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## KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

WHARNCLIFFE CRAGS. By the invitation of Mr. J. W. Puttrell, a party went on June 16th to Sheffield, where they were met by Mr. Puttrell and Mr. Watson, and taken to Wharncliffe Crag. These crags are one of the gritstone escarpments, which are usually called "edges," and rise on the crest of a hill overlooking a richly wooded valley, almost within sight of Sheffield. Although the climbs vary in height between the narrow limits of 20 and 40 feet, they comprise almost every conceivable form of mountain gymnastics, and every grade of difficulty. There may be longer climbs in Derbyshire, but certainly no place in Peakland affords anything like the variety and number of these Wharncliffe scrambles. At one spot a little cove, surrounded by towers of gritstone, gives immediate access to seven or eight distinct climbs, mostly difficult; chimneys for back and knee work, chock-stones that have to be embraced with fearsome contortions, awkward corners, and, most sensational of all, a rock-tower, which the climber has to ascend from another slightly lower by stretching his arms straight overhead and falling horizontally at full length across the intervening rift, 5 feet wide and 40 feet deep. Dropping on the palms of his hands, and toeing the smooth side of the rock-tower, he lifts himself by the arms over the edge into safety. The Monkey Jump is a still stranger affair. Leaping a chasm 5 or 6 feet wide, one has to alight on a shelf that is closely overhung by a mass of rock, compelling one to twist slightly in mid-air so as to finish in a stooping position. Altogether a most intimidating nerve-test, though on a small scale. Hard by is another innocent-looking problem—a corner with sloping top that has to be scaled by means of a peculiar "pick-up" on the wrists, with a tumble into a rocky gully for the forfeit. Our Sheffield friends are in the habit, from strictly scientific motives, of

course, of eliminating the more convenient holds from any given climb, much in the way a crafty examiner leaves out the handiest logarithms ; and so they can set the newcomer some exceedingly severe problems. A certain face climb, for example, was stiffened by the imaginary removal of a large boulder ; and it was gratifying to the Sheffields to see how regularly the Kinderites dropped off on the rope as, one by one, they reached the level of this desirable stone. A good deal of diversion was created by a non-climbing visitor. Bond and Baker had struggled with much ado up a difficult cleft, when this gentleman, after watching them compassionately, called out, " But why don't you chaps do it this way ? " and straightway ran up the cliff after the fashion of a cat storming a wall, quite heedless of the fact that he ought to have nails in his boots. This gentleman must be kept out of the Climbers' Club at all hazards, for climbing will soon cease to be an art if our pet scrambles are to be massacred in this summary way. The day was concluded by an informal concert, the songs and canticles wherewith the peaks of Wales and Cumberland are now so well acquainted, being re-sung with the usual gusto ; and the hospitable Sheffields departed a little before midnight.

Next day the others started from Crowden Station to cross the high moors into the head of the Derwent valley. For wildness and perfect solitude this walk, which traverses a tract of land about 50 square miles in extent that is not crossed by a single right of way, can challenge any in south Britain. From Bleaklow Stones (2062 feet) the view is that of a wilder and more beautiful Dartmoor ; the boulder-crowned tors are there ; and the deep furrows, where the Alport and Westend rivers cut through the elevated land, are singularly like Tavy Cleave and the grand defile of the Okement. But the going on Bleaklow is intolerably hard. The peat moss is like the one on Kinderscout. As soon as one deep and slimy grough is painfully scrambled through, and the cornice of bilberry surmounted, another grough yawns a few yards in front. No wonder several fellows were to be seen going

through the peat and mire barefoot. At a big pool, below a waterfall on the youthful Derwent, three members had a delicious bathe, and played some amusing antics in the water, or, as an onlooker put it with greater exactitude, performed some interesting evolutions in the aquatic element. The total walk to Bamford was well over 20 miles in length.

KINDERSCOUT. Later in July, Messrs. Baker, Oppenheimer and Puttrell, by permission, visited the Downfall. Several climbs of an excellent minor order were discovered. One brief scramble, involving a pull on the arms that landed the climber in a deep crevice, out of which he had to back cautiously, holding on to nothing, and thrust a hand over the rock on top, was the awkwardest imaginable. Next a lofty crack was found, which afforded an admirable climb till it narrowed away within 6 feet of the top, and then resolutely declined to go. Retiring 15 feet, Puttrell made a zigzag across the cliff, and a beautiful little balancing-problem in a dangerous spot ended the scramble. Leaving a nice assortment of slanting chimneys and gullies for a future occasion, they crossed from the north to the south side of the Kinder Clough, where they had marked down a scramble at the right corner of the Downfall, about 120 feet of wet ledges, impassable if there be much water coming over, and a chimney with a jammed boulder in it. On Kinder Low the party got befogged and nearly came down to Hayfield instead of Edale—an instance of Kinder's treacherous climate, for at Derby the morning had been so brilliant that it had seemed ridiculous to bring a compass.

ELDEN HOLE, &c. Several days about the August bank holiday were employed by Messrs. Bagley, Baker, Croft and Puttrell, in ransacking the Peak for scrambles, though the bad weather made the job rather unproductive. Elden Hole was examined superficially, Bagley descending 70 feet; Puttrell's own particular climb, the Dargai Crack at Castleton, was tried by the other three, who were much impressed by the

proprietor's original exploit in climbing 50 feet of vertical and disintegrated limestone, quite alone and unassisted; Robin Hood's Stride, Cratcliff Tor, Row Tor, the Black Rocks, and other places were visited, and a good deal of sport was obtained in spite of the rain.