the other with hot bovril internally. We then turned in for a long sleep; but before ten o'clock the occupant of the upper berth found himself wide awake, and wondering how he was to satisfy the pangs of hunger without disturbing his tired friend below; but a slight movement revealed the fact that the tired friend was trying to solve the same problem, and we were soon busily engaged over our morning meal.

A night out in the Alps is always a doubtful pleasure, but we both of us felt that we were repaid on this occasion by the novel experience of climbing continuously from sunrise to sunset, and then during the twilight and moonlight till the sun appeared again. There was a strange fascination in tramping almost mechanically throughout the night over snow-fields shining in bright moonlight, with the surrounding peaks standing up almost as clearly as by day; but above all we felt that we were repaid by having planned and completed a really good expedition. Our times were of course abnormally long, and ever since we have been haunted by the fear that some enterprising party, like the unknown one which descended from the Col du Géant to Courmayeur in fifty-six minutes,* may complete our expedition in perhaps eight or nine hours. If so, I would beg them of their charity to remember that there is always some uncertainty about a new route, and that being our first climb of the season, our condition, like that of the rocks, could hardly have been worse.

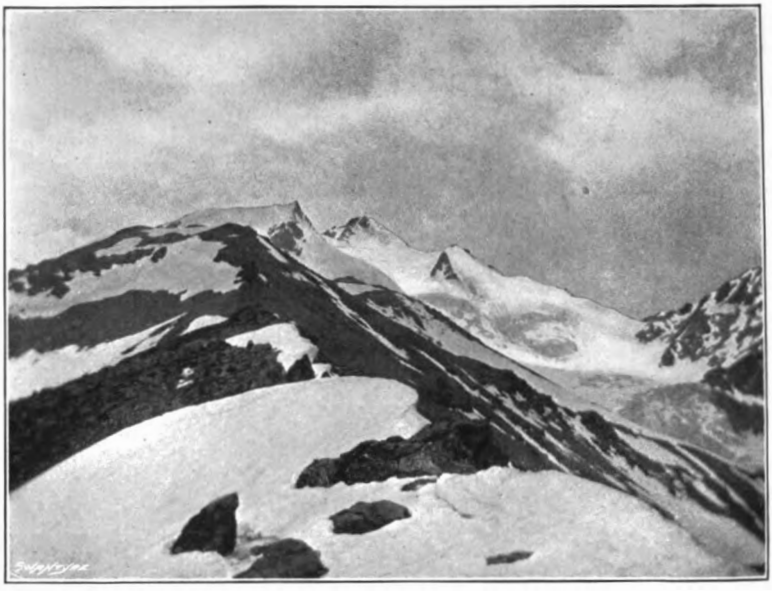
SOME BYWAYS IN SOUTH TYROL.

By A. J. BUTLER.

On Wednesday, July 18 of last year, my son and I found ourselves at Unsere Liebe Frau, in the Schnalser Thal (I entirely refuse to write Tal, in the parsimonious modern fashion). For three days, save for a short digression to the Weisskugel (the summit of which, alas! only the younger member of the party reached, while the elder, overdone by a long and hot valley walk on the previous day, sat about among rocks and snow and reflected what a much less fine day he had had on that peak some twenty years before), we had been tossed about on the surging flood of North German tourists who nowadays seem to be let loose on what once was 'the sacred land Tyrol.' Every school-marm from the Elbe to the Oder, all the *petite bourgeoisie* of every town in Stettin, Pomerania, and the rest of those favoured regions seemed to be there. Armed with 7-foot poles they flowed in a steady stream over the Hoch Joch; they fed every two or three hours; while feeding they talked

* See *Climbers' Guide*, "Chain of Mont Blanc," p. 77.

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ZUFRITT SPITZE FROM SOY JOCH.



W. M. Butler, photo. *Swan Electric Engraving Co. Ltd.*

ST. GERTRAUD IN ULTEN

WEISSBRUNNER RANGE IN DISTANCE.

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incessantly, and their talk was diluted Baedeker, punctuated by occasional calls of 'Frwoll'n' to the much-enduring *Kellnerin*. At Unsere Frau we found some of them installed in the room which Josef Spechtenhauser, at my request, had bespoken for us; and I doubt if anything but his personal influence would have emboldened the *Wirthsleute* to dislodge them. Next day, in conversation with him, I tried to excuse them on the ground of misunderstanding. He replied severely, 'Es war nicht Missverständniss; es war Nachlässigkeit.' I may perhaps mention that on the bill of fare at Unsere Frau the first place is always held by 'Ham und Eggs.' An old reminiscence made me enquire into the reason for the prominence given to this English viand. I was told that they had learnt it many years ago from an Englishman. I think I rose in their estimation when I revealed myself as the forgotten benefactor.

Knowing that the torrent followed only the most frequented route—in this case going straight down the valley to Naturns—we decided to turn aside and make our way to the Vintschgau by the seldom-trodden route over the Mastaun Scharte. The way is not difficult to find with due attention to the map. The great thing to remember is that on reaching the foot of the Mastaun Spitze, which dominates the valley of the same name, you must turn at a right angle to the right, or N.W., and proceed in this direction about half an hour before bearing round towards the W. The pass (2,927 m. = 9,613 ft.) is the *second* depression to the N. of the Mastaun Spitze. It ought to command a good view of the Ortler; but clouds had gathered and we saw little. There is a dilapidated shrine at the top. The descent to the Kortscher Alp, in the Schlandernaun Thal, is simple enough. Thence it is a trudge down the straight valley, which can be monotonous. In our case it was diversified by the fact that Schlanders is improving its water supply, whereby we had to walk for some distance along an artificial *Grat*, about a foot wide, with the torrent roaring a short way below us on the left, and on the right a yawning chasm, at the bottom of which iron pipes were dimly visible. Finally we made a sporting, though perilous, descent upon Schlanders by one of the steepest and roughest stone staircases I ever saw, going down some three hundred feet between orchards of pear and apple, terraced up, or rather plastered on to, the almost precipitous hill-side. We landed in somebody's back garden, passed through it into the beautiful old arcaded court-yard of the building once occupied by the knights of the Teutonic Order, now the local law court, no man forbidding us, and so to the good quarters of the Post.

Next day we walked across the Vintschgau and up to Gand, in the Martell Thal, where we struck the tourist swarm once more, this time on its way to cross the Madritsch Joch ('with eventual ascent of the Schöntauf Spitze') to Sulden. We had a touching illustration here of Tyrolese courtesy. Our landlord, Eberhofer, had warned us that we must expect to have a third person put into our room, if need were. I had a vivid recollection of a similar occurrence there once before, when my companion and I were roused in the middle

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of the night by the entrance of a heavy-footed Teuton. So I broke out, 'Have you not learned yet at Gand that some travellers prefer to have a room to themselves? You served me the same way sixteen years ago.' At once landlord and landlady exclaimed, 'Have you been here before?' 'Yes,' I said, 'once in this house, once in the old one that was washed away.' They instantly assured me that an old guest should not be incommoded, and put us into their own apartment, along with the sewing-machine and the linen-press, where we slept undisturbed. Our object was to cross by one of the little-used passes into the Ulten Thal, the most easterly valley that can be said in any way to belong to the Ortler group. The Soy Joch was recommended, and we started betimes on July 20, with a friendly native to show us the way to the pass and carry one sack. Every regular guide was engaged in the task of escorting the long-poled division by the well-trodden track over to Sulden.

Our friend, we found, had only once been over the Soy Joch; and that was with a *Geistlicher* some years before. But he knew the right point at which to leave the main valley-road, which is apt to be the crux of these expeditions. Once you are through the forest, and out in the upper Alps, an unglaciered pass, given decent weather, is seldom difficult to hit off. The recognised way to the Soy Joch takes a wide sweep round to the left or N.E. side of the stony *Kar*, once no doubt a glacier bed, which leads up to the pass on this side; but it seemed to me that it would be shorter, if more of a grind, to attack it directly. No two authorities seem to agree about the height of the Soy Joch. It may be taken to lie somewhere between 3,000 m. and 10,000 ft. The situation is beautiful, overlooking the Soy Ferner, which flows N.E. from the Zufritt Spitze, and commanding a good view of that pretty peak. To E. and S.E., as there is no higher ground for a long way, the view ought to be very fine; but, as usual, last July clouds had gathered over the distant ranges. The descent upon the Ulten Thal is at first over steepish snow-beds, then over the usual pastures, where flowers were abundant. We passed a patch of *Aster alpinus* more than a square yard in extent, with several white specimens among the more common purple. The so-called *Speik* (*Primula glutinosa*), beloved of Tyrolese youth, was also abundant, tinting whole acres with its rich violet colour. From the edge of the pastures the solid little church of St. Gertraud is visible, and the descent lies through a fine larch forest. There is no proper village, the parish consisting of scattered farm-houses; but church, parsonage, and inn (Zum goldenen Stern) form the nucleus. The position of these is as picturesque as one often finds. They stand on the last spur of the ridge dividing the two principal branches of the valley, at a height of 5,000 ft. above the sea. There is an uninterrupted view down the valley and to the mountains behind Meran. It would form an excellent *Sommerfrisch* for a climber who can still do a little light work and does not mind roughish quarters. All the ordinary products—milk, wine, bread, butter, eggs—are plentiful, and as good as any one need want. Twice we got trout, captured by local talent. Meat was the only lack;

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but our stay coincided with the local feast, and they killed a pig, of which we got some 'obscure corners,' like the hero of 'Great Expectations.' However one does not need much meat in the mountains. We stayed there five days, but, except on the Sunday of the feast, the weather was sultry and thundery. The summit of the Hasenohr winked at us every day, but always from under an unpropitious helmet of threatening cloud. This peak, which has rarely been ascended by a tourist, must command a wonderful view, considering how one sees it from everywhere. One day we went up the Falschauer Thal, the more westerly of the two branches into which the Ulten Thal divides at St. Gertraud (much as Borrowdale does at Rosthwaite), and proceeded to the head of it, meeting on the way another member of the Club, who had chosen this way home from the Adamello region. Three Englishmen, surely, never till then foregathered in Ulten! Then we turned S.E., and crossed the ridge dividing us from the Kirchberg Thal (the Langstrath, say, of Ulten). The end of this ridge, where it abuts on the Val di Rabbi, is formed by a peak called the Gleck (2,955 m.), again said to be a good view-point. That day it was wrapped in cloud, and a rumble of thunder hurried us off the ridge—we were at a height of about 9,350 ft.—and down with a little scrambling into what, as Schaubach has noted, is orographically the head of the Kirchberg Thal, though the waters of the many tarns which it contains flow over a breach in the bounding wall into Val di Rabbi. A pass, much used by the natives, leads this way to the well-known baths, and a little caution is needed, especially in dull weather, by the traveller coming from above to ensure that he does not go with the water.

The Ulteners have a good deal of Italian blood in them, and a good deal of Italian quickness. They are a handsome race, and artistic. On the feast day much wine was drunk, but I hardly saw more than a man or two the worse for it; and those showed it chiefly by the soundness of their slumbers on the grass outside. There was some quite good part-singing now and again in the afternoon. A new road is being made in the lower part of the valley, from Lana to St. Walburg, which will make access easier—let us hope, not too easy.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following additions have been made to the Library since January :—

New Books and New Editions.

Alpiner Wintersport. Illustriertes officielles Organ des Ski-Club Bern. 4to, pp. 114; ill. Thun, Hopf, 1903–4

—— II. Jahrgang. Zeitschrift für den gesamten Wintersport. 4to, and 8vo, pp. 246; ill. Basel, Tanner, 1904–5

—— III. Jahrgang. Beilage zum "Ski." 8vo, pp. 544. Basel, Tanner, 1905–6

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