



This extract from a Climbers' Club Journal contains only articles/photographs where the copyright now belongs to the Climbers' Club.

It is provided in electronic form for your personal use and cannot be used for commercial profit without seeking permission from the Climbers' Club.

© Copyright 2010

KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

THE Club only becomes gregarious at the approach of winter, particularly when the annual dinner begins to scent the air. During the summer we have done nothing as a body ; yet the spirit of the Club has been active in all its members, and travellers' tales have been coming in from all points of the compass. These have been subjected to careful analysis and verification, and the sound parts duly set down in the official archives ; very little, however, of importance refers to our own territory. New climbs on dolomite have been reported at Cresswell Crag, on the borders of Derbyshire and Notts. What are their technical merits remains to be proved by proper investigation. Some really excellent dolomite scrambling is to be found nearer headquarters, on the Brassington and Harborough Rocks, as described in another Club's journal. These crags are beautiful and striking to look at, and, in spite of their inferior height, afford some quite sensational climbing. They abound in vertical faces and shapely pinnacles, the former of which, even when they look most impossible, can usually be ascended by means of the tiny but trustworthy crevices that show up on your coming to close quarters. At a distance, the climber appears to be hanging on by suction, or utilising H. G. Wells's contrivance for annihilating gravity.

On Kinderscout several good scrambles have been found in out-of-the-way spots ; a very fair one, for example, on Nether Tor, overlooking Grindsbrook Clough. Others, still better, on Fairbrook Naze were marked down, but not tested through lack of time. To get to the most remote scrambles in the Lake District is not such a serious matter as to reach many of our Peakland climbs. To show that the district is not by any means exhausted, the writer the other day came across some remarkably picturesque crags in the distant valley of the Alport river. They are called "Castles," a name often

given in this part of the world to detached tors or to wall-like edges. On Alport Tower, some easy climbing is to be found, and a fine traverse along a narrow "Crib"; but on "Castles" proper some rather more serious work is possible. Geographically, the uninhabited part of Cheshire and Lancashire, to the north of Crowden on the Great Central, belongs to the Peak. Here, on Laddow Rocks, some pretty scrambling was found recently by the writer, who would not venture alone up some chimneys over 100 feet long, in a howling wind. Rakes Rocks also looked attractive, and there are others a few miles off near Greenfield. Few people, indeed, are aware how utterly savage and desolate is the country ringed about by Sheffield, Huddersfield, Oldham and Manchester, with their grimy brethren. At the top of Black Hill one stands on a peat-built cairn, and, looking round in every direction, sees nothing but bare, black quagmires as far as the eye can reach. It is a ghastly place; yet a six miles' walk would bring you into the midst of a very different kind of ghastliness—the desolation of scorched and smoke-blackened ironfields and collieries, mean streets, and skies in perpetual eclipse.

