

latter it has two icefalls. It is bounded on the W. by a ridge with an outstanding peak. The width here is about half a mile.

This year, owing to the exceptional amount of snow, the crevasses of the lower icefall were almost obliterated and the séracs of the upper icefall were easily passable, there being numerous snow bridges.

Above these is a snowfield about one mile in length, completely isolating the Kolahoi massif from all mountain ridges to the W. The snow runs right over to the S. and joins the névé of the southern aspect, to the W. of Mt. Kolahoi. The W. side of the peak is very impressive. It stands up 4000 ft. with extremely steep couloirs fissured by bergschrunds.

The S. arête is very jagged and peaked, the angles being filled with corniced snow. The axis of the whole peak is from S. to N. with an inclination of 10° to the E.

This is the first time that I have obtained a near view of this mountain from the W. And as seen from this side, it fully maintains its grim and forbidding aspect. As a result of this year's exploration I feel absolutely convinced that the only possible route for the ascent is from the E. and that it is, in fact, the one which I have already described in this JOURNAL (Nos. 157 and 187).

SOME CLIMBS IN TYROL.

BY W. INGLIS CLARK.

(Read before the Alpine Club, February 7, 1911.)

NO true lover of the mountains finds his sole pleasure in the mere difficulties of mountain ascents. The threading of complicated seracs, the crossing of bergschrunds, the traverse of knife-edge arêtes, the surmounting of rocky pinnacles or faces, all unite in bringing out the man in us and leave lasting memories of the most glorious description. But in addition to these physical and moral joys, do not the contrast of blue sky and snowy dome, the faint blues of distant ranges, the rosy hues of sunrise and sunset stir within us poetic depths and afford delights as keen as any? And is not the very boldness and defiance of the mighty ridges tenfold enhanced by the rich colouring of foreground and flower? All of us grant

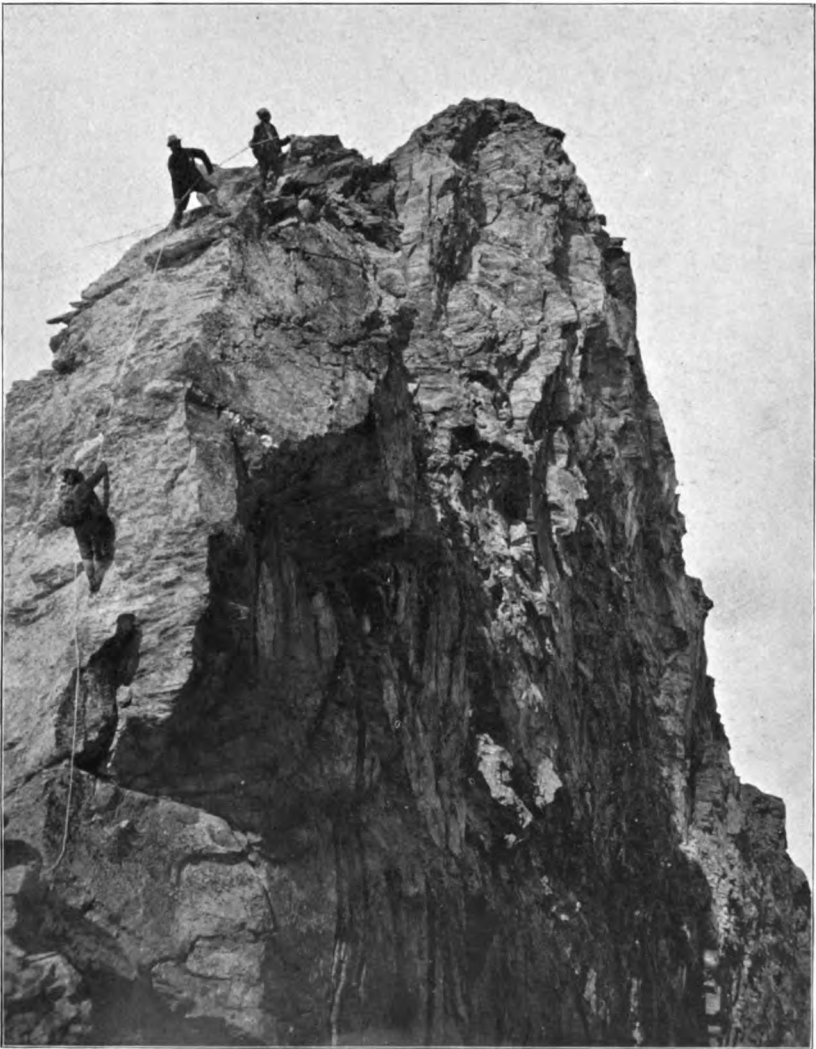
this, and many a sigh has passed the lips as we gazed on some lovely Alpine valley, the floor carpeted with Alpine Rose, the forest glades contrasting with the eternal snows lighted up by sunset rays. The scene passed and the black and white photograph but faintly recalled the glory. Not till the advent of the modern screen colour plate was it possible to fix these colour symphonies and bring them home to rejoice our friends and to revivify our memories of mountain scenes. Were it not that I hope by showing on the screen the possibilities of mountain photography in natural colours, I would have hesitated to bring before the Alpine Club the two climbs which constitute the kernel of this paper. The few slides which illustrate these climbs are examples of the ordinary lantern slide, and may be contrasted with the rich colouring of those illustrating the modern development of colour photography. Every year sees an increasing number of tourists in Tyrol, and the hunter for untrodden peaks must now confine his attention to the less known and little accessible groups bordering on or actually in Italy. But it was quite otherwise when first I visited this land of romance. Miss Edwards's 'Untrodden Peaks' had been published some years before, and the great highway from Belluno to Toblach had induced many English to visit Cortina, but to the general traveller the mountain districts were a sealed book. It was in 1884 that, in company with my wife, I made a long six weeks' walking excursion through the Dolomites, and the affection for that land of mountains, commencing then, has drawn me back time and again to know more and more of its charms. A few incidents may show more clearly the vast changes that have come over this playground in the intervening years. Rucksack on back we wandered up the Grödner Thal, with St. Ulrich, then as now, the centre of a school of carving, and late one June evening reached a simple inn nestling below the mighty precipices of the Sella. The burly host with his little wife welcomed us at the door, while his numerous children shyly peeped round the corner or clung to the skirts of their mother. We tried English, German, French, Latin and some scraps of Italian, but even with all could but imperfectly communicate our wants. Romanche was the language of the host, and of that we knew not a word. But hospitality needs no dictionary, and we were soon ushered into the kitchen sitting-room, where before our eyes the family proceeded to prepare the dinner. A square block of brick or stone stood in the middle of the floor, perhaps 2½ ft. high. Some embers were placed on this and supplies of charcoal.

Provided with long blowpipes the children blew up the fire from all sides, while the expert mother deftly prepared omelette or other viands. We produced our tea, and initiated them into the wonderful mystery. It was handed round for taste and smell, and many grimaces greeted the first drink of our brew, the first tea ever seen in that house. The meal ready, our host and family sat in front, and with zither, violin and flute, and snatches of song, charmed our ears with quaint melody. In the morning we left with bouquets of lily of the valley, to cross the Sella Pass in a blinding snowstorm. Another reception at a village inn was equally charming. The entrance was dark and leading by a stair to a square landing above. Here we met the landlady, forewarned of our approach, with her two young daughters in gay local costume. She advanced curtsying, offering a bouquet of flowers and choice cherries from an old family silver fruit dish, at the same time asking us to honour her house by becoming her guests. I cherished the memory of this reception for twenty-five years, and then returned to stay in the same inn. But what a change! A motor omnibus crowded with hooded and 'wetter manteld' Germans stood at the door. We ascended the creaky stairs and in vain attempted to attract the attention of Fräulein. On all hands were thirsty tourists, and Bier! Bier! Bier! was the pressing need. The old landlady had passed away, and, with her, much of the natural grace and charm of that last century courtesy. The change in the mountains is well nigh as great. In the interval peaks deemed inaccessible have been conquered, and in places wire ropes enable the inexperienced or obese to go where angels might fear to tread. Alpine huts with separate rooms and excellent fare are found in every valley, and the starvation diet of former years is past and gone. In 1898 I had an excellent season in the Dolomites, and in the course of my wanderings revisited the Grödner Hospiz. My wife and I had Matthias and Franz Rungaldier of Wolkenstein as guides, and in their cheery company accomplished some sporting climbs. We had come across from the Rosengarten group, and in passing looked in at a mountain dairy, where the cowherd placed before us a repast of dried bread and milk. A huge chopper was used to disintegrate the crackling mass of bread, which, when mixed with milk, soon disappeared before our hungry guides. We went more slowly after this meal. From the Grödner Hospiz the eye ranges on either side along a series of rocky peaks. On the south side the great massiv of the Sella presents formidable walls with pinnacled

towers such as the Murfreid or Pisciadu breaking the solid formation. On the north the Tschierspitzen, commencing with the Röhspitzen, culminating with the Grosse Tschierspitz and leading on to Sass Songher, rose in serried array. Lying on our backs on the mossy pasture, we picked out the various peaks as described in Terschak's 'Grödener Dolomiten,' and shown in the maps. But there was one, standing solitary, which fitted into no account, and answered to no name. This is the double-toothed tower adjoining the Grosse Tschierspitz and separated from it by an A.P. precipice. On the other side it seemed equally vertical, and in front it presented few chances of attack. The height from the pastures to the top might be 1400 feet. What peak was this? The landlord, familiar with the locality, said he had never heard of it being climbed, and a careful scrutiny of the climbers' book left us equally in the dark. It was decided to attempt it next day, and the afternoon was spent in reconnoitring the stupendous cliff rising to the summit. It was one of those exhilarating mornings in the beginning of September when a slight touch of frost makes the ears tingle, and the night mists were rolling over the distant Langkofel. Our peak stood up brilliant and sharp cut in the morning rays of the sun. We were soon at the foot, and entering a steep set gully with water-worn rocks, after a short rise, took to the steep rocks immediately leading up to the vertical cliff. A well-defined but narrow crack led up for 100 ft. and offered a possible route to a ledge on the western shoulder. After perhaps an hour of sporting work we stood below the crack, and decided that the party should separate, Franz with my wife for the Tschierspitz, while Matthias and I endeavoured to force our way to the summit. Giving Franz our boots and coats, and with some food and my camera in the rucksack, we attempted to reach the crack. This terminated about 10 ft. above us, but was not difficult to reach. My recollection is that it was shallow (say 6 inches) and narrow enough to fairly fit my kletterschuh, but for holds one had to be content with the so-called fossil (?) holes referred to by Mr. Sanger Davies. These admitted one finger and were perhaps 1 to 2 inches deep, and fairly numerous. As the angle was practically if not actually vertical, the absence of hitches forced Matthias to return. To our left a narrow traverse led round a steeply sloping band to the great unknown behind the corner. After careful trial Matthias gradually wormed himself along and out of sight, the rope at first well hitched having at length to be untied to allow of further progress. There was nothing to do

but watch the other party descending the rocks and ponder on the problem round the corner. I confess to a certain anxiety, for the sloping corner fell down below in a vertical wall and the hand-holds were conspicuous by their absence. After a period of perhaps twenty minutes, I heard Matthias shouting from above that the traverse was too risky and I must endeavour to ascend by the crack. The rope 120 ft. long reached to within 12 ft., and climbing up to it, a few minutes sufficed with difficulty to tie on. The ascent of the crack even with the help of the rope was distinctly difficult, but after perhaps 80 ft. it widened sufficiently to admit of the knee and later of half of the body being wedged in it to give support. Rejoining Matthias above, sufficient rest was taken to recover breath, and discuss the remainder of the route. The wall facing the Tschierspitz seemed impossible, and we were limited to an edge and some chimneys if progress was to be made. Naturally many of the details have faded after the lapse of time, but I have a vivid recollection of the chief difficulty. A corner had to be turned to the right into a narrow bottomless chimney. The rock at the corner here was smooth and fairly steep, so that the last words of Matthias, 'Must not slip,' were quite to the point. It was absolutely hitchless, and even the friction grip barely sufficed to keep me 'in situ.' Matthias disappeared round the corner, and the rope slowly crept after him, while from the sound of heavy breathing and frequent expletives I knew that hard work was in store. At last a voice, 'Herr, you must not slip; I can barely hold on; come round the corner,' summoned me for the great effort. Once round, I found the aforesaid chimney, with a yellow rough vein at the back, cut deep enough to allow the left arm and leg to enter. The rope was out at full length, and above, back downwards, I saw Matthias with shoulders and feet pressed against the outer walls of the chimney forcing his way out horizontally to pass beyond the overhanging block which barred exit. I had to climb to give rope, and Matthias, now at the edge of the block, seized it with both hands, and releasing feet and shoulders hung for a second over the horrid gulf, then quickly raised himself on the block. It was many minutes before he had breath to speak, and my own ascent of the yellow chimney and block remains in the memory as the most supreme effort in my experience. Above the block was a small ledge where a much needed rest was taken, and a succession of further difficult chimneys led to the top. We estimated that at least 800 ft. of hitchless difficulty were met with at this stage. Once on

the top we looked for the cairn which crowns all trodden peaks and generally contains the cards of former climbers. But though we searched both tops no sign of human visitation could be found, and a series of hurrahs relieved our feelings. Meanwhile my wife with Franz had reached the top of the Tschierspitz, and descending on our side told us of a band on the northern side which might probably afford a means of descent. As we had no relish to return by our line of ascent, we without much difficulty reached various ledges on the north side, and in due course the Grödner Hospiz. From recent information I learn that the peak has since been climbed at least twice, and that the chief difficulty, the yellow chimney, has been avoided. Another climb which impressed me greatly was in the Zillerthal Alps. The late Dr. Joseph Collier, distinguished Lake cragsman, wrote me in the summer of 1899: 'If you go to the Berliner Hut you must climb the Mörchnerschneid. You will find something worthy of your mettle.' Under the full conviction that he had already climbed it, and being at the Berliner Hut, I decided to make the attempt. I had brought Matthias with me, and had in addition a local guide. On broaching the subject my local guide and all the guides at the Hut scouted the idea that anyone would or could ascend the formidable rock face to the ridge. They were incredulous that Collier had climbed it, and indeed his entry in the book did not mention it. Moreover, they were determined not to allow Matthias, a foreign guide, to make the attempt. The night before our projected climb his ice axe, rope, cap and coat were stolen, as well as his boots, but fortunately my stores were sufficient to furnish all these save the ice axe, which was unnecessary. The Mörchnerschneid is a ridge of granite connected on the north-western end to the Kleiner Mörchner, 10,600 ft., and falling at the eastern end to the Mörchnerschneid-scharte between it and the Grosse Mörchner. Although rising from the Mörchen glacier it is essentially a rock climb, and the ridge itself is about half a mile long. My first attempt was from the col between the Schneid and the Grosse Mörchner. The latter I ascended in order to estimate the best line of attack and to take photographs. An early start being made, the complicated rock face was gradually ascended till we were about 100 ft. from the top. Here the rock somewhat overhung. Matthias was leading, the local guide well hitched and myself lower also well hitched. Looking up I saw a mass of rock on which Matthias laid his hand slide on to his right leg, and swing him round. Fortu-



Dr. W. Inglis Clark, photo.

Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.

ON THE RIDGE OF THE MÖRCHNERSCHNEID.

nately his left hand and foothold held firm, and the immense mass of rock now falling missed him, and showering over us a thundering torrent dashed far down into the valley. Neither of us was touched, but Matthias' foot and leg were badly bruised, and he could not descend. We climbed up to him and carefully lowering him from point to point reached the Pass in the afternoon. With fomentation, bandages and rubbing he was soon able to walk, and in a few days was again fit for the attack. Our defeat and accident were received with jubilation in the guides' circle. We were now joined by Jas. A. Parker, of the Alpine Club, and his guide, and this time decided to make the attempt in the centre of the western face, where a steep ice or snow couloir gave a certain route for two-thirds of the way. In this way we would miss the tower on the eastern portion, and endeavour to reach the Kleiner Mörchner along the ridge. I am indebted to Mr. Parker for his impression of this interesting climb. In a letter written to a friend on his return home, he says: 'The Kleine was however to be a serious day, and we had breakfast at 4.30, and were off by 5. A most lovely morning, with but little showing but the thin crescent of the moon and the pale snow peaks. We were a long way up before the first rosy light lit up the highest snows. These sunrise effects were I think the finest things we saw. We reached the snow about 6, and the scene of our operations about 7. The plan was this. The Kleiner Mörchner is at the north end of a very sharp *grat* about half a mile long. The slope of the east side is O.H. (overhanging), the slope on the west side is A.P. (absolutely perpendicular) in most places, and A.A.P. (almost A.P.) everywhere else. At the south end of the ridge is another peak, the Mörchner Schneidspitz, of the same height as the Kleiner Mörchner. Midway between the two peaks there are two gullies on the W. face about 200 ft. apart. The height of the face here will be about 700 ft. The S. gully is rock throughout, and while looking as if it might go at the top is manifestly hopeless at the bottom. The N. gully is filled with very steep snow for about half its height, above which it seemed hopeless. The plan therefore—Clark's plan, I should say, as he designed the climb—was to climb up the snow of the N. gully and then traverse out across the face into the S. gully, thence up to the ridge. We . . . found everything hard frozen. The traverse was partly across snow and then rock, with a stiff climb up a corner of about 20 ft. The top of the S. gully gave Matthias some trouble, and the Herren followed with not more than moral support.'

The ridge proved to be beset with numerous pinnacles with the steep sides looking to us, and at one place a descent of about 100 ft. was made on the W. face. To show the vertical character of the O.H. face, a stone gently thrown off on the E. side fell eight seconds before touching anything.

One thing I remember was the extraordinary sharpness of the ridge. It was of splintered but unweathered granite, and I remember traversing one portion hand over hand, the gloves being doubled in the hand to prevent cutting. After reaching the ridge, we took about three hours before we met with our last difficulty at the last depression in the ridge, where it finally merges into the Kleiner Mörchner. Here a very slightly bulging tower about 50 ft. high blocks the way. On either hand, as can be seen from the illustration, the rocks are impossible. Matthias endeavoured to surmount the obstacle, and would no doubt and in spite of being partly disabled by his previous accident have succeeded, had not temptation come in the form of a rope from above. Mrs. Clark and Mr. F. C. Squance of this club had ascended the Kleiner Mörchner by the ordinary way, and their guides had strolled along to see how we fared. Finding Matthias in difficulties, they lowered a rope and he tied on for safety, accomplishing the climb without assistance.

On my return home I wrote Collier, telling him of my experiences, and asking for details as to how he had made the ascent. His reply was: 'I never managed to make the ascent, and I suggested it to you, not imagining that you would ever succeed.' I was therefore under the impression that the Schneid had never been climbed or traversed, but I now find that the Mörchnerschneidspitz was climbed by Aug. Wagner and Hans Stabeler on August 25, 1892, while Leon Treptow and Georg Mederwieser traversed the whole ridge from the Mörchnerschneid-scharte to the Kleiner Mörchner on July 21, 1895. It was on this expedition that we learned the value of cheese and jam as a satisfying mountain diet. By some mistake the cheese and jam for two parties were taken by us while the bread for the same number was left behind. The general opinion was that cheese and jam without bread were preferable to bread without cheese and jam.
