

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB
JOURNAL

VOLUME XV
Being Volume II New Series

-
- No. 1. Edited by C. MYLES MATHEWS
No. 2. Edited by GEORGE MALLORY
No. 3. Edited by RAYMOND GREENE
-

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INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	NO.	PAGE
ANONYMOUS, A Little Journey	3	135
BENSON, C. E., An Arran Ramble (<i>Illustrated</i>)	1	125
BICKNELL, R., Climbing Companions	2	1
BOWER, G. S., A Climbing Tour in the Highlands (<i>Illustrated</i>)	2	101
CANDLER, H., Val d'Isère (<i>Illustrated</i>)	1	49
" Birds of the Alpine Regions	3	147
CORNER, E. M., Long Days and Lonely Mountain Travel in Scotland (<i>Illustrated</i>)	1	97
COX, K. L., The Harz	1	27
ECKENSTEIN, O., The Hohberghorn	3	188
FARRAR, J. P., On Ropes and Knots (<i>Illustrated</i>)	1	117
FINCH, G. I., The Aiguille du Dru (<i>Illustrated</i>)	2	65
GOTCH, H. G., The Love of Natural Scenery	1	32
GREENE, C. R., Faute de Mieux	3	174
HADLEY, J. L. G., Some Notes from the Season of 1919 ...	2	80
HASKETT-SMITH, W. P., Alpine Curiosities	1	66
" Home Climbs	2	40
LUI-MÊME, Les Mésaventures d'un Boiteux	3	177
LUNN, A., A Midsummer Ski Meet (<i>Illustrated</i>)	1	84
MALLORY, G., Mr. Young's Mountain Craft	2	106
MCLEAN, W. W., First Impressions of the Alps (<i>Illustrated</i>)	2	58
MEMBER OF THE CLIMBERS' CLUB, A, De Profundis	1	94
O'BRIEN, C., Rum from a Naval Patrol	2	36
PIGOU, A. C., A Swiss Holiday in 1914	1	104
PORTER, H. E. L., On Tree-climbing	1	60
" The Tragedy of Croisquenon	3	184
PYE, D. R., An Interrupted Holiday (<i>Illustrated</i>)	1	73
" A Night in the New Forest	2	28
READER, H. V., The Complete Climber	2	54
ROMANIS, D. G., Some Short Climbs on a Cornish Rock (<i>Illustrated</i>)	3	140
SLINGSBY, W. C., Climbing within the Arctic Circle (<i>Illustrated</i>)	1	5
STEEPLE, E. W., Snowdonian Place-Names	2	86
THOMSON, J. M. A., Craig yr Cwm Du	1	3
VARIOUS HANDS, Against Parochialism	3	123
WHITEHEAD, T. H., The Features of Glaciated Mountains (<i>Illus.</i>)	3	156
YOUNG, G. W., Mount Brandon	3	127
" The Nesthorn: A First Ascent	2	7

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Alpine Curiosities	1	66
Arctic Circle, Climbing within the	1	5
Arran Climbs	1	98
" Ramble, An	1	125
Ben Eighe, Western Buttress	2	102
Birds of the Alpine Regions	3	147
Bochlwyd Buttress, Slab Route	3	194
Boiteux, Mésaventures d'un	3	177
Bowring, The Late F. H.	2	46

	NO.	PAGE
Brandon, Mount	3	127
British Mountaineering Clubs, Suggested Amalgamation ...	3	123
Cairngorm Mountains	1	100
Climbing Companions (<i>Verse</i>)	2	1
Col Basons	1	66
Complete Climber, The (<i>Verse</i>)	2	54
Cornish Coast Climbing	2	52
Cornish Rock, Short Climbs on a	3	140
Craig yr Cwm Du	1	3
Croisquenon, Tragedy of	3	184
De Profundis	1	94
Dru, Aiguille du, Ascent of	2	65
" " Traverse of	2	83
Entre-deux-Eaux	1	79
Faute de Mieux	3	174
Felix Faure Refuge	1	49, 75
Folden Fjord, South	1	15
Glaciated Mountains, Features of	3	156
Glacier Section	1	69
Grande Casse	1	78
" "	2	59
Harz Mountains	1	27
Highlands, Climbing Tour in	2	101
Hohberghorn	3	188
Home Climbs	2	40
Kjaendals Naebbe, First Ascent of	1	11
Knots and Ropes	1	117
Lac d'Ouglietta	1	50
Lake District Climbs	2	40
Little Journey, A	3	135
Lofoten Islands	1	7
Matterhorn, Ascent of	1	113
Miage, Col du	2	81
Mont Blanc by the Rocher Route	2	63, 80
Mountain Craft, G. W. Young	2	106
Mud Avalanches	1	70
Natural Scenery, Love of	1	32
Nesthorn, A First Ascent	2	7
New Forest, A Night in	2	28
Norway, Climbing in	1	5
Oblique Gully, Glyder Fach	3	180
Osantind, Ascent of	1	17
Petersgrat	1	106
Reviews and Notices :—		
<i>Walks and Scrambles in the Highlands.</i> By A. L. Bagley ...	1	136
<i>The Alps.</i> By Arnold Lunn	1	138
<i>Freedom.</i> By G. W. Young	1	139
<i>Mountain Craft.</i> By G. W. Young	2	106
<i>The Songs of the Mountaineers</i>	3	195
<i>Oxford and Cambridge Mountaineering, 1922</i>	3	195
<i>Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal, 1922</i>	3	196
Roche Rocks, Cornwall	3	140
Ropes and Knots	1	117
Rothhorn	1	110
Rulten, Lofoten	1	7
Rum, Mountains of	2	36
Sana, Pointe de la	1	74, 80
Scotland, Mountain Travel in	1	97
" " Climbing in the Highlands	2	101

The Climbers' Club Journal.

iii

	NO.	PAGE
Sicily, Note on Climbing in	3	194
Skeistind, Ascent of	1	19
Ski-ing in Midsummer	1	84
Snowdonia, Glaciation in	3	156
„ Place-names	2	86
Tree-climbing	1	60
Tsanteleina, Ascent of	1	51
Val d'Isère	1	49
Verse :—		
Climbing Companions	2	1
The Complete Climber	2	54
War Service, List of Members Mobilised	1	1
Wellenkuppe, Ascent of	1	107
Welsh Climbs	2	40
„ Mountain Names, Etymology of	2	86
„ Mountains, Glaciation in	3	156
Zermatt in August, 1914	1	107

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Arran, Ben Nuish and Glen Shant	<i>facing page</i>	100	No. 1
„ Glen Sannox	„	100	„
„ Cir Mhor and Caisteal Abhail	„	102	„
„ Cir Mhor and Goat Fell	„	127	„
„ A'Chir from Cir Mhor	„	130	„
„ The 'Mauvais Pas,' A'Chir	„	134	„
Ben Eighe, Ross	„	103	No. 2
Chamonix Aiguilles from Charpoua	<i>frontispiece</i>		
Chasseurs Alps Crossing Col de la Vanoise	<i>facing page</i>	57	„
Dauphiné Peaks from Col du Géant	<i>frontispiece</i>		No. 3
Dru, Aiguille du	<i>facing page</i>	65	No. 2
„ „ Crossing Bergschrund	„	66	„
„ „ Slab below 'La Pendule'	„	69	„
„ „ 'La Pendule'	„	70	„
„ „ the Summit from Petit Dru	„	74	„
Fiescherhorn from Fieschergrat	„	86	No. 1
Géant from Aiguille du Tacul	„	177	No. 3
Glaciated Mountains, diagrams and sketches in text on pages 158, 160, 161, 163, 167, 172			No. 3
Glière, Pointe de la, from Refuge Felix Faure	<i>facing page</i>	82	No. 1
Gorner Glacier	„	88	„
Grande Casse Glacier from Refuge Felix Faure	„	74	„
„ „ from Entre-deux-Eaux	„	78	„
„ „ Summit	„	60	No. 2
Grande Motte and Sana from Glacier des Fours	„	54	No. 1
Grandes Jorasses from the Couvercle	<i>frontispiece</i>		
Jungfrau	<i>facing page</i>	86	„
Knots, figures 1 to 16	<i>between pages 124 & 125</i>		„
Lac d'Ouglietta and Tsanteleina	<i>facing page</i>	54	„
Matterhorn from Dent Blanche	„	194	No. 3
Monte Rosa, below the Sattel	„	94	No. 1
Norway within the Arctic Circle :—			
View from Reknaes of Rulten and Trangedal	„	8	„
„ Digermulen of Rulten, &c.	„	11	„
„ Langstrandtind of Troltind, &c.	„	15	„
Summit of Osantind : Skeistind	„	19	„
View from Skeistind : Kjaendals Naebbe	„	23	„

Roche Rocks, Cornwall, South-East Buttress ...	„	140	No. 3
Ropes, diagram of load-extension curves ...	„	120	No. 1
Sana, Pointe de la	„	80	„
Snowdon and Llyn Llydaw	„	156	No. 3
Val d'Isère, Hotel Parisien and the Street ...	„	50	No. 1
„ Haymakers	„	58	„

CORRIGENDA.

Vol. XIV (last volume). Title-page, *for* Vol. XIII *read* Vol. XIV.

Vol. XV.—No. 1. 1915. p. 106, *for* Rothal *read* Rothhal.
 p. 112, *for* Stafel *read* Staffel.
 pp. 112, 115, *for* Hörnti *read* Hörnli.
 pp. 112, 115, *for* Schwartzee *read* Schwarzsee.

No. 2. 1920. Title-page, *for* Vol. II. No. 4 *read* Vol. II. No. 2.
 p. 59, *for* Termoigen *read* Termignon.
 p. 59, *for* Morris *read* Moris.
 p. 60, *for* Tsauteleina *read* Tsanteleina.
 p. 61, *for* Convercle *read* Couvercle.

No. 3. 1923. Title-page, *for* Boîteau *read* Boiteux.
 p. 175, *for* Aiguille *read* Aiguille.
 p. 177, *for* Boîteux *read* Boiteux.
 pp. 179, 181, 193, *for* Boîteau *read* Boiteux.
 p. 193, *for* Monte Roste *read* Monte Rosa.

The frequent change of editor has resulted in several regrettable mistakes in the present volume. Thus the pagination of No. 2 starts again at page 1 instead of following on that of No. 1; and No. 3 is smaller than Nos 1 or 2. This last was the fault of the publishers, and was not noticed till too late. The latest editor of the three wishes to tender his apologies. He also wishes to express his gratitude to Mr. Henry Candler, who has compiled the index for him.

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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Edited by C. MYLES MATHEWS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. List of Members of the Club who have been Mobilised	1
II. Craig Yr Cwm Du By J. M. ARCHER THOMSON	3
III. Climbing within the Arctic Circle By WM. CECIL SLINGSBY	5
IV. The Harz By K. L. COX	27
V. The Love of Natural Scenery By H. GALE GOTCH	32
VI. Val D'Isère By H. C.	49
VII. On Tree-climbing By H. E. L. PORTER	60
VIII. Alpine Curiosities By W. P. HASKETT SMITH	66
IX. An Interrupted Holiday By DAVID PYE	73
X. A Midsummer Ski Meet By ARNOLD LUNN	84
XI. De Profundis By A MEMBER OF THE CLIMBERS' CLUB	94
XII. Long Days and Lonely Mountain Travel in Scotland By EDRED M. CORNER	97
XIII. A Swiss Holiday in 1914 By A. C. PIGOU	104
XIV. On Ropes and Knots Edited by J. P. FARRAR	117
XV. An Arran Ramble By CLAUDE E. BENSON	125
XVI. Reviews	135

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The Alps. Freedom.

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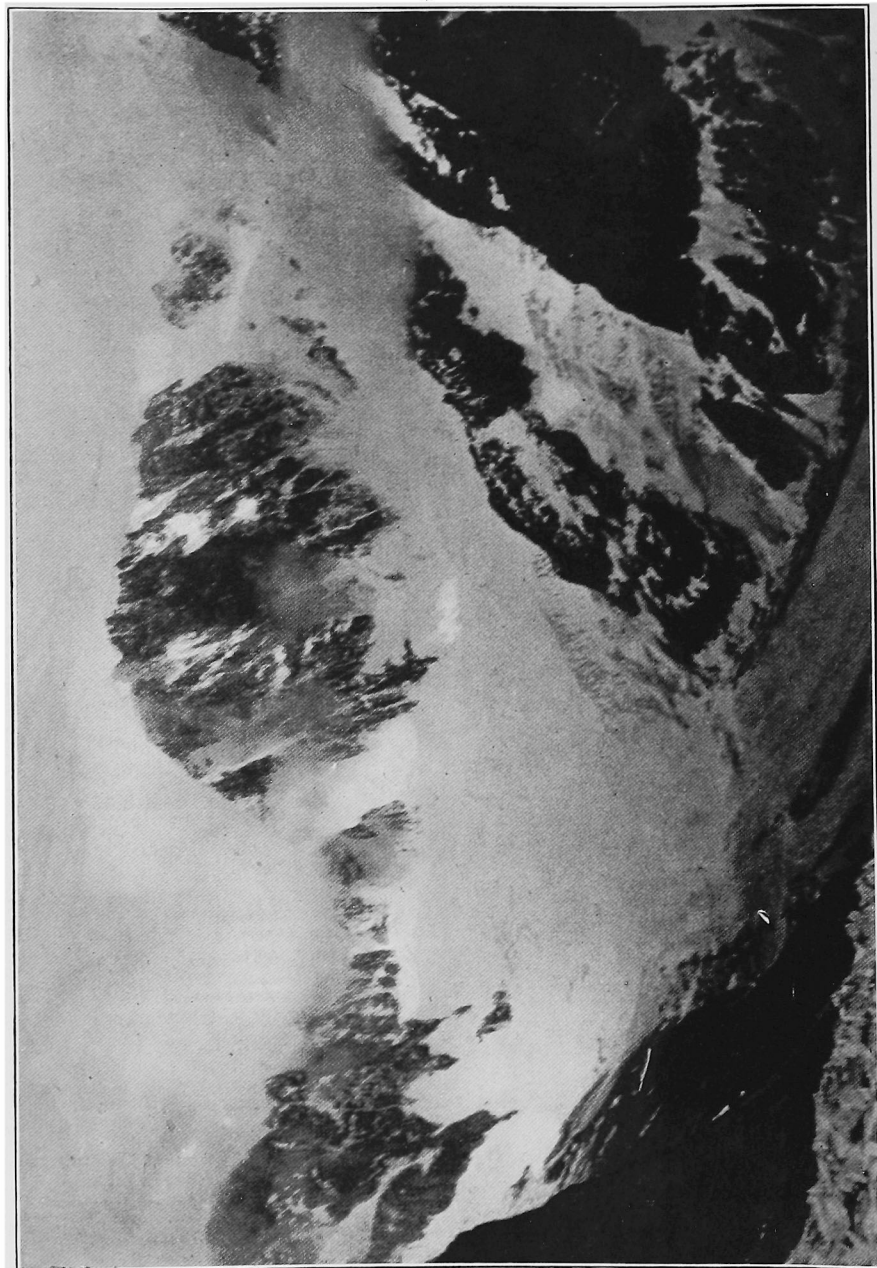


Photo by

Evening Clouds on the West Face of the Grandes Jorasses, from the Couvercle.

[H. Caudler.]

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. II. No. 1. JUNE, 1915. NEW SERIES.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE CLUB WHO
HAVE BEEN MOBILISED.

A. C. ADAMS	Private, 1st Battn. 28th County of London Regt. (Artists' Rifles).
F. C. ALDOUS	Lieut., 1/6th Battn. Manchester Regt. (Machine Gun Section) (Dardanelles). <i>Reported wounded 27th May, 1915.</i>
J. L. ANDREWS	Lieut., 2nd 5th Hampshire Regt. 2nd Wessex Division (in India).
GEOFFERY BARTRAM	Lieut., 8th Battn. Oxford & Bucks Light Infantry (Pioneers).
HERBERT P. CAIN	Lieut., 5th Battn. East Lancashire Regt.
J. M. CLAYTON	Lieut.-Colonel, 6th Battn. Notts & Derbyshire Regt.
Sir F. H. E. CUNLIFFE, Bart.			Capt., 13th (Service) Battn. The Rifle Brigade.
G. T. EWEN	Lieut., 3rd Battn. Manchester Regt. (in command of Machine Guns).
ARTHUR GIMSON	Private, 18th (Service) Battn. Royal Fusiliers, Public Schools Brigade.
S. W. HERFORD	Private, Sportsmen's Battn. Royal Fusiliers.
TERENCE HICKMAN	Private, H.A.C.

GUY J. F. KNOWLES	..	Lieut., R.N.V.R.
NIGEL C. MADAN	..	Sec.-Lieut., 8th (Service) Battn. King's Own Royal Lancashire Regt.
DENIS MURRAY	..	Flight-Lieut., Royal Naval Air Ser- vice (interned in Holland).
E. CONNOR O'BRIEN	..	Sub.-Lieut., R.N.R.
L. J. OPPENHEIMER	..	Private, 28th County of London Regt. (Artists' Rifles).
FRANK S. PEARSON	..	Lieut.-Col., Commanding A.S.C. South Midland Division (T.F.).
R. N. PEEL	..	Sec.-Lieut., Oxfordshire & Bucking- hamshire Light Infantry 9th (Ser- vice) Battn.
K. G. REID	..	Lieut., R.N.V.R. (H.M.S. <i>Tiger</i>).
LESLIE G. SHADBOLT	..	Sub.-Lieut., "Hood" Battn. Royal Naval Division. <i>Reported wounded in Dardanelles, 11th June, 1915.</i>
ROGER E. THOMPSON	..	Sec.-Lieut., Hampshire (Carabineers) Yeomanry.
OLIVER THORNEYCROFT	..	Lieut., R.N.V.R., Armoured Car Division.
A. W. WAKEFIELD	..	Lieut. and Medical Officer, 1st New- foundland Regt.
GEO. E. WHERRY	..	Lieut.-Col., R.A.M.C. (T.) 1st Eastern General Hospital.

*The Honorary Secretary of the Club would be glad to hear of any alterations
or additions which should be made to this list.*

CRAIG YR CWM DU.

BY J. M. ARCHER THOMSON.

[NOTE.—This fragment was found among J. M. A. T.'s papers. It was probably intended as a preface to a projected description of the Craig yr Cwm Du climbs, and written about 1911.—ED.]

THE exploration of Craig yr Cwm Du is so recent—last year the name first appeared in cold print—that a word falls to be said about its position and accessibility.

A Cwm Du, which is equivalent to the Gaelic Coire Dubh, the Black Hollow, will be found on the southern slopes of Y Garn, but the valley in question belongs to Mynydd Mawr, and penetrates far into its northern flank. The new-comer will learn at once that Cwm Bychan offers the shortest route thereto from the Snowdon Ranger Hotel. But after rounding the lower end of Cwellyn he may well be at a loss to reconcile the truth of this direction with the lie of the land. No cwm is visible. In this difficulty light and leading will doubtless be sought from the six-inch Ordnance map. On its sheet the name is applied to a very small farm. However keen the disappointment at finding the claims of the Cwm insufficiently recognised, a charge of injustice should not be too hastily preferred against the Ordnance Surveyors. They have made compensation on a liberal scale by presenting to Cwm Bychan the whole coronet of crags that give distinction to Cwm Du.

Bewildered by the mystery of this munificence, the resourceful traveller will now fall back upon his guide-book. Happily, the trusty topographer has come himself this way. He too has left the lake, with its anglers and its trout, has trodden with emotion the sward, hallowed of old by fairy feet, and then, unerring guide that he is, without let or hindrance he “soon reaches Cwm Bychan.” Reassured

of its proximity, the new-comer now needs only a concise but lucid description, and such follows: "Cwm Bychan is a bold rock at the end of the lake."

The momentary mental jerk subsides quickly into a feeling of satisfaction at a definite and conclusive if unexpected solution of the mystery. The Cwm is a rock; nothing remains to be said and little to be done but to gird the loins and climb it.

In case of failure to identify among many the particular bold rock that is a cwm in semblance or reality, the following alternative suggestion may be serviceable. At the lower end of Cwellyn cross the river Gwyrfaï by an innocent tresspass. Follow a grassy track for a third of a mile. Turn off sharply and steer due west over slopes of grass and heather. You will thus walk straight into Cwm Du.

The Cwm gives in a marked degree the impression of loneliness and seclusion, and the raven and the wild duck are at home in its purlieus. The walls to the south and east are too broken to be attractive, but the precipitous crags on the west side offer many charming climbs, including some of exceeding difficulty.

For the return homeward from the top of the cliff a compass must be fetched round one or other end of the lake. Three routes suggest themselves: to follow the ridge down and traverse again Cwm Du; to cross the summit pastures of the mountain and descend Cwm Planwydd; to go over the top and down the slopes towards Bwlch y Moch, making a circuit round the head of the lake.

The last two are preferable, not merely on account of the complete change of scene they give, but because the former shows the fine rocks of Castell Cidym, which it flanks, while from the latter an arresting view of Craig y Bera is easily obtained. The southern route, the longest in regard to distance, is apt to be the shortest in point of time, but as the difference in any case is less than a quarter of a mile the choice should be made on æsthetic grounds according to the taste of the individual.

CLIMBING WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

BY WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

ORDINARY humanity—if during this horrid period of war there be any left—will not permit me to throw stones at the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL for allowing me, in a weak moment, to consent to contribute something of a mountainous character to that periodical, which, during recent years, has attained, and justly so, a very high reputation. I fear, however, that the humanity required to be exercised by our Editor must at least be abnormal, else he would attempt to hurl—not merely stones—but crags, needles, horns and cairns upon the head of the apparently procrastinating writer of this paper.

Even now I have not quite made up my mind what the subject of my contribution must be. “Skie Sport near Rome”? (I never used “skie” in Italy in my life.) “Chamonix and Courmayeur in October and November”? or yet another paper on “The Lofotens and Arctic Norway”?

I'll draw lots. “Chamonix”—“Skie”—“Lofotens”?

I have done so. I rolled up three papers, each with one of the above three words on it. I put them in my hat. I shook them well. Perfectly fair play too. I drew out “Skie.”

I must get to work at once. Where is my diary? I cannot put my hands upon it, and can hardly do without it. I must try again.

Result—“Lofoten.” Norway has once again come to my relief.

During the last few years a fair number of papers have appeared in the *Alpine Journal* and other mountaineering publications which have dealt with the Lofoten Islands, as well as with the mountains on the mainland

of Arctic Norway. However, it by no means follows that all good mountain ascents have been described. Indeed, if they had, Norway would have had more than her fair share of attention.

The fact is that we who went in the early days—not very long ago either—to take our pleasures on the mountains of the Far North, scored so many successes that we could not be expected to do more than merely record many expeditions which, rightly or wrongly, we considered to be notable. This was the case with many lofty glacier-girt gabbro-pinnacles of the Lyngen peninsula, the eerie peaks of Lofoten, whose rugged ridges and huge rock-slabs afford climbing equal in difficulty to that of the Chamonix aiguilles, as well as on the mainland, where there are thousands of acres of rolling *fjælde* which show the traces of enormous glacier erosion of a type unknown in the Alps, and out of whose naked shoulders and limbs, gaunt, smooth, truncated pyramids, or thousand-foot polished stone wedges rise clear cut into the deep blue sky or into cloudland.

This is a land of very great contrasts, as, though the mountain uplands are so bare of vegetation, there are countless fertile patches bordering the sea bays where picturesque houses, fields of oats, barley and hay, also pasturage for cattle, with small pine forests and birches in the background creeping up the deep-cut glens on the lower mountain slopes, form a most delightful change from a terrible sterility.

I made my first visit to Arctic Norway in 1898 with Hastings and Haskett-Smith. The Lyngen peninsula was our happy hunting-ground, and being favoured by good weather we had great success. I wrote a short paper on this expedition in the *Alpine Journal*, vol. xix. Mr. Hastings had been before, and has been again several times, in this distant but delightful district, where are dozens of grand ice-bound mountains, whose heads are raised 6,000 feet above the sea waves which wash their feet. Many expeditions even in this one visit are barely recorded.

Meanwhile, though others had climbed in the Lofoten

Islands, I had only seen their lovely serrated peaks from the deck of a steamer. By far the finest mountain in Lofoten is the twin-peaked Rulten. Several parties of excellent English mountaineers had attacked it, but in vain—the principal reason of their failure being persistent bad weather. Even the doughty Prof. Collie was baffled in his attempt, though not disheartened. He wrote as follows :

“ Rulten is undeniably a difficult peak. At present I have seen no likely way up it; but, no doubt, by a systematic attack, by trying first one side and then another, a weak spot would be discovered.”*

I made my first visit to Lofoten in 1903, with Collie and others.† The principal object we had in view was to ascend both peaks of Rulten or else to prove their utter inaccessibility. We fortunately were successful, but our victories were not too easily attained.

The following year we repeated the ascents of both, in order principally to give Woolley an opportunity of reaching the summits, on one of which he had tried very hard, though in vain, a few years previously. Chamonix aiguilles cannot be climbed in wet weather and in a high wind—neither can Rulten.

We had chosen as a camping-ground, partly from studying the “Amts Kart,” the shore of a little bay, Kveitvik, formed by a promontory called Reknæs, a couple of miles south of the well-known Raftsund. In many respects it was an ideal spot: a grassy slope close to a sweetly-singing beck, with a few birch-trees close at hand, which the horrid, destructive goats had spared, as their grazing-ground was some distance away.

This may truly be termed the Rulten camp, as it was from here, during two summer campaigns, that we started. Here we camped in fine weather and in foul, in heat and cold, and with rain worthy of the most pluvius parts of the Scottish Highlands. Here, too, some of my happiest

* “Climbing on the Himalaya and other Mountain Ranges,” p. 202.

† *Alpine Journal*, vol xxii., p. 3.

recollections connected with mountaineering have been centred. Invariably, when camping in Arctic Norway, our tents have been pitched within earshot of the soothing music of the Gulf-Stream-warmed waves breaking on the shore, and, with two exceptions, we were fairly near a farmhouse where we could get milk. Where there was no farm near there were trees in abundance. Notably was this the case at the head of the famous Trold Fjord, near the Raft-sund, where goats are unknown.

The Kveitvik camp is an ideal starting-point for ascending, in addition to Rulten, a series of beautiful aiguilles, the Langstrandtinder and others, which overshadow the camp. Three narrow valleys, each of which has its own glacier, drain into our little bay, and each possesses its own individual characteristics and interest. The most southern, which led us to a gap from which we climbed the west peak of Rulten, I will not now deal with, but will write a short account of the two others and the peaks which rise so grandly out of their glaciers.

In the year 1904 a party of nine—Dr. and Mrs. Collier, Miss Slade-Jones, Collie, Woolley, my son Will, my cousin Morris Slingsby, and I—settled down most snugly in seven tents at Kveitvik, and were joined a short time after by E. C. C. Baly. Past experience had taught us the value of Sphagnum moss, which, when well dried in the sun, and nicely spread out under a waterproof sheet, makes a most comfortable bed. Fortunately, moss of all kinds is common enough in Lofoten. The swells of our party—of which I did not claim to be one, of course—had their camp beds.

We had secured the services of a middle-aged fisherman, whose race was a puzzle even to himself. With us he answered to the name of "Tommy." We had him over a month the previous year, and never was there a more devoted and capable camp servant than he. He certainly saved us from shipwreck in the Raftsund, if not also on another occasion.



Photo by]

View from promontory of Relnaes. East peak of Rulven in the centre. The Trangedal and its glacier on the extreme right. The tents at the camp of Kveitvik are seen across the bay.

[H. Woolley.

If one crosses the fjord and lands on the shore of the island Store Molla, there is a noble view of Rulten and its rugged handmaidens to right and to left. On the right hand, or northern side, two glaciers come streaming down from peaks behind. That on the right occupies the steep trough of a gorge which we named Trangedal, or the narrow valley. At the mouth of this valley is a truly noble portal, the aiguilles which form it being nearly perpendicular—that on the north side, indeed, being overhanging. This latter is the Kjændals Næbbe—the Beak of the valley Kjændal.

There was distinctly an air of mystery about Trangedal and its northern portal, the beak of which actually overhung the glacier. They had beckoned to us over and over again the previous year to come and explore their inmost recesses. The Beak itself, like a coy maiden, frequently drew a veil over her face, played with the veil, and then seemed to throw it away altogether. Yes, the cloud-wreaths and cloud-veils of the high mountains do add much to the enjoyment of mountain scenery. Especially is this the case in the British Isles and their counterpart, the west coast of Norway—in both cases the result of the Gulf Stream.

Early one morning at the end of July, Collie, Woolley, Collier and I set off for the unknown just above us. We skirted the little round tarn from which our beck issues, by a goat-path up and down, and round many a little crag, and in one place far above the tarn. Glacier-worn rocks, with pine-trees growing out of the joints, gave us some interest. Here and there in the boggy ground we picked the luscious cloudberry (*Rubus Chamæmorus*), and, like the immortal Oliver, wished for more.

We soon reached the glacier, contracted in width by the narrowness of the portal. It was evident that there were two ways of reaching the mountains which headed the glacier, and two only. That on the north side seemed the most tempting. The other, certainly the most sporting, was up a tongue of glacier which descended a wild gorge, and was exceedingly steep. This

would probably lead by a pass to the Östnæs Fjord, but would be very stiff. Our little glacier became steeper and steeper as we went along, and care became an essential. In due time we reached a bergschrund, the top lip of which was much higher than the lower one—in fact, it was quite orthodox. There was a steep and none too broad a snow-bridge, and it was nearly a rope's length across. It was really a very interesting place, and, apparently, this bridge afforded the only way for us to gain the rocks above. We noticed, a few weeks later, that this bridge had disappeared entirely.

An hour's rock-climbing of no great difficulty brought us to a little cairn erected a few years earlier by Woolley and Collie. Here we spent probably an hour, enjoying to the full the views of Rulten, the Hegraftinder, and of scores of pointed and still unclimbed peaks of Lofoten, the beautiful fjords, the wide Arctic Ocean, and the far distant black peaks and snow domes on the mainland of Norway and Sweden. It was indescribably grand.

There is no particular need to hurry from a mountain summit within the Arctic Circle in the month of July, as there is no night's darkness. One soon learns this, but, at the same time, it is a mistake not to keep day-work for the ordinary daytime, as the temptation to linger is a great snare, and leads to loss of time and a diminution of the mountain programme which has probably been arranged before leaving home. The worst phase is a delay in starting from camp.

I cannot, however, accuse any of my companions on this expedition of idleness.

We had a grand view of an especially beautiful fjord below us on the west—the Östnæs Fjord. This is headed by deeply serrated mountains which vie with the Chamonix aiguilles in their rugged grandeur, and which have the especial beauty of rising abruptly out of the fjord.

We now turned north, along a rugged crest, and easily reached another peak, on which we found unexpectedly a cairn. Ahead of us rose a forbidding-looking aiguille, with

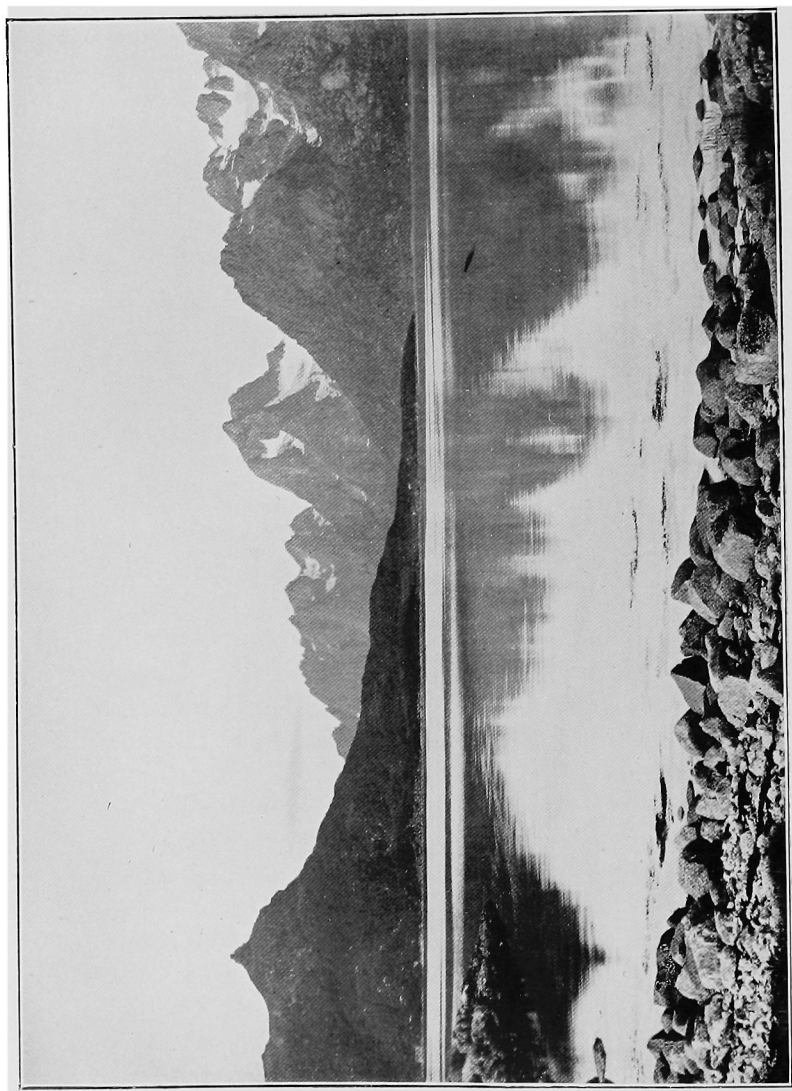


Photo by **View from Digermulen. The twin-peaked Rulten is seen in the centre. The**
 Langstrandtinder and Kjaendals Næbbe are to the right. *[H. Woolley.]*

horrid precipices straight out of the snows. Clearly it was impracticable?

We started down a glacier pretty quickly with the object of descending by the Kjændal.

"Suddenly the leader gave a chuckle, put a pretty curve on the rope, and pointed upwards. Nature, as usual, was kind. A most convenient snow-gully, tucked nicely away in a corner, was revealed, and promised a feasible route far up into the heart of the mountain. The gully led to the base of a mountain wall, at each end of which was a high crag. One of them was the top. Which? There was no time for both. Fortunately the northern one was chosen. This led easily to the summit, the highest and undoubtedly the grandest of the Langstrandtinder. A large stone was dropped over the edge. After a fall of over 1,000 feet it struck a glacier at least thirty feet beyond its guardian bergschründ."

Such a jolly glissade we had down, down, down this glacier—the Kjændalsbræ—and then a grand descent to and through the gorge below to our camp, which was reached in the early morning, the two ladies and the faithful "Tommy" giving us a hearty welcome.

We had made the circuit of the Kjændals Næbbe, the northern portal of Trangedal, and what we saw of this beautiful aiguille made some of us very eager to attempt its ascent, the accomplishment of which we felt by no means assured.

FIRST ASCENT OF KJÆNDALS NÆBBE.

After lovely weather we had several days of torrential rain, during which cold-water geysers sprung out of the ground as well as in a large round military tent, and we spent the time reading novels, etc. Two days of this sufficed for some of us, so the Collier party and I took the petroleum boat to the metropolis of Lofoten—to wit, the busy little town of Svolvær, and were not sorry to be for a short time in a comfortable hotel once again. We paid a visit to the island of Skraaven, where then lived—and I hope lives still—Martin Ekroll, the great mountain pioneer of Arctic Norway. Here we had a most hospitable reception by the hero himself.

Out of the windows of his house Ekroll looked upon the majestic mountain Vaagekollen, the first ascent of which

he had made many years before. All who cross the Vest Fjord from Bodö to Svolvær in fine weather must be impressed with the grandeur of this mountain, which rises straight out of the deep sea, with grand precipices, to a great height. Ekroll ascended it straight from his boat. He was the first man to attempt the ascent of Stedtind, and gave me a good many hints about approaching the mountain. He was also a bold Arctic explorer, and made a plucky attempt to reach the North Pole.

Fine weather sent us back again to Kveitvik. During our absence a geyser had spouted up in my tent. Fortunately Woolley's tent was close at hand, and he heard the geyser at work, rescued my belongings, and drained off the offending water. All was dry when I got back.

Just a week after our ascents of the Langstrandtinder, Collie, Baly, Morris Slingsby and I determined to try to climb Kjændals Næbbe.

We were not rewarded for early rising, as it was raining, so we went to bed again. However, at ten we got off, and in half an hour were wet to the skin by passing through ferns and bilberry-bushes. This mattered little, as the sun shone brightly and soon dried us. Our way was that by which we had descended a week earlier. Up through the Kjændal—a steep, rather gloomy gorge, where it is not very easy to find the best way up the hundreds of huge glacier-polished knolls of rock.

In due course we reached the glacier which we had descended a week before. We had to leave our old track in order to gain a gap between two peaks, one of which was the Kjændals Næbbe, or Beak. Then we had a slope of hard steep snow to traverse. This needed great care, and we were glad to reach a part of the snowfield which abutted upon a great smooth crag. Here, in places, we got between the snow and the rock, which saved time and was safer. From the gap we descended a few hundred feet as the Beak rose out of the snow with hundred-foot slabs without ledges. The gully down which we were descending, we knew, ended

in a terrible shoot on to the glacier which we had ascended a week ago—hence care was needed. In time we reached the ruins of a mountain top. A higgledy-piggledy jumble of colossal and more or less rectangular rocks—a type with which most of us are familiar. The climbing here was of the Grépon type. We went up, we came down, under, over, through and along the top of these Cyclopean rocks, and often saw between our legs the glacier of Trangedal, far, far, and almost straight down below us. At last we were brought up against a blank wall, 150 to 200 feet in height, and we knew that by this route we were beaten.

We put up a few small cairns—which, probably, will never again be seen by human eye. Slowly, carefully, and “mightily crestfallen, we wormed our way back by the ledges, chimneys, letter-boxes, and edges,” and so regained the gap.

We came down the steep snow with great care, and when the thoughts of most of the party dwelt on loaves and fishes below Collie proposed that an attempt should be made on the east side.

Care was needed to descend the upper portion of the glacier, which was very steep, and because, some 200 feet down, a line of rocks emerged out of the snow. We rounded the base of the rocks along the snow in order to get to the east and opposite side of the mountain from where we had made our trial. After climbing interesting but easy rocks we were faced by the usual Lofoten walls. Jutting out of a wall of rock was a steep, tilted slab. Our leader wormed his way up the corner of this, and pulled us up. Then for a short time we had fairly easy rocks. After this came a jumble of horrid slabs, like books on an untidy bookshelf. Combined climbing was necessary—shoving, holding in and pulling up:

“A brilliant piece of work was done by Morris up the edge of a huge slab. On the top of this was a ledge about a foot square. Above the ledge was a bulging rounded rock, the top of which was some nine feet or ten feet above the ledge. Over this rock was the way, or nowhere else. Collie stood on the ledge; two others, wedged more or less insecurely, held him in. Morris then climbed on to Collie’s

shoulders, and, thanks to much recent practice in gymnastics, he managed to get over the obstacle. Little pitches and steep snow led to the top. Few mountains have such a summit as Kjændals Næbbe. It is the northern portal of the Trangedal, out of which it springs with a superb precipice. The rock upon which the cairn was erected overhangs this precipice, and it was a gruesome place to stand upon and to look over."

A good deal of engineering was requisite to descend in safety. Fortunately we had plenty of rope, and by means of well-devised hitching, Morris, the last man, came down fairly easily.

It was long after midnight when we arrived in camp, and were, I fear, rather in too rollicking spirits to allow our companions to continue their sleep—and possibly their snores.

On four different occasions we have pitched our camp at Reknæs, and got to know the few folk who lived near very well. Like all other men in Lofoten, the farmers are fishermen first, and farmers afterwards. They all join in the enormous cod-fishing industry in the months of February, March, April and May. A wonderful industry it must be, too. Thirty to forty thousand men are engaged in it, and work together with strict military discipline. One sees little of the cod in the summer, except now and then when, for some unknown reason, the octopus or squid come in great numbers into the fjords. This always brings the cod, the octopus is the most valuable bait which the fisherman can use.

A farmer at Reknæs showed me an india-rubber octopus which had recently come into vogue as bait. I said to him :

"It has nine tentacles."

"Well! why should it not?"

"The real octopus only has eight."

"Oh! I never knew that."

Fishing for octopus is very amusing, especially if there are novices in the boat, as it is pretty certain that one or more will be drenched with sepia, with which the octopus can squirt a good ten feet upon the unwary.



Photo by **View from the highest Langstrandind of the Trolind and other ranges** *[H. Woolley.*
North—in a year of little snow.

During the last few years there has been a great increase in the facilities afforded to travellers who are wishful to get to picturesque, but often geographically out-of-the-way, fjords in Arctic Norway. The number of local steamboats has increased, but, what is perhaps still more to the purpose, many of the well-to-do merchants, of whom the number is considerable—in Lofoten especially,—have become possessed of serviceable motor-boats, and it is generally possible to hire one on comparatively reasonable terms, either for several days or for a specific journey, with orders to return on a definite date.

Though it is well to purchase stores at Christiania, Bergen or Thronthjem, if they are not brought from home, much can be obtained at centres like Bodö, Svolvær or Tromsö, such as excellent bread, fresh mutton, tinned meats, as well as good French, Portuguese and Spanish wines. A side or two of bacon is invaluable and ought not to be omitted.

Of guides there are none, as labour is very scarce in Nordland during the short summer months of nightless days.

There is, in fact, already much more work to be done than can be accomplished in the time.

Camp life in the far north of Norway is very delightful. It is by no means always fine, and sometimes both mosquitoes and kleggs are a terrible nuisance, hence mosquito-nets must be taken. A native servant, such as our ideal "Tommy," who always kept a fire alight however late we turned up in the early hours of to-morrow morning, is an invaluable adjunct. A professional courier, on the other hand, would almost certainly prove to be such a nuisance that the temptation to chuck him into the fjord would be well-nigh irresistible.

MOUNTAINEERING IN SOUTH FOLDEN, ARCTIC NORWAY.

The afternoon of August 1st, 1912, was—as all afternoons (and mornings, too, for that matter) were during that summer—perfectly lovely. This, in particular, was enjoyed

to the full by three Norsk mountaineers and myself, because, after having had a sufficiency of hard work, we were taking a voyage of a few hours in a motor-boat to a new mountain playground, the head of the Sjunk Fjord. We had spent most pleasant days at the house of H. Kristiansen, a large merchant, and a most hospitable and charming man. With him we left our heavy luggage.

As Prof. Forbes wrote on leaving the same house in 1851 :*

" A few miles brought us to a scene of desolate grandeur, rendered more striking by the contrast. The headland which divides the North and South Folden Fjords may vie with the aiguilles of Mont Blanc in the fantastic singularity of its forms. I have nowhere seen summits more perfectly acuminated."

After rounding the headland we entered the South Folden Fjord. It is a terribly glaciated region. Here, on opposite sides of the Fjord, though not *vis-à-vis*, two hideous mountain monstrosities, in the form of truncated pyramids, stand unblushing in their nakedness out of glacier-planed and polished uplands. Our course took us three-quarters round one of these monsters. So ugly was it that we determined to do our utmost to vanquish and tread underfoot its beastly head. After a few hours we grounded on the gravel of a shelving shore, at the head of the Sjunk Fjord.

Landing was by no means too easy, as we had tents and pretty heavy baggage, and could not get quite up to the land. Still, a little wetting did us no harm, and the luggage did not suffer.

In due time we had our three tents erected on a moss-covered bank, probably an ancient sea-beach, and enjoyed to the full our evening meal, and made plans for the future. A fine aiguille overshadowed us on the south, and a higher one north-east. The latter, Osantind, possessed a glacier—a fact which invariably is to me an attraction, though in this case, in all probability, we should not use it as a highway,

* " Norway and its Glaciers," p. 57.

as it lay on the far side of the mountain. Though there were trees and bogs in the near background we were not much troubled by the musical mosquito. Still, he was in evidence.

Near by, and yet not too near, were a couple of farm-houses, then owned by Norsemen, but, up to a few years ago, by Lapps. Of late years many Lapps have abandoned their nomad life and have settled down to small farms and wooden houses. This has been most disastrous, as consumption, previously almost unknown, has taken hold of them, with the result that this interesting race may possibly in time disappear entirely, unless some legislation be passed to counteract the evil. None can wonder at it who have seen a case such as I did some years ago on the Lyngen peninsula. We entered a Lapp's house, and into a large room with four windows, none of which would open. The air was stifling, as the sun—and they had it for twenty-four hours per diem at that time—was beating savagely through the window-panes. A sickly lad was in this room. Undoubtedly he had consumption. My friend and I, who had called for some coffee, took it outside.

The housewives from these farms soon visited us and brought us milk and bilberries, and we established friendly relations with their children by judicious gifts of chocolate, and with the men by tobacco.

Rubenson used a tent in which he had slept at a height of about 23,000 feet on his ascent of Kabru. Schjelderup and Jentoft occupied another, and I meanwhile had one to myself, and used, for the first time in Norway, a camp bed. Alas! I broke its back the first night, but fortunately it did not retaliate and break mine.

ASCENT OF OSANTIND.

On this our first expedition we followed a lovely well-wooded valley, three miles in length, through which, in ordinary years, runs an ideal trout stream. The almost rainless summer of 1912 had nearly dried up this little river, and

the few trout which remained—or which I saw but could not catch—were in deep pools under sandy banks or submerged tree-trunks. After an hour's walk we began to climb a steep glen, and here and there had to traverse slippery slabs of rock. At some 1,500 feet we reached the typical Folden ice-polished gneiss rock, where hardly a plant was to be seen. We had a lovely vista of the snow mountains heading the South Folden Fjord through a gap in the mountains, and the views generally were exceptionally wild.

Our way was plain enough—up and ever upwards. The buttress narrowed and terminated in a sharp peak. No especial difficulty was encountered, though we had some interesting ridge scrambling where a rope was necessary. The views, however—especially of objects close at hand—were exceptionally wild. Our glacier was there, sure enough, and we rolled rocks and stones through a gap, which crashed on crag after crag, and fell, in fragments great and small, down, down, down till they struck the ice nearly 1,000 feet below us.

Our ridge steepened and narrowed, as self-respecting ridges are wont to do, and ended in an ideal top. It consisted of a huge slab well pinned in, and supported by nature on the cantilever principle. This slab overhung a perpendicular precipice, and from the outer edge of it a stone, simply dropped down by the hand, touched nothing till it struck the glacier more than 1,000 feet below us.

The view was marvellously wide and grand, and in every direction too. East were the snowy mountains on, or within, the Swedish frontier. Amongst these was Sulitelma, whose icy slopes glistened in the sunshine like the shield of Achilles. Days of childhood were recalled by the sight of this mountain. Yes! I had then read and re-read Harriet Martineau's "Feats on the Fjord," and had pictured old Sulitelma in many forms, but never quite as I saw it now. This well-known book treated also of adventures on Salten Fjord. This, too, lay before our eyes.

I must not catalogue the items of this glorious view.

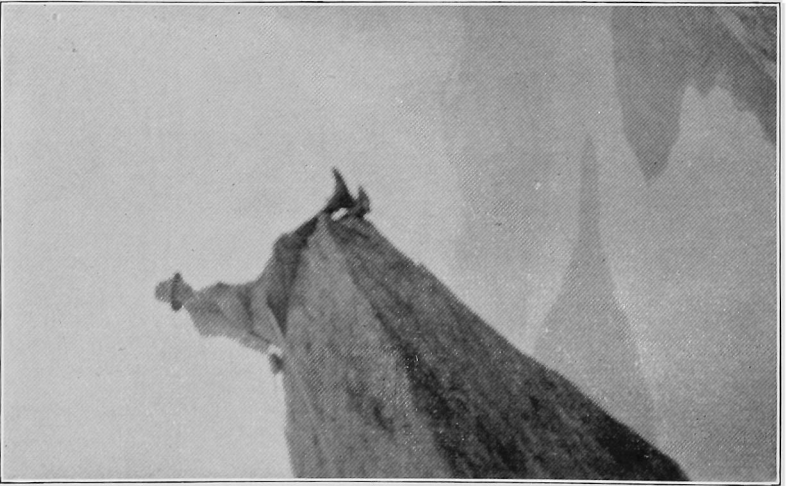
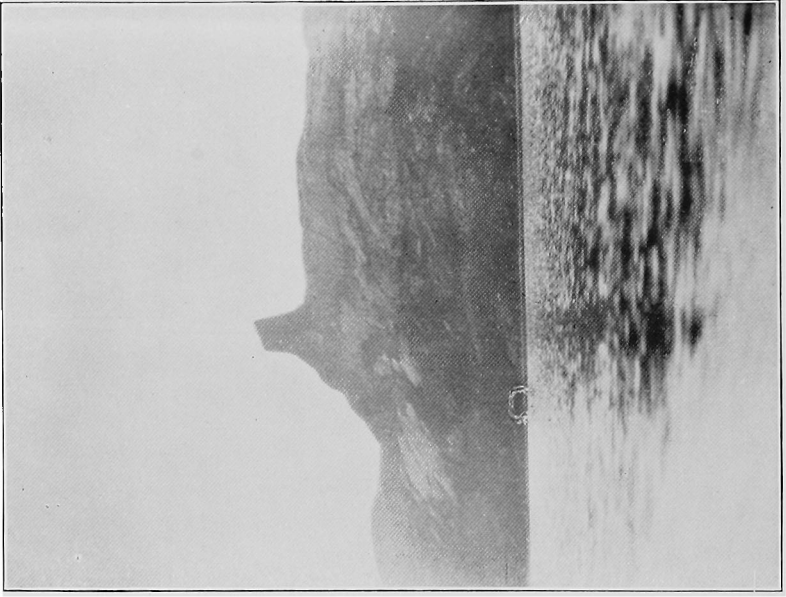


Photo by [F. Schjelderup].
Summit of Osantind with Rubenson.



Skeistind—an ugly beast.

Suffice it to say that Osantind is well placed to get a comprehensive as well as a most picturesque view, and that the array of gabbro-pinnacles of the Lofoten Islands, eighty miles in length, stood clearly outlined in the deep blue sky over a range of neighbouring mountains, and then across seventy odd miles of sea.

We lingered long on the summit. We turned ourselves, as usual, into stonemasons and masons' labourers, and left the inevitable cairn to take care of itself and to brave the Arctic storms of winter. At last we turned, more or less with regret, campwards. Again I found that two of my companions, who are inches over six feet, were, from my point of view, too long in the leg, and that the third was too muscular.

Had "Anno Domini" anything to do with it?

Who can tell?

When we reached the warm forest I told my friends to go ahead and get supper ready. They did so. I scored. Very happy were all of us that evening. We had made a new ascent, the accomplishment of which called for no great amount of heroism, and the mountain was only 3,450 feet above the sea waves which we heard breaking on the shore a few feet below us. What had pleased us much was that we had added a good deal in a practical way to our geographical knowledge of an especially weird and little-known part of Norway, the head of the South Folden Fjord.

As fishing in the river was entirely unproductive, I turned my attention to the fjord, and made a welcome addition to our menu.

ASCENT OF SKEISTIND.

The hideous mountain monstrosity which bears the above strange-looking, but yet easily pronounceable, name constantly beckoned us to come and look at it closely, and try to disprove its alleged invincibility. We were naturally quite ready to do this, and engaged a small boat in which

to row the eight or nine miles along the fjord to a likely starting-point, and to return in the same.

The summit of the mountain is only 3,032 feet high above the fjord, and some two-thirds of the height are occupied by one of the usual glacier-polished ridges, about three miles in length.

My companions, being Norsemen, were naturally excellent oarsmen, and as it was my plain duty not to take the place of those who love the manly sport of rowing, I showed exemplary self-denial and sat comfortably in the stern of the boat. An hour and a half brought us to a miniature cove under the great buttress ridge. This was, apparently, the only place for some miles where we could see even the faintest possibility of reaching this ridge, as the escarpments were high and continuous, and only partly broken down in one place. This is a common feature in this most uncanny district of the Folden Fjords.

The boat was duly beached—a very necessary proceeding, as storms arise very unexpectedly thereabouts, a fact of which we had ample proof later on.

As we climbed from the south, and were not too early, the sun beat with terrific force upon our backs, and the sweat ran off the foreigner in streams. An uneasy climb it was, up steep, wooded slopes, where now and then we had to climb up the trees themselves. At a preparatory school, when about a dozen years of age, I founded a tree-climbing club, with a stiff climbing qualification, though we never attempted such feats as those recorded by Geoffrey Young in one of his books. Still, the practice was a wholesome one, and I suppose gave its votaries a certain amount of nerve. Now was the time to draw upon an experience of long ago.

Yes; I must return. The escarpment gave us some real good climbing—up little chimneys, along square-cut ledges, so common on gneiss and granite—and I for one found it real hard work as well. I suppose we climbed some 1,500 feet before we reached the back of the broad buttress.

Here it was all easy going over some two miles of *roches moutonnées*. In hollows we found water—mostly hot, except when in the shade. The temptation to linger over lunch was, fortunately, not quite so great as our eagerness to tackle the monster in front of us.

Some two hours after leaving the boat we reached an outlier of the pyramid, but, as there was clearly a deep square cut-off separating it from the peak itself, we skirted round to the west face, along ledges broad as well as narrow. To our surprise we found a great gash in the mountain-side which, apparently, led, or should have led, up nearly to the summit.

Naturally we turned to this gash. Schjelderup led us up to the gash by a steep and narrow chimney, perhaps 200 feet in height, and rarely have I climbed such atrociously rotten rocks. At the head of this chimney was a great open space—the gash of which I have spoken. There were little ledges here and there, and two well-defined chimneys, and one more a slope of rock than a chimney, which converged and met at the top of the chimney which we had climbed. The central chimney, which was prodigiously steep, undoubtedly led up to a great height on the mountain. On each side of it was a gaunt and utterly unclimbable wall, which overhung the place where we stood. We realised that, provided the rock were sound, this central chimney might be climbed, though there was an exceedingly difficult pitch to surmount. We certainly realised also, that, provided we were not killed in the process, we could ascend 200 feet or so in this foul place. It was, however, clearly not a place for four men to tackle. If it were in Cumberland it would probably be climbed, because men would sweep out the loose rocks and stones in course of time when making attempts to descend by this route. This process has been done on Great Gable, and it ought to be done on some of the climbs on Snowdon as well.

Unlike a ghyll in Cumberland, we found no herbage or plant life of any sort. There was, so at first we thought,

another alternative, which was to climb up and round a boss of rock which led—at least to our eyes—to the “slope of rock.” Rubenson and I went up to look at the place. He is as good and as bold a rock climber as I have ever had the pleasure of climbing with. We both agreed that it would be sheer madness to attempt this route. Schjelderup suggested the remaining chimney, and we started for it. If possible it was more loose and rotten than any other part. We were sorry for our own sakes. We were more sorry still for Schjelderup, who had led us so well ; but when we unanimously agreed to accept defeat, our satisfaction exceeded our disappointment, though we then thought that the mountain had beaten us. The descent required great care. Schjelderup came last, and displayed the high powers of generalship which we all knew he possessed.

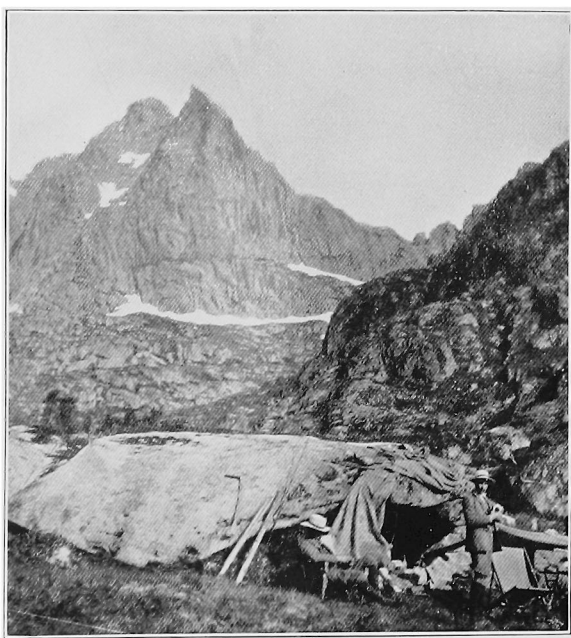
After some distance had been covered, along ledges below the real peak, we got, quite unexpectedly, round to the northern side, and here a small outlying tower provided an easy way to a gap between it and the real mountain. We then looked down to the fjord on the opposite side to that by which we had ascended so far.

Our spirits were high, as we fancied that we might force our way up the peak from this gap, though it would certainly prove to be difficult.

The rock, weathered as it had been by the northern winds of centuries, was excellent, but it overhung. Jentoft, the tall man, led. He put on rubber shoes. At first he was held in by two of us, and then stood on the shoulders and the head of the second man. The holds were few and microscopic, but sound, and held the rubber well, so that our leader gained ground slowly, skilfully and surely, inch by inch, up and round, up and round again—and on rocks as stout and true as the heart of a British sailor or soldier. Aye ! and of a Norseman as well. This first difficulty was about sixty or seventy feet ; then some easy rocks for a few yards, and afterwards more difficulties were met with and



View Westwards from the summit of Skeistind.



**Camp Kitchen at Kveitvik, with Kjaendals Naebbe
in the background.**

overcome. The rocks were smooth, very steep, and the holds were small.

At last we reached the top. Here we could run about as we liked.

It had been a most pleasurable climb for us who had the rope above us. A triumph it was for Jentoft.

We had heard a report, which few seemed to believe, that, a few years earlier, the peak had been climbed by a native. We looked for a cairn in all likely and in many unlikely places. We looked also for disturbed stones, but found no trace, not even a brace button.

Some time after this Schjelderup made further inquiries, which elicited the following reply from Thor Normann, the reputed first ascender of Skeistind :—

“ With respect to my expedition upon Skeistinden, I will tell you about it. It was in the summer of 1898. We were a party of five who attempted it. We began from the south-west, but we could not come up there. I tried it alone from the west, and came up there. The reason why I did not build a cairn on the top was because I was afraid of the descent as I was alone.”

To me the matter is quite clear. They first tried to ascend a broad gully leading to the “ deep square cut-off ” between the peak itself and its southern “ outlier.” This gully would be roughly south-west. They failed there, and Normann then tried and succeeded in ascending by the route where we turned back. Indeed, on such loose rocks, it would be much safer for a man to go alone than for a party of four, such as we were.

All honour to the bold Norskman, who is well named Thor Normann. Possibly he is descended from the great founder of Norsk mountaineering, King Olaf Tryggvesson himself ?

The view was a noble one, and I took photographs of it in every direction. In some respects the most striking feature was a vista over fjord and lakes, above which towered rugged high mountains with jagged crests on each side, and at the far end the peaceful hamlet of Fjær, where my old friend Capt. Fergusson has spent so many happy

summers fishing, and where I hope he may spend many more.

The Lofotens, as usual, stood out boldly across the Vest Fjord, and icy mountains nearer at hand sent us their greeting and bade us pay them a visit. Yes! that must be Stedtind, the Anvil Peak, that "wicked-looking monolith which rises to the stupendous height of 5,200 feet out of the blue waters of the fjord."*

The descent of the final peak took us a good long time, but how long I cannot say. It was certainly difficult, and in two places the "abseilen" plan—which is, nowadays, too often put into practice—was adopted, and on this occasion wisely adopted.

The hours passed quickly by. The descent from the buttress was very tiring, and by no means was it easy to follow the route we had taken in the morning down the great escarpment. I had, fortunately, erected here and there small cairns, and had broken down branches of trees to indicate the way. Yes; we had bother now and then in getting through trees which, beaten down by winter's snows, grew horizontally out of the rocks.

In time we reached the boat. When some two miles or so had been covered, and we were in the middle of the fjord, it was realised that, in spite of the excellent rowing, the boat was making no headway; and shortly after that it was being slowly driven back. Waves of an alarming size, and "white horses," began to appear. The boat was good, but the boat was better for three men than for four, and now and then a splash of water over the gunwale warned us that it was futile and dangerous to attempt to proceed on our present course. With care the boat was brought half-way round, and the mile to the nearest land, under the mountain Sjunkhatten, was soon covered, the boat was beached high and dry, but we were many miles from camp.

The lazy member of the party could now be lazy no

* *Alpine Journal*, vol. xxix., p. 42.

longer. There was nothing for it but to walk. At first it was easy going for a half mile along a pebbly beach. Then we came to a jumble of rocks and trees. Up and down we went over rocks, now close to the water's edge, at other times forced by jutting crags up amongst alders, birches and tangled brushwood.

I was tired, and told my friends to go on and I would follow, as there was no danger. The distance to be covered was some eight miles. In this case even retrospection is unpleasant. Now and then there was a little open ground where a beck joined the fjord. About half way I came to a clearing at the head of a little bay. There cattle are sent in the summer for a short time. A little river came down here, and I noticed a plank bridge over it some way up. I was either too lazy or too tired—I don't know which—to go out of my way, so I waded across. Fortunately it was barely knee-deep. Then I came to some boggy land, and, to my joy, found a lot of cloudberry, which refreshed me. Shortly after this I saw a man ahead of me. It was Rubenson, who most kindly had waited for me. Indeed, he had now and then watched for me to come round some little promontory. Rarely have I welcomed the sight of a fellow-man so gladly as I then welcomed Rubenson. (This was neither the first nor the last time that Rubenson has, with great self-denial, waited for me to come up.) He told me that the others were going to send a boat for me, as the upper part of the fjord was quite calm. In due time it came.

It was certainly early in the day when we arrived in camp, and, after a welcome and a hot supper, we slept the sleep which we thought we deserved.

If perchance these short and wholly inadequate descriptions of ascents of some of the lower mountains within the Arctic circle should lead any of my readers to transfer, for awhile, their allegiance from the Alps to the wild terrain of Northern Norway, they will, if they have good weather, be richly rewarded.

If they choose the Lyngen peninsula, the most northern point of which almost touches the 70th parallel, they will see perhaps the best combination which Nature can offer in the way of ice, snow, rock, and coast scenery in Europe.

If they try the Lofoten Islands, they will find what is probably the most weirdly beautiful fjord scenery in the world, and rock climbing equal to that of the Chamonix aiguilles along with a certain amount of glacier work. In both Lyngen and Lofoten the geographical formation is principally gabbro, which will naturally remind those who have been fortunate enough to take their pleasures amongst the grandest of British mountain ranges, of the Coolins in Skye.

Should they select the mainland between the Salten and Ofoten fjords, they can still find a certain amount of geographical mountain exploration to be done on both sides of the frontier between Norway and Sweden. But most likely they may be tempted to attack and to subdue some of the few remaining mountain monstrosities of gneiss or granite, as well as mountains of rare beauty whose feet are laved by the salt sea waves.

Wherever they go they will meet in the sturdy Norsk folk those who are racially much nearer akin to us than in any other country apart from Scandinavia, those too whose sympathies during these awful times are wholly and full-heartedly with us, and who realise that we are fighting their battles as well as our own.

THE HARZ.

By K. L. Cox.

BECAUSE there are in Berlin thousands of Germans, and you can see them walking and talking, and eating and drinking, after six months there, you do not know much more of Germany than you did after the first fortnight. Most capitals are in, and not necessarily of, their countries. Possibly Berlin seems more than any other capital, because part of it—a large part—is of so deliberate a growth, and so built up of modern improvements. It is German, of course, but in many ways it is Germanised Austria, France, and England. By now, I suppose, it is deliberately Germanised German.

But you can never alter real country either by building absurd houses or adopting another nation's methods of cultivation. And you cannot make the country in Germany more or less German. It is Germany. In the more tourist-ridden parts you may be bothered by the presence and comments of other well-informed and unintelligent foreigners, but the country remains, happily, indifferent to their praise or blame.

I think the Harz Mountains take the same place in Germany as Sussex in England. They could not be found anywhere else. Moreover, it is only the ordinary walker who goes to the Harz, and he, if a foreigner, not very often. Far the greater number of tourists and holiday-makers in Germany go to Saxony or South Bavaria or the Tyrol—much as in England they make for the Lakes or Cornwall and the West. But by the Germans themselves the whole Harz district is well and thoroughly walked. The excuse for this article is that there will be no English walking there this year, and in these days it is some sort of comfort

to remind oneself of the pleasant things that have been and will be again in that country.

We left Berlin on impulse, tempted by two sunny days ; so, by accident rather than design, we found the Harz were not in season. It was too late for ski-ing, too early for the first walkers, and we had the country to itself. The first evening we only covered a mile or two up to an inn. In summer it was full enough, I expect, but at that time we only found a few foresters drinking and playing cards in a low smoky room. Hexendanzplatz I think it was called ; but all we saw were alternating shades of grey mist and rock and brown scrubby beech through the drift of a light snowstorm.

I had expected nothing but pinewoods, and the next day's walk was a surprise. There were stray beech hangers and tumbling, rather shallow streams at the bottom of the valleys. From the first it was not an adventurous country to walk in. There are so many paths that you have no possible excuse for going across country, and yet with such an elaborate patterning of the hills and valleys it is easy enough to lose one's way.

By the end of that day we were well into the Harz, and Berlin was removed by the infinite length of a first day's walk.

Two days later we got into a pine district. The paths were very straight, an almost featureless journey, the pine trees slipping by with a jerky precision, so that we were not sure that they did not move along pace by pace as we moved. In such woods any clearing is an adventure, and any shadow slipping behind the trunks or a rare pigeon flapping high up, a possible "geist." As you go between their lines the trunks melt into shadows, the shadows into a softness which blurs one's sight. Occasionally along the higher rides there is a break or a clearing, with cut trees numbered orderly, piled like a pagoda of cheese straws. Then, if you can get a sight of it, the country round looks covered with some soft wool texture sweeping up and down,

the nap worn bare and creased in the folds and on the ridges. In those parts the villages are very tightly wedged in the valleys, and coming down through the trees you only see their lights some time after you smell their wood fires and hear their barking dogs. There is a blessed quantity of food to be found in the smallest of these village inns—even in off seasons—and a welcoming interest in your doings and achievements, which is a contrast to the atmosphere of rather disapproving unbelief of English inns. Walking is so respectable a middle-class amusement in Germany.

It would probably have been much wiser not to have gone up the Brocken, but I cannot remember that there was even any question of shirking it. It seems the centre of the district, and we were drawn there inevitably. Moreover, it would have been impossible to tell friends in Berlin that you had walked in the Harz and had left the Brocken unvisited. They would so certainly ask.

It was not a good start, for we did many miles that day through dull roads and villages, and finally, quite near the foot of the Brocken, through a sort of sea-less Parkstone—a place of hotels and boarding-houses among straggling pinewoods, with dismal made-up gardens decorated and spaced as an arranged dinner table. Between seasons, with not enough snow to hide its ugly ornaments, and with half the shutters up, it was a dismal enough place. We left it and started up a well-marked track. The snow got deeper quickly, and we got hot, and silent, and rather dogged. Then it began to snow suddenly, and the wind whirled round and round any tree or tourist it could get at. It was a long climb up through stunted short firs gradually thinning out, and we could see nothing. Near the top we suddenly saw a curious dirty white creature moving along the snow behind two men. We caught them up, and found it was a small reindeer dragging a sleigh with food for the hotel on the top. It was, moreover, the official mail-coach—official crest and all—for the Brocken. We

were very tired, but we beat the mail, getting to the plateau on the top some ten minutes ahead. There we could only throw ourselves against the wind and make for a dim block of buildings half buried in snow. It had been cleared away from the door, and stood in walls at the side. We doubled into the hole like rabbits into a burrow.

The hotel was quite deserted. In a long low coffee-room, sprinkled by a hundred toadstool, marble-topped tables, we called for food, and a very friendly waiter came to us. His immaculate manner and shirt-front seemed oddly incongruous in that deserted eating-room, whose windows were blocked with snow, and where our voices echoed. All that evening we sat and read Heine, and the waiter told us what schools he had been to, and what certificates he had won, while we, by request, described for him the beauties of Piccadilly Circus and Brighton.

On Bank holidays, we were told, the Brocken boasts its thousands of visitors; on ordinary days in the season there are hundreds. Yet, oddly enough, that day we were incredibly remote from all Germany, with the snow being driven into fresh ramparts round the rows of beer-stained tables and small bare bedrooms.

The next morning the snow had stopped, but we were in a thick mist, and could see no shade of the giant shadow, no line of the country below. We decided to go on, and made out on the map a small track, romantically called "Goethe's Weg." Directly we had got off the cap of the Brocken we were into the sun, and very shortly consequently waist deep in snow every third step. It was exhausting. You were borne safely for five or six steps treading very delicately, and then you plunged, and so on for some miles. You cannot make really satisfactory shoes out of fir branches! As we got lower there were more trees, and the snow lay less deep, and then, suddenly, we came to a clearing and a "forsthaus." It was like the best sort of Hans Andersen fairy story, for they had an unbelievably large and delicious meal apparently waiting

for us, and a sleigh with bells in which we drove to the next village over a dazzling snow road edged with black polished pines.

There were other days of odd mixed country, more villages and streams, and then stretches of arable and pasture, where the snow had all melted, and the colours had rubbed through again, definite and distinct, as if block printed. Then, on the edge of the Harz, we came to small towns, almost a caricature of German mediævalism. All their "features" seemed to have been turned, by their admirable town councils, to the best advantage—the old Rathaus into a fine bierhalle, the old gardens into public parks.

Then finally we struck right down into the plain in a north-westerly direction, through rather lovely quiet country, with small copses and rolling fields, mostly rye sown, and looking back you could see the tuft of the Harz going up rather suddenly soft and dark coloured behind the bare light plain. It was warm and sunny, everything had begun to smell again, and we sat in the sun at the edge of a newly turned field, and lunched off pumpernickel and cheese. Near by, in a copse, coming up through a bed of dead beech leaves, there were hundreds of blue hepaticas, and further on I found a bush of sweet daphne.

My companions went back to England from the next town, and I, rather homesick, went on alone to Brunswick, where the plain has become ugly and dull, and of a piece with all North Germany. Of Brunswick I shall always give a good report, for as I wandered through its rather absurd mediæval streets, the children followed calling out "wander vögel," "bauerin," till I had to take refuge in a café.

And so in a train to Berlin, which after those days in the Harz seemed so oddly un-German.

THE LOVE OF NATURAL SCENERY

AS DISCLOSED IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY H. GALE GOTCH.

THE love of natural scenery as felt by us to-day is, in comparison with the long, slow advance of civilisation, of very recent growth. This is not to say there was no feeling for scenery in the old times ; there were men here and there who delighted in it, and there was a period in the history of Rome when the possession of a Sabine farm or a villa on Como or Garda was greatly valued. But the reader will soon find how widely this differed from the general love of scenery that obtains to-day.

I will first establish, by a few quotations, an idea of the modern spirit, and will then hark back to earlier times and see how close an approach to that spirit we can discover. I shall restrict myself in the main to English thought and feeling, and to that thought and feeling as disclosed in literature. The distinction is not without significance : it may well be maintained that the painters loved landscape before the poets, and this view has been urged without hesitation by Mr. Josiah Gilbert, in his " Landscape in Art " (John Murray, 1885) ; but how far love of landscape was derived from pictures will not be our present subject—in any case the number of persons influenced by original pictures would be very small. The prevalence of reproductions of landscape pictures is, indeed, important evidence of the interest of the public, but cannot be dealt with here.

Love of landscape to the Climbers' Club means primarily love of mountains, but were we only concerned with love of mountains our task would be much simpler : all travellers

through mountain districts prior to 1760 gave them little but abuse, thereafter they gave them praise, and by 1800 mountains were fully established in the public favour. The year 1760 was fixed on by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the first chapter of his "*Playground of Europe*": it is delightful to have so definite a date laid down!—and, I may add, one so reasonably defensible.

But the general love of scenery was much slower in its onset: it certainly obtained to some extent whilst mountains were still a source of horror, were deformities, were antagonistic, and before any suspicion arose that they could be beautiful.

Our inquiries will go to show whether this grew and strengthened of its own vitality, and especially whether it reached any height of enthusiasm before the beauty of mountains was discovered. As already stated, our plan will be to see what love of landscape is to-day, or has been during the last century, and then to look back two or three hundred years and try what evidences of it can be found from time to time. It will be impossible in modern examples entirely to disengage the love of lowland scenery from the influence of love of mountains, but the distinction shall, so far as possible, be observed—in any event the ideas of the man of to-day will be set in sharp contrast with those of his ancestors.

Let us, however, consider what, exactly, is the general love of scenery we are about to look for. In the first place, we are not seeking for praises of a land of milk and honey; and as we are not thinking of fertility, so we are not thinking of gardens, or the dawn alone, or sunset alone, or the eternal miracle of spring, or groves for shepherdess and swain.

Perhaps the simplest test is what sort of appreciation had our ancestors of what we call a view, and they called a prospect? And following on this we may put the much more searching question: How far did natural scenery influence their spiritual poise?

In giving a few instances of the modern feeling I will begin with Wordsworth. Wordsworth was born at Cocker-mouth, where his father was law-agent to Lord Lonsdale ; his mother belonged to Penrith, and he was put to school at Hawkshead. He was, therefore, from the first influenced by mountain scenery—indeed, Hazlitt, in “*The Spirit of the Age*,” after pointing out that there is little mention of mountainous scenery in his poetry, adds, “but by internal evidence one might be almost sure it was written in a mountainous country, from its bareness, its simplicity, its loftiness and its depth !” But we are calling Wordsworth as a witness, not to the beauty of mountain but of lowland scenery, and especially to its power and influence on men.

Take, for instance, the well-known “*Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey*,” in July, 1798, which happily inaugurate the decade Matthew Arnold names as giving birth to almost all his really first-rate work. He tells us how he felt towards natural scenery on a former visit five years before,

“ For nature then
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was—The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past ” ;

and adds that since then he has learned to look on nature, not as in the hour of youth, but hearing oftentimes the still, sad music of humanity—has felt a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused that rolls through all things. But none the less—nay, the more—is he still

“ A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In Nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart ; and soul
Of all my moral being "
. and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service : rather say
With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love."

Many, many passages might be quoted from Wordsworth, but there is little need—rather will the reader be apt to say that his case is clear but exceptional. Wordsworth, however, was not a lone witness, nor are we to think of him as a discoverer ; he was a pre-eminent exponent of what many now felt but had only recently learned to feel. The feeling has not since been lost.

Our next witness shall be of a totally different type, Benjamin Disraeli. In " Contarini Fleming " the hero exclaims :

" On the 18th day of August, 1826, I praise the Almighty Giver of all goodness that, standing upon the height of Mount Jura, I beheld the whole range of the High Alps, with Mont Blanc in the centre, without a cloud : a mighty spectacle rarely beheld."

" The mountains in ranges gradually diminishing . . . rose out of a plain. Through the centre of the plain, a deep blue lake wound its way, which, viewed from the height of Jura, seemed like a purple girdle carelessly thrown upon some imperial robe."

I should now like to call in evidence an artist in a totally different medium, a musician, not writing for the public, but for his personal friends. The scene will still be Switzerland, for we have admitted that when once the love of mountains was awakened it became an almost indissoluble part of love of scenery ; but the testimony shall have special regard to the foot-hills and the lowlands. And, indeed, Mendelssohn (for it is of his joyous visit, at the age of 22, that I speak) was no mountaineer in our sense of the word : he " crossed the little Scheidegg, and was rather proud of that " ; he climbed the Faulhorn, and remained the night in the house of refuge on the top, which then (1831)

claimed to be the highest inn in Europe. He travelled alone, but it was a charming voyage, and his letters are full of simple, happy, hearty touches—of the gardener at Isola Bella, who asked if he knew a wind instrument ; of the doctor, the apothecary and the judge, who recommended to him the plays of Shakespeare, though one childish one in particular he should by no means read—this was the “*Midsummer Night's Dream*,” his Overture to which was already four years old ; of his ill-humour at Interlaken, which obliged him to sing Beethoven's *Adagio* in A-flat major three or four times over ; of his dislike of the lieutenant, the dyer and the carpenter from Berlin, “all bent on destroying France.” His enjoyment of the scenery was intense, and there is no lack of that recognition of its influence on the spirit which we are treating as the essential note of modern love of scenery.

He writes, for instance, to his parents from Chamonix, where he had been with them ten years before : “But this I may say, that nowhere has Nature in all her glory met my eyes in such brightness as here, both when I saw it with you for the first time and now ; and as every one who sees it ought to thank God for having given him faculties to comprehend and appreciate such grandeur, so I must also thank you for having procured me such a pleasure.” He had already enjoyed “an enchanting journey through the Valais”—that Rhone valley which we pretend to find so dull—and thereafter he enjoyed the Col de Jaman and the Simmenthal and other routes destitute of high mountains. As an example take this passage : “The country is beautiful beyond all conception ; and though the weather is again odious, yet the Tellsplatte, the Grütli, Brunnen and Schwytz, and the dazzling green of the meadows this evening in Unterwalden, are too lovely ever to be forgotten. The hue of this green is most unique, refreshing the eye and the whole being.”

I may remark in passing that his journey was, in one respect, far from being in sympathy with the modern spirit :

by no means did he travel "regarding his profession with a lordly unconcern," for at every opportunity he sought out the village organ, and some very amusing experiences are recorded.

But let us leave 1831 and come at once to recent years and to the quite modern thought of the influence of clouds. Take this passage from Algernon Gissing's "A Secret of the North Sea" :

"Her window faced the sea in the east, and she gazed long at the prospect. It was once more a wondrous autumn morning after the rain, beautified by an inexhaustible display of cloud, of those loftiest spiritual clouds which, by their dazzling purity of colour and infinite delicacy and symmetry of form, transport the imagination with a power denied to any other natural force. She drew additional exhilaration from the spectacle."

I have spoken of the widespread love of scenery that obtains to-day. There is no need to labour the point : the pictorial advertisements that meet the eye in every railway station, the prospectuses of coach and hotel proprietors are sufficient witness.

Now let us look back to the past—and first, of course, to Shakespeare, for if there is any sense of beauty which he did not share, or sharing, did not communicate, we may rest assured it will not be found in our earlier literature. I am not about to maintain that Shakespeare had no sense of scenic beauty. Far from it ! we need but one line :

"The uncertain glory of an April day."

2 Gent. I. 3.

Have we not here the feeling for space, for brilliant landscape, for clouds that diffuse the glory ? I say all this is implicit, but it is not explicit ; for if we take the passage as a whole its burden is merely the brightness of one hour and the gloom of the next. This narrower burden is absent from another reference to April glory :

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime."

Sonnet III.

If I now remind you of a few of Shakespeare's references to scenery it will be apparent how little explicit is the feeling for a view, for widespread scenery.

References to sunrise are many, and one incomparable :

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings
And Phœbus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies." Cymb. II. 3.

On this it may be remarked that Spenser has similar passages even to the chariot and the mounting lark, and makes Phœbus water his faint steeds, but at nightfall, and in ocean deep. Such references we do find in Spenser, but I know of nothing approaching what we seek. Now observe how in other passages Shakespeare treats wide expanses :

From *Hamlet* : "This goodly frame the earth . . . this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament . . . appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours"; from *Othello* : the "antres vast and deserts idle, rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven"; from *Lear* : the view from Dover cliff, which unfortunately for our purpose is treated mainly for the effect of height rather than extent.

If we turn to Milton we find the same implicit sense of landscape beauty, and the same dearth of express statement. Milton's case is remarkable, because we meet two outstanding opportunities for description of a view from a height, and we are entitled to expect the more that Satan, in later times a well-seen judge of landscape, was concerned in both.

The first is in *Paradise Lost*, where Satan, after having winged his way through the Empyrean, glides (like an aviator of to-day) and

"Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor staid till on Niphates' top he lights." P. L. III. 741.

Here he remains, and delivers his splendid address to the Sun; but of what he saw we learn only

"Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad." P. L. IV. 27.

On he fares and to the border came of Eden, where he saw trees bearing at once flowers and fruit, "and lovely seemed that landskip." He o'erleaps the encircling mound of Paradise :

"Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant."

P. L. IV. 194.

But what he saw was fertility, not landscape : on the one hand he finds a fertile garden, flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose : on the other hand, caves of cool recess, the mantling vine, murmuring waters, and the quire of birds :

"Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Prosérpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered . . . might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive."

P. L. IV. 268.

The second opportunity occurs in *Paradise Regained* (III. 251).

"With that (such power was given him then) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high."

At the foot a spacious plain, outstretched in circuit wide, lay pleasant ; fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine ; herds and flocks, huge cities, and even (so large was the prospect) barren deserts, fountainless and dry, were to be seen.

But all this varied scene proves as little to our purpose as it proved to the Tempter's. He, indeed, points out the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them ; but that glory is of martial equipage, of elephants indorsed with towers, of Rome, of Athens, of India, and the Golden Chersonese.

References to sunrise are innumerable and of the utmost beauty.

"Morn
Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of Light."

P. L. VI. 2.

"Till Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray."
Par. Reg. IV. 426.
"Under the opening eyelids of the Morn."
Lyc. 26.

So, though less frequent, are those to sunset and to grateful Evening mild.

On one occasion we feel sure we must be approaching a view,

"As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow or shower,
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening beam . . ."
P. L. II. 488.

What happens? a glorious view far-stretching o'er lake or woodland? an unforgettable radiance as of the evening purple on Crib Goch or the gold on the Aiguille du Midi? Not at all:

". . . the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings."

Milton, as we see, lacked not sensibility, but the absence of expression as regards landscape is quite remarkable. In youth, for instance, he visited Italy, and Latin letters to friends made on that journey remain. I am afraid it must be assumed that members of the Climbers' Club are not already skilled in those Latin letters, nor likely to become so, but happily translations in verse were made by no less a poet than Cowper, and are published with his works. It may be fairly said they bear no evidence of the effect of Italian landscape, nor of his having passed the Alps and sojourned at Geneva.

Once, indeed, but in prose, he does conduct us to a hillside, there to show us "the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming." (Tractate on Education. Par. 7).

Having treated these two great poets at length, we may

perhaps now pass on to the next century without detailed reference to Denham (of "Cooper's Hill" celebrity) and the lesser lights, who would yield us no satisfaction ; but before we do so two men of prose claim a few words. Of these the first is John Bunyan, who brings his pilgrims, towards the end of their journey, when they are nearing the Celestial City, to the Delectable mountains. It is surely not a little remarkable that at so early a period he should venture in conjunction the words "mountains" and "delectable."

The mountains, it is true, are but Biblical hills, where the pilgrims "behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water ; where also they drank and washed themselves and did freely eat of the vineyards." There was a pleasant prospect from these hills, and from one called *Clear* the Celestial City might be seen ; but only through the Shepherds' Perspective glass, and this the pilgrims were disabled from using in consequence of the trembling induced by their sight of the By-way to Hell, by the cries of the tormented and the scent of the brimstone.

A much more valuable witness is John Evelyn, the author of "Sylva." In the introductory passages of his Diary, which may be of so early a date as 1641, he speaks of Wotton, his early, and his latest, home as "tho' in a valley, yet really upon part of Lyth Hill, one of the most eminent in England for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit, tho' by few observed."

In the year mentioned he came to the inglorious resolution "to absent himself from the ill face of things at home," and to travel. Again, in 1643, after a service of three days in the King's army, he began a long journey, going by Marseilles and Genoa to Florence, Rome and Naples. Of the prospects about Naples he is full of praise. He ascended Vesuvius, "crawling up the proclivity with great difficulty, now with our feete, now with our hands, not without many untoward slips which did much bruise us," and though chiefly interested in the "terrible vorago, a stupendious pit," records that the summit "presents one of the goodliest

prospects in the world," and having named the places in view adds that nothing can be more delightful. This was on February 7th, 1645. A view was not to him a thing to thank God for, but the features of the country through which he passes are often in his thoughts, especial praise being given to the plain of Lombardy, where "the highways are even and strait as a line, with vines to every tree, much corn, and olives in abundance." In September, 1646, he crossed the Simplon and reached Geneva. His entertaining account is given in Mr. Arnold Lunn's "Englishman in the Alps," and is, in any case, too long for quotation here. He has, of course, no sense of mountain beauty or even grandeur; he and his friends, amongst whom an irascible Parliamentary captain is a most amusing figure, mount through strange, horrid and fearful crags to the huts of Sampion, where they pass the night, and descending next day, after a risky quarrel with the inhabitants (assembled for mass) about a slain goat, reached the valley of the Rhone, which they found as pleasant a country as that they had just travelled was melancholy and troublesome: so passing through the same pleasant valley, between the horrid mountains on either hand, they pursued their way. He speaks of "the countries bordering on the lake of Geneva (Savoy and Berne), affording one of the most delightful prospects in the world, the Alps covered with snow, though at a great distance, showing their aspiring tops."

Evelyn gives other evidences of love of scenery: on June 20th, 1649, he goes to Putney and other places on the Thames to take prospects in crayon to carry with him into France, where he thought to have them engraved. On another occasion (in 1678) he pays a visit to Lord Sunderland, "now Secretary of State, to show him that rare piece of Vosterman's (son of old Vosterman) which was a view or landscape of my Lord's palace, &c., at Althorp in Northamptonshire." It will be observed that the words *view* and *landscape* are applied to the picture and not to the scene itself.

The early part of the eighteenth century is admitted, even by those who hold that love of scenery was all along a distinction of the English, to be singularly wanting in evidence of it ; and with the reader's permission I will pass over Addison, Pope, Swift, Fielding, and Smollett as barren rascals in this regard ; but James Thomson cannot be so briefly dismissed. The case of Thomson is peculiar : his direct references to scenery do not much appeal to us to-day, but his skill in description was highly prized by his contemporaries, and for long afterwards. Cowper wrote of him as admirable in description and a true poet : Wordsworth carried a pocket-copy of "The Castle of Indolence." Dr. Johnson's view will probably commend itself to my readers ; that Thomson had a true poetical genius, but too great a cloud of words. Johnson one day took down his copy of Thomson and read aloud a large portion to Shiels (who compiled Cibber's "Lives of the Poets"), and asked, "Is not this fine ?" Shiels expressed the highest admiration. "Well, sir," said Johnson, "I have omitted every other line." Yet Thomson certainly did something to teach his age that scenery was beautiful.

In 1741 Horace Walpole and Gray travelled into Italy, making a divergence on the way to visit the Grande Chartreuse. Their descriptions of this visit foreshadow the change of feeling that was shortly to take place with regard to the mountains, but the passage of the Mont Cenis is treated in quite the old style : in fact, what strikes one most is how like the account of their journey is to Evelyn's of a century before. Their appreciation of scenery in general is not a whit in advance of his.

Goldsmith delighted in the scenery of many lands, and has left us a charming reminiscence of (may I say ?) Grindelwald, for I know not where else his lines—

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm ;
Tho' round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head"—

should have been conceived. The word *cliff* is exactly

appropriate of the Wetterhorn or the Eiger, and how few are the places which Goldsmith could have visited that offer a lofty cliff to the view. It is a beautiful passage, though, as with other beautiful passages, it be false in its conclusion.

Strictly to prove the paucity of a sentiment, we ought to examine the evidence of all writers. This is impossible; suffice it that we examine a few, from whom, if the sentiment existed, it would certainly be reflected, even if it were not present in the individuals themselves. There is a difficulty, too, in finding the man and the record. A barren record may only show that an unsuitable individual has been chosen: a suitable individual may have left no record.

We can, however, take a suitable man who has left a record; a prominent writer of the century under review, a man of great reading, and who enjoyed the widest intercourse with the best Englishmen of his time, the close friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and one who had shown his interest in the remoter parts of Britain by a journey to the Hebrides. The reference is, of course, to Dr. Johnson, and the record is his "Diary of a Journey into North Wales in the Year 1774."

If we could also have a record of the impressions made by the same scenes on a lady of gentle birth, of fashion, of "lively talents improved by education," anxious to be abreast of the latest polite tastes (so great a contrast to Johnson), what more could we need? This we may have, for when Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, with their little daughter Queenie, travelled into North Wales to take possession of a property that had fallen to the lady, they asked Mr. Johnson (as he then was) to accompany them, and Mrs. Thrale, too, kept a diary.* They all set out from Streatham in a carriage and four on July 5th, 1774, and were absent nearly three months. Surely, from the judgment of so varied a

* Johnson's Diary was not published till 1816; Mrs. Thrale's not till 1910, when both were given *in extenso* by Mr. A. M. Broadley in his "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale." (John Lane, 1910.)

group, something may be learned of the part that scenery played in the taste of that day.

They made first for Lichfield, Dr. Johnson's birthplace ; on the 11th they visited the gardens of Ilam, at the entrance to Dovedale, and on the 12th Chatsworth. The Doctor records that of all the Duke's possessions he liked Atlas best. Now Atlas was a racehorse, "fifteen hands inch and half," and is mentioned here to show that Johnson was susceptible to impressions foreign to his usual range of thought. On the 13th they were at Matlock, and thereafter at Oakover, Ashbourne, Dovedale, Kedleston, and Buxton. Here they visited Pool's Hole, and the same night reached Macclesfield, but not a word is said in either diary of the view from the height where stands the "Cat and Fiddle" Inn. They saw Congleton, Namptwich, Combermere, Shavington, and Hawkestone. Hawkestone, the seat of Sir Rowland Hill, has full attention, and Johnson's elaborate comparison between the gardens here and those they had seen at Ilam is specially referred to by his Editor in proof that, "long celebrated for his moral and ethical writings," he was equally interested in the beauties of nature. Of Hawkestone he says : "Though it wants water, it excels Dovedale by the extent of its prospects, the awfulness of its shades, the horrors of its precipices, the verdure of its hollows and the loftiness of its rocks : the ideas which it forces upon the mind are the sublime, the dreadful and the vast . . . Hawkestone should be described by Milton and Ilam by Parnell." By Chester and Mold they reached their destination at Llewenny, near Denbigh. They rode, during their stay, to a prospect in the grounds of Llewenny, and to a number of neighbouring points of interest (some with views), and at length went westward by Abergele, Penmaen Rhôs and Conway Ferry, reaching Conway at midday. Nothing is said in either diary of the views that had been before their eyes, notably of Conway from the east side of the ferry, or of the fine stretch of estuary as they looked up the vale of Llanrwst. At Conway it was race-day, and they were

much delayed, being "not very readily supplied with cold dinner." They wished now that they could stay the night in Conway, being afraid of passing Penmaen Mawr but by bright daylight; for they had heard of the rough and dangerous track that followed the seaward slope of the mountain, replacing the old road that crossed the fells behind Penmaen Mawr and came down near Llanfairfechan. To their joy they came to Penmaen Mawr by daylight, and found a way lately made, very easy and very safe. At Baron Hill, where they went next day, Mrs. Thrale speaks of the "streights and the mountains, an assemblage scarcely to be mended even by the imagination," but Johnson's only comment is that the garden walks have a pleasing coolness and solemn gloom. Johnson was greatly interested in Beaumaris Castle, as he was later on in that at Carnarvon; he did not think there had been such buildings; they surpassed his ideas.

On August 26th, with Mrs. Wynne, and piloted by Lieut. Troughton, R.N., "an intelligent and loquacious wanderer," they "visited Llyn Badarn and Llyn Beris, two lakes joined by a narrow strait."

They travelled on horseback by a wild, rocky route to a cottage by the side of the lake, where they found a harper, to whose accompaniment Mrs. Wynne sang them Welsh songs. They rowed on the lakes, examined Dolbadarn Castle, "and saw Snowdon tower over the neighbouring hills with all the dignity of barren magnitude . . . goats frisking on the hills, and a cataract playing at a small distance so finished the scene that nothing, I think," says Mrs. Thrale, "could be wished for."

We can tell to-day with some exactitude what kind of view then met their gaze, for it is represented in one of the earliest engravings of mountain scenery. This was published by J. Boydell in 1750, and had been drawn and engraved by him: its price was 1s. 6d. It is often offered in print-sellers' catalogues, usually coloured, and apparently belongs to a set of four. The title runs "A View of Snowdon in

the Vale of Llan Beriis in Caernarvon Shire." The summit is not shown, though if I remember rightly what I have not seen for fifty years, the travellers may well have observed it from rising ground close to the eastern side of the strait which joins the two Llyns.

In Boydell's print the lake and the horse-track which follows its western side (more closely than the present road) are in the immediate foreground; there are four separate travellers, each with his horse, and on the lake are boats with men fishing. Llanberis (*old*, sc.) appears at the far end of the lake. The *blocs perchés*, so vital a feature of Llanberis Pass, are well shown, and the hills are freely dotted with goats. If Mrs. Thrale possessed a copy of this, her daughter Queenie had marked the goats to her profit, for she made a bargain with her father for a penny for every goat she could see: Dr. Johnson kept the account and gives the number as 149. On the strength of this day's jaunt, and of what else we have recorded, Johnson wrote to Boswell that he had been upon Penmaen Mawr and Snowdon, adding, "but Wales is so little different from England that it offers nothing to the speculation of the traveller."

We find, then, that on this journey they visited many gardens; gardens indeed, but of such extent that their prospects approach those of nature, and come fairly within our subject. They went out of their way, both on the outward and the homeward journey, to several prospects, and we therefore conclude they found a pleasure in them; but, on the other hand, many splendid views that their route traversed called forth no remark. The impression made on Mrs. Thrale by Llanberis has been quoted; we have no testimony from Johnson, but at this date Mrs. Thrale records that "he would not have the images he has gained since he left the vale (of Clwyd one assumes) erased for £100."

On the whole we must say that, though there was some appreciation of scenery and some dawn of interest in the mountains, there was no enthusiasm, no lasting joy.

But now we have reached the period when the mountains have arrived, when Gray, for instance, so cold in 1741, can tell us in 1770 that a mountainous country is the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery; and with the arrival of the mountains the main interest of the story passes, for a few years only, into other literature than ours, and that not entirely, for it does not surprise us that Thos. Pennant should make himself familiar with the heights of his native Wales, and be sensible of the beauty that their views disclose; or that Cowper in 1780 should write to a friend: "O! I could spend whole days and moonlight nights in feeding upon a lovely prospect! My eyes drink the rivers as they flow," though we may fairly wonder whether the Rev. John Newton was a sympathetic recipient.

And if with these two weak witnesses I conclude, I ask you to realise that though they say little, what they do say is essentially different from what we have met with in the past. The commonplace country gentleman sees glory in the views which a few years earlier poets passed over as of no account: and the poet of the Ouse and "Nen's barge-laden wave," whose chief view-point was bounded on the north by a lofty quick-set hedge, and who feared to face the terrors of the Sussex hills, writes to his spiritual despot of the joy he gains from earthly beauty. With these weak witnesses, I say, I may conclude; for we know that like the weak mica-flake of Mr. Ruskin, the great prose-poet of the mountains, the feelings they speak of shall endure; that like the ever increasing volume of his "sweet waves of Reuss and Limmat" they shall grow, till a century later he can touch a vibrant chord in the feelings of us all, when he says, "To myself mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; in them and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them my affections are wholly bound up," and claim our sympathetic assent when he bids us preserve "the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery."

VAL D'ISÈRE

By H. C.

"THE summer of the year 1783 was an amazing and portentous one and full of horrible phenomena." So wrote Gilbert White, in terms which are singularly appropriate to the summer of 1914. I had planned an attractive programme of expeditions in the Tarentaise and Maurienne in company with my old friends, F. P. and his wife. We left London on July 18th. At Aix-les-Bains we suddenly parted company, and I was left to go on with a triplicate assortment of hats, coats, rucksacks, and ice-axes, whilst my friends vainly endeavoured to extricate some baggage they had registered to Aix. From Moûtiers-Salins the P.L.M. automobil whirled me swiftly up the hot and dusty road to Pralognan, where I spent the night at the Dôme de Chassefôret Hotel. The weather was close and threatening. Next morning I strolled up to the Col de la Vanoise. From the Glière chalets I followed the track which mounts steeply to the right of the mule path and winds round the south flank of the Vanoise Aiguille, skirting the wild ravine opposite the icefall of the Arcellin Glacier, whose seracs cling hazardously to the treacherous black cliffs. There was a brilliant display of alpine flowers here. *Aretia vitaliana* was unusually abundant: a pretty little creeping tufted plant of the primrose family, with bright yellow, waxlike flowers. Heavy rains came on before I arrived at the Refuge Felix Faure, where the Couttet family gave me a friendly welcome. The pass wore a most wintry aspect. The Lac Long, where we bathed in 1911, was full of ice, and the grass slopes around were deep in snow. I whiled away the afternoon watching birds. A party of

snowfinches enlivened the place with their graceful flight and sweet twitterings. Couttet told me they nest at the Refuge. I noted also the Alpine Accentor, Black Redstart, Alpine Pipit, Ptarmigan, and the rarely seen Rock Thrush. Alpine Choughs sailed about the Aiguille. Their softly modulated whistle is strangely unlike the raucous note of other members of the *Corvidæ*. The P.'s did not arrive until after nightfall. For the next two days it rained, or snowed, without ceasing. On the first day two tourists came up to lunch. One of them, a genial Russian, an enthusiast of the mountains, was a member of the Embassy at Berlin. His companion, a sturdy Lyonnais, might have sat for a portrait of Tartarin. Their cheerful view of life was infectious. Together we drank to the success of the Triple Entente, little dreaming how vital an alliance it was soon to become. On the third day it was obvious that no climbing was possible, and so, wearied of inaction, we tramped across to Val d'Isère by the Col de la Leisse and the Col de Fresse. Snow fell lightly all the way, changing to heavy rain as we descended to Val d'Isère. We put up at the Hôtel Parisien, where we found excellent fare and entertaining company. Next day the weather cleared, and we had a delightful ramble over the Tête de Solaise. This is a great buttress, covered with rich pastures, which rises to a height of about 8,000 feet in the angle between the Isère valley and the Calabourdane glen. In a shallow basin on the summit lies the Lac d'Ouglietta. Here is a charming spot for an off day, and a paradise for the botanist. The lake is shallow and not too cold for bathing, but the bottom is muddy. The banks were carpeted with white and gold flowers of *Ranunculus pyrenæus* and *Geum montanum*. The best way to reach the lake is to climb straight up from the village to the top of the old larch forest which straggles far up the mountain. There is a fine panorama from the summit. Across the Val d'Isère is a long range of glacier peaks, comprising the Sassièr, Tsanteleina, and Pointe de la Galise; to the north the

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Photo by]

The Hotel Parisien, Val d'Isère.

[H. Candler.



Photo by]

The Street, Val d'Isère.

[H. Candler.

Mont Pourri, and to the west the Grande Motte and Pointe de la Sana.

Next day, the 25th, four of us started at 5 a.m. for the Tsanteleina. From Le Fornet a well marked track winds up on the left towards a desolate rocky *cwm*, the Plan des Nettes. After breakfasting here we made our way along moraine débris to the foot of the belt of rocks which holds up the little Quart-dessus Glacier. The rocks were easy, except where glazed with frozen snow; above them we traversed gentle slopes of névé to the Col Bobba at the foot of the final peak. The weather had been rapidly deteriorating, and was now very thick, with furious gusts of wind and scuds of snow. The Col Bobba lies at the top of a steep couloir, on the left side of which the Tsanteleina rises in a fine precipice. We crept a few yards down the couloir to seek shelter, but an icy blast poured down as through a funnel, wafting a new felt hat into Italy. The cold was severe, and we soon moved on up the last, steep snow-slope to the summit (11,831 feet). Here we crouched between two slabs on the nearly level ridge, waiting vainly for the weather to clear, but getting only an occasional glimpse of ridges and snow-slopes beneath us. We followed the same route down. On the way home we stopped to look at the remains of a huge avalanche, which had fallen in April from the southern flank of the valley, narrowly missing the hamlet of Le Fornet. The river was completely blocked for two or three hundred yards, and had tunnelled a way through the icy mass. A larch wood in the track of the avalanche had suffered severely. People were at work cutting up and removing the broken trunks.

Two days later we set out with the intention of following up the Charvet glen, crossing from its head to the Glacier des Fours, and thence making our way home down the Calabourdane glen. The weather was delusively bright and almost warm. As we loitered up the steep grass slopes above the Cascade de Charvet we disturbed

a big fox, who seemed to be stalking a party of snowfinches ; he cantered up hill and sat watching us at a safe distance. A long trudge over sodden turf and up soft snow-slopes brought us to the top of the Glacier des Fours. Here we were caught in a snowstorm, and trying to find a way down to the Calabourdane glen we became involved in a maze of steep grass slopes, very slippery with new snow, and interrupted with steep gullies and bands of rock. After futile attempts to circumvent them we turned back, and P., who has a genius for topography, skilfully effected a retreat to the Charvet glen by a short cut, to which an observation of the junction of certain strata, which he had made on the way up, gave him the clue. As we crossed an enclosure near the foot of the valley, in pitch darkness, an excited mob of cows closed in upon us with tremendous bellowings, and we had a struggle to get through them. The snow here changed to rain, and it was a sodden and weary party that straggled into Val d'Isère at 10.30 p.m.

Neither the weather nor the condition of the mountains were good enough for strenuous expeditions, and we spent the next four days pottering about the lower slopes. One day we climbed straight up on the north side of the village to an amphitheatre surrounded by ridges of shattered aiguilles. Bearing to the east, we mounted to a conspicuous col, and then scrambled up to a point on the horribly disintegrated, slabby ridge above it. Then, crossing the col, we descended into another great hollow, and continued traversing very rough slopes until we struck the Tsanteleina path, and so home. An attempt on the Pointe des Lessières was frustrated by storms of sleet and snow, but the day had its compensations. We had the pleasure of watching a family party of Wall-creeper hopping and fluttering amongst the rocks in search of food—exquisite little birds, with slate-grey backs and crimson-banded wings : alpine cousins of our familiar Tree-creeper. On the way home we rested above the Lac d'Ouglietta, whose

emerald banks were irradiated by faint sun gleams through swirling mists.

Despite the persistent ill weather we were a cheerful party at the Hôtel Parisien. Dinner was a sociable function at which French and English spontaneously fraternised. The indefatigable Madame Moris presided over all with unfailing spirits and with a watchful eye to the needs of every guest. Speculation was rife one evening as to the nature of a dish which figured on the menu as "Négresse en chemise." A shrewd old priest ended the discussion with an oracular "il faut attendre." (The negress was a chocolate soufflé, with a chemise of whipped cream.) After dinner we assembled in the ante-room, a sort of tap-room, furnished with deal tables and forms, with a cask of wine on trestles. Here, under the leadership of *Madame la Générale*, we played riddles and round games, and the youngsters gave gymnastic displays. The belated newspapers we received were full of disquieting rumours, but no one seemed to realise the imminence of war.

Val d'Isère is a restful place. Every evening at six o'clock the herd of plump, tawny little cows comes down from the pastures of the Solaise, and marching through the cobble-paved street each cow turns in to her respective domicile. For at Val d'Isère the cows occupy the ground floor in almost every house. An hour later a flock of lively goats enters the village from the other end, and is likewise distributed for the night. These, with the arrival of the P.L.M. automobil from Bourg and the postman from Tignes, are the only excitements the village affords.

On Saturday, August 1st, we had our first really fine day, and five of us started at 6 a.m. to explore the little pass which had baffled us a few days before. This time we reversed our previous route, following up the Calabourdane torrent and crossing to the left bank at the highest chalet. Thence we mounted rough slopes, with

the torrent in a *gouffre* on our left, until we reached a secluded grassy hollow, where we breakfasted at 9 a.m. and basked luxuriously in the sun. Farther on we crossed the torrent again, and scrambled up a steep little snow couloir and over easy rocks to the top of a buttress near the foot of the Glacier des Fours. Descending slightly, we soon reached the glacier, a very extensive *nevé*, lying in a wide shallow basin, rimmed with broken ridges of rock. We tramped for two miles up easy slopes under a cloudless sky, and found the heat and glare very trying. When we reached the watershed (about 9,600 feet) it was past noon, and we cheerfully abandoned the idea of wading in soft snow to the top of the Pointe de la Sana. All agreed that it would be useless to seek a finer point of view, and we ate our lunch squatting in a circle on the snow. Mont Blanc, his snows tinged with that faint golden hue which distance lends, rose grandly some forty miles to the north, framed on the left by the Mont Pourri, and on the right by the Grande Sassièrè and Tsanteleina. On our right were the peaks of the Grand Paradis group, and close by on our left the Pointe de la Sana, with the snowy pyramid of the Grande Motte peering over its shoulder. The day was absolutely perfect, and no shadow of impending war disturbed our peace. The snow was so soft on our descent that even sitting glissades gave poor satisfaction, but the stroll down the flowery slopes to the mouth of the Charvet glen was delightful. As we neared Val d'Isère that evening we were surprised to hear the church bell tolling at an unaccustomed hour. Entering the village, we found a little group of women and children, with the *curé* in their midst, gazing in consternation at a big poster headed by the tricolour. It was the order for "Mobilisation générale," which had just been affixed to the wall of the *mairie*, and the bell was sounding the tocsin. The automobil that plies between Bourg and Val d'Isère had already left the village, carrying all the able-bodied Frenchmen it could hold, whilst others were making ready to set out

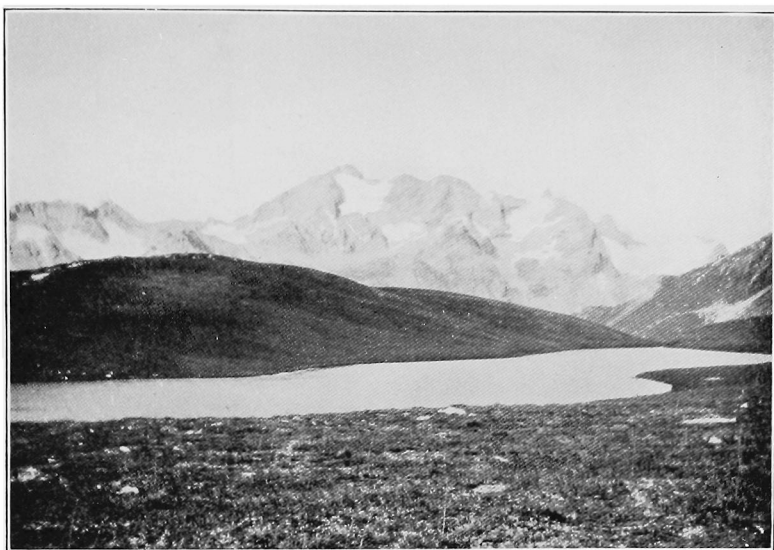


Photo by]

Lac d'Ouglietta and the Tsanteleina.

[H. Candler.



Photo by]

The Grande Motte from the Glacier des Fours.

[H. Candler.



on foot. Every man fit for service between the ages of twenty and forty-eight is summoned, priests not excepted.

It soon appeared that we should have some difficulty in effecting a retreat. Italian neutrality was not yet declared, and extensive movements of troops were taking place at Bourg St. Maurice. We learnt that no civilians would be permitted to entrain there for three or four days. A party of the *garde-forestier* came up the valley to watch the passes into Italy. Some of them returned to Val d'Isère next day, with two Italian climbers captured on the Col de la Galise. They appeared much amused at their misadventure, and were positive that their country would not go to war. A forlorn procession of Italian labourers, some seventy in number, passed through the village en route for the Col de la Galise. They came from a quarry near Albertville, which had been closed. They were not equipped for mountain travel, and must have found the descent of the steep iced couloirs on the Italian side a difficult undertaking. We had no more zest for climbing, and sought for some useful outlet for our energies. The hay harvest, long delayed by the rain, was now in full swing, and many poor women were left to grapple with the work alone. The hay crop is all important at Val d'Isère, where, at a height of over 6,000 feet, little else is grown, and where the cows are the villagers' main resource. So for three or four days the fifteen English, who were stranded at Val d'Isère, devoted their efforts to the haysel. One lady of the party proved an expert with the scythe; others turned the hay over or collected it into heaps ready for trussing, whilst the men did the carrying. The hay is corded up into compact oblong trusses or *ballons*, weighing a hundredweight or more apiece. To carry one of these down a rough steep slope on your back looks a hopeless task, but it is mainly a question of balance, and when once the load is properly adjusted the feat is not difficult. In this way a good many tons were

safely housed by our party in the little stone chalets, and the villagers were grateful for our help.

Before we could start it was necessary to obtain a *sauf-conduit*, and for this purpose we all assembled at the *mairie*, whither the *maire* had been summoned from his hay-field to receive us. There were not sufficient forms to go round, and the old gentleman was rather perplexed, but the difficulty was solved by each of us making out and filling up his own form on blank sheets of paper, which were duly stamped by the clerk and signed by the *maire*. On Wednesday evening we got a wire from Bourg promising us a train at 7.30 next morning. The automobil had ceased running, and we had to abandon our luggage and do the twenty-mile journey on foot. All the French visitors had departed save two, a retired General—a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War—and his wife. Daniel Moris, the landlord, had gone to the war, and his wife found herself obliged to shut up the hotel at the height of the season. Despite her trials, Madame Moris was cheerful and undaunted, and scrupulously attentive to the welfare of her guests. At our farewell dinner the General, ordering the best wine the house afforded, drank our healths and toasted the Allies in a graceful little speech. Having stuffed our rucksacks with provisions and a change of clothes, our party—four men and two ladies—started at midnight for the long tramp down the valley. The weather was threatening, with incessant lightning in the north. Wet rocks on the eastern slopes glittered like hoarfrost in the moonlight. Between Tignes and Ste. Foye we were caught in a tremendous storm. The noise of the thunder silenced the roar of the torrent, and the rain came down in a deluge. We sheltered beneath an overhanging rock at 3 a.m., and with some difficulty lit a lantern and got a Primus to work. A breakfast with hot tea was comforting; but we could not afford to loiter, and the rest of our march in pitiless rain was acutely miserable. On arriving at Bourg St. Maurice we had to appear before the Commandant to



Photo by]

Chasseurs Alpins crossing the Col de la Vanoise.

[H. Candler.

establish our identity and get permission to proceed. Luckily I possessed a passport. The P.'s had nothing to show, except the *sauf-conduit* of the *maire* of Val d'Isère, which the officer scornfully waved aside. In the end I think my passport carried us all through. The little mountain town was full of troops. As we hurried down to the station a facetious colonel called out to us in English, "Make haste."

It was a weary journey from Bourg to Paris, the train stopping at every station on the line. We left at 8 a.m., and changed our sodden clothes in the carriage. After four hours' journey we reached Albertville (thirty miles), where we were summarily ejected to make room for a party of reservists. A sprightly young *Chasseur Alpin* was humorously apologetic as we flung our belongings—boots, sacks, coats, and axes—pêle-mêle on to the platform: "J'en suis désolé, messieurs-dames mais qu'en voulez vous? C'est à la guerre comme à la guerre." As we were finishing our lunch an hour or so later at the Railway Hotel, our friend dashed in to tell us an empty train was being sent on to Chambéry if we liked to go. His men collected our scattered effects, and in a few minutes we were off again with a friendly farewell from our sympathetic *Chasseur*—himself a keen alpinist. Our train was immensely long, and on some of the steeper gradients the engine broke down, and the driver sat on the bank and smoked whilst the stoker got up steam again. At a wayside station some workmen looked askance at us, muttering "allemands!" (Certainly some of our party looked rather ruffianly). When we rounded on them and said we were English, they beamed on us at once. As English, we were greeted everywhere with cordiality, though there had been a feeling of tension at first, when the attitude of England was still in question.

Our passes took us only to Chambéry, but here we were in the haunt of British tourists, and no further papers were required. Newspapers could not be bought anywhere.

At Aix-les-Bains a friendly soldier gave me his paper, *Les Petites Affiches Aixoises*, in which we read that England had declared war on Germany. Beyond Lac Bourget we passed some flooded villages, and found the Rhône had overflowed its banks. Our train proceeded no further than Culoz. Whilst waiting here we saw a train packed with young Swiss leaving for Geneva. As it started, one of them yelled out "Vive l'Allemagne!" There was an ugly rush for his carriage, but nothing happened. Our prospect of getting any further was looking rather hazy, when a troop train arrived with an infantry regiment on board. We begged the commanding officer to give us a lift, but he assured us the destination of his train was absolutely secret, and, moreover, he had no room. After some colloquy with the stationmaster, however, an old third-class carriage was hitched on to this troop train, and we jogged off again at 9 p.m., and were dropped at Châlons sur Saône at six o'clock next morning. There was a great bustle here; troop trains continually arriving and passing out again towards the frontier. The soldiers travelled in covered vans, with sliding doors and seats extemporised from planks. There was a lively scrimmage round the buffet, where bread and good wine at 60 centimes a bottle were on sale, followed by a wild scurry of red breeches and flying coat-tails as the bugles sounded to entrain. As each train steamed out, the men gathered in picturesque groups at the sides of their vans, and sang the *Marseillaise*: the effect was tremendously inspiring. At Châlons we got a through train to Paris, but we had to stop at every station, and it was late that evening before we arrived, after thirty-seven hours' continuous railway travel. The precincts of the Gare de Lyon were crowded with poor Italians awaiting trains to take them back to Italy. Early next morning at the Gare St. Lazare I read in the *Figaro* an official announcement that 20,000 British troops had already landed in Belgium. The *commissaire militaire* beamed on us as he scanned the news with an "Alors,



Photo by]

An Amateur Hay-carrier.

[H. Candler.



Photo by]

Haymakers at Val d'Isère.

[H. Candler.

c'est parfait, n'est-ce pas ? ” Then he signed a permit for us to proceed to the coast, shook hands cordially, and bowed us out. At every halt soldiers and workmen accosted us begging for news, and our Paris journals were handed out one by one, each to become the centre of an eager audience. After ten hours in the train we reached Dieppe, only to find the Newhaven packet already gone, and ourselves stranded for three nights and two days !

ON TREE-CLIMBING.

By H. E. L. PORTER.

NOT long ago I had a nightmare, and I remember being irritated, as it approached its climax, by the refrain, "Why do climbers not climb trees?" Having failed to solve the riddle (if it was one), I was on the point of giving it up, when there sprang from my brain in full panoply the god Syllogismus himself, who, touching the ears of his votary, gave voice to this effect:

"Trees are responsible for rainfall,
Rainfall is responsible for the levelling of mountains,
∴ Trees are responsible for the levelling of mountains."

"Dim realisation of this truth," he continued, "has led to the boycotting of trees by climbers. As a protest against the unceasing steamrolling of their playground the mountains, they refuse to deal with the agency which works the steamroller."

I awoke after that somewhat comforted: the comfort was needed, for in the previous course of the dream I had been watching the face of the earth rolling itself out like a melting jelly, till it became as level and green and pocketless as a French billiard-table: the cloth, however, had not been brushed, and grit was visible everywhere in the shape of trees. I have mentioned my dream, because this article was written in revenge.

Tree-climbing, to judge by the silent contempt with which it has hitherto been treated, must be, so to speak, the Cinderella among the sister-branches of the sport, and no fairy prince has yet appeared to do her justice—not unnaturally, for climbers, unlike fishers, eschew fairytales. However, fairy princes can be dispensed with in

these days of slums and sordid realism ; we can revel in tree-dirt unashamed and play with Cinderella among the ashes. Rock, snow and ice, sea-cliff, quarry and roof, have all found champions to sing their praises exhaustively in the word-tournaments of climbing journals : it is time the tree found a champion too. The true knight prefers his lady to be getting on in life, and if age be a recommendation, tree-climbing is far more venerable than its more popular rivals ; consider only prehistoric ape merging into Darwinian man, to whom this was the only sport ; wherein if an ape excelled, he became the king-ape or hero-ape : and perhaps King Pentheus in the glen of Cithæron and King Charles in the royal oak were only displaying an atavistic tendency to imitate their ancestors and prove their fitness for kingship by proficiency in the one-time sport of kings : such methods of kingcraft being hopelessly out of date, both of them in accordance with the laws of survival came to a speedy and untimely end.

Such reflections will not serve as an apologia for modern tree-climbers, but plenty of other defences are available. Most of us feel it a more or less pleasant duty to find some substitute for mountain exercise in our everyday life. To be satisfactory, the substitute must provide open air, occasion to stretch every muscle, and, if possible, pleasant surroundings. It is hard to fulfil all three conditions together. Nothing but a very stern sense of duty or a double portion of youthful enthusiasm can reconcile one to a regular course of dumb-bells or Müller exercises, which fulfil my second condition best. Quarries fulfil my first, but they are generally uninteresting, often unsound, and not seldom unclimbable. " Artificial rocks " (*e.g.*, houses) are almost repulsive : who can get pleasure out of monotonously rectangular perpendicularity ?

There remain for the town-dweller only two alternatives : (1) Natural excrescences such as Mr. Laycock has recently classified and described for one district. These are admirable as a rule, but they are few and far between, and require

time and trouble to get at : moreover, you climb too often before a crowded house of urchins, with the uneasy feeling that they may kill themselves in misguided attempts at imitation. (2) Trees : trees can be found everywhere at any time : they are of all sizes, sorts and shapes, so that you never exhaust the supply. You can get more exercise on one tree than in two quarries in half the time. You can get as dirty as you like, if you enjoy the process of getting clean again. You can learn the neglected art of quick and fearless descent, since you cannot evade the consequences of a rash ascent by the familiar method of walking down on the right or left. You can increase your value as a scout in war-time ; it is a revelation how much the view expands in level country as you mount higher. If your tastes are scientific, you can study tree-botany between the pitches : personally, I received my first lesson in the mysteries of " bracts " and " stipules " from a diminutive sister with all an elder brother's condescension, while our legs dangled fearfully over what seemed to us then almost interstellar space—a sheer drop of twenty feet. Finally, on a sunny day, you can revel in sylvan delights and rural peace among the " green-robed senators of mighty woods."

Æsthetic charm, however, is not very much to the fore in the sport : a tree-climb is in no sense comparable to the movements of a symphony blending into a harmonious whole ; though it has its own accompaniment in the humbler music of bird and squirrel and the rustle of summer breezes. Still less can it lay claim to sensational interest : here are no hairbreadth escapes, melodramatic adventures or icy grapplings with death, no first-ascents or other exploits to be puffed in " *Ercles vein*." The charm when analysed resolves itself into very commonplace elements. I find it partly in the satisfaction of the " *Excelsior* " instinct : it is, of course, a drawback that in tree-climbing this satisfaction can never be complete, for you never get to the top ; nothing but a mediæval angel dancing on a pin-point, or an

enterprising microbe, could stand on a normal tree-top ; the mere man, ensconced on the highest trustworthy bough, must comfort himself, as he gazes regretfully upwards, with the poor consolation that all true ideals are unattainable, and that he is in the mean between the celestial and terrestrial. But the real pleasure lies simply in physical exertion skilfully applied : the problems presented are sufficiently varied to require considerable skill, if they are to be overcome smoothly, gracefully and without visible effort. You can tell the novice here as easily as on rocks ; he betrays himself by jerkings of legs, convulsive armpulls, pulmonary agitations, desperate ejaculations and amazing caution in descent. If he is teachable, he will soon pick up some points of climbing form : elementary principles of rope-management, too, can be demonstrated to him practically. In fact, the tree cannot be despised as a training ground for recruit-drill.

Which of the thousand and one species of tree is best for the purpose can be left for individual taste to decide. I prefer a full-grown oak, gnarled and weatherbeaten. Frontal attack by the trunk is not always successful, but you can generally turn the enemy's flank by executing a hand- or stomach-traverse up a convenient bough ; the ramifications up above are as interesting to the explorer as an ancient house to the child, with its obscure recesses and floors of different levels. Pines are the dirtiest of trees, and the preliminary swarm up to the first bough is apt to be undignified and exhausting ; nor are there any compensating merits that I know of. Limes in their flowering season reward the nostrils of the persevering who conquer the girth of the bole. (N.B.—This is often done with a ladder.) Elms are attractive, but very treacherous ; both elms and beeches have a habit of forking low down, which produces a species of chimney, differing from a rock-chimney in having only two walls instead of three. The absence of the third is serious, and the difficulty is increased by the extreme narrowness of the fork at the bottom and the

gradual divergence of the two sides higher up. Backing up under these circumstances is peculiarly trying: you cannot ease your strained muscles by a change of position, and if you do get exhausted, your plight is perilous: both of the trunks are probably too stout for a firm clasp, and by hypothesis there are no branches within reach, or you would not be in the chimney: if you decide on retreat, your tired muscles may collapse; in that case you may fall out, or you may jam in the fork and remain suspended: the probability is that you will do one or the other. This kind of ascent, therefore, is only to be embarked on with circumspection.

Why should I speak of cedar and alder, hawthorn and willow, apple and pear, and whatever else of tree may grow? In the words of the immortal Greek play, why indeed? But the monkey-puzzler let no one think to mount with impunity, unless he be armed with triple brass and an enthusiasm which no pain can dim.

Tree-traversing is another dangerous game. I imagine the emotions of the man who walks across space on the unsteadfast footing of a branch must resemble those of the unfortunate victims of the buccaneers who were forced to walk the plank. Still, it is undeniably fascinating: the reaction and glow of success as you pass over the abyss and regain safety tingles like electric. I have sometimes tried to find a girdle traverse in woods of small extent on the Downs, but have not yet succeeded in making the buckles of the girdle meet; human beings have a constitutional aversion to launching themselves apewise through space, and without that manœuvre the thing seems impossible.

I know a school with large and beautiful grounds, in which many noble trees flourish. Among them is an oak, which school-tradition asserts to be mentioned in Domesday; there are other oaks of great antiquity and growth, also an abundance of stately limes and elms. Some years ago, till the practice fell under the displeasure of authority, the

elder boys used each to be the proprietor of some special tree, a right which he bought from the previous occupant : the tree was his castle, and woe to the offender who trespassed thereupon. The oaks were the most coveted and fetched the highest prices. Ingenious steps were hewn, when necessary, to make direct ascent possible, yet not too easy. Up above a comfortable sanctum was constructed, with a substratum of sturdy boughs and a surface of cushions, in which an idle half-holiday could be dreamed away. Thus "bosomed high in tufted trees," all but invisible from below, and secure from interruption, they were insulated from the current of school routine : this happy result they achieved by tree-climbing : we do the same on a larger scale when we rest on a ledge on Lliwedd or bask in the purity of an Alpine peak.

I would end on this solemn note, but for misgivings that my labour has brought forth at best a "ridiculous mouse," although of a mountain-parent. Let me then confess that I have little expectation of making converts ; admit the truth of a saying I learnt at school, "Non omnes arbusta juvant" ; and, in conclusion, plead guilty to the charge of having found a "tongue in trees" instead of a "sermon in stones."

ALPINE CURIOSITIES.

BY W. P. HASKETT SMITH.

THERE are many little things in the Alps which have not attracted much attention from either scientific or unscientific observers. It may serve to stimulate the former body if one of the latter lets fall a few remarks, and, to make a beginning, let us take what may be called

COL BASONS.

Every Alpine man must have noticed that just before the summit of a snow-col he has sometimes found the direct approach interrupted by a depression which is frequently of considerable depth, and nearly always strangely smooth and symmetrical.

If he has asked himself why some cols should have them, while others, in fact most others, show no sign of anything of the sort, he will soon have been struck by the fact that they are more abundant in districts where the mountain-ridges run east and west, and that discovery soon brings him on to grasp the further fact that it is on the north side of such a ridge that the bason is usually found.

It is, in fact, entirely due to the different rates at which the snow melts according as it is sheltered from the sun by the rock ridge, or is where the sun can get at it through the opening afforded by the pass.

Accordingly, the most favourable conditions are—

1. A narrow rock ridge running E. and W.
2. A flat snowfield on the N. side.
3. A clean-cut gap in the ridge shaped like a V or an H.

Under these conditions the rising sun shines through the gap and attacks the N.W. snow ; as it rises and gains

power it strikes more deeply and fiercely on that which is N., and spends the afternoon excavating the E. side of the bason to match its morning work on the W.

Nowhere are these conditions better combined than in the Brèche de Roland in the Pyrenees. A lofty wall of limestone 300 to 600 feet in height runs E. and W., and is pierced by the celebrated cleft fabled to have been carved by the Paladin at one stroke of his good sword Durandal. Less poetically, but not unaptly, it has been called "The Missing Tooth."

Through this gap the Spanish sun, working harder than the Swiss, and for a higher average of hours per diem, has produced one of the largest and best finished specimens of the bason-maker's art.

On a small scale, however, I once saw an even prettier application of the principle. A house of some pretensions had been swept away by an avalanche, but the N. wall still stood up boldly from the wreckage almost intact. Through a solitary window the sun carved the snow beyond but not into the bason form. The window differed from a col in having an upper limit, and consequently the higher the sun rose the less became the northward range of its rays, so that the excavation was not circular but crescent-shaped.

In Norway these basons are neither numerous nor well developed, because the mountains there tend to form plateaux rather than ridges, and there is also no shady side to a mountain, for the sun travels practically all round the horizon at a fairly uniform height, and acts impartially against snow of all aspects alike.

What might be called a burlesque of a snow-bason executed in a different material is to be seen on the Col des Saulces in the Tarentaise. This is a wide flat grassy pass, and the bason in question is apparently nothing more than a collapsed pothole of gigantic size. The French Etat Majeur made a gallant attempt to cope with the problem of recording it on their map by inserting contour

lines which, of course, convey to the mind of the guileless traveller the idea that he may expect to find some sort of mound. As these cavities (for there are several smaller ones in the neighbourhood) are the distinctive feature of the pass, we should expect the name Saulces to refer to them. If that word can be shown to be applied locally to "salting tubs," it provides an appropriate sense, and analogy may be found to support it in the Buttertubs Pass in Yorkshire.

There is a very fair specimen of snow-bason on the Vermont Pass in the Silvretta group, and at some seasons it has an additional feature of interest in the shape of several small holes low down in it, which give it some resemblance to a sugar-sifter, and are possibly caused by old crevasses being cut into.

But that pass is more particularly associated in my mind with a sight which is far rarer in the ice world, and one which is unique in my experience.

THE INSIDE OF A GLACIER.

We approached this pass with considerable diffidence, knowing that it had given Sir Martin Conway a lot of trouble. His strong party, led by able guides, had altogether missed the col, and after many struggles ended by getting over the ridge where there was no pass at all.

We left the Wiesbadener Hut in a very dense fog, and having neither guides nor local knowledge, feared the worst, when we found ourselves on a pass of some sort in about two-thirds of the time which, according to the guide-books, was required to reach the proper col.

However, our alarm was baseless. We had blundered to the right place after all, but the dry cold fog of the north side gave way to the wet fringe of a thundercloud on the south, and we began the descent into the Val Tuoi in a disagreeable and increasing drizzle.

On our right was a good-sized glacier, separated from us by a deep hollow, but before long we began to notice

large furrows in the turf close beside our course, and every sign of a tremendous fall of rocks or blocks of ice or both.

A few yards further on we reached a spot from which we could see for ourselves what had happened.

The left edge of the glacier, to what width we could not tell, had split off longitudinally from the main mass, and fallen sideways into the hollow. Till the moment of its fall it had doubtless supported large masses of ice and rock much higher up, and when that support was removed a tremendous fall must have followed. It made one shudder to think what the consequences may have been in the valley below; but as the *débris* had a long way to go before reaching any houses, and as the newspapers and Alpine periodicals did not make a fuss about it, we may hope that no great catastrophe took place.

At the same time it is remarkable that scientific men did not hear of and seize this unique opportunity of studying the internal economy of a glacier; for from where we stood we had the privilege of seeing ice some 200 feet in thickness, forming a wall perhaps 500 or 600 feet long. The crevasses were extraordinarily regular in their outlines and their intervals, and were not, as we should have expected, at right angles to the surface of the ice, but almost exactly upright.

In the surface line of the glacier as we looked up at it we could detect neither convexity nor concavity. It sloped evenly and very gently. The floor was concealed by piles of *débris*, which, however, suggested an equally even slope, instead of the concavity which the crevasses would have led one to expect. These at the surface cannot have exceeded a couple of feet in width, and spread as they came down so imperceptibly that after about 150 feet they had only about doubled their width, but a little lower most of them expanded rapidly to a bell-shape, so that the whole strongly suggested a very slender Eiffel Tower.

In the space at the bottom lay piles of large stones, and it seemed possible to us that the grinding of these

stones against the nether rock might generate an amount of heat sufficient to cause these widenings at the base of the crevasses.

I have never ceased to regret that I did not compel the bearer of our only camera to record that marvellously interesting sight, but, as he argued, (1) he had packed the camera deep in his sack to keep it dry; (2) there was no light; (3) the subject was hideous, and (4) it was raining hard and getting worse.

So I tore myself away and we moved on. The rain was a poor excuse, for ten minutes later we stepped out of it as out of a bath, and in another ten minutes we were being rapidly dried by a generous sun.

When any considerable part of a glacier breaks away in this manner it sometimes happens that some of the vast store of mud which every glacier contains is suddenly released, and then the valley gets

A MUD AVALANCHE.

Geologists have of late years, I believe, begun to think more highly of mud as a transporting agency. It is easy enough to find examples on a petty scale, but it was years and years before I succeeded in my search for a really important specimen.

I stumbled on it quite by chance near the Col de Thuria on the way over from Italy into France.

We had come down into a wide flat grassy valley, on the right-hand side of which ran the river, and away to the left was a rugged but not very lofty range. Two valleys of it were approached from the river side by broad and new-looking roads.

But they were no more roads than the "parallel roads of Glen Roy"; they were the tracks of two of my long-sought mud rivers, and as the glacier section had belied my expectations, even so did they.

One would naturally look for a certain viscosity in mud which would enable it to keep together better than

water, and to push from behind better than a rush of stones, but it seemed inevitable that every stone brought down would tend to stop sooner or later, and so pen back the following mud until it made a way round, with the result that there would be a constant tendency to spread, and this spreading would go on until all driving force was exhausted.

Now, however, we saw nothing of the kind. Here were two lava-like, steep-sided streams, several hundred yards apart, nearly or quite parallel, and maintaining an almost uniform width of some 20 yards and a height of some 2 or 3 feet. The height varied, and seemed to depend chiefly on that of the embedded stones, some of which were between 3 and 4 feet high, and probably weighed half a ton. It was altogether beyond belief that such huge blocks could by a mere torrent of mud have been trundled nearly a mile across an almost level plain.

It crossed my mind that what we saw might possibly be the two edges of a much vaster stream. That the cataclysm might have begun with an outburst of mud, followed by a furious rush of water dashing down the centre, and driving the stones right and left till at last there remained nothing but a clear central space and two lines of lateral moraine. But against this was the clean and luxuriant grass in that middle space, and the absence of all signs of scratching and scraping of the surface. It was hard to estimate what period had elapsed since the outburst; apparently not more than a month or two had passed. There had been time enough for the mud to dry to the consistency of cheese, but not for the outstanding blocks to be washed clean by the rain. Here was a rare opportunity for penetrating a mystery of the mountains. It wanted but an hour or two spent in measuring and plotting out the two streams, but my companions did not share my enthusiasm for what they called "mud-larking"; we had had a series of long days under very heavy packs, and my feet were not wholly sorry that I was overruled.

In tropical regions there are incidents among the mountains which at first sight look not unlike mud avalanches. The growth of vegetation and accumulation of soil are there so rapid that small ravines and other hollows on a steep hillside easily get filled up, and a sharp shock of earthquake may shake it all out again. The undersoil being very wet, the effect to the eye is pretty much that of a torrent of mud, sweeping away trees and bushes, but it is only wet earth, and has no driving power, coming to rest at the first chance it gets.

After one of these shake-outs the appearance is very deceptive. The next passers-by see what they suppose to be an entirely new chasm in the hillside, and go away thanking their stars that they have escaped the fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.

Eight years ago, in the great earthquake of Jamaica, several of these tried hard to smother me, and next day, from near Kingston, two such, important enough to look big at eight or nine miles' distance, had exactly the appearance of new and mighty rifts in the rock.

But it is time for these rambling reminiscences to be brought to a close. They will at least serve to enforce the moral that the man who leaves his camera at home misses many opportunities.

AN INTERRUPTED HOLIDAY.

BY DAVID PYE.

THE last ten days of July this year was a time of rain and cloud at Val d'Isere, and when Dr. G. F. McCleary and Oliver Thorneycroft joined me on the 27th I had spent a week at the Hotel Parisien with nothing achieved but an uncomfortable ascent of the Tsanteleina in a thick fog. We waited on for some days, put off again and again by high and variable winds, snow, and mist, until on the evening of the 30th we made one of those decisions which are like a personal challenge to the weather.

We decided we would start the next morning upon our expedition to the Refuge Felix Faure in anything less than a downpour. Our plan was to ascend the Pointe de la Sana by the north arrête, the only approach which seemed likely to provide any rock work, and from the top to descend the south-western ridge into the Vallon de la Leisse, and so reach the Refuge the same evening.

At 3 a.m. I was roused by M. Moris, only to see out of my door to the east an impenetrable blanket of cloud, not 1,000 feet above the hotel. Even at that first moment, however, there seemed to be a feeling of good promise abroad ; it was not raining, and maybe the stillness after days of wind helped to account for one's apparently irrational confidence. Looking upward a moment later from my window to the west, I caught sight of a single star in the darkness overhead, blotted out the next second, but telling that the clouds, though low, must be thin.

We were off by four o'clock, and from the first step one felt that the weather had changed ; we stretched our legs in light-hearted anticipation. Three-quarters of an hour's

walking and we were rewarded with one of those visions to me more uplifting than a panorama from the highest peak. Ahead rose the black wall of our prison, grim and looming, holding the last of the night ; above and behind, soaring up against a background of cloudless blue, our snowy peak blazed white in the full morning sun. Another hour and a half and we had gained this upper world of snow and sun at the foot of the western branch of the Glacier de la Barme de l'Ours, and from here an easy walk on good snow brought us to the beginning of the rocky northern ridge of the Pointe de la Sana.

That excellent book of Emile Gaillard, "Les Alpes de Savoie," is not at all explicit about the northern ridge of the Pointe de la Sana. If my memory is not at fault it merely gives the time as two hours to the top, and describes the ridge as consisting of six gendarmes, of which one can be turned on the eastern side. The ridge when one leaves the snow is a disappointment, for as far as we went it provides nothing but easy scrambling, which only needed care on account of the rottenness of the rock. We were surprised after proceeding, as nearly as we could judge, for half way along the rocky part of the ridge to come upon an overhanging drop of perhaps thirty feet. Not having expected to meet with any very serious obstacle we had brought with us only eighty feet of rope, and since, with this short supply and an unknown ridge beyond, the above obstacle was clearly not to be attempted, we retraced our steps a little to see if a traverse below on the eastern slope should be possible. The western side of the ridge is a magnificent rock-wall which drops away at an impossible angle for fully 1,000 feet. I afterwards learnt, in conversation with M. Couttet at the Refuge Felix Faure, that the place which had turned us back can only be negotiated with sixty feet of spare rope ; it is a point worth remarking for the convenience of future guideless parties, in view of M. Gaillard's silence. Whether the traverse in a normal year would be feasible we could not judge ; this year, and

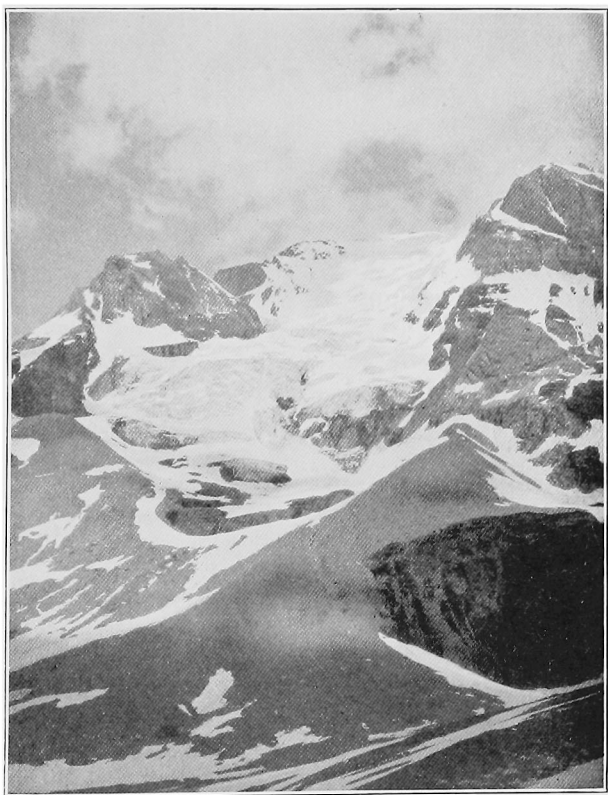


Photo by]

[O. Thorneycroft.

**The Glacier de la Grande Casse from the
Refuge Felix Faure.**

at 11 o'clock in the morning, it was not to be thought of, for the large quantities of snow which still covered the eastern slope were by now in a very dangerous condition. In another year it may be that those eastern slopes would be quite cleared of snow. In the circumstances there was nothing to be done but to make our way back to the beginning of the rock ridge ; from this point we were consoled in our failure to reach the top by magnificent standing glissades down into the Vallon de la Leisse.

Of the rest of the day the less said the better. It was intolerably hot, and the Vallon de la Leisse is iron-grey and desolate. To some moods the vastness of its desolation might appeal ; at two o'clock, after the splendours of a morning on the heights, it seemed merely interminable.

We arrived at the Refuge at seven o'clock, and spent the time till dinner in great contentment, discussing with the aid of the telescope the routes up the Grande Casse and the Pointe de la Glière. Both these routes are visible from the Refuge almost throughout. We were grateful for M. Couttet's confident assurance in speaking of the Glacier de la Grande Casse : " Si, si, c'est très facile cette année." It looked forbidding enough !

Saturday, August 1st, was another burning day. It seemed as if Nature had determined that any anxieties with which we may have started as to the European situation should be swallowed up in this blaze of glorious weather. Who could give thought to an Austrian ultimatum in the first intoxication of this sunshine for which we had prayed in vain so long ?

We rose late and came down to a household of smiling faces : the sun had infected everyone, and old Couttet was anticipating the arrival of the first batch of luncheon tourists from Pralognan.

We had decided on a traverse of the Aiguille de la Vanoise, and at 10.30 we started for this delightful rock climb, the foot of which one reaches in ten minutes from the Refuge. Leisurely we climbed, revelling in the sun and the

warm rocks; stopping now and again to point out the arrivals from Pralognan as they came into view on the path below, or returning compliments with the crowd round the busy telescope at the Refuge as they followed our progress up the rocks. A more serene climb I have never taken part in; it seemed very suitable that we should be lending ourselves as a mild diversion for the visitors during their lunch. At 3 o'clock we returned, to receive the compliments of M. Couttet and to retire for an afternoon snooze.

It is difficult not to colour one's recollections with the light of after events; looking back, it seems as if with the first step from my room at half-past four, and before meeting anyone, I felt a complete change of atmosphere; it was probably due to the strange silence after the chatter of midday—not a voice was to be heard. In any case, we were not long left in doubt that catastrophe was in the air. We went outside, everyone had vanished; we asked for coffee, the girl who brought it was in tears. One of my companions had noticed other women of the house crying as he came downstairs. It was becoming intolerable, but yet we did not like to risk the intrusion of a question, and must needs sit and speculate upon possible accidents on the mountains, never dreaming of the real cause.

At last young Couttet came to enlighten us. There had arrived since lunch the order for a "mobilisation générale" and every man from twenty to forty-eight must go. Two young climbers who had been staying here had gone, and he himself must be off this evening. So it had to come! In this Heaven upon Earth the war-cloud had burst! We drank our tasteless coffee with feelings which were a mixture of thankfulness that we were outside this monstrous tyranny, and shame that we were not sharing the misfortune of these people.

One felt, I think, the infernal cruelty of the thing the more acutely here in these beautiful surroundings; it was heartbreaking to see Couttet walking from one viewpoint to another, gazing at the mountains he loved; finally

coming back to us for company, now openly and helplessly in tears himself, to try if he could forget his feelings in conversation.

I will not write more about that evening. We tried to telephone to Val d'Isere, but the line was closed for all but army use. Later on a soldier arrived from Pralognan, and it gave one a queer thrill in those early days to see him sorting ball cartridges into his ammunition pouches.

We decided to start upon our return to Val d'Isere the next day, for in our isolation we did not know what the situation there might be ; M. Moris would certainly have gone, and perhaps the hotel was already closed. There was no reason, however, why we should abandon the ascent of the Grande Casse for which we had come, and we arranged with old Couttet, not without a sense of unfitness, that he should wake us at three o'clock.

It was odd to feel how utterly one's sense of values had been upset in the last few hours. The Grande Casse had been for us the one affair of importance in the world, now the fact that we were to ascend it to-morrow seemed a matter far off and queerly inconsequent. The one reality from which escape was impossible was gloom and vague anxiety.

When we went to bed it was a still and perfect night. It was some time before I fell asleep, and when I did it was not for long. I was awakened by a melancholy sound. What was it ? I listened. Oh heavens ! a wind moaning round the eaves of the chalet. Never, I think, have I heard a sound more desolate, more malevolent, than that made by this wind which had sprung up. Bad weather brewing, our climb frustrated, and a dreary trudge of twelve miles in the rain to Val d'Isere ! I listened anxiously, wavering between hope and despair. The sounds of the weather seemed exactly to reflect that vague anxiety which weighed upon me as I lay.

I fell asleep again at last and awoke to broad daylight. Hurriedly I pulled out my watch. Four o'clock !—another

disaster ! Couttet had forgotten to call us, and we should have been off by now. Truly the warnings against our ascent were piling up against us. Having awakened McCleary I began to stamp about on the landing in the hope of rousing the household. All the reply I received was a sleepy and self-excusing voice, " Il fait mauvais temps ; vous ne pouvez pas faire la Grande Casse."

Though there was still an uneasy breeze from the west and a heavy bank of cloud on the horizon to windward, the sky overhead was clear of all but light clouds. We were firm, therefore, and announced our intention of making a start in spite of Couttet's gloomy forebodings. This would not, perhaps, have been a justifiable decision had it not been that, as the Glacier de la Grande Casse faces west, we should clearly be able to watch our weather blowing up, and turn back if it became too threatening.

At 4.40 we started, and at 5.20 we left the moraine and stepped on to the glacier. Couttet had told us we should find it in easy condition ; he had not told us we should find an almost complete set of steps ready for our use. The black band of cloud in the west warned us not to waste any time, but the going was so straightforward that at 8.20 we were on the summit without having hurried, and including a halt of twenty minutes for breakfast.

Bad weather had been steadily blowing up from the west all the time we were ascending the glacier, but it was not until we reached the snow col at the top that the first flakes of snow began to drive past us. From here we walked to the fine knife-edge summit in twenty minutes, disappointed by the blizzard of the fine view for which we had hoped. Ten minutes sufficed for refreshments, and we set our faces to what promised to be a rather grim descent in the teeth of the snowstorm, and with our steps filled up with new snow. Our difficulties, however, were over for the day, for to our inexpressible joy we discovered, after ten minutes of snowstorm to the Col, that our black band had indeed been nothing but a band ; it had blown over and left the whole



Photo by]

[O. Thorneycroft.

**The Shoulder of the Grande Casse at Sunset, from the Chalets at
Entre-deux-Eaux.**

western sky a clear greenish blue, decorated with white clouds, high and motionless. We hurried down, rejoicing now in a warm sun which warned us not to dawdle on the glacier, and congratulating ourselves that we had not been put off by poor Couttet's pessimism.

We reached the moraine at 10.10, and sat down to enjoy our third breakfast and a pipe of sleepy satisfaction. The Refuge below us, looking deserted and forlorn, with the disconsolate figure of Couttet occasionally to be seen, was an unpleasant reminder of the tragedy of the day before.

We started in the afternoon for the chalets of Entre-deux-Eaux, so that we might reach Val d'Isere the next day, taking the Pointe de la Sana on the way. It was a relief to turn our backs on that stricken household, but it felt almost like deserting a sinking ship. As Couttet sadly told us, "Though we had been almost his first, we should be certainly his last visitors that year."

We were not long without further evidence of the catastrophe. As soon as we reached the valley we met a small boy, who explained proudly that he was in charge of all the herds; as for the herdsmen, "Ils sont tous partis à la guerre."

La Guerre! The word was in everyone's mouth, for to these people the mobilisation meant war, though in fact war was scarcely yet declared.

The delightful woman at Entre-deux-Eaux was entirely dependent upon a mule to bring her stores from Termignon; there is no cart track so far up the valley. The requisitioning officer had arrived that morning and had driven off every horse and mule in the valley, so that now she supposed she would have to walk down and herself carry up all she needed, a distance of six miles, and a climb of 3,500 feet.

We found the chalets at Entre-deux-Eaux a delightful place to pass the night, and wished we could have spent more time there. For some time after our arrival we quite failed to find any sign of life about the place, the house itself was clearly shut up. Finally two small girls appeared,

of whom the elder cannot have been more than thirteen or fourteen years old, and to our surprise at once showed themselves equal to the occasion. They unlocked the door, invited us in, promised us tea in a few minutes, and offered us a choice of all the beds in the house. What time would we like supper? We meekly named an hour, wondering if these children were really going to take us in charge completely; they were evidently enjoying themselves lighting the kitchen fire. Eventually their mother arrived to deal with the supper. I hesitate to call it supper; it was, in fact, a six-course dinner, with an elaborate sweet and a savoury to finish up with. Our hostess had had one visitor for a single night during the past week, and yet she could produce such a meal as this! We honoured it with a bottle of Asti.

On Monday, August 3rd, we started at 4 o'clock, bearing gradually up the northern slopes of the Vallon de la Rocheure until we gained the south-western ridge of the Pointe de la Sana, at a point just east of the Col de la Pierre Blanche. From here the way to the top is a ridge walk of the best kind in magnificent surroundings, particularly towards the end, when one gets a fine view of the western precipices of the rocky northern ridge. The first part of the south-western ridge is simply a stony path, but later the way becomes more varied, and involves a certain amount of mountaineering in the negotiation of a snow cornice which appears, curiously, first on one side and then on the other.

Our time on the summit of the Pointe de la Sana was very different from that on the Grande Casse the day before. We reached the top at 10.25 and found ourselves lucky in being on one of the few peaks which were not touched with cloud that day; it was so warm, moreover, that we lay about as we lunched with no thought of an extra sweater. The Pointe de la Sana must be almost the finest viewpoint in the Graian Alps, for, besides the other chief peaks of the district which stand out to the north, the Grande Motte, the splendid ridge of Mont Pourri, the Grande



Photo by]

[O. Thorneycroft.

The south-west ridge of the Pointe de la Sana looking towards the summit; the north ridge on the left.

Sassièrre, the Tsanteleina, one sees to the east the chain of lesser peaks which mark the Franco-Italian frontier from the Pointe de la Galise above Ceresole to Mont Cenis. Though not so striking individually, they are tremendously impressive when seen thus, as bastions of a huge natural wall, rising each from its foundations in the nearly unbroken line of glaciers which form their western slopes.

The run down the snow slopes from the Pointe de la Sana to the glacier de la Barme de l'Ours was a matter of forty minutes to the moraine, and from here we settled down to the perspiring trudge into Val d'Isere. Here we found that all but two of the French visitors had fled with the last motor. A dozen English remained and a charming retired French general and his wife. The general was still there when we left, and I shall not soon forget the speech he made at the déjeuner before we started on our twenty-mile walk down the valley, when he proposed the toast of "Les Alliés" in wine which he had secretly ordered for the company; and how Madame Moris burst in in the middle, crying out that "La flotte Allemande est presque détruite par la flotte Anglaise." Alas, the report was never confirmed, but even so I am grateful to madame for the tumultuous emotions of that moment. This was not till Wednesday, August 5th; for two days we stayed at Val d'Isere helping to carry the hay harvest, having been assured by the postman who came up from Bourg St. Maurice that to escape from there by rail would be utterly impossible.

I wish I could tell adequately of the scene at the Mairie when we went to get our "Sauf-conduits." We filed in, we twelve English, and sat round the walls like so many school children awaiting the examiner. There sat M. le Maire, as beautiful a figure as I have ever seen. Bent with years, his face handsome and sunburnt, in a suit of corduroy, of which the trousers were dark green and the coat a faded brown, he sat apart with his old felt hat on his knee, reminding one in every line of Whistler's portrait of Thomas Carlyle. He, it appeared, had given up the puzzle, and M. le Secrétaire,

from down the valley, had been sent for in the emergency, only to be baffled in his turn. There were red papers, but they were clearly meant only for enemies ; there were blue papers, but they were only for subjects of neutral countries. The authorities had not provided for the possibility of an ally ! At length one of us suggested that we should each write out our own "sauf-conduit," a proposal at once agreed to by the secretary. I am certain that delightful old Maire would have put his signature and the official stamp of the Mairie to any document we chose to write. At the close of the proceedings, with great dignity and courtesy, he gravely took leave of each of us and wished us a fortunate journey. I remember a remark he had made to me earlier that morning apropos of England's having been swept into the war : " Il faut participer ; l'Angleterre se détruisait dans l'isolation." It could scarcely have been put more neatly.

When, on the evening of August 5th, I arrived with one companion and the luggage at Bourg St. Maurice, we found we were in luck. The first civil train since the order of mobilisation was to start at 7.30 the next morning. There was just time to wire to the rest of the party, some spending the night at St. Foy, five miles up the valley, some still at Val d'Isere. After this we spent a most entertaining evening ; the town was packed with troops, and we were the only two not in uniform at the Hotel des Voyageurs. In the circumstances it can be imagined how thankful we were that by this time the decision had been taken in London.

Nervous tension was running high ; too high for us in the streets, we found. We had strolled up to read the telegrams outside the post office, and had noticed a ring gather behind us and murmurings. Presently a kindly fellow came forward. " Vous êtes Anglais ? " " Oui." " C'est bien ; " and he then went on to explain that a rumour was abroad of two German spies in the town, and although he had felt certain we were English, these soldiers were getting



Photo by]

[O. Thorneycroft.

The Pointe de la Glière (on the left), from the Refuge Felix Faure.

suspicious and he thought it would be better if we remained within our hotel ; one could not be sure that a crowd would not make mistakes. We thanked him, and retired to the protection of our friends the officers.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to pay a tribute to the extraordinary kindness and courtesy we met with from all the officers in control of the railways. We started the next morning in high hopes, having been assured that this train must go as far as Chambéry. Beyond that they could not say ; the line would be under another command. Alas, although I have no doubt that our friend's assurances were correct, and that that train did reach Chambéry, their good wishes at the beginning of the journey could not prevent our being left behind at a wayside station, turned out bag and baggage, to make room for reservists. During the rest of that day, and the following twenty-four hours, we experienced every variety of travelling provided in France, from an open luggage wagon to the P.L.M. first-class carriage, punctuated with waits of anything up to five hours' length. At last, however, at 9 o'clock on Friday, August 7th, we arrived to find a new Paris, a Paris even at this hour with streets dark and silent, not a soul to be seen about but the motley crowd of Italian refugees making what beds they could of the pavements round the Gare de Lyon.

A MIDSUMMER SKI MEET.

BY ARNOLD LUNN.

AT the end of June, 1914, I contrived to snatch five days in the Alps. I enjoyed perfect weather. I managed to climb the Fiescherhorn and Monte Rosa, which accounted for three of my precious five days, whilst of the other two, one was spent in ski-ing at the Jungfraujoch, and the other in descending on ski from the Joch to the Eggishorn, and thence on foot to Fiesch.

I left London after lunch on Wednesday, June 25th, and reached Wengen the next night. On Friday I went up to the Jungfraujoch by an early train. I found Herr Motte preparing for the first great midsummer ski meet that was held on the following Sunday. I had a very jolly day's ski-ing. The snow was fast and good, especially after sunset.

The run down from the Monchjoch to the foot of the Jungfraujoch just after the sun had set was one of the fastest and most enjoyable runs of my life. The surface of soft melted snow on the underlying crust had begun to freeze. It was curious to combine the joy of perfect ski-ing with the beauty of a late June evening on the glaciers.

A word as to the snow conditions. Many ski-runners are surprised to discover that ski-ing is often as pleasant in midsummer as in midwinter.

Snow met with on the summer glaciers is usually either :

(1) Hard frozen crust, especially in the early morning before the sun has softened the surface. This snow gives very fast running, but owing to its "skiddy" nature the control of the ski is difficult on all but gentle gradients. On very gentle gradients, such as the Ewig Schneefeld, the harder the crust the more enjoyable the running. When the

snow is soft the Ewig Schneefeld is too gentle to run. When the snow is frozen hard, as in the early morning, the ski-runner can attain a terrific pace, and the gentle gradient gives him a feeling of perfect security. I have ski-ed under these conditions with my eyes shut and my hands in my pockets. The uniform, unchanging and gradual gradient (not more than 5°) made it impossible to fall. The ski-runner who starts from the Jungfraujoch before the sun has softened the crust should go down to the Concordia by the Monchjoch and Ewig Schneefeld, whilst, of course, he will descend by the direct and steeper route after the snow is soft.

(2) Hard crust softened to a depth of an inch or two. This type of snow is very common. An hour of sunshine is enough to soften the crust and produce a surface "slush." This gives excellent running. The snow is fast and just the thing for Christianias and Stemming Turns. Where the slush—ugly word—is deep enough downhill, Telemarks are easy.

(3) Soft snow, thawed and drenched through and through with water. This gives quite good running on steep slopes—say above twenty degrees. In this connection it must be remembered *that neither snow which is cold and below freezing point nor snow which is thoroughly thawed "sticks."* *The snow which "sticks" and makes running impossible is snow which is just thawing.*

(4) Towards the evening a slight frost often sets in. Snow which has thawed during the day begins to freeze. During the night it will consolidate into crust, but in the intermediate stage it forms into large rough crystals, bigger and more solid than the crystal snow which one finds in midwinter after a hard frost. This snow is very fast and quite easy. It is the type of snow which I found in the evening run from the Monchjoch referred to above.

(5) Various varieties of wind-driven *skavla*. Skavla, however, is much less troublesome and much less frequent in summer than in winter. In winter the wind drives the

soft snow into ridges and furrows, and deposits fine layers of soft snow over crust, thus forming alternate pockets of soft snow and hard icy snow, the very worst type of running possible. In summer the warm sun produces a fairly uniform soft surface during the day and a uniform hard crust during the night and early hours of the morning. Uniform snow, whether fast or slow, is, of course, infinitely preferable to snow which varies in speed from yard to yard.

(6) Genuine "powder snow." Powder snow (*pulverschnee*) is the name given by ski-runners to that perfect snow which lies in winter on northern slopes before it is spoiled by thaw or by wind. It is the best snow for ski-ing. It is very rare to find this snow in summer, even at high levels, for the action of the sun is so direct that a single hour of summer sun is enough to thaw the snow, which is then refrozen at night and transformed into crust. I have, however, seen genuine powder snow in August, when a snowfall has been followed by clouded skies and low temperatures. Snow always sticks while it is actually falling, even with several degrees of frost, and requires a night to settle. On the other hand half an inch of new snow on an old crust will give excellent running within an hour or so after the snow has actually stopped falling.

Such is a rough classification of the snow that the summer ski-runner may expect. He will only get the very best snow on extremely rare occasions, and he will never get the absolute perfection of snow—deep soft snow that has been exposed for three or four days to extreme frost, and has been completely sheltered from the direct rays of the sun. On the other hand, the snow in summer is rarely as bad as the worst winter snow.

It is really a revelation to find how much excellent ski-ing can be enjoyed. Of course, the great drawback to summer ski-ing is the nuisance of carrying one's ski to the summer snowline, a difficulty which is solved in the Oberland by using the Jungfrau railway.

On Saturday I climbed the Fiescherhorn via the Fies-



Photo by]

[A. Lunn,

Flagging the Course (Jungfrau in the background).

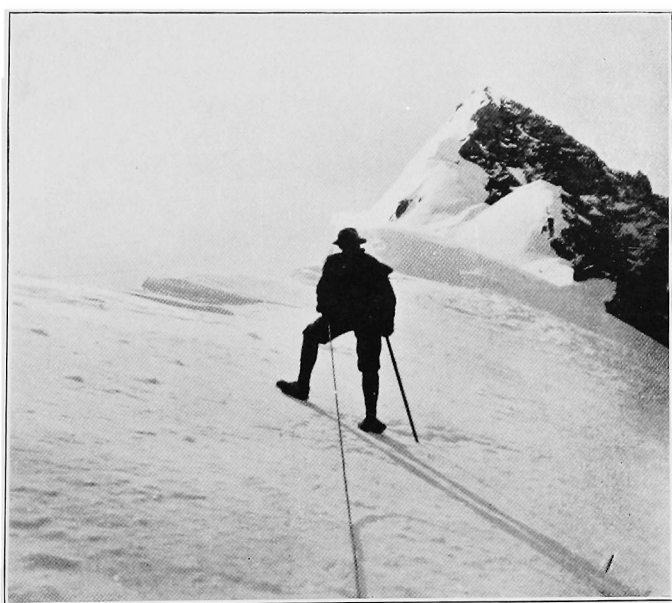


Photo by]

Fiescherhorn from Fieschergrat.

[A. Lunn,

chergrat. We had a glorious run from the Monchjoch down to the Ewig Schneefeld. Otherwise we had very little running, as the greater part of the climb was done on crampons. I went down to Wengen that night, and came up next day for the Midsummer Meet.

It was a glorious June day, and several hundreds of people had turned up either to take part in the jumping competition or to watch the meet. At noon Baechtold jumped a hundred feet on snow which was simply drenched and running with water. The weather was superb.

This was the first time a jump had been built on a glacier. The jump was built on a very steep slope below a bergshrund, and the competitors started from just below the lower lip of this schrund.

Behind the jump the Jungfrau soared into a cloudless midsummer sky. Standing just above the platform one looked over toward the Monch and Trugberg, and the jumper on alighting swept on to the broad expanses of the upper Aletsch. Never has a ski-runner jumped in such a superb setting.

The downhill race to the Concordia started at about 3 p.m. The snow was rather slow, as the temperature had fallen, and the snow, instead of being thoroughly and unmistakably wet and thawing, was beginning to think about freezing, and, as above explained, snow sticks when—and only when—it is just thawing. None the less the competitors who had waxed their ski made fair times.

After the race my guide, Schlunegger, and I started down towards Fiesch. We ski-ed down the Marjelen See. The snow was a trifle heavy, but the ski ran very well on the steeper slopes. We reached the Marjelen See towards sunset. The ice on the little lake was just beginning to break up, and we passed in one step from winter to spring. It was a curious sensation to shoulder one's ski and to tramp down a path between beds of gentians, with the music of mutinous spring streams in one's heart. These contrasts are the peculiar joy of spring and summer ski-ing.

On Friday I had brought a small Gladstone bag up to the Joch Station, and I had forgotten to pack my climbing boots and ordinary town boots on leaving the Joch for Wengen on Saturday night. These boots therefore greeted me when I arrived at the Joch on Sunday, and I had the peculiar experience of carrying three pairs of boots down to Fiesch. Oddly enough I used all three. I changed from ski-ing boots to climbing boots when we left the snow, and as my feet became sore I shed the heavily nailed boots and arrived at Fiesch, a real dandy, in brown leathers.

Next day we rose early, drove down to Brigue and caught the train to Zermatt via Visp. I had telegraphed to Joseph Knubel to meet me at St. Niklaus. I saw him on the platform brandishing a telegram from Herr Young. He had to meet Herr Young the next evening at Brigue. "All right," said I, "you shall meet your Herr Young, but come and do Monte Rosa first. I promise you you shall not miss your Herr Young to-morrow night." As the train moved out of the station Knubel began to waver, and as the engine grunted out of sight he shouted that he would come. He met us at Zermatt a few hours later in time to catch the last train to the Riffelberg. That night we slept at the Bétemps, a hut which Joseph and I had already used as a base for ski-ing.

We put on crampons next morning and carried our ski to just below the Sattel. When the snow is hard enough to bear a climber on foot it is always quicker to carry the ski, and for this reason it is more comfortable to take a porter or second guide, who should be engaged expressly to carry his "Herr's" ski—no mean task if he is carrying his own as well. Schlunegger started by dragging the ski on a string. I warned him that he would probably drop a pair before long, but Schlunegger, like many other guides, makes a point of honour to disregard an amateur's advice. Somewhere about four in the morning my prophecy was fulfilled, and Schlunegger's ski slid into the darkness.

He was extremely melancholy, as this was his first expe-

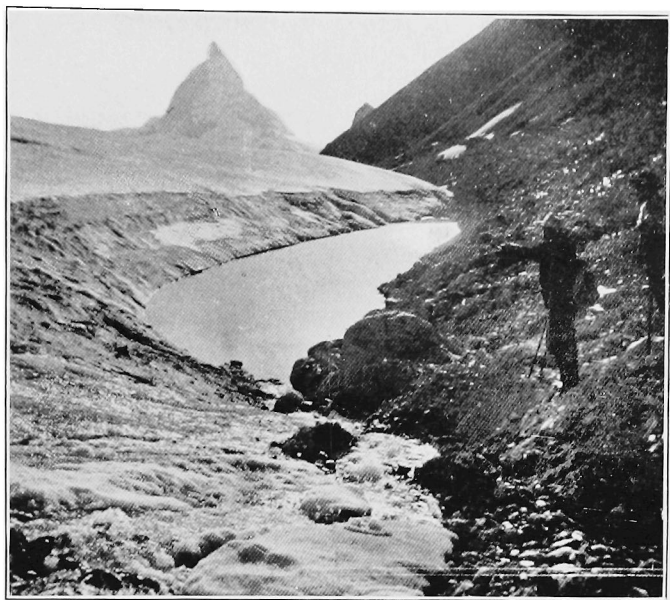


Photo by]

Evening on the Gorner Glacier.

[A. Lunn.



Photo by]

"J. K."

[A. Lunn.

dition outside the Oberland, and he swore that he would go to the top on foot. I pointed out that unless he found his ski he was to return home, as I did not wish to risk leaving a solitary guide behind on the descent. If he fell into a crevasse whilst Joseph and I were gaily telemarking a thousand feet below, I should be held responsible. So Schlunegger disappeared into the darkness, dashed down a thousand feet with his lantern, and by great good luck found his ski undamaged, and returned within forty minutes exhausted but happy. I then read him a gentle lecture. Two days before he had replied to some suggestion of mine about roping that I might leave myself happily in his hands. So I quoted this *ex cathedra* statement, and suggested that even guides, if they were inexperienced ski-runners, might pick up an occasional hint from those who have ski-ed long enough to make most of the mistakes and to buy most of the painfully won experience of the cross-country ski-runner. Schlunegger is an excellent summer guide and a promising ski-runner, but he is sometimes a trifle casual.

The view from the summit was the finest I have ever enjoyed. The day was miraculously clear. We could trace the course of the Italian rivers flowing into and out of the Lakes. The Apennines, the farthest Dolomites, the Maritimes and the Dauphiny seemed close at hand.

Owing to Joseph's desire to meet Herr Young we had started too early. We should have timed our ascent so as to start down when the sun had thoroughly softened the surface crust. As it was we put on ski just below the Sattel (14,000 feet) and found the top slopes very hard, very fast, and very skiddy. Lower down the warmer air and the sun had produced ideal conditions, an inch of slush on a hard crust, and we had some capital running. In all, we had about two thousand feet of indifferent and three thousand feet of first-class ski-ing. We rested at the Bétemps hut, carried our ski along the slopes of the Gornergrat, and put them on again to ski down to the Riffelberg station. We found a steep slope of snow about two hundred feet broad, edged

by deep banks of flowers and unmown pastures, and down this slope we ski-ed. The snow was simply running with water, but the going was quite good. We took off our ski in a typical midsummer pasture of uncut scented grass.

We reached Brigue that night, where I met Young, who kindly invited me to join him for the Bietschhorn. Unluckily, I had to return home. I reached London next day, eight days after leaving it. I have had longer Alpine holidays and enjoyed them less.

A few words as to summer ski-ing. I have tried to show what excellent sport can be enjoyed even in midsummer. I would go further and contend that mountains may roughly be divided into summer mountains and winter mountains. The Matterhorn is a summer mountain. It has been climbed in winter, but a winter ascent is a *tour de force*. To cyclists and to ski-runners this particular hill is dangerous.

The Jungfrau and other peaks that rise from the Aletsch and allied glaciers are winter mountains. The summer climber has to traverse on foot great expanses of glacier to reach the base of the actual summit. He has to endure, perhaps, several hours of weary trudging through deep and heavy snow for perhaps two or three hours of indifferent rock-scrambling or a few hundred feet of hard snow and ice. The ordinary routes up Jungfrau, Monch, Finsteraarhorn, etc., have no great technical interest to the cragsman or iceman to recompense him for the long trudges over the surrounding snowfields. These mountains are essentially winter mountains, and are best tackled in the late winter or early spring, when the glaciers provide the ski-runner with the finest running imaginable. The actual climbing on such peaks as the Jungfrau or Finsteraarhorn is much the same in winter as in summer. The Jungfrau is usually easier in February than in August, as there is less ice, and the bergshund is less troublesome. The Finsteraarhorn, Fiescherhorn, etc., can be climbed as easily on a dry winter day as in summer. All these mountains are best tackled in the

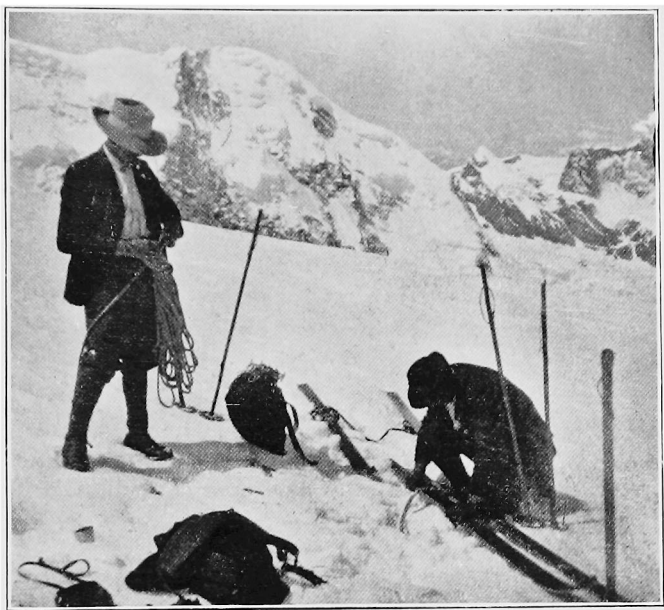


Photo by] **Just below the "Sattel" (14,000 feet).** [A. Lunn.



Photo by] **The end of a good run.** [A. Lunn.

spring, when the days are fairly long, the risk from bad storms less severe than in winter, and the glaciers more propitious to the ski-runner than in summer.

The summer mountaineer should make the best of the summer months by concentrating on summer mountains, that is to say, on mountains which offer little scope for the use of ski. Such mountains are rock peaks like the Matterhorn and the Dru, difficult snow and ice ascents like the Brenva route up Mont Blanc or the Weishorn, or peaks such as the Wetterhorn and Eiger which, though by no means difficult, are yet too precipitous for the ski-runner. If he desires to tackle winter mountains, such as Monte Rosa or the Jungfrau, he should use ski even in August.

What are the objections to using ski in summer? The most obvious objection is the difficulty of transport. The summer climber shirks a heavy load. His rucksack is far less heavily laden than that of the winter mountaineer, for the poor ski-runner, besides extra clothes for the increased cold, has to carry odds and ends for mending the ski and other aids to ski-ing, such as sealskins, etc. Moreover, he is quite prepared to shoulder both ski and rucksack for some hours if he can find a convenient woodcutter's track that is open in winter. But the summer climber is a pampered mortal, and he does not want to be bothered with ski. This difficulty is of course met in the Oberland by the Jungfrau railway, which carries ski-runner outfit and ski to the head of the great Aletsch glacier.

In the Zermatt district the Bétemps hut is a centre for some excellent ski-ing. The worst part of the climb is avoided by using the Gornergrat railway. In ranges where there are no mountain railways, the keen ski-runner can have his ski and a week's provisions carried to a club-hut above the snowline and use it as a base for a series of ski excursions. Lastly, the ski-runner can use short summer ski. Captain Bilgeri has devised an excellent pair of summer ski, about two-thirds the weight and length of normal ski. He has also devised a neat method of strapping these to

a rucksack. To carry one's ski slung across one's shoulders like a gun wastes a good deal of unnecessary energy.

As to boots, I find ski-ing boots and crampons an admirable combination even in summer. Climbers have in some respects curiously conventional ideas. A man will start out in August for Monte Rosa in ordinary nailed boots, with a single thickness of stocking underneath. Monte Rosa is a very cold mountain, and the climber does not get any sunshine till he reaches the Sattel, at a height of over fourteen thousand feet. He is often exposed in mid-summer to far more severe cold than the ski-runner meets in the course of an ordinary winter's day, and numberless climbers suffer in consequence from half frozen feet. All this could be obviated by using ski-ing boots for mountains which are properly "winter mountains" at all seasons of the year. Nailed boots and a single pair of stockings are all very well for rock mountains. They are dangerous and uncomfortable for snow peaks, especially snow peaks with a northern aspect.

Lastly, ski-ing is an excellent sport in a wet summer. I have seen climbers sitting disconsolate in hotels because rock peaks, like the Matterhorn, would not go, and snow peaks were almost inaccessible on foot. Meanwhile the snow was lying right down to six thousand feet, and more enterprising mountaineers were gaily ski-ing. Saas-fee in a bad summer is an excellent ski-ing centre, as the snow sometimes lies right down to the village. The Britannia hut has been frequently used as a centre for summer ski-ing.

Among the leaders of English mountaineering there is a curious prejudice against ski-ing. Continental mountaineers have a magnificent record for pioneer work on ski. Problems and questions which were thrashed out ten years ago by German, Austrian and Swiss runners are still gravely debated by leading British mountaineers. One is still taken to task by distinguished winter mountaineers who do not ski for venturing to assert that ski are of some use in

winter mountaineering, and I fear that they will regard the intrusion of ski into summer mountaineering as nothing less than an impertinence. None the less, summer ski-ing has come to stay, and the snows of the Alpine glaciers will be covered with ski tracks in August as well as in January.

I have only touched in a cursory fashion upon many of the problems that confront the ski-runner. Ski-ing on a rope, the use of climbing irons on ski, and kindred topics are dealt with fully in the various ski-ing journals. Perhaps if the Editor will pass a surreptitious advertisement, I may be allowed to refer the curious reader to a chapter on the subject in the yet unpublished "Modern Mountain Craft," edited by G. W. Young.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE CLIMBERS' CLUB.

"ALL may have, if they dare choose, a glorious life or grave." How relentlessly the words ring in my brain! A glorious life was never very near, but the alternative—how close it might have been during those weeks of indecision. If I might choose now!—too late!—too late! Inglorious grave . . . Yet, am I dead? I see, feel, hear nothing, but, strangely, I still can think. Is this my soul still marching on, while my body lies mouldering in that dark gully or on the bare windswept hillside at its foot?—my soul, which, to my little daughter's sorrow, I so firmly disbelieved in as existing after the destruction of its shell. "Thought's the slave of life, and life's time's fool" was my faith, yet how I longed for that conscious being after death, which reason told me not to hope for. And now, have my longings been realised? Or am I hovering on the verge of death, my senses already erased by that whirling fall? Pah! A still unravelled mystery: why pursue the futile circle? . . .

What strange existence! Incommunicable thoughts and no fresh inspiration for them through the senses. Can I progress, or am I doomed to wander round and round within the final ring of experience? And how those rings were widening out, year by year, embracing in their course unforgettable pleasures! Can I regret taking up the sport which has set a term to them? It has stored up for me happier memories to ponder over than anything in life, except love and friendship, and how many of my friends has it not given me? The remembrance of Alpine dawns alone, and the emotions stirred by them, are worth ten extra years of life. The thrill of struggles on the crags, the grandeur of storm and majesty of night amongst the central

ranges, the delight of pinewood and upper pastures, of moorland, beck and tarn, of glittering snowfield gleaming magically through dispersing morning mists, and the memories of comrades who shared these enjoyments with me, surely these in the scales would outweigh death !

What selfishness, when England's existence is still at stake, to find comfort in such balancings ! Comfort I might have in all the sport has given me, but shame that I did not use its training to meet death more gloriously. Though I was always a weakling amongst climbers, the hills had taught me to endure heat, drenching rain and frost, to march far with heavy loads, to be alert in danger, and come fearlessly to close quarters with death : why did I not use all this to help my country in her need ?

Let me face the question without shirking. Why did I not enlist ? I was too old to be accepted. Paltry excuse ! Many, with pardonable falsehood, took ten or even twenty years from their lives in their eagerness to serve, and were accepted gladly. Is not physical fitness the underlying meaning of the age limit ? Why, I was still good for 40 miles a day—probably 60 at a pinch. My son is up to the average of his fellow officers and well above that of his men, and I could easily have beaten him at any sort of physical endurance. No, I was not too old to fight and I never thought it.

Was I afraid perhaps of coming back to a business crippled in my absence ? That seems more probable. Strange, that I should never have feared death, and yet dreaded curtailed means. Contemptible !

And how many things urged me on : the wish to follow my son's example ; the desire to wipe out the ignominy of inheriting a German name ; the disgust at doing such unessential work, day after day, as designing mosaics for churches—fiddling while Rome was burning !

How I tried to persuade myself that it was necessary to stick at work for the sake of my family, for the sake of

my employees, for the sake of the silver bullets which, someone said, were going to win the war at the end. But I knew right well that these were mere excuses.

Then the thought of my "castle-in-the-air"—the retirement from business to a life full of all the energies I delighted in, amongst the surroundings of my beloved Lakeland—perhaps that also weighed in the balance. Yet what would that life have been, accompanied by the constant thought of duty neglected—possibly with a dead or wounded son whom I had not helped?

I wondered a moment ago whether progress in this strange existence were still possible, but it flashes on me now that this at least is solved. When it began I was still a coward: now—given the chance of it—I am ready. There is some small comfort in that thought, though I may be dead and unable to carry readiness forward into action, but if I should still be alive there is yet hope!

DEAR MATHEWS,—Here is the short paper which you asked me to write. Your request has gained a recruit, for the writing has compelled me to clear my mind and take the right course.

LONG DAYS AND LONELY MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN SCOTLAND.

BY EDRED M. CORNER.

By the passage of Time the career of the lover of mountain wandering is limited. As time goes by bodily efficiency and leisure become curtailed. Climbing friends, though many, are no longer so free to choose the times and places of their holiday. Thus parties of climbing friends get broken up. The timetable is dislocated. Such was the state into which I had fallen when your editor dug me out of my retirement, as, owing to the war, he was short of copy for his journal. To write a mountaineering paper is always a happy occupation, and to be done. It is like having a holiday a second time. Hence I turned to my climbing note-books to see what memories stood out most vividly. What experiences should I enjoy most in going over again? Was it the conquest of some slab, ridge, chimney, gulley or climbs? Was it the evenings after a good day spent in labour and followed by good food and good fellowship? No, it was none of these such as I might have felt proud of. It was the off-days and the days of trip-planning which memory brought out as most pleasurable in my mind. Such tissue-forming days and dreams, so often never fulfilled, afforded no material with which to furnish an editor with copy. Under such circumstances it was necessary to ask oneself what other incidents in a mountaineering life would seem best to repay recollection. It was the long day's work, especially when alone, which brought most allurements. Be it understood that I do not mean days made long through sloth in the morning, a frequent delinquency, but days full of hard trudge. Such long days can contain little real climbing, as it takes so much time and forbids a long day. A comparatively few feet of rock may mean some hours of climbing. Such

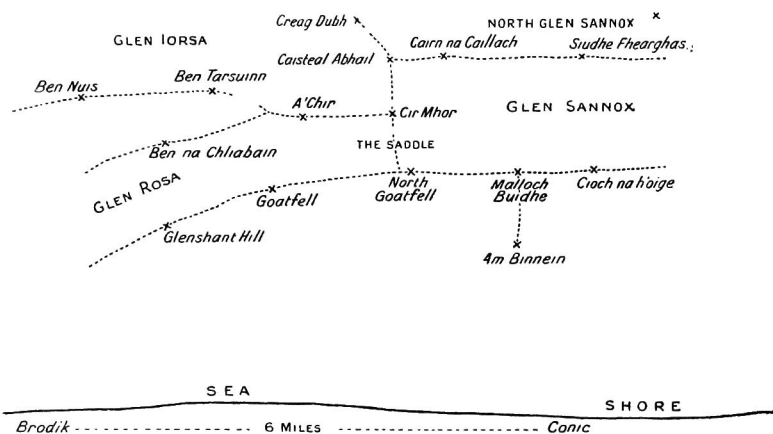
events stand out as ordinary day's work. By long day's work memory means "casting" a long spoor across a country. The start and finish of the day's work are not often the same place. In 1895 and in the island of Arran a very delightful exception is found to this. The mountains in this island are sufficiently small for the mountaineer to have some climbing whilst doing a long day's work. There are not many long days' work in this island, as may be surmised from its size. But what there are make up for their fewness by their beauty and variety. Firstly, let it be premised that the mountains are in the north of the island and are grouped around Glen Rosa and Glen Sannox, the traverse of whose confine-ridges give the long day's work. The best long day is to start on Suidhe Fheargheas (King Fergus' seat), north of the mouth of Glen Sannox, scramble through the big rocky ridge-gap of Cairn na Cailliach (the witch's step) and over the granite tors of Caisteal Abhail (the terrible castle), a short descent into the upper reaches of Glen Sannox (called Upper Glen Sannox on the map) enables one to have a climb on the face of Cir Mhor (the great comb). The summit of this mountain is of rock with a cup-shaped moss-filled depression at the top, the very place to rest in. From here Glen Sannox is left behind, and Glen Rosa is followed on its northern and western sides. The ridge of A'Chir (the comb) gives a good scramble. At two places the climber must leave the crest of the ridge. Whilst an "underhung" boulder forms the summit and requires negotiation. A traverse of Ben Tarsuinn (the transverse hill) and Ben Nuis conclude the long day on the hills, and the conclusion on the flat is four miles down Glen Rosa to Brodik, and usually six more home. It is a day of six mountains and ridges and three climbs.

This day may be varied in several ways. The day may be started with an easy ledge up Cioch na h'oighe on the south ridge of Glen Sannox, which is then followed as far as Glen Rosa. A descent is then made to the Saddle and the route described joined at the summit of Cir Mhor.

Or the route may be joined at Caisteal Abhail from the Loch Ranza road, going over An Tunna and Creag Dubh (the black cliff).

Then, instead of finishing the day by the traverse of Bens Tarsuinn and Nuis, the mountaineer may keep to the left and descend over Ben na Chliabain (the hill of hope).

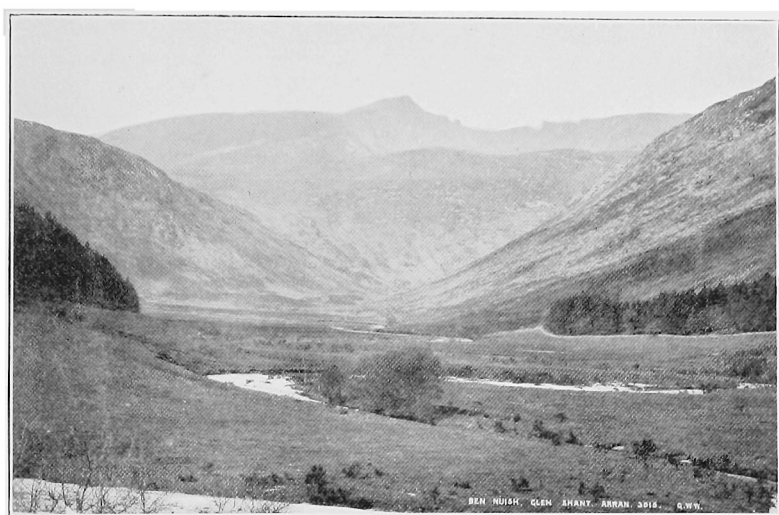
But I would recommend for pure enjoyment that the round is taken as described in my first note and not by any alteration or reversed. As regards time a long summer's day can easily be spent on it. It means an early start and a late home-coming. A round of Glen Rosa or a round of



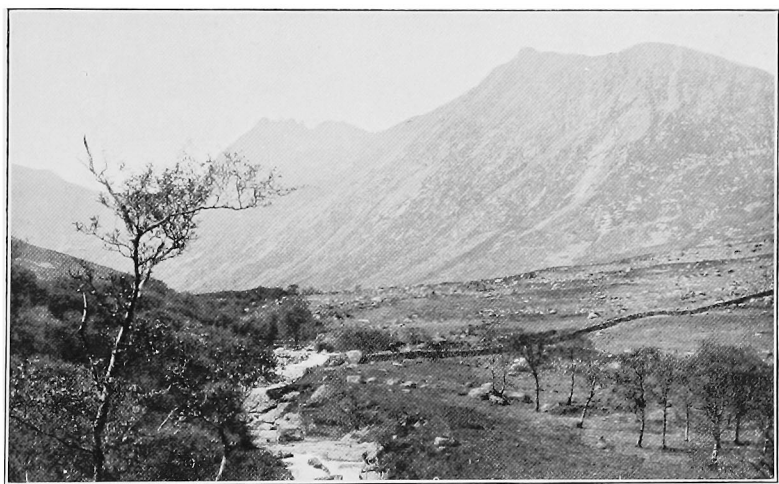
Glen Sannox fills in a long day. And the latter is recommended for its variety and scrambling.

In 1896 from Glen Roy, near Fort William, Inverness-shire, one day was spent journeying from one end of a ridge, 3,700 odd feet high, and called Stob nan Cean, to the other, 3,000 feet high, and called Sgor a Choinnich Beag. The journey took about three hours, spent on a high ridge with an infinite variety of views and ups and downs. A less exhilarating long day is easily found on the ridges south of Glen Nevis, where at least two long days have been spent. Such as from Courour Station on the West Highland line over some of the east end of the chain to the head of (and

probably a trap in) Glen Nevis. Or a journey over Binnan Mor, the monarch of the south ridge of Glen Nevis, called the Mamore Forest, may be traversed with many other of the tops and ridges from Kinloch Leven to Fort William. These days are long, easy, and, if fine, very pleasant. There is little actual climbing in Mamore ; rather are these hills neglected from difficulty of access than from the absence of climbing possibility. Other journeys over the northern summits of Glen Nevis savour of pleasurable days full of work, but do not stand out in the memory as long days. But June 30th, 1896, offered a long day in Balquidder, and the offer was accepted. On a fine day we spent many hours from Crianlarich travelling over many tops of mountains, including Ben More (the big hill), 3,845 feet, Stobinian (the hill of the birds), 3,821 feet, and Cruach Ardran (the high stack), 3,477 feet. The mountains of Perthshire are broken and rugged, affording little opportunity to the rock climber of practising his pastime. The climbing of rocks takes so much time that, if it be done, very few hours remain in which to do a long day's work. In consequence I must pass by three years and reach the time when a friend and I slept at a keeper's house one June amongst the Eastern Highlands of Scotland. My companion was very energetic, and did not appreciate the fact that I had only very recently left the "flesh pots" of London and was not in condition for hard work. At 5 a.m. on June 14th I was taken from bed for a bath in the burn, followed by breakfast, and then to Glen Dee and the tops of Cairntoul, 4,241 feet, Sgor an Lochain Uaine (the peak of the green lakelet), 4,095 feet, Braeriach (the speckled height), 4,248 feet, Cairngorm (the blue cairn), 4,084 feet, Ben Macdhui (the mountain of the black sow), 4,296 feet, and a host of lesser tops. Suffice it that a little after 10 p.m. I need travel no further. Recovering from this, I had another long day all by myself over the many summits of the Lochnagar (the lake of the hare) group of hills, called the White Mounth, and rising to a height of



Ben Nuish, Glen Shant, Arran.



Glen Sannox, Arran.

3,786 feet. The tableland consists, according to the great orologist of Scotland, Sir Hugh Munro, of five separate mountains with twelve tops subsidiary to their summits. All these heights are connected by easy slopes and make most pleasurable travelling. Starting from Ballater, a long and most pleasurable day was spent wandering about amongst these summits, and the Milton of Clova was reached, in the company of a curlew, at 10 p.m. Personally, I think that there are few greater pleasures for the mountaineer than travelling alone over a large wide stretch of country, untrammelled by care of time, fatigue, danger or difficulty, choosing the way as the features of the journey may suggest, answerable to none but himself for the character of the route, the length and frequency of the pauses, and the rate of progress. The practice of travelling alone is to be condemned where anything like serious climbing is done. But where walking alone is done the lonely wayfarer may be justified in taking on himself the risks of lonely travel for the many recompenses it has. In no other way have I so quickly, surely and lastingly learned the physical characters and geography of a country. In no other way have I been taught to observe so much and so closely. Company in mountaineering as in the other ploys of life detracts from the responsibility of the individual. The man who cannot be trusted to do a long day over easy ground had better give up mountaineering and take to spillikins. Travelling alone across the incidents of country, mountains and rivers, teaches a man a lot of the country, its people and himself, their uses and limits, as they can be learned in no other way. A man who can travel well and safely over a rough country in all weathers is a valuable addition to a party of serious climbers. Such is the use of mountaineering alone. It gives a training such as cannot be so quickly or so accurately acquired in any other way. One of the best of mountain groups for its practice in the British Isles is the group of Creag Mheaghaidh, by Loch Laggan, in Inverness-shire. In one "long day" I have travelled

alone over it to include a score of two mountains and ten tops. In July, 1900, I had a most enjoyable "long day" over the range of mountains which form the backbone of the Forest of Mamre. Staying at Tyndrum, in Perthshire, I caught the early train on the West Highland line to the passing place of Gortan, whence an easy ascent took me over a shoulder to Ben Creachan (3,540 feet). This is a mountain with a superlatively interesting view, being on the edge of the great wild and rugged plateau of the Moor of Rannoch. From this high plain rise many of the finest rivers in Scotland, "the Cona (of Glencoe), Eive, regal Tay." It is bounded on the north by the Ben Alder group of mountains, on the south by Ben Lawers, Cairn Maig, and the hills of Glen Lyon, on the east by the graceful cone of Schichallion, and on the west by the mountains around Ben Nevis. From Ben Creachan I walked over four mountains on the ridge to Ben Doran. In the summer of the same year I started from Killin and spent a long day on the hills of Ben Lawers to include five mountains and two tops, and two days later over four mountains and four tops over Cairn Maig. These two days were done, as I felt that at least two long days of easy and lonely travel should be included in every holiday. It is also wise to spend a day or two of long easy work at the beginning of a holiday, not necessarily lonely, to get climbers into condition. I found that the last day of a holiday was almost always a "long day," a long spoor across country, with not much in the way of score to show for it. For instance, three of us travelled from Dalwhinnie by train, machine, and Shanks' mare over Schichallion to Aberfeldy. Errors of misfortune or fault make the lonely traveller pay dearly for his aberrations. Owing to an electric storm on the hills above Glen Shee my compass became useless, and at evening I found myself in a strange valley with fifteen miles' tramp to Braemar, and many more miles from there to dry clothes and money. On another day a misunderstanding with a driver caused eighteen miles of long tramp. An attempt on Ben Eighe



Cir Mhor and Caisteal Abhail, from Suide Fhear Ghas.

to descend a snow slope, which only received a brief visit from the sun in the early morning, taught the climber to be wary. A misjudgment of time made a journey down Glen Sligachan in Skye and the dark a necessity. Such penalties a lonely wanderer must learn to pay philosophically, cheerfully ; and get himself out of the difficulty. Sometimes travelling alone is a necessity, not a choice. In 1909 a companion and I started for a long day over easy ground from Spean Bridge, in Inverness-shire, with a drive, a ten-mile walk along tracks, and the rest of the day on the mountain ridges north of Ben Alder. Descending the last hill in rapidly growing darkness, we lost each other, shouted, roared, lit the heather, etc., but remained alone. My afore-time companion composed a possibly useful telegram to my "widow," and I one to his "sorrowing parents." For ten dark miles we pursued a lonely way till the consciousness that the last apple was in my rucksack caused me to halt, sit down, examine, and eat. Suddenly a dim figure was seen on the road, and my long-lost companion was found again. A joyful reunion and much weariness. Our haven was reached at 11.30 p.m.

These are the days and exploits of most pleasurable recollection. At any rate they serve to tell what is most pleasurable in the life of one mountaineer, and teach the uses of wandering alone. More than this, in the holiday notebooks is recorded the undoing of a mountaineer. How the sloth inculcated by luxury grew. How easy, comfortable quarters ousted those of cottage and keeper. How the softer living of hotels replaced that of house. How the work was done first with " ' Shanks' mare," then machine and train journeys, then a motor, with a temporary increase of work done on account of the extended range of opportunities. Finally there are no entries in the mountaineering book since 1912. There is no more to be said. Perhaps, Phoenix-like, mountain energy will rise again from the toughness laid down by the work of former years. Let us hope so. Who knows ?

A SWISS HOLIDAY IN 1914.

By A. C. PIGOU.

WE were due to leave Charing Cross by the 2.5 train on Friday, July 31st. During the four preceding days I had been in North Wales, and, on Thursday evening, emerged, by evasion, from the top of the Great Gully Craig-y-isfa just in time to catch the last train for London. On Friday morning we were greeted with the news that the Stock Exchange had closed. The intellects of two of us were clouded by night-travelling, and we did not attach to that portent the significance that an economist, at all events, might have been expected to perceive in it. The possibility of waiting in London another day was mooted. But sleeping-berths from Paris to Interlaken had been booked, and it was guaranteed to us, on the authority (at second-hand) of a Cabinet Minister's son, that, in the worst event, England and Italy at least would be found neutral. We turned our backs on our native land, and, companioned on the boat by members of Parliament journeying to the International Peace Conference at Constance, reached the shores of France.

Here a momentary thrill gave us pause. We had engaged seats in a second-class carriage as far as Paris. We were escorted to one of the first class, and, on enquiring the reason, were told that all the other carriages had been mobilised for the war. But the calm of Paris restored in us a sense of security, which not even the infinite delays of our Swiss journey—we were six hours late—could wholly destroy. At Interlaken, however, the aspect of things was changed. Drums were beating for troops to march; waiters and porters in the hotel were not: they had

rushed forthright to defend Ticino canton against a feared Italian attack. And worse was to follow. Our money was in English notes, and we needed change. Save one, all the banks were closed. At that one a harassed official, after beating off an American lady frenzied for instant flight, awarded us, of grace, 100 francs for a Bank of England five-pound note. It would have been possible to fly immediately for home, for the Pontarlier route was still open, though that of Basle was closed. But to act so was a prudence not given to betravelled men. Securing our retreat in case of bankruptcy by bespeaking posts as waiters from the hostess of our hotel, we set out on the Sunday to Lauterbrunnen, and walked up to Obersteinberg. We would begin at least the programme we had planned ; and at Zermatt—a haven surely in any storm—our baggage should precede and await us.

Our plan had been to go first to the Mutthorn hut, climbing from there the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn, and, perhaps, the Gspaltenhorn, and then, if fortune were extremely kind, possibly to go over the Jungfrau to the Concordia hut. But this plan was to be treated as elastic. We were going without guides ; two of us were in their first season, and, in guideless climbing, the experience of the third had so far been confined to Norway. Therefore nothing large was to be attempted, except in perfect weather. These were our ideas. Still cherishing them, we attained, in infinite heat, to the Obersteinberg Hotel. There rumours of dearth were rife. Mürren had fled, and the genteeler forms of bread, which it dispensed to us, were no longer to be had. Some English ladies, who had come out only three days before, were girding themselves for return. One Englishman, back in Switzerland for the first time after nine years, was in despair, because the two guides whom he had engaged had been summoned to the army. Such was the state of man. And the state of nature was no more encouraging. We were told that for the past week it had snowed and rained continually. The

Jungfrau was white to a degree that immediately shattered our loftier aspirations, and on the slope opposite to our hotel there lay the remains of immense recent avalanches that had fallen across the track to the Rothal hut. Sleep and a troubled imagination were the order of the night.

On Monday the fine weather we had brought with us continued, and we set out for the Mutthorn hut, not wholly despairing of the Breithorn, as a stage on the way to Ried. Conway's guide has disparaging remarks about the mode of approach to this hut, asserting that it is necessary to progress upwards directly underneath the refuse shoot. Faithful to instructions we adopted that unattractive route, only to realise too late that the modern spirit has entered even here and substituted round the corner a charming entrance over smooth and lucid snow. The guard, his wife and his little son—whose spirit our illuminated watch delighted, while our chocolate soothed his flesh—were our only comrades of the night. They, too, must go down next day, for the guard, despite his age, was summoned to the mobilisation. Meanwhile they cooked us eggs and soup, and spoke uncheerfully of much new snow and an obstructing cornice on the mountain we hoped to climb. In the hut-book the names of two distinguished members of the Climbers' Club and two famous guides suggested that something new had probably happened recently to the Gspaltenhorn.

The morning broke—or tried to—in thick mist and continuous snow. To climb a mountain was out of the question; so, as we had not food enough for another day at the hut, and as the guard told us that the Petersgrat route was trodden into a track, we decided to go direct to Ried. The snow beneath our feet was wet and deep, the snow falling on us wet and cold; the mist all round us made it impossible to see. We got to the top of the pass, and, foolishly obeying directions instead of our sense of where we ought to go, marched at great length along the track. To our indignation, after an hour and a half or so

of this the track stopped, our compass performed extraordinary gyrations, and it became plain that, instead of going towards Ried, we had been following the footsteps of worthy predecessors who, in happier times than ours, had walked along the ridge for the view. We went back to the top of the pass; the mist lifted for a moment, showing us the way, and we journeyed successfully to the valley, where the snow became drenching rain. Bedraggled we came to the Nesthorn Hotel. For one night, they told us, yes, we will improvise you beds; but to-morrow the hotel will be closed, and everyone will go down to Kippel. So we knew that it was war indeed, and we telephoned for rooms at our final haven of Zermatt.

Next morning, on August 5th, the weather was perfectly restored. With garments plausibly dry we walked down the path to catch the first train at Goppenstein. The military were much in evidence, and our rucksacs were investigated for bombs. Permitted to pass, we attained our train by a narrow margin. It was filled with Italian workmen returning to their homes and conversing sadly of "*la ruina della Europa.*" Arrived at Zermatt, we found the Monte Rosa Hotel closed, but the Mont Cervin ready to receive us. Further, my belief in Zermatt as a haven was justified, for the manager at once consented both to be paid by cheque and to provide us at need with change for English notes. Here we learnt for the first time of the English declaration of war, and became anxious to get home. We were told that to return through France was for the time impossible, but that, when the French mobilisation was complete, there might be better hope. We decided to remain at Zermatt, so as to be at hand for news, and to set out for England as soon as opportunity offered. Meanwhile, if the weather allowed us, we would climb.

The next day was wet and cold, but improved in the afternoon. Satisfying ourselves that the Trift Inn was open, we journeyed there for the night with the idea of assaulting the Wellenkuppe. This was among the first

Swiss mountains I had climbed, with much stumbling and fear, five years ago, and I was interested to revive acquaintance with it. We set out at four o'clock on an excellent fine morning, and duly mounted the prolonged moraine. But thereafter was much suffering. Quantities of new and soft snow made progress for all of us greatly toilsome ; and for the heavy-weight member of our party, who carries his fourteen stone like a man, a thing not to be spoken of in words that bear repeating. Things were made worse for us by the fact that no recent party had climbed the mountain, so that there was no track, and we were tempted to some needless wandering near big snow-covered crevasses. All the way, until perhaps 200 feet below the shoulder where the rocks start, the snow was exceedingly soft. From that point onward it changed its character ; on the top there were some two inches into which it was possible to kick, and underneath snow extremely hard. In view of our lack of expertness we had to safeguard our ascent by a succession of anchoring operations, which absorbed no little time. After breakfast on the col I had hoped, in the light of memory, that the snow journey was ended. But that was by no means so. We struggled up a great morass looking for a way on to the ridge. After trying one way, the rottenness of which compelled retreat, we eventually got up by some wet and rounded rocks, on which more than one member of the party lavished the lingering affection of an incredibly long embrace. Thereafter we were again on the proper route ; and the occasion and my weariness were celebrated by the creation of soup. Then still more snow and ice, complicating what ought to have been a walk, till the foot of the final rock wall. That was clean and attractive—a slight reward for our labours. But when we had climbed it, my reputation for a true forecaster of our times had been so blasted that a prophecy of ten minutes to the top of the snow cap was received with jeers. However, it was not far wrong, and at last, at three o'clock, after eleven hours' incredible toil, we attained our goal !

Photography and conversation about the snow ! Descent of the ridge with an emendation to the right route in the lower part. A traverse over a wide quasi-couloir containing a deeper morass than any we had yet passed, under the eyes, as we afterwards learned, of telescopic experts at the Riffelalp muttering sagely of avalanches ! More descent and passage of the glacier, during which my rejoicing was great that another walked first in the snow ! We reached the Trift Inn at 8.15. Two of us opined with feeling that the duty of the day was done, and shamelessly stayed where we were. But our heavy-weight member, though his sufferings had necessarily been much worse than ours, marched like a hero to Zermatt and spent the night in that city.

While we had been adventuring ourselves in the way I have described, the British Minister at Berne had commenced his campaign of education. At frequent intervals notices appeared on the hotel notice board requesting his Britannic Majesty's subjects to exercise patience, declaring that special trains were being arranged for, and insisting that, for the present, we must stay where we were. Meanwhile we were advised to constitute committees, to divide ourselves up into classes according to the measure of our poverty in various kinds of coin, and generally to occupy ourselves in forms of harmless agitation. One result of all this was to make our party still more unwilling to go away from Zermatt, lest one of these promised special trains should appear during our absence. Hence, though the condition of the snow would naturally have sent us to the lower mountains of Arolla, we were compelled to seek local expeditions. The Rimpfischhorn was made inaccessible by the fact that the Flühalp was closed ; so, after a day of fine weather, we decided to try the Rothorn. Armstrong of the fourteen stone—I have not yet named our party—was suffering from blisters engendered by bad boots, and his place was taken by a friend staying at the Riffelalp. Stephen and I went up to the Trift for the

night, but, owing to the British Minister's admonitions about economy, our new companion denied himself this luxury. He is probably the only man who has ever begun the ascent of the Rothorn from the Riffelalp Hotel !

We left the Trift at 2 o'clock. The weather was perfect, and the snow up to the first band of rocks was very hard and good. Above this first band it was softer, and we kept as far as possible to the stones. One lapse from the proper route occurred and led to some waste of time in an icy chimney. But we reached the top of the slope preceding the snow ridge without any special labour. That snow ridge this year was very different from my last view of it in 1911. Enormous cornices overhung the right-hand side, and caution was very necessary even in the earlier parts. As on the Wellenkuppe, the use of anchoring methods made us very slow, but there was no real difficulty till we came within some 150 or 200 feet of the main mountain. Here the snow was piled into a crest about a foot wide at the top and extremely soft, so soft, indeed, that it was impossible to get foothold by kicking steps below it. The only safe method, therefore, seemed to be to sit on the ridge, proceeding along it *à cheval*, and consolidating it by our weight as we went. To me, who am no horseman, this method of progress was laborious and unpleasant to a degree, but our representative of the Riffelalp, who brought up the rear of the party, sailed along as though to the manner born. At length, after taking much longer over the ridge than I had expected, we reached the face of the mountain. Here the softness of the snow became more than inconvenient. I went up a little way to some rocks and tried to traverse across the face along the ordinary way. There was a great plaque of ice covered with rotten snow. I tried another place with the same result. It would have been impossible to proceed by the ordinary way without the whole party moving at once along this steep slope without any anchorage. In the avalanchy condition of the snow it was certainly no place for us.

There appeared to be a possible alternative way up some rocks on the right, and this we contemplated for a little. On enquiring afterwards in Zermatt we were told by one guide that he had tried it when the face was iced, and failed ; by another that he had once tried it and succeeded. But at the time we knew nothing about this way ; it was eleven o'clock ; to complete the ascent and return, if it could be managed at all, would evidently be a very long business ; and, last but not least, our line of retreat might be threatened by worsening conditions of the snow. We therefore decided regretfully to go down. In getting back from the face on to the narrow ridge, we found the snow very bad. But, once on the ridge, save for the labours of the *à cheval* method, we progressed easily enough, and at the further end made soup and consumed a prolonged meal. This fortified us for the descent of the snow slope that followed—a matter, more or less, of wading. But, when the time came to turn left and descend a further snow slope and the lowest band of rocks to which it led, a new interest was added. This left-hand slope had evidently been swept during the day by snow avalanches, and, as we were looking at it, a fresh avalanche careered down the slope and dashed over the rocks that we had to descend. It was not possible altogether to avoid the danger zone, but we found a route that was partially protected, and reached the glacier without seeing any further snow-falls. From this point some further modified wading brought us to the moraine, and, after collecting our things at the Trift, we reached the Mont Cervin Hotel in time for a pre-dinner bath. We had failed to achieve our mountain, but we believed ourselves to have chosen the part of wisdom, and in any case we had had a very varied day.

The weather next morning was still fine, and the Matterhorn, which, when we arrived, might have been made of snow, was beginning to look normal. Further, we heard that, while we were attempting the Rothorn, an Englishman with two guides had successfully reopened the way

to that loftier summit. As the promised special trains showed no signs of appearing, we invented for ourselves a new plan, to make an attack on the Matterhorn, and, thereafter, abandoning the committee and defying the British Minister, to journey to Lausanne and try to cross France on our own merits. On the second day, therefore, after our Rothorn effort, Armstrong professing himself now recovered, Stephen, he and I set out to tackle our high emprise. The night was to be spent at the Hörnti Hotel, and, in view of the slow pace of the party, a start was to be made next day at the earliest possible hour. Our first shock occurred at the Schwartzee, where we were sitting to cool on a bench before the deserted hotel. A large party belonging to the Riffelalp arrived from the direction of the Stafel. Two of their number, it appeared, had that day been with two guides up the Matterhorn. They reported the mountain in admirable condition, but immediately nullified the good news by telling us that the whole ménage of the Hörnti Hotel was at that moment descending, with its mule, to Zermatt. We had not nearly enough food to make us independent and to allow us to pass the night in the hut ; so things looked serious. However, fortified with gifts of chocolate and sandwiches, we went on, hoping to meet the hotel people, and at least to capture some provisions. After a little we did meet them, and, for five francs, persuaded the man to return with us and reopen the hotel. As we continued our journey, the sky rapidly darkened, and we entered the hotel in thunder and thick mist.

Our ideas of a specially early start were defeated by our host's opinion, when morning came, as to the inadequate clarity of the moon. He waited for the sky to clear, and called us much later than we had intended. Consequently, a start was not made till nearly three o'clock. By a combination of lantern and moonlight we progressed very slowly, but were helped to find the right way by tracks in fairly frequent patches of snow. After an hour

or so, little dreaming of future needs, we left our lantern to be collected on the return. The party's lack of experience made it necessary for us to move one at a time on ground where on my other visit, with a guide, to the Matterhorn there had been no pause; and, as a result, we took between four and five hours to reach the old hut. Some way beyond this, when, owing to a slight deviation from the route, we were engaged in traversing easy but fairly smooth rocks, Armstrong was suddenly attacked with violent mountain sickness. We made the best of our way to the ridge—my ardour to find him a good resting-place quickly led to some waste of time over an unsuccessful short cut—and then consulted. It was finally decided that he should sleep where he was—it was an excellent place—while Stephen and I went on to the top.

With a party of two, the need for frequent single moving was less destructive of time, but we were still fairly slow. The idea I had cherished of inspecting the route to the right of the ropes had to be abandoned, and we ascended in an undignified manner amid the clanking of chains and hawsers. Even so it was one o'clock by the time we stood on the summit,—and were robbed of our view to Italy by a thin new-formed cloud. On the way down we shouted to Armstrong to make soup, but on rejoining him—after some six hours' absence!—were grievously disappointed to find that he, being without matches, had been unable to do this. We quickly repaired that omission, and believing the time to be then three o'clock, and that the light would last till eight, made no particular hurry. But, so soon as we started to descend, it became clear that we were in for difficulties. A considerable downward traverse of perhaps 100 feet had to be made along snow beneath a rock tower. The snow had hardened, and our steps of the morning had become iced. The passage was an awkward one for a party constituted as ours was, and it was not accomplished till a number of devices had been tried, the sudden impact of a falling body had been upheld by our

excellent Alpine rope, and a very great deal of time had been occupied. There were other delays ; I dropped my ice-axe, and, diverting from the route to retrieve it, found trouble and wasted precious moments on wet, smooth rocks. Hard snow, too, frequently kept us back ; and after, perhaps, an hour's progress below the old hut, it became too dark to see. We made for the ridge, and surrendered for the night.

We were wet from the expedition after my ice-axe, and it soon became abominably cold. We passed the night sitting or standing, solaced twice by brewings of good soup. The others—not I—bore these trials with fortitude, and Stephen seemed positively to enjoy the cold. Once we had a moment of excitement and a glimmer of hope ; for, shortly after our surrender, there suddenly appeared higher up on the mountain first one lantern and then further up two close together. We deduced travellers from Italy, and had visions of following their lanterns down. But the lanterns stopped high above us and would not face the journey in the dark. At 12 o'clock there was an adequate moon, but my companions, who were happily consuming provisions which my soul then abhorred, were deaf to shivering appeals and voted to wait the dawn.

Soon after four o'clock the last stage of the journey began. We left our place on the ridge and continued traversing down beneath it. After a short time we met two guides and two voyageurs ascending, and a little later the party—apparently two Italians and two guides—that had been benighted above us came into view. That party was our bane. First they kicked down stones upon us, and then their presence tempted us, in a weak moment, to abandon to them the route of our ascent, and to seek a way down further from the ridge. In the result we found a land of infinite rottenness that thundered momentarily downwards beneath Armstrong's relentless feet. One portion of this rottenness larger than the rest dislodged itself under Stephen's embrace, and left him suspended on the

rope, till a second loop could be thrown to him to assist his return. This whole descent was most abominable, and we bitterly repented having allowed the Italians to drive us from the proper route. However, things evil have their end, and, after infinite wanderings, we got down to the Hörnti Hotel, now again closed, at about half-past eight. I had achieved the curious sensation of an almost complete loss of voice, but, apart from that, the party seemed none the worse for its adventure.

But then came the Matterhorn's belated vengeance. While Armstrong and I started ambling down the snowy path from the Hörnti, Stephen stayed a moment to photograph our victim. Then he started to run after us, slipped on the snow and dislocated the cartilage of his knee! This misfortune roused the sleeping energies of our party's strong man. Armstrong solemnly proposed, and actually began, to carry him down to Zermatt! It was, I firmly believe, only the victim's most strenuous protests that prevented this extraordinary feat from being accomplished. Baulked of this, Armstrong added Stephen's sack to his own, and sailed ahead to find and remit a mule. I stayed with the sick man, who was able to hobble very slowly down. Presently I went on to quench a desperate thirst at one of the streams by the Schwartzsee, and we were to meet again there. After a long wait, as he did not appear, I inferred we had muddled the rendezvous and went on, to find him my predecessor at Zermatt by an hour. The cartilage had suddenly returned to its place, and he had got down in time to cancel the advancing mule.

An immense lunch served to restore us all, and left us contentedly anticipating the splendours of a yet immenser dinner. Meanwhile, with one accord, we retired to our rooms to lie down on our beds and read. When next I knew the world the hour was 12 midnight! We had all slept through that splendid dinner; the whole hotel was in bed, and the pangs of hunger must be solaced as best they might by mountain cocoa manufactured by ourselves.

The loss of that hoped-for meal was a very bitter blow, and though next morning a breakfast beefsteak was invoked to make amends, it did not wholly remove our feeling of self-pity.

Stephen's knee was not fit for further climbing, but both he and I were ready to start our journey to Lausanne. Alas! this was not to be. Armstrong began to feel very ill; the doctor discovered for him a temperature of 103, and found his foot poisoned through the blisters that had all along been troubling him. After four or five days he was reported on the mend, and capable of travel in a week. Thereupon Stephen undertook the office of nurse, and I set out about August 20th to try the journey across France. That expedition occupied four days, and, though infinitely wearisome, involved no difficulty; I came by Lausanne, Paris, Arras and Boulogne. The others had expected to follow very shortly. But Armstrong's foot became bad beyond belief. Possibly the cold on the Matterhorn may have helped the poison to get a hold. Whatever the cause, he was in bed for a month at Zermatt. He and Stephen had to wait there long after the British Minister's vaunted special trains had gone, carrying away the last of the English. Meanwhile, the Germans came to the gates of Paris, and the French route seemed blocked. Therefore, so soon as Armstrong was well enough to travel, they went to Genoa to seek a boat for England. The invalid, supported upon a crutch constructed of two ice-axes, won worship as a wounded warrior, and an offer of soldi from benevolence as a poor Italian beggar. After many days of waiting, they secured berths in a Dutch boat, and reached England again in the last days of September.

ON ROPES AND KNOTS.

EDITED BY J. P. FARRAR.

ROPES.

IN editing the Accident Chapter for the *Alpine Journal*, the fatalities due to the breakage of ropes were so striking that I was led to attempt some investigations into the question of the most suitable Alpine ropes.

Accordingly, in May, 1910, I went to Frost Brothers, Ltd., Commercial Road, E., makers to the Admiralty, and explained roughly the requirements, and asked them to make for me the very best rope they could. The conditions indicated to them were :—

1. Limit of weight, 5 lb. per 100 feet.
2. It should not kink in use.
3. It should be strong ; in particular it should resist a *sudden* shock as much as possible.
4. It should give a good grip ; the circumference suggested being $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

It will be remembered that Mr. O. Eckenstein was responsible for the tests in the Equipment Report of 1892, and I accordingly applied to him for assistance. This he has most willingly given, so much so that my *rôle* in the matter has been a purely nominal one. He conducted a great number of tests of various ropes, for which purpose Messrs. Frost Brothers at my request lent their testing machine. His final tests are given below.

They have been confirmed by independent tests made at the Polytechnic at Zurich and elsewhere.

These investigations have resulted in a distinct improvement in the class of Alpine rope now procurable, and I hope may lead to further improvements.

I have myself used the Frost rope for two seasons. It is beautifully flexible to handle and knot, and after the first wetting shows no tendency to kink. I do not know much of its wearing capacities—in this respect it is probably excelled by the harder Manila ropes. For the haulage of duffers where the rope is constantly dragged against rocks, no doubt a much heavier rope of Manila or possibly wire would be preferable. The Frost rope now described is designed for the use of trained mountaineers. All that I demand and all that ought to be demanded of an Alpine rope is that it shall not show undue wear during a single season.

I never use for a second season a rope on which life may depend when a new one can be obtained for a few shillings. Even when a rope shows no appreciable wear, it may have been subjected to some sudden severe strain which has robbed it of a portion of its virtue. I go so far as to say that used ropes ought not to be given away to guides, who will go on using them for an indefinite time.

The following is an extract from Mr. Eckenstein's covering letter to me :—

“ Ropes of fourteen different kinds were tested, namely, nine twisted or laid (four left hand and five right hand) and five woven kinds. The laid ropes were all of English manufacture, and the woven ropes were all of foreign manufacture. The latter included those issued, more or less officially, to the guides.

“ After you had left for Canada, I made, in June, 1911, final tests of the ropes not eliminated in the preliminary tests, precisely the same conditions being observed in each case so as to obtain strictly comparable results.* These tests were made in duplicate, and fracture occurred in each case in the portion of the rope clear of the means of attach-

* Small variations in the conditions, particularly as regards the rate of application of the loads and the uniformity of that rate, also the length tested, have a great influence on the results obtained ; they can cause the latter to vary by more than 30 per cent.—*Note by O. Eckenstein.*

ment ; the loads were gradually applied at the same rates, and the same lengths were tested. In each case an initial load of 56 pounds was applied ; a length of 5 feet was then marked and the subsequent extensions were measured on this length. The initial load of 56 pounds and the extension it produced are not taken into consideration in the diagrams and in the table given below.

“ The tests were made on ropes purchased in the ordinary way ; and they were made by myself and assistants in the absence of any interested parties. The machine used was a steelyard testing machine, the property of Messrs. Frost Brothers, makers of ropes to the Admiralty, and I am indebted to them for placing it unreservedly at my disposal.

“ Figures 1 to 5 show the load-extension diagrams obtained. The area enclosed by the curve in the diagrams serves as a measure of the power of the rope to resist a suddenly-applied load. The results are summarized in the annexed table.

Make.	Circumference, in inches.	Weight per 100 feet, in pounds.	Ultimate tensile strength, in pounds.		Extension, measured on test length of 5 feet, per cent.	Work required to break test length of 5 feet, in foot-pounds.	
			Absolute.	Relative, for rope of standard weight.		Absolute.	Relative, for rope of standard weight.
No. 1. English, Flax..	1·4	4·375	1,904	2,176	16·3	451	515
No. 2. English, Manila	1·4	4·65	1,792	1,927	12·3	331·5	356
No. 3. No. 1, worn ..	1·4	4·69	1,456	1,552	13·2	288	307
No. 4. Austrian ..	1·7	5·21	980	940	9·3	171	164
No. 5. Bavarian ..	1·6	5·00	896	896	7·3	126	126

NOTE.—5 pounds per 100 feet is taken as standard weight.

“ No. 1.—Left-hand lay. Flax, 3 strands ; each strand consists of 10 yarns ; each yarn consists of 11 threads.

"No. 2.—Right-hand lay. Manila, 3 strands; each strand consists of 12 yarns. There are 3 red marking threads.

"No. 3.—Same make as No. 1. This rope had been used by the late Mr. H. O. Jones in the Alps during one season (1910).

"No. 4.—Outside, Manila, 25 yarns (2 threads each) woven with 1 hemp yarn (8 threads) round a hemp core consisting of 4 yarns and 1 green marking thread.

"No. 5.—Outside, Manila, 25 yarns (2 threads each) woven with 1 hemp yarn (5 threads) round a Manila core consisting of 13 yarns (2 threads each) and 1 green marking yarn.

"These tests show conclusively that the strongest rope of those tested was No. 1, which was manufactured by Messrs. Frost Brothers, of 342 Commercial Road, London, E. An advantage of this rope is that owing to the way in which it is made, it loses practically all 'kinkiness' after it has been in use a short time.

"Some of the 'Alpine' ropes supplied are of very poor quality. In figure 6 I show the load-extension diagram of the worst type tested, which was a Swiss woven rope, part Manila and part hemp, containing a green marking thread. This diagram speaks for itself.

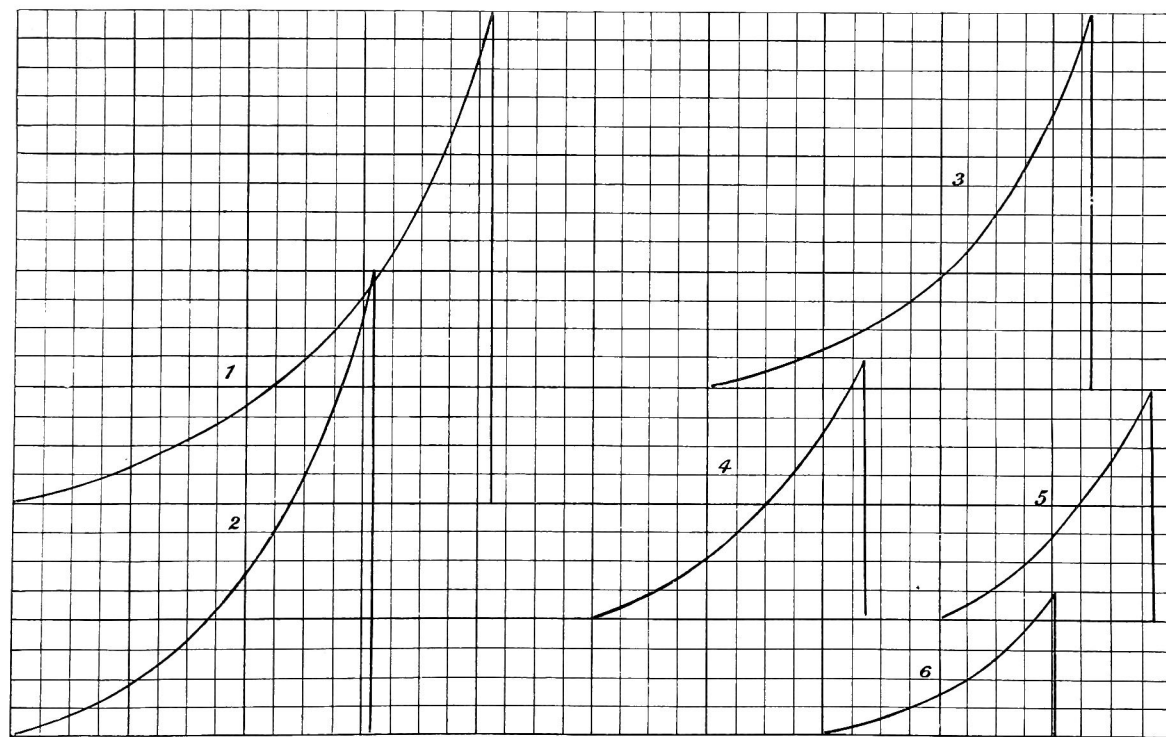
"In conclusion I wish to draw particular attention to the advisability of frequently examining a rope in use. Any rope, whether of flax, Manila, or other material, deteriorates or may become easily damaged. It should never be used for a second season, bearing in mind that one's life may depend on it."

KNOTS.

While on the subject of ropes, the question of the most suitable knots for the rope which bore the best tests naturally followed.

Mr. Eckenstein was again good enough to investigate the question in great detail, and the accompanying illustrations have been prepared from photographs which he had

LOAD-EXTENSION CURVES.



Scale : Horizontal, Extensions, 1 Division = 1 per cent.
 Vertical, Loads, 1 " = 1 cwt.

kindly made for me. It will be noted that all these knots are for a left-hand rope like the Frost rope.

The following is an extract from his covering letter to me :—

“ A laid rope usually consists of three strands twisted together. Each strand thus forms a helix. The strands are ‘ laid ’ together to form the rope, and the way in which they are laid together is called the ‘ lay.’ Now, if we begin to tie a knot, we similarly ‘ lay ’ together two ropes, and each rope then forms a portion of a helix. The general rule is this: if the strands of the rope used form right-hand helices (as is the case with the old Alpine Club rope), then in that part of the knot which is subjected to the greatest strain (I use the word ‘ strain ’ in its popular sense) the two ropes must each form a left-hand helix. Conversely, if we use a rope the strands of which form left-hand helices (as is the case with the new Frost rope), then in that part of the knot which is subjected to the greatest strain the two ropes must each form a right-hand helix. (See also my paper: ‘ Knots with the Lay,’ in the CLIMBERS’ CLUB JOURNAL, vol. xi, No. 44, p. 144, June, 1909.)

“ The annexed figures include three classes of knots: simple or elementary knots; knots for uniting two ropes; loop knots. All are shown tied with left-hand rope. The correct way of tying the knots is shown in each case, as well as some incorrect ways. Each knot is shown open, before it is drawn taut.

“ The single fisherman’s bend, shown in figure 7, is excellent for uniting two ropes of similar size for temporary purposes, as it can readily be undone. Hence it has a tendency to work loose in course of time, and if it is necessary to unite two ropes of similar size for longer periods, it is better to use the figure of 8 tie, also known as the Flemish tie, shown in figure 4. This, though somewhat complicated, is strong and reliable and has no tendency to work loose.

“ As regards making a loop in the middle of a rope, no

entirely satisfactory knot has yet been devised. The 'middleman noose,' shown in the 1893 Alpine Club Report of the Special Committee on Equipment for Mountaineers (page 4), has the fatal disadvantage that under certain conditions, when a pull is applied in a certain direction, it acts as a true noose, that is as a slip or running knot. The best middle loop at present known is the open-handed loop, which is free from this disadvantage, and which is shown in figure 14.

"For an end loop, the bowline, shown in figure 11, is excellent. The loose end should be secured by a half-hitch (see 1892 Report, page 4) or by an overhand knot; the latter, shown in figure 12, is preferable.

"Finally, a bowline on a bight, the most important 'first aid' knot for transporting an injured person, is shown in figure 16."

Messrs. Kirkaldy made in my presence some interesting tests of knots, with the following results :—

Middleman knot.		Strength relative to rope.	
Manila rope	44 per cent.
Flax rope	50 „
Single bowline knot.		Strength relative to rope.	
Manila rope	55 per cent.
Flax rope	59 „

It has been my practice for some years mainly for facility of transport to use two ropes of 50 feet each in place of one rope of 100 feet. Hitherto these had been both tied to the middle man by bowline knots, but it is conceivable that under certain conditions there might be serious objection to this method of tying.

Accordingly a test was made of tying the after rope to the loop of the leading rope by a bowline knot. The test of the two linked bowline knots (on the flax rope) gave a strength of 56 per cent. compared with that of the rope, so that it would appear that this method of attachment is stronger than the middleman knot.

I hope it will be understood that these notes are simply intended as a contribution to a very difficult subject.

I offer to Mr. Eckenstein my best thanks for placing so unreservedly, at the cost of much time and great trouble, his very considerable knowledge of the subject at the disposal of mountaineers.

Since writing the above I have received the following information about some very interesting experiments with the Frost rope made by MM. Fritsch, of Zurich:—

“The various kinds of Alpine ropes have been tested lately by us under the supervision of the ‘Swiss Alpine Club,’ especially to get a view upon their strength when used to hold a falling body. We used a strong sack filled with sand weighing 75 kilograms.

“Italian hemp ropes, Manila hemp ropes, and English flax ropes have been tested, these being the types mostly used in this country; all ropes measuring 11 millimetres in diameter.

“We attached the sack on one end of the rope just as one would his companion or guide on a climb, and fastened the other end in the same manner. We then let the sack fall absolutely free $8\frac{1}{2}$ metres.

“Two ropes, Italian hemp, different manufacture, but both of the very best material, twisted and broke immediately in the knot and the sacks fell on the ground.

“To the 3-stranded Manila hemp rope we attached a stone weighing $64\frac{1}{2}$ kilograms, the rope broke in the moment in which it was stretched, with a crack not unlike a pistol shot.

“Then we proceeded to test the English flax rope manufactured by Messrs. Frost Brothers, 11 millimetres in diameter, 3-stranded.

“The sack was attached as before; the sack fell and was held by the rope, which was absolutely unhurt, only

the knots were as hard as iron and the rope had somewhat stiffened. We then let the sack attached to the same rope fall down 11 metres. Immediately after the rope had been stretched the sack burst, the rope being still unhurt.

“The experiment was then exactly repeated, the sack burst also, and this time we found upon examination two strands of the rope rubbed through in the top knot.

“To make a further experiment we attached the sack to a flax Alpine rope 12 millimetres in diameter. The sack fell down; we could very well notice how the rope was stretched, and how the force of the fall was broken by the elasticity of the rope.

“The rope was absolutely unhurt. The opinion of all spectators was the same, that English flax Alpine rope is far the best.

“Owing to some accidents which happened lately and by which the ropes broke, the question about Alpine ropes is much discussed at present in our country.”

NOTE.—Copies of this article in pamphlet form can by the courtesy of the author be supplied to members of the club on application to the Honorary Secretary.

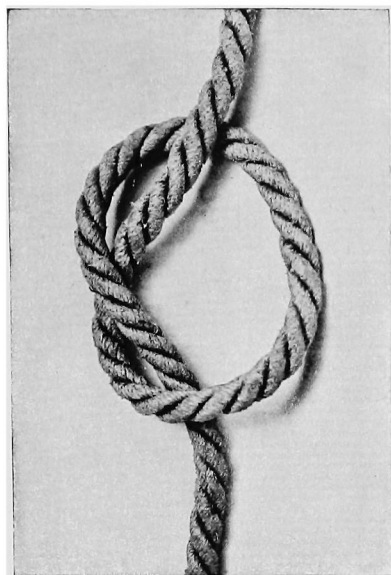


Fig. 1.—Incorrect.

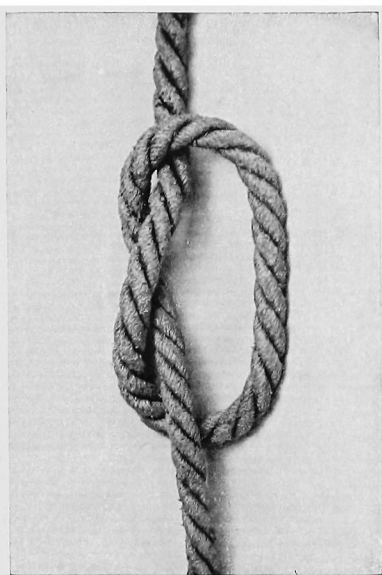


Fig. 2.—Thumb Knot. Correct.

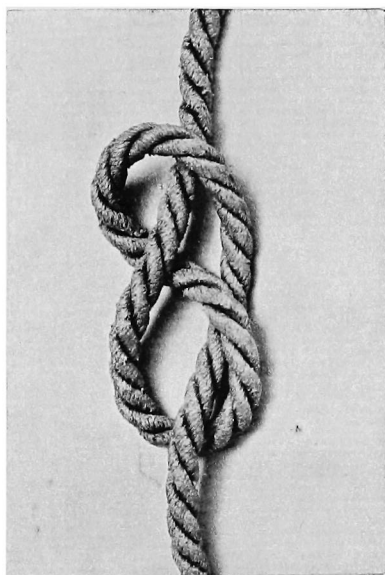


Fig. 3.—Figure of 8 Knot. Correct.

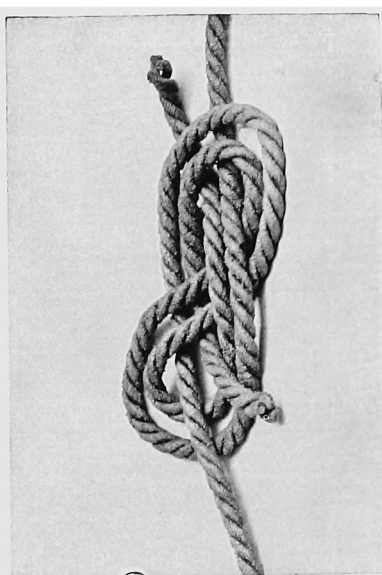


Fig. 4.—Figure of 8 Tie. Correct.

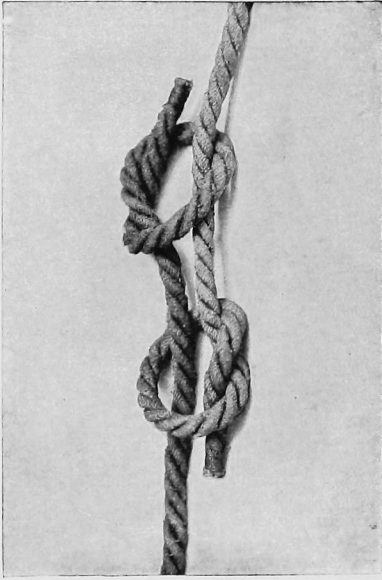


Fig. 5.—Incorrect.

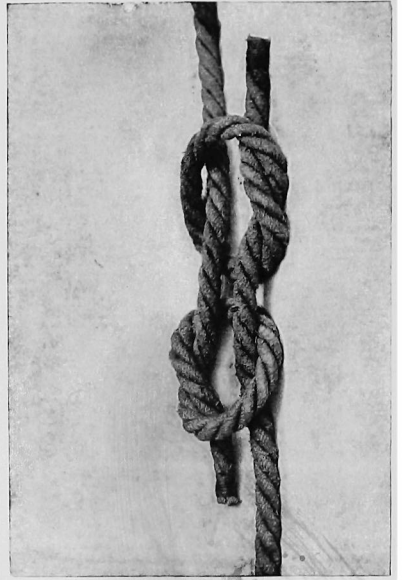


Fig. 6.—Incorrect.

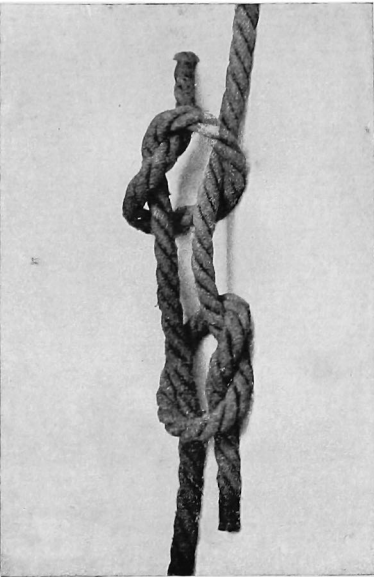


Fig. 7.—Single Fisherman's Bend. Correct.

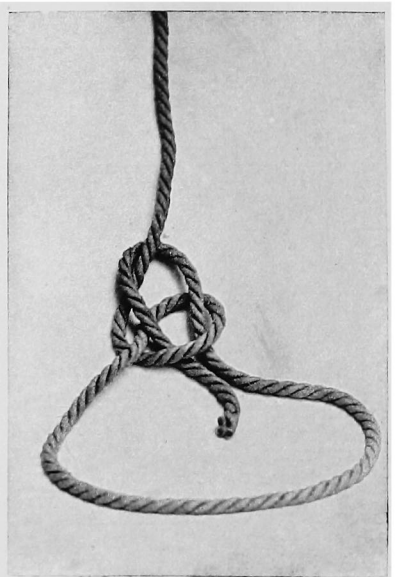


Fig. 8.—Incorrect.

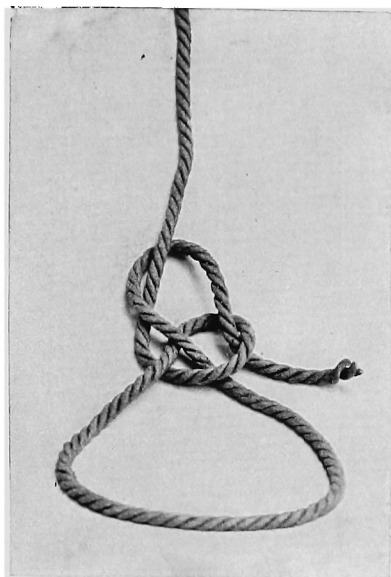


Fig. 9.—Incorrect.

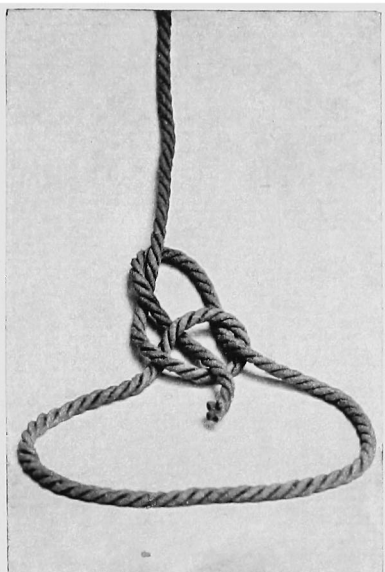


Fig. 10.—Incorrect.

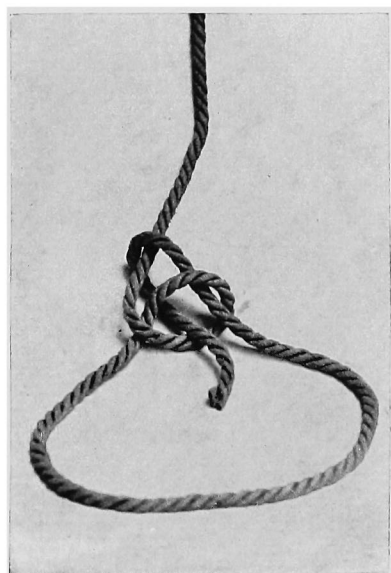


Fig. 11.—Bowline. Correct.

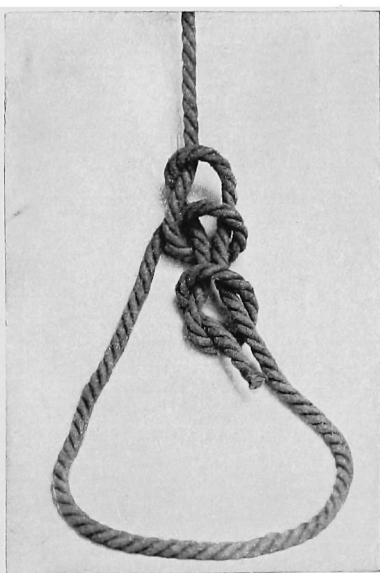


Fig. 12.—Bowline and Overhand Knot. Correct.

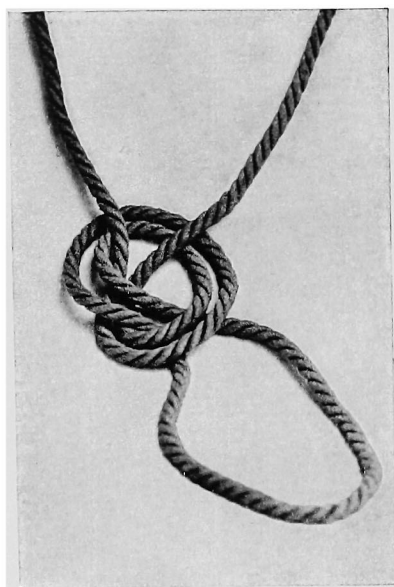


Fig. 13.—Incorrect.

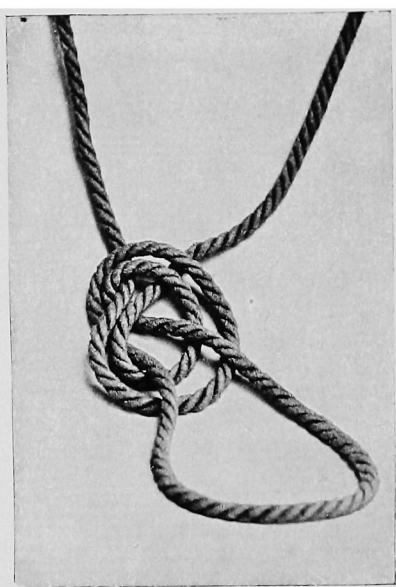


Fig. 14.—Open-handed Loop. Correct.

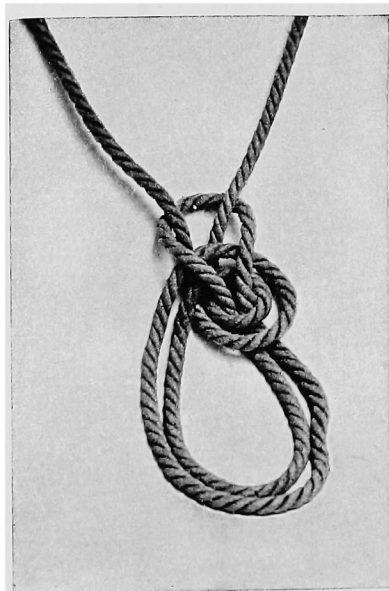


Fig. 15.—Incorrect.

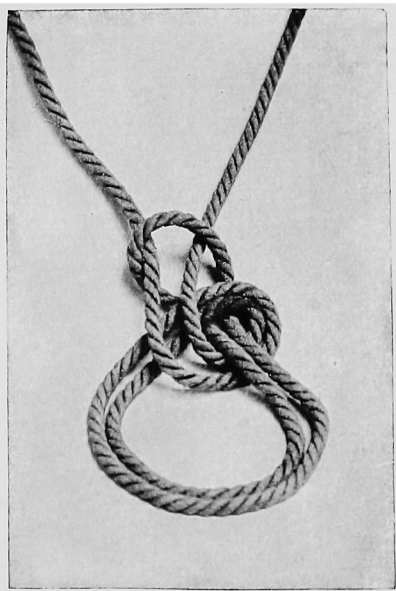


Fig. 16.—Bowline on a Bight. Correct.

AN ARRAN RAMBLE.

By CLAUDE E. BENSON.

It has been written of the Gaelic that "when we are told that Beinn-Mheadh-onaidh is pronounced Ben Venue, the difficulties of the language are apparent."

Albeit the place names of Arran do not confront the unlearned Southron with the task of compressing such majestic alphabetical processions into three euphonious syllables, he must not imagine he is immune from the intricacies of the vernacular, especially when these are complicated by the interpretation of students.

Take, for instance, Cioch na h'Oighe, or even Cioch simply. One authority writes that the correct pronunciation is Heeoch; a Scotsman told me it was Cheeock; and the writer of a local guide-book gives Kich. Possibly pronunciations vary with locality, as in England and all the world over, but I have the authority of a Gillie of full age—seventy or thereabouts—that Kihk (the vowel sound resembling that of the French "oui") na h'Ee is correct.* Similarly A'Chir is set down by the local guide-writer as A'Cheer; by most it is pronounced A'Keer. As, however, everyone agrees that Cir Mhor is pronounced Keer Vor, and as Chir and Cir both mean Comb, A'Keer shall be the pronunciation, so far as I am concerned.

"Should it be resolved to proceed" (from Ben Tarsuinn) "to Cir Mhor," writes the author of the guide already mentioned, "beware of venturing to pass along the Ceimms" ("Steps," another name for the A'Chir Ridge), "for a precipice is in the way, rendering this impossible, and

* Since writing the above I am informed on high University authority that the correct pronunciation is Kihk na h'Oy.

these great slabs of granite on its surface are most dangerous, all the more so that they are not very steep, and one is apt to venture upon them. They are slippery, and if once a footing is lost, it may be impossible to regain it. Credit one who has examined them thoroughly, and been more among them than he would care to be again. They are the most perilous rocks in Arran."

I had previously skirted A'Chir on the Glen Iorsa side. It is one of the strangest places I have seen. Apart from the sense of remoteness, which is insistent, the rock scenery is remarkable—in my experience, unique. Similar formations are to be found elsewhere on the island, but none quite equal in impressiveness these great holdless slabs of granite, of the "boiler-plate" formation, some of them quite fifty feet by fifty, sloping upwards for hundreds of feet at what I should call a high angle. I do not know quite what the guide-writer means by great slabs of granite on the surface of a precipice which are not very steep, but I certainly agree with him that it would be well-nigh impossible for a solitary Rambler to check a slip on them.

In any case the account read attractively. It suggested hard work and skilful climbing, seasoned with just a spice of that element of danger we pretend to find so fascinating. Forthwith my comrade D. and I resolved to cut the comb of A'Chir and hang it in our mountaineering wigwam.

We started from Brodick and sweltered up Glen Rosa to about a mile beyond the Garbh Allth (a small torrent coming down from Ben Nuis), and then turned up hill to the left, intent on taking in another ridge as a preliminary canter. The name of this hill is Ben a Chliabhain, pronounced Clearven, or Cleeven, or Cleven. Unfortunately I rechristened it Chillblains, whereat the outraged spirit of the mountain entered into a vindictive compact with Beelzebub and all the Host of Heaven to vex me. The former smote me with as many flies as if I had been the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and the latter stewed me into a mass of sticky exudation to which the flies adhered with

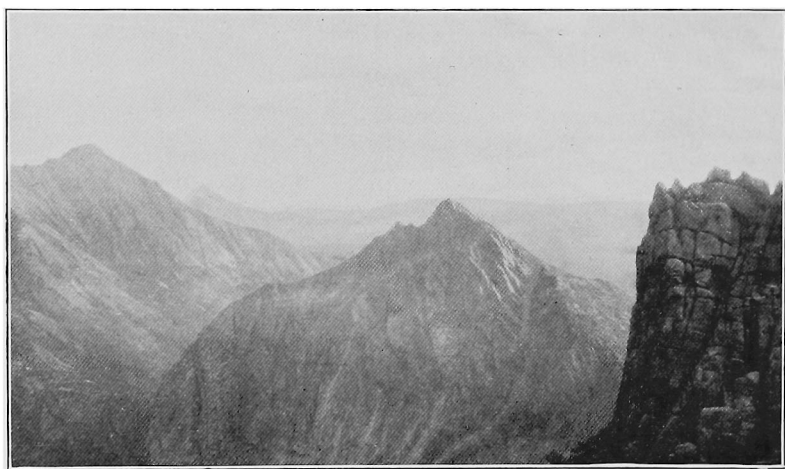


Photo by]

[Benson.

**Looking down Glen Rosa from the Castles. Cir Mhor in the centre ;
Goatfell behind.**



Photo by]

[Benson.

**Glen Rosa. A'Chir proper right ; Cir Mhor middle ; Witch's Step, the
gap in the background ; Goatfell left.**

their loathly feet. Chillblains itself also developed most ungenerous peculiarities. One had to lift one's foot needlessly high to avoid the heather entanglements, and, on stepping forward, it would plunge itself needlessly deep into a concealed and unnecessary hole, wrenching one's ankle and provoking unprintable thoughts. All which things the innocent D., who is a purist in mountain terminology, had to suffer also. At length, panting, exhausted, and stewed, we flung ourselves down in the shade of a great boulder at the foot of the slabs that form the crest

It was at this point that a remark by D.—that *Ben a Cleven* was a fine ridge—brought salvation. Upon the words the torment ceased. The sun still shone, but not in wrath; its health-giving, cheery rays inspired life and vigour and content; a generous breeze swept the flies to their own place, and in a very few minutes we were on our feet again, “stepping from crystal step to crystal step of the bright air,” to the musical clink of iron on rock, a marching melody that only mountaineers know and love.

“The enormous flat slabs which compose a great part of this narrow wall-like ridge make a traverse of it something akin to a walk along a flagstone pavement.”

The writer of the above passage is a Scotsman. My limited acquaintance with the flagstones of Scotch cities does not confirm the similitude. Nevertheless I believe, strictly on hearsay, that in “some wee short hour ayont the twal” flagstones have been known to assume fantastic angles, presenting almost insuperable difficulties, save to the prone, *veluti pecus* mode of progression, with unfathomable drops into indistinct haziness on either side.

The crest of Ben a Chliabhain is, in fact, a pleasant ridge walk, the kind of place where a stick is an inconvenience and an unoccupied hand an occasional convenience, a pleasing *arête*, mildly broken up, with a steep drop on the Glen Rosa side.

Comparative analogy, more especially analogy of invidious tendency, was not in my mind at the moment. I

was marching, delicately as an Athenian, through most pellucid air, where you taste the joy of living as you taste it only there—as you taste it only there in the higher, purer air, unapproachable by worry and impervious quite to care.

Before us, in the mellow distance, the sunlit indistinctness took shape, indefinite, yet shape. I declared these vague forms to be traces of Bute; D. averred that they were merely clouds. On this point we disagreed, and continue so to do. Later on the light-coloured patches with dark interspaces did take shape and form as Bute, and my opinion that they presented a refracted image of the island is, or should be, uncontrovertible, were it not that D. maintains that the wish was father to that thought. My conclusive, yet up-to-date utterly futile, reply is that I did not know there was any land there or thereabouts.

Turning from these vague imaginings we found that behind us the haze had cleared, and that we could see right down Glen Rosa and away over Lamlash Bay to Holy Island. In the bay lay the wonderful works of man, the mighty warships of the First Battle Squadron of the Home Fleet, looking like insects on the water, specks on the landscape. I turned from them to the wonderful works of God.

Shortly afterwards the serenity was disturbed by the sound of voices which irritated research discovered to emanate from two specks coming up from the Garbh Allth. The mountain boulder is an unpleasing anomaly, but he exists, and I think it fair to assume that when you can hear a man talking and laughing half a mile away he belongs to that category. D. thought so too; and we fled.

We escaped for the time being, but later on in the month we were the subjects of one of the most astounding pieces of cheek it has been my ill luck to experience. On escaping from the amenities of Borrowdale, in Cumberland, I had slung the rope, which had been shyly and

inconveniently stowed away in my rucksack, over my shoulder, and for some time proceeded unmolested. Unfortunately our destination lay just beyond a mountain track much frequented by tourists, and, sure enough, we were held up. The "road agent" in this case had the outward semblance of a gentleman. He accosted me, commented on my boots, which presented a marked contrast to his own light, nailless shoes, also on my rope, enquired as to my experience generally, the climb I proposed undertaking, and the time it would probably occupy. Finally, he pulled out his watch, looked at it, and expressed his regret that he could not come too, leaving me collapsed and D. looking anxiously about to find the animal's keeper.

As we left the crags I looked at my watch, and, behold, it was lunch time. This implied shockingly slow going, but the delights of the ridge of Ben a Chliabhain and the torments of its lower slopes afforded good and sufficient excuse. We sought shelter from the eyes of possible Yahoos, and sat down with our backs to the rocks, and A'Chir right in front, separated from us by a deep corrie (Coire a Bhradain—pronounced Vrain).

Albeit I utterly distrust a man who alleges that he prefers a bad dinner to a good one, there are few nice things I dislike more than a formal picnic on the mountains, with knives and forks and plates and things. The one thing needed on this occasion to fill my cup with happiness was water. True, we had provided ourselves with pears, which are an excellent substitute, but, after all, a substitute; moreover, we missed the music of the burn, the talking of the mountain brook.

After a while, what time we were discussing the manifold attractions and possibilities of A'Chir between mouthfuls of sandwiches, we did hear talking. It was not the welcome voice of mountain waters, however. The two conversationalists had reached the summit of Ben a Chliabhain, and were, as far as I could judge, performing the usual ritual of rechristening the peaks in sight. They

served, however, to awaken us to the realisation that the haze must have cleared, and to the hope of an exceptional view. We waited a few moments spying out the land, and then, to our relief, saw the men of much mouth turn back.

We skirted the head of the corrie, and ere long found ourselves on the lower slopes of Ben Tarsuinn, overlooking the commencement of the A'Chir ridge.

At this point I believe that I lied to myself and also to my companion, without deceiving either. Every right-minded climber of mature years has denounced solitary scrambling, and will so do again; also every climber has in all probability so offended, and will so offend again. In a similar spirit I announced my intention of not keeping to the ridge line, but seeking safe and devious tracks on the Glen Iorsa side.

The crest looks very attractive from this point, seemingly a knife edge, with a sheer drop on the Glen Rosa side which, to adopt the mountaineering sentiments of a hundred years ago, the eye could scarcely fathom, and down which few men could endure to gaze. On the Glen Iorsa side, however, appeared long ribbons of grass intersecting the granite slabs and offering a safe, if uninteresting route. I believe they are there still, but that was the last I saw of them.

We ran down to the *col*, Bealach an Fhir Bogha (the Pass of the Bowmen), between Ben Tarsuinn and A'Chir, put on the rope—which we did not require—and started.

I do not say a rope is not required. I should recommend that one always be taken, as, under bad conditions, it would be generally necessary to safety. On that day, however, conditions were perfect, and, with all respect to the opinion of the guide-writer, it would have been quite difficult to slip. The A'Chir rock is for the most part magnificently sound and as rough as a glorified nutmeg grater. An unfortunate who did slither down those great granite slabs would probably be flayed alive before he arrived in Glen Iorsa.

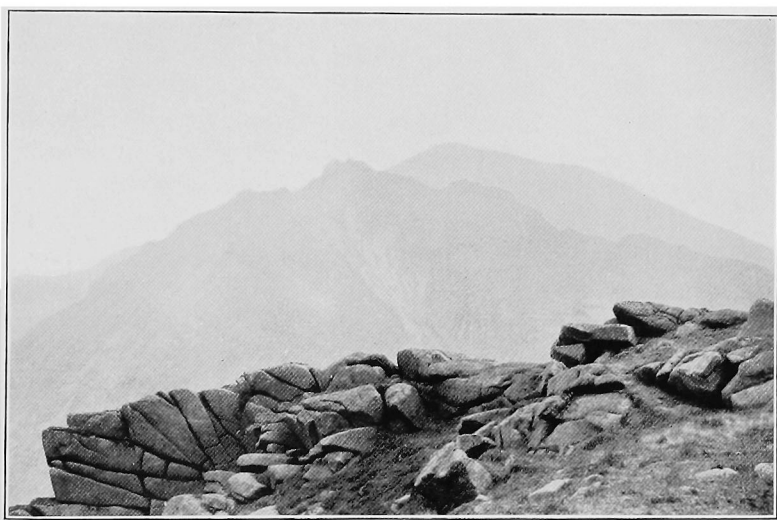


Photo by]

[Benson.

A'Chir from Cir Mhor. Ben Tarsuinn in the background.

The sporting way is by the lateral ridge, not by the ridge facing.

I am one of those climbers who have an extreme dislike for honourable scars on the hands—they cannot, of course, always be avoided, but they not infrequently mean bad climbing—split finger-nails are an abomination unto me, and I hate coming off the mountains a thing of shreds and patches. I was awakened to the necessity of extra care in this respect by a little edge of rock slicing through the thick cloth of a puttee as cleanly as a knife. After which I walked warily.

The going was easy but exhilarating withal, till suddenly we came to the end of all things. This was a puzzle. We knew there was a *mauvais pas*, but it ought to have been away on the other side of the summit, yet here the ridge appeared to have been shorn off short. After a little poking about, however, D. discovered an easy little chimney, myself a crack a bare fraction more difficult, and simultaneously, on landing, a central route.

A few steps over grass brought us to rocks again, and we kept perversely to the crest of the ridge till we reached the summit. Just hereabouts there is in many places no option in the matter of digression, and the summit boulder is to be commended on this account. It is in shape something like a Cyclopean anvil, and nail-scratches indicate several ways up, whilst space indicates a variety of ways down—down there. The simplest of the former appears to be to take the boulder direct as you approach from Ben Tarsuinn. On this side a convenient chunk of rock enables you to stand opposite the spike of the anvil, with head and shoulders certainly, and chest in the case of tallish men, well above its level.

“To put your hands on the top of a wall and lightly to attain,” writes Sir Claud Schuster, “is excellent in itself. If you do it thirteen thousand feet above the sea and find yourself on the wall of the world, it is more excellent still.” Intermediate excellence may be attained on A’Chir at an elevation of 2,330 feet (leaving the balance of five feet, which makes up the total height for the completion of the

ascent of the summit boulder); only in attaining you must combine circumspection with lightness, else will you get the spike of the anvil in that part of your anatomy where Mowgli of the Jungle Book felt fear, which is disconcerting, and might conceivably be dangerous if you were alone and the rocks were slippery.*

Beyond the summit boulder we stopped to drink in the glories of the prospect which had already been responsible for many ecstatic halts. If mist enwraps me on mountain tops for the rest of my days, I shall yet have been singularly fortunate in respect of views, but of all my halcyon experiences that on A'Chir will shine out brightest in the galaxy. It may be that I have stood and looked forth on days as clear over scenes as fair, yet that remembrance remains "separate, sacred." All around us were the "steep, frowning glories" of the granite peaks of Arran; below were the gracious glens, and on every side sparkled the sea, "the silent, sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land." Westward a dark cloud indicated the Antrim coast; opposite us, and closer at hand, was Kintyre, with Islay; in the north-west the Paps of Jura stood out graceful and symmetrical, and on the east was the magnificent panorama of the mainland. Furthest south were the Galloway hills, with Merrick dominant, and then, as the delighted eye roamed north, rose peak on peak of the Grampians, from Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi right up to Ben Cruachan, and even the massive bulk of Ben Nevis.

We

Looked from the peak to the limitless distance,
Mountain and sea in the rain and the sun,
Tasted the intimate joy of existence,
Labour accomplished and victory won,

when we recognised with satisfaction that there was no rain, with modified rapture that the labour, though

* Subsequent experience has modified this opinion. The top of the anvil is smooth and holdless, notably so when wet and greasy. To a young athlete who can vault a five-barred gate the problem is doubtless simple, but for less elastic persons the Glen Iorsa side seems preferable.

exhilarating, had not been serious, and with mixed feelings that the victory was not yet won, and that we were still behind the clock.

After a little more scrambling we again came to the end of all things, but this time a way was easily hit off on the Glen Iorsa side down some shallow troughs of disgustingly rotten granite. It was the one unsound bit we encountered on the mountain, and our first experience of the possibilities of Arran rock. We were to realise them in all their unadulterated beastliness a few days later on the Glen Sannox slopes of Mullach Buidhe and North Goat Fell. I hereby earnestly warn all ramblers, if only out of consideration for their comfort, off this descent. It is exceedingly steep, and consists of Cyclopean walls and great slabs—some of them dead rotten—interspersed with disintegrated granite and the most unsatisfactory turf it has ever been my ill luck to set foot on. When, in addition to these abominations, the situation is complicated, as in our case, by a howling gale of rain and sleet, it is the kind of place in which, as they would say over the water, you never know what moment will be your next.

On regaining the ridge line we found it cut clean in half by a curious cleft, and beyond this is the one and only sensational step of the traverse, upwards and round a projecting boulder, over illimitable profundity of two hundred feet or thereabouts. Beyond this a short scramble took us to a broad level ridge terminating in nothingness.

We knew all about this, or thought we did. Here was the *mauvais pas*. We had read all the literature about it and studied the diagrams. Either the diagrams or we were wrong. At any rate, we started searching for the line of descent considerably further on than it was. I craned over the edge. I could see one or two grass ledges, but they ended in nothingness. Safeguarded by the rope, I descended a promising-looking chimney to find it ended

in the same way as the ledges. Two or three experiences of this kind are exasperating, and at length, in a most vile temper, I was turning back when D. called my attention to some nail-scratches. Could they indicate the *mauvais pas*? If so, it seemed very much further away from the end than it ought to be. I essayed the descent with a care and circumspection I thought the name called for. If I found it "went," I was to climb up again, steady D. down, and follow down afterwards. Whilst I was revolving these things in my mind, D. swung down the rocks, passed me, scampered off down a grass ledge, slid down a little chimney, and, behold, the ridge was conquered. I followed, towed by an unnecessary rope, in amused disillusionment.

We were behind the clock, so there was no time to essay to wipe the eye of our Scotch friends by straightening out the ridge. It is reputed unclimbable, and, so far as I am concerned, would, I am confident, have proved so. Nevertheless, I should not wonder if some day one of our gritstone gymnasts made it "go." The rock is similar in texture, and the problems seemed very like some I have met with in Derbyshire and elsewhere.

Of one thing I am quite certain, and that is that, from any but the short, Cir Mhor side, the Rosa Pinnacle will never, never go. I know it has been attacked time and again by noted mountaineers, which speaks well for their energy, though how they proposed to climb over a series of enormous *testudines*, overlapping to their disadvantage, I cannot imagine.

The ridge was now behind us, so far as any work of interest was concerned. On our right was an attractive-looking pinnacle, a Cyclopean staircase, with giant risers and dwarf steps, which a fervid imagination might persuade itself was part of the ridge, but we had no time for vagaries. We reached the A'Chir-Cir Mhor *col*, scampered down into Glen Rosa, plunged through turf, heather and bog till we hit off the beaten track, and so home in the dusk.

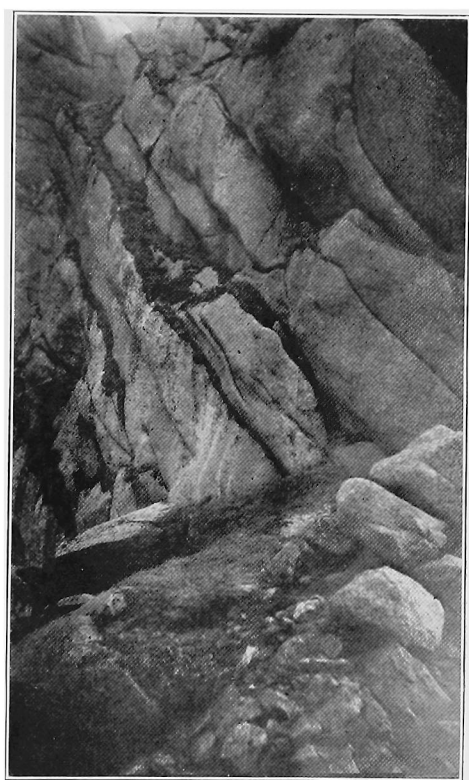


Photo by] *[Benson.*
**The "Mauvais Pas," A'Chir. Not difficult,
but sensational.**

Except in Skye I very much doubt whether there is a finer traverse to be found in Great Britain than the A'Chir ridge. It is altogether superior to Y Tryfan by the North Ridge. There is better work and a great deal more of it. True it is that it contains nothing so difficult as the Carlin's Leap overlooking Glen Sannox, but once that is accomplished—it only takes a few minutes—the day's work, so far as Ceum na Caillich is concerned, is done. By the way, speaking of the Carlin's Leap, it is as well to remember that the space between the overhanging rock and the slab is narrower than it looks. I succeeded in jamming my thigh there, and had some difficulty in extricating myself. I might have pushed myself out with a vigorous effort, but I felt a certain hesitation about making that effort, as the probable result would have been a hundred foot header into North Sannox.

Finally, I have no idea of detracting from the merits of the Arran guide, but, with all deference to the writer, I would say to any party of moderate experience of crag and mountain: "Should it be resolved to proceed" (from Ben Tarsuinn) "to Cir Mhor," by all means pass along the Ceimms.

REVIEWS.

Walks and Scrambles in the Highlands. By Arthur L. Bagley.
8vo. 12 illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Skeffington, 1914.)

THE present writer read most of the contents of this volume as they appeared in the pages of the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, the *Field*, and THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL; and, at a still earlier stage, had the pleasure of reading Mr. Bagley's experiences in his own handwriting when, held a close prisoner in some remote Highland inn by the weather that dogged his footsteps, that gentleman found the natural vent for his feelings and pent-up philosophy in long letters to his friends. This by no means takes the edge off one's appetite for a second dish of such excellent materials nicely served up. Unlike too many authors with a ready pen, Mr. Bagley writes in a pleasant, unaffected style that reminds one of his natural talk, and his book gives the impression of spending a week-end with the amiable writer.

It is a series of accounts, written at the time, of walks through the Cairngorms, the northern and western Highlands, and Skye, with a number of scrambles, mostly on little-known peaks, all performed alone. There is no doubt that this is the way to get vivid impressions, and also the way to avoid the usual tags and dilapidated humour that commonly infest mountaineering literature. Mr. Bagley further has an observant eye, especially for the things that he is bent on seeing. He also knows how to put things effectively and fearlessly, and the book deserves a wide circulation if only for what it might do in opening people's eyes to the crude selfishness which has closed an enormous area of the finest scenery in Scotland to the tourist and the climber. How many are aware that the process of turning mountains and moors into sanctuaries

and deer-parks is still going merrily on, that good old inns are still being shut up from time to time, and that the best part of Ross-shire, in some respects the best part of the British Isles, is now as much closed to the hill-walker as the Black Forest is to British tourists? Many of Mr. Bagley's rambles were made just before several of these fine tracts of country were rendered inaccessible, so even strangers can gather some idea of the extent of the loss. Going alone, also, and knowing the Highland character, he was able, in spite of a few rebuffs, to avoid the fate of a climbing party who went to Kintail soon after the closing of the Shiel Inn, and, finding it impossible to get put up anywhere in the whole region, had to clear out forthwith and pursue their sport in other climes.

In his early days the author ascended Sgurr-nan-Gilleann by the Pinnacle Route without nails in his boots. At a later stage in his education he employed nails, and was thus able to go up the Cioch, all by himself, and so on to the top of Sron na Ciche. On this latter occasion he appears to have had a narrow squeak of pointing the warnings of his friends against solitary scrambling; and it was probably only his obstinate determination to refrain from proving them right that got him out of the scrape. I think anybody, even a hardened devourer of climbing books, might read this last chapter recounting a day on the Cioch with a refreshing taste of Highland breezes in his mouth. In fact, you taste every variety of Highland wind, mist, and weather, with rare vividness, throughout the volume. But on the whole, I think it is the company that makes a tramp with Mr. Bagley through all these glens and over all these summits most agreeable; and whether he is grumbling at the Ordnance maps, etymologizing fallaciously on Celtic place-names, describing scenery, or philosophizing, one cannot help feeling what a strange thing it is that such a clubbable chap should pervertedly insist on always going alone.

In spite of Mr. Bagley's hatred of maps, a few charts

of his routes would have been a most acceptable addition. On the other hand, the beautiful photographs of twelve well-chosen landscapes by Mr. Richard Moreland, Miss Oates, and others make real amends for this defect.

E. A. B.

The Alps. By Arnold Lunn. Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. (London : Williams and Norgate, 1914.)

HANNAH GODWIN, anxious to provide her brother William with a suitable wife, thus recommends her friend, Miss Gay : " The young lady is in every sense formed to make one of your disposition really happy. She has a pleasing voice, with which she accompanies her musical instrument with judgment. She has an easy politeness in her manner, neither free nor reserved . . . good sense without vanity . . . with about as much religion as my William likes." A catalogue which with but few alterations—learning for religion, primer for lady—would aptly enough describe the series of which this book is one. Every volume, the publishers assure us, is specially written by a recognised authority of high standing. And who so well recognised, who stands so high as Mr. Lunn ? Messrs. Williams and Norgate need not have added to his title-page the fictitious lustre of a degree to which he is not, as yet, entitled.

Mr. Lunn does not deal in any way with technique ; his topic is the Alps themselves, not the methods of ascending them. He is historical, geographical, and descriptive. His projected title indeed was the Exploration of the Alps, but the publishers insisted otherwise. The volume is a very pleasant shillingsworth. It touches on the Middle Ages, the Pioneers, and the Coming of the English, who, poor souls, are put with nicety and precision into their place. It treats of Mont Blanc, of Monte Rosa, and of the Matterhorn, a chapter to each, of Modern Mountaineering, and of the Alps in Literature. The curious will find in the last a very pretty recantation of many of the views that Mr. Lunn expressed with such force and at such length

in our journal a year or so ago. It gives the novice as much as he should want of history and literature, it stirs for the initiate fragrant memories. It is written persuasively and well. Mr. Lunn is apt, however, now and again, to give a word a value all his own. Mr. Mason will certainly be astonished to learn that he "has immortalised the Brenva in his popular novel, *Running Water*."

"Not Marble nor the Gilded Monument
Of Princes shall outlive this powerful" novel.

A little more revision would have avoided some clichés and misspellings. C. M. M.

Freedom. Poems by Geoffrey Winthrop Young. (London : Smith, Elder and Co. 1914.)

" 'I WONDER what the foreman of the jury has got for breakfast,' said Mr. Snodgrass. 'Ah!' said Perker, 'I hope he's got a good one.' 'Why so?' enquired Mr. Pickwick. 'Highly important, very important, my dear sir,' replied Perker. 'A good, contented, well breakfasted juryman is a capital thing to get hold of.' " A truth which a more modern author has also expressed.

Perchance the delta on your paper marked
Means that his lunch has disagreed with him.

In dealing with Mr. Young's poems I am at this disadvantage; two things about them boggle me exceedingly: his scorn for capital letters and his punctuation. No doubt it is merely convention that directs that each line of a poem should begin with a capital letter, but it is a convention so long established that the eye instinctively expects it, and, not finding it, is baulked, unreasonably it may be, but baulked in fact; and, when the eye is baulked, the thought inevitably stumbles. Moreover, all verse is in essence a convention, and in the case of verse, at all events, it is expedient that the conventions should be observed. Mr. Young is of another opinion, and has so firmly persuaded his printer that there are occasions on

which the line has no beginning capital, even where it happens to open a new sentence. Where I differ from Mr. Young on the question of punctuation is that he uses colons for full stops. In verse I think this a matter of some importance, as the eye runs on unwarned, the mind, following the sense, pauses, and the reader falls out of beat with the writer's rhythm.

This volume is of wider scope than "Wind and Hill." It treats of the sea, of youth, of bird, of memory, of hope, of dancing, and of life. The hills, as one would indeed expect, inform it and in a sense pervade it, but from their outlook much of the world is seen. Technically, these poems are of a higher achievement than the last. They are more perfected, they have been more carefully worked out. Mr. Young has been at pains to fashion with his rhythms, to use his metres for definite ends. He is concerned that you should follow his intent, and, if I am not mistaken, calls in aid the printers' spacing to his purpose. All his experiments are naturally not equally successful. In "Moon Shadows," for instance, one can see the particular effect he is trying for, but I do not think the means he uses achieve the intended end. Again, in "Values," he has a six-line stanza, the first four of a fairly well known and very beautiful measure to which, in my opinion, the last two in no wise fit. That is to say that in reading I find the change of step from line four to line five too abrupt a break to cross without a stumble; and if you stumble in a stanza its effect is largely lost. Just as a poem as a whole should have one broad rhythm running through it, so each stanza of which the poem is built should have its own rhythm related to that of the whole. This does not mean that the stanza rhythm cannot itself be built up of lesser rhythms. It can, and very frequently is, but these rhythms must be related to each other, and readily resolvable into one another. If, to express what I mean musically, you change in the stanza itself from 5-4 rhythm to 3-4 rhythm, you necessarily halt, and your stanza rhythm is

gone. (Of course, in a narrower sense, every stanza rhythm is made up of the line rhythm of its constituent lines, but this is not the particular point I am trying to deal with.)

In addition to your sound rhythm, you have also a sense rhythm; the latter concerned with what you are saying, the former with how you are saying it. And with the two you can achieve a very pretty rhythmical counterpoint. Your line rhythm, or, for that matter, any rhythm, you can break, and often triumphantly break, when you desire some specific effect. Consider, for example, the familiar

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold.

You would expect a weak stress on the first syllable. You find a strong one, and the frequency of the travel is at once emphasised. The next three lines begin regularly enough with weak stresses, only to make the more emphatic the strong "oft" and the long "one wide" of the fifth line and the "yet" of the seventh. The sestet begins with an emphatic "Then." The next three lines have normally accented first syllables. Then comes the "Look'd" of the penultimate line, and the rhythm tells you the gaze was long and fixed. Finally, the tremendous "Silent" of the last line, which in mere reading gives you pause, deepens the stillness, intensifies the awe, and makes you, will you nil you, in some degree a sharer of his solitary brooding. But if you break your line rhythm without a specific purpose in view you merely get annoyingly out of step, and at times Mr. Young breaks his line rhythm without any object that I can discover.

For example—

There may be leisure in a grave hereafter
for memory to sift each wind of change;
label this moment virtue—for its laughter;
evil that—for its suffering; and arrange . . .

Personally, I stumble over the opening of the fourth line, "that—for its suffering—evil" would express the thought and not check the swing.

In some cases the rhythm suddenly alters in the course of a poem by an alteration of the rhyme sounds with, to me, an unfortunate effect. The first poem in the book, "Running Sands," a notable poem, has a rhythm rugged and strong to suit its purpose.

Open the door :
'Tis but the lift upon the pin that rattles ;
this night no neighbour battles
through the wild gusts that race along the shore.

This rhythm stanza after stanza is piling up a strong cumulative effect. Suddenly a stanza comes with a two-syllable rhyme sound in the first and fourth line.

So many suns have risen,
burning the sea-rim of my ceaseless march ;
and stooped their evening arch
ere I turned home tenderly o'er his prison.

Your march is checked, your pace is altered, and much of your cumulated effect is gone. You have almost to begin again to build it up.

Another instance is in "Mountain Speed," a poem of ski-ing.

Oh the winter joy of the flying of feet over snow-clad hill,
the rush and the snow-leap vieing with the flight of our will ;
the hiss of our ski, and the sighing of speed that frost cannot still !

Here the purpose of the rhythm is to express the rush of speed, the whole thing should be one tremendous glissade—or whatever the equivalent ski-ing term may be—but the rhythm changes in the last verse, and instead of one triumphant sweep from start to finish, you are checked on your way.

Mr. Young has allowed some phrases to pass which should have been amended in revision. Such a line as "Time is too short to classify all feeling" is as pedestrian a piece of prose as one could wish to avoid, and brings one up with something of the shock of

Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

At times he uses an unnecessarily uncouth word.

Essayal, for instance, is "a vile phrase." At times I am quite unable to follow his meaning.

Mountains are moods ; of larger rhythm and line,
Moving between the eternal mode and mine,

is a sentence I have puzzled over without success. At times he seems to attribute results to strange causes. In Glow-worms, he bases his change of mood from spent weariness to laughter upon the sudden light of two of these insects at the dog-tired end of a day, when it is obvious that his help came from the wind which started blowing him up the hill. At times he asks the impossible.

Hear me, and sing to me,
for I am singing.

At times he is morbid. His cragsman seems to me to be quite unhealthily introspective. At times he uses an inappropriate attribute.

As the plunge of the rainbow filling the haggard spaces of day.

A rainbow postulates not only rain but simultaneous sunshine, and I doubt the plausibility of haggard. And once he seeks to persuade that no one over twenty finds magic in building castles on the sea sand, a thing that is flagrantly untrue.

If I have been at pains to say wherein I think some of the poems would bear amendment, it is because the achievement of them taken all in all is high. *Plash Lane* is a most delightful metrical rendering of "A Holiday" from *The Golden Age*. In the *Hope* has a haunting beauty of thought and expression. In the *Presence* is a charming poem very delicately wrought.

The Princess slept within the fairy ring,
More radiant than its flowers ;
through the long dreaming hours
Love lulled her with a vision of love's King ;—
dear sleeping child,
was he so rare a playmate, that you smiled ?

I quote one poem complete. It is called *The Sleepers*. It is fashioned with skill, and has a very notable rhythm.

It calls up autumn memories, mist swept, of the slow on-coming of the winter sleep, of the gradual hushing of the sounds of life into the dead winter stillness, of the fading of the glowing pageantry of colour into a cold lifeless white.

The Alps grow heavy with sleep : the autumn song
from stream and waterfall,
that murmured summer memories all day long
through shadow-laden pastures, the last call
of glacier torrents prisoned on the height,
grow hour by hour more still.
Each following noon
our feet ring louder on the fettered hill ;
each following night
the fir-trees move with fainter harmonies ;
till the last echo dies,
and silence meets the moment of the moon.

Winter, and silence on the Alps ; a pall
muffled on gorge and steep :
only the tremor of the far snow fall
slipping from arms grown languid in their sleep.
Let him who seeks the monarchs of our quest
challenge their wakened might,
his diadem
wrested from summits crowned with summer light :
not his to tempt their rest
when winter rigours and cold snows encumber :—
the sleeping ones have but to stir in slumber,
and he shall sleep with them.

C. M. M.