that once flourishing seaport. At Batavia the water was so dense from the floating lava * (the deposit reached fifteen feet in depth) that we made our way to the shore on planks. Telokbetong was closed for three or four months, and on our return to Achin we could not land our passengers. At Batavia the tidal wave had penetrated almost to the town, where, in the lower portion, the houses were flooded by the Kali Bezar (great river). Business was suspended except by a few determined spirits who worked on by gaslight, so great was the alarm at the darkness and thunderous noises.'

The Pointe du Pousset and the Becca Dentavu.

By THE EDITOR.

THE POINTE DU POUSSET.

ON August 11, 1913, we left Cogne at 3.15 A.M. I rode a mule, and Benjamin Pession carried a lantern to show the way. The guide Pierre Gérard, of Cogne, and the owner of the mule accompanied us. The morning was cold, not to say very cold, and the sky was bright with innumerable stars. By and by a clear cold light gave signs that the sun would be with us soon. He came in a fleckless sky, but soon afterwards clouds became visible to the east. Elsewhere nothing but fleeting scarves of vapour and these far apart appeared, and they did nothing to dim the morning's brightness. A cold wind blew at first from Mont Blanc, but later from the east. When I dismounted at 6.5 at the King's Camp at Lauzon the air was still almost arctic.

I made inquiries from Gérard as to whether the King was satisfied with his sport this year, and he replied that the King had never been so pleased before. I fancy the number of bouquetin killed was unprecedented. The beaters received double pay.

The mule dismissed, we went some way along the Lauzon track and then, still on a King's hunting path, turned up towards the Colle della Nera.

The last part of our journey to the colle was up steep rock. I noticed on our way *Campanula Cenisia, Eritrichium nanum,*

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* *i.e.* pumice.

Androsace glacialis, and low down many pansies. But this did not appear to be a good year for flowers. It was too dry.

After breakfast we went down the whole length of the Trajo glacier as far as the seracs. The scene was of wonderful beauty. The slightly sloping surface was pure white. New snow had hidden the stones and rubbish which had fallen from the cliffs except just under the Grivola itself, which, owing to the amount of snow on it, was in a by no means safe condition. The snow had melted off the Grivoletta. Pierre Gérard remarked that he had climbed the Grivoletta twice, to which I replied 'And I three times.'

Our walk was delightful, though the still cold wind at times swept up and whirled abroad the loose snow. For a long distance we encountered no crevasses. Then we came to two or three of vast proportions. On one I gazed with awe and admiration. It had more delicate tracery and more elaborate arches than anything I had met with before. A cold steely-blue light added to its impressiveness. Later we got to the portion where the enclosing sides of the glacier narrowed and pushed up the central ice in almost regular ridges. These, as the enclosed space grew still narrower, became more troublesome to cross, and presently we came to a wild chaos of chasms, piers, and daringly conceived bridges. One jump I shall not forget: it was as much as I could manage with my best efforts. The longer I looked at it the less I felt I should like it, so I sprang across at once. We tried for a way off the ice just above the seracs, but could not find one. There was no snow at the side of the icefall and the rocks were nearly sheer, so we had to retrace our steps for some distance and mount the rotten slopes and slabs that led up to the ridge which runs from the so-called Col du Pousset to the Pointe du Pousset. It was with a rebellious heart that I consented to this course, for if there is one thing in climbing which I detest more than another, it is to ascend a considerable height after one has been descending for hours. [The descent from the Colle della Nera to the seracs took us two hours and three quarters.]

We must have gone up considerably over a thousand feet, and when we reached the ridge—I had one considerable rest on the way—and had had something to eat I declared for a visit to the Pointe du Pousset. There we enjoyed the usual fine view to perfection, and, in my case with equanimity recovered, descended to Cogne—having made a new ascent of the Pousset, starting from the King's Camp at Lauzon

—a portentously long route which will probably never be followed again.

My object in making this expedition had been to find a way down the Trajo icefall. Had that been feasible it would have been the prelude to a new route over the Pointe du Pousset. As thus: descend to Epinel, mount the beautiful Trajo glen, get up the Trajo icefall, and so climb the Pousset, by (practically) the route we took, and descend to Cogne by the usual way. I think it may be possible to find a way on to the Trajo glacier between the great rock-mass * which bounds the true left of the icefall, and which has a most imposing appearance from Epinel, and the Col de la Grivoletta, and so gain the Trajo glacier above the icefall. This should be an interesting expedition.

THE BECCA DENTAVU.

All mountaineers have a store of memories of pleasant hours spent on little peaks, hours when with Apollo they unbent their bows. Many such hours come back to me, but amongst them all there is no memory more delectable than that of the day I spent on the Becca Dentavu. In 1910 Benjamin Pession and I had traversed the long ridge which runs from the Pointe de Trajo or Punta Rom to the Punta Lavincusse and climbed every big tower in it, but we had left the Becca Dentavu untouched. Its merits as a view-point were obviously considerable: four hours from Cogne would probably take us to the top: so on August 15 Benjamin and I devoted a beautiful day to an investigation of its merits. It was just after nine when we turned off the road below Epinel and began the ascent of the grassy foot of the mountain above the right bank of the Grand Eyvia. The autumn crocuses were fine above a chalet near which a woman was letting loose several tiny rivulets over the steep meadow-slope.

A few friendly trees here and there shaded our sunny path, where martagon lilies, the Alpine clematis, and many a rose bush had been in flower. Before we entered the forest we had a picturesque view of the annual procession (it was August 15), moving slowly along the road at Cogne. Just as we reached the first trees Benjamin turned round and said 'J'ai vu les loups de Jantet'—an old joke for squirrels.

About 10.30 we reached a sort of platform, now grass-grown, the site in old time, said Benjamin, of charcoal-burning.

* This shows bravely in the accompanying illustration.



G. S. Leach, photo. Swan Electric Engraving Co. Ltd.

The Grivola, from the East.

When we had cleared the wood we saw two eagles, the reason for whose presence we discovered later on. We reached our summit at close upon half-past twelve.

I have eulogized in the past many Cogne view-points and honestly believed in the praise bestowed upon them, but few of them surpass the Becca Dentavu. The Pousset has its historic claim; the Aiguillette, to me a modest novelty, gave comprehensive details of the Cogne basin. The Fenilia has a somewhat supercilious appearance, as though he looked down on everything under 10,000 feet. Gimillian has the democratic vogue (if that means that it is visited by everybody). The Tour d'Arpisson offers a choice of seven heads, but the Becca Dentavu, whilst it rakes the valley and all the villages, has the faultless near view of the Grivola. Doth not Grandeur and Grivola begin both with a letter? Attendant on the 'Ardua bella' stand on either hand the Punta Crevasse and the Grivoletta—and there I see them still. This is the great feature of the view, but over the end of the Val d'Aoste is Mont Blanc, over minor ridges there are the Vélan and the Grand Combin. Near by there is the Trajo glacier and its icefall, which had foiled us only four days previously. Deep in the hollow between the moraines of the Trajo and the Grivoletta glaciers there is a large flock of sheep and some cattle.

We spent two delightful hours on the summit, and with our lunch discussed many things, the corn, the potatoes, the vintage, and priests and their profits. The sun shone brightly, and occasionally a pleasant breath of wind blew in our faces, and no sounds reached us save the voices of the torrents in the Trajo glen.

I ought to have said that close to the top there were many blossoms of *Aster alpinus*, and a little shrubbery of dwarf willows in a wet place. Twenty-five feet below the summit there was a tuft of edelweiss on the Trajo side; then saxifrages and *Silene acaulis*. We decided to go down into the Trajo glen, which was not such an absolutely easy matter as our ascent had been. Some way down a grievous stench annoyed the air and prepared us for the sight of a half-devoured little bouquetin, which had fallen, so Benjamin thought, down the steep cliff. Incidentally the poor little carcass furnished the reason for the presence of the two eagles we had previously seen.

When we got to the Trajo chalets we decided, instead of descending to Epinel, to follow the path through the woods to Cretaz. We found two kinds of pyrola and many hepaticas.

By and by we came to a place where the path went rather steeply uphill, though there seemed to be an inferior track that kept at a level. We followed the latter and soon had cause to repent our choice, for ere long it brought us thick bushes, big rocks heavily covered with loose moss, vile slabs, and torrent-beds of a fine pawky humour. Abuse was wasted upon them. We traversed some fine spaces of pinewood, and then passing through rough pasture finally reached Cretaz. No little peak ever gave me a day of more varied interest. And no summer, I may add, had ever seen more English visitors—all mountain-lovers—at the Hôtel Grivola: it was always a pleasure to return thither, for 'society,' says the text, 'is the pleasure of life.'

NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATION.

The mountain to the extreme left of the picture is the Pointe du Pousset, then comes the icefall of the Trajo Glacier; the Grivola stands up in the centre, the Grivoletta being invisible against the mass of the Grivola. The ridge running from the Grivoletta to the Punta Crevasse can be seen as well as the dark Punta Crevasse itself. The Col Trajo is hidden behind the mass of the Pointe de Trajo or Punta Rom. The Becca Dentavu is the last and lowest point in the ridge (of the Punta Rom) on the extreme right of the illustration. My best thanks are due to Mr. Leech for permission to reproduce his beautiful photograph.

G. Y.

IN MEMORIAM.

FREDERICK MORSHEAD.

THERE passed away on January 28, in his quiet Devonshire home, a member of the Club famous in his day, not a very remote one, for speed and skill as a climber, and even better known for the brightness which his ringing laugh and cheerful presence brought into any gathering, and for a touch of chivalry, hard to define, but unmistakable, in all the relations of life. No one seems to recall memories of Frederick Morshead without an enthusiasm which makes it difficult, in writing of him, to avoid superlatives ill-assorted with a character of rare simplicity and directness.

He was born in 1836, at his father's rectory of Kelly, on the borders of Devon and Cornwall, and was thus the junior by two years of Charles Edward Mathews, and the senior by two years of