

Especially, however, the manuscript maps indicate unusual comprehension of the Western Alps as a whole ; indeed, the success of Tschudi's mapping of the Maritime, Cottian and Graian Alps is difficult to explain unless one assumes it to be based on personal experience. It is not impossible that after Tschudi's return from Paris his Alpine travels in this direction were more extensive than has been supposed. The only alternative, to account for names in Dauphiné, is that he secured the information from the map of France by Finæus.

Bagrow's list of Tschudi's maps includes many of extra-Alpine regions : Europe, Asia and Africa are covered by the manuscripts, and the question arises as to why he took pains to make such a complete collection. A partial answer may be expressed by the present writer's belief that Tschudi had a definite purpose in mind, namely, to produce an Atlas of the Eastern Hemisphere which would supersede the inaccuracies of various editions of *Ptolemy*—a plan which went into abeyance on the appearance of the works of Münster and of Stumpf, and which collapsed with the publication of the *Theatrum* by Ortelius in 1570, and Tschudi's death two years later.

PORTERS I HAVE KNOWN.

BY W. T. KIRKPATRICK.

IN our early days, if Hope and I were going to a hut for one night only, we used sometimes, partly for economy, partly from a spirit of independence, to carry everything ourselves. On these occasions, long before we reached the hut, we invariably registered a vow always in future to have a porter, and after a time made it a rule to do so. Thus in the course of our Alpine rambles we employed many men of various types and different nationalities, and if I had kept notes of their idiosyncrasies I might have been able to write quite an entertaining paper about them. As it is there are only a very few who stand out in my memory.

As we knew that the Swiss Alpine soldier was expected to carry 40 kilos,¹ including his rifle and parts of a machine-gun, up a mountain path,² we thought we could reasonably expect a porter to carry 40 or 50 lbs. where no climbing was involved, though the porters did not always agree with us in this.

We found the baskets that the Swiss peasants carry on their backs, broad at the top and tapering at the bottom, excellent to

¹ A friend of mine, who is the concierge at a well-known Swiss hotel, and is a man of quite ordinary build, tells me that he would carry 40 kilos himself.

² No man could possibly *fight* under this load.—*Editor*.

pack and of good capacity, though they required some covering if the weather was wet; but we could seldom persuade a porter to bring anything so capacious; the ordinary rucksack which they generally produced being quite useless for our purpose. Hope accordingly constructed a large sack of Willesden canvas, with broad webbing for shoulder-straps, to which we used to attach a stamped label, so that the porter could carry down the empty sack and post it to our next destination. It never miscarried.

In order to counter complaints on the score of weight, we carried in our luggage a hook balance with which we weighed the sack when it was packed, and which was replaced in our luggage when it had served its turn. The testimony of the balance did not, however, always prevail. One day, when we were leaving Ried for the Gamchibalm hut, the landlord produced a weedy-looking individual who said the sack, which weighed 21 kilos, was too heavy. He was impervious to argument or persuasion, and there being no one else available, we removed a lump of meat, destined for his sustenance, from the sack's mouth. Having retrieved 7 francs which we had been charged for it, and as we thought overcharged, I took Hope's rucksack, he shouldered the big sack and we marched slowly up the valley, leaving the landlord, the waiting-maid and the *soi-disant* porter, speechless with astonishment.

Somewhere near Blatten we got hold of a lusty native, who was quite ready to leave his hay-making and carry our sack up to the Telli Glacier, for a consideration. When we arrived there we sat down and overhauled our provisions, decanting tins and discarding all unnecessary wrappings, incidentally presenting our man with a good biscuit tin, which had been packed with raw eggs. We then divided up the loads as best we could, crossed the Petersgrat and Gamchilücke, and reached the hut successfully, with the eggs intact. It was one of the very old type, a lean-to against a rock, damp and draughty, but it enabled us to do the Gspaltenhorn the next day. I forget how much we saved in the porter's fee, but we were specially pleased at having recovered the 7 francs for his meat.

We often used to send a porter on ahead so that he could come down from the hut the same day. He had to be paid more if he stayed the night; we had to bring provisions for him and, moreover, a porter does not always add to the amenity of an Alpine hut.

We once despatched an able-bodied man from Saas Grund in the forenoon, with provisions for at least two, if not three, days, to the Mischabel hut. He was accompanied, we knew not why, by a young girl of about 16, who proved to be his daughter, and we thought that possibly he was going to take her up to the hut for a holiday outing. We started after lunch and soon after passing through Saas Fee, found our man stretched on the ground asleep, evidently having had a good deal to drink. We stirred him up, asking what had become of our sack; he then told us, to our utter astonishment, that the girl had carried it on.

About half-way to the hut we met two Englishmen coming down, who indignantly asked if the girl was carrying our things, and demanded our names. I suppose they meant to denounce us to the Swiss Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, if there is one, and they seemed only half to believe our explanation. However, we gave them a note for the hotel people at Saas Grund, who had provided the porter, to tell them what had happened and then hurried on. At the foot of the rocks we overtook the girl, who had evidently had more than enough, and was quite unable to carry the load any further. Her father deserved a good thrashing, and I hope he got a verbal one anyhow.

I have recounted elsewhere³ how our sending a porter ahead in the Cogne district ended in something like tragedy.

We had got leave from the *Garde-Chasse* to sleep in the Herbetet chalets, which constituted a royal hunting-box, and the porter was to leave our sack in the hut and give us the key when we met—only we did *not* meet. He went by a new path which we knew not of, and we went by the old one marked on our map, which we found a good deal cut away and rather dangerous in places. When we reached the chalets at about 8 P.M. we saw our sack through the window in the principal hut, with no way of getting at it except by breaking into a Royal Residence. There was nothing for it but to return to Cogne. We had to dine off three raw eggs between us, without bread or other accompaniment. Perhaps this episode may have cured us of sending porters ahead, because another year when we were going to the Fare hut in Dauphiné for the Grandes Rousses, we took our porter with us. He was a cheery individual, neatly dressed in a blue serge suit. The day was hot, the sack was heavy and when we unpacked it at the hut, we found that a good deal of our bread was moist and had acquired a distinctly bluish tinge. After this experience we sewed a large piece of batiste on the inner side of the big sack, which formed a waterproof barrier between the man's back and our provisions, so that for the future they were not impregnated with porter, whether blue or otherwise.

EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE ALPINE CLUB, 1933.

THE Exhibition of Alpine Photographs was held in the Club Gallery from December 11 to 30. It afforded definite proof of the rise in the standard of general excellence of Alpine photography. I cannot recall any previous exhibition which displayed so uniform a level of excellence, with the rather curious result that hardly any of the exhibits stood out as superior to the rest. This may have been partly due to the small dimensions of practically the whole of

³ *A.J.* 29, 321-3; *Alpine Days and Nights*, pp. 116-8.