have recorded, was not the first to those parts, as I had already gathered (p. 296) from a hint of his, while he had already crossed the St. Théodule at some date between 1758 (Haller's arrival at Bex) and 1767 (the preface is dated March 7, 1768, so that 1767 is the latest date possible).

Dolomites up to Date.

By EDWARD A. BROOME, F.R.G.S.

WILL the above title be considered a terminological inexactitude, or a piece of presumption on my part? I trust neither, and certainly the Alpine Club has not latterly been kept quite up to date in the Dolomite district. Very few English climbers seem to go there now, while no paper and scarcely a note has appeared in the 'Alpine Journal' for six or seven years—not, in fact, since Norman Neruda's sad death and the sudden pause in Phillimore's brilliant records. This is the more to be regretted as some new and noteworthy big climbs have since then been made, all, with the exception of that up the Südwand of the Tofana di Razes, of which more anon, remaining unhonoured and unsung. This comparative neglect of our climbers is incomprehensible; big snow mountains and glaciers, rock peaks and passes, come first of course; albeit Dolomite peaks are dainty dishes for gourmets, who like quality better than quantity, and must always remain a Paradise to those of us who love difficult climbing for climbing's sake. Circumstances and the attractions of other ranges had kept me away for five years, but I was delighted to return this year (1906), and had in my mind's eye some first-class expeditions omitted on former visits, several good routes invented since, and one or two possible sporting new 'wrong sides.' In fact, I wanted to bring my Dolomites up to Date.

The first objective point was Karersee, whence the Rosengarten, Latemar, Langkofel, Sella, and Marmolata groups could all be more or less conveniently commanded. Cortina was to be revisited later for two or three special climbs, but San Martino di Castrozza omitted; indeed, its fine peaks had previously undergone their full share of ill-usage, stones knocked down, and partial demolition at our hands (and feet); besides which I could not hear of any specially interesting variations having been lately invented. The journey out included the usual *contretemps*—a connection missed at Bâle; luggage missing at Innsbruck; a wash-out and several hours'

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Rosengarten Spitze. Fschetscher Spitze. Rothwand. Teufelswand.



Swan Electric Engraving Co.,

ROSENGARTEN AND ROTHWAND RANGES

(KARERSEE HOTEL IN FOREGROUND).

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delay on the Arlberg, and another on the Brenner railway, that we wished we had missed. Notwithstanding these we contrived, either by good luck or good management, to reach Botzen and drive on up to Karersee on the evening originally intended, though several hours late.

I hold no brief for the Karersee, but I must say I never put up in a better managed or more comfortable hotel: truly one finds there the luxuries of a city in a most lovely mountain country. One lives on a high, sheltered plateau (5,270 ft.) surrounded on all sides by beautiful pine forests, shady nooks, and pleasant sward; there are lakes near by, and the whole dominated by towering Dolomite walls and spires, the sunsets on which are not easily forgotten. All kinds of games and sports are provided for non-climbers—lawn tennis, croquet, and ping-pong tournaments, besides boating and swimming on the See. The company very international: not many English, but several Eastern and all European nationalities represented; indeed, such a rendezvous of Greeks was it that one almost expected a 'tug of war' to be included in the competitions! Everybody dances; everybody plays games; everybody eats, drinks, and is merry—but nobody climbs. This is doubtless the reason why the local guides are few and poor, some three or four all told. Fortunately I had engaged Agostino Verzi, of Cortina, with whom I climbed my whole time, and who is as enterprising and brilliant as he is safe and steady.

The weather being glorious, we judged it wiser to get to work at once, and the first item on our programme being the Vajolet Thürme, we (my friend H. K. Corning, Verzi, and myself) trudged off next afternoon to the new 'Hütte,' a 3½ hours' walk over the Tschagerjoch Pass. This Vajolet 'Hütte' had been built since our last visit, and apparently does a huge business; the majority of its clients being, however, not climbers, but circular-tourists who tramp on from hut to hut, and being members of the D.Oe.A.V. live more cheaply than at the inns below or than non-members can live here. When we arrived, at 6.30, we found the place packed, and every bed and bench bespoke ('Alles bestellt'). However Verzi came to the rescue, and after some delay Corning and I were allotted a little room with two beds, which we learnt next day belonged to the '*personnel* of the establishment.'

Delago, Stabeler, and Winkler Thürme.—In the morning (August 7) we were off betimes to traverse these fine rock obelisks. I had been disappointed of the first and last named on two former occasions, owing to bad weather, and now hoped

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to be revenged by killing all three birds with one stone. They have never been described in the 'Alpine Journal,' the only allusion I can find occurring in a review; * but as climbs they are well known and need not detain you long.

The best and safest way to traverse the trio is from N. to S.; the Delago first boasts some very steep, smooth, and exposed chimneys both ascending and descending, the last part of the descent (down the face) into the gap being easier, though quite perpendicular. The 'Scharte' between the Delago (No. 1) and the Stabeler (No. 2) is very deep-cut and narrow, but amusing, inasmuch as the leader takes over 120 ft. of rope, uses it all, and when he has descended into and jumped across the gap, and climbed up the opposite wall to the level of the man still on No. 1, there isn't 20 ft. between them. The Stabeler is less sensational than the other two, but always good, and on it we were pleased to meet two 'raræ aves in Dolomitibus' in the persons of two of our best and steadiest English guideless climbers. Lastly comes the Winkler (No. 3), over which we made a direct traverse, also steep and exposed, and, as Baedeker says, 'requiring a perfectly steady head.' A guide was killed on this descent three days before ours, and a solitary climber two days after, though it was thought the latter was struck by lightning. The whole expedition (the klettershoe part of it) took us 7 hours; Verzi had talked of 4½ hours, but only a quick party of two could, I think, achieve this. On the Gartl and at the hut we met the rest of our Karersee family party, and all returned together, the walk back (mostly down) taking 3 hours and altogether making a sufficiently long first day.

Tscheiner-Spitze (*Rosengarten Range*) *by its W. Face.*—This was our next ascent, the first by this face, or indeed from the W. side, the route hitherto taken being on the E. or Vajolet Thal side, and was Verzi's conception as well as execution. We took a porter to the foot of the wall (2½ hours from the hotel), and left him there with instructions to hover about near the Vajolon Pass, see if we got up, and deliver the nail-boots and sacks on the 'take-off' or 'landing' side accordingly. The idea was to work as far as possible up the big, conspicuous chimney that cuts the peak on its W. or Botzen face into two fairly equal halves, and up this we started at 8.30. I should say we were in this main 'Kamin' for about 300 feet, and divided it into about five or six pitches. The first was difficult, as the first usually is; the second moderate with a jammed

* *Alpine Journal*, vol. xix. p. 555.

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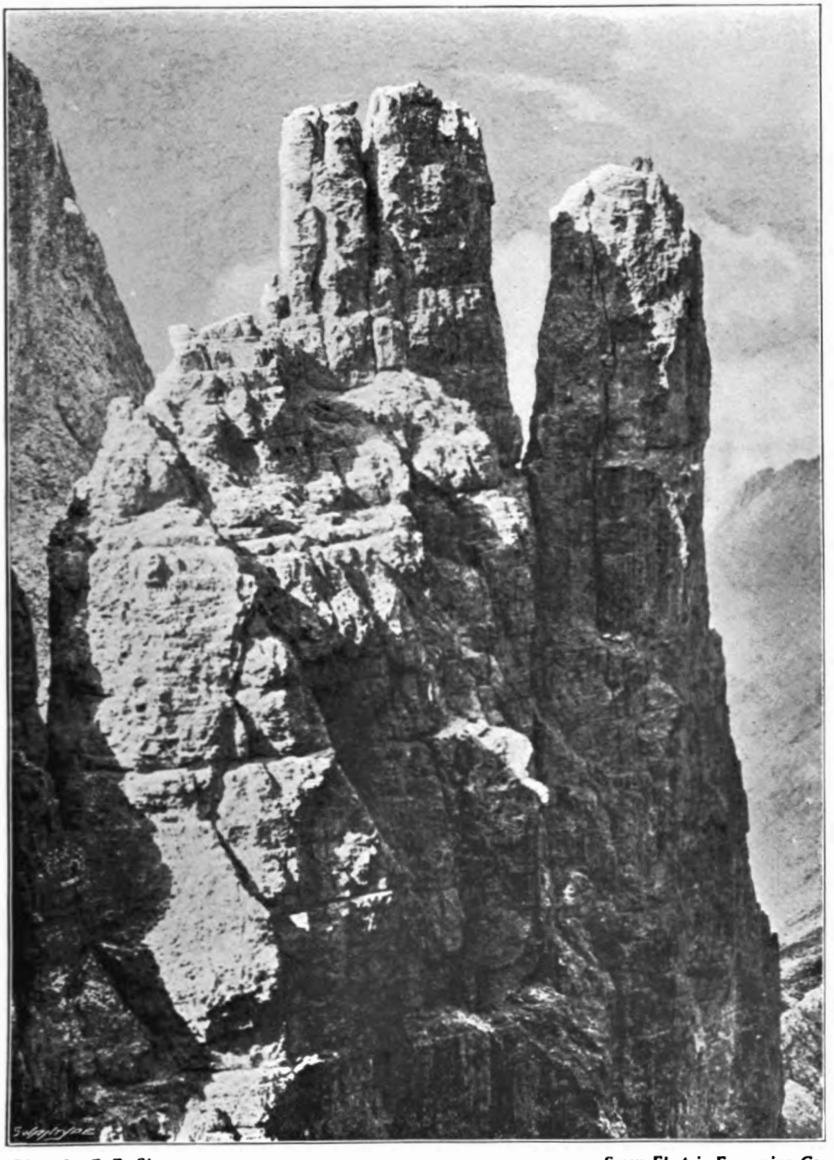

Photo by C. E. Shea *Swan Electric Engraving Co.,*

STABELER & DELAGA THÜRME.

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stone at the top end, but a small hole to squeeze through, leading to the third, which was very smooth and difficult. These three took 40 minutes. Then scrambling over another jammed stone we got into an easier part for another 15 minutes. At this point it seemed necessary to get out of the main chimney, so Verzi made a horrid smooth and difficult traverse off up to the right (or S.), the temptation of which I withstood, preferring to climb down 25 ft. or so and then work straight up to his point by the face. The advantages of a horizontal rope are sentimental and possess no charms for me.

The subsidiary crack into which we had now got (at 10.15) practically formed the rest of the climb and took us perhaps 200 ft. further to a regular gap or fenêtre between the highest and a lower western summit. It was fairly easy for about a quarter of an hour, but then seemed to come to an end, there being only two bare vertical walls above us. The right-hand one was attempted first, but proved impracticable, so I, sitting

In Stygian cave forlorn,

watched Verzi while he tried the other. On the top of the left-hand wall was a conglomerate mass of big stones, which blocked further progress, but which he managed to remove piecemeal, and then got on to a tiny ledge of rock above which the obstacle had been wedged. I followed without so much effort, as he was securely placed and the chief difficulty removed. After this the couloir was followed for perhaps 150 ft. more to the aforesaid fenêtre (reached at 11.30).

It was, of course, at once decided to call our way the Verzi Kamin, and christening arrangements were simplified by the weather, which had looked threatening for some time, and now, after a wind storm which sent the stones flying in all directions, fairly broke and promptly became a deluge. We were not quite sure of our exact position, for it was impossible to see many yards, while this fenêtre had not been visible from below; so I was lucky to descry a small cave just over our heads, big enough to shelter us both, though doubled up and with all four feet sticking out. Here we remained for 1½ hr., finished what little food and drink were left, and were treated to a tremendous display of fireworks, doubtless the same in which the young Austrian lost his life on the Winkler Thurm. At 1.15 it cleared; we saw where we were and our further route, and, though the rocks were wet, 15 or 20 min. landed us on the top.

We came down to the Vajolet Thal by a variation from the usual way. Verzi had not been up the peak before. I led

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down, as usual missing the easy way, which, however, was hit off again a little lower, ultimately finding our porter and boots on the grass close to the Vajolon Pass, which was then crossed back to Karersee. The climb is a sporting one, not unreasonably difficult, and can be recommended for repetition.

Rosengarten-Spitze by its S.E. Face.—This, an expedition on which Corning and I had both set our affections for some time, was carried out two days later (August 11). It was in the beginning,* is now, and ever must be a really difficult climb; but we made it still more difficult by taking with us a second guide, who was a shoemaker, and equally incompetent in both capacities, *first* and *last*. The peculiarities of this S.E. wall are its exceeding steepness—as the first party said, you can climb it for several hours and then throw a stone down to the scree at the bottom without touching the face—also the sad fact that the hardest work for the muscles comes towards the end, when they begin to tire.

We slept at the Köllner Hütte, crossed the Tschagerjoch to our climb, roped at 6.50, climbed steadily up the face, and were glad to rest and breakfast on a tiny platform about halfway up at 8.40. A couple more chimneys and crack traverses, then another climb of 120 ft. straight up the wall brought us to *the* chimney. This is 400 ft. in height, perpendicular, deep-cut, smooth, and very narrow, not much over 2 ft. wide in places. Verzi had been on the first ascent, and of course led up now; the other man chiefly occupied himself with entangling up our ropes into a hopeless muddle, and once or twice I had to wait in uncomfortable positions, with little or no hold, till my relative below, also insecurely placed, undid the knots and released me. Any choice language not used during the passage of this memorable 'Kamin' (which took just 2½ hrs.) must have been something not remembered; but I really think 'we said 'em all'!

Once at the top of the chimney there was a monotonous grind of 40 min. to the summit, the whole ascent thus occupying 5 hrs. 50 min. actual going. We of course came down by the *route ordinaire* via the Gartl to the Vajolet, and then past our starting point, and over the easy pass again to Karersee. Ascending there had been, not for the first time, arguments as to the relative merits of backing or climbing up certain difficult bits. Descending the discussion seemed to run more on the relative merits of our nether garments.

* *Alpine Journal*, vol. xviii. p. 134.

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Mine were not much the worse, which gave the advocate for arms and legs *versus* back and legs somewhat the best of the argument.

Latemar, E. Summit.—Our expeditions had so far been confined to the one range, but the Latemar group, which overlooked us on the other side, had a very impressive appearance, and I felt I must go up one of its peaks, the E. one for choice. Verzi was not very keen about it, as he thought, after what we had been doing, it would prove tame. I, however, rather welcomed an easy day, so after some study of the N. face (you see the whole of this from the hotel front) we started for it on August 14, having previously arranged a picnic at or near the top with the other members of our party. Leaving the ordinary way up, which is really little more than a steep path, and after the Col Cannon passes round to the S. slopes, we crossed a little snowfield and then struck straight up to the E. summit. The rope was only on for 1–1¼ hr. for three good chimneys and an interesting face traverse or two. The upper part was easy and not exciting, though steep, but, as I expected, it made a pleasant change and took 3½ hrs.' actual climbing.

We now thought we would vary the scene and put in a day or two on the Langkofel group; my friend R. A. Robertson joined me and next day we drove down the new road over the beautiful Karer (or Caressa) Pass to Campitello. Had we known that the one bit of bad weather of the season was coming we might have hesitated to leave our comfortable quarters.

We found Campitello greatly improved; at Bernadi's inn the offensive odour that always greeted you was agreeably missed, the food was good, attendant maidens obliging, and there were 'Bäder im Haus' in place of the first rude tub that Pryor and I had fashioned some years ago out of an old wine cask; and which, though useful to us, created awe and astonishment in the native mind. After lunch we renewed acquaintance with the steep, stony path to the Sella Pass, rain coming on just as we arrived there and lasting all night.

Next day being wet and cold climbing was impossible; so all we could do was to vary the monotony by donning mackintoshes and comparing the *consommations* at Valentine's (our quarters) and the D.Oe.A.V. inn just over the col. Late in the afternoon, however, between storms, we walked up the Rodella, the top of which is now defended by barbed-wire entanglements, so as to force besiegers through the 'Gasthaus.' This we resented and turned the obstructions

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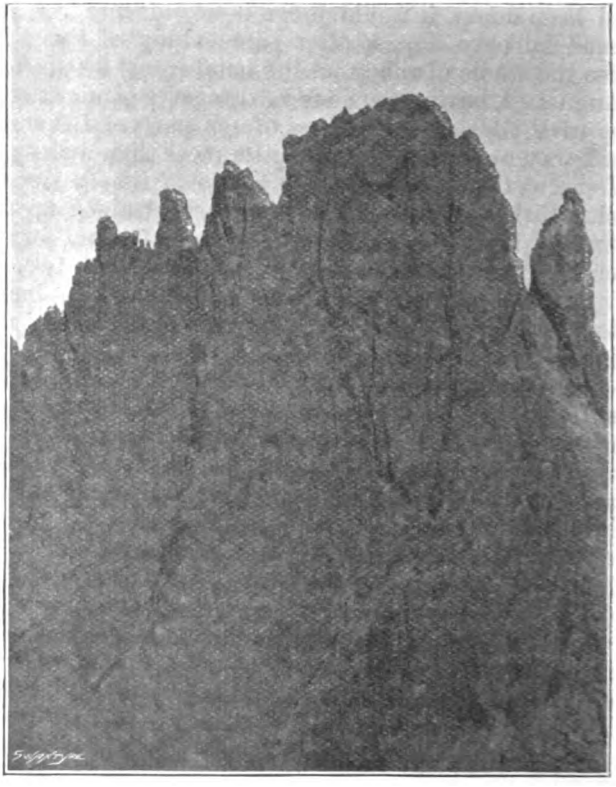
by a flank movement and scramble up the face to the viewpoint, though the view was confined to clouds.

Fünffinger-Spitze by the Schmidt-Kamin.—Next morning (August 17) was doubtful, but both parties started out, Verzi and I for the above, all getting back in the early afternoon, without a dry thread among us. The celebrated 'Kamin' (which I had been prevented doing on my last visit) took us 2¼ hrs.,



THE FÜNFFINGER-SPITZE.

and is, as everyone knows, a splendid climb, though it recalled sad memories of an old friend. I did not find the sensational bit quite as hard as anticipated, but above it we were handicapped by snow and hail all the way to the top and by heavy rain all down the steep faces of the first Finger, and below it to the bottom.

Fünffinger-Spitze by the Daumen-Scharte.—The following

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day (18th) was fine again, and though Verzi and I had some nebulous ideas about *scaling* the Zahnkofel, when Luigi Rizzi, whom Robertson had engaged, failed to put in an appearance, we were only too glad to tackle the Daumen-Scharte once more with him. A cold wet night had made yet another contrast from yesterday, and the rocks required extra care, there being a glaze of ice on all the faces and cold wet snow in all the holds. However we got up and down again in fairly good time, lunched, and strolled down the pleasant meadow paths to Canazei, and drove off back in the afternoon to Karersee, arriving just as the rain began to come down again in earnest, unfortunately spoiling the illuminations and fireworks loyally arranged for the grand old Kaiser's birthday.

It is always said to be a good sign when the snow comes down low after bad weather. Well, we had this consolation, such as it was: the snow lay white in the valleys, but the hills, though highly ornamental, were of no use for climbing the next day or two. This was vexing, inasmuch as I had wired for Antonio Dimai to join Verzi for one very special expedition (the Marmolata), and it was sad to see such a well-matched pair, so to speak, eating their heads off! However, in the end it turned out all right, for we decided to defer the big peak, and try first something new, nearer at hand and less lofty, meanwhile giving the Queen of the Dolomites time to discard her white robes.

The Teufelswand-Spitze by the W. Face was the stopgap; and a sanguine party, Corning and I, with the two best guides in Tyrol, started up it on August 21. We knew our way would be difficult, as it had baffled previous attempts; but the men were keen, and, if they couldn't climb it, we were prepared to swear it was unclimbable!

The Teufelswand is just to the right or S. of the Roth-wand, and a steep walk of 2 hrs. from the hotel, straight up the meadows and a rocky stream-bed, brought us to the foot of the W. wall, whence a broad 'Gerölle'-strewn band ran up to the left diagonally across the face at an angle of perhaps 40°. This band or ledge was followed for some distance to a point almost directly under the double-headed summit. Here the boots were left, and a series of broken irregular chimneys and faces going almost straight up were tackled. They proved easy enough at first, and soon a large jammed stone which from below had looked like giving trouble was passed with ease. As we got higher the work got harder, and the 'Kamin' deeper and narrower, till just half-way between

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the band and the top, the real crux of the climb was encountered.

This was a black, damp, narrow, and very smooth slippery chimney-flue, not over 50 or 60 ft. high, but of almost desperate difficulty, and with no alternative. How Toni Dimai got up first puzzled us then, as it puzzles me now, and though long familiar with his strength, skill, and determination, it for once frightened me to watch him. From the bottom the black hole was difficult and smooth ; but higher up, where there is practically no sort of hold, the rock juts out and completely overhangs, so he had to swing out and then get an arm over the slippery overhanging bit. It was a brilliant performance, and we all below breathed more freely when he was over and out of sight, though to breathe freely was more than he could do just at first, for it was some minutes before we could get a word out of him in reply to our shouts. Even when our turns came (plus the rope) we pronounced it the hardest thing we had ever done, and Dimai afterwards said it was *molto pericoloso* and no one should ever persuade him to do it again. This bit took the four of us just an hour, and we wanted some extra breathing time besides.

The rest of the climb was practically a continuation of the same chimney, varied by a traverse or two where it became impracticable ; it was good average hard work, and ultimately landed us on the left-hand summit, whence there was an easy stroll over to the real one. The whole climb, from kletter-shoes to top, took 2½ hrs., and furnished excitement enough for 2½ days. Dimai led, as I said, up the sensational bit, which we called the Dimai-Kamin, and Verzi everywhere else.

From the summit down the old way to the newly opened (1906) Ostertag Hütte, where our boots awaited us, was neither long nor steep, and no rope was needed. Thence it was a delightful walk round the S. spur of the range to the Karer Pass. The Teufelswand Spitze is not much of a 'Spitze' in height (about 9,000 ft.), but it is rightly named and is a 'Teufel' of a 'Spitze' to climb.

This had been Wednesday, and the weather being again settled, and Dimai obliged to be back in Cortina on Saturday, there was no time to lose. Accordingly next morning we drove over to Campitello and lunched, afterwards taking our 'Einspänner' as far as Penia, whence the three of us walked up through woods and pastures to the 'Contrinhaus' of the D.Oe.A.V. This was comfortable, convenient, and not crowded, and for once I met two compatriots.

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Marmolata Südwand.—I shall not apologise for describing this at some length, for not one single word has ever appeared about it in the 'Alpine Journal,' though the mountain is the highest, the S. precipices the most stupendous, and the climb undoubtedly the best in the Dolomites. Some years ago I had discussed it with local guides, but apparently it was not then ripe, and it was only in 1901 that Bettega and Zagonel, of San Martino, with an English lady, made the first ascent. Details have never transpired, nor is it even known if and how the summit was gained; but later, in 1902, the Südwand from bottom to top was climbed in 28 hrs., and again in 1904 three times on three consecutive days by Austrian parties, taking 7½ hrs. and upwards.

Our ascent (August 24) was therefore the sixth, but it was at least new and interesting to us, being the biggest item on my 1906 programme, and the guides were just as eager to do it as I was.

Well, we left our quarters at 4 A.M. and had a steep walk of about 1½ hr. to the grand and wild Ombretta Pass. On the col we discussed the route, and Verzi went off to prospect, wasting perhaps ¾ hr.; for there really was no choice as to the starting point, which was 10 min. below the pass, but with some very deep loose scree and stones to plough through first. We changed our boots on a little platform about 150 yds. to the right (and below) the foot of the enormous couloir which runs down from the summit ridge and bisects the S. face; and our porter took them thence round to the 'Gipfel,' up the way we hoped to descend.

The mountain on this side is of course all steep rock; no snow can be seen in good weather; and the huge precipices are divided naturally by two long horizontal terraces into three divisions. The height from bottom to top is about 2,100 ft., and I estimated the lower portion at 600 ft., and the two higher ones at 750 ft. each. We started on the first at 6.40, along a ledge to the lower end of a narrow chimney, which looked difficult and did not belie its appearance. This bends somewhat to the left, and the first bit (to an overhang) was very hard: here and higher the rucksack and axes having almost always to travel each pitch alone. About 1¼ hr. from the foot we traversed a little to the left to another 'Kamin,' which was also difficult, and this, with some wall faces near the top, ultimately landed us on terrace No. 1 (much nearer the big couloir than at the foot) at 9.5, after 2 hrs. 25 min. of real, arduous, continuous work.

This first terrace is long and broad, and we made use of it

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to rest and refresh a little; had we known we had now done perhaps the hardest third of the climb we should have enjoyed ourselves still more. We next proceeded to follow the terrace to the left, almost too close to the big couloir, looking at the possibility of falling stones ricocheting, and then we started up the wall again at 9.30.

The second portion was like unto the first, though rather less so; and the proof of its being easier was that it took only 2 hrs. as against 2 hrs. 25 min. We started up the face, and indeed for nearly an hour the chimneys were rudimentary and the climbing was on the open face. After this said hour we were still very near the big couloir, but now made a considerable traverse away from it along a narrow ledge (to the right), followed by a descent of 40 or 50 ft., requiring care. This landed us at the foot of another well-marked crack, which was very hard in places, and trended still further to the right, and almost up to the second terrace, though here again the last few yards were surmounted by the wall. Terrace No. 2 was reached at 11.30.

We were now some distance from the main couloir, but still following the broad band to the right we put yet another 80 or 100 yds. between it and us, passing several little snow patches and a delightful stream of water, which invited a further short halt. Just E. of this we started up once more (11.50) for the last part of the climb, which certainly was again easier, and indeed after the other seemed quite reasonable. We zigzagged up chimney flues, traverses, and faces with an increasing amount of 'Gerölle' as the angle lessened, but in the main followed a bent couloir which comes down more or less directly from the summit, and down which a special breed of avalanche, chiefly composed of sardine tins and jam boxes, descends. (I myself, out of compliment to the mountain, contributed a marmalade tin.) We finally left the couloir about 100 ft. below a little col on the arête between the E. peak (Punta di Rocca) and the summit, scrambled up an easy face, and followed the snow ridge to the highest point (Punta di Penia), reached at 1.10, having taken 1 hr. 20 min. for the last portion and from the foot 5 hrs. 45 min. actual going.

We had been warned of dangerous stone-falls, but away from the main couloir, which should be given a wide berth, we saw none but those we ourselves sent down. I might also mention that from time to time we saw small *pitons*, which were of course useless for ascending, so could only be supposed

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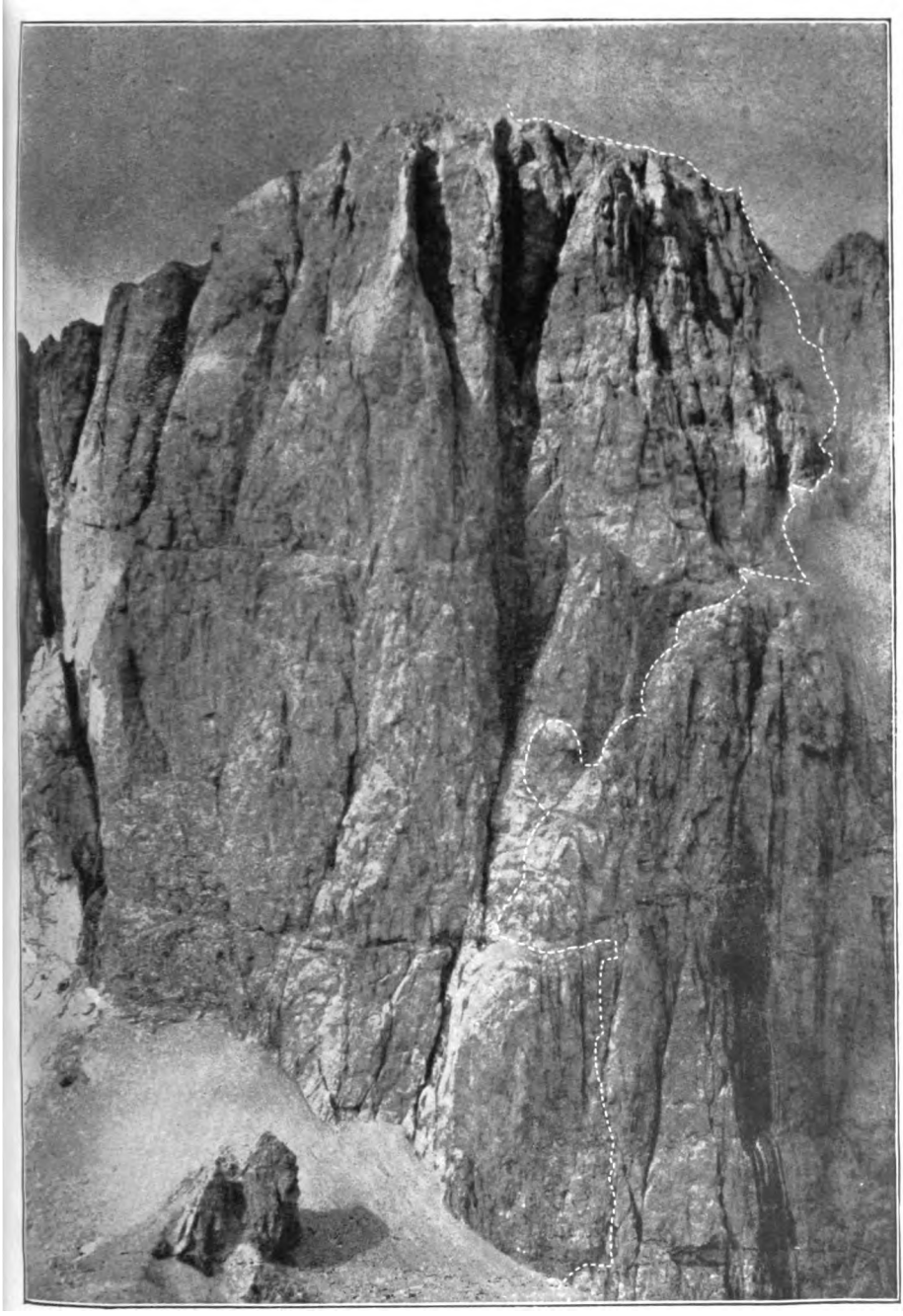

Photo by A. v. Radio-Radius

Swan Electric Engraving Co.,

MARMOLATA SÜDWAND

(1906 route marked)

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to have been fixed by a former party with a view to possible descent.

The boots stood on the snowy peak, whence all but they had fled (including our porter); and, as it was now thundering on the Langkofel, we quickly changed, and, like *another* pious climber of old, 'made haste and came down.' There was no view to-day, unlike my last time, when every mountain on the horizon was visible, and the Venice lagoons (75 miles off) glimmered in the distance.

Of the route down I prefer to say little; the whole thing was a day-nightmare. The smooth, glacier-worn rocks of former days (Tuckett's 1872 route) are still there, but are now festooned with metal right away down to the 'Scharte;' not simply stanchions, but regular staircases of huge iron staples, forming perhaps 1,000 steps, besides half a mile of wire-rope balustrade. I wanted to return by another way and cross the glacier to Fedaja, to avoid such an unsporting anti-climax, but unfortunately our sacks were at the 'Contrinhaus,' so thither we had to return (3 o'clock), taking 1½ hr. over the descent and 11 hrs. from the start. Later we walked down to Campitello and took the post to Karersee next morning.

Diamantidi-Thurm.—It was now nearly time for our party to disperse, but Corning and I wanted one more climb together, and we chose this chiefly, I fancy, from the appearance of its 'beetling crags,' which beetle, so to speak, more than other Dolomite crags. We none of us knew much about it, and found it neither safe nor pleasant; in fact, except as a warning I should prefer to say nothing, but it is surely better to call attention to expeditions which, whatever precautions are taken, involve certain risk.

Our routes, both in ascending and descending, were on the N. side, the tourist way being entirely on the S. or Val Sorda side. The ascent (August 27) was by a very steep couloir and extra loose rocks, mounting to a gap just below the summit. It might be fairly safe early in the season, when one could travel rapidly up hard snow; but now all was ice, stones came whizzing down, and we were forced on to the shelly rocks, even on them only just escaping one or two cannonades. The descent was by a long slanting traverse facing the S., but soon over a little col and down a different ice couloir considerably to the W. of the ascent and somewhat wider and safer. Both were connected with the valley by a very steep expanse of horrible, loose moraine and scree a mile long, which possessed a lively sense of gravitation, and indeed the whole mountain mass seemed in motion.

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We had a glorious view, and opportunities for studying the extraordinary internal Dolomite formations of pinnacles and spires; neither of us had seen anything like it before, except perhaps in the recesses of the Cadore side of Antelao; these were, however, hardly compensations for the risks, and we were not sorry to get back with whole skins.

I should scarcely be acting up to my *rôle* as self-dubbed Dolomiter up to Date if I said nothing about the new Austrian Government road now open from Karersee to Cortina, the length last finished being from Campitello to Falzarego. Ascending gradually in zigzags from Canazei to the Pordoi Joch, near the Marmolata glaciers, it goes down again to Arabba and Buchenstein (near Caprile), then up once more by Andraz, over the Falzarego Pass and close under the Tofana precipices, affording fine views all the way and greatly increased facilities for getting about the country. The road itself is well designed, has easy gradients, and is magnificently made and macadamised: it is hard to believe that it is practically the same route over which an impressionist friend (since dead) drove not so long ago, and wrote of it that as his strong little cart survived unbroken he knew nothing on earth could break it!

It is still impossible to do the whole drive from Karersee to Cortina in one day, so I had sent for a comfortable little carriage and pair of active, well-bred horses I knew of, and starting early with my daughter, we lunched at Campitello, had tea at Pordoi (picnic to the view point not to be omitted), and even then arrived at Pieve (Buchenstein) in time to see a glorious sunset on the Civetta, while next day we got to the Faloria by midday. In travelling in the reverse direction it is better to drive on to Pordoi the first day, as that hotel is better than the inns at Pieve or Arabba.

Tofana di Razes.—Being now at Cortina, with just five days left for three climbs, Verzi, who had preceded us, ran me right up next morning (August 31) at 4 A.M. to this favourite south wall (of which he made the first ascent in 1901). I should have preferred one day later, so as to sleep out, but time pressed; and surely there is no peace unto the wicked! This expedition was well described in the 'Alpine Journal,'* except that it was probably the fourth, not the second ascent; but the correct chronological order of such climbs is not of vital consequence; anyhow the route cannot be much altered or improved, so I shall not detain you long.

* Vol. xxi. p. 428, and vol. xxii. p. 238.

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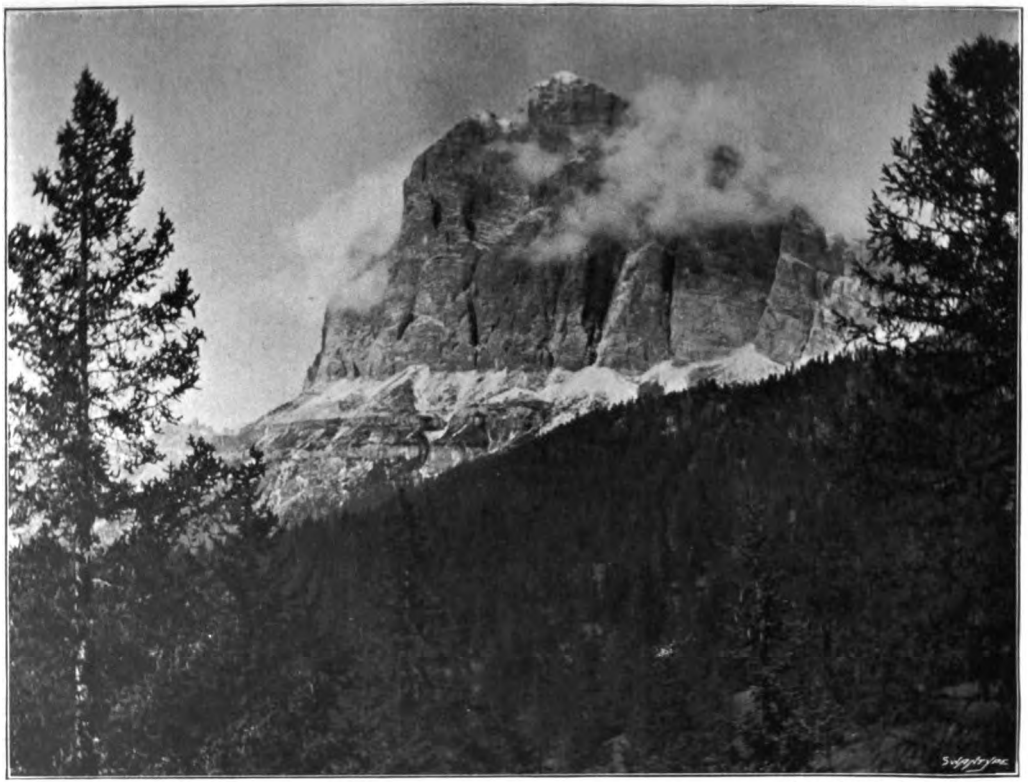

Photo by J. W. Wyatt *Swan Electric Engraving Co.*

TOFANA DI RAZES

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I found it a grind from the Faloria to the foot (3¾ hrs.), and the whole mountain on this side is one sheer wall: it took us 5½ hrs. (8.15–1.45) from foot to summit, including half an hour's meal. The first 1½ hr. on the right (or E.) of the main couloir is nowhere difficult; then the huge hollow basin, where snow always lies, is crossed, and above this again, but on the W. of the couloir, there is a further ½ hr. of easy rocks; after which two or three chimneys and faces that take some doing must be surmounted to one end of the very long, unique wall-traverse, *the* feature of the climb. The holds on this are good and firm, if small and wide apart, and therefore it cannot be called specially difficult; but 'exponiert' and sensational it certainly is, with a sheer drop over the smooth perpendicular cliffs below. After the traverse some more good steep rocks are negotiated up to the easy summit slopes, over which loose shale is struggled through to the top.

I neither call the actual climbing so high-class nor the interest so well sustained as on, say, the Marmolata, the Cadore face of Antelao, the Rosengarten, or several other peaks in the San Martino and Langkofel groups. Perhaps, however, I may be prejudiced, for I never could get up much enthusiasm over the Tofana climbs, old or new. I tried them as they were invented, but never thought even the exciting Via Inglese or Via Heywood on Tofana di Mezzo worth their uninteresting grinds and inevitable amount of scree. Descending now we had a tremendous dose of both, but pounded down as quickly as possible, taking 50 min. to the hut and 1 hr. 15 min. thence to Pocol.

Punta Cesdalis.—Our penultimate effort (September 2) was the S. face of this little peak, the most easterly of the trio of minor summits surmounting the well known Pomogognon wall. It is the latest of the short climbs invented by the Cortina guides, their idea being to combine a minimum expenditure of time with a maximum of talent and tariff! I found it harder than the central peak, and about equal to the W. summit (Punta Fiammes) and the Col Rosà; all four are short and sensational.

Verzi and I left Faloria at 6 A.M., and going quietly arrived at the foot at 8.45. Starting again in klettershoes at 9.15, we reached the top at 11 o'clock, the climb thus taking 1¾ hr. The first 55 min. was nothing out of the common; easy rocks and traverses, on which there was a good deal of vegetation. One episode, however, must be related. We had to climb a small pine tree in order to get on to a rock face. Most of us have at some time or other been 'up a tree' on a mountain,

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but to deliberately clamber up the tree, so as to get on the mountain, is unusual! The last 50 min. was certainly as difficult, steep, and exposed as the N. face of the Kleine Zinne, though of course shorter.

The descent was the worst part. After a short steep drop on the N. side down into the Val Grande an interminable rough traverse had to be made amongst dwarf trees and rhododendron scrub, finishing with a slight ascent to a col on the ridge between Pomogognon and the Zumeles. This was followed by another steep descent over scree and slippery grass direct to the Tre Croci road. It took 2½ hrs. from the top to Faloria.

Monte Cristallo. Süd-Grat.—Much talk in atrocious German and incomprehensible Italian finally resulted in my choosing Mr. Phillimore's 1899 route, as above, for our last day, September 4. Dimai and Verzi had accompanied Phillimore, and their climb had seldom, if ever, been repeated. I judged from the note* that it was long, interesting, and not very difficult, and so it proved. We changed our boots, and started on the easy rocks at the extreme S. end of this long arête at 8.30, and took 1½ hr. to that first deep gap in the ridge from both sides of which steep ice couloirs descend. After cutting steps across the col a smooth vertical wall had to be surmounted, followed by narrow ledges, and more faces and steep chimneys, the best of these coming last. Soon after this our route joined the ordinary one at the so called 'Böse Platte,' and the summit was reached at 12.45.

The way down, formerly described by me as a bicycle track, has since developed with constant traffic into something more like a country lane; but for all that at one place the cautious Verzi called a halt to connect his careless companion to the cord. We took 1¾ hr. from the top to Tre Croci, and were about 11 hrs. out from the Hôtel Faloria.

Two Final Remarks.—A paper on Dolomite-climbing would hardly be complete without some mention of the San Martino peaks. This district is second to none, and a month could always be profitably spent there. The finest are, or were, the Cimone della Pala, Pala di San Martino, Cima di Canali (all traversed), Campanile di Val di Roda (by face), Sass Maor and Cima della Madonna (also traversed). The inns are much as when I wrote 10 years ago. Panser's 'Dolomiten' is too crowded, 'Toffol's' none too clean, but I hear a new one ('Alpenrose') well spoken of.

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* *Alpine Journal*, vol. xix. p. 601.

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The painful subject of accidents has again cropped up, and this year it appears to have been in Tyrol and the Dolomites especially that most lives have been so sadly sacrificed. The Marmolata, Winkler Thurm, Santner Spitze, Croda Rossa, Kleine Zinne, and one each of the Sella and Adamello peaks claimed victims, besides others of which I have not been able to get particulars. On the Winkler Thurm two lives were lost, as already named, and there have also been unverified 'Daily Mail' reports of tourists murdered at a 'Gasthaus' near Botzen. Fortunately no British climber met with any disaster. Various explanations might be given, such as longer training, more experience, good ropes, greater care, and less rashness; also perhaps judicious choice of suitable guides for difficult peaks, or equally judicious choice of suitable peaks for guideless expeditions; above all absence of solitary climbing. I think, however, to these reasons one more should be added, namely, the relative scarcity of our compatriots in these parts. If they do not go they cannot come to grief, for here as elsewhere—

> On Dolomite faces, in perilous places,
> More safety we all of us find—
> True sportsmen and shoddy—in absence of body
> Than even in presence of mind.

On Snow Avalanches.

By Dr. H. HOEK.

THE most terrible foe the winter tourist, and especially the ski-runner, has to shun in the Alps or other steep mountains is the avalanche. But when you know your enemy he loses half his terror. I have seen something of this White Hydra of the Mountains, an account of which may interest the reader.

Avalanches are the rule, not the exception, throughout the Alps in winter. They are, indeed, the rule on *all* steep slopes, whether these are above or below the snow-line. The elevation and the neighbourhood of glaciers do not influence these phenomena. The widespread belief that avalanches are influenced by elevation or glaciers could only arise in the mind of such as visit the Alps in summer exclusively, and because few have seen the very highest Alps in winter, for but rarely do avalanches reach down to the bottoms of the principal valleys.

A big, typical avalanche is not such a simple affair as one

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