

It is well seen on the Panorama von der Rothen Fluh in 'S.A.C.J.' xlv.

To the right of this apparent summit is seen a length of steep rock wall, flanked on its right by a buttress carrying a snow-field on its left upper face. The main chain here makes a sharp bend, and the Ebnefluhjoch is the snow-saddle round the bend, the approach to which is from the upper shelf of the glacier. The passage of this Col first made by Messrs. Hornby and Philpott, led by Almer, has never been repeated.

The passages over the main chain between the Jungfrau and the Gspaltenhorn are the following :

1. Roththalsattel.
2. Lauinthor.
3. Dr. O. K. Williamson's new Gletscherjoch ('A.J.' xxvii.)
4. The Two Traverses of the Ebnefluh.
5. The Ebnefluhjoch.
6. The N.W. face of the Mittaghorn.
7. The Mittagjoch.
8. The Schmadrijoch.
9. The Breithornjoch.
10. The Wetterlücke.
11. The Tschingel pass.

All of them, save the last, are formidable, and some of them are exceedingly arduous.

J. P. F.

EXPLORATION IN THE NORTHERN JAPANESE ALPS.

By WALTER WESTON.

(Read before the Alpine Club, June 1, 1915.)

TO that almost universal debt for the fruits of a varied and ancient civilisation which Japan owes to China, there are at least two striking exceptions—the love of the hot bath, and of mountaineering, as a recreation.

As to the first, we are told that the sarcastic Chinese comment is, 'What a dirty people the Japanese must be to need washing so often,' while in connexion with the second it may be observed that the Chinese have a cynical aphorism that 'The mountains are as virtue and the waters as wisdom—they cannot coalesce,' thereby implying that a man cannot be both virtuous and wise.

I need hardly remark here that the very existence, as well as the composition, of this Club gives such a cynicism the lie direct.

There is a very general judgment on the part of competent

students of Japanese works and ways, that while that people are great adapters of alien ideas and methods, they are distinctly lacking in the creative faculty: whereas, on the contrary, the Chinese, who have always been great inventors, have so often appeared wanting in the power to apply their inventions to purposes of practical value.

For instance, we have the specifications, dating as far back as the fifth century, of a form of taxicab, and of an aeroplane that goes back to a still remoter antiquity. They had in use in the seventh century a system of identification by finger-prints, and yet none of these inventions were ever put to general practical use.

As to their recreations, a form of football was quite a popular game in the fifth century, in which at least seventy different kinds of kicks were practised. The winners, in the great games, received rich rewards, but we are told that the captain of the losing team was flogged and suffered other indignities.

Polo is mentioned as early as A.D. 710, and was even popular among ladies, who played it on donkey-back.

But of mountaineering as a recreation there is practically no mention; the mountain pilgrimages themselves were frequently only mere make-believes. Clubs there were, it is true, whose members furnished the funds for sending selected deputations to sacred spots. But in actual fact the journey frequently progressed no further than the club-room, in which the chosen ones feasted hilariously before a painted representation of the peak of pilgrimage.

To those familiar with the place of fiction, amidst the hard facts of life, even in China of to-day, this artless deception will not appear excessively singular.

The Chinese artist has always been in his way a lover of mountain scenery, but while he has bequeathed the priceless legacy of high ideals in his craft to his Japanese inheritors, he has always been content to admire the mountains from afar, and to leave alone the delights of scaling their summits for the sake of pleasure and recreation.

With the Japanese, however, mountain pilgrimages to Fuji and other sacred peaks are of ancient origin, though they were originally almost entirely confined to purely religious purposes.

Until quite recently, the general attitude of the Japanese towards the hills which compose three-quarters of the area of their land has been mainly the intermingling of a *religious reverence* for *individual sacred* peaks, with a widespread, artistic appreciation of mountain form.

In Mr. Freshfield's delightful and suggestive paper on 'mountains and mankind' (*Geographical Journal*, 1906) partly reprinted in the 'A.J.' (No. 166) he points out that 'the love of mountains' (as distinct from mountain climbing) 'is not a taste of advanced civilisation (as has been so often supposed). On the contrary, it is a healthy, primitive, and almost universal human instinct.' And in the illustrations he there gives of this fact among the ancient Greeks, there is scarcely anything that is not exactly applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Japanese people in general at the present time. The only qualification I would make is that, in their case, there is a considerable element of superstition and fear, partly owing, in the case of the many active volcanoes of Japan, to fear of their destructive powers as far back as a thousand years ago. The authorities, alarmed by the violent behaviour of one of them, bestowed upon it the order of 'The Junior Branch of the 4th rank,' which I suppose is much like awarding to Vesuvius the Italian equivalent of D.S.O. But whether this was expected to keep him quiet or to acknowledge his behaviour under fire is not actually recorded.

Now, when we come to ask who may fairly be looked upon as the father of the earliest form of Japanese mountaineering or, at least, the most famous exponent of this semi-religious attitude towards mountains, we at once find our answer in the remarkable personality of the famous Kōbō Daishi—or Kū-kai, founder of the Shingon sect of Buddhism.

Although many of those numerous and dazzling perfections with which some thousand years of fancy and fable have endowed him, as ascetic, artist, and Alpinist, must pale or disappear in the light of modern criticism, still the old priest was without doubt a very notable character.

In the ninth century A.D. he paid a visit to China, during which he acquired his two chief titles to fame, *i.e.* his skill as a calligraphist, and his deep insight into the mysteries of Buddhism.

As to the first of these accomplishments, he has been invested with the title of *Go-hitsu ō sho*, *i.e.* 'The five brushes priest.' The popular interpretation of this is that Kōbō-Daishi could write with five brushes at once—one in each hand, one grasped by the toes of each foot, and one in his mouth.

Modern rationalism, however, refers it to his skill in five different styles of penmanship ('five' is often used to signify a large, but indefinite, number). Some of you have seen the inscription in the face of a once inaccessible rock above the

Daiya-kawa river at Nikko, in Japan, said to have been carved therein by the mere flinging of his brush across the impassable torrent. His chief claim to reverence, however, was that of a thinker. He felt that the true inwardness of the ancient teachings could not be properly grasped from mere books. So, on his return from China to Japan, he disappeared to seek for enlightenment among the solitudes of the mountain regions. An old chronicle describes some of the risky experiences that befell him in his quest, but it adds the caution that these are feats such as the weak-minded and the irresolute should not imitate. I have lately come to the conclusion that this fact throws some light on an odd experience of my own, which I have previously mentioned here.

Some years ago I had the good fortune to make the first ascent of Hōwōzan, a miniature Aiguille du Géant, in the Southern Japanese Alps. Possibly in the warning of the chronicler there lurks the memory of the painful failure of the Sage, in his own unsuccessful attempt one thousand years before, on this same peak.

At the highest point that he is said to have reached, I was shown, by the only remaining hunter who had not by that time deserted me, a curious and ancient object. It was a tiny moss-grown stone image of the saint, placed there by some devotee to commemorate his traditional visit. And I was subsequently startled by the very catholic request of my companions that I should replace that souvenir of a failure by erecting a memorial of success. I was invited to build (at my own expense) a splendid shrine, *not* to the name of Kōbō Daishi, but in honour of the spirit of the mountain-top.

As I have already remarked, it appeared to me as the most singular proposition for church-building, and the most striking offer of preferment I have ever had the honour of receiving.

Now, I have mentioned that it was rather as a worshipper among the mountains than as a devotee of mountaineering that Kōbō Daishi is to be regarded. His ascents, whatever they may have been, were only incidental to a loftier purpose, rather than an actual end in themselves. I have recently come across a recorded saying of his that indicates his own attitude of mind quite clearly. He observes that 'As mountains are not noble because they are high, but because of the trees that grow on them, so also a man is not noble because he is stout, but because he is wise.' He also quotes with approval the Chinese aphorism that 'Just as it is not

the height of mountain, but the residence in it of a saint, that renders it truly famous, so also water is not sacred simply because it is deep, but because of the dragons that reside therein.'

Until the end of the nineteenth century 'mountaineering,' from the Japanese point of view, had remained pretty much what it had been since the time of Kōbō Daishi and the mountain pilgrims who followed him, a thousand years ago. A description of these pilgrim clubs may be found in the first paper I had the honour of reading here, in 1896. Since then, however, a great and significant change has taken place. Nine or ten years ago I was able to tell you of the formation of a Japanese Alpine Club, and to-night I can report a very remarkable growth in the pursuit of mountaineering, in the best modern sense, as a popular many-sided recreation, with its own art and literature and practical applications.

The Japanese Alpine Club, which came into being ten years ago, now numbers about 750 members, and it is itself the parent of a numerous and healthy family. Clubs have sprung up all over the country, especially in the mountain provinces of central Japan, and in the Universities and High Schools of Tokyo and other large cities.

On my return to Japan, three years ago, the Club asked me to give a public lecture in Tokyo on the subject of 'Mountaineering in the Japanese Alps.' For this object, strange to say, the Government lent a large hall, and, stranger still, the War Office took fifty tickets. Over one thousand Japanese (all males) were said to be present, but the official recognition of the occasion may possibly have been mainly due to some idea that a movement which encourages mountain travel, research &c., amongst the most intelligent class of educated Japanese might be a useful asset in view of the next prospective campaign in the mountains of Manchuria, and the hill country further north.

Cricket and football are, in Japan, practically almost impossible games, for want of proper grounds; but for mountaineering, a land of whose surface three-quarters is mountainous offers every inducement and facility.

Every summer sees the popular 'climbing centres' filled with bands of students, whose holiday in the hills chiefly combines strenuous recreation with scientific research.

At the picturesque *Onsen* (hot spring resort) of Kamikōchi we had every year a constant succession of callers—artists, school-teachers, seismologists, or what not.

It is from the educated classes that the keenest climbers come, and the movement is one full of hope for the future of the rising generation. Japan to-day is growing like Germany more and more, the slave of solely material ambitions, like the Germany whom in so many respects she so whole-heartedly admires and seeks to imitate. Her old faiths the younger men have almost entirely thrown overboard, without, as yet, seeking other higher sanctions for conduct. As a result the moral outlook of young Japan to-day is becoming depressing and disquieting in the extreme.

I have ventured to dwell on this subject, because I feel sure that it must be one of interest to all of us to learn that, in the now increasingly widespread growth, not simply of an æsthetic appreciation of mountain scenery, but of *mountaineering* in the completest sense, as the highest active recreation of which a human being is capable, there is, in more senses than one, a movement upwards. It is a movement full of usefulness and hope. These young Japanese, as I have said, are nowadays too prone to the temptation to worship only what suggests human efficiency and the supremacy of merely material power. But they are now learning how good a thing it is for a man to get out of himself ; to leave the great cities reared by human hands, and to go up into those high and holy places where the appeal comes to his spiritual nature ; where what most impresses his soul is the presence of an unseen Dominion, and the power of an invisible Omnipotence ; where the sights that most meet the eye are the mightiest of all works, in the making of which neither he nor his kind have had a share.

I may be pardoned for quoting to you some words in illustration of the impressions produced on the mind of a young Japanese mountaineer when he gained his first view of Hodaka from the Tokugo-tôge:—

‘ When I was brought face to face with the grand sight I was almost beside myself with rapture, and felt as if I were in a dream. God is invisible to our human eyes, but He creates a boundless and wonderful universe, decorating it with the sun, the moon, the stars, the mountains, rivers, flowers and trees. The place where I now stand is no exception to the wonder of the Universe. The best human art cannot possibly make anything like this. Such thoughts never enter our hearts while we are engaged in worldly affairs ; but when we find ourselves high up on the summit of the lofty mountains our spirits seem to undergo some change. I feel, from the

bottom of my heart, that this change is due to the ideal giant in the shape of Hodaka, which is no other than the creation of God.'

During my last stay (of the past three summers) in Japan, I have had a chance of making some new expeditions in the northern part of the Japanese Alps. While I have no thrilling adventures nor strenuous ascents to relate, such as are so often described in this Hall, still I hope they may be not unworthy of your attention to-night.

The region I have traversed is one which I have approached in days gone by from every point of the compass, but the most convenient route is perhaps that leading through the well-known hill-station of Karuisawa (the San Moritz of Japan), some 80 miles to the N. of Tokyo. In Mr. Freshfield's charming paper on 'A Far Eastern Playground' in the 'A.J.' for November 1914, he has an interesting note on this journey. He there mentions the unenviable notoriety recently gained by the neighbouring volcano of Asamayama as a favourite resort of suicides. Many Japanese students, who have lost heart in life's difficulties and disappointments, have chosen a guideless descent into the fires of the red-hot crater of Asama as the shortest way to oblivion.

Till lately the most popular resort for the purpose was in the mountains of Nikko further E., usually from the edge of the waterfall of Kegon. A warning protest subsequently set up by the priests of the neighbouring shrine at Nikko on a notice board at the approach to the great cascade is worth reproducing. It runs thus :—

'To throw away precious life in such a manner is to defile the sacred mountains and one's own name.

'It is an act of irreverence towards the Gods, disloyalty towards the Emperor, and disobedience towards one's parents.

'Civilised men should remember three things :—

'1. It is sad and disgraceful that boys, with many years of usefulness before them, should allow themselves to be distracted with some petty occurrence, and should resort to a course which renders them as unsightly in death as their motive is miserable.

'2. A man's name belongs to his family.

'3. His life belongs to his country.

'Therefore to cast away both without reflection is to sow the seeds of regret in a future state.

'This is the teaching of Japan's greatest sages.'

The Japanese have a great dread of contaminating sacred spots with contact of that which is ceremonially unclean, such as dead bodies &c. But I may also add that one consideration which led to the abandonment of the waters of the Kegon fall in favour of the fires of the crater of Asama was of a more material character. The village authorities of Nikko below the fall at length refused to afford burial to the many mangled remains, owing to the growing expenses incurred! The public were then warned that such bodies would be left unburied. This proved an indignity too horrible to contemplate, owing to the eternal disgrace thereby inflicted upon the family name. Hence came the substitution of the fires of Asama for the waters of the sacred Nikko cascade.

The way of approach to the Northern Japanese Alps from Karuisawa is by a mountain railway that crosses a ridge of hills westwards to the town of Matsumoto. Beyond Karuisawa, at Komoro, a fine lotus pond lies near the line. On the way to Matsumoto a new inn at Akashina, with a lovely garden, offers excellent accommodation.

From Matsumoto one can drive by *basha* across the plain westwards, for some 13 miles, to Shimajima, a hamlet astride the confluence of two tributaries of the river Adzusa-gawa. The *basha* I have described as a hybrid vehicle suggesting a cross between an ambulance waggon and a hearse. The emotions it inspires not infrequently foreshadowed its use as one or other of those conveyances. A day out in it offers one of the most strenuous forms of exercise in which a man of robust health and unimpaired nerves is, when unmarried, justified in indulging.

From Shimajima, still westwards, one plunges into a romantic and densely-wooded ravine. In the earlier part of the summer brilliant splashes of crimson azalea light up the sombre hill-sides, and sweet-scented wistaria vines hang high above the green waters of the turbulent stream.

A steep pull finally lands one, five hours out, on the top of the pass of the Tokugotōge (7100 ft.). Below the crest of this we suddenly find ourselves face to face with the noble granite form of Hodaka-yama. The eastern peak of this fine mountain I climbed during my first stay in Japan. I have already described it in the 'A.J.' To-night I propose to speak of the ascent of the culminating point of the whole mass.

Kamikōchi now consists of a big rough inn and a bath-house

with two square wooden tanks supplied from the adjoining hot spring, which gushes out a few yards away from the bank of the river Adzusagawa, at the S.W. foot of Hodaka-yama.

When I first explored the region, twenty years ago, it was unknown to Europeans, and little more familiar to the Japanese themselves. But now it is attracting more visitors yearly, who come to climb, to paint, or for scientific research into the botany and seismology of this romantic region. The baths are public, and used by both sexes indifferently. There is not even the dividing line of string or bamboo that is sometimes (out of deference to foreign feelings) used in more 'civilised' resorts, stretched across the tank to indicate 'This side for ladies, that for gentlemen.'

The soothing effect of a thorough soaking in the clear running waters of these baths is most grateful and comforting after the rough-and-tumble work that the longer expeditions involve. Some of these *onsen* are in charming situations, which, combined with the real value of their healing waters for all kinds of complaints, render them extraordinarily popular as refuges from the exhausting heat of a Japanese summer in the plains.

My new peak, Oku-Hodaka, 10,200 feet, forms the tip of the great granite horseshoe, whose concave side almost faces the Tokugo pass. The expedition which I will briefly describe I first made in 1912, though I repeated it under more favourable conditions, with my wife, in 1913.

My guide, on both occasions, was the old bear-hunter Kamonji Kamijō, who first climbed with me twenty years ago. He is still wonderfully agile in body and mind, in spite of his threescore years and three, a considerable age as judged by the standards of ordinary Japanese longevity.

Kamonji nominally inhabits a secluded hut by the side of a still, dark mere, at the foot of the S.E. end of the Hodaka horseshoe. In the summer he fishes for the trout in which the mere abounds. When winter snows drive down the bears and chamois from the higher ridges in search of food, he leaves his lair for the sport he loves best of all. He was very keen on our climb, and in spite of the threatening aspect of 'the awful rose of dawn' that greeted us, he stepped out wonderfully nimbly from the *onsen* and over the Kappa Bashi bridge. His quaint but ape-like features were enveloped in a cotton *tenugui* (towel), and his sturdy body covered with an undressed chamois-skin. Recent rains had swollen the swift, broad Adzusagawa, and we had difficulty in finding a decent ford; while the dense bamboo grass and undergrowth of the lower



O. M. Poole, photo.

SHIMAJIMA, from the East.



T. Z. Takano, photo.

Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.
HODAKA-YAMA, from the Tokugo Pass.

slopes beyond soon soaked one through and through. In 1½ hour we emerged on the end of the Shirasawa, a great river of shattered fragments of granite fallen from the encircling cliffs into which we were now penetrating. Close by, we lighted upon wild black-currant bushes laden with delicious fruit, a most unusual discovery. An hour's tedious scramble up the moraine-like river of rock brought us on to a long slope of hummocky, wind-blown snow, which gave welcome relief. This ended at about 8000 feet in a bergschrund, then some 50 or 60 feet deep, which called for careful use of axe and rope to allow us to effect a footing on the rocks beyond. For the next two hours the work was exceedingly strenuous. The granite face of the Hodaka cliffs here is the longest continuous scramble in the Japanese Alps, and afforded really excellent work, even judged by Alpine standards. Kamonji climbed with wonderful nimbleness and skill, and held on as much with his toes as his fingers. The soft straw sandals (*waraji*) he wore, though useless on steep snow, give an extraordinary grip on wet and slippery rock. They were fully needed, for now the threatened rain came on, and the angry clouds soon hid all but our immediate surroundings from view. Now and then gusts of wind roaring over the wild ridges revealed grey cliffs and towers overhanging the most desolate ravines imaginable. Soon the wind seemed to blow from all quarters at once, and the rain to rain up as well as down. We had long ago been sodden through and through, our fingers were numbed, and we were chilled to the bone. The keen edges of the splintered granite cut my *Kletterschuhe* to pieces, and pressed hard and sharp through the sodden soles of cotton rag. The enveloping mists distorted form, as well as concealed it, and as one obstacle was surmounted it only revealed another looming dimly beyond. At last I began to wonder how much more of this buffeting one could stand, and how much further one might wisely, or justifiably, struggle on. Then, for a moment, the mist thinned, and a point appeared beyond which there was a lighter aspect of things; '*Dekimashita, dekimashita!*' cried Kamonji, '*chō-jō, chōjō*'—'The top! the top! We've done it, we've done it!' An expansive grin of mingled relief and satisfaction wreathed his wrinkled face. He drew aside and invited me to be the first to step on to the shattered fragments, a few feet square, that formed the actual top of the highest granite peak of the Japanese Alps. There was only time for a mutual *medetō* (congratulation), but I noticed that even in this cold grey desolation there bloomed

the invariable and cheerful little yellow *potentilla* (there well named *gelida*!) and a tiny little pale blue *campanula*.

The upward climb had taken six hours of almost unceasing effort, with scarcely any halts, but the descent was to prove almost more strenuous still. We had now to face the blasts and driving rain, and the route for the first 2000 feet was very difficult to hit off in the enveloping mists. It was far too cold, in our sodden condition, to dare halt for food, and with Kamonji's *waraji* torn to ribbons, and my *Kletterschuhe* reduced to a ragged pulp, we began to feel it was indeed a very 'long, long way' to Kamikōchi.

Before reaching that haven of rest, however, we were to find the slippery brakes of bamboo grass had now become a network of streams and quagmires, and the little runlets of the early morning had grown to roaring torrents. In one place my companion offered me a 'lift' across a deceptive backwater, but half-way across he stuck in a quicksand, and I had to dismount and drag him out. The swollen waters of the Adzusagawa were dashing down the valley, with an ugly booming of the boulders in the widening channel, and it was only after a desperate struggle, feeling a precarious way from one great rock to another with the water up to the waist, that the further bank, and safety, were finally gained. A warm welcome greeted us under the friendly roof of Kamikōchi; the hot *onsen* was never so soothing, nor was the *tamagozake* (Japanese egg-flip) ever so grateful and comforting a luxury at the close of a delightfully exciting and exhilarating day.

The finest climb in the Northern Japanese Alps next to Hodaka is the ascent of Yari-ga-take, 'The spear peak,' from the N.E., which I also made for the first time in 1912.

My hunters and I bivouacked in the forest of pine and birch, on the right bank of the Adzusagawa, about five hours from Kamikōchi, at the E. foot of Hodaka-yama. Kamonji, to our mutual regret, unluckily was not available, but had sent me two distant relatives. From the bivouac we had a strenuous scramble to the foot of Yari-ga-take by way of a magnificent gorge known as Yoko-ō-dani. This took some eight hours, and involved an arduous ascent of a wild torrent bed, wading the turbulent waters waist-deep, or leaping from rock to rock, where a slip would have had much uglier consequences than one cared to dwell on.

It is this torrent valley work that forms the most trying feature of most of these expeditions and renders them more fatiguing than a good average Swiss Alpine climb. Early

in the afternoon we gained the crest of the great ridge that hems in the head of the ravine, and saw away to the N.W. the 'spear peak' shooting up from the rough arête of hard, disintegrated porphyry, which here replaces the granite of the main range, through which it thrusts itself. Our second bivouac we made at a bear-hunter's lair, at 9000 feet, some 1500 feet below the top of Yari-ga-take. A roaring fire of the aromatic branches of the creeping pine, gathered close by, soon lighted up the surrounding rocks. As we sat outside the cave we first watched the sunset gild the spear-head of Yari with a fiery glow behind us, and then, beyond the nearer eastern hills, between the pyramid of Jōnendake and the far-off cone of Fuji, the moon rose and sailed across a blue-black sky where the stars literally blazed with an almost dazzling brightness. By way of a good-night greeting, my two hunters now informed me they wholly declined to try any new route on Yari-ga-take on the morrow. 'Has Kamonji ever done it?' they asked. 'No,' I said. 'Well, Kamonji is "Yari-ga-take no Ō," "the King of Yari-ga-take," and where he hasn't been no one else can go.' 'Very good, then I will go alone, and you will have to go back and tell Kamonji the reason why.' And so they said their 'good night'—'*O yasumi nasai*' ('honourably condescend to rest'), while I crawled to my corner of the cave, lay down on a luxurious spring mattress of creeping pine, and was speedily asleep.

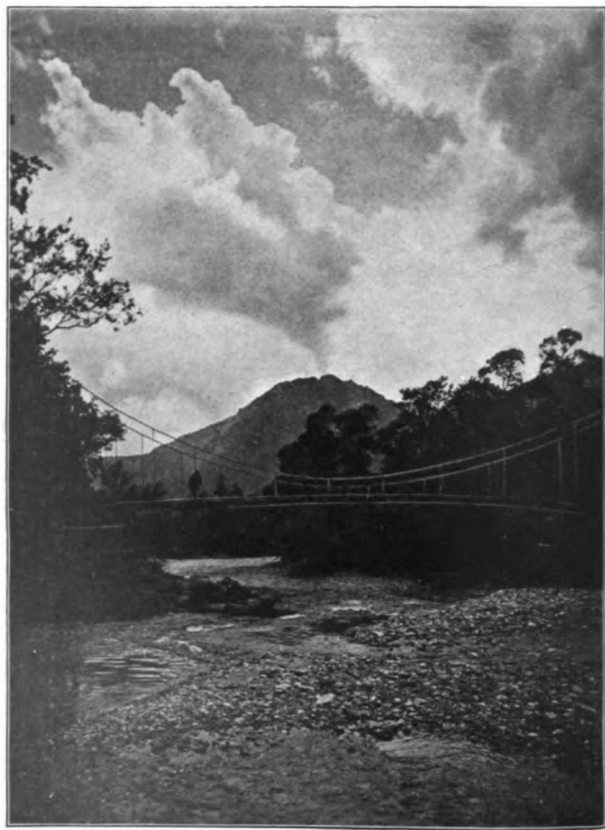
The next morning dawn revealed a lovely cloud sea surging up the valley below, but the rising sun soon drank up its waves, and by the time breakfast was over the sharp spear-head of Yari stood out clear-cut against a cloudless sky. To my surprise, as I was about to move off, the two hunters asked if they mightn't come also. Whether from shame or through fear of consequences at Kamonji's hands I know not, but at 6.45 A.M. we together turned our backs upon the cave. Our route mounted nearly due N. to the ridge that forms the continuation of the E. arête of Yari, and for some distance everything was quite simple. The ridge itself is exceedingly sharp and narrow, and it was not till we overtopped it and looked beyond that we saw the work before us. Below, on the N., it dropped down at an angle of about 70° to a narrow snow couloir about 1500 feet in depth, and beyond this rose the exceedingly steep rock-face which I proposed to attempt. Once more the courage of my companions speedily sank to zero, but by slow degrees I succeeded in assuring them that

things weren't nearly as bad as they looked and that closer contact would prove it. We slowly descended the weathered N. face of the precipitous ridge, and with much hesitation the men followed across the snow couloir in steps I made big enough for a performing elephant. Beyond the snow we climbed straight up the face, and as I went ahead with cheering assurances the spirits of my hunters rose with their bodies. The height above the couloir was about 1000 feet, but the last half was almost vertical and a splendidly sporting chimney finally gave access to the summit ridge. When once the men were well on the rocks—for the snow they shrank from with the fear that is so often born of the ignorance of inexperience—they climbed quite nimbly. As they joined me on the little platform that forms the tip of the 'spear' of Yari, their enthusiasm, at the sight of the prospect before them and of the way by which they had achieved it, knew no bounds. Cries of '*Banzai, banzai!*' rent the still air, and grateful obeisances were made before the tiny shrine of splintered porphyry that adorns the top.

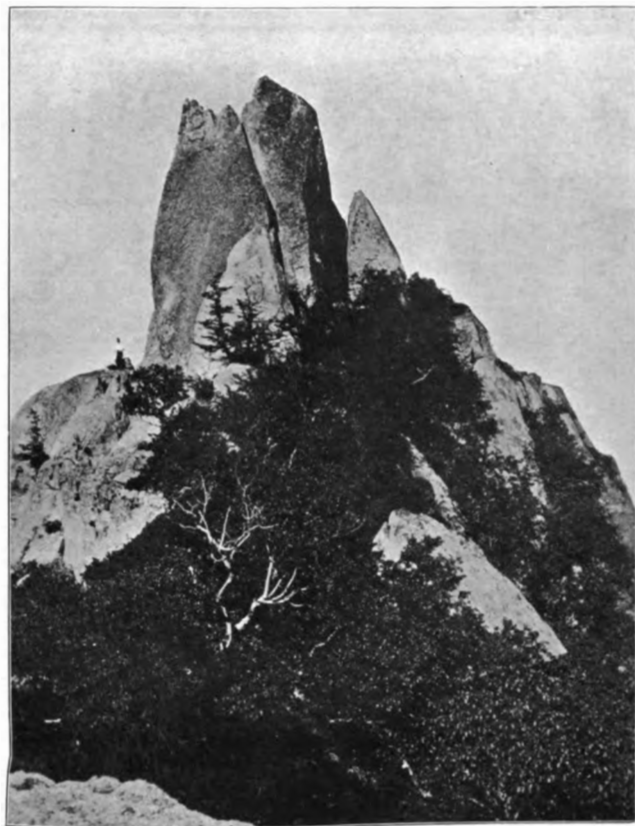
The height of Yari is 10,430 feet, and the view it commands is magnificent. To the N. wild ridges and desolate valleys sink towards the shimmering waves of the Japan Sea. Between us and its waters there are literally hundreds of square miles of mountain land, with scarcely any inhabitant but a solitary hunter or charcoal-burner in the lower glens.

To the S.E. rise the great wall of the Kōshu mountains, the Southern Japanese Alps (which I described in my last paper before the Club), and over one of their ridges the graceful cone of Fuji, whose southern slopes rise unbroken from the shores of the Pacific in Sagami Bay. To the S.W. Yakedake uplifts a slender column of silver smoke against a cloudless sky. Perhaps the most impressive sight is the great granite walls and towers of Hodaka, with the serpentine windings of the ridge that joins us with their highest peak. The prospect is, practically, one that embraces the whole width of the mainland of Dai Nippon at its broadest span.

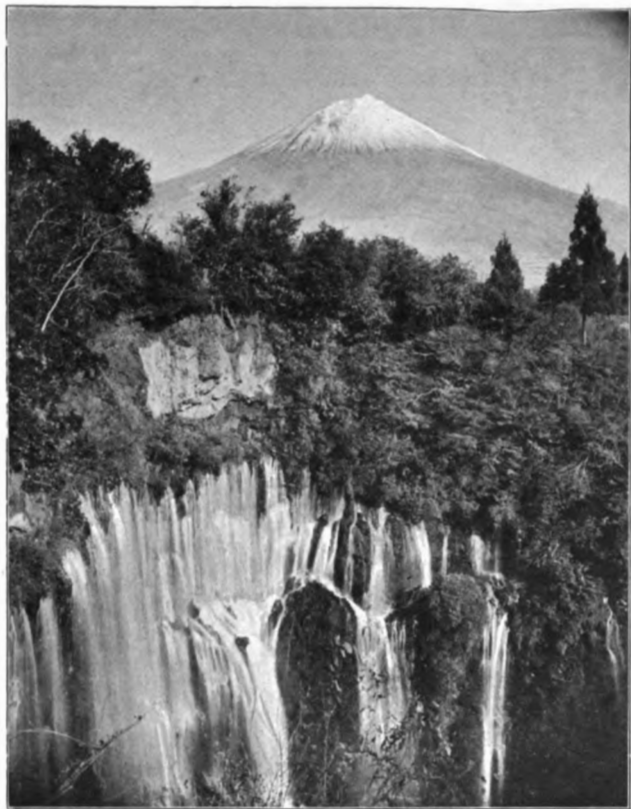
The return to Kamikōchi, with frequent halts, took ten hours, but this time we descended the main valley of the Adzusagawa, by which the ordinary route to Yari is made. The expedition had been really a very fine one, though the actual 'climbing' is mainly confined to the last two hours on the E. face. The following year I repeated the ascent, with some variations and with my wife, accompanied by Kamonji and Seizo Nemoto, a nimble and active fellow from



YAKEDAKE, FROM KAMIKŌCHI.



SUMMIT OF HO-WO-ZAN, FROM THE NORTH.



T. Enami, photo.

FUJI-SAN, FROM SHIRAITO FALL.



Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.

FUJI-SAN, FROM L. MOTOSU.

the famous rocks of Myogi San, in Jōshu. We bivouacked two nights under a wedge of rock near the base of Yari, and though Kamonji didn't like the last 500 feet of the face, his interest in a novel way up his old peak, and his delight at seeing his '*Oku Sama*' ('august mistress') thereon, were as amusing as they were sincere.

Before concluding a paper on 'Mountaineering in Japan' it may be permissible to touch for a moment on the excellent training-ground for the more active side of the sport which is found in the rocks of Myogi San I have already mentioned. They are within an hour of the main line to Karuisawa from Tokyo. They really form the skeleton of an ancient volcano, and their gaunt ridges and shattered buttresses all seem to radiate from a common centre, like the spokes of a Titanic wheel. They rise to a height of 4000 feet, and afford scrambling of a quite sensational character, in the most romantic surroundings. The rock, generally, gives good holding, and in some places it is possible to ascend an almost vertical wall for 40 or 50 feet by means of the nodules of hard weathered stone that stud the wrinkled face of the lava cliffs.

The two best scrambles are the sky-line ridge of the *Kagami-iwa*—'The mirror rock' (so called from the round mass on the southern end of the big bastion), and the sharp peak of the *Fude-iwa*—'The pen rock.' My wife and I made these new routes two years ago, and found them most entertaining.

On *Fude-iwa* one quite thrilling moment occurred. Our good Seizo Nemoto had just crossed a neck of lava rock, some 30 feet long, but only 18 inches wide, and with an ugly drop on each side of 100 feet *absolutely*, not almost, sheer. My wife, next on the rope, was just starting across it. Suddenly an infuriated wasp, whose nest hung plastered against the cliff behind Seizo, buzzed out unseen, and stung him badly on the top of his close-cropped head. In a few seconds the swelling had reached one eye and bunged it up; for a moment our own safety, as well as the success of the climb, hung in the balance. Had Seizo's other eye been closed up, the situation would have been exceedingly serious. Luckily, however, the poison spread no further, and after a long rest he was able to lead on. But the situation reminded me, for the moment, of one elsewhere, once so graphically described upon this platform by a famous member of the Club—'I can tell you that for the next twenty minutes we had a jolly *mauvais quart d'heure*!'