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MOUNTAINEERING BY "JEEP" FROM SCHULS TO THE "NALUUS" SKI CLUB HUT 2,350m.

We started from Schuls, 1,250 m. level, along a narrow and somewhat rough road to Fetau, one of those solid stone built villages of the Ct. Grison, 1,650 m. Here we had to ask the village Mayor and his clerk for permission to motor further up their narrow mountain tracks, unfortunately these two worthy men were not available, having gone haymaking somewhere in the hills. So, after making sure that several people would testify we had tried hard to get the permission we set off up a forest track just about wide enough to take the "Jeep."

It is really unbelievable how the "Jeep" with its four wheel drive, can scramble up rough terrain, that even a mule would hesitate to tackle.

Over bumps, holes and boulders the four wheels, shod with 5 inch tyres, seem to walk just like a bear, with his four legs. Gradient in places 1 in 3 made us hold on very tight, expecting every minute to topple over backwards. Then in and out through avalanche tracks squirming and cork-screwing up and up the "Jeep" scrambled and did not even cough.

The fields, beyond the tree-line, were just one mass of most beautiful flowers, of every description, such vivid, varied colours, never seen elsewhere, an alpine garden, as only nature, without human interference, knows how to grow.

After about an hour of this exciting, I must say crazy, motoring we reached the "Naluus" hut, an inviting, nice place, spotlessly clean, floors, seats and tables scrubbed snow-white, cooking range, pots and pans shining like mirrors.

We brewed a cup of tea and enjoyed a well-earned rest. In the lovely surroundings, the peace, the beautiful view, we soon recovered from the shocks and jolts, yet, only to start our mad ride down, down again, the most terrifying race imaginable.

Instead of taking the same way back to "Fetau" we went straight down to "Schuls." No one knew the way, no one knew where we were going. Yet the "Jeep" took it on.

At one place it was hanging on a cliff-like drop of 20 feet, then again, suspended, clinging to both sides of a torrent bed, it bounced from side to side, rattling down in a pityless race, nothing on earth could hold it back. No wonder the driver said, that no one had ever done this neck-breaking folly before.

To old mountaineers, as we are, this experiment felt like a kind of an insult to our dear old mountains, which in our young days, we climbed on strong sound legs, confidently facing and overcoming danger by our own effort.

H.E.

ALPEROSE.

Was säge mir die Alperose
So fründlig gä, vo lieber Hand
I g'spüre d'Luft, I g'höre d's Tose
Vo de Bächli a dr Felsewand.
I gseh die Chüeli uf dr Weide
Und ringsetum die Bärge Pracht
I Fühle d'Rueh, dä grossi Friede
Dä üs dert obe glücklich macht.

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