

Quoique le ciel fût parfaitement serein, les voyageurs ne distinguaient ni villes, ni lacs, ni rivières ; tout leur paraissait noir et obscur ; cet effet provenait peut-être de ce que la neige avait ébloui leurs yeux.

Pour laisser une trace de leur voyage sur ce sommet, ils y plantèrent aussi solidement que possible, en forme d'étendard, une pièce de toile noire de quatre pieds en carré. L'examen qu'ils ont pu faire de la nature de cette montagne les porte à croire que toute la chaîne entre le canton de Berne et le Valais est composée de montagnes primitives, et qu'elle ne présente aucune trace de formation par couches. Ils ont trouvé sur le sommet de la Jungfrau un mélange de mica, de hornblende (pierre à corne) et d'ardoise.

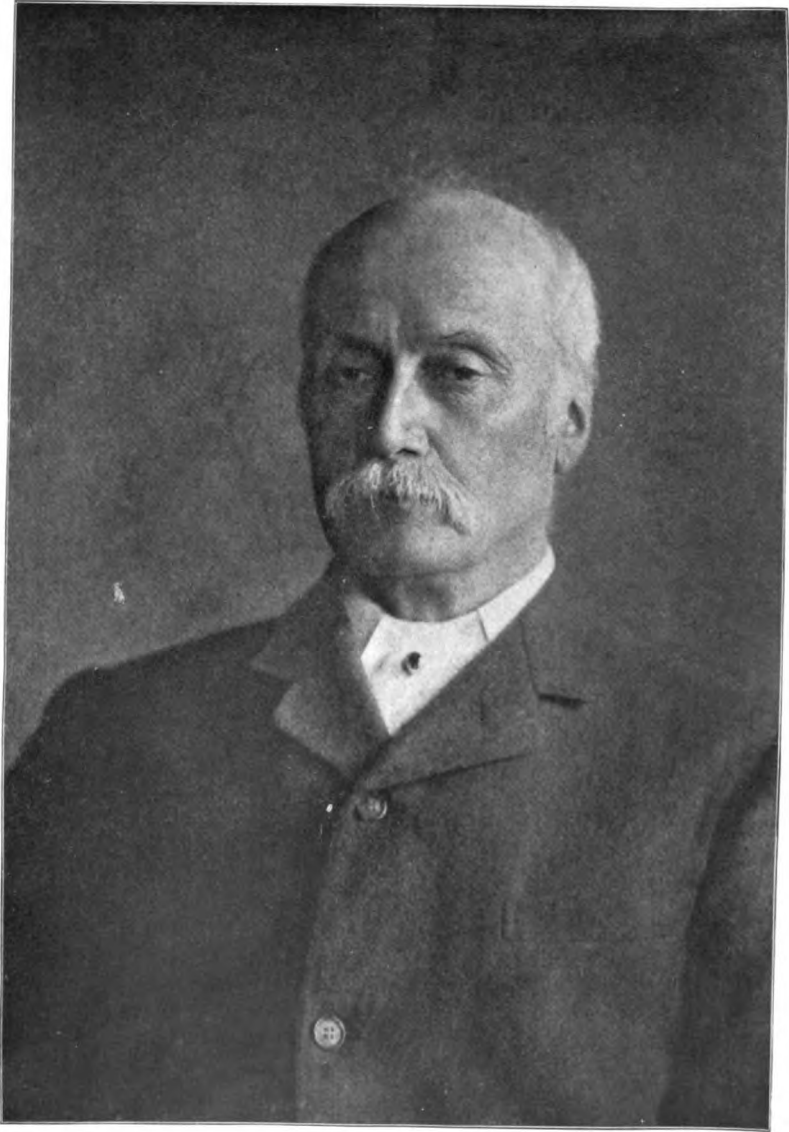
IN MEMORIAM.

JOSEPH H. FOX.

JOSEPH H. FOX, of Wellington, Somerset, though not quite an original member of the Club, ranks among the early mountaineers, and he kept up a devoted love for the Alps for more than fifty years. He was a sound climber, of great physical strength and activity, but debarred from undertaking the most ambitious attempts by a defect in vision, having lost the sight of one eye by an accident in early life.

We learn from his 'Holiday Memories,' printed for private circulation in 1908, that his first experience of the Alps was in company with F. F. Tuckett (afterwards his brother-in-law) in 1853. They visited Zermatt, where the Hôtel Mont Cervin had just been opened by Herr Clemens.¹ The Hôtel Monte Rosa was not opened by the Seilers until the following year. The St. Théodule pass appears to have been the most ambitious expedition that year. In 1856 his first experiences were gained of real climbing, again in company with F. F. Tuckett. From Chamonix they crossed the Col du Géant, at that time considered a formidable undertaking, and it appears never to have been attempted so early in the year as June. It is interesting to recall the names of their *four* guides. (It appears that they were obliged to take the first three on the rota before they might have the one they wanted—Victor Tairraz.) The names were Jean Tairraz, Gédéon Balmat, Simon Pierre Couttet, and Victor Tairraz. In addition they had Michel Tairraz as porter.

[¹ See Mr. Coolidge's *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guidebooks*, particularly the chapter 'The History of Zermatt,' pp. 251-322.]



JOSEPH H. FOX.

1832—1915.

Fortunately we have a record of their climbing outfit. 'One of our men carried a ladder, and Victor an axe slung over his shoulder. We had three ropes, and all carried alpenstocks.' (The modern ice-axe was only gradually evolved at a later date.) Their provisions, for the one day, were three fowls, a joint of beef, a joint of veal, two large loaves, and four bottles of *vin ordinaire*. No wonder we required a porter!

The ascent from the Montanvert went easily, but when the guides inspected the state of the snow on the Courmayeur side they considered it unsafe to attempt the descent, and it required a speech from Tuckett worthy of Thucydides to induce them to proceed. At last they consented to try the first 100 yards and then all went well, though the narrow snow arête along which they had to pass was in a condition to try the nerves of even more experienced climbers. They reached Courmayeur about 4 o'clock. A visit was paid to the Col de Chécouri, and then, from Aosta, they proceeded to Zermatt by way of the Col de Collon and the Col d'Hérens, a route that at that time was little known, and for years afterwards was spoken of with respect as the 'High-level route.'² They were detained by bad weather at the chalets of Prarayen, and had full leisure to study the whole process of cheese-making. At Evolena the hotel was only in course of construction, and the description of the accommodation in the mountain huts recalls to old mountaineers memories—happy certainly, but not altogether savoury. From Zermatt they crossed the Adler Joch, a pass that at that time was considered by most people quite new, as Wills' 'Wanderings in the High Alps' did not come out until later in the same year. It was regarded then as the highest pass in the Alps. They had for guides Matthäus zum Taugwald and Victor Tairraz, who had accompanied them from Chamonix, and a porter. They reached Saas Grund after an interesting expedition of 14 hours. At the little inn, the Curé, Herr Imseng, well known to later travellers, appears to have seen to their comfort. Returning to Zermatt, they ascended the Mettelhorn and then went over into Italy by the St. Théodule and the Cimes Blanches. This appears to be the first ascent of the Mettelhorn, and incidentally the first of Tuckett's many 'first' ascents.

At Gressoney they met young Mr. Smyth, who, the year before, had, with several friends, made the first ascent of the Hôchste Spitze by the now ordinary route and had ascended Mont Blanc without guides, in company with his brother, and Hudson, Kennedy, Ainslie, and Stevenson. At the time, as recorded in the classic

[² The 'High-level route,' as generally understood, leads from Chamonix via Bourg St. Pierre and Chanrion to Zermatt, the usual stages being (1) Col de Chardonnet (2) Col de Sonadon (3) Cols de L'Évêque, du Mont Brûlé and de Valpelline, the crest of the Col de Collon being only traversed, not crossed.]

'Where there's a Will there's a Way,' these were very rightly considered very remarkable feats.

The conversations that then took place appear to have given Tuckett and Fox their first information about the proposed Alpine Club and aroused a desire to join that body, which they both did in 1859. This journey in 1856 was probably the most interesting that Fox ever made, owing to the novelty of the expeditions, but it was followed by many others. In 1859 he made various ascents from Grindelwald, and began an acquaintance with Ulrich and Christian Lauener.

At Easter 1865 an interesting party met at the Pen-y-gwryd Inn at the foot of Snowdon, including William Mathews, C. E. Mathews, F. F. Tuckett, J. H. Fox, Moore, Craufurd Grove, Horace Walker, and Macdonald. C. E. Mathews, in a paper which he wrote describing the party, adds the names of W. S. Church, E. N. Buxton, Digby, and Morshead, but Fox is not clear that these were present at the same time as he was, while he adds Blackstone. In 1869 Fox visited the Dolomites and ascended the Marmolata etc.

In 1871 he was one of the party who had the remarkable escape from an avalanche on the Eiger, the description of which by F. F. Tuckett is so well known. ('A Race for Life' 'A.J.' v. 337 *seq.* It was also published in the first number of 'The World of Adventure'.)

Mr. Coolidge and Christian Almer, who were on their way to the Eiger Joch, witnessed the fall of the avalanche and thought that the party was certainly overwhelmed; but with intense relief they counted them when the dust cleared away and then heard a Jodel giving assurance of their safety. In 1911—forty years later—Coolidge and Fox met at the Little Scheideck and with Freshfield, who also happened to be there, they posted a joint greeting to Tuckett.

It was in 1871 that Fox appears to have first met François Devouassoud, who became a lifelong friend, and whose company he enjoyed on many alpine journeys, even in later life when unable to undertake serious climbs. He was one of the twelve friends who joined in erecting a monument at Chamonix to the good old guide, and by no one was Devouassoud's loss more truly felt.

Fox continued his visits to the Alps until 1911, when he was in his seventy-ninth year, with keen enjoyment of old scenes and old friends. He was through all his life a lover of athletics—an ardent cricketer in his younger days, and later an important supporter of Rugby football in his native county of Somerset, although I do not think he played that game much himself. He played hockey until he was over seventy-two.

He passed away on March 8, 1915, with his wide sympathies and many-sided interests as vivid as ever, and the influence of his clear mind and strong religious character will long be felt far beyond the bounds of his own neighbourhood.

E. H(OWARD).

Mr. J. Coleby Morland writes :

‘ Mr. Fox took the keenest interest in Alpine matters up to the last, and was in Tyrol a year or two ago. As a business man and in county matters he took a very high place in the West of England ; a better, straighter man it would be hard to find.’

ALBERT HAROLD CAWOOD.

ALBERT HAROLD CAWOOD was born in Yorkshire in 1835. He spent some years in India in the Indian Civil Service, but eventually, suffering from recurring attacks of fever, he was obliged to resign.

Then he undertook a pilgrimage to Mecca, in disguise, with Dr. Bicknell. The journey was fraught with much personal danger, and he was not destined to accomplish it, for he was down again with fever in the Red Sea ; but the doctor, garbed as an Arab, pushed on, was successful, and afterwards published an account of the journey.

Cawood continued his journey in the Red Sea northward, reached Syria, and was for some time in the district about Mt. Lebanon.

He afterwards spent five or six years at Appenzell, in Switzerland, where he made many friendships, among them that of Studer, the cantonal governor, whose writings on ice and snow and panoramas of mountain ranges are well known.

Many years afterwards, when Cawood and I were climbing alone in Switzerland, we reached the hotel on the Furka Pass one night about 10 P.M., intending to climb the Galenstock the next day ; but we learned, to our dismay, that two gentlemen were already there who also meant to do the Galenstock on the morrow—that they had gone to bed, and were to be called next morning at 3 A.M. We supped, asked to be called at 2 A.M., and hurried off to bed.

Early in the morning I heard the hotel astir, so I dressed, woke up Cawood, and went down to explore, and found two grey-headed gentlemen at an early breakfast. I went back upstairs and told Cawood he need not hurry, for our two rivals were very old, and we could easily give them an hour’s start.

Then I mooned about ; the gentlemen finished their breakfast and set off with their guides. Soon after Cawood came down, we breakfasted, and left the hotel an hour after our rivals. We had some time previously, when spying out the way up the Galenstock, gone over the rocky ridge between the hotel and the Rhone Glacier, but we now decided to walk down the road, and get on the glacier where it abuts on the road. This we did, and made our way up the middle of the glacier. After some time we espied the four men immediately on our right, getting off the rocks on to the glacier—so, to our joy, we knew we were well ahead of them.

On we went up the Rhone Glacier, until we turned to the right to attack the south snow-slopes of the Galenstock. When well up

these slopes, we saw behind us a party rapidly advancing, and by the time we had reached the col, looking eastward, they had overtaken us. They were Swiss, searching for crystals. I bought a smoky one of them for a franc, and they disappeared over the col to examine the eastern precipices of the Galenstock.

We continued our climb, and reached the summit without any appalling difficulties.

The day was young, and the weather charming. We lingered on the top, in pure enjoyment of the scenery around us, for a long time, until I suggested descending. 'No,' said Cawood. 'We will wait here to congratulate the two old men when they arrive.'

So we stayed, until their heads appeared above the snow rim of the summit, and soon after Cawood exclaimed 'It's Studer,' and rushed forward to meet and embrace him. The old men were very fit, and after some talk Studer showed us his panorama of the Bernese mountains, which he proceeded to correct and finish. Afterwards we left them and descended.

After leaving Switzerland, Cawood stayed some time in Paris and, as usual, made friends there; so that some years later we three C's—Cust being the third,—on our way to Switzerland, found a private 'bus awaiting our arrival at the Paris station, which carried us off to the house of a French countess.

After his stay in Paris he became attached to the suite of Prince Duleep Singh, when that celebrity settled in Suffolk, on an estate provided for him by the Crown.

In 1872 he came to Rossall, as German and assistant French master. As a linguist, I have never, by a long way, met his equal. In Hindustani, Arabic, French, German, he was an expert.

Once upon a time he and I were passing through a village, and he espied the name 'Naomi' over a shop.

'Ah,' said he, 'a good old Arabic word. I am full, I have had enough'—and he put up his hand to his throat. 'But,' he added, 'the name is rather familiar to me,' and I suggested that he had read his Bible.

The day before we three C's made our ascent of the Matterhorn, Cawood and I had had a long day's hunt to discover the position of the old hut. In this hunt we had been successful.

Next day, after many consultations, in which Seiler, our host, did everything he could to make our attempt a success, we three C's started about mid-day, with two guides as porters, carrying about 10lb. each. When we neared the Hörnli, our porters picked up a few dry sticks only. Cawood was indignant, and, picking up a young fallen fir, strapped it across his shoulders. We reached the Hörnli, and proceeded along the up and down ridges towards the base of the Matterhorn. Our guide-porters, following, were conversing in their *patois*, and Cawood told us that they were saying that we had engaged them as porters, but meant to employ them as guides. So he told me to go fifty yards ahead, and keep there up to the hut, which I did.

After we had left the Hörnli ridge behind us and were crossing the snow slopes at the foot of the Matterhorn, I looked behind me, and saw one of the guides clambering up the rocks on the right. I knew right well, from our yesterday's researches, that there was no way up those rocks, so I sat down and awaited events, and the guide, defeated, soon returned to his party.

Soon after this I crossed a steep snow-slope, and, on the further side, waited to see the others coming on. I saw the guides enlarging my steps, so I hurried back and said 'I am guide; I will cut your steps,' which I did.

We ascended a very steep snow couloir, and when near its head, with overhanging snow, we took to the rocks on the right, climbed up on very small footholds, and then found ourselves well launched on the Matterhorn itself. Here I built a small stone man, which was useful to us on the morrow as we descended. We reached the hut in good time. The porters deposited their light burdens. 'Good-nights' were spoken, and they departed. 'Hullo!' said Cawood, 'the guides are saying that we shall be very glad to descend early next morning.' The next day was a magnificent one.

I felt very elated and honoured when my companions declared that I was to be first up and last down.

The story of the ascent is in the 'A.J.' vol. viii. Cust anticipated that the Alpine Club would censure us for our rash adventure, so in his story he defends our 'rashness.' He wrote a much more personal account of our ascent in the 'Rossallian.'

In August 1878, Cawood and I went to Chamonix and pensioned at Couttet's Hotel, at seven francs a day each, very cheap, especially considering the comforts and good food they gave us. We stayed there a fortnight, and when we left our wine list came to more than our pensions.

The weather was bad, rain all the mornings, with fine afternoons. We did what we could on those fine afternoons to discover the best and safest route up Mont Blanc. Five or six times during this doubtful weather fortnight we went up to the Grands Mulets, and a few days before our final ascent we went up the Brévent, to decide whether to go by way of the 'Dromedary' or by the Eastern route. We decided to go over the 'Dromedary,' and I am glad we did so. When descending from Mont Blanc after our successful expedition we were of course fairly tired out, and the warm afternoon rendered me, at any rate, somewhat careless. We were descending diagonally a steep snow-slope under the Dôme—Cawood leading—treading in our morning's footsteps without taking the trouble to enlarge them. Suddenly my foothold gave way, and I went rolling down. I felt the tug when Cawood was pulled off, turned on my stomach and struck my ice-axe into the snow above me, but it rebounded from the hard ice under the thin covering of snow. I tried again and succeeded in getting a firm grip. I held on as firmly as I could. But it was of no avail.

The rope tightened, and with a mighty jerk I was torn away from my axe, which remained firmly fixed. By 'no avail' I mean I had to leave the axe behind, but I think the axe saved us. Cawood got as big a jerk from me as I had from him, and this very considerably reduced his speed downwards, while I, when torn from my hold, started downwards with little momentum. The slope of the snow became less steep, and by the time I reached Cawood we both managed to pull up uninjured. One of the first things I did, when we found ourselves safe, was to see if the Chamounix telescopes had viewed our mishap, but a cloud hid us from them.¹ Looking around we saw a crevasse about forty yards below us, into which we must have gone if our fall had not been arrested.

Mr. Dent was also at Couttet's, busy with assaults on the Dru. We did not know him. We kept our intention of climbing Mount Blanc as much to ourselves as we could. This evidently made him suspicious of us.

'Were we lurking about, seeking to snatch from him his favourite Dru?' He was obliged to return to England for some days. We were made aware of this situation by some young ladies, who came up to us one evening on Couttet's lawn and quizzed us about our doings. We assured them we had not the slightest intention of touching the Dru.

As a master at Rossall, Cawood was very popular with his colleagues and pupils. He was no athlete in games, but he took a warm interest in watching the outdoor sports of the boys.

As a most sociable and agreeable companion in travel and mountaineering I have not met his equal, but I must except Richard Pendlebury, whose genius for arranging and carrying out expeditions always excited my greatest admiration. Cawood's 'forte' was not of that kind, but rather in smoothing out the smaller difficulties which invariably occur in travel and ascents.

Cawood left Rossall in 1880, and we then find him installed as French and German master at Boston Grammar School. There, as usual, he made many friends, and when his health began to weaken a public subscription was raised to send him for a voyage in the Mediterranean. He died at Boston in April 1913, aged 78 years.

Cawood and I, without porters or guides, ascended Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, the Galenstock, the Dössistock, and the Grosse Windgälle.

With Cust we ascended the Matterhorn, crossed the Bertol pass from Arolla to Zermatt, the Adler pass from Zermatt to the Saas Valley, and ascended the Oberalpstock in the Maderanerthal.

J. B. COLGROVE.

¹ *Alpine Journal*, May 1915, p. 140:—

'The friendly névé was only some fifty feet below us, but a tumble would have been at least disconcerting; and who could say that some distant telescope might not reveal the disgrace to the world at large?'



A. H. CAWOOD.
1835—1913.



ARTHUR CUST.
1840—1911.



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1840—1911.

ARTHUR CUST.

ARTHUR CUST was elected a member of the Alpine Club on March 3, 1874. He visited the Alps almost every year from 1866 to 1898 inclusive. He died after a long illness in 1911, when the Club had to deplore the loss of an energetic member who took the greatest interest in all its proceedings, and who was an ardent mountaineer with a genuine love of mountain scenery and an instinct for exploring little-known districts. He was also devoted to sketching, both in water-colours and with pencil. He never liked to leave a peak or a pass without a sketch of the scenery, and in consequence was often benighted on his way to his hotel.

Mr. Cust's name as a climber is best known in connection with his ascent of the Matterhorn without guides in 1876, accompanied by two Rossall colleagues, Messrs. Cawood and Colgrove. The expedition was carried through without a hitch, and attracted much attention at a period when guideless climbing was not so common as it has since become. Cust read an interesting paper at the meeting of the Club on February 6, 1877, giving an account of this expedition.

In 1880, with a guide and porter, he made the first ascent from the N. of the northern summit of Pic d'Olan.

After this period his time was mostly spent in exploring the districts round Arolla and Tosa Falls. In both he might be said to have ascended almost every peak and crossed every pass. A point on one of the ridges of Mont Blanc de Seilon is known locally as Tête à Cust. In the latter part of his life he was much given to solitary climbing, which he defended by claiming that he was always ready to turn back if the ground became unsafe.

J. B. PARISH.

Arthur Cust was, as was Cawood, a Yorkshireman, his home near Northallerton, and his father Archdeacon and Canon of Ripon. He was born about 1840. He was a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, took his degree in Classical Honours, and was appointed Classical Master of the Fifth Form at Rossall School in 1866. He was a strict but fair disciplinarian, and his pupils soon found that they had to get their work done. Unlike most masters, he did not smoke. I often offered to teach him how to do so, if he would buy a box of cigars for that purpose, but he never did.

He delighted in long walks. To Blackpool, Lytham, and even to the Yorkshire hills on whole holidays, we often went. These hills, as well as the Lake Mountains, are clearly seen from Rossall on bright days, as also the high summits in the Isle of Man—fifty miles distant—but these latter were to be seen only three or four times during the year, near sunset.

We all acknowledged Cust as our Alpine Expert in the Common Room at Rossall.

His love for Alpine work was very great, not so much for mere climbing as for the beauty of the scenery. He painted many pictures of the Alps, of which I have about half-a-dozen. Also he

was fond of drawing panoramas of the mountains—two are preserved in the *ALPINE JOURNAL*. In his pictures and drawings there is very great accuracy of the outlines, and not much, I think, of what artists term ‘atmospheric effect.’

I owe much gratitude to him for the help he gave me in my early visits to the Continent. In 1871 or ’72, two colleagues and I went to the Oberammergau Passion Play. No one of us had before been out of England. Cust kindly made out the whole route for us there and back again, which we successfully followed in every detail, excepting the ascent of the Hörnli. He also made me a map of the Dolomites, which was of great use when Mr. P. Watson and I visited that district.

Furthermore, in 1877 he persuaded Richard Pendlebury and Charles Taylor to invite me to accompany them to the Dauphiné Mountains, hoping that we should do the Meije, then unclimbed. We did the Pelvoux, Écrins, and made a first ascent of the Pic sans Nom, with the help of Pendlebury’s two guides.

Cust left Rossall in 1877, and throwing up professional work devoted himself to his Alpine climbings, writings and drawings, generally going alone to Switzerland. I had expected that he would publish a book on his exploits. He once showed me a leaf of a printed proof, with a picture which he had himself sketched and etched, but the book never appeared.

He died in April 1911, aged about 71 years.

J. B. COLGROVE.

Sir Edward Davidson made a long allusion from the Chair to Mr. Cust’s death at the Meeting after it took place and suitably recorded the loss sustained by the Club.

FREDERICK MORTON BEAUMONT.

As an intimate friend for some twenty-five years of the late Canon Beaumont, I should deem it a privilege to be allowed to endorse and to supplement the words of the President respecting him, at the June meeting of the Club.

In 1862, on leaving Oxford, where he was a Fellow of St. John’s, he was for three years a master at Rossall, and then served for the same period as curate of Holy Trinity, Hoxton. From 1868 to 1872 he was rector of East Farndon, Northants, and then he began the main work of his life as vicar of that grand church, Holy Trinity, Coventry. This charge, after forty years of laborious though happy work, he resigned in the autumn of 1912, greatly respected and beloved far beyond the limits of his own parish. In 1887 he had been made Rural Dean of Coventry; in 1892 Hon. Canon of Worcester, and in 1908 Canon of St. Michael’s Collegiate Church, Coventry.

When we first met, Beaumont had already been climbing for a good many seasons and his activities were beginning to diminish,

but I had many delightful days with him in the nineties, our old friend Frederick Ball, who is still, happily, with us, being generally one of the party, on the glaciers, and in tramps over passes in Switzerland and Italy. Always a most cheery and entertaining companion, he had the heart of a boy, a strong sense of humour, and a keen delight in life; he made light of difficulties and discomforts, and was ever the same, whether in sunshine or in storm, at home or abroad.

For some years past he suffered from a complaint which greatly crippled him, and his visits to Switzerland ceased, but his enthusiastic love of the Alps was to the end unabated, as was his interest in the Club and its doing; he continued to attend its meetings, and was rarely, if ever, absent from the annual meeting and dinner.

On leaving Coventry, he was presented with a very handsome purse of money which he decided to spend on a tour of the Empire. Accordingly, soon after, although in his seventy-third year and by no means in good health, he started, alone, on a tour which lasted nearly two years. Not many weeks before his death he wrote to me in high spirits, giving a glowing and most interesting account of his travels, in the course of which he visited—spending some time in each—South India, Ceylon, the principal cities of Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, and Canada, and also the United States. At the end of his letter, after alluding to this awful war, he added (quoting Wordsworth):

‘ But ’tis bliss to be alive;
To be young would indeed be very heaven.’

Now, alas! for his friends, whose name is legion, there remains but the treasured memory of him and of the days that are past, and, as a very old Jewish friend of his at Coventry wrote to me shortly after his death, ‘As a man Beaumont stood for all that makes life worth living. The times are too sad to let us bear equably such bereavements.’

H. M.

HAROLD WARD TOPHAM.

THE Alpine Club demands of its member at least two things:

1. He *shall* be a good fellow.
2. He *should* be a good man on a mountain.

Harold Topham could well answer to both. Born in 1857, son of the late John Topham, M.D., F.R.C.P., he was educated at Marlborough and Magdalen College, Oxford (1877–1880). In 1883 he went to Florida and spent about three years there, growing oranges. On his return to England he passed the greater part of the year travelling, returning in more recent summers to the Solent for sailing.

His mountaineering career seems to have commenced in 1880 at St. Moritz and in 1881 at Saas, and he got his education under good men like Gabriel Taugwalder, Xaver Imseng, Aloys Supersax, and Aloys Pollinger senior, some of the best men of their time.

His first ascents were numerous, some of them, like the Loccie Arête of the Punta Gnifetti, of the first rank. They included the following :

1. Traverse from the Mittaghorn to the Egginer, August 23, 1886.
2. Nadelhorn by the splendid arête from the Südlenz, August 29, 1886.
3. Allalinhorn from the Hohlaub Glacier, July 12, 1887.
4. Fletschhorn by the S.W. arête, July 16, 1887.
5. Monte delle Loccie by the N.E. arête, July 25, 1887.
6. Punta Gnifetti by the E. arête, July 28, 1887.
7. S. Aiguille rouge d'Arolla and traverse to the central peak, September 3, 1887. ('A.J.' xiv. paper by Wm. Cecil Slingsby.)
8. Mont Blanc de Seilon by the E. arête, September 7, 1887.
9. Dent d'Hérens from Breuil by the S. face and the E. arête, August 31, 1889.

In March 1888, with his brother, he visited the Selkirk district of the Canadian Rockies with a view to a future expedition. Topham described his journey in a paper in 'A.J.' xiv.

This expedition makes Topham probably the first pioneer of the district, for it was in the summer of that year that Mr. W. S. Green, under the auspices of the R.G.S. ('R.G.S. Journal' xi., No. 3). made his great expedition recorded in his well-known book 'Among the Selkirk Glaciers.'

Two years later Topham and Forster joined forces with MM. Huber and Sulzer, of the S.A.C., in a new expedition to the Selkirks, described in 'A.J.' xv. The new ascents then made included Mts. Selwyn, Sugarloaf, Fox, and Purity.

In later years a peak in the district, first ascended by Mr. Howard Palmer, was named Mt. Topham.

In July 1888 Topham led a party consisting of his brother Edwin, Mr. George Broke, and Mr. William Williams, on the second attempt to ascend Mt. St. Elias, Alaska. They surveyed the S. side, but found it impracticable, and by the time their relief schooner arrived were nearly starved. He contributed a paper on the expedition to 'A.J.' xiv. and read a paper before the R.G.S. in 1891 (vol. xiii.).

By this time it will easily be understood that Topham had become a mountaineer of very wide experience. Endued with great strength and endurance, carrying no flesh, equally fit in summer and winter, there were few men of his day who were his equals in independent capacity, scarce one his superior.

I met him first in the winter of 1892-93, when we were both staying on the Lake of Geneva. I was toiling up the Rochers de Naye with two ladies in deep snow, and as we were negotiating an awkward corner there suddenly appeared a sinewy, keen-eyed Englishman, his face burnt to a permanent brick red. He had by that time given up taking guides. That spring he and I made many small ascents, mostly in the neighbourhood. He was always a strong goer, but had one awful habit of racing directly he struck the path on the



H. W. TOPHAM.

1857—1915.

homeward journey. I was not easily quitted in those days, but he must have had steel springs in his knee-joints.

Another habit of his was to carry even over a pass a quite unnecessary burden, so that I was not altogether surprised when two or three years later he developed 'heart' and practically forsook active climbing.

In the early summer of the same year, 1893, we had many a splendid day together on the Blümlisalp, the Argentière, the Tour Noire, and other expeditions.

I would have been well content to go on climbing in Topham's company, for there could be no more careful or competent mountaineer. My agenda, however, covered much that he had done, and I had moreover at my disposal the services of the incomparable Daniel Maquignaz, between whom and myself there existed already ties of friendship that fifteen subsequent long campaigns only tended to strengthen. Topham and Herbert Marsh, who had been our companion in the Mont Blanc group, went on together and the ascents of the Bietschhorn and the Grand Combin, well described in 'Two Seasons in Switzerland' (H. Marsh), were probably the best work Topham, independently, ever did.

There was, in my appreciation, at that time, no amateur better qualified to undertake an arduous expedition without any professional assistance than Harold Topham, and I should have to think well before I named his equals. I shall have to live long before I forget the sinewy figure of the man who was my good comrade—more often my leader—on many a great day, or the, not always subdued, anathemas that followed him when he set out to race downhill on a path and I was fool enough to try to live with him. You were a great man on a mountain, *mon ami*, and one does not forget!

Of his splendid performances as a skater and tobogganer has not Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, a great judge, written in the 'Field' of July 10 last?

It is said that in his later years he sank to croquet. I feel sure it is a malevolent libel.

A few years back he resigned from the Club, but on rare occasions he came with his brother Alfred to meetings, and I well remember how our faces lit up as our hands gripped and our memories flashed back to many an unforgettable day. You were a good comrade—a true son of the great mountain.

J. P. FARRAR.

HARRY WALKER.

NOT since the death of A. F. Mummery, twenty years ago, has any officer of the Club or member of the Committee passed away during his term of service, but now, by the lamented death of Harry Walker

on September 27 last, from wounds received in action, a gap is again made in the ranks of the Committee, and the Club has lost one of whom much was expected by all who knew him.

Walker was born of an old Fifeshire family in 1869 at Newport, Fife. He was educated at Edinburgh, and, after leaving Edinburgh University, went to study in Paris, before entering on a business career. He settled at Dundee, and became the principal director of a jute-spinning company, with which his father had been associated.

For the last few years of his life he was one of the leading men in that trade, and his position and ability had been recognized by his appointment as President of the Chamber of Commerce of Dundee in 1913, and as a Director of the Caledonian Railway Company in the same year. He was also a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for his county, and had taken his share in all public and philanthropic work.

But these calls of an active business life were not enough. With his work he combined the study of military matters, and in every way open to him followed the career of a Volunteer or Territorial Officer. He joined the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders) in 1890, and twenty years later, in March 1910, was appointed to command the battalion, which had then become the 4th (City of Dundee) Battalion of the Black Watch. He had also become a member of the Territorial Force Association for the county, and had been awarded the Territorial Decoration. He had passed all the examinations possible for a Volunteer of those days, and had devoted much of his time to lecturing to and training the younger officers. It is no doubt largely due to the confidence which he inspired in all classes that, upon the outbreak of war, there was a rush of men of the finest class to fill all vacancies in the ranks of his battalion.

He went abroad with his battalion in February last, and they took a prominent part in the action at Neuve Chapelle in March last. In that action they lost a number of officers and men, and Walker himself received a slight flesh wound, but his name never appeared in the casualty lists. He was complimented by the Generals for his leading on that day, and was mentioned in Sir John French's despatches, and on June 23 was gazetted as C.M.G. We who knew what he was were not surprised to hear that he had been thus honoured. We were sure he would do well.

Not very much is known of the final scene. The regiment left their billets, not far from La Bassée, on the night of September 24 and attacked at dawn. They took and passed five lines of German trenches, and the survivors dug themselves in, but, being without effective support, eventually had to retire after being heavily counter-attacked. Colonel Walker had been wounded early in the action and could not be removed for over twelve hours, but the wound was mortal, and from the first there was no hope of his recovery. He died at the hospital at Merveille on Monday, September 27. He is buried in an orchard near his old billet at Pont du



LT.-COL. HARRY WALKER, C.M.G.

1869—1915.

Hem, where in the spring he had loved to see the blossom on the trees, as he has described in his letters home.

As a mountaineer Walker was of a very high class. His strong athletic figure and his great reach gave him advantages of which he made full use. He was an excellent rock climber, and steady and safe on ice or snow. His first visit to the Alps was in 1894, when he joined Dr. Colin Campbell in the Vispthal and ascended the Dom and other peaks. From that time he went either to the Alps or Norway almost every summer, and had climbed most of the well-known peaks in the Alps, and he had made in the Lofoten Islands a number of first ascents. In 1909, notwithstanding bad weather, he had a particularly successful tour with C. W. Walker. Starting from a camp near Rekneson, they made a number of good expeditions including the ascent of Rulten and of two unnamed and unclimbed peaks to the east of that mountain, and subsequently having moved their camp to the entrance to the Meraftasdalen, they climbed the eight unnamed peaks at the head of the Meraftasdalen, six of which showed no trace of any earlier ascent. In the Highlands he had made innumerable expeditions in every month of the year, and would often persevere and achieve success in the face of wind and snow that turned back less dauntless men. He had served as Vice-President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and it was the hope of every member that at a very early date he would succeed to the Presidency.

Walker joined the Alpine Club in 1906, and last year was elected a member of the Committee, but, owing to his being on service, he was never able to attend any meeting. He would undoubtedly have been a strength to the Committee, not only from his personal qualifications, but as, in a very special sense, representative of the strong northern contingent of the Club.

I have written of Walker as a citizen, as a soldier, and as a mountaineer, but by his friends, and they are innumerable, he will be remembered as one of the most lovable men they have ever known. To those of us who have been accustomed to see him in the Highlands year after year at Easter and the New Year, those meetings of the Scottish Club can never be quite the same again. We can no longer look for his friendly greeting, and we shall miss on the hills the companionship of an enthusiastic mountaineer and a devoted friend.

To Mrs. Walker and his children we can only tender our heartfelt sympathy. We like to think that his last leave in England was spent just alone with them, at a quiet village on the Essex coast. His friends would have wished to welcome him, but it is characteristic of the man that he chose rather to give the few days to those who loved him most, and we would not have had it otherwise.

This war has cost us much of the best of the manhood of the Empire, but none who are called away will leave behind the record of a more stainless life—not slothful in business—honouring all men—serving the King.

GODFREY A. SOLLY.

CHARLES FRANCIS KIRKPATRICK CARFRAE.

It is with very sincere regret that we have to record the death, in action, of one of our younger members, Charles Francis Kirkpatrick Carfrae, captain, (52nd) Oxfordshire Light Infantry, in his thirty-first year.

He was educated at Wellington College and was captain of the football team 1903-4, and afterwards played on several occasions for the 'United Services.'

Previous to his election to the Alpine Club in 1910, he had made several important climbs in the Alps, some of which he described in an article in the *Oxfordshire Light Infantry Chronicle* entitled 'High Alps in October.' He also gave an account of these climbs in the *JOURNAL* (February 1907) under the heading 'October in the Mont Blanc Range,' and graphically describes the ascents he and his brother (Captain C. T. Carfrae, R.F.A.) were enabled to accomplish so very late in the season.

Captain Carfrae obtained his commission in 1904, being gazetted to the 7th Battalion King's Royal Rifles, but transferring, the following year, to the Oxfordshire Light Infantry (the old 52nd).

In the autumn of 1913 he went to the French manœuvres, furnishing a report which was duly acknowledged by the War Office.

Soon after the War broke out he was attached to the 5th (Service) Battalion of his regiment and was serving in this when he was killed, on September 25, leading his column in the attack on Bellewarde Farm, near Ypres.

His Colonel wrote: 'He is indeed a loss to the regiment; he was one of the bravest men I knew, and in the hottest fighting was always calm and composed, and set a wonderful example of cheeriness to all round him. . . . His loss to me is indeed a serious one, and I shall always miss his pleasant companionship and his most valuable service. . . . He was recommended for a reward some time ago during the operations at Hooge, and I again sent in his name this time.'

The Adjutant adds: 'I cannot tell you what a terrible loss he is to the British Army, but I can measure your grief with mine and so sympathise with you *most* deeply. For him I do not grieve; his death is his gain and our loss, for a more perfect Christian officer and gentleman I never knew; officers and men all loved and trusted him, and as a soldier he was all that one *most* needs on active service.

. . . Had he lived he would have received the D.S.O., I feel sure, as he had already been recommended once.'

He was a life member of the United Services Institution.

It is an interesting fact that Charles F. K. Carfrae and his brother, Cecil T. Carfrae, have both been fighting for the past months on some of the ground where Thomas Carfrae, Captain-Lieutenant in Colonel Newton's Dragoons, served during Marlborough's campaign in Flanders.

J. A. C.



CAPT. C. F. K. CARFRAE.

1884—1915.

In Carfrae we lose one of the very best of our younger members, one of those to whom we instinctively felt that we should not look in vain to carry on the traditions of the Club. To the veteran member it was always delightful to look on this splendid specimen of the young Englishman, to hear the musical voice and to see the friendly responsiveness in his eyes. Hard as nails, of great strength and well trained under good men like the Summer matters and the Brocherels, his progress in mountaineering knowledge was very rapid. His death is a great loss to the Club. Among his friends the memory of a very charming personality and of a good soldier can never fade.

F.

JOSEF LOCHMATTER.

BORN at St. Nicolas in 1871, Josef was the second son of Josef Marie Lochmatter, one of the best guides of his day, who, with his eldest son and Mr. W. E. Gabbett, was killed on the Dent Blanche in 1882.

Notwithstanding the tragedy of their father's end the young brothers, Josef, Rudolf, Franz, Raphael and Gabriel all followed the same calling, and together they have earned for their family a reputation as guides not surpassed by any in the Alps.

The rock-climbing side of mountaineering has in the last twenty to thirty years been completely transformed. Men to-day—even the best of them—are no better mountaineers than old Christian Almer; few indeed possess his incomparable general knowledge of a mountain, or his ability in ice. Yet in rock-climbing things are now successfully done which would make that great master open his keen blue eyes with incredulity.

In this new school the St. Nicolas valley has produced some of the most famous pupils in the Lochmatters, the Summer matters, the Pollingers, the Knubels, and others. Of these there was probably no sounder all-round mountaineer than Josef Lochmatter. One or two of the others could possibly outclimb him on difficult rocks, but there was no more trustworthy director of a party than he, and so far as I know no climbers in his charge ever sustained an accident, notwithstanding the fact that he has carried through, in the course of his career, some of the most desperate expeditions in the Alps.

In 1897 he formed one of Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald's expedition to the Andes. In the same year, in 1898 and 1900, and possibly later, he was one of the guides of the late Mr. Schintz, who had many a great climb to his credit. In 1898 he also accompanied Mr. W. M. Baker.

On January 10, 1902, we find him making a winter ascent of the Weisshorn. The same year he was in the service of Dr. O. K. Williamson and Mr. A. W. Andrews, and was one of Mr. Broome's guides on traverses of the Lyskamm, Rothhorn, and Gabelhorn.

In 1903 we find him with Major Strutt in the Ortler and Bernina districts, who writes: 'He is a most excellent guide in every respect, and a most worthy representative of the best that St. Niklaus can produce.'

The same year he did the Teufelsgrat with Mdlle. Kuntze, and traversed the Weisshorn from Zinal to Randa with Mr. J. W. Wyatt.

But, in his career, that year is chiefly memorable for being his first season with Captain V. J. E. Ryan, with whom he and his brother Franz subsequently made some of the most difficult new rock climbs ever done.

They started in 1903 with the Grépon, Charmoz, and Requin; in 1904 they did the Grépon and Blaitière in one day, the traverse of the Drus, the Teufelsgrat, the descent of the N. arête of the Weisshorn, the Viereselsgrat of the Dent Blanche, the Charmoz from the Mer de Glace; in 1905 the Meije, the Grépon from the Mer de Glace, the Aiguille du Plan (Mummery's route),¹ the Charmoz by the Montanvert face, the Blaitière from the Mer de Glace, the Dom from Saas with the traverse to the Täschhorn and Mischabeljoch and return to Saas, the Matterhorn by the Furggengrat, (to close under the summit), the Weisshorn by the S.E. face, the Finsteraarhorn by the S.W. ridge and S.W. face, the Scerscen and Bernina, the Croda da Lago, an attempt on the Grandes Jorasses from the Col des Grandes Jorasses and some others; in 1906 the Aig. du Plan from the Mer de Glace, the Blaitière by the Chamonix ridge, Mont Blanc by the Brenva, the Ferpêcle arête of the Dent Blanche, the Dent d'Hérens from the Col Tournanche, the Zmutt arête of the Matterhorn, the Jägerjoch arête of the Nordend, the Täschhorn straight up the centre of the face from the glacier above the Täschalp, a very dangerous expedition, beyond the fair limits of reasonable climbing, only persisted in through return being still more dangerous; in 1914 several very difficult new ascents of the Requin, Plan and Grépon as described in 'A.J.' xxix. 200-202.

In the more difficult of these expeditions he was careful to make sure of the companionship of his brother Franz, and it was doubtless due to the supreme confidence each had in the other that this incomparable list of expeditions was carried out without mishap.

His other employers included—in 1904—Mr. Geoffrey Young, with whom he did the Znutzgrat, when that severe young wrote: 'Admirable on rocks, workmanlike, quiet and confidence-inspiring in all situations'; Mr. R. W. Lloyd with whom he traversed the Grépon and the Drus;—in 1906—Mr. Howard K. Knox with whom he descended the Schalligrat. That same year—1906—was the first of several extensive journeys made with the Misses Irving. These campaigns continued in 1907, 1908, 1910, and 1912, and comprised many fine climbs in the Zermatt, the Dolomite, and the Dauphiné districts. In 1907 he made with the Rev. W. C. Compton and Mr. J. W. Wyatt the ascent of the Dent d'Hérens by the icefall of the W. face, a route that is not often open. In 1908, 1909, 1911, and possibly later he was the leader of Mr. A. E. W. Mason, who, when he does accomplish the Brenva route, can hardly improve on the brilliant description

¹ Cf. *A.J.* xxviii. 77-79, 'The Chamonix Faces of the Aiguille du Plan.'



JOSEF LOCHMATTER.

1872—1915.

of it which he has already given to us in 'Running Waters.' In 1910 my long friend Rolleston seems to have made the first of several journeys with him. I do not know why, for there is no man in my acquaintance who less needs a guide. He writes: 'I feel that I cannot speak too highly of him.'

Among other things they made the ascent of the N. face of the Breithorn—none too safe a climb—and in the brilliant but absolutely abnormal year—1911—the descent of the Zmutt arête of the Matterhorn, the ascent from Macugnaga of the Nordend, of which however the season had abased the high degree, the Dent Blanche by the Viereselsgrat, descending by the Ferpèche arête, thus combining the most difficult routes, and returning the same day by the Col d'Hérens to Zermatt, an unconscionable journey, while the two Josefs, Lochmatter, and Pollinger were Mr. Meade's companions on a January ascent of the Matterhorn, when frostbite caused the traveller severe suffering. Mr. Meade and these two splendid guides were surprised on the summit by a frightful northerly gale. Whatever frostbite may have cost him as it was, with less skilful, strong, devoted and courageous guides he would hardly have escaped the very, great danger involved.

In 1913 Josef and his brother Gabriel, with Mr. Rolleston and Mr. Bowen, made a useful variation of the C. P. route up the Grépon ('A.J.' xxviii. 83), demonstrating that the mountain could be climbed direct by the obvious route, although it had turned back François Simond and had deterred other attempts.

These are the principal expeditions in the life of a most strenuous member of a great craft. You can well judge him by his deeds.

After braving all these dangers, Josef Lochmatter was destined to find his end by the simplest possible accident.

A sergeant in the Landsturm, he was called up in August 1914 upon the mobilisation of the Swiss army and was quartered at Zermatt. When coming out of the schoolhouse one night, he struck his head against a horizontal bar that had been lowered without his knowledge. From January onwards he complained of violent headache, and manifested slight cerebral trouble. He took to his bed on April 1, and for the next fourteen days remained in a sort of comatose state, unable to speak, the eyes half closed, but appearing to recognise those about him. The digestive functions were suspended, and he could retain hardly any nourishment.

On April 15 it was decided to remove him to the Hospital at Brigue, whither his devoted brother Franz accompanied him. Two days later, after recovering consciousness for a couple of hours, he passed quietly away. He was buried at St. Niklaus on April 20, the funeral being attended by the whole community.

Of his generation there was no more thoroughly competent mountaineer.²—J. P. F.

² I am much indebted to M. le Lieutenant Charles Gos, of the Swiss Artillery, for many particulars given above, and to 'La Patrie Suisse' for the portrait now reproduced.

ROBERT CHARLET-STRATON.

NEWS has been received of the death in action of M. Robert Charlet-Straton, sergeant in the Chasseurs alpins. His mother is best known to English climbers as our own countrywoman, *née* Miss Isabella Straton; she made in early days the first ascent of the Aiguille du Moine and many other expeditions. His father, M. Charlet-Straton, is the well-known guide, famous as the conqueror of the Petit Dru. Although qualified as a guide at Chamonix, M. Robert Charlet-Straton did most of his climbing *en amateur* with his friends.

His parents will, we trust, allow the members of the Alpine Club to offer to them the assurance of their sympathy in the great loss which they and his country sustain in the death of this good soldier of France.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following additions have been made to the Library since June:—

Club Publications.

Akad. Alpen-Club, Zürich. xix. Jahresbericht, für 1914.

8 × 5½ : pp. 33; plate.

Zürich, Tschopp, 1915

Among the new expeditions described are the following:—

P. Schucan, Piz Vial, N.-Grat : Ganneretsch, N.-Grat : P. Urlaun
ü. d. Hängegletscher : E. Aemmer, Mte Pavallo v. N. : C. Egger,
Basch-Kara : Dschan-Tugan-Tau : Andürtschi : Tschegem Basch :
Tiu-Tiu-Basch :

Alpine Club. List of members.

A complete set from 1859–1899 has been presented to the Club by Mr. Unna. This includes one of the two copies known to exist of the 1859 list. Mr. Whymper reprinted a few copies of this from the original type, and it was only of this reprint that the Club hitherto has had a copy.

Alpine Club of Canada. Canadian Alpine Journal 1914 and 1915. Banff, 1915
9 × 6 : pp. viii, 263 : map, plates.

Among the articles are the following:—

H. Lambert, Ascent of Mt Natazhat in Alaska.
W. W. Foster, Mt Robson.
C. Kain, First ascent of Mt Robson.
B. S. Darling, First attempt on Robson by the west arête.
A. H. MacCarthy, Ascent of Mt Robson from the southwest.
C. Kain, First ascent of Mt Whitehorn.
W. E. Stone, A day and night on Whitehorn.
C. H. Mitchell, Mt Resplendent and the routes of ascent.
G. E. Howard, The Whirlpool, 1913.
A. L. Mumm, The Whirlpool, 1914.