the outer balcony and a group of climbers watches the progress of a party on the glacier. The Aiguille Pitschner rises above the hut, and to the right is the white wave of the Dôme du Goûter. [*Not illustrated.*]

21. 1911. Whymper.[41] A little picture, drawn by the author, shows 'The Grands Mulets in 1895,' diminutive in silhouette against the wall of the Aiguille du Midi. The hut rests on a stone foundation, with balcony and two small outhouses. The host stands in the doorway, waving to three climbers on the snow near the rocks. [*Not illustrated.*]

This completes my series of Grands Mulets pictures, and no doubt omissions occur in it.[42] For more than a century these rocks on 'the great white mountain' have served as a refuge to travellers making the ascent of Mont Blanc. So I shall hope to have brought out something of the charm in these entertaining old illustrations of the Grands Mulets, and to have indicated the pleasure derived from having them in one's mountaineering library.

The Karawanken and Julian Alps.

By HUGH ROGER-SMITH.

I HAD been anxious to visit the Karawanken Alps for some time, as they possess a richer alpine flora than almost any other mountain district of Europe, and when the opportunity arose to explore the district in the company of Mr. Walter Ingwersen, one of the leading authorities in this country on alpine plants, I naturally jumped at it. We left London on June 6 and travelled straight through to Klagenfurt, *via* Schwarzach, a small junction, where we had to while away four weary hours in a minute café, our train not leaving till 1.40 A.M. Having secured a room in Klagenfurt to act as a depot for our plants, we made our way to the Kalvarienberg, on

---

[41] *A Guide to Chamonix and the Range of Mont Blanc*, Edward Whymper (John Murray, London, 1896), p. 114.

[42] The libraries of the Appalachian Mountain Club (Boston) and the American Alpine Club (New York) have since been examined without the disclosure of additional material.

the top of which is an *Aussichts-turm*, and from here we had a magnificent view of the whole Karawanken range. There is a dial giving the names of all the peaks, so that from the start we were able to familiarise ourselves with the appearance of the whole group. After lunch we packed our rucksacks and took the train for Eisenkappel, passing through the fine Rechberg gorge that cuts right through the mountain range. At the station we were told that we could find sleeping quarters at the Gasthaus Barache, about two hours' walk up the Ebriach Tal, but on arrival we found it was a minute place, only providing rye bread, cheese, butter, and coffee. There was, however, a hay-loft near by, and here we spent a very comfortable night, and started early the next morning to ascend the Hochobir. Of actual climbing there was none: it was simply a stiff walk up a well-made path, at first through wood and then over grass and rock-strewn debris. The sub-alpine plants were wonderfully fine, and there were many I had never seen before, one of the most striking being *Melittis melissophyllum*; but when we reached the crest of the ridge the flowers were extraordinarily beautiful. This is the home of *Primula Wulfeniana*, and there were literally millions of them, giving the whole of the top of the mountain a red tinge. Amongst some of the other treasures were *Androsace arachnoidea*, *Alyssum Wulfenianum*, *Ranunculus Traunfelneri*, huge clumps of sweet-smelling *Petrocallis pyrenaica*, *Papaver Kerneri*, and *Saxifraga Burseriana*, *S. crustata*, *S. caesia*, and *S. squarrosa*. There is a very comfortable hut fifteen minutes from the summit, which is crowned by a meteorological station, and from which there is a magnificent view, the Steiner Alps to the south looking specially attractive. We spent the afternoon and the morning of the following day collecting and photographing the plants, and walked down the northern face of the mountain by the beautiful Wildenstein waterfall, finding masses of *Rhodothamnus chamaecystus* and *Cypripedium calceolus* on the way, and thence to Grafenstein, only two stations from Klagenfurt, which we reached at midnight. Altogether a delightful and not too strenuous expedition.

The following day we caught an early train for Treibach, where we changed to the narrow-gauge railway up the Gurktal to Klein Glödnitz. From here a horse and trap took us over the most appalling road to Weissberg, whence we had a pretty tedious tramp, enlivened by finding a clump of *Saxifraga mutata*, to Fladnitz, a fascinating little village with a queer two-spired church adjoining the Kurhaus, where we were made very comfortable. Next morning we started early for the

Eisenhut over the Winterturmer Joch. It is a delightful walk through pastures and wood to the shoulder of the ridge, and here *Silene pumilio* was abundant, as was also 'Speick' (*Valeriana celtica*), the fragrant-rooted little plant the essential oil of which is largely used in cosmetics. Then *Primula minima* appeared and higher up covered the whole mountain-side, producing a red glow. I discovered three albino forms of this plant, a great rarity. Higher still we came upon great quantities of *Primula glutinosa*, the only blue primula and one of the most beautiful of the race, and then on the crest of the ridge the plant we had really come for, *Androsace Wulfeniana*, a most enchanting little cushion of green leaves almost completely hidden by masses of delicate pink flowers. It was so abundant that the ground was quite red with it. We had been so long collecting and photographing the plants that the summit of the Eisenhut was still some way off. It was getting late, so we turned and raced down to our hotel. Next morning an hour and a half's walk through woods took us to a waiting motor-car, and we had a most nerve-racking drive to Friesach, whence we took train to Klagenfurt.

The following day, June 14, we caught an early train down the beautiful Rosental and through the five-mile tunnel to Jesenice, the frontier station of Jugo-Slavia, thence past Bled —which looked a charming place for a long stay—to Bohinska Bistritza, where we put up at the most comfortable Hotel Triglav. The views from here of the Triglav range are very fine. In the afternoon we explored the Bohinska Jezero, one of the most picturesque lakes I have ever seen in the Alps. The Hotel Zlatorog at the farther end of the lake is most beautifully situated and very comfortable, and would make a good centre for exploring the surrounding mountains. During our tramp we found a mass of interesting plants, among the rarities being *Genista schipkaensis*, *Ononis natrix*, and *Astrantia gracilis*. Returning, we were rowed down the four-mile-long lake, and half-way were caught in a terrific thunderstorm and torrents of rain, so were not sorry to find a motor to take us the six miles to our hotel.

Next morning we climbed the Cerna Prst, 6050 ft., a most delightful scramble, first through wood and meadow land, a perfect riot of colour from the wild flowers, the rare *Scorzonera rosea* and the lovely *Lilium carniolicum* being the most noteworthy, and reached the Mallner hut. Above the hut there are bold rock faces festooned with *Pœderota Argeria* and *Primula Auricula albo-marginata*, while *Saxifraga caesia*, *S. crustata*, *S. Hostii*

altissima and *S. squarrosa* were plentiful, and the stiff little *Genista radiata* appeared. We had to traverse some steep snow-slopes before reaching the arête forming the boundary between Italy and Jugo-Slavia, and from here ten minutes took us to the top. On the summit, from which there is a grand view, *Ranunculus alpestris* and *Geranium argenteum* were growing. We returned *via* the Orozan hut and had some quite interesting climbing, negotiating excessively steep snow-slopes.

Next day we took a motor to Hotel Zlatorog and walked up to the Skerbinja Pass, 6250 ft., along one of the most extraordinary roads I have ever seen in the Alps. It was made during the war by the Austrians, but never completed, and is quite broad and paved, and evidently intended for heavy guns. The whole had fallen into a hopeless state of disrepair, and all the bridges had broken down, necessitating scrambling along narrow paths. In one of these gullies we found quantities of *Primula Clusiana*. We plugged on until we were within sight of the Italian frontier, when we found *Campanula Zoysii*, the quaintest and most attractive of all that family and exceedingly rare. Now this was what we were out for, and I have to confess that, having found it, we did not make for the top of the pass, but made a bee-line down the mountain-side to the lake below. The following day, June 17, we were off at 6.30 for the Vodnita hut, with the intention of climbing the Triglav on the following day. We had been assured in the village that all the huts were open, so we took things easily, collecting and photographing plants, including more *Campanula Zoysii*. We did not reach the hut till 4 P.M., to find it locked and with no possibility of breaking in! It is most wonderfully situated in the centre of a great amphitheatre of rocky peaks. The Maria Theresia hut stood out on the skyline a thousand feet above, but there was no sign of life in it, so the only thing was to beat a hasty retreat. The descent, by the other bank of the stream, was exceedingly steep, with a good deal of snow, so we only reached the valley and an hotel at the head of the lake at 10.30, just sixteen hours' steady going. I confess I had had rather more than enough.

The next two days it rained in torrents with, of course, snow up in the mountains, so that, even had the hut been open, we could not have climbed our peak. We decided to return to Klagenfurt with the idea of climbing the Hochstuhl, but on reaching our hotel we found a pressing invitation from Dr. Lempberg, of Hazendorf in Styria, to visit him at his wonderful surgical home, so we took train to Graz and descended to the

flesh-pot of Steirmark. Graz is a fascinating old town with an imposing castle set on a hill, and from here we found our way to the tiny village of Hazendorf and were entertained by the Doctor with true Austrian hospitality. He has a most amazing garden with over 6000 different species of plants in it, and here we luxuriated for four days, when we had to return to England.

In this very short visit we were able to do only a very little actual climbing, but I saw enough of the country to realise its charm and mountaineering possibilities. The actual ascents are not difficult, but there is a great deal to do, and for anyone who is on the look-out for new country and not too exacting work it is ideal. The people are most friendly, and German passes everywhere, but no one knows a word of English. Klagenfurt is, I think, the best centre, as from there a network of railways takes you comparatively near to all the principal climbs. We found the hotels clean and good and the food excellent, while for the Alpine botanist the whole region is full of the greatest interest.

A Long Day on the Matterhorn.

By L. S. AMERY.

THE Matterhorn has a fascination all of its own, not merely for the tourist who gets hauled up it by two stout guides and never wants to climb again, but also for every true mountaineer. It is youth's first great ambition; in middle age it is still a register of reasonable fitness; an avowed last ascent is a confession that the time has come for half days, easy passes, and a closer study of Alpine flora. I was twenty when I first went over it to Breuil with Elias Furrer, and watched my contemporary Josef Pollinger starting down the first descent of the Z'Mutt arête with Mathias Zurbriggen and Miss Bristow. Josef and I have planned a jubilee ascent for 1944, but I have some misgivings as to its fulfilment. If I do manage it I have no doubt that Captain Farrar, who did the first ascent and descent of the Z'Mutt that same day, will be there too! A dozen years later I went up the Z'Mutt side with Heinrich Burgener. Rock and climber were in perfect condition, and we were up in four and a half hours from our *gîte*, the equivalent I suppose of six hours or so from Schönbühl. The indescribable beauty and awe of the moonlit landscape from our sleeping place, Dent d'Hérens and Dent