

the N. face is, if not undercut, at least vertical, the W. overhangs, and the E. is about 70° if not more. On the N.E. corner, therefore, three steps were cut, going as high as possible to save subsequent work. Five times I tried to cross the Gash, but with no decent handhold it is hardly to be expected that one can pull one's self up to a vertical wall. One chance, however, remained. I scooped a hole out in the E. face, inserted my chin, and hauled. I had not shaved for a day or two, so was practically enjoying the advantages of Mummery spikes! The extra steadiness proved sufficient, and I came up into a position of the most ticklish balance conceivable, but the next step was easier, and from it I managed to hitch the rope well over. Soon I was able to get my hands on the ridge; my right leg followed, then the rest of my body, and the Needle was conquered. However, as it is not "built for two," Grant, much to his disappointment, had to stay on the Tooth, and console himself by hoisting the Union Jack, which we left to wave triumphantly over the scene of our victory. For the photographs which illustrate these two climbs I have to thank Mr Sidney Gibbs, who dared the most awful perils in his attempts to depict us.

Later on in the season I returned to Eastbourne with Grant, and prepared for another climb. On October 1st, after Grant had achieved a splendid variation of my climb of the cliff to Pisgah by turning to the right at the cirque instead of the left, and reaching the top by a chimney between the "Split block" and main cliff, we made an unsuccessful attempt upon the "Cuillin crack." This chimney is nearly 200 feet high, and affords the finest and most difficult piece of climbing that I have yet found in the whole neighbourhood. It is broken at two places, one near the bottom, and the other about 100 feet higher up. The first break presents terrible difficulty, but after incredible exertion it yielded, and then I got a leg and an arm jammed, and managed to wriggle up about 60 feet higher. At this point the rope and my strength were alike exhausted, some four hours, without any sort of rest, having already passed. Foothold and handhold there were none