

is very amusing, and offers a few hours of ticklish gymnastics to those who are fond of scaling steep rock. The rock is broken, but the holds are good. It is, however, necessary that at least one of the guides should be a good climber, and that, to attempt attaining the higher pinnacle, the party should be composed of not less than four persons, two of whom would have to grasp from one side of the pinnacle the rope to be thrown from the other side. Were the wind propitious, perhaps a rope could be thrown by hand from the place reached by Croux; in our case only about two or three score centimètres prevented the stones sent by hand from passing over. In the event of a renewal of the attempt I would recommend the use of a seal gun. With this weapon a sufficient weight might be sent from the pinnacle that we ascended over the higher one, and the rope be thus brought within reach. Could this be done I believe success would be assured, in the event of the guides' agility and acrobatic resources again failing.

EARLY SUMMER IN THE GRISONS.

By FREDERICK GARDINER.

THE mountaineering season of 1901, taking it as a whole, was, in point of weather, one of the most unsettled and variable of recent years, for, excepting about ten days in July and a similar period towards the end of August, there was really no consecutive fine weather. As I spent June, July, and August in active mountaineering I had, in consequence, a long uphill battle with the elements almost throughout. My wife, the guides Rudolf and Peter Almer, and myself arrived at Thusis on June 6, and next day we drove up to Splügen, from which point I resumed my progress eastwards, which had been interrupted in 1892 by the sad news of the total destruction of Christian Almer's (Sohn) home at Grindelwald in the great fire, and which necessitated his immediate return, thereby breaking up Mr. Coolidge's plans and my own for that season. As is my frequent experience in early June, I found the higher Alpine villages ablaze with flowers, and a hearty welcome from every one we came in contact with, who were delighted to see such early swallows of the all too short mountaineering season. My custom before starting for the mountains each year is to carefully consider my programme for the season's work, allotting certain time and dates to the places, peaks, and

passes which it is my intention to visit, and then submit it to my old friend and companion Mr. Coolidge, who annotates the whole, adding valuable suggestions and information, and it is wonderful at the end of the season to find how much of the said programme one has accomplished. On June 8 I climbed the Bärenhorn, which lies to the N. of Splügen, for the sake of the very fine view which it commands, ascending *viâ* Stutzalp, and descending by the Butzthal, meeting with immense quantities of snow, especially between the Stutzalp and the Lochliberg, on the way up. Next day we went up to the filthy Berghaus, quite close to the top of the Splügen Pass, from which place we ascended the Surettahorn in deep snow and a snow storm on June 10; and on the following day I ascended first the Lattenhorn and then the Tambohorn, returning to the village of Splügen in the afternoon, the weather being very variable and the snow very deep and toilsome during the whole expedition.

From Splügen we drove to Cresta, in the Averserthal (said to be the highest inhabited valley in the Alps in which the inhabitants live the whole year round), and from there made the ascent of the Weissberg in very wild weather, continually being obliged to take shelter as best we could from frequent squalls of wind, sleet, and hail. The flowers on the hillsides above Cresta were gorgeous; I think I have never seen the sulphur anemone in such quantities and perfection. We just got back to Cresta in time to escape a deluge of rain about 1 p.m., and then began one of the most awful storms of wind, rain, and finally heavy snow that I have ever encountered during my many seasons in the Alps; it lasted almost without cessation for four days. The Pension Heinz, where we stayed, is very primitive, and was not particularly well provisioned so early in the season, and it had the additional disadvantage of being a divided establishment—*i.e.* the living-room is at one end of the village, while the sleeping accommodation is at the other, and with (as we found it) a sea of unutterable filth and mud to wade through in between. As it was clearly impossible to force our way over to Mühlen, on the Julier road, where our luggage and correspondence awaited us, in such fearful weather, we decided to return to Thusis and reach Mühlen by road. It was as well we did so, for the day after we left (June 15) nearly 3 ft. of snow fell round Cresta, and the road was almost impassable; as it was on our way down from Cresta the road was blocked at one place from fallen debris, loosened by the torrential rain, and we all had to get out of the

diligence, and Rudolf and Peter to attack the obstacle with their ice axes, before we could get through. We reached Mühlen in a snow storm late at night, and it continued to snow hard the whole of Sunday, June 16, until after day-break on Monday, the 17th. It seemed so curious to see the summer flowers, such as geraniums, fuchsias, &c., in the balcony of the hotel pushing their unfortunate heads through the snow. At last, on the early morning of the 17th, the snow ceased, and the welcome sun appeared upon a scene of great beauty, which would be delightful at, say, Grindelwald in mid-January, but which filled the heart of the mountaineer with despair in mid-June. After breakfast we went up to the Faller Alp, which under ordinary circumstances could easily be reached in a couple of hours, but the snow was so deep we took nearly double that time. From the Faller Alp the Piz Platta looked magnificent, but ominously white, and we found the unfortunate cows which had been driven up to the alp a few days previously lowing mournfully over the fact that they could find nothing to eat, as there was no store of hay at the alp. On our way down we met some sleighs loaded with hay, which were being brought in haste to save the animals from acute hunger, if not starvation. I had intended to ascend the Piz Platta from Cresta, from which place it is much more easily reached than from Mühlen; but having been forced to Mühlen I had to take it from that side. I found the ascent (which I made next day mostly in clouds and stifling heat) easy enough, but unutterably wearisome in the very deep fresh snow, as may be gathered from the fact that, although I left Mühlen at 8.30 A.M., I did not reach the top until 2.15 P.M., or nearly 11 hrs. later, and it was almost 8 P.M. before I got back to Mühlen, with the weather again turned bad, and the last 2 hrs. of the descent were passed in bitter cold and a renewed storm of snow and sleet. The weather continued bad the following day, so, abandoning the Piz Forbisch and the P. dellas Calderas, we left Mühlen, and descended to the village of Savognin, from which place I made the ascent of the Piz Michel, which peak, with the Tinzenhorn, shows up so splendidly from Davos Platz. My experience of the Piz Platta was renewed on the Piz Michel. I left Savognin at 3.45, and did not reach the top until 1.35, and in parts we fairly pushed our way through deep snow where it was almost up to our waists; but, nevertheless, there was a certain exhilaration in fighting against the condition of things which lent considerable zest to the ascents of the

Piz Platta and Piz Michel, which, strange as it may seem, gave those two expeditions an amount of pleasure to me which renders them quite distinct from any of the other fifty-one expeditions which I made during the summer of 1901. From Savognin we moved round to Bergun, on the Albula Road, finding it everywhere alive with Italian workmen making the new Engadine railway, *viâ* the Albula Pass. On June 22 we left Bergun for the Aela Club hut, where we spent two nights. On the 23rd we ascended the Piz Aela to within 200 or 300 ft. of the top, where, to my grief, we were compelled to turn back, as in order to complete the very small portion of the ascent it was necessary to pass into an avalanche-swept couloir, down which quantities of fresh snow mingled with small stones were constantly falling; so there was no question about it, we had to turn back. Next day my wife returned to Bergun, while I ascended the Tinzenhorn, after my usual fight with bad snow and weather; but we got a fair view from the top, and could hear the church bells at the village of Tinzen ringing for the festival of St. John Baptist. From Bergun we went to the Kesch hut, on the Fuorcla d' Alp Fontana; and on Wednesday, June 26, made the ascent of the Piz Kesch in perfect weather. This was literally the first perfectly fine day we had in June, and it and the *two* days following were destined to be the only really fine weather we were to have until Monday, July 8. Sleeping a second night at the very comfortable Kesch hut, my wife and the porter crossed the Scaletta Pass to Durrboden, where I joined her later in the day, having made the ascent of the Piz Vadret, *viâ* the Vallorgia, and afterwards crossed a pass between the Scaletthorn and the Piz Grialetsch, and so down almost direct to Durrboden by the Scaletta Glacier. From Durrboden we went down to Davos and Klosters, at which latter place we made arrangements to have the Silvretta hut and the Vereina hut opened and provisioned for us, with a caretaker in each.

We left Klosters for the Silvretta hut on Saturday, June 29, and I remained there until Friday, July 5, so that I spent six nights there, and experienced as bad weather as my worst enemy could have wished for me. At the end of the fourth day I sent my wife back to Klosters. The Silvretta hut is solid, ugly, and in a desolate position, but capitally situated as a mountaineering centre, although not very comfortable. On June 30 we ascended the Silvretta Horn, just reaching the top before a heavy snow storm came on, and we returned to the hut in snow and mist, and further down in

heavy rain, which towards nightfall turned to snow, and the early hours of July 1, 1901, were ushered in by one of the most terrific snow storms I ever experienced in the High Alps. Towards 9 A.M. the storm began to clear off, and we found everything deeply shrouded in snow, and the wretched goats which had been brought up to supply us with milk bleating dismally round the hut. They must have had a bad time of it during the storm, as there is not much shelter in the neighbourhood of the hut; however they were determined to stand no more of it, and returned promptly to Klosters on their own account, very much to the astonishment of their owner there, and we were consequently milkless during the rest of our stay at the Silvretta hut. Tuesday, July 2, although a little misty to begin with, was until the afternoon a fairly fine day, so we crossed the Silvretta Pass, and then the Fuorela del Confin, into Tirol, and made the ascent of the Piz Buin, from which we had a splendid view, but the atmosphere was too intensely clear and everything looked too near for us to place any confidence in the weather, and sure enough in the afternoon another howling snow storm and another wetting awaited us before we returned over our two passes to the shelter of the Silvretta hut. We had, of course, found the snow in wretched condition and the expedition much longer and more fatiguing than it would be under ordinary circumstances. Another day of enforced idleness at the hut was not a very enchanting prospect for my wife, so she returned with the porter and baggage mules to Klosters, while I remained behind. It was just sufficiently fair to justify a start on Thursday, July 4, but a renewal of the snow storms came with daylight, and it was just a question as to whether we should push on. Our object was the ascent of the Piz Fliana, in order to reach which we had again to cross the Silvretta Pass. After making two bad starts, and describing a circle on the snow, we managed to get over the pass and hit off some rocks at the foot of the Piz Fliana, marked 'Mittagsplatz' on the map, from which we knew that the N. ridge of the mountain led right up to the top. This ridge we followed straight to the top, where we arrived at 9.45 A.M., rather exhausted but very glad to have accomplished the ascent in spite of the weather. It never ceased snowing the entire day, but fortunately there was no wind, nor was it particularly cold except when we stood still. I had intended to attempt the Verstanklahorn and the Gross Litzner from the Silvretta hut, but when I got back I determined to take the former from the Vereina hut, and, unless I

found an improvement on the day following, abandon the latter altogether. The bad weather continued during the night, so next morning we returned back, still in bad weather, to Klosters, thankful to have secured our three peaks, and very ready for the elementary comforts of civilisation at Klosters, as neither the guides nor myself had a dry stick of clothing left, and the commissariat at the hut began to pall after six days of it. After this came the one really fine spell of the summer. The weather was unsettled on July 6, and uncertain on the 7th, but we started for the Vereina hut, where we spent three nights most comfortably in this admirable shelter. It is most beautifully situated, and the blaze of 'Alpenrosen' in full bloom all around it formed a lovely sight as we reached it towards evening; but it is a good deal lower than the Silvretta hut, and expeditions from it are consequently a good deal longer. July 8 was a perfect day, and on it we ascended the Weisshorn, at the head of the Jorithal, which makes a great show from the Vereina hut. This peak dominates the Fluëla Pass, which is very distinctly visible on both sides from it. Tuesday, July 9, was another perfect day, which I devoted to the ascent of the Verstanklahorn. I left the hut at 2 A.M., and reached the summit at 8.20 A.M., after a most interesting piece of rock-climbing. This peak is quite one of the most interesting of the Silvretta group, although I understand the Gross Litzner runs it close as a good rock scramble. Wednesday, July 10, was our last day's work in the Silvretta group.

We left the Vereina hut at 3.10 A.M., and, proceeding along the Süser valley, first by a good path and then over rough screes, reached the Fless Pass, and then proceeded on to the Vereina Pass, which we reached at 6 A.M. After breakfast my wife and the porter descended direct to Lavin, in the Inn valley, by the narrow, steep, and boulder-strewn Saglains valley, while the Almers and myself skirted the head of the Saglains valley and reached the foot of the Piz Linard, which peak we ascended mainly by the great couloir on its western face, reaching the top at 10.10 A.M., after about four hours' steep climb. The descent of the Val Saglains towards Lavin was most exasperating over loose boulders, almost pathless, and very steep, and finally we quite lost the faint track before reaching the Inn valley, and wandered along watercourses and through rich meadows until we arrived at Lavin, where we found poor quarters at the somewhat pretentious Hôtel Piz Linard. Next day we drove up to the exquisitely situated village of Guarda, than which I have rarely seen a

more picturesque in the whole of Switzerland, and it has the additional advantage of containing a most excellent small hotel (Pension Meisser), which we found a delightful contrast to the inn at Lavin. As the title of this paper is 'Early Summer,' and we have now arrived at July 12, I think it should come to an end, especially as the district we proceeded to has been fully described by Mr. Coolidge within the last few years in the 'Alpine Journal;' so I will merely give a summary of the next few days. On Friday, July 12, we crossed over to Tirol by the Jamjoch to the very luxurious D.u. Ö.A.V. Jamthal hut. On Saturday, July 13, we ascended the Fluchthorn, descending to the Kronen glacier by a convenient couloir, and so reached the gap between the Zahnspez and the Fluchthorn, known as the Zahnücke, and then down the Fimberthal to Im Boden. On Sunday, July 14, we crossed the Samnaunerjoch, or Fuorcla Zebias, leading to the remote village and valley of Samnaun, and on Monday, July 15, made the ascent of Muttler by the Val Maisas, descending to Strada, in the Inn valley, by the Cuolmen Salet Pitschen and the picturesque village of Schleins. From Strada we drove up the Inn valley first to Schuls and then to Pontresina, and we remained at the latter place and Maloggia until the end of July, mountaineering actively all the time, although the weather resumed its evil courses after July 19, and remained bad more or less until August 8. My wife returned to England at the end of July, and my son (aged 17) joined me in the Oberland for August, and in his company I re climbed many old friendly peaks, in spite of very unsettled weather. From the time we left Thusis on June 7 until we reached Guarda on July 11 we only met one party of climbers, viz. a couple of local men from Coire at the Silvretta hut, out for a 'week end' (they ascended the Verstanklahorn the same day we were on the Silvrettahorn), and no English travellers at all excepting two ladies at Mühlen. In fact during the whole summer, whether in the Grisons or the Oberland, I hardly met any English mountaineers even at such frequented places as Pontresina and Concordia. From Splügen W. to Strada E. the ground I covered was entirely new both to my guides and myself, and although the peaks of the Splügen, Albula, Silvretta, and Muttler districts cannot be reckoned among the giants of the Alps, many of them afford very interesting climbing, and my experience proves that even under unfavourable circumstances of weather, and in early summer, mountaineering is practicable with caution and good guides.