coming from the Mulets de la Liaz. I have on the accompanying photograph marked our approximate route by a dotted line, but as the position of the ice varies much every year the photograph taken some years ago does not represent the state of the face in the year 1904. Henceforward the way was simple in the extreme. Broad tracks led us leisurely to the summit at 12 noon. The view was fine and the atmosphere clear, and I could distinctly make out the railway line in the Rhone Valley between Martigny and St. Maurice. However dark clouds gathering on the Italian side warned us not to delay. We descended by the corridor route to the Panossière hut (4 P.M.), where we luckily found some tea left behind by former visitors and reached Fionnay after many halts in a thunderstorm at 7.30 P.M.

Perhaps after all a future life may be spent in making ascents of glittering snow peaks under cloudless skies. If there is any chance of that being the case I would not vote for extinction, but there does not seem much evidence on the point.

IN MEMORIAM.

FRANK JEROME STEVENS.

On April 4, 1905, Frank Jerome Stevens, of this Club, succumbed at Ezè, in the South of France, to injuries received on the 2nd near that place in an automobile accident. Mr. Stevens was born at Liverpool on May 13, 1863, and divided his time between this country and the United States, of which he was a citizen. A graduate of the Yale Scientific School, it was not until 1886 that he became interested in the mountains and in climbing, and since that time hardly a summer has passed that he did not find his way to the mountains of Switzerland, where he had climbed most of the principal summits. Very sure of foot, cautious and prudent, and equally at home on rock and ice, an indefatigable enthusiast, he found greater pleasure in this than in any other sport. He knew the Bernese Oberland and the Valaisan Alps well, and was also acquainted with the Ortler district and the Dolomites of the Ampezzo region.

Few who came in contact with him but were impressed with the charm of his personality, his geniality and happy disposition, while to him who enjoyed the rare privilege of his companionship for over twenty-five years—in and out of the mountains—his loss is entirely irreparable.

Mr. Stevens's most untimely death was due to a collision with an electric tram on the lower Corniche road while motoring, he being shot down an embankment leading to a railroad cutting, at the foot

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of which he struck his head against the masonry of the line, fractured his skull, and never regained consciousness to the moment of his death, forty-eight hours later.

Mr. Stevens leaves a very large circle of friends on both sides of the Atlantic to mourn his loss. C. E. T.

LIONEL H. T. MARTIN.

Since the last issue of the Journal the Club has lost one of its youngest members by the death on May 6 of Lieutenant L. H. T. Martin, late of the 3rd Battalion Irish Fusiliers and 1st Gold Coast Regiment. Mr. Martin's untimely death occurred at Sikassiko, an advanced outpost in West Africa, of which he was in command. Mr. Martin, though only recently elected to the Club, was a climber of exceptional promise; he was too a very bright and pleasant companion. His loss will be greatly felt by his many friends.

E. A. A.

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH DÉVOUASSOUD.

On July 20 François Dévouassoud died, at the age of 78, at his home at Les Barets, near Chamonix, after a week's severe illness.

In the few hours that remain to me before I sail for South Africa I cannot attempt to write fully or worthily of my lifelong companion. I tried to do so some years ago in a volume entitled 'The Pioneers of the Alps,' to which I would ask those who care to learn something more of what sort of man François was to turn.

As a guide François Dévouassoud was excellent all round, but it was in snow and ice craft that he seemed pre-eminent. He was a pathfinder by nature. I never saw his better in discovering the best way over a broken glacier or in cutting good steps across a bad ice slope. His skill in avoiding danger, and his resource in meeting it when unavoidable, were equally conspicuous. He looked, as a good mountaineer should, on securing the safe return of his employers as his first duty, and he never ran a needless risk. He had great strength and holding power, and to this more than one member of the Alpine Club has owed his life. Other and younger guides have doubtless had more dash, have been more agile rock-climbers. François represented—he was perhaps the best representative of—the old school, the Chamonix school of glacier guides, men who were never so much at home as on snow and ice, and took to them, whenever there was a choice, by preference.

François began his climbing career about 1860. He first acted as my guide in 1863 in an ascent of Mont Blanc. In 1864 he accompanied me in a cross-country journey from Thonon to Trent. In 1865 he was with Mr. Tuckett and myself in a long and fruitful journey in Tyrol and Graubünden. He was with me again in 1866–67. In 1868 he came with Moore, Tucker, and myself to the

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Caucasus. He came with me there again in 1887. He led in the first ascents of Elbruz, Kasbek, and Tetnuld. From 1868 to 1892 he was constantly with me in the Alps, Corsica, the Pyrenees, Spain, the Abruzzi, the Algerian Atlas, Egypt, Syria, Armenia. He made a journey of several months in Spain with a French gentleman, M. Astma. François was the traveller among guides. His employers were mostly Englishmen. I may mention a few—the Rev. H. B. George, Mr. J. H. Wainewright, Messrs. A. and W. Sidgwick, Sir M. Beachcroft, Mr. T. H. Carson, and Mr. J. H. Fox. He had visited almost every Alpine district from the Gross Glockner to the Maritime Alps, and had taken part in dozens of first ascents and passages of peaks and passes. These were mostly E. of the St. Gotthard. He had also climbed many of the best known Swiss peaks.

But at this moment I think of my old guide first as a friend, my oldest and most devoted friend. François had a talent for friendship. His natural intelligence, his varied reading, his many experiences made him always a delightful companion. His sympathy and tact, the outcome of a singularly modest and charming nature, the solidity and simple nobility of a character which seemed to throw off all the pettinesses of life, won him the liking and esteem of all with whom he came into contact. By his more intimate associates he was beloved; and he numbered among them many of the wives and children of his employers. For he was as much at home on an off day's stroll with a party of ladies and children as on a glacier. He would talk of Athens and Constantinople, Dumas and Victor Hugo, even more readily than of his climbing adventures.

He has gone over the Great Pass; but he will not be forgotten by those he leaves behind. Without him the Alps, to me at least, can never be the same; I shall never see or think of them without missing the familiar presence of one who seemed to embody something of their strength, loftiness, and serenity.

François Dévouassoud was presented a few years ago with a medal by the French Alpine Club for his services as an explorer. His portrait was painted recently by Mr. McCormick and is reproduced in colours in Sir Martin Conway's recent book.

D. W. F.

There are others (Freshfield of course for one) who can speak with more authority of François, both as a guide and as a man, than I can, but I should not for all that wish that he should pass from us without a word of tribute from me.

As *guide* it always seemed to me that he was at his *best* when there was an emergency to be faced, or a sudden responsibility thrown upon him which he thought it was his duty to accept. Such circumstances brought forth all his splendid powers, and it was rarely indeed that he failed to 'save the situation.' Two such instances occur to me—one the Karagam icefall in the Caucasian chain, in which he led the party with consummate skill and without

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a mistake for 6 hrs. of the most delicate and exacting work; the other a forced descent from the upper snow-fields of the Tödi to the Sand Alp in bad weather. Foiled in the ascent of the peak, there was nothing left for our party but to cross the southern ridge by one of the known passes. In the dense mist and furious thunder storm raging, however, it proved impossible to hit off either of them, and finally we found ourselves on an unknown notch in the ridge and looking down upon what even at this distance of time (the year was 1866) looms in my recollection as the most forbidding snow gully I ever met with in the mountains. I thought, and but for the result should think still, that its descent was impossible. Not so François. With his wonderful knowledge of snow conditions he had detected that the slope was in the state in which, and in which only, it could be negotiated, and he did not hesitate for a moment. Face to slope, and each man placing his feet in the exact pigeon-holes made by his predecessor and his axe in the same snow sockets, the Jacob's ladder from heaven to earth was accomplished, and 4 or 5 hours afterwards we were safely landed on the lower slopes of the mountain, gazing with wonder at the regular tracks, left and right, leading upward till lost in mist and storm which marked our line of descent. Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely.

And, as a *man*, who was like him among Alpine guides? Intelligent, with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, serene in temper, refined in every taste, yet full of humour, he was an ideal companion alike in crowded cities and Syrian solitudes. 'Ami des Anglais' he was called, and was proud of his title. And the English are many who are proud too to have been his friend. May his simple belief, expressed more than once in my hearing in one of his favourite speculations on the future of Roman and Protestant, be one day realised: 'Monsieur, sans doute nous nous rencontrons sur l'autre côté.'

C. Comyns Tucker.

THE ALPINE CLUB ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

The annual Exhibition of Photographs was held at the Club in May last, and necessitates the usual notice in this number. We were pleased to remark the increased number of contributions by lady exhibitors. Among these, Miss Longstaff's photographs were pre-eminent for cleverness in choice of subject and effect. 'The Col de Collon from near Arolla' and 'Forty Mile Creek' were particularly noticeable in these respects. Miss Dorothy Pickford in her view of the Col des Hirondelles from above Montanvert, exhibited a very interesting effect of sunshine and storm, carefully executed. We must also mention the charming studies of crevasses exhibited by Miss C. Ellis. Miss Arkle showed the usual view of Mount Collon from Arolla. Miss Venables appears to be a member of the impressionist school. Her view of a sunset over the Brévent from Montanvert was distinctly pictorial, and her other exhibit showed

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