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THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. GOODALL.

Deep Ghyll, Scawfell, 26th December, 1903.

THE accident of Boxing Day, 1903, has deprived the Climbers' Club, not only of a promising recruit, but of a man of rare character. Alexander Goodall was one of those who insensibly and unobtrusively win the esteem and affection of all who have the privilege of associating with them. Young as he was, he had already left his impress on the community in which he lived, and the spontaneous tributes of regret and respect which came from the pulpits of St. John's and Crosthwaite churches may be taken as the expression of the feelings of Keswick.

On the 26th December last Mr. Goodall made the ascent of Scawfell Pinnacle, by the Slingsby Chimney, in company with Mr. F. Botterill, of Leeds. It may be remembered that at Whitsuntide, 1903, Mr. Botterill did two pioneer climbs, one of first class severity, on Scawfell, besides leading up Savage Gully.

Having completed the climb, the two walked to the Scawfell Cairn to watch the sunset, and then returned, intending to descend by the easy Deep Ghyll.

Deep Ghyll is a vast chasm which cuts deeply into the Scawfell Crags on the west side of the Pinnacle. It is broken by two well defined, imposing pitches, and at the top it bifurcates. The bed of the western branch is somewhat concave in shape. The east branch was full of snow lying at a steep angle. Some distance down there was a patch of bare scree.

Mr. Goodall, who was evidently unused to snow and ice work, took the ice-axe and attempted to glissade down the steep snow-slope at the head of the gully. He appears to have lost his footing and come to a momentary halt in a sitting

posture at the patch of scree. Here he lost his grasp of the axe, and, being unable to regain his footing, slid downwards and fell over the rocks into Lord's Rake, being killed instantly in his fall.

Mr. Botterill was now in a terrible position. He had no axe, darkness was coming on apace, and his nerves must have been terribly shaken. He first endeavoured to find the exit of Lord's Rake, but, failing to do this, he returned to Deep Ghyll. He then kicked steps down to the scree patch, where he was fortunate enough to find the ice-axe which Mr. Goodall had driven deeply in. Then, with great caution, he succeeded in cutting his way down to Lord's Rake. The total descent occupied three hours. It was a fine feat of skill and coolness under trying circumstances.

The folly of glissading in such places as Deep Ghyll, where a slip must involve the risk of disastrous consequences, cannot be too strongly condemned. To quote from a well-known authority on snowcraft* :—' The delights of a glissade must not be indulged in without careful reference to two things—first, the condition of the slope ; and next, the state of the ground below it. It is never safe to glissade down any slope where the progress cannot be very quickly arrested. Where cracks are seen on the surface, or where rocks jut up through the snow, a glissade is not safe, and on an icy slope is mere foolhardiness ; for here the traveller can neither control his pace nor arrest his descent, . . . Glissading down a gully, however good the condition of the snow, is seldom prudent."

*Mr. Dent in the *Badminton Mountaineering*.