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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A SUCCESSFUL little Manchester club, of which more is likely to be heard, has just completed its first year of life, and celebrated the occasion on the 4th of December with a dinner at the Albion Hotel. Manchester is happily placed between the Peak country and the Cumberland Fells, and the Rucksack Club takes advantage of both playgrounds. The dinner was a very festive affair, and a spirit of cordial good fellowship prevailed. The President, Professor Harold B. Dixon, was in great form with short, pithy speeches, and smart impromptu witticisms.

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OUR own club was in considerable force. One of the first speakers was Mr. E. A. Baker, who, in a polished oration, full of good points, suggested an amalgamation between the Rucksack men and the Kyndwr Club, of which he is President.

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THE toast of the Climbers' Club was received with great enthusiasm, and, in replying, Mr. Haskett-Smith congratulated his hosts on their vigorous start and rapid growth. It made him want to go one better than Mr. Baker's scheme of annexation, and to let down his own net with a still wider sweep, and scoop both these very successful clubs into the maw of that which he represented. He congratulated them also on their name, which was highly expressive (and, by the way, rucksacks were a most appropriate totem, because of course they had to tote 'em) but he hoped that they did not live up to their name too fiercely.

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HE had known a poor young man who was puffed up with sinful pride in a rucksack of inordinate size and weight. The

mania grew and grew until hammers, nails, iron boot-lasts, and self-recording barometers, buried amid an elegant and varied wardrobe, and provisions on the true Yorkshire scale, made up what Shakespeare calls "an intolerable deal of sack."

The young fellow seemed almost beyond hope, but, in dealing with an obscure complaint, as Dr. Collier on his right could tell them, diagnosis took precedence of treatment, in other words, the great thing was to find a long enough name for the disease.

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IT so happened, that the sufferer visited, in the speaker's company, a remarkable mountain in Lapland, bearing the still more remarkable name of Ruksisvaggagaisa. This at once suggested the true diagnosis of the complaint, namely, Rück-sack-swaggergitis. At the first sound of that terrible word the microbes saw that the game was up, and knew that if they were discovered they were lost, and the patient was now decidedly convalescent; but they should all be on their guard against a terrible and insidious disease.

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THE speaker went on to give some reminiscences of Professor Dixon as a footballer and a dancer in his Oxford days, and as a "scientific" mountaineer, giving reasons for crediting him with the discovery of the now famous radium. The speaker had himself been thawed one frosty day on the "Tower Ridge" of Ben Nevis by the Professor, who, fortunately, carried with him on the hills a cunningly compounded liquid of mysterious heat-giving qualities, which, being used only at the most severe pitches, was known as "Dixon's pitch-blend," and they would all have noticed that "pitchblende" was acknowledged to be the source of the radium now so much belauded.

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THE *menu* contained several rare delicacies, such as "turbot and troglodyte sauce," "buttress of beef with Yorkshire Ramblers' pudding," "glacier pudding," and so on, while

some good songs and extremely topical recitations left no room for a dull moment to creep in edgeways. We congratulate our brothers of the Rucksack, and wish them a prosperous future.

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By permission of the owner, Mr. H. Stuart Thompson, we reproduce, as frontispiece to this number, a beautiful black and white drawing of the Matterhorn from the Hörnli (by Mr. Edward T. Compton, the well known painter of Alpine scenery), which was exhibited at the Alpine Club three or four years' ago.

