farms. I heard singing and then a preacher's voice, and contrasted the homely chapel with the many-coloured Church processions which one sometimes meets in Italian Alps.

On September 13 I did not climb, but G. P. Baker arrived in the evening in time for dinner. We thereupon planned to cross the Trifaen, on which we had spent a memorable day thirty years ago—a day which we both delight to look back upon. Unhappily the 14th was wet, and we were confined to a tramp past Llyn Dinas. Next day Moel Hebog refused to show his head, but yet it looked as if the weather might improve, so my friend's motor-car took us past Capel Curig to the foot of Trifaen.

When we began our climb the rain was holding off, but before we reached the top the mists had come down. We looked back at the Carnedds—

> 'Mountains on whose barren breast
> The labouring clouds do often rest.'

Alas! to-day they evidently intended to stay for a rest-cure. Baker knows the gullies on Trifaen thoroughly, but we kept for the most part on the north arête. The Cribben Ridge of Glyder Fach looked well before the mist settled down on it. We had intended to traverse the Glyders, but in the fog and drizzling rain it was no time to

> 'Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise'

that the clouds might lift, but to get to Pen-y-gwryd we had to find the little stonemen which had been built to guide travellers on such a day as this, and, when we lost them, search till we found them again. So we recovered Pen-y-gwryd. There tea refreshed us. Afterwards we set out to Beddgelert in the rain. After walking less than two miles, behold, the motor-car met us! Could philanthropy go further? I think the answer is in the negative. That evening we recalled other visits to Snowdonia—exploits of rock-climbers—eulogies of the scenery—perhaps most vividly the genial presence of C. E. Mathews, whose admiration for Mont Blanc never dulled his appreciation of the Welsh mountains. The next day the weather had broken. So we departed somewhat abruptly—Baker to Harlech, and I to York.

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS PASSINGHAM.

If, almost any time in the 'seventies, an English mountaineer had been asked to name the hardest men of the whole climbing fraternity, the answer, without a moment's hesitation, would have included

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'Passingham.' Endurance is rightly held among mountaineers to be the highest virtue—just as the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup ranks far higher than the speedy animal that can only go five furlongs.

And the reason is easy to see—for the man that tires easily is the man that becomes a danger to his party. The mountaineer, whether guide or amateur, who can feel that, come what may, his companions will not crack up, may safely undertake the greatest of expeditions with an easy mind.

George Augustus Passingham was born on February 22, 1842, at Heston, Middlesex, and came of the old family of Passingham of Hendwr in Merionethshire, Helston in Cornwall, and Heston in Middlesex. His father died in 1858, and he was brought up by his mother in the wilds of Wales.

When at Oxford in 1860 he joined the classes of Mr. Maclaren, who was then training instructors for the Army Gymnasia. Realising the youngster's extraordinary physical powers, Maclaren recommended him to open a similar establishment in Cambridge.

This he subsequently did, and became well known as a very finished gymnast of very great strength and as an enthusiastic teacher—with many friends among the undergraduates.

Penhall, whose short but very brilliant Alpine career came to an untimely end on the Wetterhorn in 1882 by an accident which also involved the stalwart Andreas Maurer, was one of Passingham's pupils. We can well imagine the steady purpose with which master and pupil strove to prepare themselves for the great mountains. Realising, however, that this professional career involved some irksome social limitations, he gave it up when his connexion with the Cambridge Gymnasium had lasted two years, and from then on lived the ordinary life of the country gentleman, spending long seasons in the Alps as well as visiting Norway and the United States. Besides being one of the most active mountaineers of his time, he was an ardent chamois hunter. Later in life he took to salmon fishing and twice visited Foyers, Loch Ness, in the spring of the year of his fatal seizure, for that purpose.

Over medium height, powerfully built, he possessed exceptionally long reach, which stood him in good stead when rock-climbing, while his brilliant colouring, golden hair, and blue eyes gave him a striking presence. He took instinctively to the mountains and simply gloried in his work in the Alps. As his experience developed it will be readily understood that, with his natural advantages, his companions soon ceased to be 'guides' in the ordinary interpretation of that word, and his party climbed as one man. He was an extraordinarily rapid walker without any seeming effort, while his powers of endurance were phenomenal.

His first visit to Switzerland was in 1871, when he did the famous 'High Level Route' and ascended Monte Rosa, the Breithorn, and crossed the Weissthor. By 1872 we find him ascending the

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GEORGE AUGUSTUS PASSINGHAM.
1842—1914.

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Wetterhorn and Schreckhorn, and, such were his fitness and skill, undertaking more ambitious ascents like the Bietschhorn. This ascent, made from Ried direct, was the earliest instance of a practice for which Passingham became famous, viz. of ascending his mountain from the valley without sleeping out. His practice is said to have been to let his guides start ahead when the first part of the route was unmistakable; he then followed after a bit and easily caught them up!

Thus he leaves Ried at 2.10 A.M., reaches the summit of the Bietschhorn at 11.30, and is back in Ried by 6.30 P.M.; 'wind, snow, thunder—terrific weather.'

A month later—on August 16—he sets out from the Hôtel Mont Blanc at Courmayeur at 1.30 A.M., is on the summit of Mont Blanc at 2 P.M., and at Chamonix at 9.30 P.M.

A few days later—on August 23—he leaves Gressoney at 1.30 A.M., is on the top of the Lyskamm at 1 P.M., and swings into the 'Monte Rosa' at Zermatt at 8.30 P.M.

The Weisshorn, Dom, and Matterhorn fall quickly to this same indomitable and tireless climber.

'August 25.—Left Randa at 11 P.M. for Weisshorn; arrived at summit at 9.30 A.M.; descended to Zermatt 6 P.M. 19 hours.'

'August 29.—Ascended Dom from Zermatt. Left at 1 A.M.; reached top at 11.30 A.M.; back to Zermatt 6 P.M. 17 hours.'

'September 2.—Ascended Matterhorn from Zermatt. Left hotel 11.45 P.M.; reached summit at 9.50 A.M. (waited an hour at the hut); arrived at Zermatt at 5.30 P.M. 17½ hours.'

His regular guide was Franz Andermatten, whose biography by Sir Martin Conway is to be found in 'Pioneers,' and of whom Whymper, in the immortal 'Scrambles,' says many good things. For the genial Franz, 'the tough and everlasting,'[1] Passingham had a great liking, and employed him up to the time of the former's death in 1883.

About this time—1872—Passingham enlisted the services of a man who in my estimation will go down to posterity as possibly the boldest and one of the ablest mountaineers of his day. I mean Ferdinand Imseng, of Macugnaga. Imseng—three years younger than Passingham—had just made the first of the great ascents, for which his name is famous, by leading the Pendleburys up the Macugnaga face of the Monte Rosa. 'By this ascent, the whole credit of which belonged and was yielded to Imseng, his reputation as a bold and competent guide was fixed.'[2]

We can well understand what a companion he made for the tireless Englishman, and it is with Imseng's name that Passingham's will, in Alpine history, always be coupled.

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[1] Dent, 'Two Attempts on the Aiguille du Dru,' *A.J.* vii. 69. It contains many amusing tales of Andermatten.

[2] Sir Martin Conway in *Pioneers*.

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Imseng and Andermatten, more than twenty years his senior, were nevertheless great comrades. 'The two used to work together in perfect harmony, and their unfailing fund of high spirits made mountaineering with them specially delightful. . . . Each was eager to do more than his share of the work; neither was in the least jealous of the other.' [3]

Owing to what has always seemed to me a regrettable rule which governed the authors of 'Pioneers of the Alps,' no portrait of either of these men was included in that splendid memorial. I am, fortunately, now able to make good the gap [4] by the courtesy of Mrs. Passingham, who accompanied her husband on his journeys, keeping to the valleys, and retained close touch with his Alpine expeditions and interests. Andermatten appears in Whymper's well-known plate 'The Club-room of Zermatt in 1864,' but I know of no other good portrait of Imseng.

On September 5 of that season—1872—we find the late C. T. Dent join forces with Passingham and with their guides, Alexander Burgener, Imseng, and Andermatten, succeed in bringing the Zinal Rothhorn into the Zermatt fold by making its first ascent from there. The tale has been well told, in his own inimitable style, by our departed President in the first of the many papers of his which appeared in the ALPINE JOURNAL ('A.J.' vi. 268).

The partnership was renewed the following year—1873—when several ascents were made in the Oberland—thus the Eiger direct from Grindelwald—the Mönch equally, 'left Grindelwald 1.30 A.M.; top 4 P.M.; delayed . . :; got down next morning; had to sleep in hut.'

Then the party moves off to Chamonix, and we have the bald entry: 'August 11.[5] On Dru from 1.15 A.M. to 7.20 P.M.,' a regular 'Passingham' day.

Dent has well described their experiences in his amusing paper 'Two Attempts on the Aiguille du Dru' ('A.J.' vii. 65 *seq.*). In 1874 Passingham was away in Norway—in 1875 chamois-hunting in Switzerland in September. We next find him resuming climbing in 1877, but only making the ascents of the Strahlhorn, Rimpfischhorn (from the Allalinjoch), and Täschhorn, besides some passes.

The great year, however, which put the crown on his climbing career, was 1879. He ascended the Weissmies, crossed the Adler to Zermatt and that very fascinating and, especially in the reversed direction, difficult pass the Biesjoch from Randa to Zinal.

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[3] Sir Martin Conway in *Pioneers*.

[4] Some spare copies of these plates have been provided, and can be obtained by members on application to the Assistant Secretary, 23 Savile Row, W.

[5] Dent, *A.J.* vii. 69, apparently makes the date August 18, and the day even longer.

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Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.

FERDINAND IMSENG.
1845—1881.

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FRANZ JOSEF ANDERMATTEN.
1823—1883.

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His intention was to attack the mighty west face of the Weisshorn. The initial defeat and final success are described in the only paper Passingham ever contributed to the JOURNAL. In somewhat staccato sentences, without the ghost of an attempt at any literary style,[6] he tells the tale. The studious avoidance of the least exaggeration, the somewhat casual estimate of the difficulties, did not, however, lead away the climber, for he who knew his business did not fail to observe that what had taken a superb party like Passingham, Imseng, and Louis Zurbrücken (Delponte), from a high bivouac, nearly 12 hours of *ascent*, was likely to be about as tough a nut to crack as one could find. The climb has been well described, in the very sympathetic notice of Imseng contributed by Sir Martin Conway to 'Pioneers,' as 'perhaps the longest scramble up difficult slabs of rock anywhere in the Alps.'

It has only twice been repeated, and then under the leadership of men whose names are known to every mountaineer in Europe—Köderbacher, of the Ramsau, the hero of an equally long climb, the S. Bartolomä face of the Watzmann, and Ulrich Almer, of Grindelwald, whose doughty deeds are innumerable.

Somewhere on this face lies the body of the celebrated young German climber, Georg Winkler, killed in attempting it and never found.

Some years later a variation was made by Louis Theytaz nearer the N. edge of this great face. This line of ascent is generally known as 'l'arête Young,' after a member of this Club who, with Theytaz, made the second ascent by it. It is now festooned with ropes.

In 1880 Passingham ascended the Obergabelhorn and was chamois-shooting in Macugnaga. The year 1883 sees him once more at his beloved Zermatt, and he ascends in rapid succession the Alphübel, the Allalinhorn, the Dent Blanche as well as Monte Rosa and the Rimpfischhorn each for the third time, but for him the season is overclouded by the death in his service of his faithful Franz Andermatten—his companion of many years. His hard climbing seems then, practically, to have come to an end.

He passed away, aged 72, at The Berrow, near Ledbury, on July 2, 1914—his death being due to heart failure, that merciful end that comes so often to men of magnificent physique.

Passingham was never a member of the Alpine Club. Some unfortunate technical difficulties seem at one time to have stood in the way, and when these were overcome the desire to join no longer existed. Nevertheless this JOURNAL would ill deserve its representative position in the mountaineering world if it failed to bear

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[6] I think at that date—it was a bit before my time—the accepted Alpine literary style was extremely severe—no doubt a reflex from the splendours of the 'sixties and earlier 'seventies. It is interesting to note the variations in literary fashion even among Alpine climbers.

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warmhearted testimony to a man who, yet, was one of us; in his day one of the very hardest climbers, a sound mountaineer, an ardent lover of the mountains.

J. P. FARRAR.

JEAN MAÎTRE.

A NOTABLE character among Alpine guides, a man who will be greatly missed by his many friends, and one who assuredly ranked in the first class of his profession, passed away at the end of September last in the person of Jean Maître of Evolena.

Born in 1849, he acted as porter at an early age, and had an unusually long and successful career as a guide. His elder brother Pierre, also a well-known Evolena guide, died many years ago, whilst his brother Antoine also for some years followed the same profession. Jean Maître leaves a widow, five sons, and one daughter.

If asked to name the quality in which Jean especially excelled I should be inclined to give precedence to his judgment, particularly in matters relating to snow and ice craft; indeed in these I have never met with his superior.

Probably it can be asserted without fear of contradiction that no more important characteristic for a mountaineer could be wished for. Many instances come to the mind of snow traverses when Jean insisted upon having each step cut into the subjacent ice, often at the expense of much time and labour, because he had the expert knowledge that safety demanded it, when a less sound mountaineer would have spared himself such trouble. Whenever the opportunity has presented itself of testing his judgment on these occasions it has been invariably proved to be thoroughly sound.

Again the recollection returns to me of a descent of the Morteratsch glacier after a traverse of the Piz Bernina. This expedition was new to Jean, but the masterly manner in which he unhesitatingly threaded a way through the intricate maze of crevasses was the subject of the undisguised admiration of his party, and not least of the younger guide.

Jean was above all things essentially prudent. 'J'aime beaucoup les difficultés, mais pas les dangers,' was a characteristic saying of his. If one lays stress upon this and upon the fact that he was a superb performer upon snow and ice, it would certainly give a false idea to imply that he was in any degree wanting in dash or was not an excellent all-round mountaineer. I remember once in the course of the long descent of the Tribulazione glacier from the Col Chamonin, when the cornfields of Cogne were seen far below through that glorious Italian almosphere, how he impressed us by

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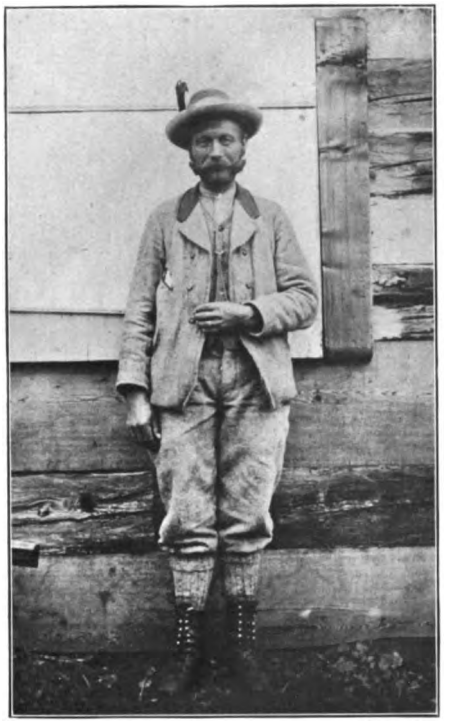
JEAN MAÎTRE, 1896.



JEAN MAÎTRE, 1894.

(From photographs by Dr. O. K. Williamson.)

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the manner in which as last man he climbed down a steep granite rib. He had the power, a most important one, of being able to rise to the occasion demanded by an emergency.

When at work in the mountains Jean excelled as a practical instructor. Personally I have every reason to be grateful for all that he has taught me of mountaineering craft.

Those details in matters which concern the 'finish' of a guide are too often slurred over. They were, however, scrupulously observed by Jean. No detail as to equipment or technique for the members of his party escaped him, and he was admirable in attending to his employers' well-being and comfort, whether at a bivouac or in a hut. For these reasons and on account of his engaging personality he was a most desirable ladies' guide. The handsome bronzed face and well-knit form, shown off to full advantage by the feathered hat and green-faced coat, the latter made from the wool of his own sheep, were familiar to the habitués of the Alpine centres in the Pennine Alps. This attention to his personal appearance was perhaps the explanation of the fact that upon one occasion the good people of the inn in the Tyrol at which we arrived late one evening mistook Jean and his colleague for the travellers, and my friend Andrews and myself for the guides.

He was a most amusing companion, with a considerable fund of anecdote, and the monotony of many a long snow-grind or of an off day in a hut was often enlivened by some characteristic quaint remark. One remembers many a meeting with him on the evening after a climb, the confidential tap upon the shoulder, and the suggestion before parting at night that we should discuss further plans next morning 'vers les dix heures.'

A very large number of new climbs stands to his credit, many of them of the first rank. The chief of these in the mountains of his own valley were the traverse of the ridge of the Aiguilles Rouges, including the first ascent of the S. peak (1887), the ascent of Mont Blanc de Seilon by the E. arête (1887), the Pigne d'Arolla by the N. face (1889), and the Dent des Bouquetins by the W. face and S. arête (1889), the Dent Perroc by the beautiful N.N.E. arête (1890), Mount Collon by the N. face (1890), the south peak of the Dent des Bouquetins (1894) (on the sixth attempt), the Dent des Bouquetins from the Col des Bouquetins (1895).

He made many first ascents of mountains in the neighbourhood of the Valpelline.

Other of his new ascents were Mont Velan by the N. arête (1897), the Grand Combin through the séracs of the N. face (1898), a variation of the Hochjoch route up the Ortler by which that arête was reached from the Ortler pass (1902), the passage of the Breithorn Joch (1905), a variation of the ascent of the Dent Blanche by the W. arête in which a traverse on the W. face was made (1905), the Hohberghorn by the N.E. face (1910), the Stecknadelhorn by the N.E. arête (1910), and the passage of the Gletscher Joch (1911).

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I believe that in his opinion the hardest of his new climbs were the ascent of the south peak of the Dent des Bouquetins and the passage of the Gletscherjoch.

He was familiar with most of the principal mountain groups in the Alps, and had accomplished, among many well-known expeditions, the Brenva route up Mont Blanc, the traverse of the Grépon, the ascent of the Nordend of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga, the Matterhorn by the Zmutt arête, the Mönch by the N.W. buttress, the three last-mentioned expeditions having been made in 1911.

His most frequent employers were Mr. J. A. Vardy, Mr. A. G. Topham, with whom he accomplished many new climbs in the mountains of his native valley and in the Italian valleys of the Pennine Alps, Professor Arthur Schuster, Dr. John Hopkinson and his family, Messrs. J. S. Masterman, E. C. Oppenheim, G. A. Arbuthnot, G. Lipscomb and F. G. Leatham; whilst he was employed by Mr. Wherry and Dr. T. G. Longstaff for a few seasons. He accompanied me for portions of ten seasons, in several of which Mr. A. W. Andrews was my companion, his fellow guide being more often than not one of the brilliant young representatives of the St. Niklaus school.

I shall indeed miss my trusty comrade of many a grand expedition; and to me the great Alpine peaks which had earned his deep respect and love will never be quite the same without the well-remembered companionship of my valued teacher and old friend.

OLIVER K. WILLIAMSON.

THE ALPINE CLUB PICTURE EXHIBITION, 1915.

MR. G. P. BAKER is to be congratulated on having got together, despite the War, the varied collection of Alpine pictures seen at the Club gallery in December, though it is hardly to be wondered at that there were fewer pictures than usual, for no great number of painters can have visited the Alps in the year 1915.

The gallery on the whole was well hung, but the average of the work sent in was scarcely up to the standard of recent years. Many well-known exhibitors were not represented. We missed, for instance, Mr. Adrian Stokes's poetic visions, Mr. MacCormick's ingenious blendings of fact and fiction, and perhaps more than either of these the original and audacious decorative schemes of Mrs. E. G. Oliver, issuing their challenge from the sky-line.

Decorative paintings indeed were few, and there was really nothing in which any influence of post-impressionism could be detected. Hence to the student of modern art, to one searching after sensation or eccentricity, the exhibition cannot have been

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