the whole mass fully deserves the description given to it in Ball's Guide, as being 'a very grand mountain.'

We left Le Clot in bad weather, intending to cross either the Col Chalance or the Col de la Muande, and before long were in heavy rain and thick mist. The Climber's Guide describes the S. side of Col Chalance as easy, and does not mention any difficulties on the N., whereas it speaks of a 'steep ice or snow couloir' on the S. side of the Col de la Muande. So we decided to take the col that was at least easy on one side, but found that it was not easy on the N., though we could not see any distance ahead of us, and probably did not strike the ridge at the best place. As it was, we had to traverse along to the E. before descending at a point which was not exactly either the Col Chalance or Col de la Muande. The descent to the Muande Glacier required care, as the snow was steep and soft, and we had to traverse to reach a bridge over the bergschrund. On the glacier we came in for a snowstorm, followed by a bad thunderstorm, and were in some danger of falling stones. So we were glad to get on *terra firma*. We had once before walked along the abominable path through the La Lavey Glen in the dusk and darkness, and how we, or anyone else who has done so, should have chosen to repeat the walk is a mystery After crossing the Venéon we followed the track leading upwards to the main valley path, but it soon seemed to vanish in débris that became looser as we ascended. This last and unexpected discomfort was explained when we suddenly found ourselves on the new road which was being constructed from St. Christophe to La Berarde. It runs almost on the level into St. Christophe, avoiding the ups and downs of the old path, and we walked along it, in torrents of rain, to the Hôtel Turc, where we were no longer 'on the outskirts.'

[For the discussion of this article see pp. 353–4.]

Week-end Scrambles in the Kangra Himalayas.

By H. D. MINCHINTON.

In chapter iv. of *Twenty Years' Climbing in the Himalayas*, Colonel Bruce says that if one were to confine oneself to peaks of 20,000 feet one could enjoy oneself immensely. I wish to prove, in this paper, that even at a much lower elevation very great enjoyment can be obtained. Referring again



H. D. Minchinton, photo. Swan Electric Engraving Co. Ltd.

Chamba Peaks, from Kuasi.

to the above-mentioned book, Colonel Bruce says ' the Kangra Valley of the Southern Punjab is in itself of great interest . . . but the feature which gives special interest to this district is the great wall of the Dhaoli Dhar range, which bounds the valley on the N., and may best be called the outer Himalaya. It lies directly E. of the broken Kangra tableland to a maximum height of 17,000 feet odd, and, having, roughly speaking, an average elevation of 15,000 feet, runs from the Kulu border to the Kashmir border. I wonder whether anywhere else in the world there is such an abrupt wall without foot-hills . . . It is an extraordinarily precipitous wall, and, of the many passes across it, there are very few that are not regular staircases for the last 3000 feet or so. The effect is picturesquely heightened by the dark, heavy forests of ilex and rhododendron on the middle and lower slope, which, when one is among them, give a curious dark and striking appearance to the scenery in contrast to the great grey precipices above them.' On one of the spurs of this range, at a height of 6000 feet, lies Dharmsala Cantonment, where my regiment is stationed, and from here it is possible to reach permanent snow in four hours in the hottest weather. As has already been said, the range drops very steeply on the S. or Kangra side—in places almost vertically, like the face of the Wetterhorn on a huge scale —while here and there spurs give access to the passes. These passes are used by the Guddis—hill shepherds—in the spring and autumn for taking their flocks to, and returning from, the Chamba pastures.

Behind Dharmsala itself lies the Andrea Pass, locally called ' the pass,' a much frequented one. To see several hundred sheep scaling the Kangra side of the pass, up steep snow slopes where the Guddis have hacked and kicked steps, is a wonderful sight. I wonder what a good old English sheep would say to it ! On the N. slopes of the range are snowfields, which run along behind the main grat at an average of some 500 feet below its crest, sometimes more, sometimes running right up to gaps in the ridge itself and thus giving access to the peaks, for the rocks drop very steeply, often precipitously, to the snow. The snowfields form a convenient ' high-level route ' to the back of these peaks, which, as is so often the case, are easiest from the side one cannot see from one's starting point.

The climbing periods are divided into two, from the third week in June to the first in September being impossible on account of ' the rains '—nearly 100 inches in this short time.

The first period, commencing in May, is mostly snow work, requiring some care not to start or get in the way of small avalanches. The second period is mostly rock work, as the rains have washed away most of the snow from the S. slopes and converted the N. snowfields into hard névé (with a soft surface in the middle of the day). There is often a heavy storm in October, which ices rocks and fills the crevices with snow or hail, as is also often the case with the frequent thunderstorms in May and June. Falling stones are practically non-existent, and the rock beautifully firm. Such are the conditions obtaining in this delightful little playground—the only climbing drawback being the absence of real glacier within reach.

At the foot of the Andrea Pass lies Lakha 'gôt,' or camping ground, where the Guddi flocks take a day or two's 'breather' before crossing the pass. From Dharmsala a path runs up to Lakha, not too good in parts, and in the hot weather the more energetic residents pitch pleasant little camps close to a large snow-bed whereon to disport themselves on all manner of luges. I have even skied on this névé, with my wife, in the middle of June. Dharmsala is probably the only place in India where 'winter sports' may be indulged in in the 'hot weather.' Lakha is about 10,500 feet.

My first climb here was on June 13, 1908. After playing hockey, I got off at 6 P.M., and reached my bivouac below Lakha at 10 P.M. The next day I went up the Andrea Pass. Being alone I had not meant to go further, but as it was only 10 A.M., and a perfect day, I could not resist the temptation to set off across the snowfields to make a reconnaissance of 'Two-Gun Peak,' on which I had designs. After an hour across the snowfields I turned to my left and, cutting up for half an hour, gained a gap in the main ridge ('New Pass'). My view of Two-Gun Peak was cut off by a huge gendarme, which, from certain reminiscences, I called the 'Riffelhorn Gendarme.' Getting along to S. side of this I reached its top by a slanting crack with much puffing and blowing, and obtained a most excellent view of Two-Gun Peak. Local tradition has it that the two great blocks which form the two summits of the peak are guns guarding the Chamba valley below. Reaching New Pass again I continued straight along the main ridge eastwards, a very easy scramble which landed me at 3 P.M. at the top of 'Slab Peak,' about 15,700 feet —so called from the tremendous slabs which form the greater portion of its face. From here I had 2000 feet of good rock



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H. D. Minchinton: photo

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climbing which took me down 'en face'—first down one arête till the slabs got too difficult for a single man, then a traverse across a couloir to another arête, and finally a 1000-foot glissade in a couloir, which took me to the grass slopes above Lakha. After a well-earned rest, a rather weary walk brought me home at 10 P.M. On September 23, with two Goorkhas, I reached New Pass from the Lakha side without any difficulty, and had some fun in getting down to the névé on the N. side, as the slope I had cut up in June was now a big slab. We got back to Lakha by the Andrea Pass, and home at 7 P.M.

The next day a merry party of us left for a ten-day holiday in the Ketal Nullah—three of us, Major E. D. Money, A. E. Barstow (15th Sikhs), an old climbing friend of mine, and myself—to make yet another attempt on the Dharmsala Matterhorn. There had been two previous attempts on the peak, in both of which Major Money had taken part, and this was to be by the same route. On the second evening our camp was pitched at about 6000 feet, our intention being to make two bivouacs at 11,000 feet and 14,000 feet. On the 28th we made a 'cache' of provisions, ropes, blankets, &c., at about 10,500 feet, which we picked up the next day and bivouacked a thousand feet higher up, having to carry water up for this night as we were not near snow, our party of three white men and nine Goorkhas and Guddis (who were acting as porters) being all heavily laden. On the 29th, for various reasons, we made a late start, and mounted but slowly up steep slopes of rock and grass, and arêtes of huge boulders, which were hard work for the porters. At about 1 P.M. we had reached 13,000 feet, and, sport not having been lost sight of, Barstow and I, giving our axes to a Goorkha behind, were making towards some golind (snow-cock) which we had seen settle. Gun in hand I scrambled over a big rock weighing some hundreds of pounds and stood looking for the birds, Barstow, with a rifle slung on his back, following. Suddenly I heard a cry from him, and, turning my head, saw a horrid sight. Barstow was pulling himself over the big rock, which, probably loosened by my passage and dislodged by his heavier weight, had begun to move. Gradually it reached the perpendicular—I shouted to Barstow to jump, but he could not, his boot was caught—then the stone toppled outwards and fell, with Barstow underneath it. About 5 feet below, two boulders formed a V-shaped notch, and into this Barstow fell, the rifle breaking his fall and being bent into a semicircle thereby. Luckily the rock was larger than the notch and remained

perched above him. Needless to say this ended our climb, and the peak had scored a third victory. We got Barstow out, much shaken and bruised and badly cut on one arm, and with some difficulty got him to the easier slopes and the base camp, where Mrs. Money, forewarned, was ready with much hot water and bandages, and so next day back to Dharmsala.

On October 24 I bivouacked with a brother officer at 'The Caves,' some overhanging rocks used as a sleeping-place by the Guddis, above Lakha, at over 11,000 feet. The next day, starting at 8 A.M., we reached the pass in two hours. After a short halt we set off across patches of névé and débris —the snowfields of June—to the back of the Riffelhorn Gendarme, where I left my companion, N. F. Graeme, wrapped in sweaters, and went on with two Goorkhas to attack Two-Gun Peak. The peak resembles the Aiguille de la Za at Arolla; 'en face' it is a precipice—in this case a wall of some 8000 feet sheer which can never be climbed, while to the N. a ridge drops to the snow. A slanting ledge, not difficult, but fairly sensational, led us to an easy chimney, which gave access to the summit, a most impressive one. The descent of a slab at the foot of the chimney, demanding care, took us to another ledge parallel to, and sensational as, the first one. By this we soon reached the névé again, where we did up the rope which we had put on for the descent. As it was afternoon, and there having been a slight fall of snow a few days previously, we had rather a tiring wade back to Graeme and on to 'the pass,' and for some reason I began to feel rather ill, a condition which was not improved by having to cut some steps in ice before regaining the pass. However, I soon got better as we descended to Lakha, where we spent the night again.

On November 21, with another brother officer, G. S. W. St. George, I bivouacked at Lakha again. My companion started the night by bringing down the Mummery tent as he got in, and we spent several chilly minutes righting it—bivouacking at over 10,000 feet at this time of year is cold work. The next morning we leisurely ascended the Andrea Pass. A knob of rock, 50 feet high, which I call the 'Zwischenjochengrat,' divides the pass into two gaps, 100 yards or so apart, and from the top of the knob a splintered ridge drops to the névé on the N. side. As a cold wind was howling over the pass, we descended to the névé to get out of it and lunched in the sun. We had crossed the W. gap, and after lunch



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H. D. Minchinton, photo. Swan Electric Engraving Co. Ltd.

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decided to go round the foot of the ridge and up to the E. gap—it would not take us more than a few minutes longer than returning the way we had come. On arriving at the ridge, however, we found ourselves cut off by an 'impasse' which I had not known was there, and so decided to climb straight up the ridge to the top of the knob. It was only a matter of 300 feet, the first half of which was visible and looked quite simple. So we roped and I led up over easy but rather iced rocks; then things altered and we found ourselves forced on to the shady side of the ridge, iced and snow-covered. A little chimney led to a 'letter-box,' on emerging from which I found myself at the foot of a slab which had to be turned by a really very nasty but fortunately short traverse of a wall with small holds. From the far end of this I fell off into some deep snow in a long chimney, and taking off the rucksacks, both of which I happened to be carrying, stowed them, and then myself, firmly into corners. St. George had remained round a corner, belaying me, out of sight of the traverse, and coming to it, flatly and wisely refused to attempt it. This placed us in a very awkward dilemma, however, as it was as absolutely impossible for me to retreat as it was for him to come on. Calling to him to unrope I hauled in the slack and scrambled up my chimney, which landed me nearly on the top of the knob. From here I managed to get down a very nasty little face till I could lower the rope down the slab that had originally stopped us, and so, after a few precarious moments, we both reached the top. Then I discovered that I had left the rucksacks down in the chimney, and by the time I had descended and fetched them and we had reached the pass again it was 5 P.M. We hurried down as quickly as possible, but were benighted at 'The Caves,' and it was two very weary officers who finally crept into their quarters at 1 A.M.

In 1909 I managed two good climbs in May, with the Goorkhas Rabia, Harkalal, and Juthia. One was the ascent of the main peak of the 'Mon,' of which a subsidiary summit had been climbed by Major Money and Colonel Bruce ('A.J.' 1904). After bivouacking at Lakha we started at 6 A.M. and in an hour had reached the foot of a huge snow couloir which leads direct to the top of the peak. The débris of an avalanche, fallen earlier in the year, made a kind of step-ladder for several hundred feet, after which step-cutting began. Gradually I made a diagonal course to a patch of rock at about 13,800 feet, which we reached at 9.30. Then the sun

struck the slope, which was composed of about a foot of soft snow on hard snow beneath. So for an hour I cut soup-plates and then reached a rock and snow arête on the left of the couloir, where we halted for a snack of food. This arête was easy, and Harkalal led to within 150 feet of the summit, the final 20 feet of which was steep and bad snow. To the N. of the summit a precipice of 800 feet fell to the snowfields; to the S. a long pinnacled arête led to the S. summit of the mountain; E. and W. arêtes sloped away. We began to descend the E. arête, but it would not 'go,' so we retreated to the top again and tried the W. one. This proved easy, and after descending some three hundred feet of snow and rock we were able to get off on to the snowfields behind the peak and begin a baking snow-grind towards the Andrea Pass. A little to the E. of the pass is a very similar depression, and we decided to make for this, thereby cutting off a good half-mile and a tiring descent and ascent. The short cut, however, nearly proved our undoing. To get to the gap we had to cross a very steep snow slope, and here Harkalal, who was last, managed to dislodge the surface and start a small avalanche, which carried him down, and he pulled Rabia off also. I had been expecting something of this sort and had the rope belayed round my axe beforehand, and, when the strain came, had it up to the head in the snow as I heard the 'swish' behind me. Although pulled off my feet, Juthia, who was leading, had the rope perfectly taut in front, so nothing serious happened. We watched the snow which we had dislodged slide down the slope, taking more of it *en route*, and come to rest on a gentle slope some hundreds of feet below. In a few minutes more we were on our new gap—Juthia Pass—and looking down a long snow couloir to the Lakha névé. First a cautious descent, then a long glissade took us down there, and thence to Lakha and home at 6.30 P.M.

We were again on the top of the Andrea Pass fairly early on May 30, and from there followed a long and easy ridge to the top of Slab Peak—except for one place, which is worthy of mention. A tall gendarme blocked our direct progress, and in order to turn this we had to make a 40-foot traverse of a slab, below which was a straight drop to the snowfields below. The slab was not set at a great angle, but was very smooth. At the end of the slab was a 10-foot wall, which, when I arrived at it, beat me. So I had to call up the second man, Rabia, and change places with him in the middle of the slab, not a very comfortable proceeding. With his boots

round his neck, and several remarks to the effect that it was no place for a married man, he defeated the obstacle and also a chimney above it, with ice in it, and he still bootless. We made the descent to Lakha 'en face' by ridges and couloirs to the W. of those I had descended by the previous year, and got some very enjoyable rock work on the way down. This year was a bad one, and I got no climbing in June. In October, however, Colonel Bruce came over to have another 'go' at the Matterhorn by the high-level route which we both fancied—over the Andrea Pass and along the snowfields to gain access to the 'vallon' at the head of which the peak lies. The history of this attempt is written in the Fourth Chapter of the First Book of Bruce, beginning at the seventy-seventh page, so I need say little about it. The incident of the spirits of wine will long remain in my memory, firstly on account of the abominable taste, secondly because, after drinking it, it flashed across my mind for a few seconds that it was poison, a ghastly enough thought at any time, and doubly so situated as we then were.

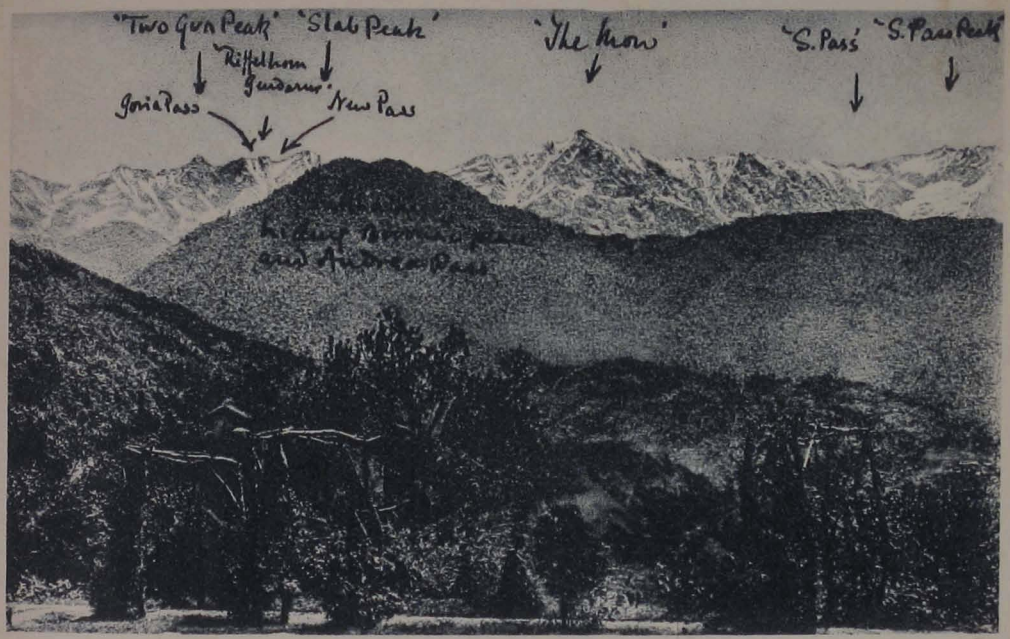
The season of 1910 opened with Major Money and myself, with a novice, trying to stroll up the pass in mist. The result was that we lost our way, and our novice had rather a thin time while we were extricating ourselves out of the difficulties we had got into on the lower slabs of Slab Peak. In May, with Goria and Hastabir, I made the first ascent of the W. summit of Two-Gun Peak. We first climbed the E. summit, whence a small descent took us to the foot of the huge boulder forming the E. summit, where Hastabir's shoulder made an effective ladder and enabled us to look down the tremendous face of the peak, as narrow as the Aiguille de la Za, but some 8000 feet deep. After getting off the peak, we crossed the main ridge by a new gap—Goria Pass—to the west of the Riffelhorn Gendarme, and had some tremendous glissades down three thousand feet of couloir before we got to the grass slopes above Lakha. This was a very quick trip, and only took us six hours from the bivouac and back to Lakha.

The second expedition worthy of record this year was a traverse of the S. peak of the Mon, the success of which was due to Hastibir's powers as a rock climber. Starting from the usual bivouac at 5 A.M. on June 12, we had a preliminary descent and ascent of 1000 feet through wet grass and boulders to reach the foot of the S. arête of the peak. Most of the 4000 feet from here to the top was very enjoyable climbing, some of it of quite high order, during which, for about 1000

feet, Hastabir led. At one place there were some nasty slabs, shelving out over space, followed by an overhanging crack, at the bottom of which I had to give Hastabir a shoulder up from a little cave. Then followed a tremendous slab, which had to be traversed half across to get to a crack which led to a ledge above. This ran out all the 100-foot rope before Hastabir got into safety from which to belay me. When far below this slab, which is clearly visible even from Dharmsala, we had seen a family of 'thar' bounding up it and had pronounced it impossible for us. Luckily it proved possible when we arrived at it, for it was the only way to the rest of the climb above. Then followed enjoyable couloirs and an easy arête to the top. We had to ascend nearly half-way to the N. summit before we could begin the descent down the S.W. face towards Lakha. The first 2000 feet were very nasty slopes of hard snow, covered with soft, at a steep angle, and a thick mist added to the difficulty. However, we got off this in time into a couloir of good snow, and so reached Lakha in the late afternoon, and home at 7.30 P.M.

In September Hastabir and I climbed 'Hastabir Hump'—quite easy—and in October, with two other men, I reconnoitred the high level towards the Matterhorn as far as the 'S' Pass, a disused Guddi pass. Major Money was then engaged in another attempt on the Matterhorn by crossing the Tulung Pass to the E. of the peak. From here he hoped to gain access to the snowfields behind the peak, but found himself cut off from them by another high ridge which we did not know was in the way, and spent the remainder of his ten days' leave in crossing this and getting back to Dharmsala over the Toral Pass. This was very tantalising, as he passed close to the peak on the way back, but time did not allow of an attempt, so the Matterhorn scored again—its sixth time 'not out.'

The 1911 season was devoid of anything of great interest, though I repeated several old climbs and had the pleasure of taking another brother officer to the top of Two-Gun Peak, which he, Captain Holderness, enjoyed very much. I find my pleasure in getting away amongst the great peaks and eternal snows far greater if I am showing these treasures to another and feeling that he, too, is feeling something of the love and awe which I feel, and all mountain-lovers must, doubtless, feel the same. An attack of enteric, though slight, rendered any after-rains climbing out of the question, and the following season saw me back in Switzerland, where I



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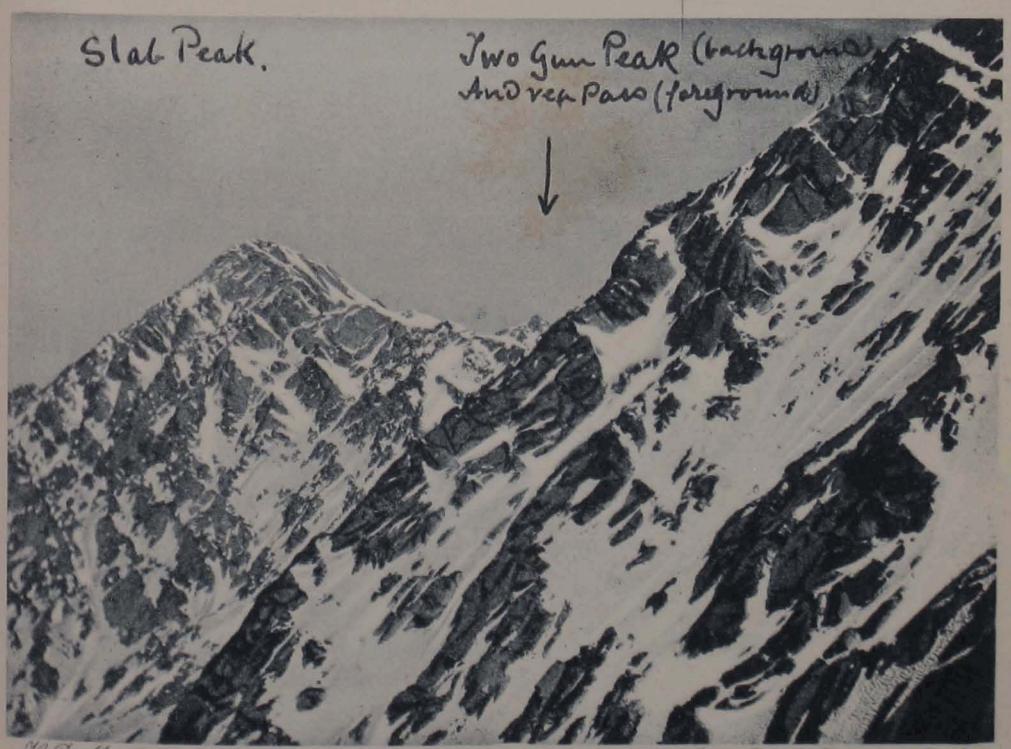

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began the season early with a guideless ascent of the Dent du Midi in January.

The season of 1913, though short, was very sweet. It commenced with a strenuous 14-hour day in the middle of May. Leaving Dharmsala itself at 6 A.M., Harklal, Jaising, and I breakfasted at the Lakha bivouac place at 9 A.M. and then went up 'the pass,' all wearing crampons, to which I had been introduced in Switzerland the previous year. Halfway up it began to snow, but we pushed on and reached the top at 1 A.M. After a half-hour halt we set off in driving snow to do the small traverse of the adjoining Hastabir Hump to Juthia Pass, which took us 1½ hours, the conditions making it really good training. Long glissades took us back to the Lakha névé, where a coolie with my skis and ski-boots was waiting. Doing a quick change, I got a run of about a mile to the Lakha huts and had a rest before the men caught up. A rather weary trudge home ended a good day of 9000 feet ascent and descent again.

On June 1 I got a long week-end at Lakha, ten days in fact, and established a base camp there, with my wife in charge. It was high time for another attempt on the Matterhorn, and across the pass lay the high-level route waiting to be tried again. On the 3rd, Jaising and I, with a Guddi to act as porter, went up the pass and made a 'cache' of provisions and firewood at the top. Then Jaising and I set off across the snowfields to the back of the 'S' Pass—as far as I had explored in October 1910. From here we made the first ascent of the 'S Pass Peak,' about 16,000 feet, by an easy snow ridge, whence we got a fine view of the Matterhorn, and most of the route to it. A short rock arête proved a more interesting way back to the 'S' Pass, whence we returned in our former tracks to the Andrea Pass and camp. We were very tired, as it had been a twelve-hour day, with few and short halts, mostly at over 15,000 feet in deep snow and under a burning sun. We had been above a tremendous sea of clouds which had given showers of rain at Lakha. The next day was one of rest in consequence.

On the 5th it began to rain, but we made a start at 6.30 A.M. The party was reinforced by Hastia and Ajabsing; the latter only came as far as the pass and then returned, leaving four of us, including the Guddi, to go on. We were now four, and with the previously deposited 'cache' to be carried as well were all heavily laden—a Mummery tent, blankets, food for three days, some cooking pots, and a supply of wood for the

first night. On the N. side of the pass we got above the clouds, and, what with the softness of the snow and the weight of our loads, it was not till 5.30 P.M. that we reached the N. side of the 'S' Pass and looked over a little col down easy snow slopes at the foot of which I hoped to bivouac. At this little pass, which I called the Toral-Limmi, we had a half-hour's well-earned rest and then started downhill, I hurrying on ahead to select a sleeping-place. The valley into which we were descending reminded me of the Arolla Valley, our 'Matterhorn' standing in place of the Mont Collon, and névé and snow slopes supplanting the Arolla glaciers.

At 6.30 P.M. I came on the first patch of grass, still wet with the recently melted snow, but as the men were some way back, and it was getting dusk, I decided to bivouac on it. By 7 P.M. the men had arrived, put the tent up, and got a fire going. As the two Goorkhas and the Guddi elected to sleep huddled in a lump against a sheltering rock, I had the tent all to myself, but owing to the dampness and cold of the ground the luxury was wasted. Our bivouac was at about 13,500 feet, or over, and above the firewood limit, so it was lucky we had brought wood ourselves. The next day began badly with soothing mists and rain, but we determined to persevere and at 7.45 A.M. Jaising and I dived into the clouds. Hastia and the Guddi were left to dry the blankets and other things in the sunshine, should there be any later, and also to descend and cut and bring up firewood. Jaising and I had first to descend another thousand feet over steep snow and grass, which brought us to a partially frozen lakelet and a little broken-down hut—we should have bivouacked there had we known of its existence. From the lake we had a good 2000 feet of soft snow to grind up, which took it out of us somewhat. However, this brought us to the snow-covered névé at the foot of our peak, which suddenly seemed to rise out of the mists as the clouds sank to a lower level. A longed-for halt was called, and we had a meal whilst watching a tremendous 'mer de nuage' form itself, luckily below the level of our 'gîte,' which got the desired sun on it. Discarding everything superfluous, such as rucksacks, water-bottles, even the spare rope, as the peak, at this close range, gave no evidence of requiring it, we made a laborious ascent in knee-deep snow to a little col to the E. of our peak, whence we looked over on to the precipitous N. face and the steep Jia Nullah far below us. There now remained but one arête, of about 500 feet, to take us to the summit. The first

400 feet had to be treated with great respect, as it consisted of a snow arête, with here and there a patch of iced rock showing, the surface of the snow on the S. side being in a very avalanchy condition and having to be avoided as much as possible. The last hundred feet was easy rock, and we cast off the rope to save time and hastily scrambled up the last few feet to the summit—at least so we thought. But the peak had not done with us yet, for we discovered the true summit, which had looked distinctly lower from our breakfast place, to be some ten feet higher than the one we were on, and separated by a nasty-looking gap. Sending Jaising back for the rope, I climbed down some uncomfortable rocks into the gap and waited for the rope. Attached to this, I cut up a short but very steep slope of nasty snow and so arrived at last on the true summit. The view was extraordinary; everything below 13,000 feet, including the base camp at Lakha which we had hoped to see, was hidden by a vast 'mer de nuage' extending to all appearances from far Kashmir to the plains of the Punjab, with numberless snow-capped and rock-pinnacled giants piercing through it. It was now 2 P.M., so we had not much time to idle: long enough, however, to erect a minute cairn on the spot I had looked at and longed to stand on for over five years. This time the peak had not won, but it had taken seven attempts, and a large amount of exertion at the last, to defeat it. The arête took some time to descend with care, but after getting off it we made good time back to the 'gîte,' getting in just before 6 P.M. to find everything nice and dry and the fire ready burning. Next day we were off at 6 A.M. and reached the Toral-Limmi at 8 A.M., and the Andrea Pass at noon. Glissades took us down quickly and the base camp was reached in time for a large lunch, much appreciated, as was also the ensuing sleep, after three fairly long and strenuous days. Unfortunately, bad weather prevented any further climbing in the remaining five days of my leave.

In October, with my wife, I was encamped for shooting at a delightful little lake, called Kareri Dal, and one day we went up the rarely frequented pass behind it, about 14,550 feet, finding armfuls of edelweiss *en route*. From this pass we looked down into the valley of the seven little lakes, the highest of which, the Lam Dal, is very sacred and rarely visited by Europeans. A short rock ridge gave some sport before reaching the top and, missing the track on the way down in mist, we had as nasty a descent of 200 feet of grass ledges as I ever

wish to have. Luckily I had two good orderlies to assist my wife.

This small playground has still more than sufficient virgin summits, and other routes up the climbed ones, to afford week-end scrambles for many a year to come.

NOTES ON MR. MINCHINTON'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. The 1913 bivouac at 13,500 feet, behind the Dharmsala Matterhorn, seen in background to right.
2. The summit of the Dharmsala Matterhorn (1913).
3. A training party above Lakha.
4. The 'Mon' from ridge of Slab Peak. The dotted line in centre is the line of ascent 1909; to left is line of descent same day, and × the place of our slip. The dotted line to the right is the line of descent, in 1910, from S. summit, reached from the other side—a difficult rock climb.
5. A training party, with Lieutenant Minchinton, Major (now Lt.-Colonel and C.I.E.) E. O. Money, and Captain Johnson—all of 1st K.G.O. Goorkha Rifles, Dharmsala, 1908.
6. 'Beer at the bivouac,' 1909, after the first ascent of the 'Mon' seen in the background. The summit (not seen in the picture) is 5000 ft. above Lakha, the bivouac place. The dotted line is the line of the 1909 ascent. The 1910 ascent was by the arête seen in profile on the right, the descent being made by the 1909 route.
7. Dhaoli Dhar range seen from Dharmsala cantonments. The summits climbed and named are marked.
8. Looking W. from about 13,000 ft. on the 'Mon' (1909).

The ascent of Slab Peak was made in 1909 by the ridge from the Andrea Pass; in 1908 from the opposite side; the descents in each case, and an attempted ascent in 1910, by various ridges on the face of the peak.

THE NORTH FACE OF PIZ QUALIVO *

BY E. L. STRUTT.

ON June 26, 1914, I left the Allievi Club hut accompanied by Josef Pollinger, of St. Niklaus. It may here be incidentally remarked that this hut is now restored to its pristine state of cleanli-

* The Pizzo del Ferro Orientale of Lurani, the *Guida*, and the Government maps; 3221 m., S. map; 3207 m., I. map; 3198 m. = 10,493 ft., Lurani—the most likely height.