

They came to the same conclusion, and descended to the south. In order to avoid all further conflicts the mountain of Ushba was handed over to a neutral power, Fräulein von Ficker, by the ruler of Suanetia, witness thereof the document and treaty drawn up and signed at his capital, Etseri. Thus peace was restored, and our mountain princess is beloved and honoured by friend and enemy alike. But the truthful history of the war between the Pfannites and the Rickmerites is chronicled for the generations to come in the "Kneipzeitung" of the A. A. V. M.' But to take up the thread of my relation, which I dropped at Betsho. While the three of us were sitting in the cancellaria, sorting, writing, working, three men at the Gul Glacier had not been idle; things had been done with surprising promptness almost before I realised that the chief contest had begun, and events were shaping themselves that led to the final conquest of one of the finest mountains in the world.

(To be continued.)

THE ROTHORN RIDGE.

BY EDWARD A. BROOME.

(Read before the Alpine Club, May 3, 1904.)

HAVING made rather a special study of the magnificent Zinal Grat from the Weisshorn to the Ober-Gabelhorn, and having within the last year or two clambered up nearly every climbable chimney and crag upon the ridge, I propose to describe some expeditions on it to-night. Several of my candid friends appeared to consider it 'one-ideal' to put in so much time on the one range, but on mature consideration I think the time was well spent, and, at any rate, five or six days of unequalled enjoyment and some increased topographical knowledge are not altogether to be despised.

I do not propose to inflict on you to-night the Weisshorn portion (on which, indeed, I have already read a paper here), nor yet that part extending from the Triftjoch up to and over the Wellenkuppe and Gabelhorn; but rather to limit myself to the Zinal ridge proper, extending from the Schallijoch on the N. to the Triftjoch on the S., which we covered in three climbs; and I shall give these, for greater convenience, in geographical (N. to S.) and not in chronological order.

I will, however, preface what I have to say by a remark

apiece on the two omitted climbs, the first being that the Weisshorn by the great S.W. arête will always be a long and difficult expedition, and should certainly not be undertaken by an inexperienced or untrained party. One such party last summer took two long days from the Schallijoch over to Randa, and, indeed (though the mountain was in good order), they neither finished the S.W. ridge nor attained the summit the first day, and were not down at Randa until after dark on the second! The remark on the other climb is that the Wellenkuppe (first ascended *via* its N. arête from the Triftjoch by Mr. FitzGerald's party in 1881), when taken by this route in conjunction with the Gabelhorn by the entire N.E. arête, and over the huge rock tower between the two peaks (which should by all means be climbed over and not traversed under), made a first-class combination, and one, I believe, not before tried.

Traverse of Schallihorn and Moming Spitze.—To come to the first of the three main expeditions, August 28, 1903, the above peaks were crossed, N. to S., the first from the Schallijoch to the Ober-Schallijoch, and the second thence to the S. Moming Col. We went up the previous afternoon from Randa to the 1895 *gîte* above the Hôhlicht Glacier in 4 hrs., a great improvement, both in time and route, on our first wearisome walk up there, which took 6. We were joined by my friend Captain Farrar and another party consisting of an Englishman and a Russian, both parties for the Weisshorn; and the climbers, guides, and extra porters for carrying the provender and 'bed-clothes' made up a party of fifteen.

Such a babel of languages (six at least) I never heard, and there was some difficulty in finding sleeping accommodation under the rocks for so many; Farrar, who kindly took the outside berth in a sort of scooped-out concave lair, being kept in position all night by my knees skilfully wedged in his lumbar region. He slept soundly, however, and did not complain, while I watched Jupiter, a superb sight at that height, slowly steering his shining satellites round the sky, and incidentally giving sufficient light for us to see by our watches when it was time to get up.

Starting at three we lost a good deal of time on the upper portion of the Schalliberg Glacier, which was this year a good deal cut, causing us to retrace our steps for some distance more than once in order to circumvent the big crevasses. However by 6 o'clock we were on the top of the Schallijoch, and parted from the two Weisshorn parties, Farrar getting



Photo by Dr Paul Güssfeldt.

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ROTHHORN RIDGE FROM WEISSHORN TO GABELHORN.

over its two great ridges to Randa 12 hrs., and the Anglo-Russian contingent 38 to 40 hrs., later!

At 6.30 we started for our peak, first up a spur of rock beginning just below the pass itself, and following the rib had a good scramble up the mixed rocks and ice of which it consisted to a little gap on the arête to the left of the first gendarme. From this point we kept almost entirely to the ridge, and went over all the rock-towers and gendarmes, perhaps about six or eight in number, all very steep and composed of loose and unstable rock, and consequently giving plenty to do, till we came to the last of all, the one nearest to the summit. This looked very difficult, if not impossible, and it would not be too much to say that we fairly farked it, and turning down a peculiarly nasty iced, deep gully to the left (or E.) side, made a traverse of the rock-face with none too good holds, then ascended again another similar gully to the ridge, wishing all the time we had never left it. From this point the last slope up to the top was rather steep, hard ice, and took some care and cutting. The whole climb is somewhat difficult, the rocks being always very rotten and shelly, in this respect a perfect contrast to all the other peaks on this fine ridge. You will perhaps forgive me if I tell you that my own name for the mountain must always be the 'Scaleyhorn,' which after all is only a free translation of its original name.

We reached the top at 10 o'clock, $8\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. from the pass, thus making (or so we thought at the time) the first ascent from the Schallijoch, or from the N. side.* There had been one previous *descent* this way, but on that occasion the party evidently worked somewhat more under the actual ridge on the E. side than we did.†

Leaving the summit at eleven, and still keeping to the ridge, we descended by Mr. Middlemore's original route to the Ober-Schallijoch (sometimes called the N. Moming Col) in $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. This was, of course, quite simple, and indeed we could see more than one easy route on this side, and especially down the E. face. In proof of this, if proof were needed, there were tracks of chamois on the actual summit of the Schallihorn, and again lower down in a couloir on the E. face, at the bottom of which we ultimately saw the beasts themselves, who on hearing our shouts went off at a great

* My friend the Editor has, since the above was written, discovered that this had once previously been climbed, but I have no particulars.

† See *A. J.* vol. xx. p. 264.

pace down the glacier. I believe that at this time of year chamois betake themselves to great heights without any apparent reason, unless it is to harden themselves against the coming cold winter and severe weather.

From the Ober-Schallijoch we traversed the Moming Spitze, taking about $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. to the summit. The rocks were quite good, and it is a pity this little peak is not more climbed; it is said that it had only been twice done before, once by an English and once by a Munich party.

We descended the other side towards the S. Moming Col, but not quite down to the lowest depression, for the schrunds below the actual pass looked from above like taking a lot of time this year (1903), so a fairly easy rock-rib was struck, which, with a snow slope at the bottom, took us down to the level Hohlicht Glacier. From here we had the usual tedious and tiring ascent to the second col on the spur between the Rothhorn and Mettelhorn, afterwards descending again by the Rothhorn Glacier and the Trift valley to the Trift Inn, which was reached at 5 o'clock.

Traverse of Ober-Mominghorn and Rothhorn.—I must now hark back to August 19, 1902, when we climbed the second portion of this ridge from the S. Moming Col over the above peaks to Zermatt. This was not a very long day, though a good deal of time ($5\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.) was spent in the grind from our starting point, the Trift Inn, to the top of the col; and I may perhaps mention here that I had some idea, after doing the Schallihorn and Moming Spitze the following year (1903), of again climbing the Mominghorn and Rothhorn, but this time traversing all four peaks in one day. I have no doubt, too, that they could all have been done if daylight could have been lengthened an hour or two, or if I had been content to lie out somewhere near the top of the Rothhorn. This latter course, however, would *not* have contented me, and would indeed have been some justification for the offensive doggerel which an old friend was rather too fond of 'rubbing in,' and of which perhaps the chief sting lay in its truth.

The plague of guide and friend, and wife and daughter,
Is 'senex' who will climb and didn't *oughter*.

I therefore give the 1902 climb for this part of the ridge, and a most enjoyable one it was, besides making a new combination.

After a pleasant evening at the now greatly improved and most comfortable Trift Inn, where amongst other friends were the distinguished Alpine author Major Theodor Wundt

and his charming wife, my party got off at two o'clock up the Trift valley, the Rothhorn glacier, over the col on the Mettelhorn ridge (where we breakfasted), and across the Hohlicht glacier again, this time in the slanting morning sunshine, to the foot of the Moming pass. The steep snow slopes and the bergschrund were now in good order, and we reached the pass itself at 7.30, feeling quite ready for another breakfast.

Starting off again at 7.50 we followed in the main Sir Seymour King's original route up the N. ridge of the Ober-Mominghorn, and found it a most delightful climb. It is best to follow the ridge over snow and easy rocks for a time, and then traverse a little on the left or E. face to a point just under a very large pinnacle on the ridge. Then you go up a steep chimney on the other side of the gendarme right up to the arête, which should be afterwards followed, climbing all the towers till the summit is reached. We were agreeably surprised to find ourselves on the top at 9.25, thus making 1 hr. 35 min. going instead of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours allowed by the President's 'Climbers' Guide.'

The climb is a good one, the one chimney very steep, and the towers, which are numerous, are interesting, and in my opinion more difficult than those on the Rothhorn, which followed. The height of the Ober-Mominghorn is given at 13,019 ft. (3,968 m.), just 10 m. lower than the Schallihorn.

The descent of the peak on the S. is easier than on the N. side; but a little below the summit, after a steep rock descent and where the rocks merge into a snow arête, we found a good deal of ice; however this did not last too long, and then crossing a sort of snow basin we reached the main depression between the two peaks at 10.45.

From here we again began to ascend, and after circumventing one or two big schrunds found ourselves at 11.30 at the foot of the Rothhorn N. arête, a little higher than the point where Le Blanc articulates into the main ridge, and just about the sheltered spot where the interiors of many rucksacks and wine bottles have been transferred to animate interiors! Fortified by similar transference we started gaily up the well-known Zinal ridge of the Rothhorn at noon, finding it all in good order and plain sailing, and on the way met some of our over-night party descending to Mountet. This ridge is now perhaps the most popular promenade of Zinal and Zermatt, and it is certainly as pretty a rock-climb as could be desired, containing just enough but not too much of every variety. It made my fourth passage, so we all knew

the way, and did not waste much time, getting to the summit at 1.20. After this we considered our day practically over, and took it very quietly by the ordinary route back to Zermatt.

Not having been in this now fashionable city for some time till this year, one noticed many changes, and looking back twenty years or more they are still more surprising. The electric lights, the shriek of the railway whistle, the numerous hotels, all with large omnibuses and magnificent *concierges*, and especially the fashionably dressed ladies promenading to afternoon band accompaniment in the garden, would indeed astonish a Valais Rip van Winkle returning from a peak. It is pleasant to sit in a post-pedestrian tub with window open, listening to the dulcet strains; but there are differences of opinion even on this point, and my friend Mr. Ellis Carr prefers the *old* manners and customs, and even thinks that 'soon it will be necessary to have on view in the Zermatt museum a stuffed climber in a glass case to show what once they were.' Perhaps later on he will make such testamentary dispositions as to ensure this!

Traverse of Trifhorn and Rothhorn.—I had thought much about the possibility of climbing the Rothhorn direct from the Triftjoch, over the Trifhorn, along the rest of the rock-ridge, including the Pointe de Mountet, and up the S.W. arête in one day; though after working it all out on paper, including a probable time schedule, this hardly appeared to be possible; while the two ascents last described had seemed, also on paper, fairly feasible in one long day. On opening out these plans to the faithful Alois I found him, as usual, quite game to try either or both (or indeed anything else I wanted); but this time, oddly enough, the improbable proved practicable and the feasible impossible, for the Trifhorn arête was accomplished in the one long day, while the ridge running N. to the Schallijoch had perforce to be taken at twice.

For our success I have to thank the energy and enterprise of my young friend the said Alois Pollinger, whose pluck and perseverance, as well as mountain craft and climbing powers, are beyond praise. He is, indeed, a worthy chip of the old block, and his young brother Heinrich (18), who was our sole companion in two out of these three climbs, will very soon be worthy to rank with his father and two brothers.

After this necessary digression I return to my tale, to which another festive forgoing at the Trift Inn, this time in the company of a distinguished former Vice-President



Photo by Alfred Holmes, Esq.

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ROTHHORN AND TRIFTHORN FROM LO BESSO.

of this Club and some members of his family, made a pleasant prelude. Again we started at 2 A.M. up the valley, moraines, and glacier to the Triftjoch, the top of which was reached by 5.30, three and a quarter hours' actual and not too rapid going. Here the usual polite attentions to Little Mary cost us half an hour, and at six we started up the Trifthorn, as nice a little rock-climb as any on the ridge. The ascent occupied $1\frac{1}{2}$ hr. to the summit, though our previous time had been $1\frac{1}{2}$ hr., but on the present occasion there was a little 'verglas.'

I am glad to find this little mountain becoming increasingly popular; the rocks are interesting and far from easy, and it makes quite a short day *via* the col from either Zermatt or Mountet; but in my humble opinion the best way to take it is to go up to the pass from Zermatt, thence climb the peak by the rocks, descend the snow ridge on the N. side to a little col a few minutes below the top, and then drop down the easy western snow slope to Mountet. This should not take much longer, or at any rate not longer than the extra time the actual Trifthorn ascent takes from the Joch, and is much better fun than the simple passage of the col with direct descent down the Triftjoch. Last, but not least, the well-known danger of stones at the foot of the regular pass is altogether avoided.

Well, from the Trifthorn summit (reached at seven o'clock) we dropped straight down the aforesaid north snow ridge to a first col, whence you can either descend E. or W.; then a little way up, still on snow, till the long ridge of easy rocks between the Trifthorn and the Pointe de Mountet was struck. These rocks, though quite simple, were continuous and took time, and on the top of them (12,608 ft., or 347 ft. higher than the Trifthorn) we had a second meal. Thence a descent, still over rocks for a time, leads down to a broad and easy snow ridge, easiest walking towards the Zinal side, ending in a well-marked col, erroneously called the Rothhorn Joch, just at the S. foot of that very sporting little two-pointed pyramid the Pointe de Mountet.

Up this we started at once, finding the ascent a huge, steep, smooth, sloping slab with no handholds, but fortunately not too steep to walk up without them if the body is kept at an acute angle with the slab and care taken not to tumble backwards. This summit was reached at 10.30, and the height is given at 12,723 ft., or 115 ft. above our last nameless rock ridge. The descent of the Pointe de Mountet on the N. side to the true (or N.) Rothhorn Joch took a good

half-hour, the first rocks being very steep and involving the use of a doubled rope for the worst pitch. Lower down they got easier, and the pass at the foot of the Rothhorn S.W. arête was reached at eleven o'clock. The Pointe de Mountet can, of course, be easily reached from either Zinal or Zermatt, and is recommended as a route (traversing the top) from one place to the other. In either case it would be better to ascend by the N. col, taking the little aiguille from the N. and descending to and continuing the journey by the S. col.

Here I wish to point out that there are three well-marked cols on the ridge between the Trifhorn and the Rothhorn, and each of the three has been at different times called the Rothhorn Joch. The usually correct Conway's 'Pennine Guide' describes the Rothhorn Joch as between the Trifhorn and the Pointe Mountet, or S. of the latter; but there is no doubt that the true Rothhorn Joch lies at the actual foot of the Rothhorn and between it (and N. of) the Pointe de Mountet. This is the view of the leading Zermatt guides, whose opinion I was at some pains to get; and it is also the pass over which the sledges were taken to recover the body of poor Biner after the sad accident on the W. side of the Rothhorn in 1894, the descent from it being easier and the bergschrund less troublesome than the other.

From this true (or N.) Rothhorn Joch the new portion, and consequent real interest, of our expedition commenced, and we started on it at eleven exactly. From the pass to the first gendarme the ridge is first snow and rocks mixed, and at the end of these (and at the foot of the first rock tower) another snow-slope runs up from the northerly arm of the Glacier du Durand, which would make almost as good a starting point for this way up the Rothhorn as the Rothhorn Joch itself. This first tower was fairly easy, but the second proved harder, and had to be climbed nearly to the top and then traversed to the left to the top of a couloir. The couloir was 'Einschnitt' (whatever that may be), and pretty steep to get out of. Fortunately shoulders—human ones, I mean—come in useful on these occasions, and Alois and I clambered up turn and turn about on mine and Heinrich's. Hence the ridge was followed to the third gendarme, which was climbed right over to another little col, which in point of distance seems to be somewhere about halfway (though much the easier half) between the N. Rothhorn Joch and the Gabel; we had, moreover, so far only surmounted three of the towers, and there were eight more to do. After this my memory is not by any means perfect as to all the details—which is perhaps as well—

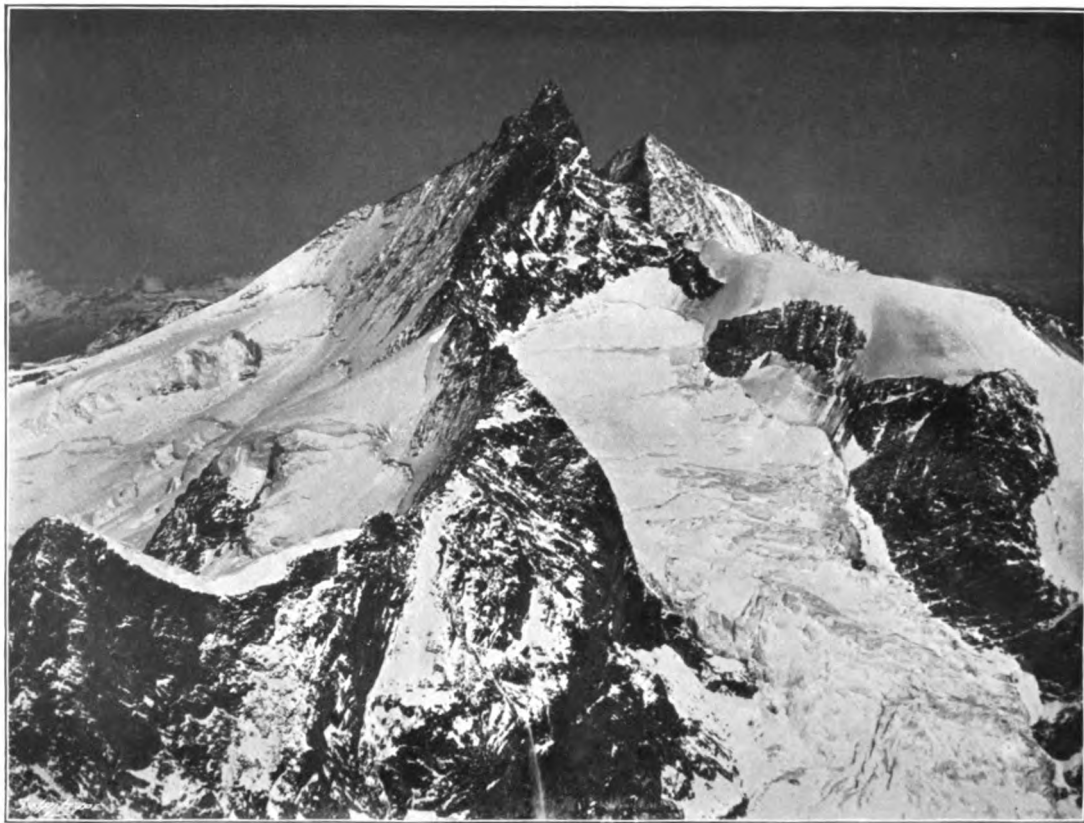


Photo by W. H. Gover, Esq.

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TRIFTHORN AND ROTHORN FROM THE WELLENKUPPE.

and I must not draw too strongly on my imagination ; but we kept hard at work, scrambled up all those that were thought possible, and on the whole stuck to the arête. The first two of the towers were certainly difficult, and ' Charmoz-traverse '-like, but were climbed over, and I think only one or two of the remaining eight, which were, or seemed to be, impossibly slabby, were turned to the left or W. side. In this respect they were unlike those on the south-western ridge of the Weisshorn, all of which are best dodged, when necessary, to the right or E. side.

It is a magnificent arête ; the towers are, as I said, about eleven in number, and all are—as on the Rothhorn they should be—huge red rocks. All wanted climbing, but first Alois and then Heinrich alternately went up them like squirrels and down them like steinbock, while I blessed Providence for having constructed Valais shoulders tougher and less sensitive to nailed boots than English ones, and also for having put it into my head to take an extra 100 ft. of light rope, down which we dangled when descending difficult drops, thus saving time—an all-important point on such a long expedition.

Towards the Gabel the last tower but one, or the last but two (I forget which), was turned, also to the left by a very steep ice-slope, which I did not particularly fancy and which reminded me of a similar one on the same side of the Teufelsgrat ; but I think the latter was necessary, while ours was not, so I should advise its being climbed over in future. The last gendarme of all was not climbed direct from the ridge, but was first traversed under on the left, and then ascended by a couloir from that side ; and when on its top we were delighted to see the ' Gabel,' so well known as the Rothhorn breakfast-place, at our feet, and into this we descended with little or no difficulty, highly pleased with our success and with having made what we then believed to be, and have since ascertained was, the first ascent of this ridge. Pollinger was especially delighted, as he knew that some of the Zinal men had tried it without success, while other first-rate guides had expressed a strong opinion as to the impossibility of getting up ; but

The mighty pyramids of stone,
That wedge-like cleave the mountain airs,
When nearer seen and better known
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

We had taken just 2 hrs. 40 min. from the Rothhorn Joch, and thought the time fairly good. The height and distance

of the climb on this side are perhaps best shown by comparing it with the well-known ones on the two other routes up the peak. At the Rothhorn Joch you are both vertically and horizontally about the same height and distance from the summit as the point where you first strike the Le Blanc snow arête on the Zinal side, while it is considerably below the level of the foot of the S.E. rock and snow ridge (above the long snow slope) on the Zermatt side. In point of difficulty this side affords much longer and more continuous work than the N. arête, and there are about eleven gendarmes here instead of the well-known three or four there. So it may fairly be claimed as being far and away the best and most sporting route up the peak. In my own mind I should class it more in point of interest and difficulty with the Weisshorn S.W. arête, and, though the latter is somewhat longer in height and time, it does not exceed the Rothhorn S.W. arête in general interest.

Arrived at the Gabel we were not sorry to allow ourselves the usual interval for refreshments (in this case 35 min.), and then proceeded upwards at 2.15, arriving on the summit at 3 o'clock. I am afraid I cannot claim any great novelty for this portion of the climb; if I did captious critics would probably cavil and contradict, and every member now present would arise and say (with truth) that he had done it himself! I will accordingly content myself with remarking that there did not seem to be any alternative route, and that from the Gabel upwards is only about one-sixth of the total distance from the Rothhorn Joch to the top. This last bit is always a nice varied piece of interesting work, and we went up it in good spirits, and returned the same, both as to route and spirits, the latter being none the worse for a judicious admixture of Bouvier, reserved for our goal!

Up to now we had found everything in capital order, but the couloir on the S.E. face below the Gabel was all just a thin layer of loose snow on ice, and was in as bad order to descend, especially to a tired party, as it could possibly be. Time, however, now was no particular object, so we did not 'take time by the forelock,' feeling that this at any rate was not a suitable moment to tumble down and *requiescat in pieces* at the bottom, or finish up a glorious climb in such an ignominious fashion. Below the couloir we got on better, but the snow was soft and the usual glissades impossible, so, taking it slowly and quietly, we reached the Trift Inn at 7.30 and Zermatt in pitch darkness at 8.15, our actual times going

for the whole day being thus 15½ hrs. and door-to-door time 18½ hrs.

In these climbs we were very lucky, especially in a dreadful season like the last (1908), in our weather, and in having chosen the good days. I think too the fact that the work had been almost entirely on the ridges, and with the occasional rock-traverses always facing E. and W., thus getting the sun, was very much in our favour. At any rate among other long dreamt-of good things the Zmutt arête of the Matterhorn, with its N. aspect, was utterly hopeless, as indeed it had been for some years previously.

However, having now finished the *climb* and got to the *weather*, it seems quite time to end my sermon; so *à propos*, or 'finally,' as our clerical friends would say, I will tell you a true little story showing what weird ideas the outer world has of the weather suitable for our glorious sport, and supposed to be liked by climbers. It was in the hunting-field, a perfect hurricane of cold wind blowing, blizzards of snow sweeping horizontally across the bare pastures, and a knot of half-frozen sportsmen shivering and sheltering for a few moments to leeward of a haystack on the bleak hillside. Up spake one of them, a farmer all untutored as to mountains: 'Well, there's only one of us here present as is a thoroughly enjoying of hisself to-day.' 'Who is that?' 'Why, Muster B.' (the present writer), 'of course; *he's* quite happy, and thinks *he's* a-scalping them blooming Pyrenees!'

THE KLEIN NÄSSIHORN AND THE WELLHORN.

By A. E. FIELD.

IN August 1908. Mr. R. W. Broadrick and myself were climbing in the Bernese Oberland with two Chamonix guides, our leading man being Alphonse Simond. Both were quite unacquainted with the district and anxious to learn what they could of it.

We determined to begin with the Schreckhorn and started off one afternoon for the Schwarzegg Hut. While we were getting wood at the Bäregg the clouds began to gather, and not long afterwards heavy rain forced us to seek shelter in an empty cow-chalet, where we spent nearly two hours. We squatted in the manger till our backs ached, and then we took up a position on the floor, which was covered with a thin layer of ancient hay full of various crawling things. Finally, as the rain showed no signs of abating, we beat a retreat to