a bed. At Stans the driver demanded 27 francs instead of the agreed 18 francs, and refused to surrender the coats and cloaks of the party, which he ' had locked up in a seat of the Char ' till they paid. The ladies naturally were far more distressed at the prospect of losing their cloaks than of yielding to extortion, but Wordsworth, after assuring the carman that ' if justice were to be had in Switzerland, he should feel the weight of it,' bundled his party into a boat for Lucerne, where he laid a complaint against the errant carman, and pursued the matter with such energy that the coats and cloaks were returned and the carman sentenced to a month's imprisonment. ' We hastened down,' writes Dorothy, ' to congratulate the conquerors, and give them due praise for the spirit which had carried them through the business, honestly confessing that we, by being willing to submit to imposition, rather than run the risk of losing our coats, should have betrayed our own countrymen, and not done our duty to the Swiss.'

Let us hope that the journals, which are already out of print, will be reprinted after the war. Meanwhile those members of our Club who are sensible enough to be ski-ers and lucky enough to be members of the Ski Club of Great Britain can borrow the journals from the Ski Club Library, if and when I remember to return them.

SIR AUREL STEIN, K.C.I.E.

1862—1943

AUREL STEIN, who died in Kabul on October 26 last year, was the greatest Central Asian traveller of his generation. His pre-eminence was due to his scholarship, both in languages living and dead, and in archaeology and historical research. He was a resolute explorer of unknown mountain regions, a sound geographer and a good map maker.

Born at Budapest, he studied oriental languages and antiquities at the Universities of Vienna and Tübingen ; but he told the writer of this notice he had to come to Oxford to complete his studies. He became a naturalised British subject, joined the Indian Educational Department, was appointed Principal of the Oriental College of Lahore and Registrar of the Punjab University in 1888 and in 1899 of the Calcutta Madrasa. But during these years he also carried out archaeological investigations in Kashmir and on the Afghan frontier. His work was of so pre-eminent a nature, especially his researches on the influence of Alexander's Greek colonies and its effect on native Buddhist art, that in 1910 he was transferred to the Archaeological Survey of India.

Here his great talents found a wider scope. He was already a Sanskrit scholar. He was one of the first to translate Kharosthi, a dead language. But his colloquial knowledge of the many living languages of the Indian borderlands and of Central Asia was unique

and gave him admission to districts closed to other Europeans. Thus he was the first to follow the route of Alexander's invasion through parts of Bajaur, Swat and the upper Indus ' republics,' including Darel, his papers in the Geographical and Archaeological Journals being for certain districts still our only source of information.

He first visited Chinese Turkestan in 1900–1, returning for a longer journey in 1906–8. In the course of these journeys he explored that part of the Kuen Luen which had been touched by W. H. Johnson in 1865[1], covering much new ground in arduous conditions. It was in the Kuen Luen that he got badly frostbitten, but his resolute courage—and he suffered acute pain during months of hard travel—never permitted this disability to abate his activities. Later journeys took him to Kansu where he followed out the ancient ' Silk Route ' from China to the west. In 1913–16 he carried out geographical and archaeological explorations in Western Central Asia and Persia, and in South Persia again in 1932–3. In 1926–28 he made a most valuable foray into Upper Swat, Baluchistan and Makran. In 1938–39 he travelled through Iraq and Transjordan, unravelling problems of Sassanian and Imperial Roman topography.

He was the author of many books, besides innumerable papers on Sanskrit and other oriental languages, archaeology and geography. His best known works are *Serindia* (5 vols.) ; *Sand-buried Cities of Khotan* ; *Ruins of Desert Cathay* ; *Innermost Asia* (4 vols.) ; *The Thousand Buddhas* ; his last (1940) on *Old Routes of Western Iran*.

He was awarded the Gold Medal of the R.G.S. in 1909 : also the Gold Medals of the Geographical Societies of France and Sweden ; the Petrie Medal and the Gold Medal of the Royal Asiatic Society and the Society of Antiquaries. He had honorary degrees from Oxford, Cambridge, and St. Andrews. He was created K.C.I.E. in 1912. Three years earlier he was elected an Honorary Member of the Alpine Club.

For many years he made his home in Srinagar, Kashmir, but often visited England. To meet him was always a delightful experience, for besides his personal charm, his profound scholarship enabled him to talk fascinatingly on any aspect of oriental civilisation. His sympathetic understanding of oriental races made him welcome from Baghdad to China. It is doubtful if any other has ever been so supremely qualified as a traveller.

T. G. LONGSTAFF.

WILLIAM PASTEUR

1855—1943

WILLIAM PASTEUR was born in London on September 15, 1855. His father, Mr. Henry Pasteur of Wynches, Much Hadham and Grand Sacconex, Geneva, was elected Vice-President of the Alpine Club in

[1] *A.J.* 24. 133 ; 34. 54.

WILLIAM PASTEUR
1855—1943

1893, and William Pasteur's association with the Alps and with the Club started from his boyhood when at Grand Sacconex he met many of those early mountaineers whose names are now household words with us.

William Pasteur qualified from University College Hospital in 1880. He took the M.B. (Lond.) in 1882 and after post-graduate work in Vienna took his M.D. (Lond.). He was elected F.R.C.P. in 1891. He had a special flair for the treatment of children and specialised for some years in this line at the Queen's Hospital for Children at Bethnal Green. In addition and for the rest of his career he served at Middlesex Hospital as general physician until his retirement as senior physician in 1921. He served the Middlesex School with energy and distinction as Dean, as lecturer on Forensic Medicine, on Hygiene and on Medicine, and he was examiner in Medicine for the Universities of London, Durham and Birmingham as well as for the English Conjoint Board during two periods. He had a certain genius for teaching, and throughout his career exercised a great influence on those students who passed through his hands. He spoke French and German fluently, and he was for some years physician to the French Hospital. He served almost throughout the last war with the rank of temporary Colonel in the A.M.S. as Consulting Physician to the British armies in France for the Rouen district, and his services were recognised by a Mention in Dispatches and the award of the C.B. and C.M.G.

His most notable contribution to medicine was his original work on the massive collapse of the lung, which has been described as a medical classic and an outstanding achievement, and he was probably the first to establish fifty years ago that infantile paralysis is infectious.

After his retirement in 1921 he lived at Tunbridge Wells until his death.

He was a genuine lover of music, having been trained by Ludwig, the great violinist; in his earlier days in London he played the violin regularly for many years as a member of a private classical quartette and also in an orchestra. He was a finished carpenter and built model yachts in his spare time. A keen dry fly fisherman, he was a great lover of nature. But his principal hobby was gardening, and it was to his rock garden at Tunbridge Wells that he devoted the greater part of the last years of his life; his love of alpines and his success in cultivating them remained to the end a link with his beloved mountains.

Thus for twenty-three years his versatile abilities and his happy temperament enabled him to enjoy a well earned leisure in a way that few are privileged to do in these days of rush and hurry. The great grief of his later life was the death in action of his only son. The boy had been commissioned in the Royal Field Artillery on the outbreak of war at the age of 17, and early showed outstanding qualities. He was actually commanding a battery at the age of 21 when he was killed. William Pasteur's compensation for this loss was the love of his two daughters and of his wife, *née* Violet Sellon, the close companion of fifty-three years, whose devoted care contributed so much to his home and never failed him to the end.

His career as an active mountaineer was cut short by a heart attack on the Aiguille du Géant and thereafter he was precluded from serious climbing. He had been elected a member of the Club on December 17, 1879. A complete record of his climbs is unfortunately not available, but it comprised Mont Blanc by Kennedy's route, the Grivola and the Aiguille du Midi by the north face. He also did many passes with his father, among others Col du Miage, Col du Mont Tondu, Col du Géant, the high level route from Chamonix to Zermatt, Col Durand and probably many other expeditions, for he climbed for some seasons in the districts of Zermatt, Chamonix, Arolla and Ferpècle. After the summits had been denied to him by doctor's orders, his holidays were largely spent in the Alpine valleys for many years. Although he latterly attended meetings of the Club but seldom, he maintained a close interest in its affairs through his brother Charlie, his brother-in-law Sir George Morse, and his close friend and neighbour, Claude Wilson.

Handsome and well built, he had also a very charming character. More than one of his obituary notices in various medical journals, written mostly by those who had studied under him, refer to his dignity. Dignity is almost too pompous a word to associate with his genial philosophy, and yet the dignity was there; one who met him late in life for the first time described him as a grand seigneur.

And so he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman.

Perhaps the main source of his charm lay in his deep human sympathy with and interest in his fellow man. A hard business man once said that he had a magnetic power of healing 'just by walking into the room.' He was a real healer of the spirit no less than of the body. He had an excellent sense of humour and he was a *bon viveur* in the best sense: strictly moderate, he loved a good glass of wine and a good cigar, and in these respects as in all the affairs of life he was fastidious without being in any way extravagant.

With the death of William Pasteur, the Alpine Club loses one of its oldest members, a link with its very earliest years, and a representative of a name justly honoured in its annals.

E. F. NORTON.

CHARLES HERBERT POWELL

1857—1943

SIR HERBERT POWELL, who died on October 23 last year, on his eighty-sixth birthday, saw thirty-two years' service with the Indian Army, to which he transferred in 1880 after first holding a commission in the Royal Marine Light Infantry. In 1882 he joined the 1st Gurkha

Rifles with whom he saw much service on the North-West Frontier. In 1900 he went to China as British representative on Count von Waldersee's staff during the Boxer rising. He rose to command of his regiment in 1903, and thereafter commanded a Brigade. In 1908 he was awarded the C.B. and retired in 1912 with the rank of Major-General. On the outbreak of the 1914 war he took command of the 36th Ulster Division; he laid special emphasis on the importance of a high standard of marching, based on his own long experience as an infantry officer. Being no longer young, he did not accompany the Division overseas, but later found employment in directing British Red Cross activities in Serbia in 1918-19. He was made K.C.B. in 1917. He married the daughter of James Mackenzie of Auchenheglish, who died in 1917. There was one son by the marriage, who was commissioned to the Highland Light Infantry and fell in action in 1914. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1890. In 1889 he took part in the search expedition to the Caucasus to ascertain the fate of W. F. Donkin and H. Fox with their guides (*A.J.* 15. 26 *sqq.*). The famous illustration of 'The Last Bivouac' was drawn by Powell, who was a most talented painter in water colour. Of three Powell brothers, all members of our Club, only one now survives, at a ripe age, as a settler in Western Canada.

Unfortunately I am not qualified to write of Sir Herbert Powell in his days of active service, which won him among other things the close and valued friendship of our former President C. G. Bruce. I was, however, privileged to see him frequently in his home at Wickham. House and garden were characteristic of their owner. He was never happy unless actively employed, and hardly a corner of the house, from the staircase and gallery to his own study, did not bear witness to his skill in carpentry. The rooms were hung with his own sketches of Himalayan life, and in the garden were trees and plants of Himalayan origin, all tended by him in person.

He was a most courteous and generous host, an admirable listener and to the very end in close touch with modern ideas and the great events taking place both around him and in his former scenes of activity. His position as Colonel of the 1st Gurkha Rifles meant much to him. I can recall the pride and interest which he took in the launching of H.M.S. Gurkha, of the new Tribal class of Destroyer, and his joy in entertaining the party of native officers during their visit to this country at the time of the Coronation in 1937. The outbreak of war in 1939 brought him new activity, and he was one of the first to join the local Home Guard. The Club has lost in him one of the best type of Frontier service officers, a warm friend and a great gentleman.

H. E. G. TYNDALE.

VITTORIO SELLA

ob. 1943

(By courtesy of the Editor of *Die Alpen*, we are enabled to reprint the following notice of our former Honorary Member, reproducing the original text in French rather than impairing the grace of M. Gos' style through any defect in translation.—EDITOR.)

UN grand alpiniste, un grand artiste et au surplus, un homme de cœur vient de mourir : VITTORIO SELLA, neveu de Quintino Sella, ministre des finances du *Risorgimento* et fondateur du Club Alpin Italien. Le nom des Sella demeurera gravé en lettres d'or dans l'histoire de la montagne et de l'alpinisme.

Des cabanes, des cols, des sommets portent ce nom, mais le plus glorieux exploit des Sella reste incontestablement la conquête de l'Aiguille du Géant sous la conduite des guides Jean-Joseph, Daniel et Jean-Baptiste Maquignaz (29 juillet 1882)[1]. Mais Vittorio, ce jour-là, n'accompagnait pas ses cousins. Il fut par contre un des plus brillants pionniers de l'alpinisme hivernal. En compagnie, notamment des Maquignaz et de Jean-Antoine Carrel, il fit les premières ascensions d'hiver du Cervin (1882, traversée Italie-Suisse), du Mont Rose (1884), du Lyskamm (1885) et du Mont Blanc, montée par les Aiguilles Grises et descente sur Chamonix, et d'autres expéditions notoires. En 1938, alors que je travaillais à mon livre, *Tragédies Alpestres*[2], Vittorio Sella, qui avait eu l'extrême obligeance de me fournir des renseignements passionnants tant sur Jean-Joseph Maquignaz que sur Jean-Antoine Carrel, me disait qu'au Cervin en janvier 1882, Carrel, qui n'était pas d'un caractère très commode, se trouvait ce jour-là de fort mauvaise humeur. Il ne cessait de grogner contre les hommes qui tentent les grandes montagnes l'hiver, contre les grandes montagnes trop froides et contre l'hiver trop enneigé, ' si bien,' dit Vittorio Sella, ' que, pour finir, je pris la tête de la cordée du col du Lion au Pic Tyndall et " le Coq " derrière moi . . . '

L'artiste photographe est inséparable chez Vittorio Sella de l'alpiniste. C'est en qualité de l'un et de l'autre, et en ami, qu'il accompagna le duc des Abruzzes, cet autre remarquable alpiniste, dans plusieurs de ses expéditions aux montagnes lointaines, le Mont Saint-Elie entre autres, et l'Himalaya. De très nombreuses publications alpestres ont reproduit les œuvres de Vittorio Sella. Artiste dans l'âme, doué d'un sens poétique admirable et professant un amour infini pour le paysage de haute montagne, il eut le rare privilège de pouvoir faire exactement ce qu'il aimait, ce qu'il désirait, ce qui répondait à ses goûts les plus sensibles. C'est ainsi que son premier soin fut de faire transporter par une caravane de guides et porteurs, sur tous les quatre mille des Alpes et autres cimes de renom, du Monte Viso aux Dolo-

[1] Jean Baptiste, son of Jean Joseph and brother of Ange, Guido Rey's guide, is still living at Breuil, the sole survivor of this memorable expedition.

[2] *A.J.* 52. 157.

mites, en passant par le Dauphiné, la chaîne du Mont Blanc, les Alpes Pennines, les Bernoises et l'Engadine, un énorme appareil à plaques 30 × 40. D'éclatantes réussites récompensèrent ces efforts de Titan, et, très rapidement, la réputation de Vittorio Sella se répandit dans tous les milieux alpins internationaux. L'ouvrage volumineux, *Among the Alps*, de Samuel Aitken (édition privée), qui contient une centaine de planches, me semble le mieux exprimer son magnifique talent. Par leur vision, par leur choix et leur rendu, ces œuvres sont celles d'un véritable poète et s'apparentent sur le plan sensible au sentiment d'un Guido Rey, cousin de Sella et son ami le meilleur.

Vittorio Sella et mon père, le peintre Albert Gos, s'étaient rencontrés jadis à Zermatt (1887). Devant ses tableaux que Sella admirait, l'artiste prend son violon et, pour la grande joie de son visiteur, lui joue en sol majeur, en la mineur, en do, en mi, en fa, un Cervin, un lac alpestre, une vallée au clair de lune . . . Ce romantisme avait enchanté Sella qui, cinquante-cinq ans après, en parlait encore avec enthousiasme à mon père et à moi-même. A plusieurs reprises, je m'étais permis d'insister auprès de lui de manière pressante, pour qu'il écrivît les souvenirs de sa vie alpine, tant de traits caractéristiques sur ses guides fameux, sur les grands alpinistes qu'il avait rencontrés, tant d'anecdotes pittoresques, plaisantes ou dramatiques, qui auraient fixé pour nous, plus jeunes que lui, mais comme lui, fervents de la beauté alpestre et des choses de là-haut, d'admirables impressions. Mais, hélas ! avec trop de modestie, il se défendait toujours de savoir écrire . . . Et ce livre (j'avais aussi supplié Guido Rey d'y songer et il regretta toujours de ne l'avoir point fait), nous ne l'aurons pas.

Vittorio Sella, qui était la simplicité et la bonté mêmes, vivait en sage et en gentilhomme dans son admirable retraite de San Gerolamo, près Biella. Rien ne saurait mieux traduire la popularité de cet homme charmant, de ce poète des cimes que la vénération avec laquelle, tant à Valtournanche qu'à Courmayeur, les guides parlent du ' Sig. Cavv. Vittorio Sella.' Pour l'alpiniste, quel hommage plus émouvant que cette vénération du peuple des montagnes ?

CHARLES GOS.

JULIUS KUGY

1858—1944

WITH the death of DR. KUGY at Trieste on February 5 of this year, there passes from our mountain world the last of a group whose names brought honour to the Austrian Alpine Club and to their native land. Louis Friedmann, Ludwig Purtscheller, Otto and Emil Zsigmondy, Heinrich Pfannl and Moriz von Kuffner—of such was that generation made, and it was by their outlook as much as by their outstanding achievements that the Austrian Alpine Club gained

and held its position in the aristocracy of mountaineering clubs. None of these men, however, attained the almost legendary distinction which was the mark of Julius Kugy. Of enormous build and endowed with exceptional strength and power of endurance, he began his career in the late seventies, passing after some ten years' experience in the Julians to the wider fields of the Western Alps. Not that his devotion to the Julians ever wavered: spring, summer, autumn, winter, almost every Sunday saw him snatch a brief visit to them, ending in a night journey and punctual return to his office in Trieste for Monday's work. But among the great glaciers of Switzerland and Mont Blanc, and above all in the company of those famous guides upon whom he lavished his affection, he felt a call upon his own skill, a new sense of breadth, a development of outlook in contact with other nations, which were not to be found in the barren Trenta uplands or even among the crags that form the southern barrier of the Seissera valley. To study his career as revealed to us in his great book *Aus dem Leben eines Bergsteigers* is to watch him go from strength to strength: first, the search after Hacquet's mythical *Scabiosa trenta*; then, the chance meeting with Andreas Komac and his introduction to the peasant life of huntsmen and poachers[1]; next, his exploration of the Western Julians and a host of new friends, especially Anton Oitzinger and Osvaldo Pesamosca; and in due course, his entry into Switzerland—characteristically, by the east face of Monte Rosa. Henceforth, every summer brought him to the Western Alps, where each district had its message for him, whether it were the stern call of Dauphiné or the softer notes of Savoy or the noble appeal of Mont Blanc and its attendant courtiers. All these things are set out by him with a singular grace, revealing not only the man himself but the ideals that inspired him and grew with the passage of years.

On the outbreak of war between Austria and Italy, his whole life was changed. With his unrivalled knowledge of the frontier district, he put his services at the disposal of the Austrian military authorities, and for three years he spent almost all his time in close proximity to the front line, where such peaks as Wischberg and Montasch were vital points of observation. It was during this time that he wrote his book, as he tells us, often in the trenches or in bivouac, in deserted farmsteads within sight of the enemy or in short periods off duty. Writing came easily to him, almost as if someone were dictating the text. But if this book brought him comfort in time of war, it was his salvation in the dark days that followed, when, a Carinthian by birth and spirit, he returned to find his city transformed, his business in ruins, and himself regarded by many as little less than a traitor for his old allegiance in war. With innate loyalty to authority, he accepted his change of nationality; and Italy had every reason to honour her new subject. Being now over sixty, he felt it beyond

[1] The famous terrace on the north side of Triglav bears the name of *Kugyband*, 'for I was the first person to traverse it *not* carrying a chamois.'

JULIUS KUGY
1858—1944

him to rebuild his former life, and but for the kindness of friends, and especially of one who had been his companion on many climbs, he might well have given up the struggle. They urged him to publish his book. Mercifully, he agreed, and its immediate and widespread success gave him a new footing in life. From now on he lived, if not free from all anxiety, at least in a tranquillity of spirit where his rich humour and breadth of sympathy restored his stability.

It was not long before a second book was published. While it added little to what he had already written of mountains, there was one side of Kugy's life which here found fuller expression. *Arbeit*, *Musik*, *Berge*—he always hated flowery titles—the words convey the three chief components of his life. Work always came first with him; but for leisure moments music was a serious rival to mountaineering. Gifted with a charming tenor voice, he was also a fine pianist and his accompaniment of Schubert's songs, with its delicacy of understanding, was superb. More than this, he was an admirable choir trainer, and found full scope for his talent in the performance of many great choral works, despite the headshaking of ecclesiastical authorities over the presence of a mixed choir in a sacred building: *Mulier taceat in ecclesia!* Perhaps the greatest day of his life was when his choir rendered Palestrina's Missa Papae Marcelli in the basilica of Aquileia. Bach, Beethoven, Palestrina, these were, he tells us, the trinity which inspired him most. Echoes of music often mingle with his descriptions of scenery. Out of many noble passages, I will quote one when, after repeated attempts, he succeeded at length in a winter ascent of Montasch:

'As I trod the summit, after the heavy toil of the last hours, and thrust my axe into the sharp snow crest, I seemed to catch the silver notes of angel choirs in solemn sacred harmony. Was this but the influence of the silver radiance around, or of the excess of joy that sang within me? Yet to my senses it seemed that seraphic companies called in antiphon from peak to peak, and above the horizon rang the *Gloria in Excelsis* of their clear voices.'

Which of these influences, mountains or music, was the more powerful? He has given us the answer. 'There have been times in my life when music had no voice for me. The mountains have never left me, their shining peace was always by me. Did my loyalty falter, I could return to them at once, far more easily and quickly than to music. I feel that it was only in the mountains that I gained a full understanding of music.'

As old age drew on, he spent most of the year in Trieste, journeying in early July to his beloved Seissera valley, where a prophet's chamber was kept for him in the house of his old guide Anton Oitzinger. Here he reigned as a benevolent despot of the village, taking his meals at the *trattoria* over the way; and here the young mountaineers of Villach and Klagenfurt, of Trieste and Udine came always to pay their court and receive a word of praise and encouragement from the *Altmeister*. Never was there a better listener than Kugy; nor

perhaps was any retired mountaineer ever listened to with greater respect. If he had little use for pitons and still less for national rivalry in record breaking, he had infinite patience with those whose outlook differed radically from his own. 'The young men laugh at him,' I was once told. When I questioned Willy Merkl about this, he denied it with some heat: 'His book is our Bible, and he is like Elijah to us.' There was, indeed, a note of the Old Testament prophet about this huge bearded figure, something of the spirit of Amos when in bivouac he watched the Pleiades and Orion, and something more of Elisha in his care of sick villagers.

Or again, you might find him at the house of his friend Albert Bois de Chesne in upper Trenta, beneath the shadow of the village church, equally happy in prowling round the Juliana rock garden or watching the younger generation of Komac and Tozbar catch Isonzo trout for an appetite befitting his Gargantuan frame. Seated in the porch in the invariable Norfolk jacket, Manchester corduroy breeches and Alpine Club tie, he loved to discourse of his old days with Bolaffio and Joseph Croux, and as he drew on his rich store of memories one could not but admire the brevity and the wit of a born *raconteur*. One subject only was distasteful to him: his war experiences. Yet those who served with him all speak of his brave spirit and unfailing humour, and especially of his courtesy towards the peasant population. Let us bid him farewell with one illustration from the Austrian occupation of Venetia after Caporetto, when Kugy was charged with the onerous duty of requisitioning supplies and fixing the quota with due regard to the peasants' needs. He came to a large solitary farm, and when he was admitted he found the combined families, old and young, before him in a wide semicircle. A very old man with long white curls gave him a solemn greeting, and in a short time the business was happily settled. As the old man led him to the gate, 'I hope, sir,' he said, 'that you will come back after the war. So, *a rivederci*!' 'Well, you know,' replied Kugy, 'we are both fairly old, and have to be rather careful about saying *a rivederci*!' '*Giusto, signore*! Well then—*a rivederci in paradiso*!'

H. E. G. TYNDALE.

JOSEF POLLINGER

1873—1943

COMMON to the mountaineers of the tiny hamlets of Täsch, Randa, St. Niklaus, Herbriggen and the Saastal, there exists a quality, a distinction, but too seldom found elsewhere. These characteristics have formed and developed a magnificent race of guides, composed of the Pollinger, Lochmatter, Knubel, Mooser, Schaller, Imboden,

JOSEF POLLINGER
1873—1943

Summermatter, Burgener and Supersaxo families, as well as others. Among their greatest names will exist for all time that of Josef Pollinger. To go even further, his will appear among the three or four—not more—supremely great figures of the period 1864—1939. Personally and for Josef, I would claim even more. But comparisons, especially among the great, are worthless as well as invidious.

His death occurred on September 5. Last Easter he had a stroke which affected his mind, and a second stroke led immediately to his death. He was buried on September 7.

Of his life and guide's career it is difficult to write. His guide's book is of course not available. Moreover, speaking from personal knowledge, that record is far from complete. Many of his finest expeditions occurred during periods when Josef was lent to one of his friends by his employer, when the book was not at hand for single or indeed any entries. I do remember however that his record as a youthful porter was summarised most admirably by Mr. de Fonblanque in Josef's first guide's book. And what a list it was, one containing the names of many famous mountaineers, as well as a record of numerous great expeditions. Of these, I recollect a new route on Piz Roseg in 1888, under his father's leadership and at the age of fifteen. Josef's employers were practically all British, together with a few Americans, notably Mr. Stimson, now the Hon. Henry L. Stimson, Secretary for War of our Ally. Again racking a not too deficient memory, I call to mind the names of Whymper[1], Mummery, Norman Collie, Edward Davidson, W. M. Baker, Edward Broome, Edwin and Lawrie Oppenheim, Arthur Thorold, Gerald Arbuthnot, O. K. Williamson among those departed, and of R. W. Lloyd, Leo Amery and myself of those still living. To Davidson and the last three named, Josef, it is probable, rendered his greatest services. Davidson, a most exacting judge who for two generations had enjoyed the successive services of the two foremost guides of their time, considered that Josef Pollinger and Franz Lochmatter, together with their immediate predecessor, Christian Klucker in his prime, were the best he had ever known. It was an ill day for any stranger belittling Davidson's feats in Josef's presence.

What follows must of necessity be largely egotistical, and it is to be trusted that my friends, Lloyd and Amery, will supplement my shortcomings. My first expedition with Josef was the traverse of Lyskamm, E. to W., in 1895. My last was Brunneghorn, a rapid traverse by each of Blanchet's startling variations, accomplished under easiest conditions in, I think, 1928 or a year earlier.

My seasons with Josef, never longer than six weeks, and often shorter, comprise the following years together with the region visited: 1899, Tödi, Maderanertal and Bernese Oberland; 1902, Pennines; 1904, Mont Blanc group and Pennines; 1906, Pennines, a marvellous but desperately chilly June during which some 18 expeditions were accom-

[1] Josef was with Whymper in the Rockies making many first ascents, and with E. A. FitzGerald on the first and successful Aconcagua expedition.

plished from Zermatt or Saas Fee in 25 days; 1907, Dauphiné and Cottians; 1908, Bregaglia and Central Bernina; 1909, Val Malenco and southern Bernina valleys, Bergamasque Alps; 1910, Silvrettas, Eastern and Central Bernina, our very worst season for weather; 1911, Josef was lent to me for several expeditions by Davidson, notably Matterhorn by Zmutt (6 hours from Schönbühl), our second ascent, and Dent Blanche by W. arête; 1912, Bregaglia and Albula; 1913, Bregaglia, Val Malenco, Val Masino, etc.; 1914, Bregaglia, terminating on June 29, the day following the Serajevo outrage.

During many of these and other years, notably 1896, Josef was lent to me for one or several expeditions through the kindness of his employers. After 1919 I accomplished but very little with him. It was not that our friendship and my deep appreciation had in the slightest degree abated. It was solely because I was unable to fix a date sufficiently in advance. We met in the Western Graians, the Rhône Glacier group, the southern Lepontines, and elsewhere, but he was always in other employ. Still, the period in question enables me to form a proper judgment of his character and powers.

Josef Pollinger, of medium height, slim but very strongly built, and with 'intensely blue eyes' was a man of most lovable characteristics. Not the least charming of these traits was his utter loyalty to his friends. As Claude Wilson wrote so well of Klucker, Josef was the perfect companion, the perfect guide. During all these years, during all our friendship, we never exchanged one angry word. Others who have climbed with me will appreciate what that means. We never disagreed either on the hill side or 'below the snowline.' We travelled in many localities unknown to either of us; on one occasion, in a region still pronounced as virtually 'unexplored,' without a map! During all those years we met with but one rebuff other than from weather, and that was on an unknown and probably then unclimbed peak, which I have named Cima Codera. Clambering up the rugged E. arête we came suddenly on a gigantic cleft in the ridge, some 10 feet wide and appearing at least 500 feet deep. It might perhaps have been jumped as in the case of Les Ecrins in 1864, but the take off and especially the landing place were the exiguous edges of tremendous precipices. Any turning movement below was an utter impossibility, so nothing was left but retreat. We had reconnoitred the base of the ridge from the N. on the previous day, as also from a higher peak lying opposite, but from no point owing to the curvature and indentations of the ridge could we perceive even a symptom of the great chasm. Claude Wilson's party climbed the peak some years later by a face route, finding a cairn on the top. Josef and I in after years were wont to doubt if that appalling *coup de sabre* had ever really existed!

Of Josef as a companion—I could never look on my friend as my guide—I have written at length (*A.J.* 53. 11 *sqq.*), but at the risk of vain repetition I cannot refrain from more. He was abstemious to a fault; with him I learnt that a multitude of bottles, or even one, was a waste of power and energy, while a spare and long rope a virtual

necessity on many occasions. One vice, shared with me, was smoking—we used to regulate our pace over easy ground solely by our capacity for smoke—if our pipes would not draw we were going too fast. To guideless climbers—provided they were not of German origin—Josef would go out of his way to give assistance. It is superfluous to add that, although we discarded the rope on rocks earlier than most parties, Josef took invariably the greatest care and every known precaution. Never was he caught off his guard. He was, so far as I know, never in or near any accident.

Over difficult ground or when the need arose, Josef could move with phenomenal speed, a quality shared with his cousin, the gifted Franz Lochmatter. I shall never forget the sight of Josef's grace and speed in the descent of Täschhorn's *Teufelsgrat* in storm. As is well known, no boulder on that great ridge from the size of a house to a pebble is secure. The edge was unthinkable in the blizzard and nothing but the Kien or Weingarten slopes were left. Yet never a stone appeared dislodged as Josef came smiling up to my elbow, whenever I paused momentarily, thinking the rope had come to an end. So perfect was his work and, I would dare add for the praise is *his* alone, our mutual co-operation, that I almost enjoyed a long and trying day. On an ice slope, and we climbed some striking faces on occasion, Josef's powers were supreme. He never, at least in my company, wore crampons. Neither of us could abide the sight of them—like ski we loathed them! But such were Josef's tireless cutting powers that crampons would have been but a useless wear and tear of rucksacks. Like Klucker and Christian Jossi sen., I do not believe that Josef ever had both feet in a crevasse. In fair weather and in storm he remained equally calm and unperturbed. His cheerful, quiet serenity could inspire his companion to efforts not too unworthy of his own. I think that nine-tenths of our expeditions were made alone together.

As a pathfinder, Josef was superb. I shall remember our direct descent to Promontogno from the Passo di Trubinasca. It had been a long and eventful day culminating in one of the heaviest thunderstorms even for that region. The precipitous terrain became as one great waterfall, and as such there appeared risk of being washed away, killed or drowned. Josef countered this by roping down from tree to tree, from one rock rampart to the next, never failing to pick up the short and intact stretches of path where, according to natives, no one had passed since the early days of the Grisons Confederacy!

On another occasion in thick mists Josef found his way from the summit of Bifertenstock down to Brigels. We had but an ancient and nearly obliterated copy of the Dufour map. We had climbed the peak in early June, starting from the Muttsee hut, by the 'long bands.' These were so choked with heavy if safe masses of snow as to be quite invisible. That was a really long day spent in some of the most strangely wild and interesting scenery that we had ever seen. Again, with nothing but the hopeless Italian map, we started from the Cederna

hut and appear to have followed practically the entire Cima Painale—Vetta di Ron ridges, arriving at Sondrio in the evening, after the most intensely hot day of all our adventures together.

I suppose we might have been considered a fast party ; at all events I cannot help telling a story of La Meije.[2] Leaving La Bérarde soon after midnight—there had been heavy thunderstorms from 5 to 9 P.M.—we breakfasted just above the deserted Promontoire hut, whence we reached the summit in some 3 hours, Grande Muraille, etc., being in admirable condition. On the summit we found the La Grave face of Grand Pic sheeted in ice from the previous day's storms, the remainder of the arête although snowy looking quite feasible. We roped down to the Brèche Zsigmondy with much difficulty, attaining the first tooth after a severe struggle. Henceforward every trace of difficulty vanished, there was a deep groove between the rocky edge and the precipitous northern ice slopes. This groove sometimes attained a depth of five feet and must have averaged two or three—caused of course by melting. Without trouble and through the said groove, occasionally very wide, we reached Pic Central in 1 hour 20 minutes from leaving Grand Pic, more than half of this time having been spent on Grand Pic and the ascent from the Brèche. La Grave, after a series of prolonged halts was attained about 4.30 P.M. I recollect the final pull up as having been somewhat exhausting to both. I had climbed La Meije, but not traversed it, 10 years before, but I do not think Josef had ever previously set foot on it.

Wherever we travelled, Josef was soon on the friendliest terms with all the locals. Even the surly and indifferent guides of a certain famous centre strove to mend their uncouth manners before him. Josef had strong likes and dislikes. I have spoken of his loyalty and devotion to his friends, but he loathed a Hun in all his moods and forms. With the natives of Tyrol and Austria, Josef was at once on terms.

He had a good start in life. His father was the great Alois (d. 1910), pioneer and admirable trainer of young raw material. His mother was a sister of Josef Marie Lochmatter, a good guide and father of even greater ones, who perished on the Dent Blanche in 1882. Josef was the second son—the eldest died as a small boy—and his next brother, Alois, now alas reported very ill, is a guide of the same class. Three half brothers are also guides. The brothers Josef and Alois together worked a most successful saw mill in St. Niklaus. Charles Gos could write on this side of the family life. Josef married young and had one son, Adolf ; Josef Knubel once described the latter to me as the best young skier and climber in all the Valais (1924). I was with Adolf but once and on a sad occasion.

And so in these inadequate lines, I take a long and still unrealised farewell to a dear friend and the best Alpine companion that man was ever blessed with. With all his strength, courage, endurance, superb

[2] As an anticlimax and to show what 'times' are sometimes worth : we took 15 hours in an ascent of Tödi. Leaving Thierfehd at 24.00, we attained the summit at 15.00, but were back at our starting point at 19.00 !

constitution, I have never thought that it would fall to one of his own age to attempt Josef Pollinger's last tribute and valedictory.

E. L. STRUTT.

WITH the death of Josef Pollinger I have lost my greatest friend. His death terminated a friendship covering a period of forty years. The time spent with him during these years represented the happiest period of my life.

Josef was not only a great mountaineer and one of the first—if not *the* first—of the great guides of his time, but he was a most delightful companion and took a great interest in travel. He visited Italy in the spring or early summer several times with me and was much interested in everything he saw and in the history of each place. When we went to Rome he was thrilled at going to the private audience which His Holiness granted to us, and great was his disappointment and mine when we arrived at the Vatican to find that, owing to illness, His Holiness had had to cancel all his engagements.

He went with me to see Pompeii. Before going there I gave him a sketch of the history of the place and its people, which was all new to him. I asked him later what his friends said about his visit and was much amused to find he had carefully sent home postcards ; otherwise, he said, no one would have believed him. One evening he had a number of friends in and was telling them what he saw and the history of Pompeii. One old gentleman got up slowly, marched to the door, carefully opened it and went out, then putting his head into the room said, ' Josef, you are a liar : these things never happened ! '

His great ambition was to see Venice, which more than came up to his expectations. There he found another Swiss who was an hotel porter, who took him out to dine and showed him the town.

He greatly enjoyed his tour with me in Holland despite his annoyance with the language which, though it sounded like German, was unintelligible to him.

He was gifted with a fine and vivid imagination and I used to tell him that, had he entered the priesthood as was originally intended, he would have risen high in his profession. His father sent him to the clerical school at Sion, but Josef resented the discipline. When told to eat his dinner on the floor for some boyish transgression, he ran away ; as he said, ' I was not going to eat my dinner on the floor at anybody's orders.' He managed to get home although he had no money. His reception was warm but he was not sent back and he began guiding at about 14 years of age with his father.

On his first visit to Chamonix he had to go by himself over the Col de Balme from Martigny and arrived worn out at Couttet's, where he was to meet his father. Joseph Couttet, a boy of about his own age, seeing him rather forlorn—his father had not arrived—took pity on him and went out of his way to make things comfortable for him. It was an act of kindness Josef never forgot and he often referred to it when we stayed at Couttet's.

JOSEF POLLINGER R. W. LLOYD ADOLF POLLINGER

Josef was very popular wherever he went, not only with men but also with the female sex, being a good looking, well built man. I used to tell Madame Pollinger, to her amusement, what a responsibility it was to look after him and that she ought to be with us. I remember how when we were in the Eastern Graians many years ago, resting after about ten days' continuous climbing, one young woman in the hotel took a great fancy to Josef and would not believe for some time that he was a married man until I vouched for the fact.

Josef was very fortunate in his wife. Everyone knows the Arab proverb: 'Marriage is like putting one's hand into a bag full of venomous serpents in which there is one eel, in the hope of getting the eel.' Well, Josef got the eel all right. They married with nothing but good health, brains and a determination to work hard. They had three girls and one boy, Adolf, who is a first rate guide. All have done well and Josef and his wife were able to take life more easily some years ago. I think my advice had something to do with this as it was no longer necessary for Madame Pollinger to get up at 4 A.M. on a winter's morning to see to the cows. Josef had earned a competency for himself and her.

When war broke out in 1914 we had spent a glorious month at San Martino, climbing all we could see and more. On returning to the hotel after climbing the Cimone della Pala, to our astonishment we found that all the many soldiers in the hotel had vanished. We knew little of what was going on but the atmosphere was vibrant. Still, one did not expect that we should join in at once; so, as I wanted Josef to make that delightful traverse of the Delago, Winkler and Stabeler, we spent a very hot day travelling to the small hotel nearby. Next morning there was snow far below us and climbing was impossible. We pottered about doing small hills but the weather got worse, so we left for Karersee, arriving like drowned rats, to find the place in a ferment, telegrams rolling in, telling of attacks on Serbia, revolutions and such like. Two days later we arrived at Zermatt, and the following afternoon went to the hut, and making an early start next morning we climbed the face of the Lyskamm. This was in very bad condition and was one of the rare occasions when I saw Josef extended to his utmost.

Josef had a wonderful knowledge of snow conditions which often stood us in good stead, as for instance when we made the first ascent of the Torrone Centrale by the steep north couloir when the snow was peculiarly soft and wet, but he knew it was safe.

I do not propose to recount here the many fine climbs made by Josef with Colonel Strutt and others, and also with myself: they are well known and dealt with elsewhere. All I wish to do in this notice is to give some little idea of the man and his fine character.

For years Josef climbed with the late Sir Edward Davidson, and made many first class ascents with him. He was his personal as well as his leading guide and there existed between them a great feeling of mutual respect, esteem and a true bond of friendship.

Josef's mountaineering days were over some years before his death, but he loved the mountains. I can remember the many happy hours we spent recalling the fine climbs we had made together and the risks and dangers we had so often shared.

And so passes a great guide, a superb mountaineer and a very dear friend.

R. W. LLOYD.

I FIRST met Josef Pollinger on the Matterhorn in 1894. Together with Zurbriggen he was taking Miss Bristow for the first descent of the Zmutt ridge (the ridge was done up and down on the same day by Percy Farrar's party, but I think after Miss Bristow). Josef had already begun to make a name for himself, but was only twenty and therefore nominally at any rate still a porter. I remember him as a delightful, blue-eyed youth. For many years I saw nothing of him though I heard of his reputation as an outstanding, if not *the* outstanding, all round guide of his generation. It was not till 1922 that I began climbing with him and did so every year for the next seven years, after which he handed me over to his son, Adolf. In more recent years we occasionally met for walks and I had always hoped that, if we could not do a jubilee ascent of the Matterhorn together, we might at any rate after the war enjoy some quiet mountain walks and talk over old times.

I always felt that his quality on a mountain was supreme, quiet steadiness, and all round mastery of his craft. There was no emergency for which he was not prepared or which put him out of his stride. As a companion he was an unfailing source of interest with his shrewd and humorous comment on men and affairs, revealing an outlook and a philosophy much broader and more tolerant, if also perhaps more worldly wise, than that of most of his compères. An aristocrat among guides, he was at the same time one of the old generation who did not think it beneath him to go out of his way to minister personally to a weary Herr. He was a charming host at St. Niklaus where I have stayed with him and where I last spent a very pleasant day with him in 1938.

Above all, he was a great gentleman, one of the finest I have ever known.

L. S. AMERY.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ALPINE CLUB, 1943

MEMBERSHIP.—The addition of six members elected in January, 1944, brings the numbers of the Club to 578, which total is one less than the figure for January, 1943. Details will be found on the new List of Members issued this year. It is the Committee's earnest desire to increase the flow of young and active mountaineers into the Club and thus to enlarge our numbers.