by some ugly stone-swept gullies, the crossing of which was obviously too dangerous to attempt. We worked over to the right, but found ourselves completely cut off by a line of vertical ice cliffs below from which great masses were breaking off at frequent intervals. This left the centre icefall as the only alternative. We were all very despondent and returned disconsolately to the loads for a meal at 2.30. A cup of tea and 'satu' put new heart into the party and we set off to attack the icefall. It was a terribly complicated affair and we had a strenuous time trying line after line. By 5.30 we had worked our way down the upper bit and become more hopeful of success.

At dawn the following morning, from the ice ledge on which we were camped, we saw a sunrise which for beauty far surpassed any I had seen before. In the right and left foreground were the icy walls, steep-sided and grim, enclosing the head of the Maiktoli valley; in front, beyond the tiny foreground of snow and immensely far below was a lake of vivid colour at the bottom of which we could see the Sunderdhunga River flowing away from us into a placid sea of cloud which stretched without a break over the plains of India.

The day was one of heavy toil and no small excitement, but night found us sitting on a rock ledge some 3000 ft. lower down gazing out upon a scene similar in general detail to that of the morning, but now lit by the delicate rays of a full moon. We reached the valley at the foot of the precipices the following evening, September 20.

These three days provided a fitting climax to our little season of supreme happiness. It was with heavy hearts that we turned our backs on the high mountains and wandered slowly over the wooded foot-hills to Ranikhet. But we took with us the priceless memory of five crowded months amongst some of the most glorious mountains of the world.

A Crossing of the Coast Range of British Columbia.

By E. B. BEAUMAN.

(Read before the Alpine Club, October 30, 1934.)

TO the modern-day mountaineer, accustomed unfortunately to rope-ridden ridges, grottoed glaciers and hiker-filled huts, the present paper must read like a fantastic fairy story. Nevertheless it is a fact that only a comparatively short

distance from a sky-scrapered city there lies a vast region of fine peaks, great glaciers, snowfields and forests, as yet practically unknown, and inhabited only by the wild animals—a country such as Switzerland must have been many thousands of years ago. Of course, it has been realized for some time that a high wall of rock named the Coast Range ran in a north-westerly direction for many hundreds of miles almost bordering the Pacific, from near Vancouver as far N. as Alaska, but knowledge about it, until recent years, has been very slight.

In 1922 Captain R. P. Bishop, surveying for the British Columbia Lands Department, climbed Mount Good Hope (10,670 ft.) near Bute Inlet, and reported that he had seen and photographed two high peaks to the northward, one of which he believed to be higher than Mount Robson (12,972 ft.), the highest peak in the Rockies. But it was not until 1926 that a Vancouver mountaineer, Don Munday, and his wife put an end to speculation by first viewing Mount Mystery (Mount Waddington), and proved that it rose to a height of 13,260 ft. Since that time a certain amount of exploration has been carried out in the Waddington massif, chiefly by the Mundays, Henry Hall, junior (Secretary of the American Alpine Club and a member of the Alpine Club), and Hans Fuhrer, a Swiss guide living in Canada. The method of approach has nearly always been from the Pacific side. A few peaks have been climbed (including the lower summit of Mount Mystery), a few glaciers explored, and one or two passes discovered, but an immense amount still remains to be done. The main reason for the neglect of this magnificent district would seem to be its extreme inaccessibility from all sides and the difficulties of the approaches to it.

The expedition I am about to describe arose in the following manner: in the summer of 1931 Sir Norman J. Watson, when travelling in Western Canada, was so impressed by the glowing accounts he had heard of the Coast Range—particularly the Waddington Group—that he determined to try and see it for himself. Accompanied by Henry Hall, junior, and Pete McCormick, a local trapper who knew the district near the N.E. approaches, he started off from Tatla Lake on the Chilcotin Plateau. Although hampered by bad weather and difficult going they reached a point some 6000 ft. high, about 25 miles from the main peaks and glaciers of the range. For a short time the clouds cleared away and spread before them there lay a chain of mountains, stretching N. and S. in an unbroken line, except at one point where a long glacier (Scimitar

Photo, Royal Canadian Air Force.]

FRANKLIN GLACIER, LOOKING N.E., TOWARDS MT. WADDINGTON.

[*To face p.* 77.

Glacier) led towards a col (Fury Gap—about 9000 ft.). On the farther side of this pass they knew that the 23 miles long Franklin Glacier must wind towards Knight Inlet on the Pacific.

To Watson it seemed that if a crossing of the range could be made it might be from the N.E., and by this glacier and pass; he also thought that the snow would be in the best condition during the spring-time, and that ski might prove very valuable for traversing the immense snowfields and glaciers he had seen. But it was not until nearly three years later that he was able to put his theories into practice.

Before leaving England in February, 1934, he sought the advice of the very few people who knew anything about the district, although, of course, they had not approached it in the winter or spring. They gave much valuable information, but at the same time strongly advised that the attempt should be abandoned. They said that the weather at that time would be stormy and unsettled; that the passage through the densely wooded Homathko Valley with snow on the ground might prove impossible; that near the end of that valley, Scimitar Canyon, the only method of approach to Scimitar Glacier (which had only been penetrated once previously and then in the summer), would prove a very serious obstacle; that Fury Gap, which had not yet been climbed and seemed to be the only way over the Range, was a doubtful and dangerous proposition; that the heavily crevassed Franklin Glacier was unsuitable for a ski descent; that the thick trailless forest at its foot would bar the way, and that even if the party eventually arrived at Knight Inlet it might not be discovered by the motor boat awaiting it.

However, it is one thing to ask for advice and another to take it! March 14, 1934, saw our party assembled at Graham's Ranch, Tatla Lake, the last habitation in that part of the world. We had had an interesting if somewhat exciting journey from Vancouver, *via* Squamish and Williams Lake by steamer, train and motor car, ending with a 150-mile drive over thawing, slippery trails and finally a 20-mile run over the ice of the lake itself. The last 77 miles had taken 9 hours.

The party consisted of Sir Norman J. Watson,*[1] who has been previously mentioned, and who had initiated the trip; E. J. King, who was in charge of the supplies, wrote a description of the events and acted as amateur doctor; Clifford White,*[1] a Canadian well known as a ski pioneer in the Rockies; Camille

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[1] * = members of the ski party.

Couttet,* [2] a Chamonix guide with considerable experience of the mountains both in summer and winter, and Pete McCormick, a trapper and an 'old-timer' of the Yukon, in charge of the ponies and camps, and of the route finding during the first part of the journey—and myself.* [2] Before starting we were joined by three other local packers. At Tatla Lake we spent 3 days awaiting our heavy stores and making final preparations. Owing to the length and precariousness of our lines of communication these were nearly as comprehensive as are required for a Himalayan expedition.

On March 18 the cavalcade set out in glorious spring weather. It consisted of the members mentioned above, 21 mountain ponies (including 9 for riding) carrying over one ton of stores and 8 pairs of ski. Our way lay down the 50-mile Homathko Valley. Although there was snow on the ground, for the first day the going was fairly good. The valley was broad, there was still a trail, and we wandered in and out of scattered copses, while above us rose Whitesaddle and Razorback, the sentinels of the Coast Range. On all sides of us we saw the tracks of wild animals, chiefly moose and deer, and occasionally those of coyote and cougar. On the second day the valley suddenly narrowed to a bottle-neck, the way became rough and the snow-drifts deep. It was soon necessary for three men to go ahead, two with woodmen's axes and one with a shovel, to hack and dig a way through for the pack train.

Although one missed the cheery stout-hearted Sherpa porters of the Himalaya, the little mountain ponies proved to be fine substitutes. Carrying loads of 150 lbs. they climbed easily up and down the steep hillsides, over rock slides, forcing their way resolutely through snow-drifts and undergrowth. The difficulties increased, and from time to time it became necessary to cross and re-cross the deep and swollen Homathko River, and to plough a way through the swamps. But the trees were our real enemy—trees of all sorts, sizes and description. Old trees, young trees, rotten and burnt trees—Douglas firs, Jack Pines, Balsam, Spruce, Poplar, Willow and Birch, they formed a tangled mass. They became an obsession with us, trees when we awoke, trees all day long, trees at night. . . .

But, somehow we seemed to be making progress and, on the fourth day, reached the beautiful little Lake Twist, strongly reminiscent of an Engadine tarn. Here we had a grim reminder that we were already in the midst of a wild and savage country,

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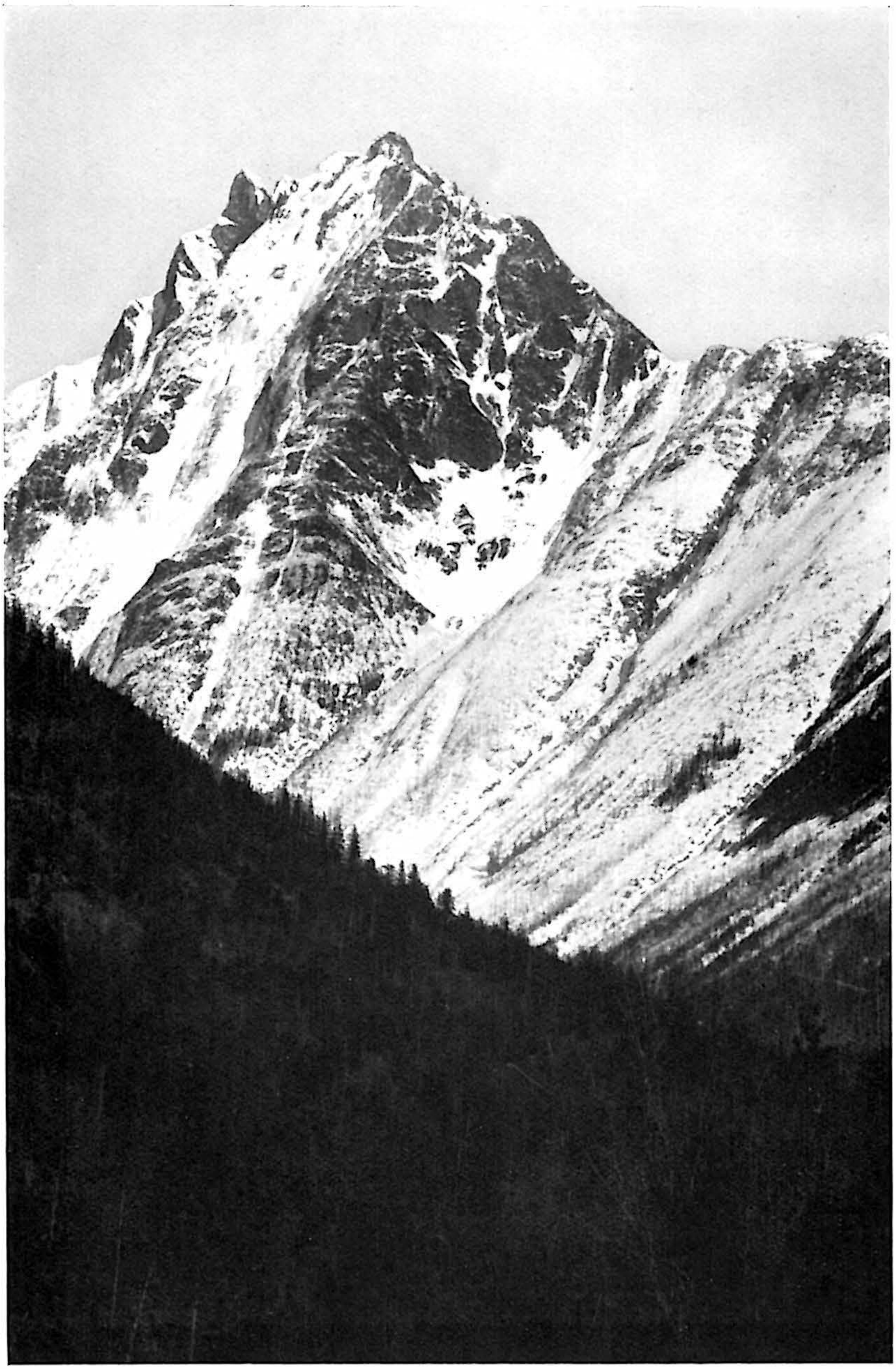
[2] * = members of the ski party.

Photo, E. B. Beauman.]

ICEFALL DESCENDING FROM N.E. SLOPES OF MT. MYSTERY.

[*To face p.* 78.



Photo, E. B. Beauman.]

NAMELESS PEAK (ABOUT 10,000 FT.) NEAR SCIMITAR VALLEY CAMP.

for on its sandy shores we saw the fresh tracks of a pack of timber wolves which had been chasing a moose. Soon after this we would hear the wolves howling around our camps at night. As we descended the valley the country became more and more mountainous, and on all sides rose fine snow and granite peaks, unknown and unnamed. At the end of the fifth day from Tatla Lake we arrived at the foot of Scimitar Valley, where we must turn in a more westerly direction. Pete and his packers and ponies had done fine work in bringing us and our stores as far as this successfully. The 70-mile route by which we already had come had, in itself, been an adventure.

But now the weather took a hand in the game, and treated us to 5 days of continuous snow blizzard. It was a dreary, cold and depressing time, and we began to wonder whether Mount Mystery really existed, and even if it did, whether we should ever see it. At this time, too, we first saw the tracks of bear, both grizzly and brown, which were beginning to come out of their winter quarters. The only cheerful event was when one of the packers shot a young bull moose which had been injured in a rock-slide and provided us with fresh meat for several days. Eventually the weather cleared, leaving as a legacy over 2 ft. of fresh snow.

In front of us lay Scimitar Canyon, the difficulties of which had not been exaggerated, and it was obviously impossible to take the ponies any further. From now on, all the supplies and stores must be manhandled. The thick trees and heavy snow-drifts in the steep canyon caused us an immense amount of trouble, but we managed to overcome them finally and, in a day or two, reached the open valley 1000 ft. above. It now became desirable to find a suitable site for a Base Camp, and after searching for a time we pitched upon the corner of a small wood, about a mile and a half from the tongue of Scimitar Glacier and 8 miles beyond the canyon. Here, on April 2, three of the ski party, Watson, Couttet and I, established ourselves at a height of about 3000 ft. While we explored ahead, the others were laboriously carrying loads through heavy snow under a blazing sun. Scimitar Glacier rises steeply for the first few hundred feet, and then curls round by gentle slopes with a rise of 3000 ft. in a distance of 11 miles in the direction of Fury Gap. On each side of it, great rock, snow and ice peaks rise sheer for several thousands of feet; Mt. Geddes 11,500 ft.,[3] Mt. Tiedermann 12,000 ft., Mt. Hickson 11,000 ft.,

[3] All heights are approximate.

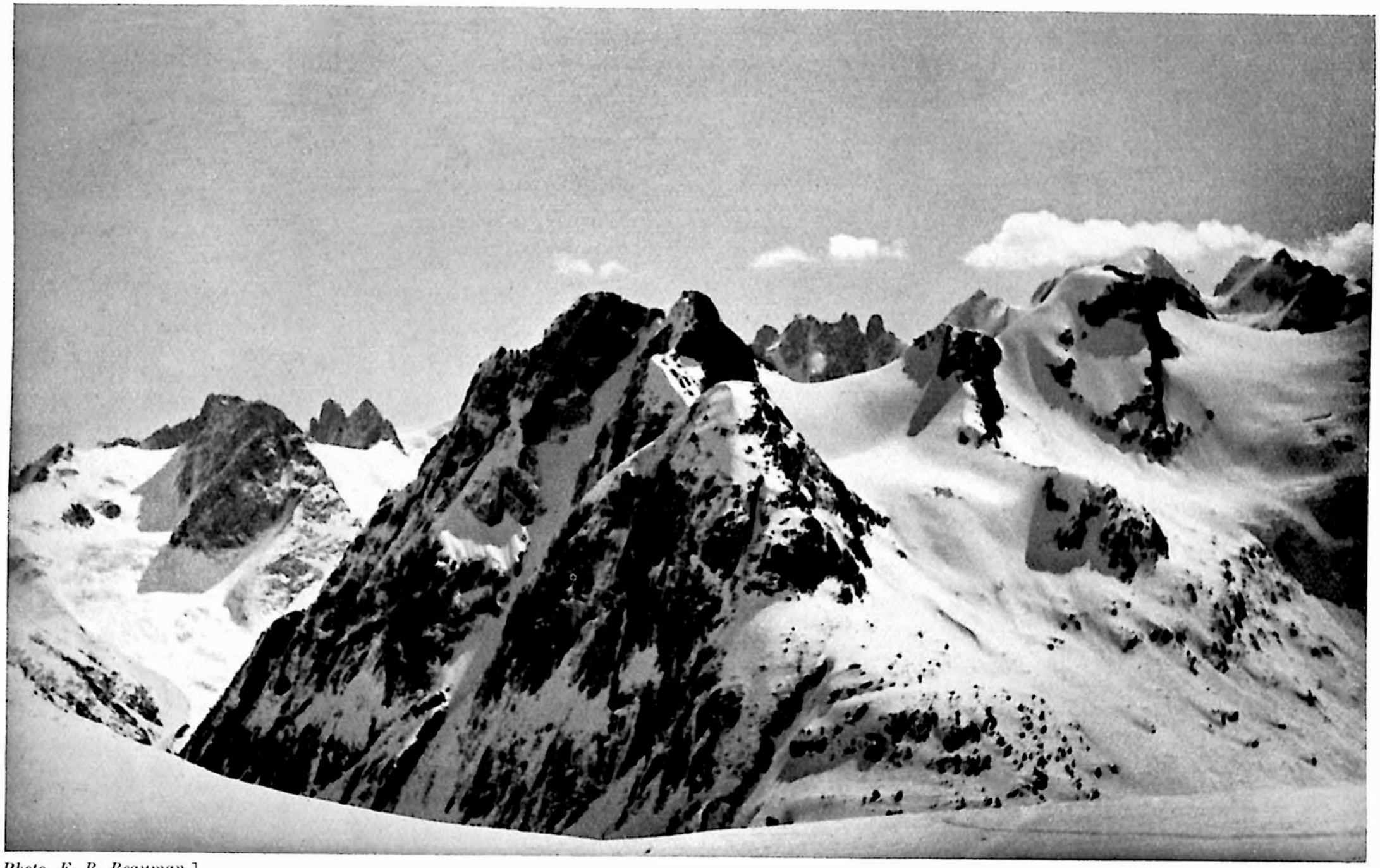
Mt. Combatant 12,000 ft., and many others. Their beauty equals anything to be found in the Alps.

On the first occasion, after climbing for 3½ hours the clouds came down and obscured the view, while intermittent snow showers forced us to return to the Base Camp. The snow was wet and heavy, and the ski refused to run. This was a frequent occurrence in the district, and snow conditions seem to be seriously affected by the 'chinook' (the equivalent of the Swiss *Föhn*), a warm, wet wind which blows from the Pacific. Hardly ever were the ski-ing conditions equal to those to be found in Europe.

On the next occasion, however, we were more fortunate, and after just under 5 hours' climbing reached a point within a mile or two of Fury Gap, the lowest point on the ridge between Mount Waddington and Mount Spencer (11,000 ft.). Henry Hall and his party, which included the guide Hans Fuhrer, had camped here for some time during the previous summer, but had not thought the ascent justifiable owing to the state of the bergschrund and the possibilities of falling stones, séracs and avalanches. We were inclined to agree with their views, as the slope leading to Fury Gap is an extremely evil-looking one of steep ice and snow, over 2000 ft. high, liable to be swept by stones and icefalls, and only under the best of conditions can it be considered at all safe.

In fact, so little did we like the look of it that we decided to use it only as a last resort and, during the next few days, to try and find another way over the range. So, on April 7, we set out in the direction of a quaint little glen known as Pocket Valley, about 3 miles off the camp. On arrival there Watson and Clifford Wright were so struck with the fine ski-ing slopes on all sides that they decided to spend some time in testing them. In the meantime Couttet and I proceeded on up a long glacier running parallel with the Scimitar Glacier in the next valley. The snow was once again as bad as it could be. We turned two icefalls by steep frozen slopes. While crossing one of these in ski boots I slipped, and had it not been for Couttet and the rope the consequences might have proved serious. As it was, I sustained some nasty grazes. After going for about 8 miles up the glacier in 7½ hours from camp, we reached a point some 9000 ft. high, at the foot of the final rock pyramid of Mount Geddes. For the first time we had a view of the summit of Mount Mystery and its wonderful N.E. icy slopes. From this side it looked completely unclimbable.

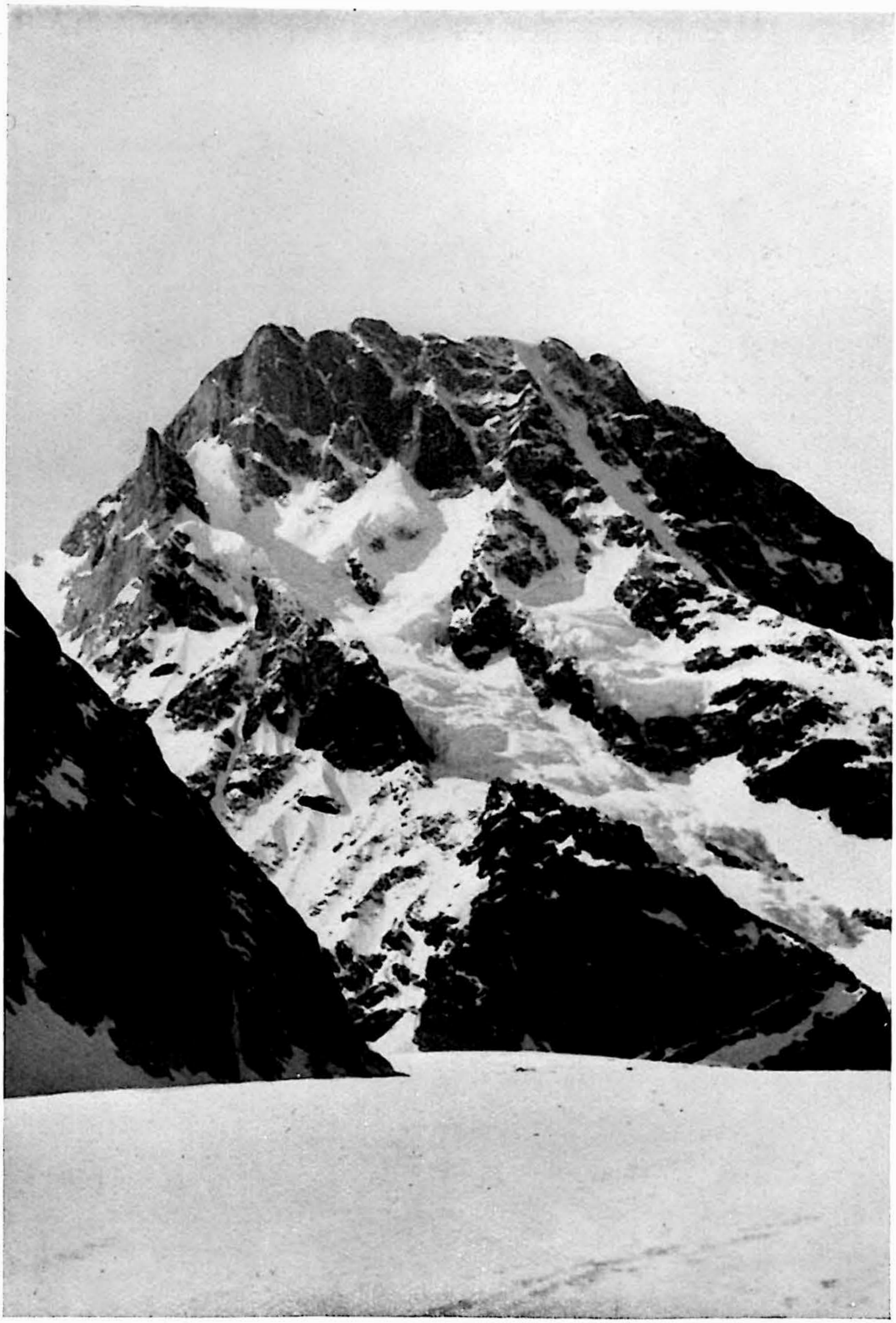
From the lie of the land it seemed just possible that there



Photo, E. B. Beauman.]

PART OF WADDINGTON GROUP FROM POCKET VALLEY.

[*To face p.* 80.



Photo, E. B. Beauman.]

MOUNT HICKSON (ABOUT 11,000 FT.), UNCLIMBED.
From the Scimitar Glacier.

Photo, E. B. Beauman.]

MT. MYSTERY (WADDINGTON), 13,260 FT.

From the Franklin Glacier. (The further and slightly higher peak has not been climbed.)

Photo, Clifford White.]

FURY GAP (8700 FT.).

Mt. Mystery lies to the left and Mt. Spencer (about 11,000 ft.) to the right. (Party of April 14, 1934, can be seen above the hot-plate and near the watershed to the right.)

[*To face p.* 81.

might be a way over the range some 2–3 hours further on (from air photographs seen subsequently, this opinion appears to be erroneous), but this would necessitate making two more camps, which was obviously out of the question. The snow conditions were again vile for our descent, and it was not until after dark that we arrived back after a long and tiring day. The next day we again went to Pocket Valley on ski and found our way up to a little pass, over 7000 ft. high, to the N. Above us towered magnificent Aiguilles, while far away below lay a wooded, unnamed valley which may in future years prove an easier means of access to the Waddington Group. But for our purpose of finding a way to the Franklin Glacier it was of no value.

Time was getting on, the long spell of fine weather we had been having recently might break at any moment, so reluctantly we decided that an attempt must be made on Fury Gap. With this object in view Couttet, King and the packer Munn (the two latter wearing snowshoes) set out on April 12 to establish a small light camp at a height of above 6200 ft., at the head of Scimitar Glacier, near the foot of Mount Mystery and Fury Gap. The snow was at its worst and their task proved a very hard one. On the morning of Friday, the 13th, Watson, Clifford White, Couttet and I proceeded to this camp on ski, and during the afternoon the two latter set out to examine the slope up to Fury Gap at close quarters. There seemed to be a possibility of finding a route up on the right-hand side. The snow, for once, was fortunately in excellent condition, and we managed to cut steps for about a third of the way up before nightfall.

That night Couttet and I had a miserable time—we had thought that at this comparatively low altitude the cold would not be very severe, and had, on this occasion, brought with us neither sleeping bags nor cork mattresses. What we had failed to realize was that, in a region where the glaciers descend almost to the sea, conditions are very nearly Arctic. It was, therefore, with much relief that the three of us set off at dawn next day, while Clifford White, who had been feeling a strained knee of late, remained in camp to take photographs and rest. After passing the point reached on the previous afternoon, the slope steepened considerably, and Couttet had much hard step-cutting to do before we arrived at the bergschrund. This proved to be a particularly severe problem, and only at one point was it possible to make any attempt to cross it. We were very nearly defeated. However, after

an hour or so of hard work we managed to hoist ourselves and our stores above its upper lip. Three hundred feet higher and we found ourselves on the top of the Divide. After dumping 7 days' food supplies among the rocks we walked over a small snowfield to examine the other side of the pass. First came a steep snow and ice slope for a few hundred feet, and then the Franklin Glacier, winding in a great ice stream towards the Pacific. It was heartbreaking for us to have to return to camp again in order to collect our ski and the remainder of the stores. Above the bergschrund we fixed a large woodman's axe in the snow and double-roped over the crevasse—possibly the first time in the history of mountaineering that such an implement has been used for this purpose !

Early next morning Couttet came to our tent swearing volubly—there was no reason to ask why—clouds were nearly down to the camp and it was starting to snow. There was nothing for it but to make a hurried descent to the Base Camp and hope that the weather would eventually clear. Whatever happened now, we had at least set foot on the other side of the Range.

For two days the storm raged fiercely, but the 17th found us once again on Scimitar Glacier ; this time King and three of the packers accompanied us carrying warm clothing, sleeping bags and hot drinks. The snow, once again, was very soft and it was interesting to note our deterioration at this stage. The climb, which had on the first occasion taken only $4\frac{3}{4}$ hours, now took some of us as much as $7\frac{1}{2}$. We had been going for almost a month and were tired. The glare was tremendous, a warm ' chinook ' was blowing and the sun had a large ring round it, which did not look very promising for the future. On arrival at the high camp we had a serious blow. Clifford White's knee was troubling him badly, and it was decided that it would be unwise for him to go any farther. The ski party, already numerically weak, was thus reduced by 25 per cent.

During the afternoon Watson and Couttet went on and examined the beginning of the route. They found that owing to the steepness of the slope the fresh snow had not seriously spoilt the steps already made, but they helped to renew a number of them. The next morning dawned red and there were a few rather ominous-looking clouds about. Nevertheless, the ski party set out on their long journey. King and the packers went with us, carrying the heavy loads as far as a point on the slope where it was necessary to put on the rope. The ascent on this occasion took only $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours, compared with 4 hours on April 14, although the ski attached to

the rucksacks were a serious hindrance. As they saw the ski party arrive at the crest of the ridge this was a signal for the others on the glacier below to dismantle all camps immediately and to return to Vancouver with all possible speed. By this route they could not arrive back for at least 9 or 10 days. From now on (until their arrival at Knight Inlet) the ski party were completely cut off from the outside world.

Some time was wasted in finding the supplies which had been cached among the rocks 4 days before, as they had been partly covered by the fresh fall of snow. After descending the steep little Fury Glacier on crampons for a few hundred feet, the immense upper plateau of the Franklin Glacier was reached. In every direction stretched vast glaciers and white snow-fields surmounted by rocky peaks, and the party soon began to feel that they were the sole inhabitants of some lost and frozen world. While on the other side of the range we had been irresistibly reminded of the Alps, the scenery now became truly Arctic in nature.

Ski were put on, but the snow was wet and soft and, instead of sliding down the gentle slopes, we plodded painfully along in the intense heat and glare of the midday sun. The contrast of temperature during day and night in this region is very striking. After a while the great western rock face of Mount Mystery, only 3 or 4 miles distant, came into view. The summit rocks were thickly coated with snow and ice, and an ascent under these conditions would be quite out of the question. But at the best of times this magnificent peak will always be a very severe problem for the mountaineer. It is interesting to note that during last summer three separate attempts were made on its highest summit without success, two from the Pacific side and one from the other. During the first a promising young Vancouver climber, Dalglish, unfortunately lost his life. Henry Hall, Don Munday, Mrs. Munday and Hans Fuhrer once again reached the lower summit, and even got as far as the gap between the two peaks ; while a party of Winnipeg mountaineers, approaching from the N.E., reached a point only a few hundred feet below the top. Don Munday, in a recent article in *The Times*, has asserted that the highest peak is unclimbable. In view of our knowledge of what has been accomplished in the Alps and elsewhere, this would appear to be a rather rash statement. It seems doubtful whether any peak of 13,000 ft. can be considered unclimbable, and I am convinced that it will be ascended within the next few years. Anyway, here is a sporting challenge for some enterprising British mountaineers !

The 8-mile plateau of the glacier seemed endless, but at about 2 P.M. we reached the first steep icefall, where it became necessary to leave the glacier and skirt it by a side slope of rock and snow. Here we rested for a short while and made a little tea under the shadow of Mystery Mountain. The side slopes, for a wonder, provided some quite good ski-ing for a time, but we had to proceed with extreme caution as the slightest mishap at this stage would have been disastrous. In addition to the heavy food supplies we were carrying a tent, a 120-ft. rope, a large woodman's axe for cutting down trees, Meta fuel, medical outfits, two ice axes, four ski sticks, and when one fell in the soft snow with such a load it was not easy to get up again.

Once more we were able to take to the main glacier stream. As the glacier gradually steepened, we found ourselves threading our way through a maze of broad crevasses, and we had to rope. As everyone knows, ski-ing under such conditions is not very enjoyable. The slope became steeper and steeper and the ice more and more crevassed. It was obvious we were now approaching the second great icefall. We had been going for over 12 hours and night was coming on, so it was decided to make another camp. We were not anxious to spend another night on the ice, and were relieved to see one or two small trees now appearing on the slopes at the side of the glacier. For the first time the trees had become our friends. After ascending a steep slope of rather doubtful snow, we managed to find a little snowy plateau upon which to pitch our tent. The height was about 4500 ft. and we had reached a point some 16 miles down the glacier.

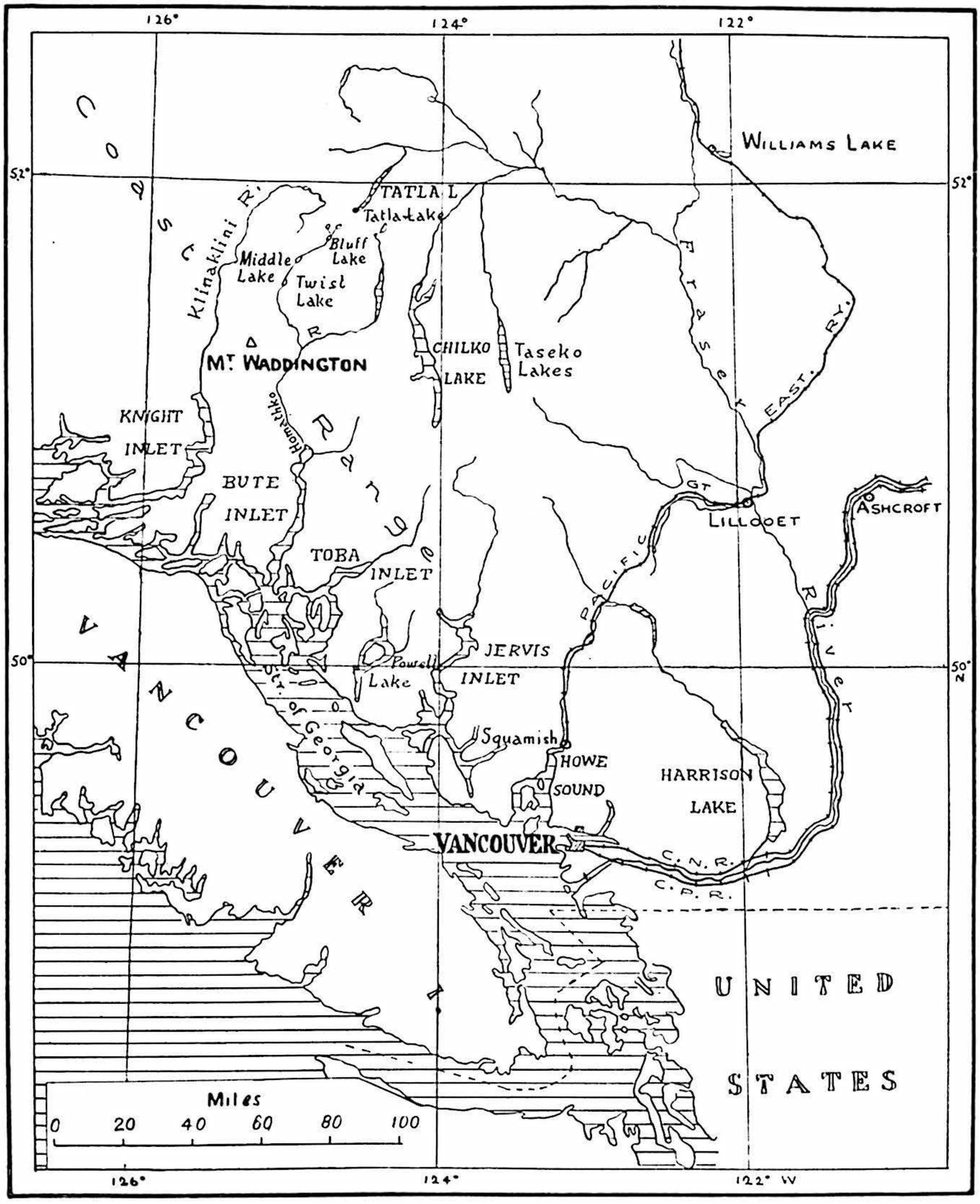
During the night we were disturbed by an animal rummaging among our precious food supplies, but managed to drive it away with the electric torch. It may have been a squirrel or a chipmunk—or, on the other hand, one of the grizzlies which figure frequently in Don Munday's accounts of this side of the Range. The cold was still intense, and in the small tent we were glad to huddle together for warmth.

The next morning dawned fine and clear, and another early start was made. In order to turn the icefall we had to do some interesting rock-scrambling, again carrying our ski, but after three-quarters of an hour were able to regain the glacier. Then, for nearly the first time during the journey, the snow was hard and frozen and the ski-ing good ; we accomplished the last 8 miles of ice in a very short time. The snow lasted until near the snout of the glacier, which was reached at 7.30 A.M., where we were now only 500 ft. above sea level.

Photo, E. B. Beauman.]

SECOND ICEFALL IN THE 23-MILE-LONG FRANKLIN GLACIER.
Height about 5000 ft.

[*To face p.* 84.


126°
124°
122°
52°
50°
50° N
WILLIAMS LAKE
TATLA L
Tatla Lake
Bluff Lake
Middle Lake
Twist Lake
Klinaklini R.
Coast Range
Mt. WADDINGTON
CHILKO LAKE
Taseko Lakes
Homathko R.
KNIGHT INLET
BUTE INLET
TOBA INLET
Fraser R.
EAST. RY.
GT. PACIFIC
LILLOOET
ASHCROFT
Fraser River
JERVIS INLET
Powell Lake
Str. of Georgia
Squamish
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C.P.R.
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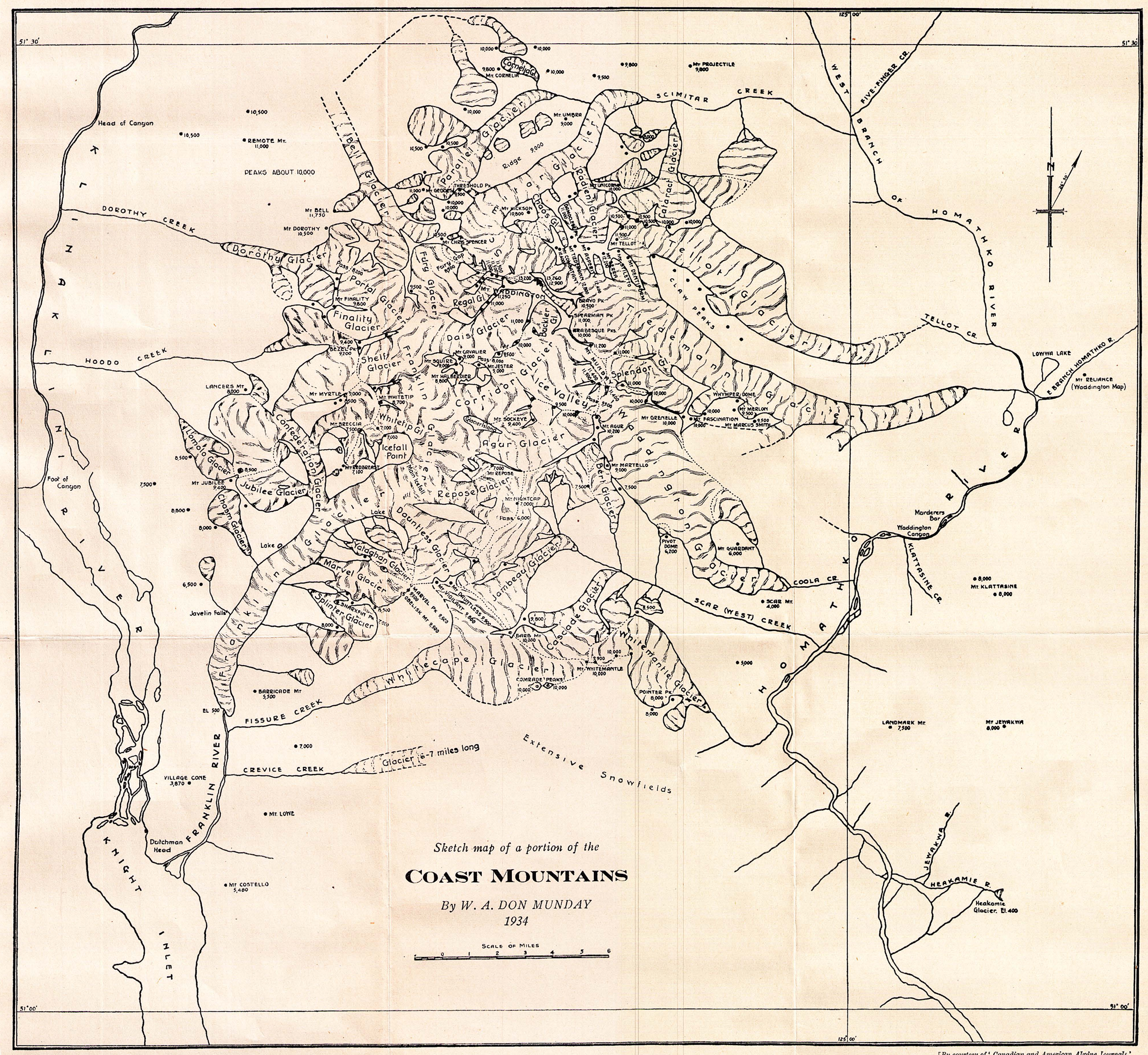

[By courtesy of 'Canadian and American Alpine Journals.'

[To face p. 298.

The party began to feel that their troubles were nearly ended ; that by nightfall they would be sleeping again in real beds and for the first time in 5 weeks having a hot bath. Little did we know the difficulties which still lay ahead of us !

From the end of Franklin Glacier the river flows for 8 miles towards Knight Inlet. On each side rise steep hills, some 3000 ft. high, thickly covered with trees and underbrush. For the first 2 miles it was possible to follow along the rocky shore of the glacier torrent, but then came the inevitable canyon forcing us up into the wooded slopes. At this point we decided to abandon the ski. Up till now they had been of immense value, and without their aid the descent of the glacier would have taken four times as long. But after this they could only be a serious hindrance. Couttet, in particular, was very loth to part with his, and in the end we had to promise him that a rescue party would collect them later. I fear that this promise has not yet been redeemed !

Before long we found ourselves in the middle of a fantastic forest of immense Douglas firs, through which it became increasingly difficult to force a way. In and out, up and down through the dense undergrowth we zigzagged, making but little progress along the steep hillside. Branches struck us in the face, great fallen tree trunks blocked the way, while the dreaded Devil's Club covered us with its prickly poisonous thorns. Yet even in the midst of our troubles we could not help appreciating the wonderful beauty of the forest. For hour after hour we struggled on, hardly knowing the direction in which we were going, when suddenly the trees thinned and, to our relief, we found ourselves on the farther side of the canyon and were able to regain the river bed. Hopes again ran high that we would reach the Inlet that night. We started burning wood fires with the idea that the smoke might be seen by anyone who might have come to the edge of the forest to find us. But then another canyon intervened and we were driven back into the woods. We were now on the side of the last high hill, known as Dutchman's Head ; beyond it lay the water. As we approached the sea the brush became thicker and thicker. We struggled wearily through it and, as though to mock our futile efforts, with their facile flight overhead two eagles soared in circles. Dusk had fallen when we suddenly came upon a wall of rock. Further progress was impossible, and, in the darkness, we had to plunge down again to the river shore. Here we were greeted by swarms of hungry tiger mosquitoes and, to avoid them, waded through the icy cold water of the river on to a sandbank. We had been going hard

for 14 hours, and the moment we reached dry ground we threw down the tent and lay upon it to try and rest. As his head touched the ground, Couttet, who had borne the chief burden of the day, dropped asleep, but Watson and I only dozed. On one side of us rushed the fast-flowing Franklin River, now grown to formidable proportions near its mouth, and, on the other, apparently an impenetrable rock wall. Must we retrace our steps through the tangled forest in an attempt to find a new route to the sea, when through the trees, only a quarter of a mile distant, Knight Inlet, our goal, gleamed in the moonlight?

But next morning the mountains seemed to have tired of their jest and, by keeping in the wood close to the river, we were able to force a way through the last 400 yards in an hour and a half. As we left the last of the trees, a marvellous sight met our eyes. The calm blue waters of the Inlet mirrored the snowy mountains and green forests, whilst from its surface thousands of great white gulls rose screaming at our approach. But, more wonderful still, a motor boat lay at anchor a short way out. We had arrived. Couttet blew shrilly on his whistle, while Watson and I waved and shouted. Then, to our delight, over the still waters an Indian came paddling in his canoe. Quickly we crowded into this frail craft. On reaching the motor boat we awakened a sleepy Norwegian, who showed no surprise at seeing us, although he had been waiting 5 days. He said that he had not been at all anxious, as he had orders to wait until our arrival, so he was sure that in the end we should come.

As the little boat chugged its way placidly down the great Inlet, we turned to take one last farewell of our Valley of Adventure. While we gazed, the great trees guarding its entrance seemed to press more closely together, and once more Mount Mystery was left to brood in peace over its wild ice kingdom, inhabited only by wolves and bears.

The South Face of the Blümlisalp.

By HANS LAUPER.

THE Blümlisalp is one of the most beautiful mountain groups of the Bernese Oberland. 'Seen from the Lake of Thun or the terrace at Berne, it displays a noble curtain of glaciers pouring down from three summits of nearly equal height.' Leslie