

work as has, perhaps, ever been brought to bear on such a subject. I am sure, however, that in thanking Mr. Coolidge and his trusty associates, as well as all others who have contributed to further the object in view, for the great boon which they have conferred on their brother mountaineers, and the worthy memorial which they have constructed, with what is felt by Mr. Ball's family as a pious regard for the work, to the memory of one for whom we all feel such affectionate veneration, we can warmly congratulate both them and ourselves on the completion in so admirable a manner of this first stage of the formidable and responsible task they have undertaken, and wish them an equal measure of success when dealing with the subsequent portion of it.

FROM THE SCESAPLANA TO THE TERGLOU.

By H. J. T. WOOD.

(Read before the Alpine Club, March 1, 1898.)

MY apology for this paper is taken from the 15th chapter and the 373rd page of the 'Alpine Journal,' where you will find these words written: 'But when we come to districts like the Silvretta and its northern division, the Fervall group (reported to offer some of the best rock-climbing in the Alps), or to the ranges east of the Glockner, we shall find plenty of work for our missionaries.'

Probably most climbers who go to the Tyrol make for the Dolomites. Now this is by no means a good district for getting into training in; for, though the good climbs there are undoubtedly very short, they tax the nerves very severely, and I think it is decidedly advisable to be in thorough training before attempting them. So I will give you a short account of some moderate but interesting mountains which may be conveniently taken on the way to the Dolomites—the Scesaplana group and the Zillerthal peaks.

On the usual Arlberg route to Innsbruck the first stop of the express from Basle after crossing the Austrian frontier is at Feldkirch. About ten miles beyond this and the same distance short of Bludenz (where the ascent to the tunnel begins) is Nenzing. Here the expresses sometimes cross. If they do not it is best to drive from Feldkirch. From Nenzing an excellent path leads through one of the most beautiful valleys I have ever seen to the Nenzinger Himmel. This Himmel is not up to the expectations which may have been

formed on the way up, perhaps the common attribute of such places. In this Himmel, an easy $3\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. from Nenzing, is a rough but quite comfortable Alpine inn. Last season it was the meeting place of several gentlemen who had taken the shooting, and great were the hunters' tales in the evening. A well made path leads most comfortably in about $3\frac{3}{4}$ hrs. from the inn to the Panüler Schroffen, a north-western offshoot of the Scesaplana, whence an easy glacier is crossed and the Scesaplana ascended over 'Geröll' in an hour. It is probably not very difficult to climb the rocks of the N. or N.W. faces, but should this be attempted it would be advisable to send a porter up to the top to prevent stones and bottles being let down by the numerous tourists to be found there nearly all the day. The view is magnificent, extending from the Tödi group to the Oetzthal.

With luck one can glissade nearly all the way to the Douglas hut on the Lünner See. Last year when there was little snow we got down in about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hr.—very slow time; $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. would be ample. Now this hut is one of a certain number in Tyrol which should in the high season at all hazards be avoided. These may be known by their lying at the bottom of the easiest and shortest route up to the easiest and shortest peaks and passes. Others are the Dresden hut, in the Stubai Thal, the Payer hut, in the Ortler, the Erzherzog Johann hut, on the Glockner, the Prager hut, on the Venediger, and some few others. They are generally full of what are known as 'Thalbummler,' whose capacity for food, drink, smoke, and noise is practically unlimited. The only thing to be done is to secure a room which your own party will fill, to arrive and dine as early as possible, and not to think of an early start. After the great caravans have set off you will get a very comfortable breakfast practically alone, and there will be no need to start with the ruck, as *your* guides will not want to do a peak, get down to the valley, and bring another party up to the hut the same night.

From the Douglas hut last season I strolled down the valley to Brand in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hr., where the first inn on the right (Kegele) is most comfortable (*pension* $2\frac{1}{2}$ fl. per day), and the next day started for the Zimbaspitz. Going further down the valley for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr., we doubled back to the Oberr Savotta Alp, and ascended to the basin at the E. foot of the peak, in which chamois abound. The proper way from here is to keep under the N.E. arête, not striking it till close to the top; but by keeping on the face the screes are fewer and the climbing more interesting; the time from Brand to the

top, 4½ hrs., exclusive of halts. We had intended to descend by the usual route down the E. side of the S. face, but, profiting by our experience on the way up, we kept straight down the face, starting from the highest point and keeping to the right when the direct descent was impracticable. By this means we got some really pretty climbing, one Kamin in particular, which could only be entered by climbing round and under a large overhanging block, being somewhat sensational, and proving quite beyond the powers of the local guide, who was with difficulty dissuaded from going straight home the way we had come, or rather by the usual way, and when we got off the rocks appeared for a considerable time to be unable to make up his mind whether his prayers should consist of thanksgivings for his personal safety or execrations on the foreign devils who had taken him into what he considered such frightful peril. He had his revenge, however, in taking me through a quantity of *Krummholz*, which he declared had grown considerably since he was last there, and which, he assured me, was quite easy to go through (it was about 6 ft. high); and so it appeared to be, if one knew how to do it, but most certainly one had got to know it first. From the Sennhütte on the Alp Vilifau, in the valley where excellent coffee is to be had (50 kr. for the three, including bread and butter), a pass leads in about 1½ hr. to the Douglas hut; but a little mist came on and we could not find the path; so, after wandering about for some time, we had to go back and take the marked path over the Lüner Joch, not reaching the Douglas hut till 8 P.M. The result of a large amount of abuse apparently was that Obermüller took counsel with his friends as to what mountain would prove too much for Barbaria and myself, and late in the evening suggested that the best thing we could do next day was to ascend the Drusenfluh from the Schweizer Thor by the Rote Gang, which he assured me was a first-rate climb (he afterwards admitted that he really believed it quite impossible), descending by the usual route on the N. side, and go to Schruns or the Tilisuna hut, and thence to the Arlberg railway. This fell in with my views, as I was anxious to see the Tilisuna hut, which was said to be riddled with bullet holes, as there had recently been an exciting fight between the smugglers and the Finanzers, the latter having been besieged in the hut for three days, and one man having been killed. None of us had previously made the ascent by this route, so on reaching the Verra Joch we ascended the slope to the N. for a few minutes, and soon got an excellent view of the Rote Gang, along which the 'Hochtourist' said we

must go. It is a great ledge traversing the S. face of the mountain, and is quite unmistakable, owing to its red colour. We hurried down to the Schweizer Thor, left two rucksacks there, scrambled down the rocks, and crossed the screes to the foot of the Rote Gang, 2 hrs. from the Douglas hut. Here we put on the rope, as the ledge was inclined at a considerable angle, the earth and stones seemed very loose, and we had no wish to make a rapid descent to Switzerland. We followed the ledge to its end without any real difficulty, and then turned sharp to the left up easy and pleasant rocks. All went well till about within 80 ft. of the arête, when a convenient gully turned to the right, but it ended in a cave which apparently had no exit, and the face got steeper and smoother every foot, so that we were forced to try a crack which led up the face from the bottom of the gully. For the first 50 ft. this was good enough; one foot could be kept in it, and both hands, and there were sufficient projections outside for the other foot to make progress fairly easy and quick; but afterwards the crack narrowed, the holds outside became fewer and further between, till finally it was only owing to Barbaria's abnormal length of limb that he was enabled to get up. We then followed the arête to the E., but it would have saved time to have gone down about a hundred feet on the N. side and traversed the face, not touching the arête till the last gendarme before the final group of peaks, which is easily turned by a ledge on the S. side, after which the final summit is reached by some scrambling and easy rocks. We got to the top at 11.5, in 6 hrs. 5 min. from the Douglas hut, exclusive of halts.

After our experience on the previous day I cross-examined Obermüller very severely as to his ability to find the way down; he swore by all his favourite saints (I knew them well enough by this time) that in a couple of hours we should be in the valley.

I might suggest that a very fine expedition, which appeared quite possible, would be to follow the E. arête and ascend the Grosser, Mittlerer, and Kleiner Turm. The last mentioned peak affords 20 min. excellent climbing, but is too far from the Douglas hut to make its ascent worth doing alone. We started down at 12, and found no difficulty, except some platten getting into the snow couloir, and descended this till about 300 ft. above the valley, but on turning the bend in the couloir we were pulled up dead; instead of the easy snow slope continuing, as it normally should have done, we found about 150 ft. of perfectly smooth limestone rock, which was obviously impossible, and after reascending a little, and

getting out of the couloir only to find nothing but horrible platten and ledges with no exit, we were obliged to go up to the top again and back the way we came. We were lucky enough to get down the difficult crack by daylight, but found the rocks under the Schweizer Thor not too convenient by lantern light. We reached the Douglas hut at 10.30.

I passed through the Fervall group last season, but the weather prevented my making any ascents there; as far as I was able to judge the rock-climbing was not of a high order, though some pleasant scrambling is probably to be had there. It should always be borne in mind that the German-speaking rock specialists confine themselves almost entirely to the Dolomites, with the result that the difficulties of the rock climbs in other districts are comparatively exaggerated in the German guide books. The Fervall group seems a good instance of this.

The two huts from which its peaks are climbed are each about 3 hrs. from St. Anton, on the Arlberg, where there is a very good hotel. The Konstanzer hut is *proviantiert*, and the Darmstädter hut *bewirtschaftet* and very comfortable. A very pleasant tour can be made from Klosters. From the Silvretta hut cross the Gross Litzner (an excellent climb) to the Madlener Haus or Wiesbadner hut, thence (taking in the Piz Buin if fine) to the Jamthal hut, ascend the Renner Spitz, traverse the Fluchthorn to Ischgl, and cross the Seebichl Joch to the Darmstädter hut. The Jamthal and Wiesbadner huts are most luxurious.

The most convenient valley to take on the way to the Dolomites, which has also the advantage of being 'echt Tirolisch,' is the Zillertal, the first valley of any size, running N. and S., E. of the Brenner.

It is reached from Innsbruck by taking the train on the Vienna line to Jenbach (about $\frac{3}{4}$ hr.), thence driving (a railway is in progress) to Mairhofen, where the road ends. The scenery from here onwards is of the highest order, and there are small but excellent inns about every 2 hrs. along the path till the Berliner Haus—the model Alpine hotel—is reached in about 8 hrs. from Mairhofen. An alternative route, by which the mountains are sooner reached, but the grand scenery of the lower part of the valley is missed, is to take the Brenner train to St. Jodok and walk to the new Geraer hut, thence cross the Olperer or Schrammacher to the Domenicus hut, and either down the valley to Breitlahner and up the Zemmthal or *via* the Furtschagel Haus and over an easy pass, or preferably the Grosse Greine, to the Berliner hut. The mountains

here do not call for a detailed description, the work, whether rock or ice, being of a mild order, unless, of course, the wrong ways up the mountains are taken; but still the district affords an excellent training ground, and the side valleys will well repay exploration.

There is just one other ascent which I should like to describe shortly before going further S.—that of the Gross Glockner by the N.W. arête. With the exception of the routes up the great ice couloirs of the N. face, this is, and always will be, the only one of the recognised routes up this mountain that is free from wire ropes or crowds of climbers.

On August 25, 1895, with Johann Unterweger, of Kals, an excellent guide, and Mansueto Barbaria, I left the Studl hut at 3.40, and, crossing the Teischnitz Glacier and cutting up the steep snow and ice slopes above it, which later in the day would be swept by avalanches and stones, reached the arête just at the N. of the Glockner Horn at 6.40. Here we stopped $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. to breakfast and pull ourselves together; for the next 150 yards our route was sensational in the extreme: hard blue ice falling over 1,500 ft. each side at a very steep angle, and an absolute knife-edge at the top.

We negotiated it in a very unorthodox fashion, Unterweger cutting steps along one side about 5 ft. below the edge, and Barbaria doing the same on the other, while I followed in Unterweger's steps. The unusual order was caused by our not knowing whether it would be possible to change places when we got to the rocks; the Tyrolese unvarying custom is that when a Herr has two guides on difficult rocks they both go before him going up and behind him coming down. The difficulties increased when we got to the rocks, which were thickly glazed with ice (I believe we ought to have traversed on to the S.W. face). We reached the top at 9 A.M., and basked there in the sun alone till 10.30, enjoying an absolutely clear view of the glorious panorama.

We now come to the Dolomites, and perhaps I may be allowed to make a few general remarks on these mountains, as they have been almost entirely neglected by our members, with a few notable exceptions.

Firstly, I think I may safely say they are less dangerous than other mountains. Personally I am only conscious of having been four times in real danger on them, three times entirely owing to my own fault, and once in making the perfectly simple direct descent from the Tofana di Razes to the Tofana hut. We had got to the top to see the sunrise, and the 'Geröll,' which had been frozen in the night, was loosened

by the sun, and came down the face like hail. Had we stayed another $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. on the top we should have seen what was going on and come down in perfect safety by the arête.

Of course there are dangerous places which are well known and can be avoided, though in making new ascents one may readily get into them.

Since 1880 there have only been five fatal accidents in the Dolomites—that on the Cristallo, by which Michael Innerkofler was killed, and that on the Marmolata being on easy ice or snow. Herr Pemsel fell from the Euringerspitz when climbing unroped; he possibly died from heart disease. Herr Behr fell when climbing the Becco di Mezzodi alone; Herr Stuckler and his guide were killed on the Fünffingerspitz, which they attempted when in a very bad condition and when the Herr was in no fit state to attempt a serious climb (my private opinion is that the last two accidents were caused by slips on rock so covered with small stones that its smoothness cannot be seen, a danger which is often overlooked).

I would also point out that Dolomite climbing is very special work, a good proof of which is, I think, to be found in Mr. Sanger Davies's book, which seems to me a most excellent and accurate account of the first impressions of a climber in these mountains. I venture to say that if Mr. Davies had repeated his climbs that season the comparative difficulty of the mountains he so well describes would have been very differently set forth. At that time it was generally accepted that the Fünffingerspitz by the Daumenscharte was the most difficult of the peaks he mentions. I say at that time, for I, personally, am quite certain, and am borne out in this opinion by the experience of others, who have been several times in the Dolomites, that the ascents become really easier each year. I am sure that it was not only increased experience that made the traverse on the Kleine Zinne seem so much easier to me the second time I ascended that mountain than the first, and I really doubt whether the hold for the right foot which now takes away the chief difficulty from the Kamin existed in 1880; again, I am told the chief difficulty on the Daumenscharte route up the Fünffingerspitz now lies on the very steep rocks above the Daumenscharte, whereas formerly it undoubtedly was to be found in the ascent of the ridge and the traverse into the ice couloir. This sort of thing, of course, is to a great extent owing to the amount of loose stones removed by successive parties, but I am inclined to think that foot holes are really enlarged by the action of heavy boots on the rocks.

I have often noticed that when members of the Club are to be found in the Dolomites as often as not they are in the wrong places, so it may be as well to mention some of the best centres, and coming from the W. St. Martino is the first; here the hotels are good—perhaps not as good as formerly—and the climbing first-rate, the best climbs being the Cimone by the N.W. arête, the Sasso Maor from the N., the descent being made to the S. over the cave; the Cima della Madonna and the traverse from the Campanile di Val di Roda to the Cima di Ball, and for first-class ascents the traverse of the Pala and the W. face of the Rosetta. I have not been there since the two huts recently built by the Dresden section of the D.Oe.A.V. have been opened, and do not know what the peaks are like which can conveniently be ascended from them. The view from the Sasso di Muro is worth going that distance to get, and the Rosetta plateau should certainly be explored.

The Rosengarten group is taken from the new hotel on the Caressa Pass from Tiers or from Campitello, but the night must be spent either in one of the smaller inns or the Grasleiten hut. The Winklerthurm will probably attract most climbers; it is a first-class ascent.

The Langkofel group is generally taken from Campitello, but the inns at St. Ulrich are much more comfortable, and it is less tiring to get to the S. side from the Langkofel hut than from Campitello. The best ascents there are the Fünffingerspitz by the Neruda Kamin (from the N.) or the Daumenscharte; the Langkofel, avoiding the upper snow couloir by taking the Felsen-Weg and the Zahnkofel. For first-class ascents the Fünffingerspitz by the Schmittkamin, the Langkofel from the E., and the Grohmannspitz by the rocks to the Johannes Kamin. The Geislerspitzen, on the N. side of the St. Ulrich valley, should not be omitted; from the Regensburger hut three or more can easily be done in the day.

Cortina is only used as a centre because of the good accommodation to be found there, the Sorapiss from the N. and the Croda da Lago being the only good mountains to be done from here. The N. arête of the latter is extremely interesting for a short time, but on the whole I much prefer the usual route. The most interesting way from Cortina to Caprile is over the Passo da Lago, and the view from the Becco di Menzodi, $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. from the pass (though when it was iced we took $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. over it), is one of the best in the Dolomites. For first-class ascents there are the Popena from the Cristallo Pass (pleasanter from Schluderbach), and those described in the November number of the 'Alpine Journal.'

The Pelmo will not, of course, be omitted by any one who goes to the Dolomites. The ordinary route by the Untere Pont is the best for the ascent, but the descent may be made by the Grohmann or the Obere Pont; for those who do not want to go so far the descent from the Sorapiss may be made by the Cengia del Banco, an interesting ledge.

The Sexten Thal always seems to me to have been neglected. The inns are decidedly good, and the Drei Zinnen and Zsigmondy huts better reached from here than elsewhere. The best climbs are the Kleine Zinne from the S., Drei Schuster from the N., and the Grosse or Kleine Zwölferkofel by any of the various routes; first-class, the Kleine Zinne from the N.

Before going further E. I should like to make a few general remarks on the Tyrol, and I will follow the model of one who came from the stock of the truest mountaineers, Giraldus Cambrensis, who divides his description of Wales into two parts—'de laudabilibus' and 'de illaudabilibus.' I say of the stock of the truest mountaineers; for while those who possess the best mountains from a climber's point of view have allowed aliens to conquer them without protest, the answer of the Welsh to the articles exhibited against them in 1201 by John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, is a matter of history. 'As to the clause that the Prince should give the King a perpetual possession of Snowdon, we only affirm that, seeing Snowdon essentially belongs to the principality of Wales, which the Prince and his predecessors have enjoyed since the time of Brute, the Prince's Council will not permit him to renounce it and accept another estate in England to which he has not equal right.'

To begin with the *Laudabilia*, in the first place I will put the people, simple, obliging, honest, unspoiled by tourists. In the hotels you are treated more like a guest of the family than one who is valued only for what can be got out of him; they give you freely of the best they have got, and are really anxious for your comfort. Their honesty is surprising. I will give two instances. The first year I had Barbaria he was with me for a fortnight, at the rate of 7 fl. a day, he, of course, providing all his food and paying all his expenses. The next year I engaged him for a month, and said I thought 6 fl. a day enough. 'Certainly,' was his answer, 'and I will give you back the extra florin a day I had last year.' In 1890 I took Zecchini, then a struggling guide with a large family, as second guide up the Sasso di Muro from San Martino, and on our return paid him 14 fl., which he said

was the tariff. Barbaria and I left next day, and, as I had done practically all the ascents that had then been made from San Martino, there was not much chance of my coming back. About a week later at Cortina Barbaria got a letter from Zecchini to say that he had found out the tariff for the Sasso di Muro was only 12 fl., and that if Barbaria would give me 2 fl. he would repay him next time they met.

The travellers one meets in the Tyrol are of the best kind. Such parties as Mr. George described at our December meeting are absolutely unknown, and the company to be found at the hotels—German, Austrian, Italian, and English—is always extremely pleasant, though, with a few notable exceptions, it seems to be a general rule that the higher class foreigners (I mean higher by birth) do not frequent the mountains.

The climbers too, with the occasional exception of a student whose poverty may be the excuse for the slenderness of his wardrobe, though not for his disregard for the rules of cleanliness, are of the right sort. Mountains are climbed for the love of climbing them, not because it is the thing to do. Curious exceptions to this I have met with in the case of the Glockner and Venediger, of which I have seen more than one ascent made for the sake of handing down to the climber's children and grandchildren the prowess of their ancestor; and in the case of the Langkofel, which is a favourite subject for bets.

The guide Luigi Bernard, one of the best rock-climbers in the Dolomites, who hates 'Geröll' like poison, and is vulgarly known as the Bergteufel, was one year at San Martino employed, as far as we could see, in alternately exercising an unfortunate Herr up and down the most abominable 'Geröll' slopes to be found in the neighbourhood, and hauling him up the small rocks near the hotel. It appeared he was putting him through a fortnight's training for the Langkofel, which they eventually successfully ascended, Luigi getting 2,000 m., part of the 6,000 the Herr got by winning his bet. Another party was not so fortunate. After a few preliminary walks they bivouacked under the rocks (this was before the days of the hut and the rock route), and, making an early start, triumphantly reached the top at about 7 a.m. After a long rest they started down, but on reaching the snow couloir found the stones going down, and had to wait till 8 at night before the stones got sufficiently frozen to make the descent safe.

The freedom in climbing in the Tyrol is also a very great

advantage. The guide will, of course, take you up a mountain by the usual route, but if you feel inclined to try another, or prefer rocks to snow, or *vice versâ*, he will always eventually fall in with your proposition, though if he seems reluctant without good reason it is sometimes a little difficult to persuade him that you will not be extremely annoyed with him if, as not unfrequently happens, especially in the Dolomites, you fail to reach the top by the route you have chosen.

But the greatest virtue of the Tyrol is its cheapness; if you do not take more than one guide it is quite easy to do mountaineering for 1*l.* a day, including guide and provisions, from the time the railway is left. The *pension* price at the good inns varies from 1 *fl.* 80 to 4 *fl.* 50 a day, exclusive of wine, of which you will get in the valleys quite as much as is good for you for 1 *fl.* a day. They do not run you up in the way of extras or provisions, and the guides will always bring you any of the latter that are over, and are really grateful if you give them to them; and here I will earnestly—most earnestly—ask any of you who may be tempted to go to the Tyrol to be very careful not to send the prices up. It would be hard on members of our Club who, not blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods, find in the Tyrol a happy hunting-ground, and it would be a real wrong to most of our brethren of the Austrian and German-Austrian Clubs, to whom Switzerland is now a *hortus inclusus*.

And now for the Illaudabilia.

The snow mountains in the Tyrol are on a very much smaller scale than those in Switzerland, though the snow level is lower the further E. one goes, and therefore the ice and snow work to be done is in point of amount and difficulty inferior. The journey to the Dolomites is long and expensive, and when there one certainly misses the glacier air, and does not derive so much physical benefit from a short holiday.

In a German guide-book I found in the Stubai thal the conclusion of a long argument, into the details of which I need not enter, was that it was conducive to health and economy to take one's wife with one on a holiday. Now, except in a few of the larger centres in the Tyrol, the climber's wife who does not climb with him undoubtedly fares badly, though in most cases her husband gets back by tea time. The Austrian inns are perfectly clean and the food good, but if a party arrives shortly after an animal is killed no other meat is to be had till that animal has been finished. There is not such a thing as an easy chair in the whole district; the value of an English book to the tourist is greater than that of the Schmidt Kamin

to a guide; the general absence of a *table d'hôte* adds to the dulness of the day; and the traveller in outlying places must be prepared to speak nothing but German for days at a time, and be absolutely hardened to smoke of the worst description at all times and in all places.

I find it difficult to decide in which category to place the Tyrolese guides. Speaking here, I should say the former, for a member of this Club generally knows a good guide from a bad, and if by chance he gets hold of a bad one can take care of himself. They are extremely sober and obliging, will carry heavy loads without complaint, and are most reasonable in their demands: 6 fl. a day is rather too much to pay for a tour of more than fourteen days; in some of the valleys the tariff is about 4 fl. a day over five days. Of course for the very formidable Dolomite ascents more is asked. The best guide in the district wanted 120 fl. for ten days, to include the Schmidt Kamin, Kleine Zinne traverse, Winklerthurm, and anything else I liked. When these tariffs by the day are taken the guide pays for his food and lodging, but it is customary for the Herr to find food on the mountains and the *nicht bewirtschaftet* huts. On the other hand the guides lack those finer touches which are only to be acquired by contact with 'Herren' extending over a considerable time, and as a rule they have no knowledge of mountains beyond their immediate districts.

In the list of guides published by the D.Oe.A.V. a considerable number will be found who are 'authorised' for a large number of peaks in various parts of the Tyrol. This, however, only necessarily means that they have ascended those peaks once, and possibly only as second guide; and if (as may happen) an inferior guide has been taken by a tourist, because he happened to be a pleasant fellow, through all his tour, it does not at all follow that he will find his way up the mountains again.

I do not suppose many travellers will go further E. than Cortina; the Sappada group is not specially interesting, the Lienz Dolomites are on a very small scale, and there are very serious drawbacks to mountaineering in the Julian Alps, where there are some very fine peaks indeed.

Firstly, the language. This is too terrible for words. I was told that if one learnt enough to say 'I am an Englishman,' most of the people would talk German to one. They so hate the German-speaking people that they will have absolutely nothing to do with them.

The difficulty in getting provisions and accommodation is

very great. From the Baumbach hut, which lies in the middle of a village in the Trentathal, I sent men 2 hrs. up and 2 hrs. down the valley without getting either milk or bread. At four out of the seven huts I was in there was no water (we had to drink melted snow), and no water is to be found on the mountains.

The greatest drawback from a climber's point of view is the way in which the peaks have been engineered. No less than three paths lead to the top of the Terglou, and steps have been cut in the rocks and wire ropes fixed on the way up all the chief summits. The great difficulty, and one which renders a local guide absolutely necessary, is to get out of the deep, narrow valleys. When that has been done, as a rule there is only a 'Geröll' slope to be ascended; and then on getting to the rocks is seen a large tablet—a safety board giving details as to the maker and construction of the path.

The best climb I had in the Julian Alps was the Jof di Montasio. Leaving the Recovero Nevea we followed a fair path over grass slopes to a pass on the W. of the peak leading into the Dognathal, from which a track led up 'Geröll' and some easy rocks to the arête. This was quite simple, and across what might have been a somewhat difficult 'Scharte' a causeway had been built suitable for learning bicycling on. We reached the top in 3½ hrs. from the Recovero. We retraced our steps along the arête and followed it to the Vert di Montasio, then turned N. down easy rocks to a long and very delightful 'Kamin,' which one could descend with great comfort by wedging oneself tight in and putting one's feet on the projections, of which there are several on both sides within convenient reach. Some more easy rocks led to the top of *the* Kamin. This was about 120 ft. long, very steep, and about 5 ft. wide, with smooth walls, and three great blocks stopping it up. I had to go down first, and found no difficulty with the first block, as it was fairly easy to climb into the cave below between the block and the wall; but on getting out into the Kamin again I discovered I had left behind and above me a large loose stone which was certain to be sent down by the next man, so there was nothing for it but to climb up again. This was a very different matter, and was only safely accomplished with the aid of more than moral compulsion. We all arrived safely at the top of the second block, and there the serious difficulties began. It proved just possible to stretch across the Kamin with toes and shoulders, the block itself affording a certain amount of handhold; and

when by these means one had got below the block to get under it and into the cave in a more or less horizontal position until it was safe to jump on to the floor. The third block was managed in a similar way, but was not so difficult. The descent of the party of three down the whole Kamin took over 2 hrs.

On the rocks just below I was unfortunate enough to get a stone on my head; we had not thought it worth while to shorten the rope, as we contemplated a halt, and were climbing rather carelessly. As an instance of the difficulty I have just spoken of I may add that we were 1 hr. 50 min. zigzagging about on easy ground on the top of rock walls before we got down the 500 ft. to the Spranje, though José Komáč knew the way well.

In conclusion I have to express my thanks to Mr. Sydney Donkin for the loan of the Zillerthal slides; to Messrs. Shea, Jones, and Friedmann, members of our Club, for the Dolomite slides; and to Herr Geyer, late President of the Austrian Alpine Club, for the views of the Sappada group.

THE NOASCETTA GLACIER AND THE BECCA DI MONCIAIR.

BY THE EDITOR.

‘**WHAT!** another paper on the Grand Paradis group?’ Gentle reader, I will not conceal from you that I am : trespasser on your kindness, if not on a field which younger men should cultivate. But there are reasons which I could lay before you which might plead for me. You should have been entertained to a narrative by a successor—nay, to two narratives by two successors—of Prometheus, that demigod who anticipated the triumphs of the Alpine Club in the frosty range which it so soothes us to read of when the dogstar rages. (I admit, parenthetically, that he has not greatly raged of late.) You should have been regaled with great deeds on peaks whose very names strike a chill into the marrow of anyone who fears an imputation on his spelling. But here the kindest of readers breaks in upon me with the unanswerable question, ‘Then why are we not so entertained and regaled?’ Well, I cannot put the case more forcibly than in the words of a lady of great beauty and experience—‘No one can be more wise than destiny.’ Destiny prevented it. Of your kindness, blame destiny and forgive me.

I never enter one of the southern side-glens of the great Valley of Aosta without a little thrill of satisfaction and