col de Chardonnet guideless.

Davidson had a short holiday in 1909 when with Oppenheimer and Fox we crossed Mont Blanc and climbed the Aiguille du Géant, the escape from death by lightning of which he wrote. Of the Charmoz rocks we learnt a great deal. By this time I realised that he was not only strong, as daring as he was cautious, but a versatile athlete.

1910 was a great season in Dauphiné. With Lamb and young Crawford we made three first ascents of the season, Pelvoux, Râteau with Crawford, next day the superb traverse of La Meije with Lamb. Davidson led up the Great Wall, came last down to Brèche Zsigmondy without using the pitons and led up from it. We were all in great form and pushed on relentlessly. The ice slope was cleared at 5 p.m. and we were in La Grave about eight. The traverse was done two days after and not again in 1910. We did also the Aiguilles d'Arves but had no chance with the Ecrins.

In 1911 with Lamb he did Mont Pourri and others, learning that a dirty shed can be preferable to a freezing bivouac. From the Col du Géant he traversed the Rochefort Ridge to Mount Mallet with Hazard and me, and in the next week we traversed the Charmoz and the Grépon and did the Grand Dru.

In 1912 Davidson and Hazard began with the Tödi and arrived at Rosenlaur and the Engelhörner, where the next season we did many limestone peaks and he met Mdlle. Geneviève Oltramare. Three years later they were married.

In 1914, in the Bregaglia he did little beyond the Zocca. The war called us home, but the Ago di Sciora had a narrow escape. Our plans for the Brenva and the Pétéret were smashed for good; the ordinary incidence of leave and

engagements never allowed us to climb in the Alps together again. After the First War he was sent to establish the English Bank at Cologne, returning in 1923, and later on he was sent to Milan for some years on a similar mission, responsibilities for which his command of French, German and later Italian singled him out.

Davidson climbed a great deal with Ling and Unna after the war and while at Milan did some severe Monte Rosa climbs with guides. He was at one time on the Alpine Club Committee.

Tom Booth drew him into the Y.R.C. and pot-holing in 1910. He was in the excursion in 1923 which revealed the big pitches of Juniper Gulf, and in the very slick descent in 1938. I remember too our descent of G.G. Flood Entrance with a strong novice in 1936 when both over sixty, the final day in Lost John's, far along the Master Cave in 1937, and the completed exploration of Pollnagollum of the Boats in 1939.

During the last War, though long retired, he and Mrs. Davidson stood sternly by battered Merseyside. A man of great social charm, he died among a host of friends and among the hills he loved.

E.E.R.

F. H. MAYO

It is with deep regret that we announce the death, early in 1951, of one of our oldest members, Dr. F. H. Mayo.

Dr. Mayo joined the Club in 1897. At the time of the publication of our first Journal in 1899 he was a member of the committee, and he was a Vice-President in 1901. His initials appear under a number of Reviews in the earlier journals, mainly those dealing with medical subjects and rescue.

CHIPPINGS

GILL AND PEN-Y-GENT.—In the *Y.R.C.J.* for 1947, Vol. VII, page 170, were published the facts relating to the modern affectation “ghyll,”—GHYLL, *invented by Wordsworth, used only in guide books to the Lake District.* Fell and Rock Club men have defended it, quoting Haskett Smith, *Climbing in England*, page 53, “good authority for both spellings.” But when Haskett Smith wrote in 1893 he was a young man, and in the following few years he did much place name study. He never retracted in an article, and what he really found escaped public notice; certainly it escaped also the attention of that merciless critic Thomas Gray, our first Editor.

Allsup has now discovered that in the *Alpine Journal*, 1903, Vol XXI, page 493, Haskett Smith, in a review of *Crag and Hound in Lakeland*, deplored Benson's use of “the modern affectation, ghyll, fit only for *ghyddy, ghyggling ghyrls.*” So now we know that the Fell and Rock Club does not stand alongside its ex-President.

In his recent books on *Malham*, etc., Dr. Raistrick, a great authority on old records, has frequently to quote Pen-y-Gent and adheres rigorously to the spelling without the “h” It is amusing to find in *The Face of N.W. Yorkshire* that his half of the book has Pen-y-Gent while the other author has Pen-y-Ghent. Wordsworth, with his “ghyll,” though he only uses it twice, seems to have started a fashion, for Pen-y-Gent has no “h” in any of the series of old maps shown in the Harrogate Library, the latest of which is 1834, nor do either Welsh or Norse make use of the “gh.” So “ghent” too is a modern affectation.

MORE ABOUT PLACE NAMES.—The Cumberland Place Name Survey has been published recently in two volumes containing the recordings. Unfortunately the third volume with the index and studies of the results has yet to appear. It is the first county of real difficulty, not surprising as Cumbria was the later name of the kingdom of Strathclyde and there are many Welsh names besides the usual Anglian and Scandinavian.

The mix-up of settlements in the North is extraordinary. On the Hawick half-inch sheet, in the middle of the Tweeddale—Ettrick Anglian country of *laws, hopes, and knowes* will be found many *fells* and scores of *gills*, the latter at least definitely Norse.

ROWTEN POT.—I have always felt that the usual derivation from Rowantree was not convincing, and that Rowting was probably the first step back. The new volumes show that there are seven Rowtings and Rowtens in Cumberland, while off Strangford Lough (Ulster) are the Rowting Rocks. Norse—meaning *Roaring*.

THE RYEDALE WATER RACES.—The *Dalesman*, March 1950, Vol. XI, has an article by Butterfield on these curious and remarkable channels. Of late years he has walked them all, and patiently hunted out what information can be found as to their creation 200 years ago. The optical illusions are staggering, over and over again, while progress along some portions is not only difficult but painful.

CAVE RESCUE.—The two serious accidents—one of them fatal—in Pen-y-Gent Pot in recent months have emphasised very clearly how essential it is that parties entering pot-holes should treat them with the same respect as should be exercised on a big mountain. Both can hit the careless and reckless very hard indeed. Parties should form small definite units, each adequately equipped with food and clothing, and with some feeling of mutual responsibility for each other.

The Club, from the Whitsuntide meet at Mere Gill, was able to supply one of the rescue parties which helped to bring out the body of John Williams; and a second party standing by if wanted. In both this case and that of the injured man, Frankland, a few weeks later, the thick rubber carrying-sheet was used and was found to be a most useful means of transport along the rough and difficult 800 feet of wet crawling which so delayed the rescue operations.

GENERAL NOTES on " Guest " mountaineering in S. Africa.

The following notes prepared by C. W. JORGENSEN will be of general interest :—

CAPE TOWN is certainly the centre of mountaineering activities in South Africa and a welcome will always be found at the H. Q. of the Mountain Club of South Africa in Yorkshire House on The Strand. Every Friday evening there is some club activity, lectures, talks, slides, discussions and so on. On Sunday mornings it is usual to find quite a cluster of people waiting at the terminus at Kloof Neck to make up the day's mountain party. Table Mountain is rightly famed and I am told, has nigh on 875 routes to the summit plateau varying from easy to Super severes. The rock appears to be sandstone of varying degrees of hardness. The lower sections being the softer and glass hard varieties are at the top. Apart from the " Table Mountaineers " there are a number of people who are termed " country mountaineers." This implies, they set off for the week-end to some of the abundant and unbelievably varied countryside.

In Port Elizabeth the Eastern Provinces Mountaineering Club was established recently and not yet affiliated to the main body of S.A. Mountain Clubs. A hearty welcome awaits any traveller here should he only have time for an odd week-end or the Sunday available for a look into the country. Grand hill walkers, old men of the hills, form the backbone of this club and are ably supported by younger people keen on the various aspects of mountaineering and hillwalking. Some fine rock-climbs are available on the Cockscomb 5,778 feet only a few hours motoring away. The waterfall (dry) yielding a 1,300 feet rock climb is yet not completed. It fell to me to attempt it with a small party. For a more able climber, the route would supply no real difficulty. To me it was the finest climb I have led. Lack of time made us abandon about 400 feet from the top and we took an " easy way " up, taking nearly two hours.

In DURBAN a fine body of mountaineers and cragsmen exists. They are members of the Natal Mountaineering Club which has a fine standard and a high record of achievements.

The Drachensberg mountains are within 100 miles or more of Durban, but one needs three to four days a least to get a

proper impression. I am told, that one may traverse the whole range from South to North in a matter of about five weeks. Ski-ing here is possible in winter (July-September) provided one is able to rush up from the heat of Durban to the hills immediately the snow is reported as having fallen. The habit is to associate oneself with the Meteorological Institute and get them to tell you the news. The Pieter Maritzburg section of the Natal Club is very active and is the headquarters of the Club.

When you go take Vibram soled boots. Rubbers are essential too (they are called " tackies "). Although I had nails with me, I never once used them, though on Table Mountain they are widely used. A sleeping bag, light and warm, usual camping utensils and warm clothes for the night are other useful things to carry. Anoraks and trousers proved very useful as did balaclavas in high places. If you bring your boots rucksack and sleeping bag, you may rest assured that the rest will be provided by an enthusiastic set of mountaineers. Photography in colour and in black and white with filters is very satisfactory.



ON THE HILLS

1949.—*Skye. The Ridge Walk.* At midnight on the night of Monday 3rd July Jorgensen and a companion set out from Glenbrittle House. They had taken the precaution of laying a depot of sandwiches at the bottom of Inaccessible Pinnacle the previous Sunday, and had arranged for a party carrying a thermos of hot coffee to meet them at Banadich at 8.30 a.m. on Tuesday.

They started the actual ridge walk from Gars-Bheinn at 2.39 a.m. The coffee rendezvous at 8.30 a.m. worked admirably, Jorgensen being two minutes early and the thermos four minutes late in misty weather which continued during the morning and was responsible for a slight error in navigation on Bidean Druim nan Ramh at 11.30 a.m.

The climb from the foot to the summit of Bhasteir Tooth took 32 minutes, using Nasmith's Route, and Sgurr nan Gillean was reached at 2.52 p.m. exactly 15 hours after leaving Glenbrittle. Jorgensen continued on foot to Glenbrittle, and arrived at the house at 6.38 p.m. making a total time of 18 hours 46 minutes. Actual time on the ridge was 12 hours 13 minutes, which included 2 hours 14 minutes of resting time.

The same route had been followed by Fry with two companions in 1946; their total time was 18 hours 40 minutes, taking 12 hours 50 minutes on the ridge, including 2 hours 8 minutes resting time. In 1944 Sidney Thompson did the Ridge and Blaven and back to Glenbrittle solo in 20 hours 20 minutes. (*Y.R.C.J.* No. 24, p. 175.)

Jorgensen carried a 100 foot rope which was used in the following places:—

Thearlach Dubh Gap—Abseil down short side. Climb long side.

Inaccessible Pinnacle—Abseil down short side.

Bhasteir Tooth—Nasmith's Route, in one run-out.

Sgurr Mhic Coinnich—Climb by King's Chimney.

From this it will be seen that the term "walk" may perhaps be a little misleading.

1950. *The Continent.*—Ten men visited the Alps, and Fox, Kelsey and Oxtoby, in a very strenuous fortnight, crossed the Eigerjoch (19 hours), did Kamm West Ridge, Grünegghorn, Gross Grünhorn and traversed the Finsteraarhorn. Fox and Kelsey then went on to do the tremendous Charmez-Grépon traverse and later Blaitière.

Jorgensen, with Fry and two members of the Climbers' Club, climbed in the Mont Blanc area, using as their base the Hotel du Planet, Argentière. From the Refuge Albert they climbed the Petite Fourche and the Aiguille du Tour by the north ridge. An attempt on the Petite Aiguille Verte direct from the hotel had to be abandoned about 100 metres from the top due to a vertical ice wall. The Aiguille du Moine by the south face was done from the Couvercle Hut, a pleasant route on excellent rock. The Tour Ronde was climbed from the Torino Hut on the Italian side. The south east ridge was found to be somewhat loose in places, and a member of the party was slightly injured, fortunately without serious consequences, when a large boulder came away unexpectedly. A thunderstorm defeated their attempt on the Dent du Requin.

As a last expedition this party planned to traverse Mont Blanc, Mont Maudit and Mont Blanc du Tacul, descending to the Requin Hut. The Aiguille du Gouter hut was reached via the Tete Rousse Chalet, but the next day the weather prevented any activity apart from a bout of abseiling practice from an ice bollard carefully fashioned by Jorgensen. After two more days of snow and thunder lack of food and fuel forced a retreat.

R. L. Holmes spent three weeks in Norway, climbing Skagastolind by Slingsby's Route, making other ascents from Turtegrö and enjoying a week of climbs and walks in the eastern Jotunheim. He returned with some wonderful photographs, the one of the Midtmaradalstind being used for the menu card at the 37th Annual Dinner of the Club.

Frank Stenbridge was ski-ing in Switzerland, Harry Stenbridge walked in the Appenines, Nelstrop had a camping holiday in the Pyrenees, Harold Armstrong spent six weeks walking in Germany and Holland, Chubb revisited his favourite Evolena, and Hilton travelled to the Dolomites.

Britain.—Jorgensen, attracted thither by W. A. Poucher's picture in the "Hills of Britain" calendar, spent Easter exploring the Five Sisters of Kintail in foul weather. He met 'verglas' problems on Bealach Coire Mhalagain and The Saddle, and had to abandon Spidean Domhuill Mhic (3,082 ^{Bh} feet) when 60 feet from the top, harried by the same wind that made the official Easter meet in the Cairngorms such an event. However, he found a good snow climb on Sgurr Fhuaran and made the traverse of Sgurr a Bealaich Dearg and Saileag, the two last-named on a day when the peaks were visible and their loveliness filled him with quiet wonder.

1951. Frank Stenbridge was ski-ing at Wengen in the New year, and Watts at Gstaad.

Jorgensen and Fry spent Christmas ski-ing in the Cairngorms, and were rewarded with two days of perfect snow and sunshine after a gruelling 31 hours' journey from Yorkshire to Lui Beg with snow-blocked roads and engine trouble.

Fox, Spenceley and Jones were climbing in the Alps in the early summer, Roberts was at Engelberg in July, and Watts was walking in the Brenta and in the Oetztal in August.

Jorgensen visited South Africa in the spring and succeeded in combining business with a good deal of climbing and mountain walking.

R. L. Holmes and Oxtoby visited Sutherland; J. Holmes, Godley and Harry Stenbridge went to Ireland and explored the district round Manorhamilton with promising results.

Harney, who has spent several weeks in Iceland surveying the glaciers, has written to us from a camp 15 miles on to the ice cap and 3,000 feet high. Here he and a single companion were mapping, naming and trying to climb a group of nunataks which have appeared from the ice within the last fifty years. Many of the peaks they found inaccessible owing to tremendous overhangs of worn lava, and to gnarled insecure rocks. In compensation they had magnificent views, a sward of the loveliest Alpine plants, which included Gentians, Saxifrages, Moss Campion and Thrift, the company of Ringed Plovers, Sanderlings, various Geese, Greater Black Backed Gulls, Flycatchers and the Arctic Skua. The onset of the long winter night was offset by the glories of the Aurora.

Stoney and Marshall had nine days in Alpine conditions at Glen Barrisdale at Easter and Stoney had twelve good days in the Oetztal in the summer covering many peaks including the Wildspitze.

Kelsey, stationed in Manitoba has made good use of his leave by expeditions from Lake O'Hara to Mount Victoria and from the Glacier National Park to Leda and Eagle Peak, but was defeated by bad weather on Mount MacDonald.

Fox has had another highly successful season in the Alps during which he traversed the Adler horn and Strahlhorn, ascended the Rimpfischhorn, The Zinal Rothorn, Wellenkuppe, Ober Gabelhorn, Dent Blanche and Matterhorn (by Zmutt ridge). Thence moving to Chamonix he traversed the Chardonnet and Argentière and ascended the Tour Noir. Thence intending to repeat Smythe's route over Mont Blanc he traversed the Aiguille de Beranger and the Domes de Miage to the Durier hut where bad weather forced a descent.

Lovett, Brown, Adams, Wharfdall and Wilkinson attempted Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowden in 24 hours, three of them completing the course in the stipulated time. Some very fast times on the hills and on the roads were nullified by unexpected delays and mishaps; otherwise they would have recorded a truly remarkable time.

CAVE EXPLORATION

The sport of caving and pot-holing is enjoying a great wave of popularity, one form of which is a vast enthusiasm for digging out choked swallets and clearing cave passages. To make a record of all is quite a task, for which the Editor cannot wait indefinitely. Some of the digs have had real good luck, the Northern Pennine Club at Pen-y-Gent Pot, the B.S.A. at Ireby Cavern—and at Bar Pot even too successful—but the Craven Pot-hole Club with their 85 ft. mine have had bad luck ; still they have given much negative information to science.

I.—NEW DISCOVERIES

Fermanagh, Knockmore, Pollarafta. (Take the lane near the top of Knockmore Bank leading up dale to Legland Farm. The pot is on the top of the bank of the swallet above the farm.) 6th and 10th June, 1949. Two small pitches reached the stream. Tyas (C.P.C.) found a way above a sump and he and J. P. Barton did half a mile of very fine passage with obstructions. Later with P. W. Burton he made it into a mile !

1950 and 1951, Whitsun. Craven Potholers carried on further, losing the stream and finding large pools. Three days were spent in 1951, on a very exhausting expedition of not less than 1½ miles, led by Tyas.

Fermanagh, Knockmore, Pollamad. (On the 6 in. map, 1 mile south of Legland on the way to Noon's Hole) June, 1949. Six of the Y.R.C. party ; 36 feet deep ; disappointing.

Fermanagh, Knockmore, Rattle Hole. June, 1949. Five Y.R.C. men ; 110 feet deep ; laddered. Undoubtedly the first descent as the chimney route could not be completed without ladders or hauling.

Leitrim—Sligo. June, 1951. J. A. Holmes, John Godley and H. L. Stenbridge discovered an area in the triangle Bundoran—Sligo—Manorhamilton containing a good many unexplored pot-holes and caves ; details were noted of 22 of these.

1. *Carrickeeny, Taempol.* Waterfall marked on 6 in. map. Open pot surrounded by trees. Narrow fissure open to south. Stream falls 30 ft. to boulder jamb from N.E. and then through

hole 35 ft. to shallow pool which may be reached through fissure without climbing. Stream disappears through low passage to S. and enters E. wall of enclosed pot 50 ft. away. This pot may be reached by two pitches of 6 ft. and 15 ft. near fissure to dry passages, entering closed pot on its W. wall. Latter 20 ft. across and reported 90 ft. deep. Stream can be followed upstream for 40 yards, passages 15 ft. to 20 ft. high, then giving access to moor.

2. *Carrickeeny, Pollnadinya.* 1 mile N.N.W. of Taempol ; S.W. of small lake. Runs N. and S. Estimated 20 ft. wide and 90 ft. deep. May be climbed part way at S. end ; good ladder lead at N. end.

3. *Gorteenaguinnell, Pollna Leprechauns.* Marked on 6 in. map. Resembles No. 2 but appears deeper. Needs stake belay.

4. *Gorteenaguinnell, Pollnatyshun.* ¼ mile S.E. of No. 3. No trees ; open rift. 80 ft. deep, running N.W.—S.E., appear deeper at S.E.

5. *Gorteenaguinnell, Pollnagon.* 150–200 yards E. of No. 4, in the same line of sinks and about the same depth.

6. *Glenade, Wild Cats Hole.* 6 miles N.W. of Manorhamilton. Marked on 6 in. and 1 in. maps. Shallow sink of no consequence.

7. *Glenade, Pollachorry.* 200 ft. limestone cliff ¼ mile above Wild Cat's Hole and visible for some miles around. Stream descends in cascade from hole near top, forming spectacular waterfall. Water sinks below small waterfall 200 yards downstream, but probably cannot be followed. Ancient altar of historical interest near this place.

8. *Glenade, Pollnawadeewee.* 1¼ miles W.S.W. across valley in direct line from No. 7 ; just below house of Joe Rooney. Deep open pot descended from E. of dry watercourse. Descent is over 40 ft. boulder slope to large vault with boulder floor. Roof very high with passage high up in W. wall which might be climbed. Continues over mud floor turning westerly under 3–4 ft. marbled limestone curtain to 15 ft. climbable pitch. High rift continues 20 yards to 2 ft. curtain. Mud

floor finishes over mud slope 20 ft. which descends to low passage containing water; may continue. Watercourse is boundary between Tully and Largy townlands.

9 and 10. *Largy townland*. 1 mile W.N.W. over moor from No. 8. Broken rift over 200 yards long running N. to S. 50 to 60 ft. deep, needs stake belay. Resembles Pigeon Pots.

11 and 12. 11a and 12a. *Largy townland*. A further series of pots at right angles to 9 and 10, one or two over 100 ft. deep, others only 30 ft. Occur at about 50 yard intervals and extend to limestone clints. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to the south is a further series of pots running at right angles to above, three of which are of interest and require ladders. The lake adjacent to No. 2 (Pollnadinia) lies $\frac{1}{2}$ mile S. of the last-mentioned pots. The moor contains innumerable small pots.

13. *Gurteen Aghamore townland*. 1 mile N.W. of Gurteen Chapel at 900 ft. altitude. Open pot with trees near edge of scarp. Apparently 60 ft.

14. *Gorteenaguinnell townland*. Small pot at 900 ft. altitude, 250 to 300 yards E.N.E. of No. 13. Apparently leads into rift 80 to 90 ft.

15. *Gorteenaguinnell townland*. Adjacent to No. 14. Deep shaft almost covered by bushes, apparently 80 to 90 ft.

16. *Gorteenaguinnell townland*. Large open pot with trees, 30 ft., leading to boulder slope 35 ft. Capacious chamber partly levelled where hut had been built during troubles. One ladder pitch beyond; possibly continues.

17, 18 and 19. *Tawnamachugh townland*. $\frac{1}{3}$ mile W.N.W. of 14, 15 and 16. Shafts surrounded by embankments and apparently 80 to 100 ft. deep.

20. *Cushlaw Cave*. $\frac{1}{3}$ mile N.W. of 17, 18 and 19. Low entrance at foot of 40 ft. limestone cliff. Through boulder jamb to several short climbs.

21. *Truskmore, Glasdrumman townland*. 2 miles S.S.E. of summit of Truskmore. 200 yards S.E. of low limestone crags. Shaft apparently 60 ft.

22. *Dermot and Granias Bed*. Marked on 1 in. and 6 in. O.S. maps, and probably of historic interest. A huge obvious

cave at 1,700 ft. at head of Gleniff. Can be seen from horse-shoe road. Access by ascending 1,000 ft. of very steep grass with some loose rock at top. Arched entrance 80 ft. wide and 30 ft. high in middle. Floor slopes steeply upwards over boulders to (a) cave on right leading to large chamber, (b) cave on left over boulders to a short climb down to a large chamber. This chamber could also be reached through a narrow entrance lower down; may continue; total length explored 100 yards. This cave must have been entered at some time as there are initials scratched on the walls.

NOTE.—All the potholes and caves in this part of Ireland contain much loose rock and should be treated with the utmost respect.

Ingleborough, Gaping Gill, Boulder Chamber Pots. (It is regrettable that note of this was omitted from No. 18, though the exploration has been often referred to.) The Boulder Chamber beyond the Mud Hall, E. Passage, is usually passed high up. *June, 1927*, explored by Frankland, F. S. Booth and E. E. Roberts with Dr. and Miss Lovett and Rimmer. Short passage found, leading to Boulder Chamber Pot, completed next day by the first three with Whitaker and H. S. Booth. 12 ft. + 24 ft. + 34 ft.

June, 1938. Second descent, Godley, Wardle, Rigg and Roberts. Rock at the head of far parallel pot, too rotten to descend in spite of much work. *June, 1946*. B.S.A. descent. *August, 1948*. A Craven Pot-hole descent of perhaps both pots, but a Y.R.C. party found the far pot too dangerous. Abandoned ladder found. *July 30th, 1951*. D. and N. Brindle (C.P.C.) hammered open a crack at the top and went down a 100 ft. pitch to where they could see a stream. Lovett and D. Brown (Y.R.C.) have repeated this.

Ingleborough, Gaping Gill Hole.—August, 1949, *East Passage*. By means of ladders the C.P.C. climbed to the window whence comes the water of the stream at the far end, and penetrated 50 yards. Also, six of their men one way, and three the other, made the round trip via the new entrance route into the Stream Passage opened and descended by the Northern Pennine Club.

Ingleborough, Bar Pot, New Entrance to G. G.—September, 1949. Dug out by Messrs. T. and C. Crossley, Coles, Whalley and Riding, B.S.A. A 30 ft. pitch, tight at the top, leads into an extensive area descending to 100 ft. ladder pitch and so into the first aven beyond Flood Pot. This route is so dry and straightforward that it seems to be in use most week-ends. Danger from gate-crashers is considerable and often amusing.

Ingleborough, North side, Mere Gill Hole.—13th May 1951. Lovett, Whardall, D. Brown, Scovell and Sanderson reached the pool at the end of the 1934 passage (3rd visit 1949, D. Brindle, Shackleton and Farrow, C.P.C.) on the fourth visit and found it dry. The first three men pushed through and explored another 400 yards of good passage. The Y.R.C. party found that the dry cross-over of 1914 from the Bridge Pool elbow is blocked, which accounts for its having never been repeated. Scovell made some progress in clearing it.

Mere Crawl (P101) and Mere Gill Rift North Cave.—It has been supposed that colour tests had shown P101 water to fall into the mere from the North cave 30 ft. down. Falls of rock make the mouth now much overhung and it is very difficult to get off a rope ladder into it. Lovett reports that the internal waterfall can now be climbed. In 1949 Messrs. Hey, Archer and Rushton, Cambridge S.S. used a scaling ladder and surveyed a passage coming from the S.W. for 150 yards. They also surveyed the long Mere Crawl and found that the stopping point, presumably the same as that of 1912, is under the much crossed 'T' junction of walls, N. of the pot and is near the end of the Mere Gill trench.

Ingleborough, Lead Mines Moss, Echo Pot.—(300 yards W. of P.102a and Quaking Pot; hard to find)—May 1949. Opened out by a B.S.A. party; dry shaft of 100 ft. clear.

Ingleborough, Clapham Beck Head.—Through the courtesy of Mr. Farrar, a party of Bradford Pothole Club men led by Charles H. Salisbury have been digging in a rift just through the gate past Clapham Beck Head. The rift did not go and has been filled up, but a tiny fox-hole some 30 ft. away has been enlarged during June 1951, and now one can just get down, if one is moderately slim, to a 12 ft. crawl about 10-12 ft. from the surface. Emerging from the crawl one encounters Beck

Head water coming down a 5 ft. high passage of about the same width. This passage has an unusual character and crosses rift after rift obliquely for some 170 yards in a North to North West direction until a twin waterfall is reached. The waterfall is some 10 ft. high and can be climbed. At the top of the fall the stream passage continues in roughly the same direction for another 70 yards, but with several ox-bows. The stream passage ends in a syphon, which is a pool 18 ft. deep at the deepest part, this lies in a rift about 30 ft. long which narrows to a mere slit. All the way up vast bedding planes exist in nearly all directions, these are at present being explored and a survey made. (26/7/51.)

Allotments, Flag Hole (rock opening in a trench, 125 paces due S. of Juniper Gulf).—May 1950. R. L. Holmes and Lovett. Downstream through a very tight 10 yard crawl for 45 yards to a sump. Total descent 30 feet. Entered by the Gritstoners (Y.R.C.J., V, p. 214). *Shooter's Cave* (130 paces S. along wall from shooting hut gate and then 50 paces W.). A low wet cave of 25 yards.

Lancashire, Greygareth End, Ireby Fell Cavern. (altitude 1,300 ft. almost on the county boundary, an overhang shown on the 6 in. map as "The Cavern")—April 1949. Dug out and explored by Messrs. T. Crossley, Coles, Burdon, C. Crossley, Tucker, Turner and Whalley, B.S.A. Six pitches, deepest 50 ft. Total 400 ft.; length 1,600 yards. A serious accident to a Craven Pot-hole Club visitor took place here in July 1950.

Horton-in-Ribblesdale, Pen-y-gent Pot.—The Northern Pennine Club has sent us a detailed description of this great pot-hole, 527 ft. deep and 1,690 yards long, dug out in November 1949 at the side of Gronny Beck, half a mile S.E. of Hunt Pot, west face of Pen-y-gent, altitude 1,400 ft.

Summary.—Timbered shaft, 5 ft. 17 yards to canal, 80 yards in 1 to 2 ft. of water; 140 yards to crawl 2 ft. high, 70 yards long, filled up in flood times, direction S. First pitch 18 ft. shaft, pool 4 ft. deep. Long easy passage 440 yards N.W.—Pitch II, 15 ft.—Main pitch, 130 ft. divided into III, 60 ft. and IV, 70 ft.

High Rift now runs 220 yards to Boulder Chamber, 150 ft. lower, direction N. On the way pitches V. 25 ft.; VI, 15 ft. (hand line), VII, 40 ft.; VIII 20 ft. dry; IX 30 ft. Boulder Chamber is dry. 27 yards passage, pitch X 25 ft. Now comes 230 yards main stream passage with many pools and singular erosions. Pitch XI 25 ft.; XII, curtain waterfalls, 35 ft. Rift Chamber, 50 ft. by 20 ft. 220 yards from XII is the final pool, 20 ft. by 10 ft. height 20 ft.

There are two 40 ft. pots in a dry oxbow 8 yards above XI, and a series of dry caves in which, 60 yards from the oxbow, is a 70 ft. pot. All this represents much work and any number of week-ends.

Fountains Fell, Shooters' Needle Pot—(from Rough Close $\frac{1}{4}$ mile N. along the green track, Shooters' Needle in sight 150 yards E. pot 60 yards to S.E.)—Dec. 1949. R. L. Holmes and Bedford. 25 ft. deep. Slope falls 10 ft. in a fairly high chamber. A tight squeeze in the clay floor led into a small high chamber.

Malham Tarn Sinks.—For a very long period the Craven Pot-hole Club has been making a most determined attempt to get into a network of caverns leading towards Malham Cove. They have dug nothing less than a mine shaft 85 ft. deep, starting with simple equipment and finishing with an engine and elaborate headgear (June 1951). Their bad luck is surprising and I fear they have struck an area where cavities are choked with clay and gravel.

Wharfedale, Buckden, Birks Fell Cave.—October 1948. A. N. Patchett and F. H. North forced the *very* low bedding plane which stopped the way at 230 yards, a horrid 15 yards into knee deep water for 20 yards. An easy 100 yards led to a chamber 20 ft. by 10 ft. and 35 ft. high with a waterfall of 8 ft. After 40 yards they were waist deep and were stopped by a stalactite mass under which North dived and found a wide apparently dead end 15 yards long.

Wharfedale, Kettlewell, Black Keld.—(A powerful rising 1 mile S. of Kettlewell, Wharfe L. bank—After 14 days colour from a big charge of fluorescein put into Mossdale Swallet was seen here.

October 1st and 2nd, 1949. Messrs. R. E. Davies, Davis, Thompson, Balcombe and Coase, Cave Diving Group, first by

walking divers, then using swim fins, went in 35 yards E. then 17 yards to a pot-hole with amazingly dissected walls, 17 ft. deep, 28 ft. below water level. R. E. Davies let himself sink down and found a powerful current entering through a long slit.

Nidderdale, Goyden Pot.—A new entrance is said to have been dug out, 70 yards north of Limley, into the Labyrinth. Extraordinary changes have recently taken place inside. *October* 1949. Mouth of lesser stream largely silted up. *May* 1950. All this gone, but enormous screes of gravel built up in the Main Hall. *March* 1951. All the gravel gone, but little flow from Manchester Hole. *April* 1951. Our five Knaresborough men entered with water running in, reached the far Nidd by Gaskell's Passage with a boat and found it a raging torrent. Their retreat up stream was against a flood and they had a desperate fight at the entrance.

Greenhow Hill, Stump Cross Cavern.—At the end of the Lower Series Mr. Rose discovered a passage above the stream and by removing a flake an extensive upper area, now called "Heaven" and "Hell" was entered in August, 1949. It has been explored by Messrs. Cook, Rose and others, and by the C.P.C., coming across mining work in places.

North Riding, Hambleton and Helmsley Windypits.—June, 1949. Mr. E. P. Fitton and Miss D. Mitchell visited Nos. I, III, V, and failed to find IV, so well had the Stembridges done the work of covering, and in the absence of slaughter-house refuse were able to descend II at Antofts, 36 ft. The local interest we had aroused put them on to three others, Snip Gill, W. of Antofts, 109 ft.—Noddle End, 77 ft, extremely difficult to find but by the barn on the way to Gowerdale IV and V—and Eppy Head, a large and dangerous opening at 1,000 ft. contour, S. of Arden Hall, Hawnby. The last is more solid than it seems, not deep, and can be climbed. Scovell, Simons, Parker and Roberts have done it and Noddle End.

In 1947, Chadwick went 30 ft. down VI, a crack, 65 yards E. of IV, and 30 ft. down the slope of Gowerdale.

Derbyshire, Castleton, Peak Cavern.—1948. The Cave Diving Group explored Buxton Water, 133 yards, and the duck of Speedwell Water was passed to reach land. 23rd January, 1949. Messrs. Coase and Mack went through Buxton Water, and along 300 yards of Main Cavern. Others went through Speedwell Water (where the traces of old miners used to be) and explored another 300 yards. 13th February. B.S.A. party led by Mr. J. C. Gilbert, Sheffield, siphoned off Speedwell Water and reached the Main Cavern. March, 1949. Both parties completely explored the cave and the C.D.G. attacked two far sumps, nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of fine passages being added to Peak Cavern.

Somerset, Priddy, Swildon's Hole II.—5th August, 1950. Messrs L. Devenish, C. H. Kenny, W. Stanton and C. Vowles completed the exploration of a tributary passage beyond the sump—1,000 yards long, going back nearly parallel to the main cave, with numerous and very beautiful formations.

Priddy, Eastwater, Primrose Path.—1949. Through a very small hole, somewhere off the First Rift, enlarged by explosives, Messrs. Kenney, Broadley and Stimpson found a deep pitch, 150 ft. ladder too short. 16th April, 1950. Five men through the hole to a position 30 ft. down, three down 95 ft. more, and one down 80 ft. more into a rift 30 ft. by 12 ft. Old Red Sandstone on the floor.

South Wales, Llangattock Quarries, Agen Allwed (near Eglwys Faen).—Christmas 1949. Messrs. B. D. Price, Seagrave and Hickey, with great difficulty mined a way in 109 yards to a small boulder cavern, and were able to go 360 yards further. Very tiring.

II.—OTHER EXPEDITIONS

Fermanagh, Noon's Hole.—Whitsuntide, 1951. The Craven P.C. made the fourth attack and second descent, Tyas reaching the bottom 250 ft. down. Till 1939 it was the only deep pot known in Ireland. The first descent and third attack was made by Wingfield, Kentish and Dr. Baker before the first war.

Ingleborough, Bar Pot.—Two Y.R.C. descents were made in February and July, 1950, and there have been others.

Allotments, Jockey Pot.—20th February, 1950. Spenceley, Lovett and Driscoll. Tackle was conveyed almost to the pot on motor cycles.

Allotments, Rift Pot.—27th August, 1949. A party of five Y.R.C. men carried tackle in through Long Kin East to the working place for the 200 ft. ladder climb. Another five went down by the open Rift Pot, and found the climb of the wall below the Traverse hopelessly rotten and dangerous. The first party were unable to find the other end of the Traverse which was oddly reported to have collapsed. Next day six men did the long climb to the bottom, while three veterans crossed the Traverse, which begins half way down the last climb with an easy bedding plane crawl over the narrow passage rift. The only difficulty was the pebbles on the wide ledge over the working party; all clay has disappeared, and the pot is passed in an ideal rock groove to the head of the rotten wall, easy enough with a hand line.

Ribblehead, Cuddy Gill—Both ends of this geologically interesting passage are now blocked and need clearing.

Ribblehead, Thistle Cave—(the upper slit in a shake-hole 100 yards W. of the middle Runscar opening). Has been done several times. 200 yards of an easy but messy abandoned watercourse.

Ribblehead East, Browgill Cave.—September, 1949. The crawl through to Dry Laithe Cave was found and done by R. T. Holmes and Smith.

Leck Fell, Notts Pot.—14th and 15th May, 1949. Parties numbering 14 attacked this pot, and almost reached the bottom but they found it too slow and narrow for the time available. There is so little working space that it is a mistake to ladder the 80 ft. and the 100 ft. pitches in one. Magnificent work was done the week end before by F. S. Booth, F. W. Stembridge, Fox and Spenceley, who carried four ladders $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the iron hut and then carried 13 ladders and 1,000 ft. of rope $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to the pot and worked them down the first two short pitches.

Bingley, St. Ives Park, Pan Hole.—(A fissure in the Gritstone entered by a bedding plane crawl.) Contains dates 1812, 1850, 1862 and remains of wooden ladders. 70 ft. deep, 1 to 4 ft. wide. 70 yards long. Re-opened by Messrs. Shackleton (Bradford P.H.C.) T. Smith and Groves (*Telegraph and Argus*, 8th October, 1941). Surveyed by Patchett, Leedal and West (Bradford P.H.C.), article by Leedal in *Cave Research Group Trans.*, December, 1950. Visited by J. C. Addyman, E. E. Roberts (Y.R.C.), A. Mitchell, P. L. Tyas (C.P.C.), July, 1950.

REVIEWS

SUBTERRANEAN CLIMBERS: by Pierre Chevalier, translated by E. M. Hatt. (*Faber & Faber*, 1951, 223 pp., 23 illustrations, 10 sketch maps, 16s.).

"Discouragement often gripped us in the face of the magnitude and the frequency of the obstacles between us and our final objective; but on each occasion one or other of the team members gave us fresh impetus without which we could not have carried on the struggle. It is wonderful team spirit that enabled us ultimately to prevail."

It is with these words that the author introduces his story of underground exploration which is also an epic of determination and endurance crowned in the end with the success it so well deserved of linking up the two vast systems, Trou du Glaz and Guiers Mort, and opening up the whole complex network in the Dent des Crolles.

Often with insufficient and inadequate equipment, and often under conditions of great privation and discomfort, Pierre Chevalier and his friends worked steadily on, even through the difficult years of war and enemy occupation.

Though we admire their toughness and persistence, we cannot always approve their technique, in particular their practice of leaving their tackle underground for months at a time. Nevertheless the thoroughness of their work, and their insistence on surveying every stage of a new discovery cannot but excite our admiration and fire us to similar efforts in our own land.

H.G.W.

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS: (Scottish Mountaineering Club Guide). 204 pp., 44 illustrations, 15s. 1949. The series of S.M.C. guides is completed with an area whose northern boundary runs from Oban to Dalmally, Bridge of Orchy, Loch Rannoch, and on to Pitlochry. The Lowland Hills N. of the Forth and Clyde are included; Arran will be found in the *Islands of Scotland*.

Mr. J. D. B. Wilson has laboured as Editor since 1946 to bring into shape the material of a decade. There are 70 tops over 3,000 feet in the district, among them Ben Lui, Ben More, Ben Lawers and Schiehallion. Information as to how to reach the many trackless and distant hills is most valuable and astonishingly complete. There is an easy way to the top of every one, but rock climbing is dealt with fully by a detailed appendix of Arrochar climbs, and a general survey of the crags of the area.

Those Scotsmen, and they are many, who still think the Highland Line of history is a railway, must study page 1 with attention—and a map.

The S.M.C. can now look with satisfaction on a great geographical work, a study of the Highland Mountains.

ROCK CLIMBS, GLENCOE AND ARDGOUR: by W. H. Murray. (Scottish Mountaineering Club Guide, 164 pp., 22 maps and diagrams, 7s. 6d. 1949.) This compact little volume gives no end of necessary information about the numerous climbs which have been worked out since the opening of the Glencoe Road. The writer has tried hard not to say too much and to leave people a few surprises. But you must not start out till you are sure that you have it in your pocket.

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL 1950.

RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL 1950.

These are delightful reading and record many entertaining expeditions. The *Rucksack Journal* describes an ascent of the Caiman with Roch and Gréloz, ironmongery inevitable,—and the doings of two parties in the Dolomites, tearing up behind a fast guide. As I read, it comes home vividly how much English climbers miss by not attacking the great faces guideless. Reconnoitring necessary, as in the Golden Age, and chance of defeat—yes, but the fun!

The *Climber's Club Journal* has gone over heavily to steeplejacking. Its men have two articles containing the practice, the Scottish article being rightly headed "Crime in the Coire." The Second Ascent of the west face of the Aiguille Noire de Peuteret, led by Rebuffat, appears also in the *Alpine Journal*, Nov. 1950. Two bivouacs, 25 pitons used, and 10 left in place.

There is a valuable summary of climbs in Welsh outlying crags, and both Journals have lists of severe new climbs, knowledge of the crags becoming more and more detailed.

With the British going to the use of spikes to force a climb, the impression is left that we are at the end of the Silver Age of mountaineering, and that it is only a matter of a few years before the Swiss Alps are like the Eastern, and the great climbs "developed." The tigers force a route, and leave a few pitons, the next party fail to get out a few more, weaker parties use them all, cut the times and leave a few more, till the route is open to all. There will be no working out of routes any more.

Climbs on the grand rocks of the Salbitschyn are written of in the *Alpine Journal*, Nov. 1950. Finding intricate routes to the tops of its striking towers ought to have lasted a generation, but the age of the steeplejack is upon us and the ascents have been forced up spikes. And now spikes are even being put into British rocks. How long before the County Council is asked to improve Stiding Edge? E.E.R.

CLIMBS ON GRITSTONE. Volume 2. The Sheffield Area. Edited by Eric Byne. (*Willmer Bros.* 1951, 171 pp., 16 illustrations, 21 sketches, 9s.). After reading the preface of this useful pocket guide, I can only wonder at the immense patience of those responsible for its publication

after many misfortunes, including the destruction of the final proofs by enemy action. They were lucky to have a climbing typist. The clear photographs and diagrams and the large number of climbs described leave little to be desired. A concise history of the climbs on Stanage Edge, and technical notes are included, and a useful map on page 115 shows the positions of the various crags. B.N.

JOURNAL OF THE CRAVEN POTHOLE CLUB 1949. Congratulations to the C.P.C. on the first issue of their revived Journal, and on the excellent photographs; and good luck to them at Malham Moor. They have our wholehearted agreement with their sentiments about indiscriminate "digging," and about "litter louts." We ourselves feel very strongly about the habit of discarding clothing at the entrance to a cave; there was enough in the entrance to Sunset Hole last January to run a jumble sale. Sydney Waterfall gives an interesting guide to 23 short climbs on Crookrise Crag, 2½ miles N. of Skipton.

H.G.W.

A PROGRESS IN MOUNTAINEERING: by J. H. B. Bell. (*Oliver & Boyd*, 1950, 424 pp., 34 illustrations, 10 maps, 25s.) This book is like the genuine mountaineer's soup: there is a little bit of everything in it and the resulting brew is wholly satisfying, highly individual, and strongly reminiscent of a night in a mountain hut.

A quarter of the book deals with Technical instruction expounded with true Scots thoroughness. The rest comprises short accounts of expeditions in two main sections—Scotland and the Alps. The author's enthusiasm for Scotland is contagious. There is already a long heritage of Alpine literature, and it is to the exponent of mountaineering in Scotland that this book will make its main appeal. Here he will find ideas for many new expeditions and memories of many old ones. Scotland is recognised as offering far greater opportunities of real mountaineering than elsewhere in the British Isles and one soon realises from this book that it can stand comparison with the Alps and countries abroad.

It is a guarantee of excellence that the index has an entry "Roberts, Ernest E. 151-4, 207, 227-31" and members may note with interest that the majority of Englishmen whose names have crept into the book are Yorkshire Ramblers. R.E.C.

WALKING IN THE ALPS: by J. Hubert Walker. (*Oliver & Boyd*, 1951, 274 pp., 33 illustrations, 13 sketch maps, 25s.) The prospective Alpine walker who wishes to avoid the beaten tourist tracks will welcome this book. The author possesses an intimate knowledge of the high Alps, knowledge born of strenuous and loving endeavour. This knowledge has been most skilfully utilised to help those who wish to traverse the Alps in the "Walker" manner.

Those who have already journeyed in the Alpine regions above the snow line will welcome the book for the memories it arouses. It is an eminently practical guide for all climbers and walkers, and its usefulness is enhanced by the magnificent photographs and really excellent maps.

For those seeking to know something of the physical forces which gave rise to the Alps, the geological notes deal adequately with the subject without going into too much detail.

The book is a welcome addition to Alpine literature.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS: The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following journals from Kindred Clubs:—

The Alpine Journal; The Fell and Rock Club Journal; The Rucksack Club Journal; The Wayfarers' Journal; The Pinnacle Club Journal; The British Ski Yearbook; The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal; The Cairngorm Club Journal; The Journal of the Mountain Club, S.A.; The Eastern Province Mountain Club Bulletin; Cambridge Mountaineering; Bristol University Speleological Society Journal; The Journal of the Craven Pothole Club; The Rotorua Trampler (N.Z.); Bulletins of the Speleological Society of America.

THE BRITISH SKI YEARBOOK, 1950. Mr. Arnold Lunn has once again achieved what is now becoming almost an unattainable dream to the editors of most club journals—publication *every year* of a full-size well-printed, well illustrated and most interesting journal at a reasonable price (10s.).

As usual the yearbook begins with a number of articles on ski-ing in remote and sometimes unexpected parts of the world. From the Magic Carpet on Hampstead Heath we are taken to the High Atlas, where Colin Wyatt spent an arduous April week in the heights around 13,000 feet; to Roumania in a wartime winter spent between the fleshpots of Bucharest and the snows of the Carpathians; to Hokkaido, Japan, an island of heavy snowfalls, cold winds and hot springs in which the frozen skier can bathe on the way home; to Iran, where H.I.M. the Shah is one of the most accomplished of skiers; and so home to the Lammermuirs in the grim winter of 1947, where ski not only relieved the boredom of the long siege, but were often the only transport whereby the larder could be replenished.

Leslie Stephen's commentary on "Whympers and the Matterhorn" will appeal to all mountaineers. We appreciate his exhortation to modern writers on the Alps to bring to us the keen enjoyment of pure mountain air, and not to lard their articles with horrors and catastrophes. (One notices among many older mountaineers when they get together a tendency to talk about "the occasion when old so-and-so fell off").

A good deal of space is rightly devoted to Field Marshal Montgomery's letter to "The Times" of 7th Feb. 1950, entitled "The Decadence of Ski-ing," and deploring the modern tendency to concentrate on the "piste," to the detriment of mountain ski-ing on soft snow and crust.

Much of the subsequent correspondence is published and Mr. Lunn tells of comments he had made to him personally in many parts of the Alps. He sums up the situation in his "Review of the Year" by proving that mountain racing, as opposed to *piste*-racing, has not improved in the last twenty years. The causes of the present preference for *piste* running seem to be mainly:—

- (1) Modern ski and bindings are designed for hard snow.
- (2) Ski lifts and funiculars tempt skiers to run down quickly and do it again.
- (3) All races are run on *pistes*.
- (4) Short holidays cause skiers to seek the maximum of downhill running in the time.
- (5) Modern fashion forbids the *Telemark* and such aids to progress over difficult country as stick-riding.

Mr. Lunn suggests that the official recognition of mountain racing might do something to check this decadence.

An interesting feature is "A Digest of Ski-ing History" covering the period from circa 550 A.D. to 1949. The equipment section deals with more and more rigid ski-bindings, and more and more efficient safety devices to pull them off!

H.G.W.

THIS MY VOYAGE: by Tom Longstaff (*John Murray*, 324 pp., 23 illustrations, 15 maps, 21s.). Tom Longstaff has got a happy pen that transports you to the very region you are reading about. You even rise from your armchair fatigued from mental participation in the same adventure. He does more, he actively spreads the virus of mountaineering. The book urges the uninitiated to get more out of life before it is too late, and to mountaineers it reveals further aspects of their craft. It also belies the saying; "Youth would be all right if it came a little later in life." Longstaff's activities stretch over a lifetime, and he makes the reflective remark: "When age shuts the door on high ascents, there is always the Arctic to turn to."

Greenland, Spitzbergen, The Alps, The Rockies, The British Hills and the now forbidden Caucasus are all given their exciting due. We are left perhaps wondering why some are so fortunate, but we are also left feeling grateful that we have with us a man whose writings can so lift us out of our environment. The envy of a housewife will be roused by the recipe for a 3-course dinner in one pot, and maybe the suspicion of her husband also. Mountaineers will appreciate the reproachful remarks regarding lost equipment after the party has descended 3,000 feet in less than a minute by way of an avalanche.

The heritage Longstaff so proudly carries on from his father he is ably passing on to us. Few will fail to fall for the charm and clarity of the sentiments expressed, and perhaps a few more of us will be a little more susceptible to the grace that so enriches life, whether one is on "a little hill" or just at one's daily task.

C.W.J.

A JOINT JOURNAL. The suggestion is made by Mr. Douglas Milner, Hon. Editor of the *Wayfarers' Journal** that some of the northern clubs should produce a combined journal, thus making possible annual publication at a lower outlay for each club, and laying open a wider field for choice of the best articles and photographs.

Many of the older, and doubtless some of the younger, members of clubs which have preserved a rugged independence for half a century or more, will feel strongly opposed to such a suggestion, saying that storms have been weathered in the past and can surely be weathered again now.

But Mr. Milner's idea, revolutionary though it may seem to many, is worthy of more than just passing consideration. These are difficult days indeed, not only for editors, but even more so for treasurers of clubs like ours, where membership is not great, subscriptions are kept as low as possible, and the quality of the journal, as regards paper, print and illustration, is traditionally good. But costs of all these things continue to rise, so that most club journals, even at the biennial interval at which most of them now appear, have to be sternly pruned, both as to reading matter and pictures.

We feel ourselves that a publication by any large number of northern clubs would be undesirable, since obviously the larger clubs would have a wider field from which to draw and the smaller ones might feel that their interests were not being adequately represented.

The kind of joint journal which might be visualised, and the possible production of which might at least occupy a few minutes' discussion at Annual General Meetings, would, we think, be one jointly published by a small number of clubs of similar size and of kindred interests. It is possible to imagine such a journal being produced yearly by the *Wayfarers*, the *Rucksack Club* and the *Y.R.C.*, whose activities are in many ways similar and who frequently enjoy the hospitality of each others' huts.

H.G.W.

*The *Wayfarers' Club Journal*, 1950.

CLUB MEETS

1949.—Members at the Coniston Meet in March enjoyed fine sunny weather on the first day, but Sunday turned to low cloud and rain. Climbs done included Arete Chimney and Crack, Trident, Gordon and Craig and Giant's Crawl. Surprisingly, eight members only were there to enjoy the lavish fare at Heathwaite Farm.

The Easter Meet was held at Boot in Eskdale, when nine members enjoyed four gloriously fine days on Scafell and the Napes, one party doing Tophet Wall. The Lake District is so heavily booked nowadays, that it was many years since we had met there at Easter, and twenty-five since we had been to Eskdale.

The attack on Notts Pot, Ireby Fell, on the 14th and 15th of May, using the Leck Fell hut as a base, was strenuous, but made in fine weather. Remarkable work had been done the previous week by an advance party of four in collecting four heavy ladders from two miles over the fell, carrying thirteen ladders and other gear three quarters of a mile to the Pot, rigging the two short pitches, and putting the ladders down. Even with this help fifteen men working in two shifts of twelve hours just failed to bottom the last twelve foot pitch.

Last year's historic meet at Killesher near Enniskillen was repeated at Whitsuntide, when thirteen men led by the President again enjoyed Mr. Barbour's generous hospitality and Chubb's catering.

This year's expedition was successful too, except that fewer pots were left to explore; Pollnatagha was descended again, and further minor discoveries made. Two new small pots were done and a very fine discovery made in Pollarafta. Tyas, followed by Burton and Barton forced a tight passage opening into a large cavern which was followed for three quarters of a mile without reaching the end. A search of the neighbourhood for new possibilities seems that the Enniskillen pots have now been well covered.

An outing not on our fixture list was due to the kind thought of Sir John Barran, one of our oldest members. A party of twelve met on the 18th June at Sawley Hall and spent a fascinating afternoon walking through the Estate and gardens. Sir John and Lady Barran's hospitality will long remain a pleasant memory.

Fourteen members spent the week-end of July 8th to 10th at the Robertson Lamb Hut, generously placed at our disposal by the *Wayfarers' Club*. The Meet took place in the middle of the heat wave, and Langdale was as hot as the Rhone Valley in midsummer. Even the bathing pool and streams at R.L.H. were stone dry. Many severe climbs were done on Gimmer, Pavey Ark and Scafell, some parties setting off early in the morning to escape the heat. One member had a narrow escape as he came off leading Gimmer Crack, but was well held by his second. A swim in the cool waters of Stickle Tarn finished the climbing day for most people.

The Rift Pot Meet on the 26th to 28th of August, drew fourteen men, ten of whom encamped at Clapdale on the Friday night. Next day one party descended Rift Pot and another went through Long Kin, but could not find the end of the traverse, whilst the hopelessly rotten wall at the other end defeated the others. Next day the whole party entered Long Kin, three made the traverse which was the same as ever and the others rigged the 200 foot pitch and sent down four men.

Langdale was visited a second time in September, when a dozen members gathered at R.L.H. with parties from the Rucksack and Wayfarers' Clubs.

Seven men gathered at Dent on the Friday evening, to be followed by a like number next day for the meet at the George and Dragon Hotel in late October.

The December Meet was held at Buckden, when the party walked to Malham Cove via Mastiles Lane in clear frosty weather. Next day an exhilarating ascent of Buckden Pike was made, with clear sky above and crisp snow underfoot.

1950.—The January meet at the Hill Inn was attended by twenty-nine members and guests, who enjoyed cold but sunny weather and a treasure hunt on the Saturday evening, followed by a demonstration of Tarbuck rope technique. On the Sunday four men completed the Three Peak walk, and seven men bottomed Sunset Hole.

In February an attempt to reverse last year's moorland walk, Marsden to Edale, was defeated by heavy snow, but those who stayed over the Saturday night were rewarded by a brilliantly sunny day. W. Stoney led a fast moving party on a long tramp over the snow-covered tops to the south of Huddersfield.

The March meet at Kirby Lonsdale was delightful; Lancaster Hole was found wide open and visited by ten men.

The Easter Meet with its plan of camping so that the more inaccessible of the Cairngorm Peaks could be reached, is a complicated story of five parties, gale and privation, very different from what was planned.

The April Meet was at short notice transferred from Patterdale to the newly acquired Cottage in Little Langdale, where the party did valuable work in preparing for occupation.

The Whitsuntide meet under canvas on Leck Fell struck the end of a drought, and was held in dreadful cloud and north wind, except for one day used for the descent of Gavel Pot.

A very successful privately organised meet was run by C. W. Jorgensen in mid-June at Tan Hill Inn, when members and guests engaged in an exciting test of speed over moorland country, combined with correct map-reading.

Two other privately run meets were also successful, having as objectives the descent of Gaping Gill via the newly opened Bar Pot entrance, followed by a descent of Jockey Pot led by George Spenceley, and the descent of Nick Pot led by R. L. Holmes, four men reaching the bottom of the 280 foot pitch.

In late June nine men camped for two nights above the 2,000 feet contour at Angle Tarn in mixed weather—a useful experience.

The few who were at the Bar Pot Meet in mid-July found that Gaping Gill now lies almost open to the world, but for the tight place at the top pitch. A descent into G.G. can now be made by two ladder pitches of 30 feet and 100 feet, the chief danger being inexperienced gate-crashers.

Some stiff climbs were made by three members at a joint meet with the Rucksack Club at their hut in Llanberis Pass during August Bank Holiday, Longland's Climb and Sabre Cut being done.

The joint meet at R.L.H. at the end of September was marred by continuous rain, and little climbing was attempted. The Rosedale Abbey meet the following month was quite different, dry and mild. Glorious walks, delightful autumn colours, and an interesting visit to the Roman Road.

1951.—The January Meet at the Hill Inn was attended by thirty-six members and guests. Seven men explored Sunset Hole on Saturday, after threading their way delicately over the heaps of sodden discarded clothing which someone had left in the entrance. On Sunday a large party rigged and descended Alum Pot. On Saturday evening a special General Meeting of the Club was held, with the President in the Chair, at which it was resolved that young men between the ages of 17 and 20 years of age should be eligible for election to the Club by ballot as junior members. Such junior members should be admitted to the Club on the conditions applying to ordinary members at half the usual subscriptions subject to certain other conditions.

Nine members met at Easter to enjoy the excellent hospitality of the Corrie Hotel, Arran. As their arrival coincided with a wedding reception the week-end had a splendid start and a number of ambitious excursions were made in the pleasant weather of Good Friday. Saturday was spent walking, and climbing an easy snow wall. Sunday the weather turned bad and a tour of the island was made by bus. On Easter Monday, despite a severe blizzard, a number of pleasant excursions were made, one party taking with them an Australian who had never seen snow before.

Only two members did the point-to-point walk from the Golden Lion at Horton to the Rose and Crown at Bainbridge which was arranged for the April meet. On arrival at Bainbridge however they found a further twelve members who spent the week-end walking locally at Bainbridge.

Fourteen members camped at Mere Gill for Whitsun. The stream had been dammed the previous week, and tackle was taken to the top of the 3rd pitch on Saturday afternoon. Two Land Rovers were found of the greatest value in taking tackle over difficult country to the pot. The third pitch was rigged on Sunday morning, and the exploring party which went down reported that the passage to the torrent was blocked. Further operations were stopped by the call for help from Pen-y-Gent pot. Six members went over in the Land Rover on Whit-Monday morning, went in at 3.15 to relieve one of the parties already inside, and brought the body out at 4.30 p.m. The Land Rover was used to take it to Horton.

The joint meet with the Wayfarers' Club took the form of an all night walk on June 23/34. The Y.R.C. was represented by four men from Huddersfield, who returned to their base after some 15 hours of difficulty, dark and bad weather.

CLUB PROCEEDINGS

1949.—The week-end meets were:—January, Hill Inn, Chapel-le-Dale; 26th-27th February, Edale; March, Heathwaite Farm, Coniston; Easter, Boot (Eskdale); 14th-15th May, Leck Fell; Whitsun, Killesher (Enniskillen); 8th-10th July, Robertson Lamb Hut (Langdale); 26th-28th August, Rift Pot; September, R.L. Hut (Langdale); 21st-23rd October, Dent (George and Dragon); December, Buckden.

We record with deep regret the deaths of Percy Robinson, A. A. Hall, F. S. Smythe and J. M. Davidson (ex-President).

At the Annual General Meeting, 19th November, 1949, the following officers for 1949-50 were elected.—President, C. E. BURROW; Vice-Presidents, G. C. MARSHALL and H. G. WATTS; Hon. Treasurer, B. A. BATES; Hon. Secretaries, F. S. BOOTH and F. W. STEMBRIDGE; Hon. Editor, H. G. WATTS; Hon. Librarian, H. L. STEMBRIDGE; Committee, R. E. CHADWICK, D. BURROW, R. L. HOLMES, P. W. BURTON, S. MARSDEN, J. E. CULLINGWORTH.

The 36th Annual Dinner took place at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, 19th November, 1949. The President, C. E. Burrow, was in the chair, and the principal guest was Mr. A. S. Pigott, President of the British Mountaineering Council. Kindred Clubs were represented by Mr. A. S. Pigott, Alpine Club; Dr. Graham Macphee, Scottish Mountaineering Club; Mr. H. K. Hartley, Rucksack Club; Mr. F. Lawson Cook, Wayfarers' Club; Mr. C. B. Machin, Midland Association of Mountaineers; Mr. Jack Bloor, Gritstone Club; Mr. John Ball, Leeds University Climbing Club; Mr. A. N. Patchett, Bradford Pothole Club.

1950.—The week-end meets were:—January, Hill Inn; 25th-26th February, Marsden and Huddersfield; March, Kirby Lonsdale; Easter, Lairig Ghru camp and Inverey; April, Club Cottage, Little Langdale; Whitsun, Leck Fell; June, Angle Tarn camp; July, Bar Pot; August, Beudy Mawr Hut, Llanberis Pass; September, R.L. Hut, Langdale; October, Rosedale Abbey; 9th-10th December, Greenhow (Miners' Arms).

We record with deep regret the deaths of Thomas Gray, ex-President and first Editor; and of Dr. F. H. Mayo, ex-Vice-President.

Two lectures were given at the Leeds Conservative Club, in January by Mr. K. Tarbuck, President, Wayfarers' Club, on "Rope Management," and in March by E. E. Roberts, ex-President, on "Guideless Climbs."

The tenancy of Low Hall Garth, Little Langdale, as a Club Cottage, has been granted by the National Trust. It was formally opened by the President on 7th October, 1950.

At the Annual General Meeting, 18th November, 1950, the officers for 1950-51 were elected:—President, D. BURROW; Vice-Presidents, S. MARSDEN and J. GODLEY; Hon. Treasurer, B. A. BATES; Hon.

Secretaries, F. S. BOOTH and F. W. STEMBRIDGE; Hon. Librarian, H. L. STEMBRIDGE; Hon. Editor, H. G. WATTS; Committee, R. E. CHADWICK, J. E. CULLINGWORTH, J. HILTON, R. L. HOLMES, C. W. JORGENSEN, H. STRINGER.

The 37th Annual Dinner followed at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds. The retiring President, C. E. Burrow, was in the chair, and the principal guest was Professor Gordon Manley of London. Kindred Clubs were represented by Mr. H. R. C. Carr, Alpine Club; Mr. J. K. W. Dunn, Scottish Mountaineering Club; Mr. C. Topping, Rucksack Club; Mr. J. A. Kenyon, Fell and Rock Climbing Club; Mr. K. Tarbuck, Wayfarers' Club; Mr. M. J. Wood, Gritstone Club; Mr. S. Waterfall, Craven Pothole Club.

1951.—The week-end meets have been:—26th-28th January, Hill Inn; 23rd-25th February, Little Langdale; Easter, 23rd-27th March, Corrie (Arran); 20th-22nd April, Horton and Bainbridge; Whitsun, 12th-15th May, Mere Gill; 15th-17th June, Little Langdale; 6th-8th July, Ribblesdale; 3rd-7th August, Beudy Mawr Hut, with Rucksack Club, 14th-16th September, Little Langdale.

NEW MEMBERS

1949.

SUTTON, GEORGE ALLAN, 13, Bladen Street, Winshill, Stoke-on-Trent.

1950.

SCOVELL, GEOFFREY PHILLIP ASHTON, 15, Tentergate Road, Knaresborough.

ADAMS, DENNIS, 9, The Briars, Knaresborough.

LOVETT, JOHN, Harden, Austwick, via Lancaster.

BEDFORD, PETER WARWICK, 34, Upper Batley Lane, Batley.

PATCHETT, ARNOLD NEWTON, Woodlands, Halstead Drive, Menston-in-Wharfedale.

SALMON, ROY THORNTON, 136, Middleton Park Grove, Middleton, Leeds.

WHARLDALL, RICHARD BROTHERTON, 4, Sycamore Terrace, Bootham, York.

GRiffin, ARTHUR HARRY, Rosslyn, Windermere Road, Kendal.

CLARKE, DONALD, 176, Wakefield Road, Moldgreen, Huddersfield.

BRIDGER, CHARLES JOSEPH, 73, Norton High Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

DOWNHAM, ERNEST CLIFFORD, 1, Crestville Road, Clayton, Bradford.

SWANN, MICHAEL HENRY, Flat 2, 6, Spring Bank Place, Manningham.

KNIGHT, JOHN GEOFFREY, 5, Ings Road, Almondbury, Huddersfield.

1951.

PARKER, GRANVILLE WILLIAM BRYAN WATSON, Mother Shipton Inn, Knaresborough.

SIMONS, ALBERT EDWARD JOSEPH, 21, Stockwell Drive, Knaresborough.

HANCOCK, JOHN ERNEST, The Parsonage, Clumber Park, Worksop, Notts.

BROWN, DAVID JOHN BOWES, Hurst Lea, Crag Top, Knaresborough.

LOFTHOUSE, WILLIAM REDVERS, 11, Talbot Crescent, Street Lane, Leeds.

NEWMAN, NEVIL, 32, Bayswater Crescent, Harehills, Leeds.

LIVERSEDGE, DR. DOUGLAS GORDON, Melrose, Heaton, Bradford.

HARNEY, DESMOND EDWARD ST. AUBYN, 12, Logan Terrace, South Shields, Co. Durham.

JUNIOR MEMBERS.

SALMON, GEORGE ARTHUR, 136, Middleton Park Grove, Leeds, 10.

AVILA, JOHN SEGAR ROY, 10, Myrtle Street Retford, Notts.