

missing. This is no doubt a slight exaggeration of the result of aerial reconnaissance, and yet I cannot help feeling that though we shall gain much we shall lose more.

In conclusion, I wish to make it plain that this is a purely personal account and in no way covers all the expeditions which were carried out. Many fine climbs were made both in the Maligne Lake area and at the Icefield other than those in which I was fortunate to take part. I think, however, that this paper should give a fairly general impression of the activity which went on, because, having a somewhat roving commission, I was privileged to see more of the training and to be able to climb more mountains than other members of the training team.

For map, see *A.Ĵ.* 36, opp. 94, 320, 342; see also illustrations, *A.Ĵ.* 37, between 324 and 325.

A FURTHER EXPEDITION TO THE ALA DAĞ, 1944

BY E. H. PECK

WHEN R. A. Hodgkin and I left the Ala Dağ in 1943,¹ it was with the not unsatisfactory and indeed rather pleasant realisation of how many peaks we had left unvisited and how many of its topographical problems we had left unsolved. The range thus gave ample promise of a second good climbing holiday whenever it might be possible to snatch sufficient local leave in Turkey. In February a transfer from the Embassy in Ankara to the Consulate in Adana brought me much nearer the Taurus range and arrangements for this year's expedition were consequently more easily made. The Consulate was also fortunate in having as a mountain rest house a chalet, 1200 m. up among the pines and cedars of Bürücek near Pozanti, and this made a convenient assembly and jumping off point.

Robin Hodgkin had plans for joining L. H. Hurst (A.C.), Consul-General in Istanbul and myself in a second foray into the Ala Dağ, but events took him to England instead. Hurst and I were therefore joined by Donald Brander, whose home is in Arran, and Arthur Humphreys, an enthusiastic novice who had never climbed before, but whose powers of endurance and unfailing good humour made him the best of companions on a mountain.

Brander arrived in Adana towards the end of June and nobly spent two whole days in the humid heat purchasing the expedition's stores,

¹ *A.Ĵ.* 54. 235 *sqq.*

of which not the least essential proved to be the medical supplies. Finally, when the last grain of *bulgur* (crushed grain) had been squeezed into our bulging sacks, we set out for Bürücek by car on the afternoon of Sunday, July 2. The following day was spent partly in a scramble on the limestone cliffs behind Bürücek and partly in a dry exhausting walk to confirm the arrangements made for hiring our pack horses. Our two good men, Mehmet and Hanife, of last year, were unfortunately busy with their harvesting and sent substitutes: Feyzi, Mehmet's son, a young lad of 16, who proved willing and helpful, and Ali, a bit of a grumbler and scrounger but nevertheless reliable. On Tuesday, July 4, we met the Istanbul members of the party, Hurst and Humphreys, who arrived at Pozanti by the Taurus Express. The rest of the afternoon was spent in a feverish repacking of our cases and bundles, discarding what we feared might be last straws on the ponies' backs. These fears proved unfounded and over 200 kilos were loaded without strain on the horses early on the Wednesday morning. Our start was actually made from the Akköprü (White Bridge) some 5 miles north of Pozanti and 40 minutes' drive from Bürücek.

Here we began the now familiar walk over the low pine-covered saddle of Findikli with its frequent fountains offering refreshing draughts of spring water every few miles, and so down into the broad open valley of the Gürgün Su. Making good headway we reached Cevizlik at 5 P.M. and camped for the night on an island in the river. This site did not, however, keep away the procession of the maimed, the halt but fortunately not the blind, who splashed their way across to us in the pathetic hope that with our scanty medical supplies, and even scantier knowledge, we could cure their ills. We did what little we could and trusted that in curable cases the sturdy constitution of the Turkish peasant would do the rest.

On the following day we started up the track which led round the corner of the steep cliffs which here form the south-west outpost of the Ala Dağ and reached the shrine at Emli, last year's base camp, by midday. Our friend Mustafa Emli was away on business and, there being nothing to detain us at Emli, the early hour induced us to push on to make a high camp with hopes of a peak the next day. An hour and a half's steep climb up the grassy slopes behind Emli brought us to a *yaila*, or summer pasturage, where a welcome bowl of *airan* (sour butter milk beaten up in water) refreshed us for the final pull up. We emerged on a shoulder which ran down from the Tümse Dağ, separating the *yaila* from the intermittent torrent which marks the Yalak Dere. Our evening destination was the still vacant alp of Yalak, the nearer of the two possible camp sites for Demirkazik, and we reached it after twenty minutes' steepish descent over screes and rocks—rather trying for the heavily laden pack horses. We found ourselves at 2100 m. in a shallow grassy hollow with a level floor, an ice-cold spring as it were on the doorstep and plenty of furze and scrub vegetation for fuel—in other words, a perfect camp site.

DEMIRKAZIK

Encouraged by our rapid arrival at a high camp and by the promise of settled weather, Brander, Humphreys and I decided to repeat last year's route on Demirkazik. If successful this would give Humphreys his first peak. A start at 5.45 A.M. brought us in half an hour into the Yalacik cirque and, thanks to a welcome goat track, a much easier route up the heartbreaking screes at the foot of the W. ridge was found. By 8 o'clock we had reached the saddle giving access to the snow couloir. The lower thousand feet of the couloir were good going on hard snow, but, in the upper section above the fork, the fortnight's difference in time from last year meant that the steep narrow band of snow had mostly vanished to reveal a series of rocky steps. These, however, presented no particular difficulty and added some variety. We made good progress upwards and in due course gained the 'waterfall' of last year, but as most of the snow slope above had disappeared, there was only a small trickle and not a miniature torrent pouring down your shirt front as you struggled up the pitch. Donald Brander led up the last hour of steep rock in fine style, with the result that we reached the W. summit at 12.45, seven hours from the camp, and the E. summit a quarter of an hour later. Humphreys was congratulated on his excellent performance and on the distinction of making the fourth ascent of Demirkazik as his first high peak. The excessive heat on the summit and some ominous shreds of mist made us hurry off the top at 2.30 P.M. and, after an uneventful descent, of which the best part was the thousand foot glissade in the couloir, we reached Yalak at 6.30, to be greeted with bowls of *yoghurt* (sour butter milk) and tea.

TO YEDI GÖL

The next day, July 8, was devoted to a well earned rest in our pleasant surroundings and to discussing with Hurst, who had the day before made a valuable reconnaissance of the Yalak Dere, the possibility of getting loaded horses by this route into Yedi Göl basin. We came reluctantly to the conclusion that the first steep section of the gorge would make this impossible and decided that Brander and I should carry up a small tent and food for two days for a short stay in the Yedi Göl, while Hurst and Humphreys followed round the chain of alps below the Tümse Dağ to establish a camp above the great meadow of Sirmalik. A rough map was sketched to direct them to the site which Robin Hodgkin and I had used last year for our ascent of Kaldi Dağ. We knew that a moderately easy route led out of the Yedi Göl basin to this camp and reckoned on being able to make it with heavy packs.

On Sunday, July 9, Brander and I left Yalak at 7.30 A.M. and had the advantage of a horse to carry our packs for the first three quarters of an hour up to a point where the rocks close in on both sides of the valley, leaving a steep and narrow passage of very loose scree which

we judged inadvisable for laden horses. Shouldering our burdens we made our laborious way up this step and in less than half an hour emerged on an evil ankle-breaking scree from which we were glad to be able to escape to some streaks of snow in the valley floor. Thanks to the morning mist playing about the arc of the impressive Tımse Dağ crags on our right, these streaks of snow kept firm and we were able to make good progress up the valley. Perhaps it was this change in temperature which made us fail to agree with the purgatorial description of this valley given by Hurst. The N.W. face of Hisar Dağ lay close before us but the summit was hidden in cloud. Bearing to the left of it and leaving to the right a pass connecting with the head of 'Scree Valley,' we passed a welcome spring gushing from the rocks at the spot which Hurst had warned us to expect as a false pass. Twenty minutes later we were standing on the broad scree saddle of the true pass (*ca.* 3550 m.). The ascent had taken us $3\frac{3}{4}$ hours and had been less severe than we had expected. Beyond, all was still clear of mist and as we looked across the basin of the Yedi Göl (Seven Lakes), the lakes themselves being still hidden by a scree shoulder, the jumbled mass of ranges which has received the geographer's label of Anti-Taurus stretched before us to the eastern horizon. After a short rest we crossed the intervening shoulder and from this Pisgah saw below us the Promised Land of the Yedi Göl. Beyond the principal lake there rose an attractive rock monolith not unlike an elongated policeman's helmet, which the Germans had first climbed and had dubbed the Klagenfurter Turm. Less than an hour's walk brought us at noon to the level of the lakes where, after some deliberation, we selected a camp site beside a shallow pool in the mistaken hope that it would be sheltered from the prevailing wind.

KLAGENFURTER TURM

After dumping our packs and devouring a rapid lunch we set out across the hummocky basin of the Yedi Göl towards our afternoon's objective, the Klagenfurter Turm. As far as we could ascertain, no local name has been given to this prominent rock mass and, until one is laid down, it will avoid confusion to stick to the German label, however unsuitable. The cliffs of the tower, convex in the upper reaches, drop sheer on the north side in smooth waterworn bands of rock for a thousand feet to the largest of the lakes. This side was clearly out of the question, but on the south a kind of pulpit abutted against the tower at about one third of its height and the nick between this pulpit and the main tower appeared to indicate the weak spot of the defence. A tiresome ten minutes up a steep scree followed by some easy but loose rocks brought us to this nick, which, as we had judged, proved the key to the position. A series of gullies ran down from the summit as tributaries to the gully separating the pulpit from the main tower, but all ended in hopeless overhangs. Only the gully descending towards the nick was accessible from the nick itself



Photo. E. H. Peck.]

KLAGENFURTER TURM FROM S. ROUTE LIES UP CRACK LEADING TO GAP BETWEEN SUMMITS.

[To face p. 48.]

by an upward traverse across some fifteen feet of slab offering only the barest finger holds. This slab was ably negotiated by Brander and we found ourselves at the foot of the first of a series of gullies which led to the summit. A pleasant feeling of uncertainty awaited us as we approached the head of each of these gullies, but each time an easy traverse brought us over to the foot of the next section of the ascent. After less than fifty minutes' steep but not difficult climbing we reached the dip between the twin summits and a couple of minutes on murderous scree took us to the German cairn on the higher point. The whole ascent had taken two and a half hours.

The isolated position of the Klagenfurter Turm, which projects into the centre of the Yedi Göl basin, gave us an excellent opportunity of studying the topography which was almost entirely new to me. To the W. and N. the hummocky and tarn-strewn expanse of the Yedi Göl basin revealed itself, by its striated rocks and obvious *Gletschermühlen*, as the bottom of an extinct glacier system. Three of these glaciers had once united at the focal point of the basin, just below our belvedere. The joint glacier probably ended at the principal lake (over half a mile in diameter), since this has no visible outlet but is barred off by a terminal moraine from the valley dropping steeply eastward to the Barzama alp in the Zamanti Su valley complex. Most of the lakes, which numbered many more than the conventional seven of the name, are in independent hollows and are fed by the melting of the snows on their northern slopes. Only a few of the central lakes flow into one another to form a brawling stream which empties itself into the main lake. But apart from the interest of the Yedi Göl basin, which in itself would provide a wealth of walks and scrambles, the surrounding hills were to us objects of even greater delight. To the N.W. a corner of Demirkazik peeped over some intervening scree summits. Then, swinging to the W., the eye passed over the saddle we had crossed that morning to be immediately arrested by the fine mass of the N.E. and E. faces of Hisar Dağ. This mountain, which from the W. hides itself so coyly in the midst of the massif that it has neither name nor spot-height, here presents a mile of pinnacled and battlemented ridge terminating in an imposing wedge shaped peak. It was at once clear what little impression Robin Hodgkin and I had made last year on this ridge, which, if tackled with a full knowledge of what it implied, would provide one of the best climbs in the region. On the N.E. a long narrow couloir runs up to the summit of Hisar Dağ, providing the only direct means of access from this side. The couloir was partially filled with snow, and probably with ice as well, and looked dangerously liable to stonefall. Continuing our panorama to the S., we rapidly passed over the scree ridge which had formed last year's lengthy approach to Hisar Dağ and paused to examine the jumble of rock face and snow couloir which forms the southern end of the Yedi Göl basin. Behind this, a group of clouds marked the invisible summit of Kaldi Dağ. The easterly continuation of the ridge swung in towards our 'Turm' and presented



Photo, E. H. Peck.]

PASCHINGERBERG FROM THE 'HINGE.' LOOKING E.

the sheer-cut face of a sharp peak which we guessed to be the 'Künnegipfel.' Next to this came a minor peak at the point where the subsidiary ridge from the southern foot of the Klagenfurter Turm joins the main ridge system. This summit represents a 'hinge' point at which the main ridge swings due E. to run out in the triple summit of the 'Paschingerberg.' This mountain presented to us an imposing precipice of ruddy yellow rock bands streaked with black water trickles, dropping for over 2000 ft. to well below the foot of our lookout point. Away to the E. the Anti-Taurus unfolded its tangle of forest ranges.

The half hour on the summit was a pleasant and profitable one, but black threatening clouds were blowing up over the peaks to the N. and the top was no place for us. The descent proved easier than we had expected and even the slab above the nick presented no difficulties to a trouser seat which enjoyed the frictional advantages of the local variety of tweed. We raced back to our packs by six o'clock and had set up the tent before the first gust of the storm burst upon us. Heavy rain fell and a high wind blew for the next two hours, but snugly enjoying a good meal inside we knew that the storm could not rob us of one of the best days of the whole trip.

SIX YEDI GÖL SUMMITS

Monday, July 10, proved also to be one of our best days. The storm blew itself out in the night and we woke to a cloudless and fresh, indeed chilly morning. When on the Klagenfurter Turm we had planned the Paschingerberg as our next objective and, setting out as late as 8.15 A.M., we reached the 'hinge' peak in an easy hour and a half up rocks where yesterday's snow trickles were still frozen hard. From this point the S. side of the Paschingerberg disclosed itself and promised an easy, almost too easy conquest. A stroll along the ridge followed by a short scramble up shallow rock gullies liberally sprinkled with scree brought us in less than an hour to the first of the three summits, which range from 3500 to 3600 m. A further ten minutes took us to the central summit and another twenty up some curiously dissected boiler plates to the third and highest point. This summit, the last outpost of the Ala Dağ to the E., gave us our best view over the complex of the Zamanti Su and Göksu river systems, a region without roads or railways, where communication is by bridle tracks only. To the S. we saw to our surprise another interesting section of the Ala Dağ, the existence of which we had not even suspected last year. We took this to be the Turasan Dağ and its outliers and we wished we could have tackled what are probably virgin peaks. Unfortunately they are not readily accessible from our side of the range and time would not allow us to make the long détour round to the alps S. of Barzama which would be the real starting point.

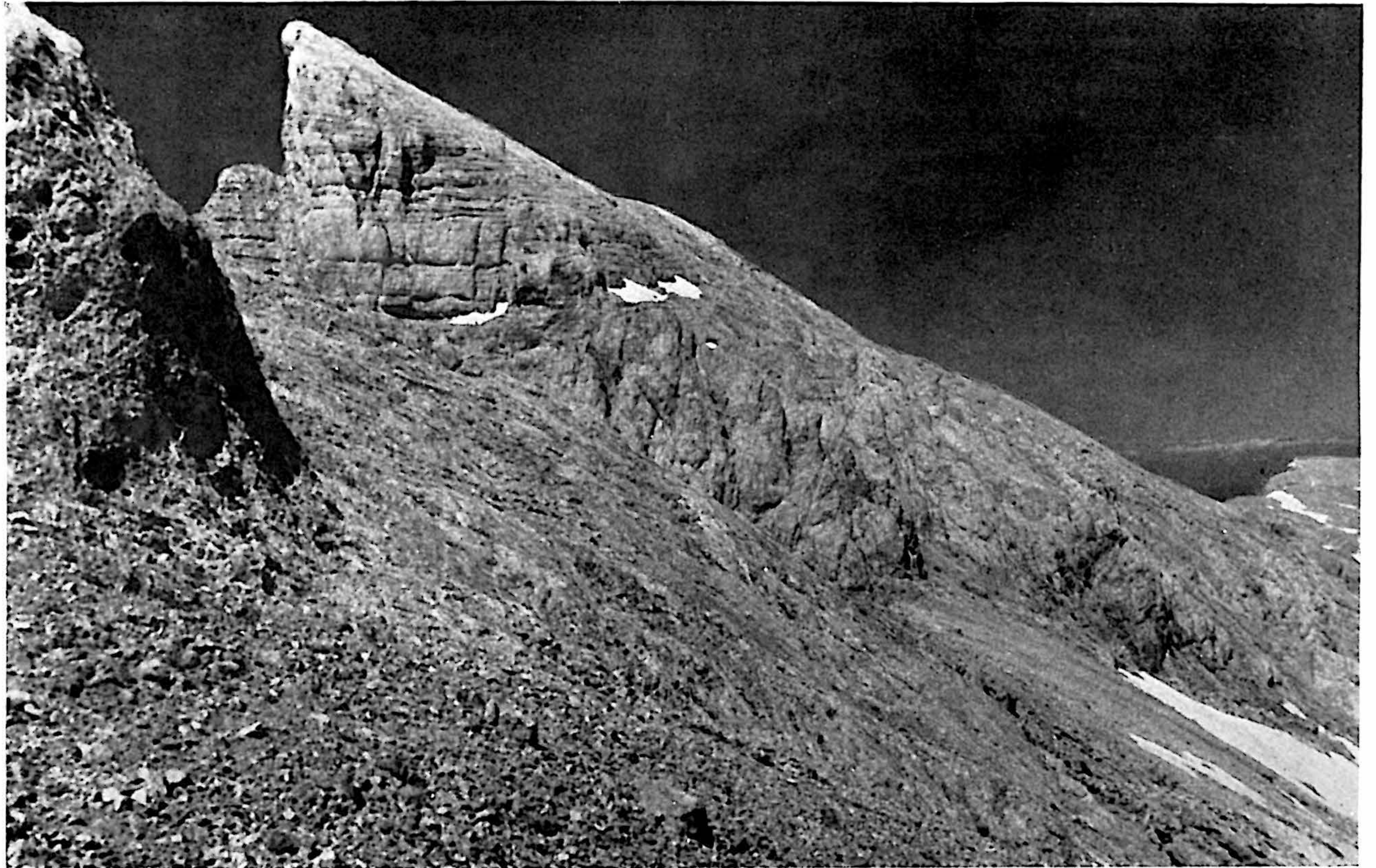
Returning in a very short time to our rucksacks at the 'hinge,' we lunched and dozed on the shadeless rocks and gazed at the temptingly easy rocks of the N. face of the Künnegipfel. It was not yet two o'clock



Photo, E. H. Peck.]

UNKNOWN PEAKS SEEN TO THE S.E. FROM PASCHINGERBERG-KÜNNEGIPFEL RIDGE.

[To face p. 49.]



Photo, E. H. Peck.]

KÜNNEGIPFEL FROM THE S.

and with a little effort we could obviously add another summit to the four we had already climbed. So we strolled along the ridge to the foot of the Künnegipfel and began to scramble up the scree-strewn terraces at its base, making for a red gully which appeared to lead out directly below the summit. Suddenly, however, the terraces tilted more sharply the wrong way, the little gullies swept down in an ugly vista to the valley a long way below, the scree, and with it the holds, became looser, and the whole summit ridge reared itself up into something rather different from the easy scramble we had anticipated. We roped up and zigzagged up to a level terrace where a patch of shade enabled me to make a partial recovery from the effects of lunch in the Cilician sunshine. Brander then ably led up the 'red gully,' which turned out to be a steep face of detachable blocks not unlike the looser parts of Godstow Nunnery, and with some relief we soon found ourselves on the overhanging platform of the summit. The descent on the far (S.E.) side was easy scree and rock but a direct way down from the col at the foot of the Künnegipfel to the Yedi Göl basin was not feasible. We were consequently obliged to include a sixth peak in our day's bag before we could take a scree and snow route back to the lakes. In spite of this we reached camp at the early hour of 5.15 P.M. It had been a good day but we paid for it by the effects of the broiling sun during the next two days.

TO KALDI DAĞ

Our food was running low and, as the others were expecting us, we were reluctantly obliged to leave the Yedi Göl on July 11, but not before we had spent a pleasant hour and a half wandering over the green, flower-sprinkled turf which surrounds the more important of the tarns. The night had been cold and half an inch of ice on our shallow pool disturbed us by its anxious creakings. The larger lakes were warmer even in the early morning sun and Brander braved a dip in the principal lake, despite the banks of snow which threatened to 'calve' from the further shore. Following up the young brawling torrent which, dodging in and out of decaying snow patches, linked the main lakes, we came upon some coarse grass, sheltering in its midst some tufts of *Gentiana vernalis*—enough to bring a poignant reminder that the Alps did after all offer more than these barren Anatolian heights. Nevertheless the wealth of flowers on the patches of turf was remarkable and clearly indicated that July was springtime at the Yedi Göl.

At ten o'clock we again shouldered our heavy packs and trudged upward on a weary diagonal course over scree and soft snow to a saddle on the prolongation of the Hisar Dağ ridge. We reached this saddle at 12.30 P.M., but a direct crossing would have brought us down to Sirmalik, too low in the Emlî Boğaz for our purposes. We thus followed the ridge a short way southwards over an intervening peak to gain the head of the valley up which Robin Hodgkin and I had

toiled last year on our way to Hisar Dağ. We were disappointed to find no sign of Hurst and Humphreys in this valley as they had promised to come up to meet us on that day, but we learnt later that they had taken another valley and had reached a new summit which added considerably to our topographical knowledge. We picked our way painfully down the stony valley and were relieved to catch a glimpse of our second green tent pitched on the identical site used last year for the ascent of Kaldi Dağ. Slipping and stumbling down scree which was not scree but the decaying upper nine inches of interminable slabs, we reached camp at 4.15 P.M., rather tired after what we had expected to be an easy day.

Hurst and Humphreys had meanwhile spent two days in valuable reconnaissance: one day at the head of the valley in which the camp was situated and one on the north-western approaches to Kaldi Dağ, by which we hoped to force a new route up our old friend, the principal peak of the region. July 12 was therefore voted a rest day which was spent in trying to dodge the ever present sun and in preparation for the assault on Kaldi Dağ. Ali, the grumbler, was sent on a (to him) agreeable mission to the fleshpots of Bereketli Maden where he was to despatch a telegram making arrangements for a car to meet us at the Akköprü on the following Sunday afternoon.

On Thursday, July 13, the weather was as firmly fine as on the two previous days and Brander, Humphreys, in spite of the weakness of his footwear, and myself set off at 5.45 A.M. up the tumbled moraines which form a distinctive feature of the view of the lower section of the N. face of Kaldi Dağ.² In an hour we reached the uppermost moraine at the edge of a high névé basin at the foot of the N. face. We bore round its western end to gain the rocks which led up to the foot of a broad shield-shaped snowfield high on the western outlier of Kaldi. Keeping along the lower edge of this snowfield, we dropped into a subsidiary couloir to the left and soon reached the point at which Humphreys and Hurst, having no rope, had prudently turned back. Here it was necessary to cross a steep snow gully leading down to the main couloir separating our outlier from the N.W. face of Kaldi proper. A scale of ice covering some loose rocks was soon removed and a few steps on the snow of the couloir brought the leader to a good stance from which to hold Humphreys as he climbed into a shallow cave on the right bank of the gully. Then Brander led on, up steep but inward sloping rocks, in and out of damp little gullies, to emerge on the skyline by a crescent of snow which led us to the unexpectedly flat scree plateau which forms the N.W. shoulder of Kaldi. All this had taken time, some five hours from camp, and I began to fear that, although not so tricky, this route would take us longer than the one followed last year on the E. face, but a glance up the W. face above us showed that Kaldi had surrendered. A scree walk up the face followed by a pleasant airy scramble along the ridge brought us unexpectedly out on the summit in fifty minutes from the

² See photograph facing *A. J.* 54. 240.

East face route KALDI DAČ *N.W. route* LUDUT DAČ



Photo, L. H. Hurst.]

KALDI DAČ AND LUDUT DAČ.

[To face p. 52.]

BULGAR DAĞ (TAURUS).

LUDUT DAĞ.



Photo, E. H. Peck.]

TAURUS MAIN RANGE (IN DISTANCE) AND LUDUT DAĞ FROM SUMMIT OF KALDI DAĞ ; LOOKING S.E.

shoulder and in less than six hours from camp. The ensuing summit rest was one of the most enjoyable. Kaldi Dağ being on the southern perimeter, we could look northwards, past Demirkazık, Hisar Dağ and our friends of the Yedi Göl group, over the cloudless haze of the Anatolian plateau to where the snowy summit of Mount Argaeus floated like a cloud some seventy miles away, while southwards the humidity of the Cilician plain rose up to condense in a layer of fluffy clouds some 2000 ft. below us. Every now and then one of these clouds would boil up in a tuft of vapour which threatened to engulf us. To the E. there marched a stately row of towering cumulus, counterfeiting an imaginary snowy range of mountains beyond the Anti-Taurus. In the distance long banks of high cloud marked the position of the invisible Amanus mountains, the Lebanon range and the hills of Cyprus. Snow buntings hopped fearlessly around us and an Alpine swift did aerobatics at a dizzy speed round our heads, furious at this violation of his summit. Even the best things come to an end and at 1.15 P.M. we reluctantly started on the descent which, for the sake of the traverse, we decided to make by last year's E. face route. Humphreys' local boots were by this time in a really bad way and, in addition to achieving the distinction of being the first man to ascend Kaldi Dağ with only three nails, he was well on the way towards making the first descent with a sole flapping round the uppers. The loose rocks of the E. face did not improve matters but he was securely held on the centre of the rope and his natural agility made him anything but a passenger. In contrast to last year, the upper part of the face was less snow-covered, but an even greater multitude of loose rocks filled the air with the smell of cordite as we hurled them out of our route. The familiar traverse brought us to the notch and gully which are the secret of the E. face route and so to the final delicate ten yard traverse out of the gully. This had suffered somewhat during the winter by the collapse of one of the slabs loosely pinned on the surface; it suffered still further by our prising loose two more doubtful slabs, and if the dilapidation continues, a new variation of the route will have to be sought. From the end of the traverse a few cautious steps on steep snow followed by a grand glissade brought us back to camp just twelve hours after we had left it.

LAMB AND LUDUT

Ali had returned from Emli with an insistent invitation from Mustafa Emli that we should all attend a feast he intended to offer in our honour. This did not quite fit in with our plans as we wished to camp the following night in the Gecepinar valley in preparation for the traverse of Ludut on our way home. So on the next day, July 14, Hurst and Brander took the pack horses and, much to the disgust of Ali who had foreseen a share in the feast, led them upwards from Sirmalik meadow past the pinnacle of the Direk Taş, to establish a high camp. During the day, Brander scrambled to a point on one

of the ridges running N. from Ludut and picked up a horn which Hurst identified as that of a moufflon. Meanwhile Humphreys and I, in order not to disappoint our generous host, made the two-hour trek down to Emlı where we were most hospitably entertained with excellent roast lamb, 'Devonshire' cream and *yoghurt*. I took the opportunity of questioning Mustafa Emlı, who showed a lively interest in our expeditions, as to the local names for the mountains, but, except for the prominent peaks such as Demirkazık, no particular names are assigned by the peasants to the peaks. Their interest lies in the pasturages which have distinct names, and this system of nomenclature, which I understand to be common in most mountain regions undeveloped from the climbing point of view, accounts for the name 'Esnewit' given by the Germans to Kaldi Dağ, for Kaldi is the most prominent feature of the view from the alp of Esnewit, directly above Emlı. A confusion between a local guide's name for the *yaila* on which they stood and the Germans' eagerness for the name of the peak is only to be expected. After more than two hours' talk on these and other topics, we rose to take our leave, only to find that the generosity of our host had surpassed itself by the slaughter of a lamb which he insisted on our taking back to camp. A small boy and a donkey were provided to carry these twenty or more pounds of fresh meat, and at 3.45 P.M. we set off at a good pace back up the Emlı valley. We urged the small boy as far as what we took to be the Gecepınar (Night Spring) which was flowing merrily in the valley below the Direk Taş where, at 6 P.M., the sun had already set. The others who had passed in the morning had found only the merest trickle and so had pushed on much higher. Little Ziya was anxious to return to Emlı before dark, so we removed his saddle bags, stuffed with fresh lamb and dry wood gathered on the way, and staggered upwards for the best part of an hour to a point at which the camp came into sight, a long way ahead across a basin of boulders. Dropping our unwieldy burden, we hurried on and sent back one of the horses to pick up our present. Morsels of lamb were eagerly hacked off by Ali and Feyzi and, grilled and salted, they provided a welcome evening meal at what proved to be our coldest camp, without tents at 2500 metres in a sunless wind-swept valley.

Saturday, July 15, was to be our last day in the mountains and we were determined to make the most of it. The pack horses were to go down to Emlı and take the easy way round the base of the Ala Dağ to Cevizlik where we would join them for the night. Hurst, Humphreys, Brander and myself started at 7.30 A.M. for the Cevizlik Kapu pass which was reached an hour later. Although this pass was reputed to provide a route for animals across the range later in the season, a long snow slope at the summit on the N. side made it clearly impassable at the moment. From the pass, which is distinctly visible from Adana on a clear day, we turned W. along the perimeter of the range and after a couple of hours' easy scrambling along a pleasant ridge, reached the summit of Ludut Dağ at 10.30 A.M. The view

was much the same as from Kaldi two days before, except that Kaldi herself unfolded the curtainlike drapery of her impressive western wall. A cool wind tempered the summit heat and by noon we were ready to start down by the W. face which had been ascended by Hurst, Hodgkin and myself last year. This proved much easier than we had expected, and from its foot long streaks of snow bore us as on winged feet swiftly and smoothly down to the alps which ring the southern edge of the Ala Dağ. A little stumbling over some limestone country brought us to a good track leading past the reed-covered and unattractive Koca Göl (lake). Hopes of a bathe were disappointed only to be raised again as, on turning a bend in the path, we saw a crystal spring dashing and foaming down the hillside. A pleasant hour and a half vanished in drinking and bathing, to be followed by a delightful walk down the gorge, through fir trees and beside the brawling brook, an unusual feature in the otherwise rather arid Ala Dağ. The gorge ended close to Cevizlik where we found our horses and packs waiting for us on our island camp, but it was not long before our 'patients,' this time including syphilitics and paralytics, were clamouring for attention. Our treatment brought some welcome gifts of fresh fruit, and even fish from the river.

On July 16 we retraced our steps along the well known valley of the Gürgün Su and could hardly restrain the eagerness of Ali and Feyzi to regain their homes. Our appointment at the Akköprü was, however, for 4 P.M. and, by dint of spinning out the noontide rest, we arrived at the bridge to the minute, only to find that the other party to the appointment had been delayed and arrived three quarters of an hour later. Then we were borne swiftly back to the chalet at Bürücek. Here we separated and went our various ways again after a full and refreshing ten days in the Ala Dağ, which may one day, but I trust not in the near future, become the mountain tourist centre of the Near East.

THE EIGERJOCH

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

WE are much indebted to Capt. D. F. O. Dangar for supplying the following narrative, which is taken from a paper read before the Alpine Club on March 16, 1860, and forms an interesting parallel to Leslie Stephen's famous account in *The Playground of Europe*.—EDITOR.

THE season of 1859 will not be easily forgotten by any mountaineer who had the good fortune to ramble among the high Alps in the autumn of that year. The long continued summer drought had made me apprehensive of a wet August; but the mountain weather of that month was on the whole extremely brilliant, and finer than I ever before experienced among the Alps. The heat had thoroughly