

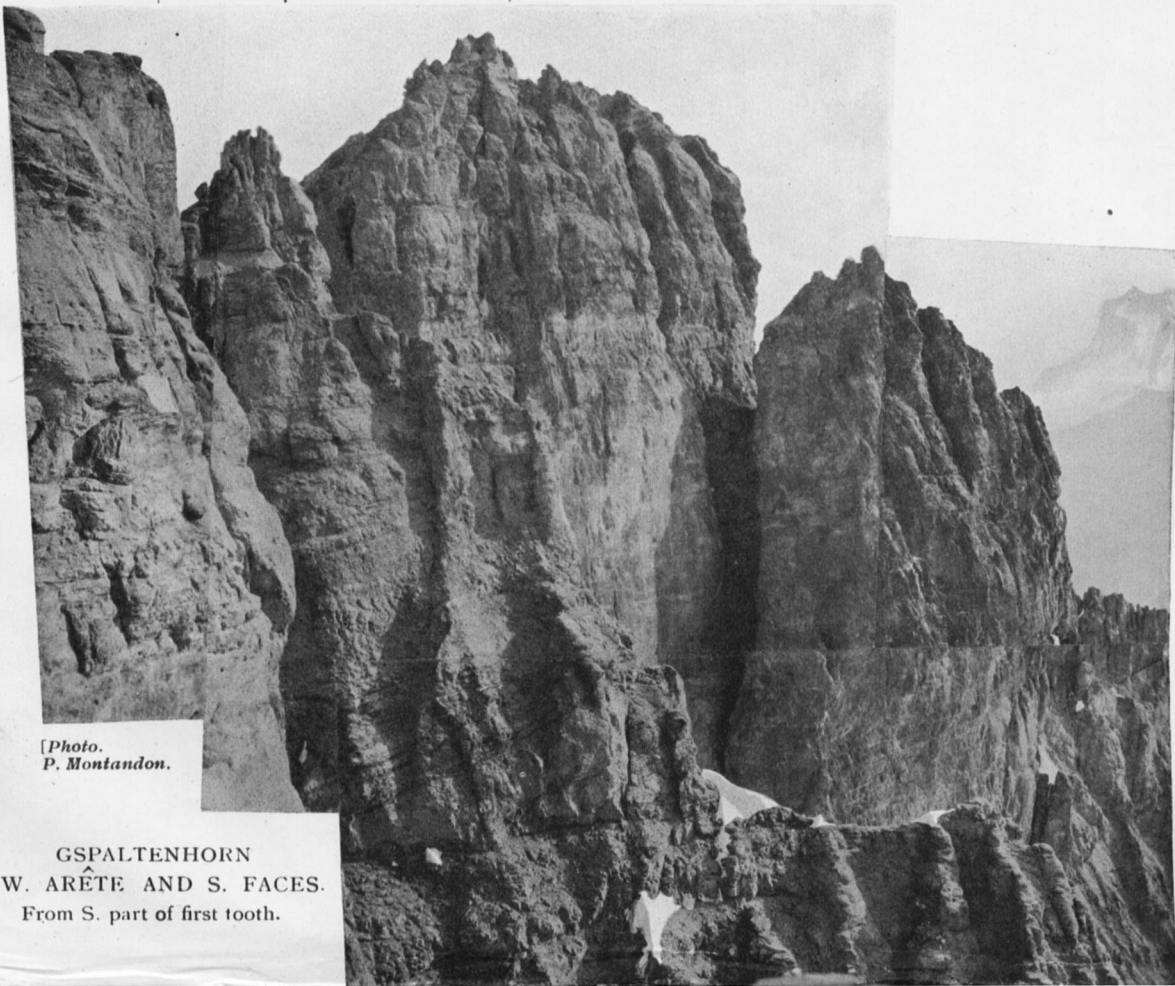
III.

Tooth I.

Tooth III.  
and S. II.

Summit.

S. Tower.



[Photo.  
P. Montandon.]

GSPALTENHORN  
S.W. ARÊTE AND S. FACES.  
From S. part of first tooth.

Part of tooth II.

Ambassador's attention to the fact that the frontier officer was 'acting under the orders of the Russian Government.' He made the Ambassador acknowledge that the act was illegal.

A few months later Lord Salisbury contended that, as the act was illegal, the territory from which I was evicted could not be Russian territory. The Russians had to admit this. So it came about that a thin strip of Afghan territory extends along the northern side of the Hindu Kush, and keeps the Russians from actually touching the passes leading over the great watershed between India and Central Asia.

This is the story of one by-way of the Hindu Kush.

Dr. Longstaff adds :

It would add to the comity of nations if all officers could maintain the same imperturbability of temper as Sir Francis Younghusband displayed under such conditions. I regret that recently, under curiously similar circumstances to those we have just heard about, another officer well-known in the East, when a somewhat similar invitation was extended to him, became quite emotional, exclaiming, 'You haif mobilizt ze mountains against us.'

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#### SOME NOTES ON THE SOUTH-WEST OR ROTHE ZÄHNE ARÊTE OF THE GSPALTENHORN.

BY PAUL MONTANDON.

**C**LIMBERS are much indebted to Mr. Geoffrey Young and his party for initiating this superb tour, which certainly is one of the most curious and impressive in the Alps. As described in the 'Swiss Jahrbuch' for 1919 and mentioned in 'A.J.' xxxii. 385, Mr. J. Bernet with Jakob Rumpf, guide of Kienthal and guardian of the Gspaltenhorn hut, were the first to follow Mr. Young's steps. They visited on that occasion also the third, most eastern tooth. They reached it from the N. by extremely difficult rocks, and descended on the E., towards the summit of the Gspaltenhorn.

On September 15, 1919, I had the great luck, in company of Bernet and his friend Ulrich, and with Jakob Rumpf, to visit that grand arête. I humbly confess to have gone there with a somewhat palpitating heart. Having incited my enterprising young friends to repeat the tour, I was at last hoist with my own petard, and had either to submit to be called 'a laggard in love and a dastard in war,' or to start. I had read and re-read Mr. Young's extremely attractive narrative. (How this author enriches the vocabulary of

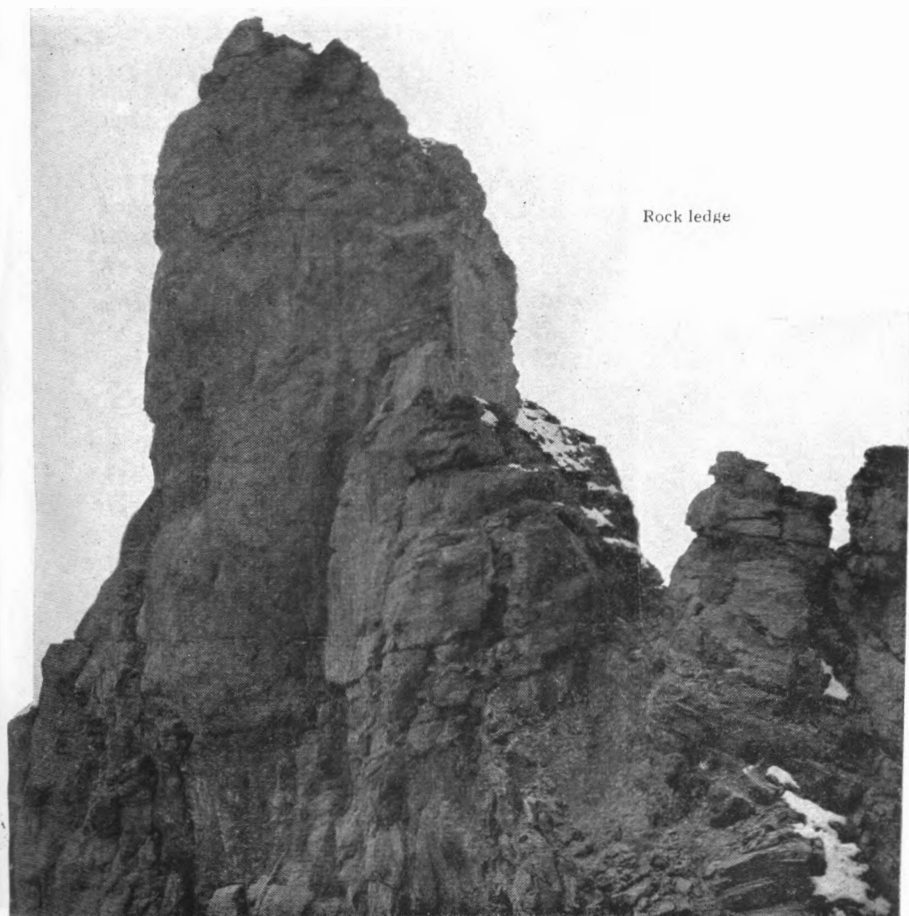
Alpine terms with original and highly suggestive expressions!) It touches on every imaginative fibre the true mountaineer may possess. It leaves him no more his own master. Those fierce towers which so often beckoned from afar haunted me in quite a painful manner. To give way, of course, was weakness and folly. When a man like Mr. Young, in the course of his narrative, complains that 'years tell' (who believed him!), one nearly twenty years his senior should stay at home happy in the memories of bygone glorious days. But is not a touch of folly, according to all authorities, necessary to happiness? And we live but once!

Well, on the said day our rather too large and too late party of four, laden with a lot of ropes and two cameras, mounted the great couloir which leads from the N. to the principal S.W. arête of the Gspaltenhorn. Quietly we then followed in the main, and up to the top, the way of the first party. From the first big tooth we 'abseiled' over three or four pitches *direct* down to the next saddle, a slight diversion from Mr. Young's way. His last 'abseil' place is seen on my second picture to the right of our own. We then scrambled up to the top of the middle tooth by the *second* fissure to the right of that notch. Low down we had to negotiate an overhanging, difficult place. There the second man should carefully search for the *very highest* possible standpoint where he may serve as pedestal to the leader. There is hardly any hold just above, and Rumpf, who is a very cold-blooded rockman, had this time some difficulty to surmount that obstacle. (Mr. Young wrote to me that his party climbed the *third* chink. This they did not find very difficult, and there was no necessity to stand upon each other.)

The descent from this second tooth was not made by our predecessor's way—which he considers as being certainly the finest and most impressive—but through the *first* small hole, which we enlarged, fixing there a rope ring by means of a piece of wood. On the far side we 'abseiled' over the wall (which at one place hangs over) into the couloir leading down from the next notch to the S. We landed about 10 metres under that col, S. of it, and had no difficulty to reach the gap itself.

The very steep couloir on the N. of the col was ice with very little snow. It falls down into pure wilderness, to unknown depths. There are things in heaven and earth more sympathetic to dream of and to look at. At its top, however, there is a capital 'abseilblock.' Dear old fellow! So we 'abseiled' here once more, this time about 20 metres, to the

I.



Rock ledge

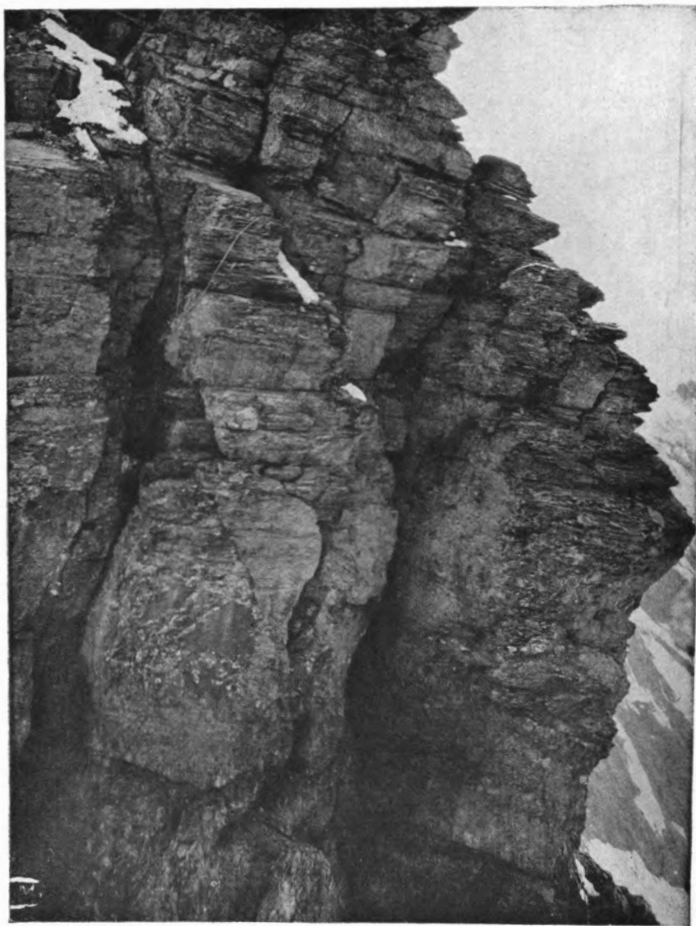
[Photo. P. Montandon.]

GSPALTENHORN S.W. ARÊTE.

Upper part of first tooth ; total height about 300 feet. From half way up second tooth.

II. (Fits on to right bottom corner of I.)

Montandon's  
ropering.



Young's  
ropering.

[Photo. P. Montandon.]

GSPALTENHORN S.W. ARÊTE.  
The rope-down from first tooth to the next gap.

foot of a small rocky wall which there interrupts the ice of the couloir. This descent recalls the one, more gentle, from the Pic Central de la Meije. We then cut steps across to the right and rounded the third tooth by Mr. Young's route, as the direct ascent of the tower from the N., by Rumpf and Bernet's rocks, looked awful, and is so. Small but horizontal ledges and a climb up a steep and high couloir with crumbly rocks brought us to the upper foot of tooth No. 3, and from there, over better rocks, to the summit of the Gspaltenhorn.

We took about thirty pictures on that long and memorable day, and I may be allowed to draw a veil over the time we required. It was a record, not on the good side, but it permitted us to have long lasting looks at the beauties of the way. The rock is bad everywhere, and I will incur the risk of hurting Mr. Young's modesty in stating that we again and again wondered at the boldness of thought which made him conceive and undertake this tour (as many others of similar daring) and the determination and strong confidence which induced his party everywhere to draw down their rope after having 'abgeseilt.' The unknown way further on might have been barred. True, since then it has been proved (by Bernet and Glaus, August 1918) that the N. face is practicable, and surely the southern couloirs also should not have offered difficulties unsurmountable to such men as composed the first party. But still . . .

Although there are more 'abseilungen' in the course of this tour than on any other ascent I know of, there is real climbing enough. For me it was hardly ever easy. It is a long and nerve-trying expedition. Great caution is constantly required not to injure one's comrades, who often, far down, stand exactly under you. But the stern grandeur of the scenery fully repays all the efforts. Look at those really formidable towers of the arête and also at those emerging out of the flanks! They are impressive in the extreme. The highest, almost a mountain by itself, stands immediately to the S. of the summit, from which it is separated by a deep and sombre cleft (see photo No. 3). It is well visible from Mürren, from where it seems to form part of the E. arête. Some time will pass until it will be climbed, as also that eastern arête itself, with its slabby gendarmes. A few of my photographs are reproduced here. The nearness and dimensions of the towers make it difficult to get them upon the ground glass. It must be done by sections. If destiny were kind a second time, I should like to re-visit that arête and complete my collection. The view

of the first tower, as seen from the wall of the second, is something unique. It should be a good deal higher than the Requin as seen from the Col of same name. A visit to the third tower, from above, must also be very interesting. On our day it was much too icy. Jakob Rumpf of Kienthal village, having been there twice, now knows that highway and all its towers and gaps thoroughly. He is sureness itself—careful, serious, and sympathetic in every way. He has great strength and is altogether 'a good man to go tiger-hunting with.' His occupation as guardian of the Gspaltenhorn hut—often overfilled—will prevent him, during the summer, from doing guide-work. But in the beginning of September he is generally free, and so also are then very likely the red, weather-beaten rocks of that great and most astounding Alpine ridge.

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#### OUR 1919 JOURNEY.

BY GEORGE MALLORY.

(Read before the Alpine Club, May 4, 1920.)

PICTURE four men bounding across Paris in what may be called a super-taxi. An animated discussion was proceeding between three of them, to the complete stupefaction of the fourth, who seemed to regard his companions as eccentrics beyond all hope, perhaps quite insane—but what else could he expect? Above the comical fat face of this bewildered individual immodest capitals in gold round his official cap announced 'Cox's Agency.' His business was to ship the three tourists across Paris. That the gentlemen who had reserved seats in the train to Grenoble should now be arguing as to whether after all they wouldn't take the train to Chamonix—it was impossible, *fantastique*. Nevertheless, the train to Chamonix, when they reached the Gare de Lyon, looked a nice train, and the three resolved to take it.

This irresponsible proceeding which threw to the winds, despite my protests, the deep-laid plans matured during the summer, took place on the evening of July 28, 1919. On the following morning, coming up the valley towards St. Gervais, we were feasting our eyes on snow mountains. It was seven years since I had seen the Alps. To me they were a vision startlingly fresh and new—new as when I first saw them, and