Aiguille du Midi, could have used the latter immediately after the former for a quite different peak on the far side of the Glacier du Géant. (Of course, it would alter the case if *contemporary* evidence for this use could be found.) In my view the phrase 'behind the Aiguille percée (*i.e.* the Aiguille du Midi)' is used broadly by Paccard, as it was by Exchaquet just about this time, for the region of the Vallée Blanche, and might quite well include the Petit Rognon and the Plan-Requin ridge. The argument based upon drawing a line on present-day maps through the Aiguille du Midi strikes me as pressing Paccard's word 'behind' too hard. Moreover there are no *three* specially noticeable pinnacles on the ridges of the Mont Blanc du Tacul, as there are on the Plan-Requin ridge. I think too that M. Chevalier underestimates the inferences drawn from the mention of the chamois 'getting down and crossing the glacier on their way to the Glacier de Talèfre,' and from Forbes's experiences in this same neighbourhood. M. Chevalier transfers both these to the slopes of the Aiguille du Tacul, but this in Forbes's case is definitely mistaken—he *did* get down to the Glacier du Géant by following chamois tracks through the séracs on the side of the Petit Rognon, which he names in his narrative and marks on his map. For these and other reasons I cannot see my way at present to accept M. Chevalier's very interesting conclusions.

An Abstract Alpine Subject.

By CLAUD SCHUSTER.

(Read before the Alpine Club, March 6, 1934.)

I WAS once taught that to write an official minute was an easy thing if one obeyed three maxims: 'Begin at the beginning; go on to the end; then stop.' But this is no way in which to undertake either life, or that lesser part of it which is the adventure of the mountains. There is no end and there is no halting-place. Limitless before you 'gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades for ever and for ever as we move.'

In any event, my mentor's maxim has no application to the writing of an Alpine paper 'on an abstract subject,' which is the task set me by the Secretary. I propose, therefore, to be even more than usually discursive.

On Boxing Day, 1931, I was proceeding (as the police reports say) in a south-westerly direction along a slope above the main

Engadine road. My feet were attached to skis, but, as the ground surface consisted either of ice, or of frozen grass, or of stones, ski-ing in any true sense of the word was impossible. In course of time my companion and I grew tired of pushing our way over these various obstacles and turned towards the road. We were about 100 ft. above it, and in the act of descending a peculiarly evil patch at the rate of about four miles an hour, when my left ski struck a rock and my right hip impaled itself upon another. There was a sharp crack, and a moment of agonising pain. I remained for some minutes sitting in the only patch of snow to be discovered on the hill-side, while my companion sought for help. This arrived in the shape of the village dust-cart, or rather dust-sleigh, in which I was dragged down to Campfèr. Then, first of all at the tail of a motor car and then in an ambulance, I was conveyed to the hospital at Samaden, where I remained for the next nine weeks.

This was not the first time that I had had business with the authorities of the Samaden hospital. A few years ago, when I was spending Christmas at Maloja, a young gentleman was entrusted to my care. He was undergoing a course of instruction at a well-known educational establishment at which, I believe, he had distinguished himself as a 'rugger' forward. He was of enormous size, was wont to be nourished almost entirely, so far as I could observe, on American cigarettes and beer, and was described to me by his father as a 'young devil.' I saw no reason, from my observation of him, to doubt the truth of the description. It was, however, through no moral or physical fault that he acquired chicken-pox in the course of his winter holiday. After the usual disturbance caused by such an incident, it was decided that he should be consigned to the hospital at Samaden, and the ambulance arrived at Maloja to fetch him away. In form it curiously resembled a rabbit hutch on wheels. From it there emerged a young woman in cherry-coloured ski-ing trousers, who announced herself to be a nurse, and who had hastily flung aside her skis to come, as she supposed, to fetch an invalid in the last extremity of his illness. We packed her and her incongruous companion into the receptacle provided for the purpose, with a packet of cigarettes and a bottle of beer, and, save for occasional demands on the telephone for a renewed supply of these articles, had no further tidings of him for about a week. He then reappeared, stating that he had been proclaimed cured and out of infection. The manner of his cure was as follows.

Round the hospital, immediately below the windows of its top storey, runs a wide cornice. The weather was bright and sunny, and it was the custom of the invalid, after the doctors had inspected him in the morning, to climb out of the window, place his chair upon the cornice, seat himself in it and survey the country.

One day after the medical inspection was over the doctor returned unexpectedly to the room. Astonished to find it empty, and seized with a sudden fear lest his patient should have endeavoured to escape, he looked out of the window. To his horror he found him sitting on the cornice. Losing his head, with a loud cry of 'Ach Gott!' he reached out his hand to catch his charge by his collar. The boy, startled at the sound and the touch, made a sudden movement, and the chair and its inmate were precipitated into space. I do not know what happened to the chair, but the human projectile was fortunate enough to strike a sloping roof two or three floors below, slide down it in the attitude of a sitting glissade, and reach the ground so completely unhurt that, when he had been that afternoon returned to Maloja, presumably on the reasoning that there could not be much wrong with a man like that, he started off in the morning with us for Davos, and on the following day crossed the Parsenn. It was subsequently discovered that he had infected with chicken-pox forty-nine other persons in the hotel and most of the more expensive public and private schools in England.

As the same rabbit hutch, this time with me inside, went on its way from the Suvretta House to Samaden, my mind was troubled by the thought that the hospital authorities might ascribe to me some of the delinquencies of my former ward. My fears were unfounded. I soon found myself trussed up and pinioned, somewhat like a beetle on a collecting tray, while angels came and ministered to me. My window commanded a view over the flat expanse where the Pontresina glen joins the main Engadine valley. It is so flat that it is impossible, as you look at it from my point of vantage, to determine where the surface of the frozen lake ends and the fields begin. It was covered with a smooth and silvery film of snow. Beyond it lay the great gap through which the Bernina stream descends to join the main current of the Inn. On my left stood the huge and shapeless mass which is the eastern buttress of the Muottas Muraigl, its steep slopes shining under a delusive covering of snow. It served me as a time-piece, by which I could measure not only the hour of the day

but the advancing season, as to me in my solitude December gave place to January, and January to February and February to March. The great shadow of the western mountains crept gradually across it like that cast by the gnomon of a gigantic sundial, and, as it deepened into darkness, I knew that the time had come for that which the imprisoned exile awaits in feverish hope—the arrival of the afternoon post. But up above the gap rose the tremendous vision of the Bernina itself, never seen to so much advantage as from this spot, the beautiful Bianco ridge leading straight, as it seemed to me, in all its length to the summit of the mountain. Sometimes a tiny cloud showed over the Crast' Agüzza saddle. Sometimes the wind slightly ruffled the massed snow on the arête. Towards evening a very faint flush illumined the snows, before the world died away into the cold of the winter night. But nothing human, indeed nothing that moved, except the wind, ever passed across the range of my vision. It was as though both the mountain and I myself were frozen into immobility, and were doomed to look for ever on one another in perfect stillness and unchanging calm.

Thus the wheel had gone full circle with me. For Campfèr was the place where as a boy I was first enchained to the mountains ; and the Bianco ridge was my first big ascent. In the forty or fifty years which have passed since then I have been up many mountains and seen many strange developments in the art of mountaineering. I have become dimly conscious of the birth of ski-ing, have seen it established as a sport, and heard much argument 'about it and about,' and about the question of the relation between ski-ing and mountaineering, and even on the question whether there is any such relation. On these matters I lay and meditated.

My meditations were discursive and led me nowhere in particular. But they revolved around a subject which should be of interest to any association of British mountaineers. They had no objective value, for no amount of talk or thought will lead a mountaineer to turn himself into a skier, or make a skier grow into a mountaineer. The transformation can only be effected at the will of the person concerned, and the occasion for the exercise of that will usually arises by accident. Two things, however, are certain. The ski-runner, once touched with the love of the mountains, must desire ardently to aspire to a closer communion, and can attain it only through mountaineering. And the mountaineer, once he has discovered that way of love which is open to the skier—'that

lovely truth the careless angels know'—will have an apprehension of many things heretofore hidden from him.

An experienced and distinguished mountaineer told me not so very long ago that, in his opinion, there was no connection between the two sports, except that those who followed them used the same ground. He had, I think, never seen anything of ski-ing except the tracks left by a pair of skis in some spring snow somewhere above the Riffelalp. I remember even now, for I, like him, was then still in my sins, the mixture of curiosity and awe with which we looked at them together, and marvelled at the strange uses to which men were beginning to put the slopes of our old playground. That was more than five and twenty years ago and the general position is completely altered. Young people with a natural bent for mountain adventure now find their introduction through a ski-ing winter. Many of them, probably the large majority, never think of revisiting the Alps in the late spring, when the best ski-ing is really obtainable, or in the high summer, the season when in old days people used to begin to mountaineer. The majority do not realize that there exists an Alpine tradition, built up through a long history. They hardly know the names of the mountains. And if, as sometimes happens, they attempt high mountain ski-ing in midwinter, they do not realize the true nature of the enterprise. Things look much the same in January at 10,000 or 12,000 ft. as they do at 6000. And the untrained eye and the untaught intelligence do not apprehend the differences. This is not the fault of the leaders of the ski-ing world and the editors of ski-ing publications. No one could have done more than they have done to investigate the peculiar conditions of the high Alpine world before and during the spring thaw, and to inculcate prudence and a sense of responsibility. And their efforts are slowly bearing fruit. But there is much to learn.

Thus there comes to be a divergence between the skier and the mountaineer, to the grievous loss, as it seems to me, of both sports.

Let me begin by contrasting the obvious differences between them.

An American child, being asked in a general knowledge paper what temptation now beset us which did not exist in the days of our Lord, replied 'Speed.' He was no doubt thinking of the speed of the mechanically propelled vehicle, whether on the earth or in the air, and had never known the glorious sense of abandonment which accompanies the rush down a steep slope of powder snow. But speed is the distinguishing mark

of the transition from mountaineering to ski-ing. Many years ago A. W. Moore pointed out to an unbelieving world that the mountains offered greater pleasure and a greater sense of vigour in winter than in summer and that the ascent of mountain heights was not essential to the joys of mountaineering. Mr. Spencer at a more recent date, but still long enough back for neither he nor I to care to specify the distance, proved to us that the tops of high mountains can be reached in mid-winter; and a little group of enthusiasts used then to take pleasure in the beauty of winter at Zermatt. Later came the exploits of Colonel Strutt. I thought their performances wonderful at the time. And, now that I have some knowledge of the Alps in December and January, I think them miraculous. But until ski-ing was invented, or rather transplanted to Central Europe, those who put Mr. Moore's precepts to the test or followed in the footsteps of Mr. Spencer and Colonel Strutt, were few, and their achievements were looked upon rather as eccentricities than as a natural development of a continued companionship with the mountain. Skis, when they came, were immediately victorious; and as speed is the quality which, above all, marks the physical pleasure of ski-ing, and as deliberate and slow advance, both on the path and on high rocks, is the characteristic of the accomplished mountaineer, the two sports seem at once to be thrown into contradiction. Mr. Geoffrey Young continually advocates speed as the aim of the mountaineer, who seeks not only success but safety. But his meaning is, I suppose, that the mountaineer should develop movements which are, in their nature, slow and careful, until he can perform them as neatly and with as much celerity as are consistent with security, not that he should rush his mountain or blunder carelessly to save a few minutes. The great ski-ing teachers, on the other hand, urge one continually to speed, and, like the Red Queen, cry 'Faster, faster!' But they, on the other hand, are not advocating the abandonment of control. Their meaning is that the skier is to be urged to the acquisition of the skill which will subdue the body to the directing will, and, both as a means to that subjection and as an end in itself, to the achievement of the highest pace attainable consistently with that control. But when ski-ing comes to be used as an aid to mountaineering, or, if you like, when the ski-runner seeks mountaineering as an opportunity for the exercise of his best ski-ing skill, he too must learn that the whole art is not comprised in one glorious dash downhill. In order to run down a hill you must first reach the top; and in

order to start from the top of the hill with a reasonable prospect of reaching the bottom alive, it is desirable to know what dangers await you round the corner.

The second contrast may be thought to lie in the difference of the mood in which each sport is undertaken and pursued. The hero of one of Mr. John Buchan's novels is described as having courage but not fortitude. Mr. Buchan thinks of courage as of that high flaming quality which faces peril, and, as it were, will not let it go, grappling it at a fierce moment of determination to overcome. It is a quality necessary to the ski-runner. Which of us will refuse to confess that, as he tightens his harness on his back and prepares to plunge off into the descent, he has not felt a depression as well as a leap of the heart, and some cold touch of fear in the pit of his stomach? This is not peculiar to the racer. It is, I think, universal. Only the swish of the skis lulls their wearer into a kind of confidence. They sing to him in a chant that is now soothing and, as it were, constructive, like 'that strange song I heard Apollo sing, when Ilium like a mist rose into towers'; or in pure melody, like the symphony at the beginning of the Second Part of the Christmas Oratorio; or in barbaric exultation, 'He calls me by the thunder; a trumpet sounds within my soul.' He feels that he is master of his fate and can go on for ever in a rhythmic and undying movement; fear passes from him, and, until he falls, he knows nothing but delight.

But the key emotion of the mountaineer has got to be of a colder, stiffer, duller, more enduring kind of stuff.

Nature never feels so uninviting as at two in the morning. There is something extremely unfriendly about the aspect of a deep couloir stretching both upwards and downwards into the darkness, with a distant rumble of stones to remind you that couloirs are their proper way of descent. It may be very hot when the sun rises. It is certain to be very hot when you plunge down again into the valley. Meanwhile, you may have had to stand with one foot on nothing in particular, hoping that your invisible leader is making good round the corner, or with both feet in icy steps in the shade, while bits of ice go down your neck and hit you on the top of the skull as they descend before the blows of your leader's axe. You may get very hot and very cold and very tired, and through it all you must preserve an even temper and a conscious purpose to overcome. The mountaineer turns these necessities to glorious gain. He has no exultant leap of the heart from sheer speed. He has his thrills on the other hand, though they are thrills

of the spirit rather than of direct physical sensation. To find the whole party going smoothly and easily in places which you know to be difficult, to attain the summit ridge, and to find that your head overtops it, and that the whole world opens before you, to reach the top and at once, not only to satisfy an ambition which may have been cherished for years, but to know, if only for a moment, the realization of victory—these are the things which compensate for the toil, the frequent disappointment, the sense of being at strife with elements which are stronger than yourself. And they have this further compensation, that they in turn lead to the satisfaction of definite physical appetites, so that you do feel yourself to be a stronger man, and, in spite of the injunction of the Psalmist, to delight in your legs.

I would not deny for the mountaineer the necessity for courage. But it must not be of the swashbuckling, devil-may-care kind, but rather of the long-enduring mood. Few climbers would refuse to admit under cross-examination that there have been moments when the peril has seemed so instant that, if they could make a bargain with the Fates, they would vow never to touch a rope or an axe again if thus they could find immediate relief. But these moments are transitory, and should be few. To strive continually for that which can never be attained, however many mountain tops he crushes under his foot; nicely to calculate risks and calmly to face them when the calculation goes wrong; to turn away even on the edge of victory from odds which have become too great, but even then to keep a quiet mind—these are his more distinguishing characteristics. And this is fortitude.

There is a further matter on which the mountaineer sometimes assumes a superiority over the skier. He objects that what should be a pure sport is turned into a series of competitions, and that the skier's mind is occupied entirely in winning races—as the mountaineer would say, in mere pot-hunting. It has always seemed to me that there is a certain touch of Pecksniff in this attitude. In the first place, competition, however much we may deprecate the idea, has in the past entered into mountaineering, and even enters into it to-day. There are those who set themselves against their fellows to accomplish before anyone else the ascent of a particular peak, or the exploitation of a new route. There are those who set store by record times, and have even been known to race on a mountain. There are those who collect summits like postage-stamps. But apart from this, competition in athletic sports

is not in itself an evil. We do not deprecate the successful track-runner, and there is nothing particularly immoral in either running or ski-ing faster than your neighbour, though it may be readily admitted that this spirit, if it enters into the particular sport of mountaineering, is not only dangerous but a trifle vulgar.

Furthermore, the ski-racer is not in truth thinking of any reward, not even, in most cases, of the bare joy of victory. In any year there are some two or three of each sex who are pre-eminent. When Mr. Bracken and Mr. Macintosh and Miss Sale-Barker were in their prime no one could hope to beat them. But that fact did not diminish the number of entries against them. Men and women run in ski races partly for the fun of the thing, because, to those who can do it, a hard race with the pace set by one of those whom I have mentioned is as exhilarating as a fast run out hunting, and partly to increase their own technical mastery.

For those who blame the ski-runner in this matter have usually not taken the trouble to understand the conditions of the sport, or the spirit which governs it. Safety in ski-ing can be attained only by the acquisition of the highest skill; and the highest skill can be attained only by those who deliberately set themselves to attain the highest speed. The man who can execute turns at high speed is the man who can most confidently and most safely undertake such mountaineering expeditions as can be accomplished on skis. And, human nature being what it is, to incur the risks attendant on very fast running is impossible in cold blood. True it is that, when he turns to the high mountains, he needs also other accomplishments. No amount of dash, of courage and of mastery of the skis form an adequate equipment for the undertaking of high mountain expeditions. To these there must be added mountain craft, which is both a science and an art in itself. Without it, if the ski-runner attempts mountains with professional help, he is nothing but a passenger dependent upon the judgment, and, if he is wise, obedient to the words, of his guide, while, if he attempts them without professional help, he is merely adventuring into a chance medley with the elements, 'blind gods that cannot spare.' He may, with the good luck which sometimes attends children, drunkards and persons of weak intellect, escape the dangers without even knowing that they were there. But if he affronts too often forces whose powers he has not attempted to understand, he will in the long run succumb.

What is the upshot of the matter? I would say to the ski-runner, who has as yet had no experience of the mountains, except as a running ground, go on with your racing and prosper, but what will you do in the end? The mountains form a kind of Tir-nan-ogue where, though youth cannot be perpetual, it can be prolonged almost indefinitely. But even the mountaineer or the ski-runner must one day realize that he is not so young as he was. And that day comes sooner to the racing skier. There will come a time when the power to race will depart from him, when younger men have so raised the standard that he cannot hope to compete with them, when he becomes a little conscious that his knees and ankles can no longer stand the strain of turning on steep slopes at a racing speed. What will he do then with his acquired skill? All round him in the short weeks of the winter holiday there have stood the great mountains, offering an infinite succession of glorious slopes down which his proficiency can guide him in runs longer and more enchanting than any he has yet known. He cannot have been insensible to the charm and mystery which lay about him. And now is the time to penetrate into the recesses and find a new joy. Broadly speaking, the upper slopes of those mountains which can be attained on skis are less steep and difficult than the lower slopes on which the crowd disports itself in winter. He can add then to the mere delight in technical achievement, the sense of adventure, and with it, an inexhaustible variety of exercise, both bodily and spiritual. Soon the time will come when he will wish for summits and for passes which cannot be attained or crossed on skis, and he can then acquire a new technical accomplishment—that of climbing high and difficult rocks, or what is less fashionable nowadays, the conquest of difficult ice. Though many aspects of the mountains will be new to him, he will find that everything which he has learnt by way of ski-ing serves his purpose—bodily control, physical fitness, the quick eye for ground, judgment of the steepness of a declivity, and, above all, the knowledge of snow, which he will have a thousand opportunities of putting into practice, denied to him who only mountaineers in summer.

To the mountaineer, on the other hand, I would make certain concessions. Skis are as useless as bicycles as a means of assisting the progress of the mountaineer, say, from the Schwarzsee to the summit of the Matterhorn. They are also useless in a steep icefall. Indeed, to be serious, one may go further and admit that, during the height of the summer

mountaineering season, there are not very many places in the Alps where skis can be used. But the pure mountaineer in the cold austerity of his creed must not make too much of these admissions. The high climbing season lasts only for some two and a half months. There remain nine and a half months during which the traveller in the high mountains will find skis all but indispensable in some places and very useful in practically all. But the pure mountaineer shuts his eyes to this obvious truth, because it has never occurred to him that mountaineering is reasonably practicable, except during the season which he is accustomed to regard as appropriate for the purpose. He recognizes that certain bold and highly skilled adventurers have from time to time, at rare and exceptional intervals, ascended the highest mountains in winter and on foot ; but he regards these feats as *tours de force*, not to be imitated by ordinary human beings with ordinary powers of endurance and only ordinary capacity for resisting cold. In this view he is well justified. High and difficult rocks, to all intents and purposes, cannot be climbed in midwinter ; and I very greatly doubt whether high mountain expeditions even of a second or third rank ought to be attempted during the winter season of the year. Even such a tour as the crossing of the Central Oberland can only be undertaken safely when the barometer has been steady for several days and the conditions are, in other respects, completely favourable. This occurs very rarely in December, January and February. But in March, April, May and June, when the lower slopes are still snow-covered, or only beginning to be clear, there is an almost unlimited field for the ski mountaineer. The days are long or lengthening. Often there are long spells of settled weather. There is no crowd, and the mountains are peculiarly delightful. But very great care and skill are needed then to avoid the dangers which are peculiar to the season. Only seldom can high rocks be attempted. There is a peculiar risk of avalanches. Some places, which in the high summer are safe and easy, become dangerous and difficult. The season generally is more suitable for mountain wandering than for the ascent of mountain peaks. Every day, as the year goes on, the descent into the valley becomes hotter, skis have to be carried farther both up and down, and there is less snow to help the traveller. But when every allowance is made for these disadvantages, much profit remains behind. Continental climbers and ski-runners, who have the advantage of living, as it were, next door to the playground, and who can reach it and return from

it in the course of a long week-end, have found this out, and probably most young men at the Swiss and South German Universities take their pleasure in it. There is a great deal to be said for the view that both ski-ing and mountaineering are likely to develop as sports at this season of the year and in this manner.

British mountaineering at this moment stands at the parting of the ways. Let me hasten to correct that cliché, and to add that I have never known a moment when it did not. For with it, as with all things that have life and the capacity for development, fashions and manners change. Thus new methods of expressing our mountain joy continually present themselves. The old methods of expression were very good, but they are not now wholly available for all of us, and it is unreasonable to expect that each succeeding generation will be content to sing the old song to the old tune in the old time. When many of us first knew the Alps, the normal apprenticeship was passed under the tutelage of good guides ; if no new summits of the first importance remained for conquest, there was plenty of scope for the discovery of new routes, and the sovereign was worth twenty-five Swiss francs or a little more. Then there came new recruits who had learnt the rudiments of the craft on our own British hills and to whom the Alps were a finishing school. Other things came also. I remember the coming of guideless climbing, or at least the period when the orthodox were sufficiently aware of it to chide the practice. I remember the coming of the crampon. I have lived to see the advent of the hammer and the tenpenny nail. I was, and am still, unable to discern the peculiar iniquity of guideless climbing, or to distinguish between the righteousness of the fixed boot-nail and the deadly sin of the detached steel frame. The hammer and its concomitants still shock me, but whether by reason of my own old age or because of their inherent vice I cannot tell. The old methods of apprenticeship will not return, for the premium is beyond the reach of modern youth. It is grievous that it should be so. But so it is. The king has gone beyond us. The goose is dead. And the eggs are in the vaults of Washington and Paris.

Yet there never was a more hopeful time. Take one sign only—the Everest expeditions. It is not wonderful that men should be moved to spend the money and time to face the peril and endure the hardship, and, having done so once, eagerly to desire to repeat the experience. We can all understand all that, for we all would do it if we had the youth, and the strength,

and the courage and the time. But it 'makes you think better o' you an' your friends, an' the work you may 'ave to do' when you think of the skill patiently acquired over years in the Alps, the Himalaya and our own hills and then put to so desperate a venture with such high hardihood. It is not mere sentimentality that your heart should beat a little quicker when you think of Mr. Smythe—like Colonel Norton nine years before him—going on alone to the impassable slabs and turning from them defeated, sick enough in spirit, as we may guess, but constant in mind, to make his solitary return to the cheerless tent; or of Dr. Greene dragging himself and his strained heart upwards again and marking in himself the signs of deterioration; or when you listened to Mr. Ruttledge describing it all as if it had happened hundreds of years ago and he had had no part in the labours and dangers which he narrated. And it is wonderful that the whole business should have taken such a hold on the public mind. Forty or fifty years ago some people would have shrugged their shoulders, and asked what the use of it all was; and others would have got very red in the face and denounced the waste of energy and human lives. Now everyone recognizes that mountain exploration bears its part, and that a high part, in the work of maintaining the spiritual, no less than the bodily, welfare of the race. And if people are to explore unknown mountains they must first learn by climbing mountains which are familiar.

This Club therefore has before it a future as glorious as its past. And, as the oldest Club with the strongest and sanest traditions, it has to its hand a task which no other body can perform. It lies with it to maintain the tradition which it has inherited, to reward with its applause courage and the spirit of adventure, to frown upon sensationalism and self-advertisement.

This is above all necessary now. Our recruits for the future will come only in small proportion from among the guide-trained visitors to the Alps. They will be men trained on British hills or ski-runners turned mountaineers. So many years have passed since I tried vainly to climb in the Lakes or on Snowdon that I should not venture to say anything of the habits or aspirations of the former class. Their exploits, as recounted in their own technical journals, make me at once shudder and admire. 'The devils also believe and tremble.' But I have seen much of the latter class, sometimes in their natural haunts among the Alps, sometimes at home in their own clubs. It has been my privilege in the last eighteen

months to dine as a guest at three such societies, one in a great University, one in a great Public School, one in a great London hospital. Each of these associations has a title which expresses the interest of its members in mountaineering. But in two of them, perhaps in all three, the mainspring is ski-ing. These boys and young men are most anxious to learn both the craft and the spirit of mountaineering as they have been practised and taught by this Club. And the generous gesture by which the Presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge Mountaineering Clubs are on occasion invited to our annual dinner must have its effect in showing them where to look for instruction. From them will, I hope, come many future members of this Club. But, if this is to be so, it must not be expected that they will be weaned from their favourite sport to pure mountaineering, or that they will ever look on ski-ing as an ugly or inferior sister of the greater craft. They think, and I think that they think rightly, that the two activities are only different aspects of the same sport, and, as they aspire to the more excellent things, they look for sympathy and encouragement when they follow that in which they now delight.

Thus perhaps the two sports are tending to come together. Those who follow either are beginning to learn the advantage of the other. All that remains is to wish them good luck. Whatever variance there may be between them, at least this may be said of both, that they call out and are fitted to develop the highest qualities in man, both bodily and spiritual. They admit to the innermost secrets. They nourish the body to its highest strength ; they teach, to those who will attend, how insufficient that strength is before the terrific forces of Nature. Other nations have deliberately sought in athletic exercises a means not only of physical but of moral regeneration. We, who take things as they come, are but little disposed to bend ourselves or others to a sport with any aim in view except its enjoyment. But those who love the game come to struggle earnestly to excel in it, and as they find that excellence is unattainable, they discover something which is richer and more satisfying, because it never can be satisfied.