

but in well under two hours we were seated in the comfortable inn, happy at the success of our little expedition and in the knowledge that an excellent dinner was on the way. To add zest to our enjoyment, the storm which had held off so kindly now broke with noisy violence, and made a very charming music to waft us into the land of dreams.

This ascent struck me as being roughly comparable to that of the Grand Dru—though its rock problems are not so hard. Owing to its southern exposure and to the extreme steepness of the crags, the route might be possible even in winter during a spell of calm, fine weather. The traverse is, of course, another matter.

NOTE.—In his interesting article on Les Grandes Rousses (pp. 76–79), Mr. W. M. Roberts omits to mention that the village of Vaujany is the best base for the group—the Refuge de la Fare has not been in use for many years. Vaujany is 2 hours' walk from the tramway at Rochetaillée up the beautiful Flumet glen. Accommodation 'chez Ordu' (two clean beds), and Madame is an excellent cook who will not hesitate to kill the fatted calf—or fowl—if given timely warning.

IN MEMORIAM.

REGINALD HUGHES.

1843–1924.

REGINALD HUGHES, Barrister, D.C.L., died at Auticoli near Rome on June 1, 1924, in his eighty-second year. He was elected to the Club in 1880.

He was a most enthusiastic lover of the Alps, and there were few seasons in which he did not visit his beloved mountains. I was with him in Switzerland in 1899 and 1902, and found him a most charming companion. My climbing powers were then waning, and I could only do a few minor peaks with him, but it was always a pleasure to watch his skill and energy in greater ascents. He had the well-shaped build of a good climber, and I envied the facility with which his lithe body could negotiate awkward corners and protruding rocks.

My experience being entirely amongst the giant heights of Sikkim, Garhwal, Kashmir, and Tibet, he was always asking me for comparisons between these and the Alps, and was never tired of the information I could give him on this subject. I pointed out the

differences between Himalayan and Alpine travel: the independence and freedom of movement in the Himalayas, where one carried one's own tent and commissariat instead of being restricted to hotels as in the Alps. Then there was the absence of life, especially game, fur and feather, in Switzerland, and its abundance in the upper Himalayan regions, where, if the climber were also a *shikari*, he could obtain wild mutton (good and tender) from such animals as the *Ovis Ammon*, barhal, and shapoo; wild beef from the yak (not always tender); venison from deer and several species of wild goats such as ibex, thar, markhor, and ghoral (Himalayan chamois); then there were five kinds of pheasants and four of partridges, also occasional hares, snow pigeons, and Tibetan sand grouse, all which made a pleasant break in the traveller's menu.

He was much interested in the Everest Expedition, and we often debated the chance of success. We agreed that, with such experienced climbers, reaching the summit was entirely dependent on fine weather—a very rare chance, however, in the fickle climate of Sikkim.

He had a marvellous memory and never forgot what he had once been told. He would remind me, many years after I had related them, of scenes, incidents, and adventures which I had almost forgotten.

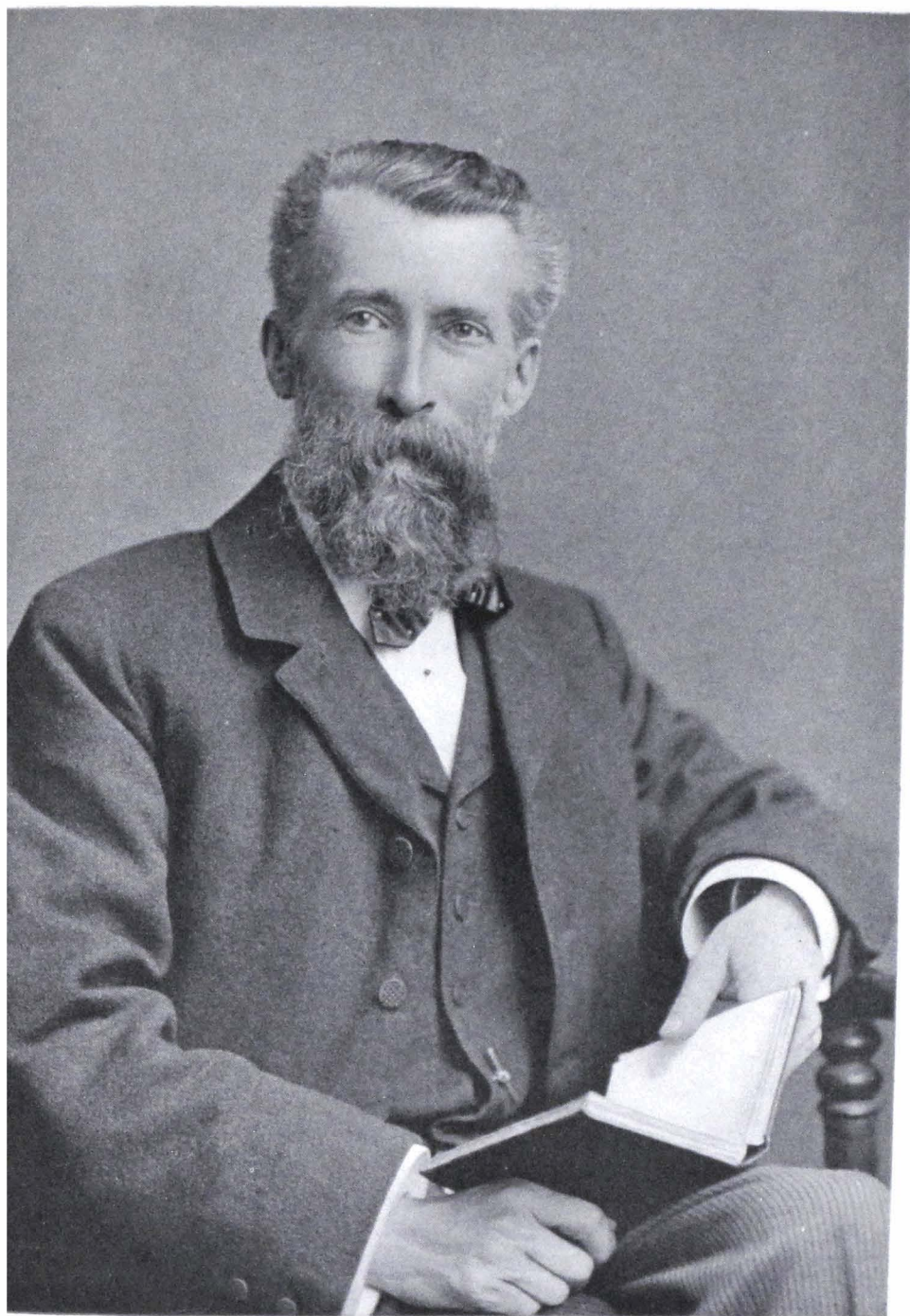
Amongst other accomplishments, his literary attainments in journalism were of a high order. I remember an occasion when, in response to an urgent telegraphic request, he wrote a leading article in a few minutes when about to sit down to dinner. That article created a stir in the political and journalistic world next morning.

Some of his reminiscences of the A.C. dinners, at which he was a constant attendant, may be interesting to members.

He recalled the humorous occasion when he saw Tyndall and Huxley there for the first time as guests of honour sitting next the President—Tyndall on his left, Huxley on his right—when Huxley said, 'Not without intent are we thus placed: for I have been out on the mountains with Professor Tyndall and only too quickly discovered that he was a goat, while I, alas, was only a sheep!'

He also recalled the last speech of Leslie Stephen, unforgettable for its humour and its pathos. Stephen had then become stone deaf. Bryce had in eloquent words proposed his health; the response was enthusiastically manifested by cheering and clapping of hands. Stephen only *saw*, but in reply made an admirable speech notwithstanding, remarking that it was probably the first time in history that a man had to reply to the toast of his health when he had not heard one single word of the speech in which it was proposed.

Hughes climbed more or less steadily for forty years. Most of his old climbing friends have also passed away, and it is not easy now to find records of his climbs. But, although he left few



REGINALD HUGHES.

records in writing, the performances mentioned below can be vouched for :

1. He made his first ascent of the Dent Blanche in 1872 ; and his third ascent of the same mountain exactly forty years later, in his seventieth year.

2. Walter Larden, in his little book on ' Climbs round Arolla,' ascribes to him the first ascent of the Aiguilles Rouge ; but it is believed that there had been one previous ascent which had passed unrecorded.

3. It is also believed that he and his guide Franz Andermatten had been the first to climb the little ' Dent de Satarma ' on the road to Arolla in 1881, though he found next year that the first ascent had been ascribed to someone who ascended the Dent later on in the same year.

4. In his sixty-eighth year (1910) he climbed the Aiguille de la Za from the difficult W. side.

In qualifying for membership of the Club the following climbs were credited to him : Dent Blanche from Evolena ; Mont Colon, Monte Rosa, Dom, Aiguille de la Za, Aiguille du Gouter, Grand Combin, Schreckhorn, Eiger, Altels, Wildstrubel, Monte Lucendro, Col de Zinal, Tschingel-Tritt, Col de Chermontane, Col de Collon, Col de Seilon, Riedmattenjoch, and Alphubeljoch.

He also had some experience in rock-work in England, spending holidays on the lakes of Cumberland.

He is a great loss to those who knew him intimately. His genial nature, kindness of heart, fund of anecdote, and retentive memory were a never-failing pleasure to those who enjoyed his acquaintance and companionship.

J. W. A. MICHELL.

GEORGE HERBERT LEIGH MALLORY.

1886-1924.

It was my privilege to know George Mallory from boyhood and to introduce him to the snow mountains he loved and understood so well. Of those whom I have brought into their presence he is the first that they have taken from me. And to me has fallen the honour and the pain of writing this short tribute to his memory. I ask the many devoted friends of his who read these words to forgive me when I fail, as I must fail, to express what is in their hearts and mine.

He was born in 1886, and was brought up at Mobberley in Cheshire, where his father was rector. He became a scholar of Winchester in 1900. Mathematics was his strongest subject at school, and he was a Woolwich candidate in 1904, but he was never bent on a military career, and he went up to Magdalene College,

Cambridge, as an exhibitor in 1905. He read history and took honours in 1907. Magdalene was a very small college which was beginning to come to the front under A. C. Benson, who gave to Mallory and others I have known an amount of help and friendship far in excess of what an undergraduate has a right to expect from his dons. After leaving Cambridge he went to Charterhouse as a master, and remained there till the war claimed him. He served with a battery of heavy artillery on the Western Front. He went back to Charterhouse for a time, but resigned his mastership shortly before the first Everest expedition in 1921.

Mallory was not a notable athlete in the ordinary schoolboy sense of the word. Football was his best ball game, and he played for College Six at Winchester. He was also in the shooting eight that won the Ashburton Shield. At Cambridge he represented his college at rowing and, I believe, at both codes of football. He was a very fine gymnast, not of the heavily muscled type, but of the lither type that depends on balance rather than on strength. His limbs and all his movements were free and full of grace; and he had a strikingly beautiful face. Its shape, its delicately cut features, especially the rather large, heavily lashed, thoughtful eyes, were extraordinarily suggestive of a Botticelli Madonna, even when he had ceased to be a boy—though any suspicion of effeminacy was completely banished by obvious proofs of physical energy and strength. Neither at school nor at the Varsity was his simple, chivalrous nature even temporarily affected by the adulation that knaves and fools are ready to bestow on youths like him. Oxford contemporaries accused him, with some justice, of taking himself seriously. Fortunately for the world, it is a characteristic which a university education often fails to eradicate. It is true he liked to talk on big subjects, and was sometimes in the clouds without much idea of his direction, but he kept as straight up as he could, and by constant intercourse with people of ideas, through books and through new friendships, by determination to enlarge his experience and to profit by it, he became steadily clearer in expression and maturer in judgment, while remaining as idealistic as he was on leaving college. The work he had lately taken up at Cambridge under Dr. Cranage, an endeavour to place some of the benefits of a university education within the reach of poorer working men and women, was just what he had wanted, and it would have had the full benefit of his enthusiasm and his personal charm.

In 1914 he married Miss Ruth Turner. He leaves with her three children, two girls and a boy. It was a delight to enter the home they made at Godalming. Youth, beauty, and vitality had founded it; in it life was simply, happily, earnestly planned, with the spirit of adventure as a favoured counsellor.

It is mainly as a climber that I must speak of him here, and it is as a climber that his name will be known to the world. I think I am right in saying that George Mallory had never seen a mountain



GEORGE HERBERT LEIGH MALLORY

before 1904. I was College Tutor at Winchester then, and I was looking for some young companions whom I might subject to the fascination of the Alps. Harry Gibson had already come under the spell. He and Mallory were rival gymnasts, and both got leave from home to come with me. In Mallory's case it was on the understanding that the instructions of the guide would be implicitly obeyed, and I am pretty sure that he and his parents had different ideas as to who the guide would be. It was some time later that I heard the two had gone to practise on the ruins of Wolvesey Palace opposite college, and that a leap of several yards had just prevented an accident due to the partial collapse of one of the walls. That was the first of a series of unforgettable Alpine seasons with George and other young Wykehamists, the youthful records of which I would not exchange for the rarest treasures in the Club Library. Two expeditions made alone with him in 1904 stand out among many vivid memories. One is an adventurous descent of the Trient glacier in bad weather, an account of which in George's own hand is the first connected account of a climb that he ever wrote; the second is a traverse of Mont Blanc from the Dôme hut to the Grands Mulets, carried through after long imprisonment by storms on a few biscuits and scrapings of honey. From that day it was certain that he had found in snow mountains the perfect medium for the expression of his physical and spiritual being. Mr. Young has written eloquently of his exceptional ease and grace of movement; Nature would indeed have been robbed of a triumph if he had never climbed. His own writings are the most convincing proof of his appreciation of the beauty and the meaning of what he saw.

In 1905 he was at Arolla with Tyndale, Bullock, and myself. The activities of that season are referred to in 'Five Years with Recruits,' a paper published in vol. xxiv. of the JOURNAL. By 1906 he was hauling Cambridge undergraduates without any experience but a wise confidence in his skill up the eastern buttress of Lliwedd. I fancy he made a new and difficult route up a huge slab there to recover a pipe. Mr. Young met him there and saw his capabilities, and in 1909 took him out to the Alps to climb with himself and Donald Robertson. New ascents of the S. ridge of the Unterbächhorn and of the S.E. ridge of the Nesthorn were successfully planned and carried through. In the gloriously fine season of 1911 he was again with Tyndale and myself. He did not therefore share in the most notable triumphs of that year, but we did a difficult route, mostly new, on the Herbetet, the N. ridge of the Grivola, approaching it for the first time over the Col des Clochettes, and Mont Blanc by the eastern buttress of Mont Maudit, a route which I venture to regard as the finest of all except perhaps the Peuteret ridge. It is an astonishing proof of George's modesty as well as of my own persistent assumption of responsibility that he led for only about half an hour on all these climbs together. Five

years later he wrote an account of the Mont Blanc climb which was published in vol. xxxii. It is characteristic of the writer. There is no cynicism in it, he is serious at times with the seriousness of an observant child, he is constantly trying to wring from his re-assembled memories the bearing of the day on his life and ours. That is the reflective George, weighing his thoughts in times of physical inaction. On the mountain-side he was light-hearted enough, taking full toll of laughter from the simple jokes and the trivial incidents that fill the hours of a long ascent. I will only mention one or two of the climbs he made in the Alps in more recent years : in 1912, a bad season, a new ascent of the Dent Blanche by the W. face with Hugh Pope and Harold Porter ; with the latter in 1919 a new ascent of the Aiguille du Midi from Plan des Aiguilles, and a new ascent of the Charmoz from Trélaporte, which he describes in a most interesting paper in vol. xxxiv. of the JOURNAL. Of his climbs in Wales the list is long and the type extremely difficult for all but the most expert. Even in Mr. Geoffrey Young's Easter parties at Pen-y-Pass he stood out as a rock-climber of exceptional powers and perfect balance. No one has ever passed over those terrifying slabs of Lliwedd with more graceful ease. He and Mr. H. V. Reade once took Karl Blodig along the Girdle Traverse, and brought that famous conqueror of peaks over 4000 m. to a state of astonishment that begat fear for the existence of his younger conductor, if not for his own.

The story of the Everest expeditions has been fully told elsewhere. On the first, in 1921, Mr. G. H. Bullock was the only companion Mallory had with several years' experience in the Alps. The leader of the expedition was not a climber, but a very great deal was done to ensure future success. And neither of the two later visits could provide the inexpressible thrill that came to those who first identified the great mountain, then penetrated its recesses and worked round its sides till they finally found the one obviously possible route from the Chang-La.

One feels, as one reads his letters of that time and his chapters on the Reconnaissance, that Everest is revealing itself to a man as fitted to understand its majesty as to accept its challenge. Everest in 1921 is a thing of mystery and romance. In 1922 and still more in 1924 it appears as the familiar, mind-obsessing goal at the end of the two miles of breathless, wind-swept, pitiless, and almost hateful ridge that joins it to the North Col. I believe the abandonment of the enterprise after 1922 would have been no disappointment to Mallory. For him snow mountains were not simply opponents to be overcome ; they were things that feed the springs of reverence and affection, making a man go with a lighter step and a more grateful heart along the road of life. But being asked to go, such a man could not refuse. And his fitness on the third expedition was amazing. His letters, always most critical of his physical condition, are proof of it.

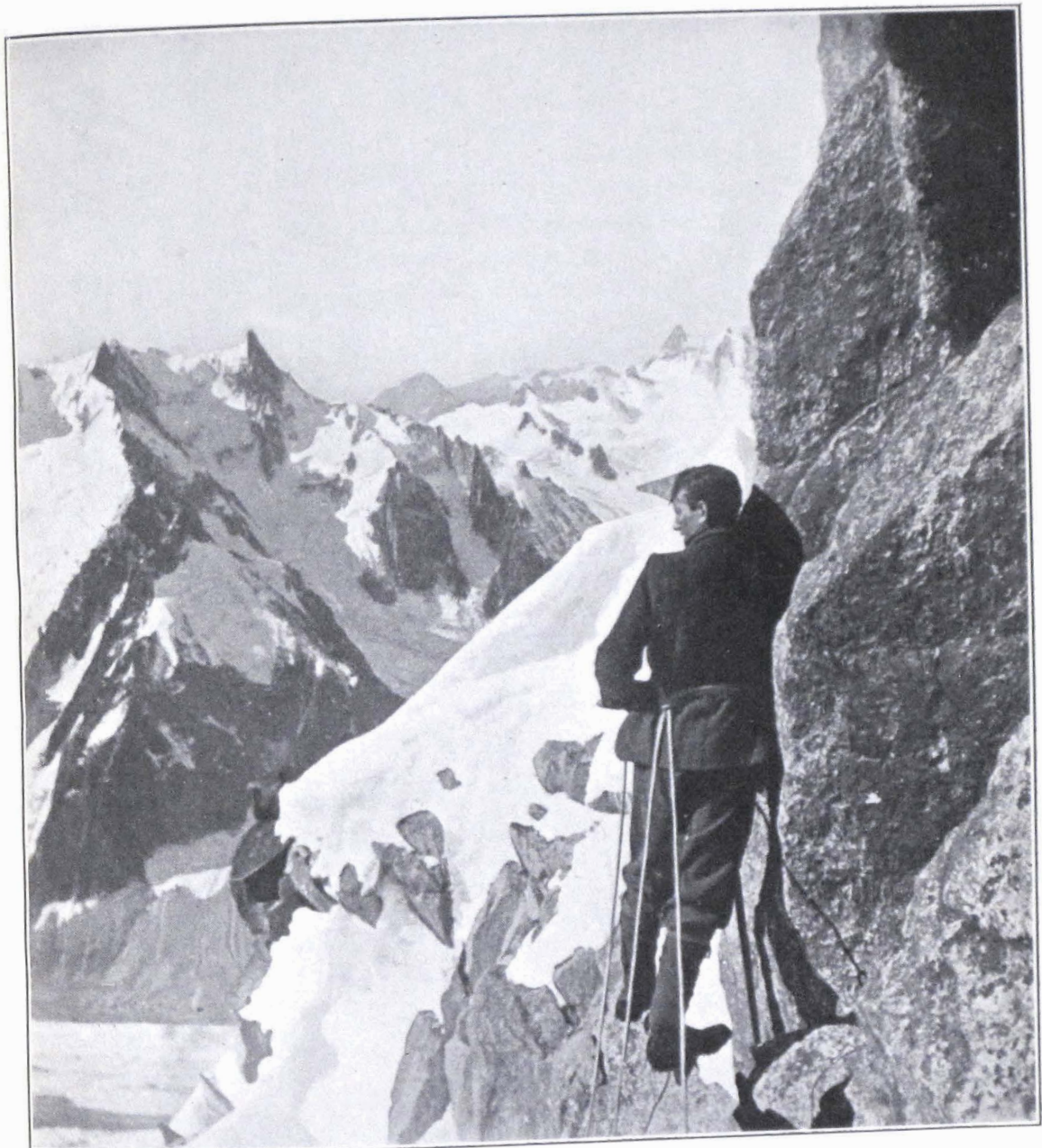


Photo G. W. Young.

MALLORY AT WORK.
(Moine arête of Aig. Verte.)

The story of his last climb is known to every reader of the JOURNAL. Soon after midday on June 8, just below the steep final step of the North Ridge, he was seen with Irvine 'going strong for the top.' That is the last glimpse we have of George Mallory. The height then reached was over 28,200 ft., higher than the record height reached a few days before by Dr. Somervell and Colonel Norton in their splendid effort. The progress of the great climb was being watched through the Press by thousands who never before watched and will never again watch any other climb. And we who knew him saw the same modest, idealistic George obeying the call made upon his physical and spiritual vitality by the sight of any up-soaring ridge and wall of rock or snow, whether in Britain or in the Alps or in the Himalaya. Only, in the Everest expeditions, there was an element of duty, increasing in force with each succeeding attempt, imparting for him a special nobility and sternness to the greatest mountaineering adventure of his life, and involving the promoters of the expedition in a responsibility for loss of life which is unique in the history of mountaineering.

Did he and Irvine reach the summit? It is probable that we shall never know. And what wonderful justice there would be in the decree of Fate that the honour of the first ascent should never be awarded to any but the man who explored the approaches to the mountain and found the only route, who saved his three companions on the return from the magnificent attempt in 1922, and who came back in 1924 to give his life to accomplish what he had set out to do. With better fortune in the matter of weather, with a less cumbrous means of carrying oxygen, Everest may be climbed, shall we say, a second time? How little it matters, after all, whether those last few hundred feet are still untrodden! It was George Mallory himself who wrote of the successful ending of a great climb: 'Have we vanquished an enemy? None but ourselves. Have we gained success? That word means nothing here. . . . To struggle and to understand, never this last without the other; such is the law.' Let us leave him to his rest on Everest, this Galahad of mountaineering, pure of heart, high of purpose. 'To struggle and to understand. . . .' Has he won that goal, seeing now face to face, knowing even as we are known? We may believe it if we cannot prove. This much we know, the manner of his end has touched the hearts of all who value knightly deeds, and has left with us his friends, who cannot welcome him again, an enduring, precious thing. For when we lift our eyes we see that the very shadow which his death has cast so deep across our path intensifies, above as well as behind us, the sunshine of an ever-young and singularly lovable personality.

R. L. G. I. .

ANDREW COMYN IRVINE.

1902-1924.

IN August 1919, in company with his wife, the writer was walking over the Carnedd range in North Wales from Bethesda to Conway—one of the very finest walks in the district, and a fitting climax to a climbing holiday. We had just crossed Carnedd Llewelyn and were approaching Foel Grach, when we saw someone approaching with a motor cycle. We were accosted as to whether the summit were Foel Grach, and then the enquirer passed on to Carnedd Llewelyn, leaving us surprised at the youthful appearance of this exceptionally enterprising motorist. This feat could have been accomplished, as it was from Llanfairfechan, by no ordinary schoolboy; it was not till four years later that I knew it was 'Sandy' Irvine, and that he had performed it not merely in the face of extraordinary natural difficulties but against the expressed wishes of his family! He was then at Shrewsbury and was about to become head of his house and Captain of Boats. Not recognising the freak motorist, I next met him at Capel Curig when he drove with a friend and myself to Ogwen prior to a climb on Tryfan.

It sometimes happens when one is endeavouring to select a man for a particular job that the very kind of man one has been seeking turns up. Such was my experience last year when I was trying to make up my sledging party for exploration in Eastern Spitsbergen, under the auspices of the Merton College Arctic Expedition.

It was at Putney that I first actually made the acquaintanceship of Sandy, where he was in training with the Oxford crew just prior to their victorious race with Cambridge. He had already got a cap in 1922. He seemed at once to typify all that I was looking for and all that is so essential in the make-up of one that is to be not merely a useful but also a genial companion under the trying conditions of the Arctic. Adventurer by nature that he was, he jumped at the idea, though I must admit I abundantly emphasised the labour and hardships of sledging, and spoke little of the delights of ski-ing over virgin glaciers, and exploring unknown peaks. He plunged whole-heartedly into preparing himself in every way he could for the expedition. He joined our party at Easter for rock-climbing in North Wales, and in the great gully of Craig-yr-Ysfa distinguished himself by leading the very difficult chimney pitch—a brilliant first lead for a novice. Mechanically-minded as he was he gave valuable assistance in the preparation of our sledging equipment for Spitsbergen.

I shall always look upon that journey of ours across eastern Spitsbergen as one of the most enjoyable expeditions it has been my privilege to take part in. Frazer was my only experienced companion, but Sandy and Geoffrey Milling, his bosom Oxford friend, fitted into the scheme of things so well, that from the



ANDREW COMYN IRVINE.

beginning I felt it would be hard to find more suitable men. Sandy with his powerful physique was, I am sure, chief contributor to our haulage strength. At times under very bad conditions of snow, when the sledges were sticking badly and one's skis were lifting pounds of snow at each step, his output of energy was prodigious. I've never yet been able to discover how on one occasion, when the previous day we had left a sledge weighing little short of 500 lbs. that had been hopelessly bogged and Frazer and I had gone off surveying, Sandy and Milling returned and somehow retrieved it. Sandy admitted to me afterwards that words could never express what they went through in doing it! But it was his practical craftsmanship and skill in all things mechanical that stood us in such good stead on this expedition, as also his sound sense and judgement. I am glad that in the Stubendorff mountains there is a peak that bears his name, a peak that I had the pleasure of making the first ascent of with him after a memorable ski journey of fifteen miles from our camp. The way he shaped on difficult ice on that occasion during our traverse of it, stamped him as one quite able to take part in larger ventures and on greater peaks.

Irvine was selected as a member of the Mount Everest Expedition, 1924, not without some opposition, owing to his age of twenty-one at the time of selection. Though lacking in mountaineering experience it was felt that the natural aptitude he had already shown, together with his undoubted gifts of mechanical and general practical ability, not to speak of temperamental suitability, fitted him for inclusion in the party, before other older men of greater experience in mountain craft. He set to work immediately in an endeavour to make good his deficiency in knowledge of ice and snow craft, and Christmas 1923 found him in the Bernese Oberland learning the finer points of skiing (which he had undertaken for the first time in Spitsbergen the previous summer), preparatory to a period of glacier running and ice experience in the region of the Aletsch Glacier. As Mr. Arnold Lunn has said elsewhere¹ he won the race for the Strang Watkins Cup almost as a beginner, a competition which included some strong and experienced skiers, and he declares he never met a more remarkable beginner than Sandy Irvine. Irvine later told me that he had wanted to do more in the way of high climbing under winter conditions to fit him better for the Himalayas, and it was only the lack of a party that prevented him doing more than he did around the Aletsch Glacier. He appreciated to the full the geniality of Mürren and Wengen, but he wished to be off among the big peaks learning more of the higher mountain craft.

And so Irvine came to the Himalayas with a not inconsiderable amount of experience in mountain travel, backed up by sound common sense, intelligence, and ability to learn quickly, apart

¹ *British Ski Year Book*, 1924.

from his other gifts of physique, endurance and agility. Naturally shy, he was particularly modest and unassuming, and he could not readily be drawn out to say much unless the environment was sympathetic. The high altitudes of Tibet perhaps a little emphasised this. But perhaps his greatest gift was his mechanical genius. He never seemed happier than when up against some severe problem of mechanism; he would revel in finding a solution, and usually found one. His manipulative skill was wonderful. On the Everest Selection Committee I had made a special appeal for him as almost an essential to the expedition largely on the grounds of his mechanical skill, if for no other reason. His work on the oxygen apparatus, which was found to need much repair and reconstruction, was invaluable to me as Oxygen Officer, and without his skill and fertile imagination we might hardly have had a set of apparatus fit for use. His tent invariably became the workshop, and he would work till late at night on the oxygen apparatus or on the repair of primus stoves, or other camp equipment. It was a fitting reward for his zealous work on the oxygen apparatus that Mallory chose him for his companion in his attempt on the summit. Irvine had shown fairly quick acclimatisation after our first arrival at the Base Camp. He was able to carry considerable loads up the E. Rongbuk glacier, and as Norton stated in his *communiqué* some of his times between camps were unbeaten by other members of the party. Although he did such devoted work on the oxygen apparatus, he told me that he would sooner have got to the foot of the final pyramid without oxygen than to the top with it! His view was that if the mountain was worth climbing, it was worth doing without adventitious aids. Many of us go further and consider that general mountaineering in the higher Himalayas is likely to remain in its present halting state unless it can be shown that the greatest altitudes can be reached without the complication and expense of oxygen apparatus as an additional charge on an expedition.

It is hardly necessary for me to repeat what I have written elsewhere about his last climb with Mallory. My final glimpse of one, whose personality was of that charming character that endeared him to all and whose natural gifts seemed to indicate such possibilities of both mind and body, was that he was 'going strong'; sharing with that other fine character who accompanied him such a vision of sublimity that it has been the lot of few mortals to behold; nay, few while beholding have become merged into such a scene of transcendence.

The following are fitting lines to his memory by one of his former masters at Shrewsbury:

' Brave heart at peace—youth's splendour scarce begun,
 Far above earth, encompassed by the sky,
 Thy joy to mount; the goal was all but won:
 God and the stars alone could see thee die.

'Thou and thy comrade scaled the untrodden steep
Where none had ever ventured yet to climb.
Wrapt in heroic dreams lie both asleep
Still struggling upwards past the bounds of time.'

N. E. O.

MAJOR PHILIP B. LINDSELL.

1857-1924.

IF an intense, almost passionate, love of the heights and of mountaineering be an important asset for membership of the Alpine Club, then no one was ever more highly qualified than the old friend who died peacefully in his bed last August.

Philip Lindsell served in the Indian Cavalry for many years. With the 'Multanis' (Bengal Lancers) he went through the arduous Second Afghan War, including the Kandahar march. A severe sunstroke caused him to be invalided out of the Army in the late eighties; in fact, he never entirely recovered his health. From that time onwards he always spent at least six to eight months of the year in the Alps. I am proud to be one of those friends who persuaded him to curtail his enormous walks and take to mountaineering. He was well on in the fifties when he accomplished his first ascent and was elected to the Alpine Club at the age of fifty-six. From 1911 and until the European War he spent at least four months every year in mountaineering. During this period and again after the war, when he resumed his activities, that excellent guide, Alois Biner of Zermatt, rendered him solid and devoted services.

Lindsell, although an extraordinary and terribly fast walker, never attained great skill, and he wisely never attempted really difficult expeditions, but his love of the Alps kept him for ever going, mercilessly to himself perhaps. His last ascents were, I think, accomplished in the Adula district in 1923, and his crowning feat, almost the hope of his latter years, was the ascent of the Weisshorn at the age of sixty-four.

May his brave soul rest in Peace.

E. L. S.

DIEGO CALVET.

AMONG the members of the C.A.F. who attended the congress at Monaco four years ago was a very charming, enthusiastic young mountaineer, Diego Calvet, then about twenty-two years of age. He was a son of the head of the firm of J. Calvet & Co., of Bordeaux, well known in the wine trade. Owing to the English connexions of his firm, young Diego had learned to speak English

well, and reminded me very much of the best type of public schoolboy.

During our visit at Monaco, M. de Cessole was kind enough to include young Calvet and myself in an expedition to the 'gaunt and riven' Aiguille de Pélen (Mr. Coolidge's 'Ball's Western Alps,' p. 23). I shall not soon forget the interesting ascent of that most bizarre of summits—of which M. de Cessole had some time earlier made the first ascent.

Young Calvet used to send me from time to time notes of his ascents, made mostly in the Pyrenees. He visited the M. Blanc group in 1920, doing the Requin, Charmoz, and the traverse of M. Blanc. He was keen to join the A.C., and meant to work hard to qualify. His letters ceased, and I heard casually that he had had an accident; but only in Chamonix the other day did M. Bregault tell me that two years ago, while motoring to Bayonne to see his fiancée, young Calvet was fatally injured. The loss of this brave, clean, hopeful young life is lamentable.

J. P. F.

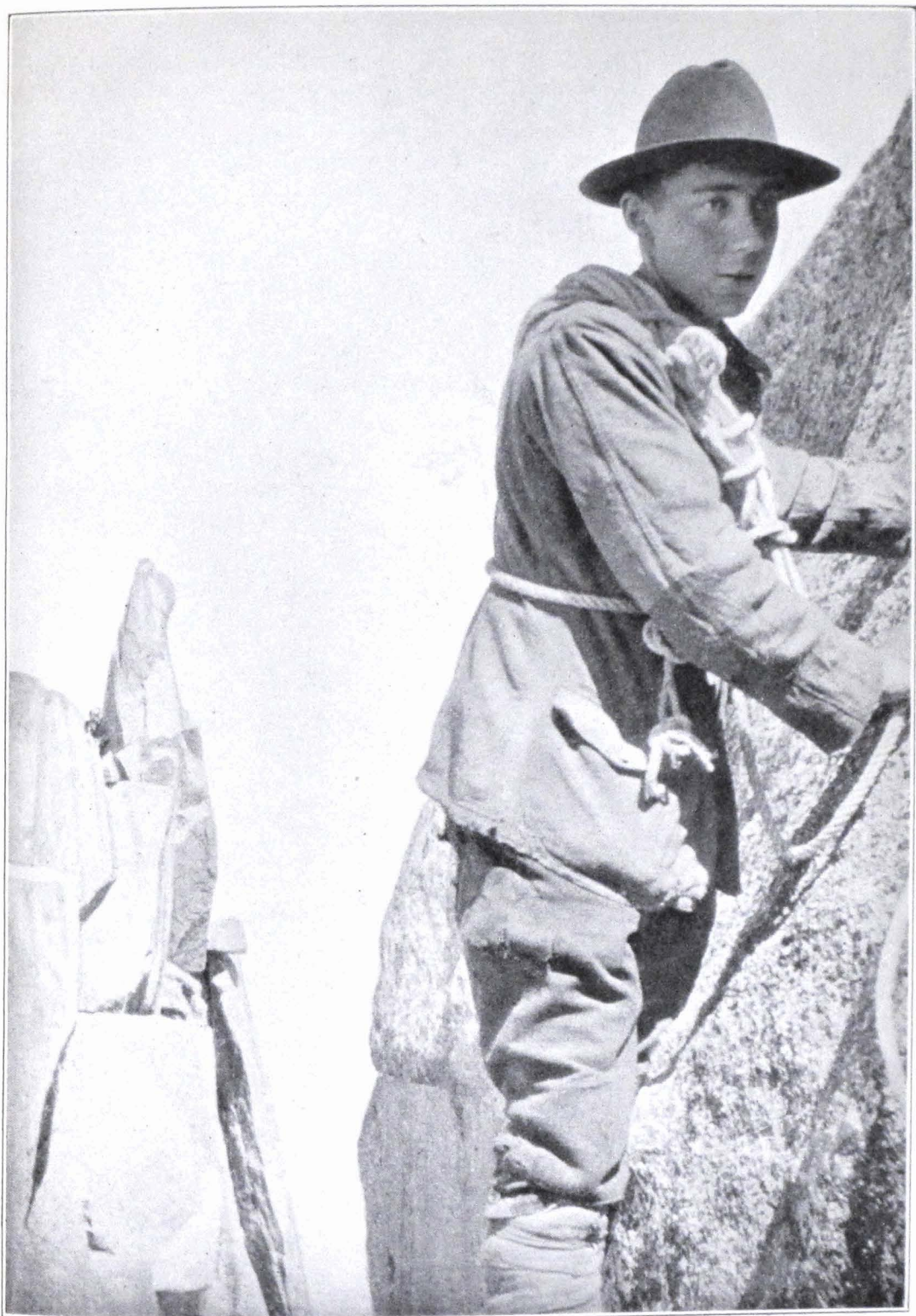
RUDOLF VON TSCHARNER.

1900–1924.

ONE of the saddest tragedies of the Alps is the fatal accident to the brilliant young President of the Academic Alpine Club of Zurich. To us veterans it recalls the staggering news of the death of Emil Zsigmondy, to whom v. Tschärner may well be compared.

Born in 1900, eldest son of the old Bernese patrician family of the Château de Gümligen near Berne, he started his mountaineering career at 10 years of age. By the time he was 15 he had developed into a mountain enthusiast that it were hard to match. By 17 he had conquered his first 4000 m. peak. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, he devoted every spare moment to the beloved mountains. Strong, athletic, valiant, as became a scion of one of those old soldier families that, in the past, have supplied warriors to the armies of Europe,¹ and whose names are still on our own Army List, he pitted himself, justifiably, against the most difficult mountain problems. In him experience had grown out of long assiduous practice—perfect bodily fitness out of steady persistence in

¹ In the time of Louis XIV there were eleven Swiss regiments besides the Gardes Suisses and the Cent Suisses of the king in the French service. A Zurlauben commanded the French cavalry at Blenheim.



RUDOLF v. TSCHARNER.

hard exercise and rigid avoidance of luxury and indulgence. Learning the craft under guides, he developed into one of the foremost of guideless climbers able to play his full part, whether as leader or supporter. He was not merely a rock gymnast—a 'Kraxler'—and after all the best 'Kraxler' I have ever seen is a Cape baboon—but had by study and intensive work built himself up into an all-round mountaineer. A classified list, in his own handwriting, of all his expeditions lies before me. It is evidently a labour of love and pride, and he may well have gloried in such a proof of endeavour. It numbers over 160, and includes expeditions in Eastern Switzerland, the Oberland, the Valais and Chamonix—details will be found in the annual reports of his Club—but the following may be noted :

Zermatt district : Rothorn, Gabelhorn (trav.), Weisshorn (trav.), Dent d'Hérens, Dent Blanche (Viereselsgrat), Lyskamm, Dom, Täschhorn (Teufelsgrat) and other summits of the Mischabel, Dufoursp. and other points of Monte Rosa, Matterhorn (Z'Mutt).

Oberland : Wetterhorn, Schreck-Lauteraarhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Aletschhorn, Bietschhorn (a desperate winter ascent with Mr. Lauper).

Chamonix : Aig. Verte, Les Droites (variation), Aig. du Géant, Chardonnet (trav.), Grépon.

Grisons : Bernina, Piz Roseg (N. face direct from Tschierva glacier).

He knew thoroughly, of course, the mountains within the near radius of Zurich, and had travelled in Corsica. One of the greatest exhibitions of determination, of resistance to fatigue and cold was the ascent *in winter* of the long W. arête—piled up with snow—of the Bietschhorn carried out with Mr. H. Lauper, member of the sister University, well known to his associates as the 'intellectual' mountaineer, the one who 'climbs with his head.'

He was a finished Skieur, and made this year the first traverse of the Mt. Blanc range. I print below his own account, which he sent to me shortly before his death, when he also expressed his concern at the Everest tragedy and his earnest hope that the undertaking would be pursued to final victory. He was keen to be allowed to take a part.

He was one of my most enthusiastic young correspondents, highly interested in the Mt. Everest expedition and mountain subjects generally. He had just joined for his year's training and had been gazetted Lieutenant in the artillery stationed

at the Gotthard. On July 14 he set out to make the ascent of the Finsteraarhorn by the well-known S.E. arête—an expedition well within his powers. The approach from the Oberaar hut is up a steep ice-face seamed by an ill-defined rock arête (v. 'A.J.' xxvii. 'The first ascent of the Finsteraarhorn' with sketch of route). High up on this arête a rock came away with him, and although his companion Wüthrich instantly jumped to the other side of the arête the rope cut on the sharp edge, and v. Tschärner fell a thousand feet to his death.²

To even a better man—Auguste Blanc on the Dolent—came the identical fate. It is the old lesson, never too often preached, never wholly learnt, that care, constant care—and I use the word in a much wider sense than merely indicating attention to one's foothold and handhold—is the great rule. What undoubtedly sets the craft of mountaineering in a class by itself is that the penalty of an instant's carelessness, of a momentary want of judgment, is quite often death. Its merits in building up not only physique, but determination, and indeed the whole character, are great, but to glorify death on a mountain strikes a false note. Risks, of course, there always are; they must be taken. The game is not worth the candle without. But the master's job—his proof of worth—is to come through.

And in the keen regret at the cutting off of brave young lives like this there will not fail to mingle a warm-hearted admiration for the fallen and an unquenchable pride in the gallant, unconquerable spirit that animated them.

J. P. FARRAR.

FIRST WINTER AND SKI TRAVERSE OF THE MONT BLANC
FROM COURMAYEUR TO CHAMONIX. APRIL 17-21, 1924.

H. Wieland, A.C.C., München, R. v. Tschärner, A.A.C.Z.

On April 16 we crossed the Col Ferret from Orsières to Courmayeur. Snow and weather being extremely bad we only reached Courmayeur at 23 P.M. Next day we went up

² Mr. Amstutz of the A.A.C., Berne, told me that v. Tschärner was trying a *new route* on this face, but he knew no details. It is possible that he may have been attempting the arête which runs from the summit of the Studerjoch to that of the Finsteraarhorn. This has never been done—I think not even tried. It deserves looking at. See illustration, *A.J.* xxvii. opp. p. 295.

to the Cantine de Vissaille, where we remained the night. The weather had cleared, but a terrible storm raged on the summits above. We left the cantine on Good Friday at 4 A.M. and followed the glacier de Miage to the Dôme hut. 13 P.M. It was difficult to find the hut, snow totally covering it on the west side. Departure Saturday morning 1.30, crossed and ascended the Dôme Glacier to the Aig. Grises ridge. A frightful storm obliged us to return immediately; at midday we were back in the Dôme hut. On Easter morning, 0.30, we left the hut again, reaching the Aig. Grises near the Col de Bionnassay at 4 o'clock. We had to carry the skis from here to the Col du Dôme. The storm raged and we had great difficulty to get on. There was no use for the cord. The ridge was covered with ice; we had to be very careful because the wind got hold of the skis. On the Col du Dôme we had to take them off, and climbed up to the Vallot hut which was full of ice. 8 A.M. At 10.30 we reached the summit of Mt. Blanc, but it was impossible to remain there for the storm raged in all its fury. We raced down to a place sheltered from the storm. Below the Col du Dôme we put on the skis and raced down to the Grd. Mulets. It was the most beautiful run, and at 16.00 we reached the Junction where we roped for the first time. We tried to descend by the Montagne de la Côte, but failed, so we had to bivouac. Next day we descended by the Pierre Pointue and reached Chamonix at midday.

NEW EXPEDITIONS.

Mont Blanc Group.

GRANDES JORASSES (4205 m. = 13,797 ft.), BY THE S. ARÊTE AND THE TRONCHEY FACE. July 23-24, 1923. MM. F. Ravelli and G. Rivetti, with E. Croux.—The party left the Tronchey chalets early on the 23rd, and gained up steep grass slopes the great rocky spur which separates the glaciers Pra Sec and de Tronchey. This was followed to the summit of the most southerly of the three aiguilles, well visible and still unclimbed, which crown the above rocky spur just at the point where it loses itself in the great face at about 3600 m. They suggest the name Aiguilles de Pra Sec. From the summit of the S. Aiguille they descended to the col between it and the Central Aiguille, turned the latter on the W. side, and so gained the W. face of the N. Aiguille. They climbed with much difficulty