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NOTES.

HIMALAYA.—At a recent meeting of the Geographical Association, Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield (the president) showed an interesting series of lantern slides, illustrating his journey in the Sikkim and Nepaulese Himalaya. The slides showed very clearly the varied character of the country, from the tropical woods with their wonderful growth of ferns to the snow-covered summit of Kinchingunga itself. The explorer pointed out the ridge by which the ascent of this mountain could perhaps be made, but the efforts of his party were rendered futile by a terrible snowfall. The pass from Sikkim to Nepaul, at a height of over 20,000 feet, took them five days to cross. Great interest was displayed in a rough sketch map of the Kinchingunga range.

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SWITZERLAND.—Owing to reports in various English newspapers of an alarming nature, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons have made careful inquiry respecting the reported forthcoming avalanche in Switzerland. The Jura Simplon Railway, whose line runs through the district in question, report that the statements which have been made on the subject are inaccurate and greatly exaggerated. At Clusette, the point in question, the strata are strongly inclined towards the mountain, and the ground is dry, the slight subsidence which has taken place being due to the undermining of the rock for the purpose of procuring cement. Should any fall take place it is believed it will be of a very slight description, and will not interfere with the course of the river Reuss, and not at all with the railway line constructed at a height on the opposite bank. The fall of snow which occurred on March 1, together with a heavy downfall of rain, did not produce any appreciable effect on the mountain. The rocks which threaten to fall will be pulled

down in order to remove all danger. Meanwhile, effective measures are being taken to ensure the safety of the trains.—
(From the *Times*, 19th March.)

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STURRALL.—The view of the magnificent serrated ridge of Sturrall, facing page 97, is from a photograph by Mr. J. H. Jeans of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Sturrall, or, as Gwynn spells it, Sturrell, is near Glen Columbkille, County Donegal, Ireland. Baddeley and Ward's guide book says:—"It is decidedly a 'One Man's Path,'" and might be thought as easy as Striding Edge or Slieve League, but Mr. Hart, in "Climbing in Ireland," gives an indirect but decided warning. "The knife-edged saddle is very rotten, but leads to a firm block of rock—Errigal visible—nearly 1000 feet above the sea. The passage is not pleasant."

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CLIMBING NEAR HARROGATE.—Mr. H. V. Reade writes as follows:—"A note on some of the rocks in the neighbourhood of Harrogate, which have not, I think, been mentioned either in this *Journal* or in that of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, may be useful to climbers. The nearest rocks, those of *Birk Crag*, about half-an-hour's walk, are disappointing. They offer no continuous climbing, and very few of the detached fragments are worth trying, even as boulder scrambles. Nor are *Plompton Rocks*, three miles E. of the town, worth a special visit. *Brimham Rocks*, two miles from Dacre Station, which is 25 minutes by rail from Harrogate, are a collection of fantastically-shaped blocks of millstone grit, after the fashion of the "Hemlock Stone," a picture of which appeared in this *Journal* (Vol. I., p. 57). There again I could not see any continuous climbing, but a systematic exploration—which would be a long business, as the rocks cover several acres—would doubtless reveal many interesting little boulder problems. It should be remarked that the place must be rather over-run by picnic parties in the summer. *Little Almais*, or *Almes* (pronounced as *alms*) *Cliff*, five miles south-west

of Harrogate, *vid* Beckwithshaw, is what in Devonshire would be called a Tor, a compact lump of rocks rising out of a moor. Though it looms deceptively large as one approaches it, it is nowhere more than twenty feet high, generally less, and can be exhausted in an hour or so, but the climbing is varied and amusing, two or three of the problems being more than I could solve alone. By far the best climbing that I found, however, was on *Great Almes Cliff*, five miles south of Harrogate, *vid* Rigten,* another tor of the same kind, but on a scale so much larger that I could not fully explore it even in two visits. The climbs are from 20 feet in height to perhaps 50, some chimneys, others open face work, and besides the main rocks, which are in three sections, there are many scattered boulders which might give sport. A curious feature of the place is that several of the chimneys have been carefully filled up with masonry at the bottom, as though to prevent the sides from falling in. Fortunately this does not interfere with the climbing. I may add that I cannot claim the merit of having discovered *Great Almes Cliff*, since all the routes which appeared practicable were marked by the unmistakable traces of nails.

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IN the early days of January, when the snow was on the Welsh mountains, an English visitor to Llanberis, a Mr. Long, had an unpleasant experience in Snowdonia.

Together with an Indian friend, he left the village early on the morning of the 9th, with the intention of ascending Glydr Fawr. Near the summit his friend suddenly lost sight of him, and was unable to obtain any indication of his whereabouts. So hurrying back to Llanberis, he informed the police, and a night search party was organised. After searching for nearly six hours, the rescuers found Mr. Long on a narrow ledge on the side of Esgair Felen, benumbed with cold and almost unconscious, and with some difficulty succeeded in

* A bicycle can be ridden to within a few hundred yards of both these cliffs, and wheeled to the foot of the rocks.

getting him down to Llanberis, which was not reached until the morning of the 9th.

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“C. E. S.” sends us the following extract from Professor H. A. Giles’ “History of Chinese Literature,” which has just appeared. The lines are a translation by Professor Giles from the original of Li Po:—

“The birds have all flown to their roost in the tree,
The last cloud has just floated lazily by;
But we never tire of each other, not we,
As we sit there together, the mountains and I.”

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ASCENT OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS.—Messrs. Archibald Constable & Company, Ltd., write us as follows:—“In the copy of the *Climbers' Journal* which you sent us, and which contains a review of ‘The Ascent of Mount St. Elias,’ by Filippo de Philipi, published by us, we notice that you insert Messrs. A. & C. Black’s name as the publishers. This is, of course, an oversight on your part, and we shall be glad if you will correct this in the next issue of your *Journal*.”

We very much regret that this error of our reviewer was passed unnoticed, and beg to tender our apologies to Messrs. Constable for the oversight.

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THE Editor is willing to purchase a few copies of Vol. I., No. 3, at 5s. each or offers.