

Chapter 1 : Best summer activities to do with family and friends in Chamonix

Excerpt from My Summer in the Alps, To post the following, however true, involved some bold ness on the part of a management doubtless quite as anxious to receive the money of fools as of any other class of travelers.

Day 2 Today I woke up and saw such a beautiful view as soon as I walked out the door. As soon as Cassie and I got here we unpacked, took a quick tour with Devin, unpacked our things and set up our rooms then Nik took us out for pizza. Pizza was perfect for dinner because not only do I always crave pizza, but getting an Italian pizza was definitely on my to do list, just above some traditional kiesermaren and speck. The pie was bomb, I got a spenicha e recotta and was also introduced to spicy olive oil. When I say I got a spenicha e racotta pizza, I mean I got the whole pizza, and the other seven people I was with each got their own pie as well. The pizza is thin crust and about 14 inches in diameter, a single pie usually takes care of a single person. Nik gave Cassie, Devin, and me some sickles, a whet stone, some binding equipment and brought us out in the vineyard. He demonstrated how to use the handheld sickle and explained what we where doing. We where to weed the vineyard, a task that took about 8 hours. Before Weeding and After Weeding Lunch was at Brunnenberg caretaker Jane, who is almost as amazing a cook as she is a person, had lunch ready at She had prepared egg noodles and cauliflower with salad and elderberry juice, along with some bread. After a long lunch during the afternoon heat, we returned to the vineyard with full bellies ready to finish what we had started. It only took about 2hours or so to finish weeding and when we finished we relaxed, explored, and got ready for dinner due for Jordan, a student that stuck around after the rest of the students departed, took the liberty to walk into town and pick up some provisions for dinner. He got some brats, bier, and veggies. We had a great dinner from the grill and before I knew it, the time was 0: Usually I listen to music as I fall asleep, so I made a heady Grateful Dead play lis t and lied down. After a couple songs I shut off the music because Devin finally made it in, and was surprised to hear running water outside my window. It was peaceful to be serenaded by the babbling of a spring as I slowly fell asleep and awaited my next day here in the Alps. Getting to Brunnenberg was an experience that I was anticipating for a long time. Once we finally made it into Munich, Cassie another intern traveling with me and I took a train into the main part of the city and we stayed at Hotel Dolomit. We walked aimlessly looking for the hotel and I took full advantage to ask a stranger in German how to get there. After a scrunched face look and some akward laughter, the man told us in clear english that the hotel was only meters away and with a quick danke shen we were off to the hotel. A quick heads up, a German two person room is not very roomie. After a quick stay at Hotel Dolomit for the night, we rested from a 26 hour adventure and woke up early and caught a train into Bolzano, Italy and were Meran, Italy bound. It took about 5 hours on both the trains to snake through the Alps and get into Meran, and once we got there we had no idea how to get to Brunnenberg. We kept our cool and wondered about the train station. It was the farmboy Devin and vineyard bossman Nik. The night prior, from the hotel via internet, I informed some of the crew at the castle we should be arriving in Meran by 2: And also prime that we had cool calm attitudes. We zipped along the tiny streets of Meran up the mountain and into Dorf Tirol. It was only a 15 minute drive and all of a sudden the 2 day journey to Brunnenberg was complete and we where struck by the 12th centry castle we could call home for 2 in a half months. Settling in was easy, with good company, good food, and an amazing environment we kicked it and got ready for work the next day.

Chapter 2 : Summer In The Alps Stock Photos & Summer In The Alps Stock Images - Alamy

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In the interval I had visited some of the splendid mountainous regions of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, but on horseback and not for the purpose of climbing. And now that an opportunity presented itself to return to Switzerland and again indulge my taste for mountaineering, I seized it with avidity, for the sport continued to appeal to me as strongly as ever. I can truly say that there is no pastime from which, during many years, I have derived such enjoyment as I have from climbing in the Alps. Since I was last in Switzerland the long projected Jungfrau Railroad had become an accomplished fact as far as a point known as the Jungfrauoch, and curiosity now impelled me to seek first hand knowledge as to what it had to offer. Leaving Grindelwald early on the morning of July 30, I walked up to the Little Scheidegg in two and one-half hours and there took the train which, in a little more than an hour, carried me through a long tunnel to the Jungfrauoch. To reach such a spot in such a manner was strange indeed to one accustomed to do so only through hard climbing. It is a splendid thing that those who cannot or do not care to climb, and yet have a taste for such scenery, are thus enabled to gratify it, and I cannot too strongly urge all who are not disagreeably affected by the air of high altitudes to take this small journey and witness at case glorious phases of nature which do not exist below the snow line. The Jungfrauoch has already become a starting point for several excursions including, for instance, the Jungfrau and with knowledge of this fact I had brought along guides from Grindelwald. Leaving the train at Jungfrauoch we proceeded to cross the Monchjoch, a great snow pass with an altitude of about 12, feet, which led us into the midst of further magnificent scenery, so that during the course of the day I saw again every important peak of the Bernese Oberland, including Jungfrau, Monch, Eiger, Schreckhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Viescherhorn and Aletschhorn; and as I looked at them I recalled much of the pleasure and some of the difficulties and excitement experienced in climbing them in years past. Our walk lasted only four hours, as we rejoined the train at the Eismeer station, but it proved to be a good practice walk and furnished considerable exercise; for our start being a late one and the weather warm and clear, we encountered soft snow throughout, which rendered the going heavy. Frequently we sank to above our knees and sometimes to our waists. At Eismeer I was struck by some of the decorative inscriptions in the waiting-room. One read as follows: My excellent guide of , Joseph Taugwalder, I found to be engaged, but through him was introduced to Hieronymus Julen, another first-class guide, who in turn selected Adolph Julen as second guide, and on Saturday, August 2, by way of further practice, we ascended the Riffelhorn. The Riffelhorn is a rock well known to most mountaineers as affording many interesting short climbs, some easy, some rather difficult. I have been on it at least half a dozen times. Elsewhere I have described the route known as the "Matterhorn Couloir. On the afternoon of August 3 we went to sleep at the modest inn at Taschalp, whence we started for our pass at 2. It was good to be again walking in that crisp morning air, and glorious scenery of rock, ice and snow began unfolding itself with the approach of dawn. This occurred shortly before 4, when we observed a

faint gray light on the great snow peaks about us, followed, perhaps an hour later, by the early rays of the sun, at first on a few of the highest and later on countless smaller ones. This impressive spectacle is one I have often had the chance to witness, and each time it has seemed more beautiful than the last [3] Digitized by Google We walked for four hours without halt except to adjust the rope upon reaching the ice, and at 6. The Alphubel is justly noted for its fine views, and thanks to the cloudless weather we were able to enjoy them fully. It is not often that one breakfasts with a panorama of such surpassing beauty as was spread out before us on this occasion, comprising as it did Monte Rosa, Lyskanmi, Castor and Pollux, Breithorn and Matterhorn, all in a perfect setting, partly in the shade, partly in the soft light of the early sun. Between us and the two peaks first named the eye met nothing but snow and ice extending over many miles and to an altitude of some 15,000 feet. We gained the summit of the Alphubel at 7. The descent to the village of Saas Fee, which we reached at noon, calls for no special mention, except that after 8 it became very hot, the snow soft and the going heavy. We were constantly sinking in below our knees as on the Monchjoch while my face, which was not yet hardened to the extremes of cold and heat encountered on Alpine excursions, continued to bum throughout the rest of the day. The village of Saas Fee enjoys a picturesque location in an amphitheatre formed by splendid peaks, the greatest of which are the two noble Mischabelhorn, the Dom and the Taschhorn, each of them nearly 15,000 feet high. It has not yet been invaded by the railroad, and the postal service from Stalden is still performed with the aid of some fifty mules. Our plan was to return to Zermatt via the Nadelhorn, and for this purpose we went, the day following August 5, to sleep at the Mischabel hut, situated at a height of nearly 11,000 feet on the slopes of the Dom. We were four and one-half hours in reaching it. Two other parties had preceded us, one French, the other English. Upon entering the hut I was struck at once with the bad air within, and came to the conclusion that the Englishmen had not cared to raise the issue of ventilation with the Frenchmen. But I felt obliged to do so and am glad to say that we soon found ourselves in accord. Guides, of course, never see any reason why fresh air should be let into a mountain hut, and most Continental tourists entertain the same views. The weather, in the meantime, had turned bad; it came on to snow, and we retired with but small hopes of being able to cross the Nadelhorn next day. Upon awaking we found that there was no improvement and were confronted with the alternative of waiting in the hut for good weather with the necessity of sending down to the valley for more food or utilizing the period of bad weather to proceed to the base of some other peak. We chose the latter, wisely, as the event showed, and, descending quickly to Saas Fee, walked thence in four hours through the long valley of Saas to Stalden, observing on the way a peasant woman smoking a long pipe while at work in the fields. At Stalden we took the train for Zermatt. POLLUX The day following was a rainy one at Zermatt, but on Friday, August 8, it cleared "at least partially" and in the afternoon we went to sleep at the Gandeck hut, near the foot of the Breithorn. The twin peaks of Castor and Pollux, usually mentioned together and well known to all who have enjoyed the view from the Gomergrat, were the only ones of the larger peaks about Zermatt which I had not heretofore climbed, and we hoped on this occasion to ascend one or perhaps both of them. During the late afternoon and evening at the Gandeck the weather was warm and unsettled, and the clouds could not make up their minds whether to stay or go, with the result that the magnificent peaks about us were seen amidst numerous varying and beautiful atmospheric effects. At one time all that could be seen of Dent Blanche, Gabelhorn, Rothorn and Weisshorn was their final points above a great sea of clouds. At another, all but the uppermost part of the Matterhorn was in cloud, the portion visible presenting the appearance of a triangle of the size and shape of the pyramid of the Rothorn, but tipping in the opposite direction. The scene was weird and fascinating beyond [5] Digitized by Google the power of words adequately to describe, and I went to bed reluctantly. We were to start at 2 a. For two and a half hours we followed the Breithorn route, walking over easy, rising snow fields on which there were at least six parties, four of them bound for the Breithorn, one for Castor and one for Pollux, all advancing rapidly. The sun rose on a cloudless sky and its first pale illumination of the splendid peaks surrounding us furnished a most beautiful picture, so beautiful in fact that it seemed as if we should cease walking and devote our whole attention to it. After thus rising for two and a half hours we began skirting the long, southerly face of the Breithorn "a most interesting route" and at 7. Usually its ascent presents no particular difficulty, but this was a bad year for rock climbing by reason of the extraordinary amount of snow, which indeed rendered some

of the great rock peaks quite unclimbable throughout the whole season. Snow in the rocks operates to conceal or destroy wholly or in part the usefulness of any foot and hand-holds, while offering no proper substitute, especially when soft. We made slow time and were not on the summit until 11. We were then at a height of approximately 13,000 feet. A strong, cold wind was blowing and the atmospheric conditions were generally so disagreeable that we remained on top but two minutes. As we approached the base of the peak on the descent we noted that banks of fog were rising from Italy, and indeed this fog soon enveloped us, rendering it inadvisable, especially at so late an hour in the day, to attempt to climb the adjoining Castor. The problem before us was how best to reach Zermatt before bad weather should set in, and we selected the shortest route via the Schwarzthor. Fortunately the Italian fog halted at the Schwarzthor and did not cross the boundary into Switzerland. The upper portion of the Schwarze Glacier consists of steep slopes of snow, and these were becoming very soft under the influence of a hot sun. We literally waded down them, and as we approached the bottom entered a veritable maze of broken and fissured ice, with surrounding ice towers, or seracs, differing however from the ordinary maze in that it sloped downward, which circumstance, taken in conjunction with the softness of the snow, would have rendered very difficult the task of returning; in fact, to remount the 2,000 feet of steep, soft snow that afternoon would have been next to impossible. As we progressed, we seemed to become more and more involved and finally found ourselves on a transverse band of ice with the way to the next one apparently barred. Usually, where the intervening fissures are too wide to be jumped, one can get around the ends, but not so here. After much careful consideration the guides determined that to extricate ourselves it would be necessary to enter what may be roughly described as an ice cave, and cut our way up partitions of ice within this cave a distance of some twenty feet. This was attended with some danger owing to the possibility of the chopping on a hot afternoon bringing down portions of the ice above; but as a result of much delicate ice work on the part of the guides we finally emerged in safety on to the next band of ice, whence progress became relatively easy. The descent of the Schwarzthor is not usually accompanied with serious difficulties and those encountered may be ascribed to the abnormal amount of snow, which affected materially the movement and configuration of the lower portion of the Schwarze Glacier. We started Monday morning, August 11, at 4 a. The weather was all that could be desired and we selected for our route the east [7] ridge, noted for the excellent rock climbing which it affords. A fine rock climb is one of the greatest joys known to the mountaineer and a most exhilarating form of exercise, bringing into play almost every muscle and part of the body, for the hands and feet are not alone sufficient in the ascent or descent of difficult rocks, and where either good hand or foot-hold is wanting one discovers how much can be done with the elbows, the knees, the shoulders and the back. In the case of the Untergabelhorn the best of the climbing lasted, it is true, not much over an hour, but while it lasted it was most interesting and exciting and included crossing three needles. We were on the summit at 9. The Matterhorn, always impressive, seemed peculiarly so from this point. We remained on the summit a long time, for it was good to be there in such weather, and upon leaving proceeded leisurely to Zermatt by the usual route. In a season of variable weather such as this, one must take at least some chances if anything is to be accomplished, and by starting for a hut in the rain one may be able to make the ascent in fine weather: Upon reaching the hut we found that we were not the only ones who were willing to gamble on the weather for the following day, four other parties having preceded us, all anxious to do something. The guides woke me at 3. It had cleared considerably during the night, but the air was unnaturally warm and there were threatening clouds. So we started at 4. We walked slowly toward the first pass, hoping that the fog would lift as the hours advanced. A slight improvement would have enabled us to make a dash and get across, but it did not come; instead there arose a furious snow storm accompanied by great cold and by 10 a. Only those who have experienced it can appreciate what bad weather means at great altitudes. We had a veritable taste of severe winter weather in mid-summer. In an hour after turning back we were out of the snow storm and reached Zermatt in due course in a heavy rain. Apparently several days of bad weather were in store for Zermatt, so I decided to take this opportunity to change my base of operations to Chamonix. Twenty-four years had elapsed since I had visited it, and numerous were the changes which I noticed. The railroad has resulted in converting what was formerly a quiet mountain village into a small town with up-to-date shops, beer gardens and a theatre, and you

are now whizzed in an automobile to your hotel instead of walking to it from the spot where the "diligence" used to leave you. Arriving as I did at night, I went to bed thinking Chamonix a far less attractive place than formerly, and it was not until I awoke next morning and looked up at the familiar mountains that I fully realized that its principal attractions had not been affected by the onward march of civilization. I owed my good luck in finding two such guides disengaged at the height of the season to the fact that it was one of such variable weather that business was slack.

Chapter 4 : My Summer in the Alps

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Chapter 6 : My Summer in the Alps, by Williams, William, online reading at www.nxgvision.com

I had not been in the Alps since In the interval I had visited some of the splendid mountainous regions of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, but on horseback and not for the purpose of climbing.

Surrounded by gorgeous Alpine scenery They also have apartments and caravans to rent for those needing more creature comforts than canvas allows. There is hiking, rock climbing, sitting by the river and picnicking to be done. If you feel like spending the night, the charming Chalet Val Ferret sits almost where the road ends Val Ferret is a dead end. Closed in winter, in summer it offers accommodation, a restaurant and picnic tables with the most peaceful Alpine view imaginable. The hut sits on top of the Cavignon peak with complete degree vistas across the Dolomites. There is a creek for fishing and they can supply bikes for cycling along the Adige river – a lot more accessible than most cycling in the Alps. The only folks you will see are the ones using the nearby Pontet Leisure Park , which features pretty much every outdoor activity you can think of – lake for swimming and boating, rock climbing, archery, zip wires, tree climbing and tennis. Les Contamines itself is a pretty little town bedecked in flowers in summer, with a couple of good pizzerias. Lots of stone and a joyous lack of varnished pine and balconies dripping with flowers. It is close to the col du Petit San Bernard, which means road cyclists can drop into Italy for coffee and make it back in time for a tartiflette dinner. Rooms are atmospheric, with a separate one-bed mazot converted outbuilding for those wanting more privacy. Breakfast outside in the sun is not to be missed. The guest rooms are stunning, with vaulted stone walls that open on to a shaded patio. If you fancy a challenge, cols of the Tour de France on your doorstep include the Galibier and Izoard and mountain bikers will be in their element here. Dinners using local produce are also available. The Annecy to Albertville cycle path runs behind the campsite, so you can pootle off whenever you want and the nearest beach is just a kilometre away. The village even has a microbrewery. But then you look up and catch your breath – boom! The grassy site is perfect for hardy types who like to camp without too many comforts, but not to the extent that forgetting the milk means a two-hour walk out. Bubbly St Moritz is not far away if you fancy some human interaction, but it might come as something of a culture shock. There are no shops, hardly any tourists – just cows, hikers and cheese. While staying here you are assigned a brother or sister to guide you through your days and are expected to share in the spiritual exercises and meditations and to engage in the rhythm of the monastic community. The environment lends itself to contemplation, with the old building resting on the soft shores of the Obersee.

Chapter 7 : My Summer in the Alps www.nxgvision.com: Anonymous: Books

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Chapter 8 : Full text of "My summer in the Alps, "

tea, my personal prefer-ence being for the former. Leaving Chamonix we passed through the village of Argen-tine and then ascended a steep path to a small mountain inn atLognon, high up on the Glacier dArgentiere, where we spentthe night.

Chapter 9 : My Summer in the Alps,

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