

Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,  
 Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread  
 And wind among the accumulated steeps . . .  
 . . . and when I gaze on thee  
 I seem as in a trance sublime and strange  
 To muse upon my own separate phantasy,  
 My own, my human mind, which passively  
 Now renders and receives fast influencings  
 Holding an unremitting interchange  
 With the clear universe of things around ;  
 One legion of wild thoughts whose wandering wings  
 Now float above thy darkness . . .'

That is my last view of the mountain and with it this literary peregrination comes full circle. We started with a young man awed by his first astonishing glimpse of the Alps. Shelley's words seem to me to crystallise in their imagination and spiritual power those feelings, tumultuous and then but dimly realised, evoked by a first impact of mountain beauty. Looking back over twenty years it is easy to ascribe to oneself then thoughts and feelings which are really only the accretions of later experiences. I am conscious that I may be doing so now. But at that moment certainly I recognised for the first time that

' Presence that distracts us with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns  
 And the round ocean and the living air  
 And the blue sky and in the mind of man.'

## A MOUNTAINEERING FAMILY AND OTHER MEMORIES

By GEOFFREY E. HOWARD

We acknowledge with gratitude the courtesy of the Editor, *British Ski Year Book*, in permitting us to reprint a portion of this article.—EDITOR.

**M**Y infant mind first became aware of mountains through the not uncommon medium of a picture book. But this particular book made a special impression on me and was full of unusual excitement, because the pictures were by my aunt, Mrs. William Fowler

(*née* Tuckett), and the wording by my mother. It was 'Les Voyages en Zig-Zag,' and the principal people portrayed in it were either much loved relatives such as my uncle Frank Tuckett or friends of avuncular kindness such as E. N. Buxton and his wife. I must have been five or six years old then, but all through my childhood, although, I suppose, thousand foot high Win Green near my grandmother's country place in Dorset was the highest piece of ground on which my eyes had rested, mountains and mountaineering wove themselves naturally into my small mental world.

A large circle of closely related Quaker families, with the Quaker tradition of intimacy, surrounded me, and the interests and conversation of uncles, aunts and cousins seemed of tremendous importance. Among the circle were a number of ardent mountaineers, outstanding among whom was my delightful uncle Frank Tuckett, who added to a fantastic number of mental and physical accomplishments an absolute genius for entertaining children. My father was an old Alpine Club man, as was also my uncle Joseph H. Fox of Wellington, who married one of my mother's sisters, Marianna Tuckett; while William Fowler who married her other sister Elizabeth had also done quite a lot of climbing. Other family mountaineers were Charles Henry Fox of Wellington, George Fox of Falmouth, and J. H. Backhouse of, I think, Darlington, and of my own generation, but much older, Harry, Hugh and Gerald Fox.

Most of our holidays were spent either at Frenchay, near Bristol, with Frank Tuckett or at Wellington with the Foxes, and festoons of ropes and ice-axes were familiar objects, while mountaineering was an ever favourite topic of conversation. Leslie Stephen, Tyndall, Whymper, Freshfield, Bonney, Loppé and half a dozen others were household words, as were also the great guides to whom affectionate reference was always being made, Croz, J. J. Bennen, the Almers, Melchior Anderegg, François Dévouassoud and the Boss family.

It is still a painful recollection to recall the growing anxiety over the non-return from the Caucasus of Harry Fox and Donkin, and the personal feeling of shock when the search party returned reporting the discovery of the last gîte, made famous by Willink's drawing from Powell's sketch.

The fact that my mother and her sisters had shared in many of Frank Tuckett's Alpine journeys and had even crossed numbers of the lower passes in their ridiculous crinolines and masks, rejoining him at intervals between his historic climbs, added a piquancy to my contemplation of their ordinarily sedate movements, of which I think croquet was by that time the most strenuous that could decorously be indulged in in the eighties in their absurd pannier dresses and bustles. My mother carefully preserved the framework of her Alpine crinoline, an ingenious contraption of thin steel which folded up neatly into a small box weighing only a few ounces. This framework could be rapidly removed and easily carried when she was riding a mule, but was apparently an actual convenience when walking or scrambling,

since it kept her voluminous skirts off the ground and left the legs more or less unhampered by them.

Frank Tuckett's collection of ice-axes at Frenchay was remarkable, beginning with a long heavy alpenstock with a small axe which he carried in his belt, followed by one of nearly 5 ft. with an axe head in which the adze was turned as in an ordinary chopper. These are carefully preserved by his niece, Dr. C. Fox, at Wellington. I also used to regard with astonished awe the scientific paraphernalia with which he used to burden himself on his famous climbs: a large and very heavy copper boiling apparatus of his own contrivance, on a rather primitive Primus stove principle; a 32-inch barometer which he carried down the small of his back; a telescope; a leather case of minimum thermometers, and even a theodolite which he rarely but did actually on occasion take with him. As he generally brought along a lot of food, including delicacies from London and not seldom a bottle of champagne, and was, moreover, renowned for his great consideration for his guides, his capacity as a beast of burden must have been prodigious. I wish I had asked him how he carried his stuff. He did not take to a rucksack till 1869, when he and my father brought from Styria the first that had ever been seen in Switzerland. They created much interest and were speedily copied and universally adopted. I still treasure my father's, precursor and simple model for millions of successors. I suppose that up till then most mountaineers used the stiff leather knapsacks of the soldiers, with the hair left on outside, which one still sometimes sees on the backs of old peasants. But these would not have carried half of Tuckett's impedimenta and, as his sister's pen drawings always seem to show the climbing members of the party with nothing on their backs, I do not know how he managed.

His sleeping bag which he designed for his famous Dauphiné expedition in 1862 on the lines suggested in Galton's *Art of Travel*, and after consultation with him, also fascinated me. Many years later he lent it to me when I first went to the Canadian Rockies. I can only say it was by far the most comfortable of the many in which I have slept.

One other recollection of Tuckett impressed itself on me at the time and astounds me to the present moment. A small room at Frenchay was filled with his climbing boots. With the one exception of a heavy pair which fastened with straps, they were all elastic-sided, and to the day of his death he firmly maintained that Jemimas were the only sensible footgear on the mountains. Edward North Buxton shared this surprising tenet of faith. His daughter used to show me his boot room in which were literally dozens of pairs of these fearful objects. All the same, both these men were great mountaineers, and Buxton also a great shikari: they were both practical men who made a most careful study of equipment. Could they both have been entirely wrong? Well, it does not matter now, as I doubt if one could get a pair of elastic-sided boots made for love or money.

If I have dwelt somewhat on my memories of Frank Tuckett, my

reason is that he was a very great factor in my early life, not only as a famous mountaineer but also as an astonishingly versatile man and one of whom I was devotedly fond.

We usually spent Christmas at Wellington, and in the early nineties used to enjoy what seemed to us to be the incredible accounts brought back by Gerald and Margery Fox of their winter visits to Switzerland : accounts of their lying in hot sun in scanty clothing, picnics in the snow and all the open air pleasures with which everyone is now familiar. They were members of that almost mythical first winter sports party which for some years went to Grindelwald, till the Bär was burnt down, and afterwards to Chamonix. The party, as is well known, comprised at different times among others Leslie Stephen, Sir Seymour King, Capt. Abney, Mumm, Woolley, Meade and Sydney Spencer.

At first tobogganing and skating were the only forms of 'sport,' but soon Gerald and Tom Fox brought Norwegian ski over to Switzerland to the great astonishment of the natives. As has been often recorded, these were not the very first to be seen out there but were probably the first in Western Switzerland, and they created a sensation. Their skiing methods were not scientific : a long pole, replaced soon by a single alpenstock, was used : stop turns were unknown. The thing soon caught on with astonishing results. The whole winter life of a nation was changed. For centuries the Swiss peasant had more or less to stay put during the winter, racquets being his only means of movement apart from beaten down tracks. Now every man, woman and child moves easily and happily wherever each may list.

It happened that there was generally snow in Somerset in January in the early nineties, and we used to ski down the hill on which the Fox house stood, even constructing jumps which frightened me a lot. But I am glad to think that I made my début on the historic pair of ski which were such notable pioneers of a great movement.

In 1891 my father visited New Zealand with Frank Tuckett, and his letters were much enjoyed by us. I remember his description of the discussions they had with the local mountaineers regarding the formation of a New Zealand Alpine Club. They were able to impart much advice and experience as to rules etc., and the club was actually launched soon after their departure. In the event Tuckett was made an Honorary Member ; my father was not and was mildly annoyed in consequence, as he had contributed most of the help asked for ; but the founders were probably quite justified, as, of course, Tuckett was by far the more eminent mountaineer of the two.

In 1897 at last came the longed-for chance to go to Switzerland, where I joined my parents, sister and Gerald Fox, from Germany where I had spent some months after leaving Marlborough. Fortunately, as I think, Wengernalp had been chosen for the first part of the holiday, and I do not believe in all Europe there is a more perfect spot for a first introduction to the mountains. From our simple chalet hotel, amid a sea of alpenrose, I gasped with delight and awe at the majestic range in front, surely one of the noblest prospects in the

world. My father and Gerald firmly coached me in the purest ethics of mountain walking : to use the thighs and not the calves ; never to pause uphill except at stated intervals ; to bend the knees coming downhill, etc. etc. The correct times on paths, I remember, were 1000 ft. an hour uphill and 3000 ft. down. This last excellent rule I have persistently broken all my life, having always had considerable sympathy with the tactics of the Gadarene swine ! Gerald presented me with a light axe from Zweilütschinen, the best I ever had. I was heartbroken when I finally lost it years later in Canada on the trail down from Mt. Robson to the railway. We had not much money, and guideless climbing was then hardly dreamed of by the ordinary amateur, so we had to content ourselves with modest expeditions. After some pleasant rock scrambling at Grindelwald under the tutelage of old Peter Baumann, we engaged Hans Lauener, son of my father's old guide Christian. First we walked up the Schilthorn with my sister, whose frequent stoppages, accompanied by cries of delight at rare flowers, gravely annoyed me. Then Gerald and I went off to the Mutthorn hut and did the Tschingelhorn, traversing down the Kandertal to Kandersteg. That was, to date, the happiest day of my life. Next we went to the Schwarenbach inn on the Gemmi, where I met J. P. Farrar, who was later on to prove one of my most delightful Alpine friends and mentors. The Gemmi was interesting as it was only one year since the famous ice avalanche from the Altels which surged right over the valley and by its blast laid low the forest on the opposite hills. The path was far under the ice and progress was quite difficult. We had a good day on the Balmhorn and then, after an abortive attempt on the Blümlisalp in shocking weather, had to come home. A modest beginning indeed, but oh ! how lovely.

Early in June 1899 my uncle Joseph H. Fox asked me to join him and Gerald at Saas Fee. He also brought along François Dévouassoud, his old guide, as a kind of valet companion, and the two veterans used to potter happily around, living their battles over again. I enjoyed myself prodigiously, but the earliness of the season coupled with atrocious weather prevented any serious climbing. Twice the Zermatt railway was washed away, and once the path from Stalden to Saas Grund was also destroyed. However, with Ambrose Supersaxo, then, as when I went with him again nearly thirty years later, a very lively companion, we did what we could. A training walk up the Mittaghorn remains in my mind. The snow was fresh and deep, and Ambrose's dog which came along went completely snow blind and we had some difficulty in getting him home. The Weissmies was simply an affair of dogged perseverance in waist deep snow and thick mist, while the famous glissade started by a series of flounders and ended with the whole party upside down in a heap of helpless laughter. An attempt on the Monte Moro ended in a drenched return to Mattmark and forty-eight hours in that dismal place. Finally we retreated from the flooded valley to Saas. However, we returned next day, the weather cleared and we went over the Schwarzenberg Weisstor to Zermatt, being

rewarded by marvellous views into Italy. We returned via the Täschalp and the Alphubel, which was heavily corniced. Then the weather broke again and all further plans had to be abandoned. Nevertheless this second very modest Alpine holiday had a considerable effect on my future mountaineering activities. I realised that though I doubtless imbibed a passionate love of mountains with my mother's milk, that nutritious beverage, like many other soft drinks, lacked head. Though I could stand heights fairly well, I did not enjoy them and even had one or two attacks of giddiness. At least, that is what I chose to call them, though I sometimes wonder whether giddiness produces fear, or fear produces giddiness! I hope it is the former, but I am not so sure! Anyhow I decided that exposed rock or steep ice were going to involve more pain than pleasure, but that mountains held an inexhaustible store of delight which nothing was going to deter me from enjoying.

Soon after this, business took me to Aberdeen one spring at the end of March, and with Murray and a map I ploughed my lonely way in a terrific blizzard through the Lharig Ghru, the grandest pass in the kingdom. I think it was the roughest day I ever had, but I enjoyed it so much that for the next thirty years, except during the last war, I hardly ever failed to spend Easter in the Highlands. At first I used to make Derry Lodge in the Cairngorms my headquarters and spent many delightful evenings with old Donald Fraser, the Duke of Fife's head stalker, and his charming wife and daughter. The old gentleman was no respecter of persons and regaled me with many amusing stories of Kings, Czars, Queens and Princesses who used to throng his little lodge in the shooting season. He was a grand old man for whom I had the deepest regard. I was generally alone and went for enormous walks and scrambles over the whole district, but later fell in with Seton Gordon, the well known authority on birds, and we had some very interesting times together watching eagles from near their eyries. Although he was distinctly deaf he could hear the note of a rare bird before I could. I remember lunching with his mother near Aberdeen before starting on one of our little holidays. She was a very charming and cultivated but somewhat formidable woman who was known as 'The Queen's Poetess,' as she had written much excellent verse of which Queen Victoria had highly approved. Suddenly she turned to me after a pause and said, 'Mr. Howard, do you prefer Nature or Culture?' Of course I was far too shy to attempt an answer, and I have spent the rest of my life trying to find the right one!

One Easter I was annoyed to find the privacy of the hills invaded by large numbers of climbers. The reason was a S.M.C. meet at Braemar. Oddly enough, up till then I had never heard of that excellent body, although I had at various times done a good deal of scrambling in various districts apart from the Cairngorms; but I immediately found a number of friends at the meet in question and joined the club, under whose kindly auspices I have enjoyed delightful

little holidays in nearly every climbing centre in Scotland, including several visits to the best of all—Skye. Ling, Sang and Unna were my usual cicerones—my wife flippantly called them my Chinese friends—though I also had good days with Raeburn, Solly, the Somervells, the Walkers and Hugh Sharp.

Before leaving the United Kingdom, I must pay my tribute to the Lakes and North Wales, now so popular that one almost has to wait in a queue for access to a path. But forty years ago you could go all day and hardly sight another party. I remember driving up from Bangor to Ogwen early one morning in April. There were half a dozen people breakfasting in the cottage and two on the Idwal Slabs as I passed. I went over the Glyders, ran up Tryfaen and back and on down to Pen y Pass for a late lunch. Nobody there. Then over Snowdon and down the other side to Carnarvon without meeting a soul till I was down on the high road again.

Up till the last war I divided my attentions chiefly between Norway, Spain, Switzerland and the Canadian Rockies, with one visit to Sinai with Eaton and one to Tyrol, where with Alan Royds I did a lot of the mountains round Stubaital, Vent, etc., where the excellent huts and moderate climbs enable one to sleep above the snowline for many nights on end. I enjoyed my three visits to Canada so much that I hardly know which was the best. My first was to the second Annual A.C.C. Camp, at Rogers Pass. It was all new and stimulating. The hospitality and enthusiasm of the Canadians, to most of whom the mountains were a fresh experience, the marvellous scenery, the life in camp and the very interesting expeditions, some of them new, combined to make it a memorable time for me. There I made friends with Arthur and Oliver Wheeler, the latter now head of the Survey of India. A fatal accident to a girl marred the camp to a considerable extent, and as I was in the party in question it made a lasting impression on my mind. Arthur Wheeler, who died recently, was really the mainspring of the Canadian Club. A born climber and pioneer, he had great organising ability and an infectious enthusiasm which overcame all difficulties; and in the early days they must have been many.

Another year I joined the camp at Moraine Lake near Lake Louise, an exquisite spot with many climbs within easy access. Tom Longstaff and his sister were there in great form and took me up Mt. Temple among other peaks. Lake Louise itself is such a perfect imitation of a flamboyantly coloured picture postcard, deep blue water with great forests and great snowclad mountains, that it is almost too good to be true.

Finally I went to a camp at Mt. Robson, surely the grandest mountain in North America. Again the organisation was wonderful, though everything had to be carried over primitive tracks and improvised bridges for a great many miles from the railway. Once again Arthur Wheeler was the life and soul of the camp. Haskett Smith and Mumm were also there, the latter delighted at the chance of

climbing Mt. Mumm. Mumm was one of the simplest and most modest men I ever knew, and his pleasure at having a mountain named after him was as great as it was unaffected. Haskett Smith had injured a leg which began to get into a nasty condition, so it became necessary to carry him down to the railway en route for hospital at Edmonton. A litter was made out of two fir saplings with a canvas sling in the middle for him and room at each end for three bearers. We took spells of fifteen minutes, but it was pretty heavy work down the elementary tracks. However, it was safely accomplished; he made a rapid recovery, and subsequently rewarded me for my small share in the proceedings by giving me the best dinner I have ever consumed, at the Fishmongers' Hall. Robson itself was quite beyond my powers, but was climbed by two parties. There were, however, plenty of less formidable peaks which gave good sport. After the camp, Mumm, who had Moritz Inderbinnen with him, very kindly asked me to join him and fell in with a scheme I had long pondered. In the maps of North America of my school days, the chain of the Rockies was broken by two great mountains, Mt. Brown and Mt. Hooker, both marked as being 17,000 ft. They were so charted by the botanist Douglas, who made the S. to N. crossing of that part of the range in 1827.<sup>1</sup> Between them was the almost mythical Committee's Punchbowl. By this time it was known that the heights were greatly exaggerated. Trappers had been up there, but a certain amount of mystery still shrouded the district. I had always wanted to go and see for myself, and was delighted that Mumm also thought it a good idea. So we repaired to Jasper, which then consisted of a dozen shacks including a very primitive hotel, got hold of Fred Stephens, the well known packer with his bunch of horses, and started up the Whirlpool River by an old and mostly obliterated Indian trail. After a couple of days the timber became very bad. The trees, fallen through centuries, formed in places a tangled rampart 10 to 20 ft. high, and progress was slow. Once or twice we had to cross the river on horseback, quite exciting work, as it was roaring down at great speed half a mile wide. The horses hated it, but gallantly swam across, naturally landing a long way below our starting point. Several times we tried to climb to some viewpoint, but the terrible timber foiled us, till at last we reached a more open spot, got up a fair-sized mountain and discovered to our pleasure a fine range close by which was uncharted. The larger peaks we named Mt. Scott, Mt. Oates and Mt. Patricia, names which I believe the Geographical Board at Ottawa subsequently adopted. All this had taken longer than I had reckoned and I found my time was up. So I reluctantly turned back, leaving Mumm to finish the job, which he satisfactorily did, finding the Punchbowl and Mts. Brown and Hooker, which are actually about 9000 ft. each. How Douglas, who passed far higher mountains on his journey, could have made such a fantastic mistake will never be known. On getting back to Edmonton, the first thing I did was to have a bath. There was no

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *A. J.* 36. 307; 37. 327 *sqq.*



bolt to the door and, as soon as I was well immersed, a young man walked in, with the one word 'Press.' How he knew anything about me I do not know, and being a modest man I curtailed the interview as much as I could. Like Greta Garbo, I wanted to be alone! I merely gave him a very brief sketch of Mumm's and my activities up the Whirlpool River. Nevertheless, next morning the local paper came out with banner headlines: "'Mountains only Myths,'" says Professor Howard of Oxford, Eng.' As at that time I had unfortunately never even visited the City of Spires and never 'professed' anything except a belief in the doctrines of the Christian Faith, I felt that this was altogether something of an overstatement.

Of two holidays in the Pyrenees and Northern Spain only one provided a great deal of actual mountaineering. Making Gavarnie our headquarters, Alan Royds and I scrambled up pretty well all the heights of any importance in the neighbourhood and then spent a week in E. N. Buxton's comfortable hut in the Val d'Arrassas with its marvellous red cliffs. We felt so utterly remote from mankind there that one day we very rashly sallied forth clothed only in sandals. Never again! We peeled from head to foot and suffered agonies for days afterwards. A total eclipse of the sun seen from the Brèche de Roland was quite an eerie experience. As the strange half-darkness fell one almost expected to see Wellsian monstrous creatures emerge from the wild chaos of rocks round us. I have seldom felt such a sense of weird depression. A night in the village of Torla at the Spanish end of the Porte de Gavarnie was spent in the house of the local Marquess. Our tiny bedroom opened out of the *salle-à-manger* with long glass doors between, through which the women of the house and their friends gazed with embarrassing interest at us while making our toilet. The smells of Torla were of a lurid magnificence, and we proved to be of outstanding interest to the abundant representatives of local insect life.

Another year I fulfilled an ambition to visit Andorra, which at that time involved a tiresome but interesting series of drives in very primitive diligences, mule rides and walks. Our arrival created quite a local stir. It seemed as though the whole population crowded into the inn to watch us eat; pretty girls brought us flowers and the head Syndic showed us round. According to him we were the first Englishmen to be there for many years. I have no doubt that it is now 'civilised' by motor roads and hostels, but forty years ago it was enchantingly primitive and the people simple and friendly. Apart from long pass walks we did nothing which could be dignified by the title of climbing.

Another year we entered Spain via Gibraltar and, making Granada our headquarters, explored the Sierra Nevada. This involved hiring a kind of converted bandit with a mule and a long trek in scorching sun to the foot of the Valeta, where there is a lovely spring of good water. Here we bivouacked fairly comfortably, though it was extremely cold at night, being over 10,000 ft. high. One night some genuine

bandits invaded us, but as, by the advice of a friend in Granada, we had taken with us no money at all, which our guide knew, after a long pow-wow between him and the bandits and a present of tobacco, they departed in peace. On our return to Granada we learned that their leader, a notorious murderer, had been shot two days later by the Civil Guard. There is really nothing to climb, in the true sense of the word, there: merely enormous toilings up horrible slopes of scree. The tiny Valeta Glacier, the southernmost in Europe, is interesting for that reason, but not exciting. Still, the Sierra are well worth a visit for the magnificent views over a remarkable jumble of wild mountains which I should think were still little known to anyone but local hunters.

I cannot leave Spain without mention of one of the most remarkable mountains in Europe. Montserrat is only a short excursion from Barcelona, and the interesting old monastery nestling in its fastnesses is, or was, a favourite shrine for pilgrims and sightseers from that city: but it is immensely impressive. It rises abrupt and isolated from the plain, a vast agglomeration of granite towers and buttresses with a small high-pitched valley nestling among them. Terrific gorges run from top to bottom in dizzy vertical drops, and a full day can easily be spent in wandering and scrambling among the many summits. In many ways it closely resembles, though on a somewhat smaller scale, Jebel Serbal in the Sinai Peninsula, though its swarms of tourists are in striking contrast to the awful loneliness of Mt. Sinai.

For three years I went to the Jotunheim in Norway with a party of friends in the Artists' Rifles, whose main object was walking of the most strenuous nature and who were not greatly interested in climbing except incidentally in the course of immense treks across country. On each occasion the weather was deplorable, and one year we abandoned hope and drove across country to the Nord Fjord, where it rained harder than ever. I did succeed in doing a few mountains round Turtegrø, where we had Ole Oiener as guide. He was an entertaining person who apostrophised our nailed boots as death traps. He wore no nails and as a result, while extraordinarily nimble and safe on rock, was exceedingly nervous on ice and hated glaciers and crevasses. We stayed in the *saeters*, which are generally small farms with sleeping accommodation but sometimes practically only huts, though generally very comfortable. My memories of our many cross country expeditions are rather vague, but I shall never forget the overwhelming impression of the 900 ft. high Vetti Fosse, one of the most elegant waterfalls in Europe, which leaps out in one concentrated spout of water and only reaches the foot of the cliff in a fine spray. Gallopig, if the highest mountain in Norway, is not impressive, the chief interest in those days being the ski kept near the top to facilitate a rapid descent. Another recollection is being charged in a lonely valley by a large herd of horses which had been turned loose there for the short summer grazing. It was startling and very disconcerting; but on reaching us they halted and then slowly galloped round and round

us, obviously only actuated by a friendly curiosity. In fine, Norway gave me little climbing, but a great deal of very pleasant experience of one of the wildest mountain regions of the north and its friendly and lovable peasantry. I have often wanted to go back in a fine summer and get some real climbing, for which there is a great deal of scope in Jotunheim, as Slingsby and many another have found.

Of my journey to Sinai with Eaton I have written before,<sup>2</sup> but it stands out in my mind as the most interesting of all. For one thing the certainty of perfect weather, the brilliant clearness and champagne-like quality of the air, and the perfect nature of the rock postulate an entire absence of many of the troubles and anxieties of most mountain expeditions. The added interest of living with the Bedouins, getting an occasional shot at an ibex, and visiting a district hoary with Biblical lore and tradition made it all very exciting. As for Jebel Serbal itself—whether the mountain of the Exodus or Mt. Horeb or both, I care not—it is simply magnificent. The only two climbers of whom I have heard who have been there since, agree with Eaton's and my opinion that the easy gully up the E. face is the only possible route to the top. Everywhere else are smooth, nearly vertical cliffs and towers.

This paper does not pretend to be anything but a few rambling reminiscences and is not, I feel, a place for records of later climbs during many visits to Switzerland and Tyrol—loveliest region of them all. It is merely an attempt to show the influence on a young mind of family tradition.

Even though I proved a very unworthy successor, as far as technical climbing ability is concerned, to my distinguished forbears, my whole life has been coloured and my recreations guided by my early contact with the giants of the past. In my boyhood the Victorian tradition of appreciative attention to the conversation of one's elders was at its height; but so, I think, also was the art of conversation and narrative. Today youth is impatient of its elders; the art of conversation is at a low ebb and elderly people of any intelligence shrink from holding forth to their juniors about their early experiences. Do not mistake me. The world is still full of crashing old bores! but for the moment I was speaking of intelligent people. It remains, therefore, a delicate problem for old mountaineers to inspire youth with a love of the mountains without putting them completely off by some of the grimmer manifestations of anecdotage. Looking back at my own youth I can see that my inspiration was hero worship pure and simple. Modern youth is ruthlessly eclectic in its selection of heroes: so if you are not quite sure of your own heroism, but want to guide young footsteps up the mountain track, be chary of that dangerous gambit, 'I recollect in '95.' You may unwittingly be driving the lad to dirt track racing. But if you have the gift, whether you are a hero or not, and can set young feet on steep paths, may your reward be the knowledge that you have given a lifetime of happiness, such as old Frank Tuckett and his confrères have given to me.

<sup>2</sup> *A. J.* 28. 13 sqq.