

## IN MEMORIAM.

## HERMANN WOOLLEY.

1846-1920.

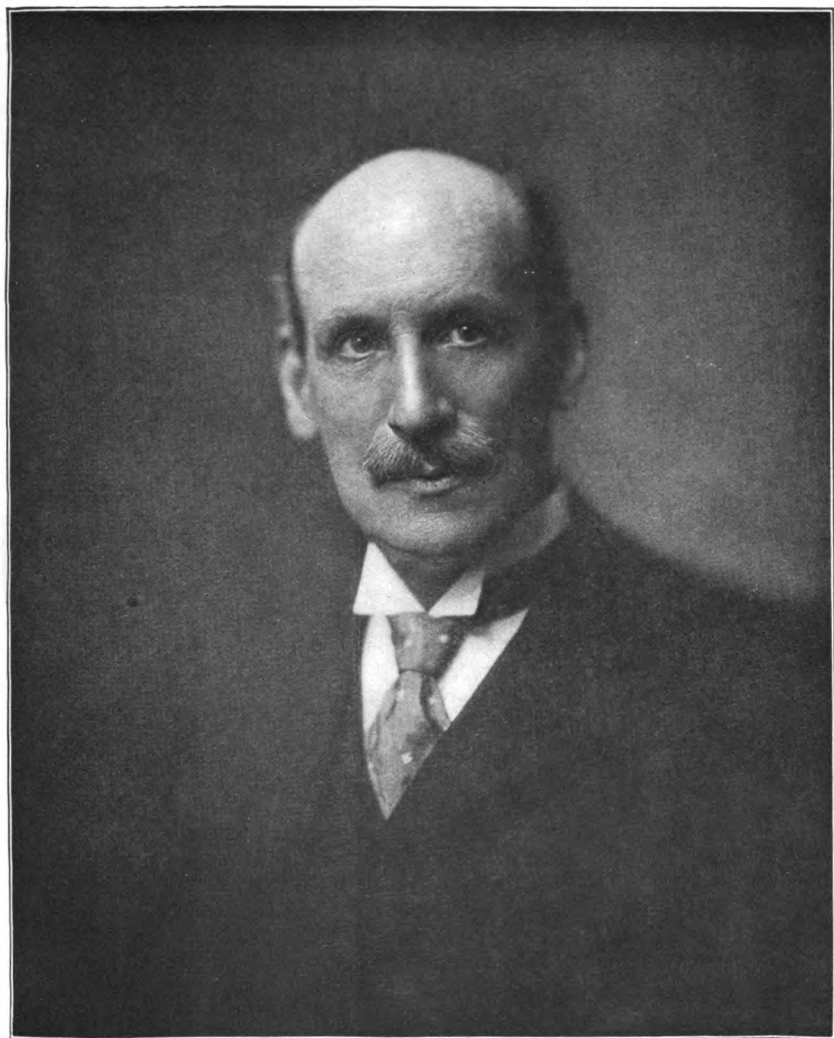
HERMANN WOOLLEY was born in 1846, the fourth son of James Woolley, founder of the firm which has developed into the large wholesale and manufacturing pharmaceutical chemist business of James Woolley Sons & Co., Lim.

He attended Mr. Etienne's school in Higher Broughton, later was at a school at Darmstadt. He then went to the Pharmaceutical College in Bloomsbury Square to acquire the special training required for his prospective business. In the annual college examinations in 1867 he took the medals in Botany, Chemistry, *Materia Medica*, and Pharmacy, as well as the special Pereira medal. He continued his chemical studies under Roscoe at Owens College, where he sat at lectures next to my eldest brother, the late John Hopkinson. In 1868 he joined his elder brother in the business, specialising on the manufacturing part. He remained in active association with the firm until his death. An intention of retiring many years ago was frustrated by the untimely death of his younger brother.

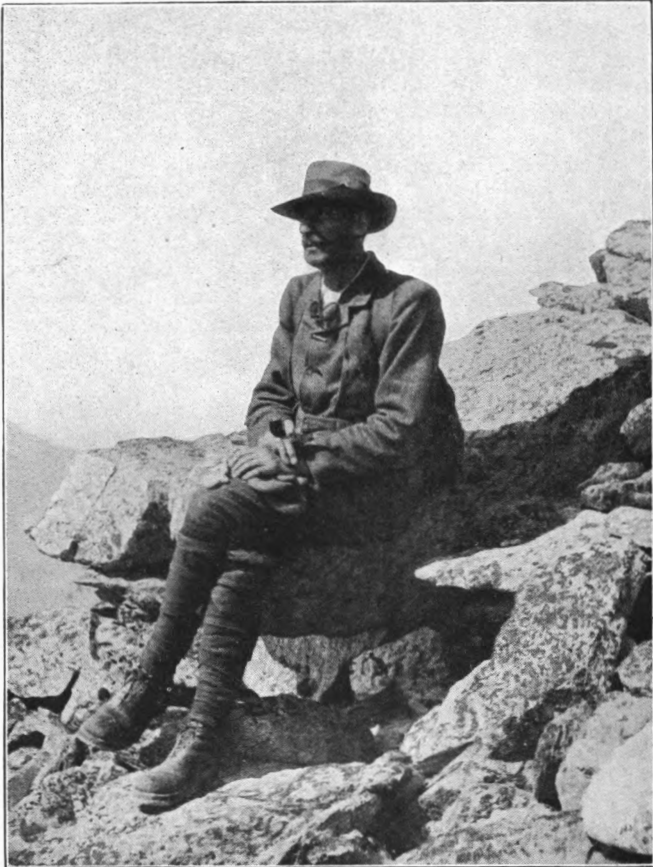
Woolley exhibited strong athletic tastes; played football with the Manchester Club, rowed on the polluted Irwell, and boxed conventionally at the Boxing Club and Athletic festivals, and unconventionally whenever a convenient occasion offered. His prowess was well known in different circles. On one occasion appealed to by a bus conductor, he ordered a noisy ruffian to get off the bus, at first without result, except to increase the flow of blasphemy and abuse. On repeating the order the story goes, that it was supplemented by a spectator, 'Tha'd better; it's Woolley,' when immediate obedience resulted. The medals and cups he won show the variety of his activities, including as they do High Jump (3), Boxing (8), Gymnastics (4), Clubs, Dumb-bells, and Rowing (4).

A boating expedition on the Danube, undertaken alone, indicates the developing love of travel combined with athletic exercise, which later was concentrated on the peaks, passes, and glaciers of many regions: the Alps, Caucasus, Norway, Canada, and the hills of his native isle.

Taking up photography as an accessory to his travels and climbs, he applied his characteristic care and thoroughness to the art, developing much technical skill, and was for many years a regular exhibitor at the photographic shows of the Club. My first expedition with Woolley was at Easter 1879 to Wastdale, my youngest brother completing the party. I was warned by a friend who knew his reputation, 'He'll walk you to death.' However, even at



HERMANN WOOLLEY.  
(As President.)



[Photo. A. F. R. Wollaston.

HERMANN WOOLLEY  
in 1903.

that somewhat remote epoch his preference and relative superiority in uphill over downhill going were noticeable, and what I lost on the rise I gained on the fall. We had a time pleasant enough in spite of cold winds, but of greater consequence to me as the foundation of an enduring friendship, which was last exercised in an evening spent on his draft Memoir of Charles Pilkington. I was one of Woolley's many admirers. His fine distinguished physiognomy ever gave me pleasure. His imperturbable good temper, his modesty, and his unfailing devotion to duty gave a basis for friendship of strong character, lightened in companionship by genial touches of frivolity and humour. Although he climbed at one time or another with some strongly opinionated comrades, none ever quarrelled with him or wore out his good temper by their futility or egoism. To his character as much as to his technical skill and camp experience one may safely attribute the desire for his presence in expeditions which involved travel as well as mountaineering, and in which companionship had to bear the stresses of camp life.

In 1888 I had the pleasure of seconding his nomination as a member of the Club. He presented a fine qualification, beginning with the Titlis in 1877 and ending with Koshtantau and the 'Saddle peak' in 1888.

A somewhat high pressure of achievement is indicated—take 1881, for example—July 28, Trift Joch; 29, Zermatt Breithorn; 30, Rimpfischhorn; August 1, Zinal Rothhorn; 4, Matterhorn; 6, Weisshorn—or in 1885, August 12 to 21, Bietschhorn, Petersgrat, Schreckhorn, Eiger, Jungfrau, and Finsteraarhorn. 1886 is distinguished by a Norwegian peak (Romsdalshorn), as well as by Mt. Blanc, the Dru, and Marmolata; 1887, by a February ascent of the Mönch. Woolley soon made his mark in the Club. A frequent attender of the Club meetings, his wide and ever-growing acquaintance with mountains enabled him to join in many discussions. He was one of the authorities on Caucasian climbing, and wrote a chapter for Freshfield's standard work. Many papers described expeditions in which he had shared. His circle of friends in the Club widened rapidly, and his standing as an exponent of Alpine craft was constantly rising. Elected to the Committee in 1893, he became a Vice-President in 1902, and served as President (1908–1911). At the time of his death he was an extra member of Committee. His interest in the Club was not confined to London; for a number of years it was his hospitable annual practice to invite the A.C.'s resident in and near Manchester to dine with him.

As his reputation as a climbing traveller grew, he had a good deal of correspondence with men desiring to utilise his experience or to follow in his tracks; whether to stranger or acquaintance he gave the best and fullest information in his power, conscious of the tax on his time, but none the less giving ample measure.

Up to the time of his joining the Club most of Woolley's

mountaineering was done alone with guides, except, of course, the fruitful Caucasian expedition with Holder and Cockin. Later, in his expeditions to the Caucasus, Lofoten Isles, Canada, and the Alps, he did much guideless climbing, and the *JOURNAL* has so many references to these expeditions that I refrain from giving a list. Woolley's latest Alpine holidays are referred to by him in his *Memoir of C. Pilkington* ('A.J.' No. 219, p. 350). His winter visits to the Alps were made as much for photography as for climbing, with resultant pleasure to his friends, who received as Xmas cards some charming examples of his skill. For one of Woolley's retiring disposition neither party politics nor municipal affairs offered a congenial field of work; but as Treasurer and Deputy-Treasurer of the University of Manchester he gave useful and important public service. His last illness was brief. He attended as usual at Cross Street Chapel on Sunday morning, caught cold, pneumonia supervened, and he died on the Friday.

CHARLES HOPKINSON.

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Mr. WILLIAM CECIL SLINGSBY writes to Captain Farrar :

Taormina, 14, 3, 1920.

'A letter from Sir Alfred Hopkinson tells me that my dear old friend Hermann Woolley has died—another great mountaineer gone to his long rest. Lancashire has given three great presidents to the Alpine Club—all now gone, Horace Walker, Charley Pilkington and Hermann Woolley. All men with whom I have often climbed.

'Woolley I have been with in the Alps, Norway, Skye and many another corner in Scotland. He was an ideal companion at all times, full of resource, of quaint humour, most unselfish, wise and discerning about the weather, always in good humour whatever was the weather. Even on Stedtind when he, Baly and I wedged ourselves close together in a crevice of rock with a strong freezing North wind, whilst Collie, my lad Will, and Morris, together discovered the key of the stronghold which the wind alone prevented us from unlocking, Woolley was quite unperturbed. In camp he was splendid, resourceful and always at work doing something for the general good. No one knew better than he the vagaries of wind upon tents. On a mountain he was always quite at home, however fearsome the snow slope which had to be crossed, however savage the rocks. Yes! he and Collie together in Lofoten were grand companions.

'Then, Woolley's photography and his great generosity in giving friends the fruits of his labour were marvellous.

'Some years ago I had a letter from him in which was something to this effect :

“Dear Slingsby, I have just moved to a smaller house, and have hardly room for my lantern slides. As I know you give lectures and show slides sometimes, I am sending you a few just to be out of my way.” It was a splendid selection. He did something in the same way for C. Pilkington.

‘Woolley was indeed an all-round sportsman of the highest type. He proved—as all we who had the privilege of knowing him intimately knew would be the case—to be a first-rate Alpine Club President, and I always feel proud when I remember that it fell to my lot to propose him to the Alpine Club Committee, Freshfield seconding the proposal.

‘As a young man he was a first-rate light-weight boxer and football player. For many years too he took a week’s rowing on the Thames. This we found out when in Lofoten.

‘Yes! we have lost a great, a very great and most lovable member of the Alpine Club, the very remembrance of whom we shall always cherish very dearly.’

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It was in keeping with the whole life and nature of Mr. HERMANN WOOLLEY that, though he died last Friday and was cremated yesterday, no memorial notice of him should have appeared anywhere in the press. He was a man of an unsurpassably modest and quiet dutifulness. In Manchester he did good work for the University, and his tall figure was well known at the Reform Club, but he was not a prominent ‘public man.’ As a mountaineer he was on another level of distinction. Like some others of the essentially greatest mountaineers, he was not connected by name with any particular feat or special line of exploration. But all British mountaineers and many foreign ones recognised in him a model of that which every mountaineer should wish to be. Perhaps no other President of the Alpine Club has ever been so popular. He had all the right qualities for a climber—the physique and hardihood, the resolution, the equable temper, the generous comradeship. Such men sweeten the life of exploration or campaigning. In mind he belonged to the great age of pioneering in the Alps—the age of John Ball, Leslie Stephen, Bonney, Tyndall, Lord Bryce, and Llewellyn Davies, when the leaders of British mountaineering were of such an intellectual standing as no sport has ever boasted in its captains before or since. Woolley’s mind, scientific in cast and fully trained, was also saturated with the literature of mountains. He explored to the bottom the interest of everything that mountains offered him. Probably he has left no written work that will indicate to those who did not know him the fine quality of his mind; writing was not his natural vehicle of expression. His distinction was simply that of a rare personality, powerful and extremely gentle, known to comparatively few people besides those who shared his intense love of mountains

and mountain adventure, but remembered among them as one of the most wholly good personal forces they have ever known.

[By Mr. C. E. Montague in the *Manchester Guardian*, March 3, 1920, by kind permission.]

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As one of Hermann Woolley's intimate friends, I feel that I cannot let the opportunity pass of expressing the real sorrow which I felt on hearing the news of his death after a very short illness. This came as a great shock to me as well as to many others of his friends in the Alpine Club.

I met Woolley for the first time at Zermatt in the winter 1893-94, during the early days of my Alpine career, and was at once attracted to him by the genial charm of his manner and his kindly interest in the efforts of a novice like myself, and to my great advantage we were companions in the Alps for many succeeding winters.

The possession of a sound knowledge of a wide range of subjects and a keen sense of humour made his conversation both instructive and delightful.

Woolley had great strength of character, and although by nature of a most amiable disposition he was decidedly a man not to be trifled with. He was extraordinarily broad-minded in his views, and had the somewhat uncommon quality of seeing the best side of people, even though they might not be congenial to him.

Habitually businesslike in all his undertakings, he always took a very serious view (sometimes, perhaps, too serious) of any duties which devolved on him, and in this respect I should like to mention a fact which I think may not be generally known to members of the Alpine Club. While he was President of the Club he attended every single meeting, including those of the committee, during his tenure of office, which at the time constituted, I think, a record which has only been equalled by a subsequent President.

Hermann Woolley's death leaves a gap which cannot be filled, and I feel that to have possessed the friendship of so remarkable a man has made my life the richer.

SYDNEY SPENCER.

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I never had the pleasure of climbing with Woolley, but he and I made many excursions together within the last twenty years, on foot, by train, or by motor, in the Alps, in France, and in Scotland. We were, indeed, planning—at the time of his death—a Franco-Italian tour for the past summer, his rheumatic joints having made climbing impossible for him.

He was a wonderfully charming companion. I have never had another so delightful associate on a long holiday, or a short one. He could talk when talking was wanted, or be silent when silence was the more enjoyable. Moreover, he could talk seriously on

serious matters—scientific, academic (he was acting-Treasurer of the Manchester University for many years), geographic, literary, sporting—whatever subject came up. And he always seemed to know—and really did know—a great deal as to any matters about which he was speaking. His climbing reminiscences—always without the least suggestion that what he had done was at all out of the common—were delightful. I wish they could have been put down for the benefit of the Club. But after a long day, when we were only tired human beings and wanted mental as well as physical rest, he was as ready, as anyone could be, to enjoy the trivial small talk in which most of us delight in such conditions.

He never gossiped scandal of others, and was always ready to recognise the good points even of men whom I knew he did not like. His only drawback as a companion, so far as I was ever able to discover, was his inveterate habit of trying to arrange that his friend should have the best room, or the best seat, or the choice of the day's programme. This unselfish tendency certainly required watching and checking, which I think amused him.

I cannot hope that I shall ever have such another fellow-traveller. The many days we spent together remain always among the most joyous of my experiences, experiences upon which I can now only look back without the hope of ever repeating them.

ALEX. KENNEDY.

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CHARLES EDWARD GROVES.

1841-1920.

MANY of the older members of the Club heard with sorrow of the passing away in February last of Charles Edward Groves. He had formed ties of intimate and enduring friendship with a number of them. To those of the younger generation his figure must have been well known, as he was very regular in attendance at our social gatherings. Before the war had thinned its members, a happy party of us were accustomed to dine at the Café Cavour before each formal meeting, and Groves was almost always to be met there. This brought him closely in contact with some of the members who had joined recently.

Charles Groves was born at Highgate in 1841, and died on February 1, 1920, in his seventy-ninth year. He passed the greater part of his life at Kennington, and latterly in a pleasant Georgian vine-clad house on the 'Green.' There, many of us had the pleasure of visiting his sisters and himself in surroundings which were so typical of them. Groves had the gift of a personal magnetism, and his friends were always delighted to be invited to that hospitable home; they were sure of meeting congenial and sympathetic guests.

An account of Groves' scientific career has been written in the *Journal of the Chemical Society* by Sir W. H. Tilden, F.R.S. Some of the best and most strenuous work of his life was done as editor and sub-editor of the *Journal of the Chemical Society*. He was extremely careful and painstaking; his style was precise and lucid, and it bore the stamp of accuracy in every detail.

He was a lecturer on the staff of the Guy's Hospital Medical School for 15 years, and consulting chemist to the Thames Conservancy for over 20 years. After resigning these appointments he returned to the love of his earlier days—chemical and physical research. In 1883 the honour of the Fellowship of the Royal Society was conferred upon him. He was also an ardent supporter of the Royal Institution and had a large number of friends amongst its members. Scientific research will ultimately benefit considerably by the provisions of his will.

It has been said of Groves that he was magnetic, and this special quality attracted students. They realized that he loved young men; they reciprocated his affection. His lectures, like his writings, were models of lucidity, they were the outcome of a thorough knowledge of chemical and physical science; and his lecture experiments always succeeded, for he was most careful in rehearsing them. It was as lecturer and teacher that the writer first knew him. Subsequently other and closer ties were formed.

Such is a very brief outline of his career. Fortunately we are able to speak of Groves more intimately. He was a fine linguist, being conversant with French, German, and Italian, and even to some extent with Russian. He was, too, an advanced mathematician, well read in history and in other directions. Yet, withal, he was so modest that it needed close association with him to become aware of his wide attainments. Further, he was no mean musician. He performed creditably on stringed instruments, and had a pleasing singing voice. Happily for Groves, his father was a good amateur artist, who took pains to teach his son the points of a picture and how to look for them, so that his opinion of pictures was sound and his judgment reliable.

There was in him a remote strain of Italian blood, for he was descended through his mother from the Tilletti, a noble family in Florence. It was easy therefore to understand how the call of Italy thrilled him, and what special pleasure he found in the Italian valleys of the Alps. Many a happy holiday too was spent by Groves and the writer in the mediaeval cities of Tuscany, where he seemed thoroughly at home. He loved them and their people and gloried in their treasures of art.

Sufficient has been said to show how versatile he was, yet not superficial. His knowledge of many things was profound; and he seldom spoke on subjects, unless he could do so accurately and with authority. His was the particular type of mind to which the Alps appeal with irresistible attraction, and in them he found his chief

recreation. He visited them each summer from the late seventies of the last century until 1913; and in company with his friends, Howard Barrett, Alfred and Mrs. Topham, C. H. Townley and others he made many ascents. Mr. Townley has kindly furnished the writer with a list of ascents he and Groves made together from 1883 to 1899, some thirty in number. They include the first recorded ascent of the Olmenhorn, the second ascent of the double summit between the Kamm and the Schönbühlhorn (Fiescher Gabelhorn), and the first ascent of the Pointe de Bertol and Crête du Plan. In addition, Groves climbed many of the giants of the Alps and traversed others, in the days when these expeditions were longer and more fatiguing than now, huts having shortened the day's work and ropes rendered *mauvais pas* less trying.

Though Groves could not be classed amongst great climbers, yet he was a most persevering and constant one. In middle life he was very enduring and capable of long hours of work. To him the yearly visit to the Alps was a time of great physical invigoration and intense mental refreshment. He knew that by contact with them he was lifted to a higher plane of spirit; and, like so many others, he realized that when on the Alps the little matters of life, which seem so important in crowded cities, slip back into their appropriate place and cease to trouble one. His very being expanded on the snows and summits, and his deeply reverential spirit found itself in communion with all that is highest and most appealing to the soul.

Another mark of his innate modesty is that it was not until after he had been climbing for nearly a score of years that Groves offered himself for election to the Club. He then submitted a list, which is in many ways admirable.

Until 1912 he frequented his old haunts in summer; also during the preceding ten years he had made winter visits to Switzerland. In that year his friends noticed signs of failing health. His laughter was as ready, as merry and as genial as ever, and his sympathy was as overflowing as of yore. He had had, however, a life of intense toil, he had achieved great distinction, he had done all things to which he had put his hand with his might and well—and at last the machinery began to creak; the tension had held out to its utmost. In 1913 he went to the Alps for the last time; for war intervened and he could go no more.

With us there remain pleasant and lovely memories of Charles Edward Groves, the highly gifted, yet humble and devout Christian soul, the desirable and delightful friend, as one to whom we owe an insight into so much of what is the real meaning of life and whither it tends. He has crossed the Pass, leaving footsteps behind him, in which we shall do well to tread. And may our evening of life be like his, resplendent with the roseate hues of esteem, friendship, and love.

A. H. TUBBY.

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## CHARLES HOPKINSON.

1854-1920.

By the death of Charles Hopkinson, the Alpine Club has lost one of its most distinguished Northern members, and the city of Manchester has been deprived of the ever-ready help and counsel of a great citizen.

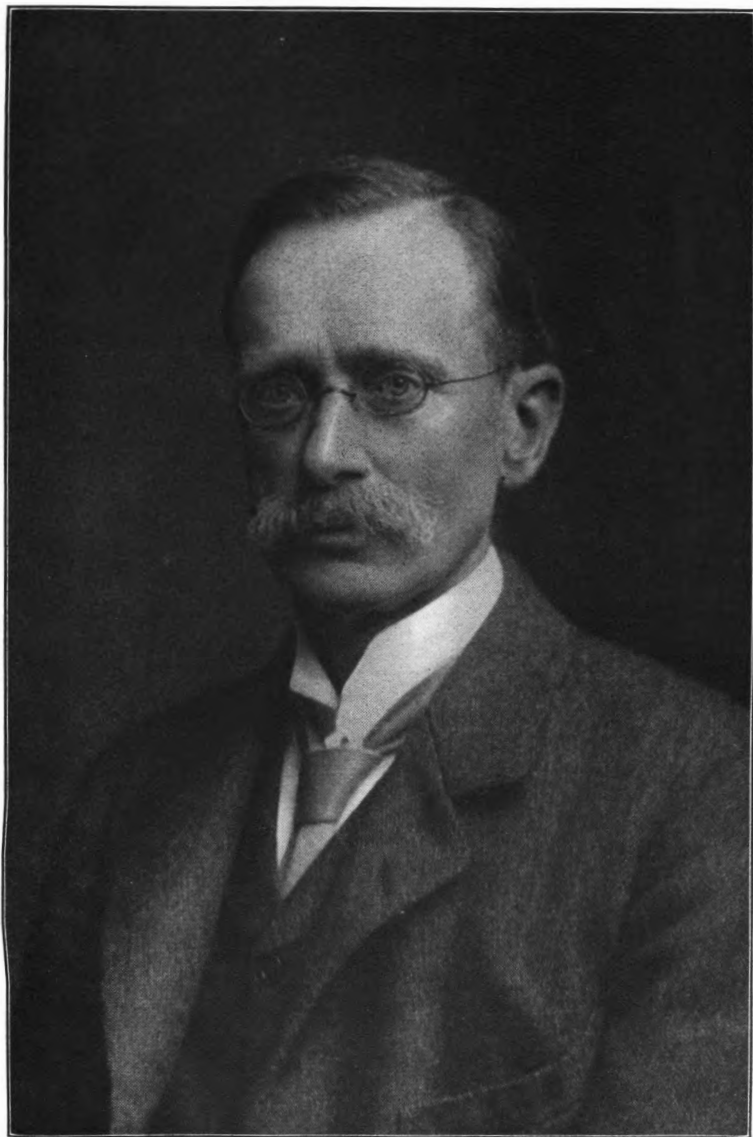
It is but a short time since we mourned the loss of Horace Walker, Charles Pilkington, and Hermann Woolley, three great presidents of the Club, and men of Lancashire. This county now deploras the death of one of their mountain comrades, one who, a few years ago, was a member of the A.C. Committee. After suffering uncomplainingly for several years from asthma, Charles Hopkinson died on September 5, from heart failure.

As I pointed out in 'A.J.' xxxii. 356, 'every member of my cousins, the Hopkinsons, has been endowed from early childhood with an intense love of the hills, a love which deepened naturally as years rolled on.' This love was inherited from both of their parents. Their father took them in their early years up some of the fells of Lakeland, the Scottish Highlands and N. Wales, as well as amongst the bonny hills of Craven.

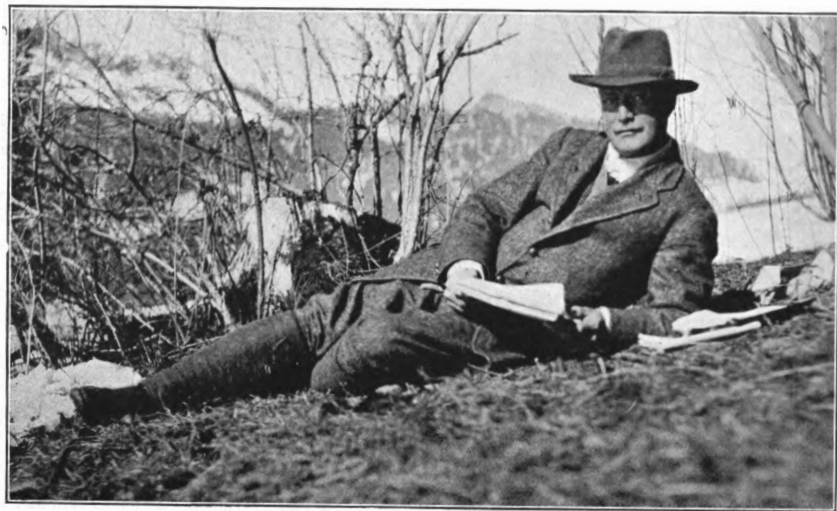
The natural result of this early apprenticeship was that each became an enthusiastic mountaineer, and hence the name of Hopkinson is connected with many a grisly ridge, a rock chimney, or a smooth rock face on the Lakeland fells, on Ben Nevis and elsewhere on the Scottish mainland, as well as in Skye and N. Wales. In due course the brothers went to the Alps, and soon became experts in snow-craft and led the way through many an intricate ice-fall to a mountain summit. It has been my happy lot to climb much with Charley in the British Isles, and occasionally in the Alps. We had also one very successful campaign together in Norway in the year 1888, when we were favoured by the smiles of fortune. The outcome of this was a joint paper, 'The ascent of Mjöltnir and the exploration of the Gjegalund glaciers in Norway' ('A.J.' xiv. 380).

On our first expedition, owing to the gross inaccuracy of the maps, we were benighted near a large glacier. At 11.30 we found a hole amongst tumbled-down rocks which we entered by match-light and perched ourselves on stones of aggressive angularity, making ourselves as little uncomfortable as we could, and trusting that the beck, which passed through a corner of our cave, and was then rising, would not wash us out.

All through the black hours of night Charley was the very personification of cheerfulness. It was the same too a few weeks later, when the three of us were assailed by a fierce gale which blew blinding mists of finely-grained snow crystals in our faces and down our necks, when we were at the top of the steep snow-filled trap dyke on the great Troltdind in Romsdal,



CHARLES HOPKINSON.  
(1854 1920.)



ALFRED GEORGE TOPHAM.  
(1862-1920.)

Never had I, and never shall I have, a more delightful mountain comrade than Charles Hopkinson.

He had an exceptionally lovable nature and a strong character. His thoughtfulness for others, his unselfishness, and perhaps above all his tender-heartedness were great facts. He was too an excellent nurse. This was proved a good many years ago when one of his friends was badly hurt by a fall of rock in Piers Ghyll. On that occasion one of the party spoke of Charley as 'the best man at nursing he ever saw.'

Charley had great versatility. He had a considerable knowledge and appreciation of art and was an intense lover of the beauties and the grandeur of nature.

Although he gave up serious climbing after the accident of 1898, Charles Hopkinson and his wife were regular members of the party of Charles and Mrs. Pilkington in their annual visit to the Alps. Horace and Miss Walker were members of this party in the earlier days, and not infrequently also Hermann Woolley, whose memoir for this Journal was written by Charles Hopkinson shortly before his death.

As a citizen of Manchester his death is deeply mourned. He never spared himself when he was working for the public good, as County Councillor, or when giving so large a proportion of his time, and the benefit of his experience as an engineer, during the period when he acted as Chairman of the Building Committee of the Manchester Royal Infirmary, which owes much in the perfection of its arrangements to his care and foresight. He acted together with Dr. Milnes Marshall as Local Secretary for the British Association meeting in Manchester in 1887.

He was at school at Queenwood, and later attended Owens College. After leaving college he joined his father in the engineering firm of Wren & Hopkinson. Later, he practised as a consulting engineer in partnership with his brother John, and afterwards with his nephew Bertram, until the latter became Professor of Engineering at Cambridge.

Yes! It is well to have had so close a friendship for many years with so great and so lovable a man. It is good also to possess, as I do, such a rich store of happy memories connected with so dear a friend, fadeless memories which will abide as long as life will last.

WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

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### ALFRED GEORGE TOPHAM.

1862—1920.

WE have lost another good mountaineer in Alfred Topham, a man who has done much to clear up the topography of little-known Alpine regions.

Born in 1862, he was educated at Harrow and Cambridge. He

commenced climbing in 1880, and continued the pursuit for over 25 years, his athletic, broad-shouldered, well-built figure enabling him to carry out long and difficult expeditions with enviable ease. His favourite guide was Jean Maître, and he may be said to have been a great authority on the Valpelline and neighbourhood. He was a careful student of topography, possessed a great eye for country, a fine route-memory, while for many years he carried, on his own back, to the top of many of his mountains a  $\frac{3}{4}$  glass-plate camera, weighing about 28 lbs., with which he took photographs and panoramas of great topographical value. When the map of the Valpelline was in course of preparation, the Italian cartographers made copious use of his photographs and observations.

Among his first ascents were :

- Pigne d'Arolla by N. face.
- Central Dent des Bouquetins by W. face and S. arête.
- N. Dent Perroc by N. arête.
- Dent Perroc by Pointe des Genevois.
- Les 3 Frères.
- Mont Faudery.
- S. Dent des Bouquetins.
- M. Clapier.
- Grand Golliaz by N. face.
- M. Faudery by E. and W. faces.

His papers in the 'A.J.' were :

- 'The Valpelline-Valtournanche Range' (vol. xvii.), which did much to clear up a badly mapped country.
- 'The Ridge connecting Mont Vélan and the Grand Combin' (vol. xviii.).
- 'The Dents des Bouquetins' (co-author H. V. Reade) (vol. xx.).

He was elected to the A.C. in 1886 (committee 1910), and was a member of the Swiss and Italian Clubs.

In later years he took to yachting, and was very successful on the Solent, while his winters were usually spent at Villars. He was elected judge of skating for admission to the National Skating Association—testimony enough to his powers.

The war sat heavily on him. His only son was at the front—fortunately coming through—while he threw himself into the arduous Special Police work (Inspector, Kensington Division), with long hours on duty in all weathers and in every raid.

We who knew him well will not forget his honesty of purpose, clean-mindedness, and horror of everything underhand.

He was a worthy son of the Club whom we can ill afford to lose.

J. P. FARRAR.



**DR. ALEXANDER SEILER.**  
(1864-1920.)

## ALEXANDER SEILER.

1864-1920.

A GREAT personality, the friend of every English mountaineer, passes away in Alexander Seiler, who died suddenly of apoplexy on March 3.

The second son of the founder of the Seiler hotels, Alexander was born at Brigue in 1864 and educated at Sion, Heidelberg, Louvain, and Munich, and took the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was elected Deputy to his cantonal Conseil in 1889, and to the Conseil National in 1906, in which he carried considerable weight.

His many business cares gave him scant opportunity to practise the pursuit which his family have done so much to foster, but in his early days he made one notable route up the Dom and had ascended some of the other Zermatt peaks.

For the last twenty years Seiler had been a power in the land, particularly in the Haut Valais, where he was regarded as a sort of political chief. A loyal friend, an equally hard hitter, it goes without saying that he had warm friends and bitter opponents. His funeral was attended by 3000 peasants of his own Canton and 2000 others.

We Englishmen lose a good friend, one who did not look on us simply as pensionnaires, and the warm welcome of the burly figure with the strong, scarred face as, within an hour of the arrival of any climber he knew, he strode up to greet him will not soon be forgotten.

Zermatt will not be quite the same again without Alexander Seiler.

J. P. FARRAR.

## THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following additions have been made to the Library :

*Publications of Alpine Clubs.*

- Akademischer Alpen-Club Basel, 1918.**  
 Jahresberichte 1-2. 1919, 1920  
 8 x 5½: pp. 13, 20.
- **Statuten.** The second issue contains: H. Schobel, Aig. de Chardonnet.  
 8 x 5½: pp. 6. 1918
- Akad. Alpen-Club Zürich.** xxiv. Jahresbericht für 1919. 1920  
 9 x 6: pp. 38.
- Among the 'neue Touren des Jahres 1919' are the following:—  
*R. König*, Stellhorn: *G. I. Finch*, Pollux Gesamtbegehung d. Nordgrates, Begehung d. Westwand, Nordend ü. d. N.-W. Grat:  
*E. Hauser*, Mte Rosa, Abstieg S.-W. Grat, Kienhorn ü. d. W. Grat,  
 Gr. Windgälle N.-O. Grat, Ortstock S. Wand: *M. Kurz*, Salbit-  
 schyn S. Grat u. S.-W. Wand, Ravetschagrat N., Mettlilücke,  
 Tunnerschhorn, Merzenbachschien N. Wand, Mittaghorn, Blinden-  
 joch N.: *E. Aemmer*, Ruchennadel, Gletschhorn S.-O., Grt: