

effort. Free climbing is the order of the day even in the upper grades of difficulty, mostly on small round holds, very demanding on the nerves and finger tips. There are only 4 routes where étriers and screw pitons are required.

All the climbs, faces, ridges and towers, are concentrated in a very small area so that the starts of the various climbs are quickly reached. It is quite possible for good climbers to accomplish from 20 to 30 ascents in a day and as the rocks are up to 60m in height intensive training climbs can be undertaken without much waste of time. The most rewarding climbs are as follows: Bismarckgrat III; Bockgrat and Blockgrat IV; Durlacher Wandl and Eidechse V-; Schleirante V- (2 run-outs and 2 pitons!); Freundschaft V; Neue Falkenwand VI-.

A guide to the Battert was published in 1975 and is obtainable from the German Alpine Club, Section Baden-Baden.

Mountains in the *Strand* (Notes on a sickroom expedition)

Kevin FitzGerald

Anyone familiar with the last 50 volumes of the *Alpine Journal*, and who is not, is aware that over the years the pattern has scarcely changed. There was little to choose in reproving acerbity between Keenlyside and Coolidge. The heartiness of Mummery, which grates on a modern ear no less acutely than, say, 'The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney', is now reflected all too clearly in the laboured understatements of guideless tigers.

The scholar-mountaineer has seldom held his own against the writing climber or the unimaginative leader compelled to report the doings of his expeditions, and now that translations from the Ish, accompanied by summit photographs which might just as well have been taken upon some handy crag are to be set beside the matchless stories of Freshfield or Schuster perhaps the time has come to leave the whole thing in the hands of novelists and other professional writers. It is, after all, not yet 40 years since one of the greatest bow oarsmen who ever rowed for Cambridge described to this writer an epic defeat of Oxford in the following sentence: 'Well, er, one rowed, and one rowed, and after a bit one could see them. Then Richard called out "Easy all" and there it was. Most exhausting.' Ouida did better than that.

Some years ago the writer was compelled, after a prolonged tour in the USA, to take things rather more easily on some fracture boards in a London Clinic. It was while re-reading Mummery (and some admirable Noyce) that the thought came to him that his long and patiently collected run of *Strand Magazines* (the first number appeared in January 1891 towards the end of the second Golden Age of Alpinism), might provide, after only the gentlest of researches, a great deal of misleading information about mountains of a kind likely to entertain the climber of to-day. Volume one was opened and pay ore struck on page 69.

Filippo, no mountaineer he, has been led up a pretty steep path by Fenice, the Maid of Treppi. He is frightened, and also full of her secretly administered love potion. Not caring for either of the sensations, he tries to find his own way down

and soon enters the classic situation of the chasm and the precipice. Without hesitation he clears the one ('At a single bound') and climbs the other. There are some trifling difficulties on this, his first climb. 'Suddenly he was seized with the fear that after all his trouble he would not be able to reach his destination. The blood went to his head more and more; he abused the infernal wine that he had swallowed in the morning . . . Be a man, Filippo; forward, the summit is before you; but a short while and this cursed haunted mountain will be left behind for ever.' He continues this curious reversed method of going down a mountain until suddenly he comes upon Fenice, her eyes, 'terrifyingly bursting with love', sitting upon a rock. Thereupon, 'He bursts into a peal of terrible laughter and slowly, as though he fought hard for each step, his eyes fixed and staring at the girl, he staggered and fell back into the ravine behind him'. Fenice climbs down to find him. 'His coat was torn and his right leg seemed hurt.'

Fenice tackles the problem of rescue. 'She seemed to be endowed with a giant's strength as she began to climb the steep ascent carrying the helpless man in her arms. But it was a weary way. Four times she laid him down on the mossy rocks. He was still unconscious.' Fenice gets her man of course, but not before she has rather daringly torn off some of her clothes for bandages, and rounded up the local banditti as a carrying party. When she takes him over the Apennines and out of the story (which is translated from the German of Paul Hayse), he is rather sensibly, 'on a steady horse which his betrothed led by the bridle.'

For our first real climber we must get into Volume 2, (July/December 1891), and the great Professor Tyndall in 'Celebrities at Play'. He comes off badly in a general account of Richelieu jumping over furniture, Peter the Great being wheeled in a perambulator over his neighbour's flower beds and Pope Innocent III engaged in ninepins, but he gets a mention; 'If Professor Tyndall instead of climbing the Alps were to copy Rousseau and roll boulders down Primrose Hill he too would quickly achieve an unenviable notoriety.'

It was in Volume 2 that Bret Harte made his bow to the British reader with 'The Postmistress of Laurel Run'. This lady, like all her generation a stickler for the proprieties, wastes precious time in 'a mercy dash' while improvising a side saddle and a riding habit out of a collection of blankets but this done her chosen mount, Blue Lightning, though 'acrid with perspiration, caking with dust and groggily staggering in a red dusty dream', makes nothing of galloping over the Continental Divide.

A few pages later an early sea-mountaineer makes his appearance. On the summit of a Norwegian mountain stands Aslang Hussaby, daughter of old Canute Hussaby. She is, for the purpose of half-tone illustration, clinging to a birch tree peering down the indented side of a precipice. We are told that the birch tree is trembling, and well it might since, 'Down below at the foot of the rocky wall she saw a boat fastened. It looked like a tiny nutshell for it was very far down. She looked again and saw a fur cap and under it the figure of a man climbing up the steep and barren cliff.' Thor Nettet is on his way. This is a sensational climb and old Canute when he hears of it brings his fist down on the table with a tremendous crash. 'The lad deserves her', he cried, 'the girl shall be his.'

Volume 3 has much to detain us. Sir John Lubbock introducing us to 'Beauty in Nature' points out that no one who has seen them can ever forget 'The Alps, the Swiss lakes or the Riviera' and that 'not everyone can see Switzerland like Ruskin or Tyndall', but he makes up for this with a superb quotation from Hamerton's

79 Original illustrations from the Strand Magazine

a 'She began to descend the mountainside'
b 'I gripped the rope and let myself down'



'Landscape'. 'I know nothing in the visible world that combines splendour and purity so perfectly as a great mountain entirely covered with frozen snow and reflected in the vast mirror of a lake. As the sun declines its thousand shadows lengthen, pure as the cold green-azure in the depth of a glacier's crevasse and the illuminated snow takes first the tender colour of a white rose and then the flush of a red one and the sky turns to a pale malachite green till the rare strange vision fades into ghastly grey but leaves with you a permanent recollection of its too transient beauty.' Later in the same volume Sir John takes us into the Alps and sounds an early note of popular science with an adaptation of Bull on 'The Formation of Alpine Valleys and Lakes'. A slightly confused picture emerges from the similes of

wrinkled apples and crumpled paper and Sir John breaks out of the frame by returning to some over-written Tyndall and thence to Cotopaxi, Chimborazo and Fujiyama.

There is a good story at the end of the volume by Grant Allen in which an artist works steadily at his grand Academy picture 'The Seven Mountains from the Summit of the Petersberg.' After a racing baronet tells him that, 'He'd caught the colour of the jolly good light on the Tingumbob-berg', he most properly steals the baronet's wallet, only to be overcome by conscience and told for his pains (after confession and restitution) that 'You are a deuced clever fellow and you can paint like one o'clock. That's a precious good thing of yours, that view of the ramshackle old schloss on the Drachenfels. Pay me back when you're elected to the Academy'.

Volume 4 gets away to a good start with 'The Story of Mont Blanc' by Mr J. E. Muddock, FRGS, who had to earn his fee the hard way without benefit of the researches of Dr Graham Brown and Sir Gavin de Beer. But he makes his points. There is Young Balmat with 'The eye of an eagle, the strength and endurance of a lion and the dauntless courage of a true man'. Dr Paccard also fits well into Mr Muddock's thrilling story of 8 August, 1786. After the first ascent the article degenerates into a catalogue of disasters on the mountain but ends properly with the sad death of the gold seeking Jaques Balmat.

We go on to 'The Jasper Vale of the Falling Star' by Charles J. Mansford, the second story of a series 'Shafts from an Eastern Quiver', which contains a wonderful rock climbing sequence and perhaps the earliest fictional reference to the advantage of bare feet on thin holds. The passage starts with a woman uttering a plaintive cry and beginning to descend a precipice on the far side of a valley. The narrator and his friend Denviers (almost the writer's favourite character in English fiction) declare their intention 'to scale the precipice on this side and to meet her as she reaches the valley below.' It will not have escaped the attentive reader that this is the second time in 4 *Strand* volumes that lower ground is sought by climbing. The excitement increases. "I doubt whether you would reach the bottom alive or not," I responded. "There are possibly plenty of adventures in store for us without risking this descent. Still I feel, too, a strange desire to learn this woman's history and if you run the risk of climbing down I will certainly follow."

Off they go, the white clad woman (a quick mover on rock) being now 200 yards beneath them. 'The jagged projections tore our garments and lacerated our hands and feet badly *for we had bared the latter for the purpose of obtaining a firmer foothold than we might otherwise have done.*' They have a rest halfway down but, 'Exhausted and with every bone in our bodies aching we reached the valley at last and like two men who had just escaped death we grasped each other's hand firmly for a moment.' They follow the lady into a kind of Monolith Crack and the story falls to pieces. 'We have had a strange adventure. I hope we shall soon find our way out of this valley.'

There is a North Wales story (the first?) by H. Greenhough Smith. A Mr Roger Carboyne is on a riding tour with a friend when, after lunch at the Golden Harp in Llanmawr, he goes on ahead round a bend, is heard shrieking, and disappears. His pony is still on the road and, a few minutes after a search begins, his field glasses fall from the cliff above it. Later the dead body of Mr Carboyne is found on the summit of the cliff. The mystery is cleared up by the appearance at the Coroner's inquest of a balloonist who inadvertently snatched Mr Carboyne off his pony in the hooks of his grapnel while throwing out ballast to avoid the cliff. The coroner makes no reference to the lunch at the Golden Harp.

Mr Mansford and his Eastern Quiver are with us again on pages 258 and 414. In the first story Denviers and Harold plunge, on horseback, headlong down an abyss. Harold falls off but Denviers, still clinging to his horse, remarks, 'I don't know that we have much to be elated about, the sides of the ravine are almost perpendicular.' Like the true Englishmen they are they give the horses a chance to swim and climb out up the face into another anti-climax. On page 414 Denviers meets a rock princess, the bride of Darak the Scorn of the Afghans, frozen into transparent ice. The descent after this unnerving experience is perilous but Denviers keeps on the ball. "'Hassan,'" said Denviers as the Arab stretched himself before the tent to seek repose "We must be astir betimes in the morning." "When the rising sun appears Hassan will awaken the Englishman" he answered and faithful to his word our guide roused us early that we might continue our wanderings.'

There is nothing of interest to the mountaineer in Volume 5 but Volume 6, in an interview with Sir Henry Halford, the famous rifle shot, has a good tale of Captain Ross, said to be the finest shot in the world and perhaps the fittest man. 'I remember once when he was staying in Scotland 2 men at dinner had a wager as to who would walk to Inverness first, a distance of 60 miles over the hills. They started then and there in their dress shoes, Ross accompanying them as a friend. He had almost to carry one of the contestants into Inverness at last. Old Ross killed 2 stags on his 80th birthday and died a year or two afterwards.'

In volume 8 is to be found 'The Eagle's Crag' by M. P. Shiel. This has everything, and a little more, that could be got into a climbing story. Francesco Testi has a hoard of 1000 Napoleoni which are to come to Simonetta who is loved by the wicked hunchback, Pippo, and the silent fisherman, Nicolo. The Napoleoni are stolen by Pippo and, it seems, are hidden on the Eagle's Crag. This is a rock standing out from the sea for 2000 feet and its N side is a solid wall falling, 'not perpendicularly but with a marked inward slant.' Three-quarters of the way up this unclimbable horror there is a ledge 3 ft wide. On this ledge, by a piece of jiggery pokery which we don't know about until the end, Pippo has secreted the Napoleoni. It is Nicolo's task to climb the giant overhang and find the money. He too is well ahead of his time. 'He began by driving spikes into the rock, alternating these by holes which he chipped out for his feet. To these spikes he attached ropes.' It takes Nicolo 4 months to piton up to the ledge but he gets there to find a thread standing straight into the air. This is the string attached to a balloon of gold beaters' skin which is filled with hydrogen and the 1000 Napoleoni. While holding firmly to the notes and stammering some agonized thanks to Heaven, Nicolo is shot in the back from the cliff top by Pippo who has walked up the easy way. 'Turning over and over in one horrid stupendous somersault he fell into the abyss below.' Nicolo survives this, although presumed dead in his village, and Pippo as near as a toucher gets Simonetta. But Nicolo bursts into the church as the wedding begins and as the padre is saying "Wilt thou, Simonetta". 'Before she could answer Nicolo with masterly diplomacy had whipped out the notes from his pocket and held them up.' Pippo escapes from the angry congregation and 'half draining a bottle of brandy' rushes into the hills. 'A week later his broken body was found at the foot of a precipice far up the mountains with the neck of his bottle still grasped in his hand.'

There is more of this kind of thing on page 405 where R. Robertson, FSA (Scot) begins the story of Treasure Beach. Pirate gold is buried in a great chest near a cliff top and two men kill themselves ingeniously in their efforts to get it. One of the men is hauling the chest from a ledge to the true summit when the other swarms up

the rope and cuts his throat. The murdered man lets go of the rope and the murderer falls back the way he came.

On page 657, A. Conan Doyle describes the passage of an Alpine pass on ski. The trip was from Davos to Arosa over the Furka Pass (9000ft) in the Spring of 1894.

'... granted that a man has perseverance and a month to spare in which to conquer all those early difficulties he will then find that ski-ing opens up a sport for him which I think is unique. This is not appreciated yet, but I am convinced that the time will come when hundreds of Englishmen will come to Switzerland for the ski-ing season in March and April. I believe that I may claim to be the first, save only two Switzers, to do any mountain work (though on a modest enough scale) on snow shoes but I am certain that I will not by many a thousand be the last.'

The early photographs which accompany this article are extremely interesting, a long pole—as in all the early Alpine ascents—being used to assist climbing or to slow glissades.

In Volume 9 there are, 'Some Curiosities of Modern Photography', by William FitzGerald which include a wonderful photograph of Mont Blanc taken by 'M. Boissonais with a tele-photo-graphic Dallmeyer lens at a distance of fifty-six miles, the exposure lasting seven minutes.' Despite the poor reproduction in a popular magazine of nearly seventy years ago this is the kind of picture to please a Douglas Milner or a John Cleare.

At a different level of entertainment this volume also contains an article 'Tobogganing in the Engadine' by Celia Lovejoy which includes a photograph of 'the Hon Harry Gibson and Lord William Manners both in full hunting pink going down the village run at Davos on rocking-horse toboggans.' The Cresta Run at St. Moritz was well established in those days and bobsleighing was all the thing.

Volume 10 has an article 'M.P.'s as Artists' which is full of interest for climbers including woodcut reproductions of water colours made in Kashmir, Sikkim and Katmandu by Sir Richard Temple in which the mountain backgrounds are delightful. There is also a poor sketch, 'The Source of the River Oxus in the Hindu Kush', made by Mr George Nathaniel Curzon on 27 September, 1894. Mr Curzon (as the future Viceroy then was) claimed in the accompanying text that no European had ever before penetrated to that remote spot. This seems altogether improbable at so late a date. The amateur efforts of those Members of Parliament are continued elsewhere in the volume with two or three Japanese sketches by Mr W. S. Caine, the temperance advocate. One of the sketches shows 'A long row of hundreds of images of the Amida Buddha, each statue contemplating with serenity the noble range of the Nan-tai-san Mountains. It is said that no one has ever correctly counted the number of fingers in the row.' Needless to say, the sobriety of Mr Caine did not control his sketching hand when he came in sight of Fujiyama.

In Volume 13 there is an article by L. S. Lewis 'Cliff Climbing and Egg Hunting' which relates many of the adventures of Lieut-Col Willoughby Verner who always took with him 'One hundred and eighty feet of one inch Alpine rope; fifty feet of two inch rope for 'bad' places; a ball of strong twine with lead weight attached for communicating up or down; a nest of tin boxes for eggs, carried in a bag or creel; field glasses, dagger, canvas belt, (specially made for me by a bluejacket), water bottle and provisions; a hand camera and a set of egg blowing instruments packed in a case.' Thus equipped, but not forgetting his 'twenty-eight feet of pure silken rope presented to him by the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria', the Colonel (photo-

graphed for the article in and with the lot) accounted for an Imperial Eagle and next, a Golden eagle, a Griffon Vulture, and, one gathers, a lifetime of other rare birds. He was not afraid of eagles. 'I have taken eggs from scores of eagles' nests in lofty crags Certainly it is a little dangerous when one of these huge birds, affrightened, dashes out of a cavern close to one's head whilst one is clinging to the face of a sheer precipice; but I have never known an eagle to directly attack me.' There are some photographs of men destroying peregrines' nests in exposed situations, and at last a comforting picture of those two great men, C. and R. Kearton, who, with 'British Birds' Nests', began the present day custom of hunting beautiful and inaccessible creatures with a camera.

In the last number of Volume 13, (June 1897), there is an 'Illustrated Interview', (Number LIV in a series), 'Sir W. Martin Conway, by Framley Steelcroft.' This begins, 'We are not nearly so much concerned with Sir Martin Conway the Art Professor, ex-Chairman of the Author's Society and fellow or member of no end of learned bodies, as with Sir Martin Conway the famous mountaineer and explorer—the hero of two hundred peaks.' Then off we go. Snowdon at seven, the Breithorn, (described, but not by Sir Martin, as 'the happy hunting ground of the tripper who loves to play at climbing'), and then away to the Himalayas with C. G. Bruce and Zurbriggen in 1892.

'Nearly all my guides have been killed', Sir Martin remarked in tones of reminiscent sadness. 'I joined the Alpine Club in 1876', he went on. 'The following year my guide was Nicolas Knubel of St Nicolas. He perished with his two brothers, Johann and Peter Joseph, and 2 English barristers, Mr Noel Patterson and Mr Lewis, the whole party having fallen from the Lyskamm arête on 6 September 1877, just a week after I had paid Nicolas off. Ferdinand Imseng, my guide in 1878, was killed on the Monte Rosa; and Petrus perished in 1880 with Professor Frank Balfour.' *The Alps from End to End* are covered in a single paragraph, finishing, 'In 86 days we had traversed over 1000 miles and climbed 21 peaks and 39 passes.' More serious for *Strand* readers were the mishaps in the Karakoram. 'Few of Sir Martin's followers went beyond Upper Plateau Camp 20000 feet. Here the leader himself gave up smoking as it caused fluttering of the heart. And here too it was discovered that some thief had got at the quart bottles of liqueur brandy and substituted the ghastliest firewater of Asiatic commerce.'

There is a photograph taken 'on the very summit of Mont Blanc' and there is a description of E. A. FitzGerald whose habit 'is to carry no knapsack but to fill his capacious pockets with things. Then when he gets up some momentum all he has to do is to keep pace with his pockets.' Perhaps the highlight of the article is a photograph of the serious Matthias Zurbriggen in a double breasted waistcoat and turban.

Mr Framley Steelcroft reappears in Volume 14 with some, 'Old Travellers' Tales.' Here is the now well-known picture from Scheuchzer's *Routes in the Swiss Alps made in 1702-11*, showing the author-explorer meeting with a dragon in the Lower Alps. The text comments, 'Those pictures will doubtless prove interesting and amusing to the hundreds of thousands of holiday makers who now flock annually to Switzerland; and it is instructive to reflect that so recently as the last century the "playground of Europe" was so little known to outsiders that it was supposed to be over-run with dragons and man-headed snakes.'

The year of Volume 14 was also the year of the big gold strikes in the Klondike and there are some fine pictures of Mr Harry de Windt climbing, and at the summit of, the Chilcoot Pass. 'I have roughed it,' said the explorer, 'for the past fifteen



80 Original illustrations from the Strand Magazine
 c 'He fell into the abyss below' d 'He fell back into the ravine'
 e 'It was Mr Carboyne's field glass'

years in Siberia, in Borneo and in Chinese Tartary but I can safely describe that climb over the Chilcoat as the severest physical experience of my life.'

Volume 15 has a climbing story by Sir Gilbert Parker, 'The Gunner of Percé Rock', which combines the scaled unscalable cliff, the unattainable achieved girl, and an Englishman called Antoine, with victory at sea. The first 100ft pitch goes well. 'He started. Those toes of his caught in the crevices, held on to ledges, glued themselves to smooth surfaces; the knees clung like a rough rider's to a saddle; the big hands, when once they got a purchase, fastened like an octopus or an air cup. Slowly, slowly, up foot by foot, yard by yard, until one-third of the distance was climbed.' Later, difficulties are experienced. 'At the very instant when it seemed this panting flesh and blood would be shaken off by the *granite force repelling it* the fingers like great antennae touched horns of rock jutting out from ledges on the third escarpment of the wall. Slowly, heavily, the body drew up to the *shelf of limestone*, and crouched in an inert bundle.' One knows the feeling.

There is some dirty work on Vesuvius a few pages on. 'With a hoarse yell of baffled rage Fietta dashed through the smoke and flung himself upon me. I moved nimbly aside and the doctor, carried on by the impetus of his rush, missed his footing in the crumbling ashes and fell headlong down through the reeking smoke and steam into the fathomless seething cauldron below.'

This volume also contains a real find. 'The Queen as a Mountaineer' by Alex Inkson McConnochie. Queen Victoria made her first hill climb—to the summit of Lochnagar—on 8 September, 1848, 8 days after the Court's first arrival at Balmoral. The Royal party got lost on the way down. 'As hour after hour passed the anxiety at the Castle increased, the appointed time for return had long elapsed and the change in the weather had been viewed from below with considerable apprehension. Captain Gordon set out at the head of a search party; but by and by the situation appeared so serious that the Prime Minister himself, Lord John Russell, started to find his Royal Mistress. Fortunately the mist lifted and so after some aimless wanderings the descent was safely accomplished, Balmoral being reached more than four hours late.'

After that the Queen climbed often. In September 1850 she ascended Beinn a' Bhuird and (on 8 October, 1859) 'Ben Muich Dhui', the highest summit of the Cairngorms. Her Majesty wrote of this trip, 'It had a sublime and solemn effect, so wild, so solitary—no one but ourselves and our little party there . . . I had a little whisky and water as the people declared pure water would be too chilling.' The last mountain excursion undertaken by the Queen in the company of the Prince Consort was on 16 October 1861, when the Clova Table-land on the Forfar–Aberdeenshire border was visited, and her final mountain walk took place in September 1865 to the summit of Mount Keen, the most easterly of the Scottish Munro's.

Volume 16 begins well with a story by Grant Allen, in a series 'Miss Cayley's Adventures', called 'The Impromptu Mountaineer'. 'I turned to Elsie. "I must go down to him." Her tears rose again. "Oh Brownie!" I unwound the coil of rope.' She gets down to the ledge where lies her injured Harold, finds he must be hauled to the summit and returns up the rope, (she has tied forty-seven looped footholds into it), to Elsie . . .

"Are you strong enough, Lois?" Harold calls out.

"With Elsie to help me, yes. I stroked our boat at Girton.""

It takes a page or two to get Harold up, but the girls manage it and he at once proposes to Miss Cayley/Lois/Brownie. She refuses him—the series has a long way

to go—"I could not accept you when you asked me at Schlangenbad . . . I do not see how the unessential fact that I made myself into a winch to pull you up the cliff . . ."

We leave Miss Cayley in a flood of tears in her chalet.

There follows the first account of FitzGerald's expedition to Aconcagua in 1896/7. The poor photographs are still exciting. It will be recalled that FitzGerald was unable to continue above 22,000 feet and that Zurbriggen went on alone to the summit. Many days later Stuart Vines and a porter reached Zurbriggen's summit cairn and ice-axe (FitzGerald once again failing at 20,000 feet). Ten weeks afterwards this large rich party was still in the area and Vines with Zurbriggen climbed Tupungato. All the pictures of the expedition (there is no pictorial record of the legendary 'empties' dump at the Aconcagua base camp) were taken by Mr Arthur Lightbody, who gets no credit for apparently reaching 19,000 feet on both mountains. Perhaps he was only responsible for the 'views'.

At the end of last century there was a considerable interest in ballooning and dirigible flying, but it is not until the *Strand* for August 1899 that the Alps appear in a balloon article 'Over the Alps in a Balloon' by Charles Herbert. The 14 photographs which illustrate it are of clouds rather than mountains although the text claims Rigi, Pilatus and Santis.

It is fitting that a sick room expedition should end with a word or two from a climbing doctor and, in volume 20, there is a short interview with Dr Clifford Allnutt, Professor of Physics in the University of Cambridge and a member of the Alpine Club. 'For twenty-three years with only one exception I had a month's climbing in Switzerland . . . Although I am not a teetotaler I never touch alcohol whilst climbing and I have beaten men of superior physique simply because they had taken a small glass of cherry brandy . . . Nothing could take the place of climbing—no other recreation has the same intoxicating joy.'

The last mountain reference in the series occurs almost at the end of Volume 20 under the heading 'Some Wonders from the West. A Skirt Dance on Glacier Point.' But as Mr Kipling observes at the beginning of his story 'Their Lawful Occasions', 'Disregarding the inventions of the Marine Captain, whose other name is Gubbins, let a plain statement suffice.'

Appendix

The first number of the *Strand Magazine*, the brain child of its publisher, George Newnes, appeared in January 1891; the publisher himself was the first editor. *The Strand* was something new, combining entertainment and uplift with a picture on every page. The aim was to be 'stories and articles by the best British writers and special translations from the first foreign authors'. The Magazine was a success from the first number with 'A Scandal in Bohemia' the first of the short story appearances of Mr Sherlock Holmes and his Boswell, Doctor Watson.

It is still a rewarding experience to pull out a volume at random, (say Volume Twenty, July/December 1900), and to find in it Conan Doyle writing about the army, W. W. Jacobs introducing his Night Watchman, F. Anstey running 'The Brass Bottle' as a serial, The Duke of the Abruzzi getting farther North than Nansen, H. G. Wells beginning his 'First Men in the Moon', and lots of educational matter, with dozens of photographs, in 'The Structure of the Sidereal System', by Sir Robert Ball. By 1910 Mr P. G. Wodehouse was an established contributor.

The death of *The Strand* in the 1940s marked the beginning of the end for the English Short Story writer, and of much else of value to the 'British Way of Life'.