

## IN MEMORIAM.

DOUGLAS WILLIAM FRESHFIELD.

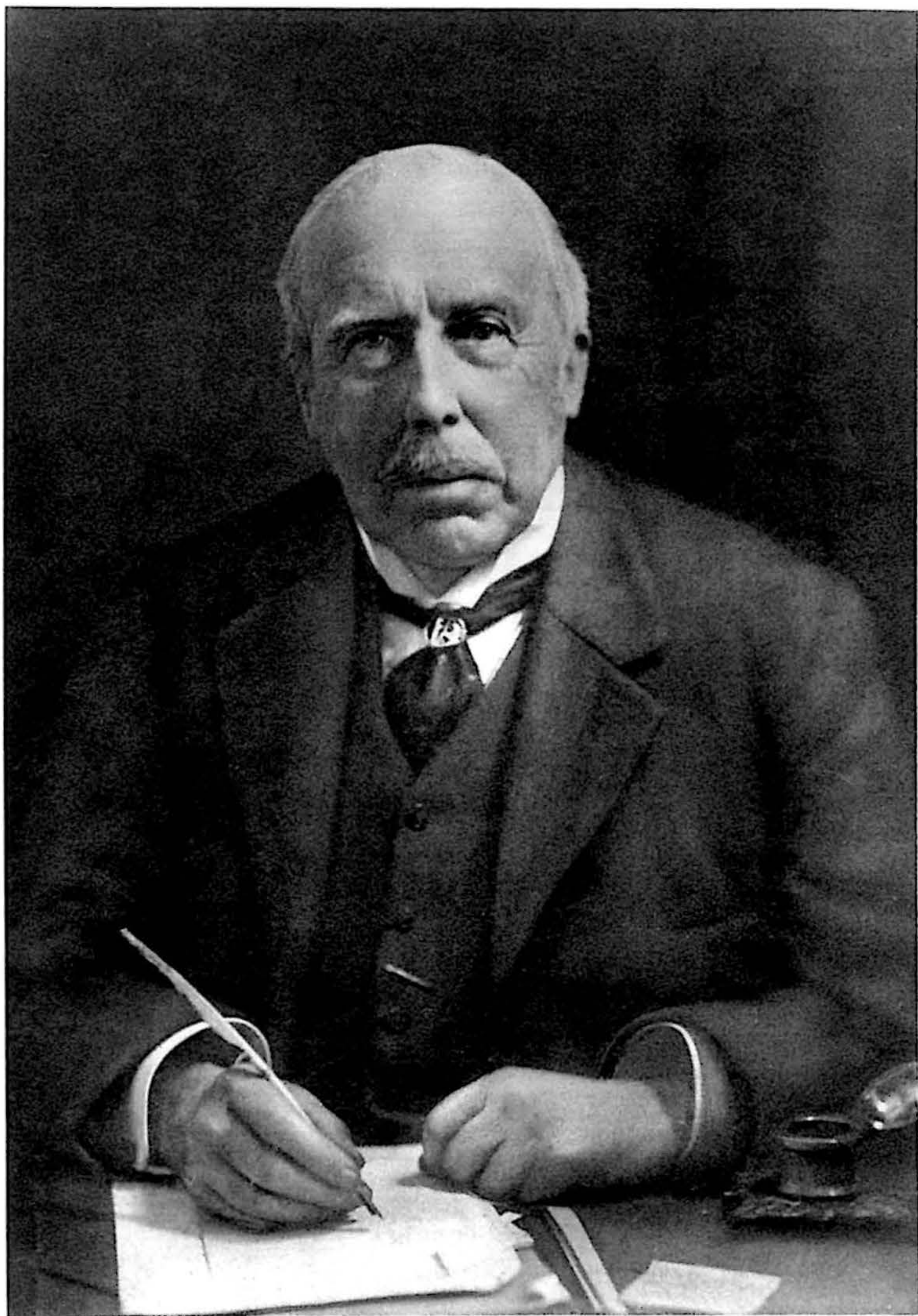
(1845-1934.)

BORN April 27, 1845, Douglas Freshfield died at his house, Wych Cross Place, Forest Row, on February 9, 1934. With the passing of the great pioneer comes the close of an epoch in Mountaineering History: Freshfield was a survivor—probably the sole—of the so-called Golden Age. It is hard to realize that he made a 'first ascent' as far back as 1861. He may be said to have descended from mountaineering stock, for his mother, Mrs. Henry Freshfield, was a mountain wanderer before the Victorian era and the gifted authoress of *A Summer Tour in the Grisons and Italian Valleys of the Bernina* (1862).

Douglas Freshfield was educated at Eton (Wolley-Dod's House) and at University College, Oxford. He was made an Honorary D.C.L. in 1916 and an Honorary Fellow of his college in 1925. In 1923 the University of Geneva conferred on him the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws. He married, in 1869, Augusta Charlotte, daughter of the Hon. William Ritchie; she died in 1911. He leaves four daughters, his only son dying as a schoolboy. He was a barrister at the Inner Temple and a J.P. for Sussex.

Freshfield was elected to the Alpine Club in 1864—he had long been our senior Member—served on the Committee 1869-1871, was Editor of the ALPINE JOURNAL 1872-1880, Vice-President 1878-1880, and President 1893-1895. It was during his Presidential period of office that his zealous interest in the Club, together with his quickness of judgment in business matters, secured the eighteenth-century house which has been the dignified setting of the Alpine Club ever since. On numberless other occasions he served as an Extra Member of the Committee, and finally was made an Honorary Member in 1924 on completing 60 years of devoted service. To the Royal Geographical Society his services were no less distinguished. He filled many posts on the Council, was President 1914-1917, was a Gold Medallist and held a perpetual appointment on its Council up to his death. Innumerable honours were conferred on him by the Alpine and Geographical Societies of the world, of most of which he was an Honorary Member.

In this most inadequate notice it is necessary to confine oneself to Freshfield's mountaineering career—a career occupying no fewer than twenty of Mr. Mumm's invaluable pages, and of more space in the JOURNAL than any past or present mountaineer. Scholar, geographer, writer and past master of English prose, scientist, poet and artist, he approached the mountains as few of us are privileged to approach them. Their beauty and topography were what



*Henry W. Fredricks*

(1845 - 1934)

appealed to him. Desperate feats lay outside his sphere. Yet for mountain travel in distant ranges, as in long and intricate expeditions in the Alps, it would have been hard to name his equal. Tall and strongly built, steadiness personified on rock or ice, possessing extraordinary speed and endurance and above all a remarkable resistance to heat—'a very salamander' as Coolidge once ruefully remarked to the writer—Freshfield could, had he so desired, have taken his place among the chosen few, experts of their time. To the lasting benefit of mountain literature and geography he refrained; consequently, it is as a mountain explorer and traveller that his name will go down to posterity.<sup>1</sup> In these respects, as in topography, he had no superior and probably few rivals. The doyen of mountaineers, his fame—as so often his name—will be attached to the ranges of nearly all the world. His mountain career was a long one, his years of travel were longer still. It is hard to realize that in 1914 he was about to set forth (with Dr. Rickmers) for the giants of Turkistan and the Alai. At the age of sixty-nine he was proposing to complete that career begun in 1868 by the first exploration of the Caucasus, with the first mountaineering expedition to North Central Asia. The war forbade him. Yet in 1920 he was able to visit the Canadian Rockies including the Asulkan Pass and Mt. Abbot.

In these pages it is but possible to summarize Douglas Freshfield's mountain career, gathered from 'Mumm' and the forty-five volumes of the JOURNAL.

At the age of five, Freshfield beheld his first mountain, Snowdon. Two years later he was taken to the English Lakes, where, as he naïvely relates, he was struck by the lack of water at Lodore. Two years later John Bright complimented him on knowing the names of the hills bordering the Caledonian Canal. In 1854 he was taken to Chamonix and the Oberland. 'I resented the Tête Noire being called a Pass as it had no top to it, but wept from cold when forced to ride over the Gemmi in mist and was recovered by mulled wine at the Schwarenbach. For the next ten years (with the exception of 1857) I travelled in the Alps with my parents. Many of these journeys are recorded in my mother's books.'<sup>2</sup> In 1861 Freshfield accomplished his earliest 'first ascent'—Monte Nero in the Bernina—but, 'in 1863 I began climbing, attempted the Gran Paradiso, crossed the Col du Géant and climbed Mont Blanc. I had in previous years been up the Titlis and Cima di Jazzi and over the Théodule and Monte Moro.'

1864. Monte Rosa, Alphubeljoch, Rheinwaldhorn, Lenta Lücke

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<sup>1</sup> 'A too candid friend—the Hermit of Grindelwald'—accused Freshfield of having 'dissipated himself'!

<sup>2</sup> *Alpine Byways*, by Mrs. Henry Freshfield (1861); *A Summer Tour*, etc. (1862). The personal narrative is taken from some notes given by Mr. Freshfield to the Editor, *A.J.*

(first crossing), Passo del Ferro, Monte Sissone (first crossing and ascent), Piz Sella and Pass, Piz Palü (first traverse of all the peaks, first ascent from the S.). Königsspitze (second ascent), Presanella (first ascent), Passo di Cercen (first crossing), Bocca dei Camosci (first crossing), etc., etc.

1865. Marmolata (second ascent), Obere Oedelwinkelsscharte (first crossing), Mösele (first ascent and traverse), Oetzthaler-Wildspitze (third ascent), Mittelbergerjoch (first crossing), Langtauferspitze (first ascent and traverse), Weisskugel (second ascent), Ortler Pass (first crossing), Punta San Matteo (first ascent), Pizzo Tresero (first ascent), Adamello (second ascent), Pizzo di Verona (first ascent), first crossings of Passo di Mello and *West* Passo di Bondo, Piz Urlaun (second ascent), etc., etc.

1866. Wetterhorn, Aletschhorn, Bietschhorn (new route), Tödi (including first crossing of Ruseinlücke), Piz Cengalo (first ascent), Pizzo del Teo (first ascent), Cima di Castello (first ascent), Tinzenhorn (first ascent), first attempt on Porta Roseg, Pizzo and Passo Zembrasca, E. peak of Cima di Lago Spalmo and Passo d'Avedo (all first ascents and crossings), etc.

1867. Dent Blanche (not quite to the top), Tour du Grand St. Pierre (first ascent), Tour Ronde (first ascent and traverse).

1868. Journey from Egypt through Palestine to Constantinople and on to the Taurus and Caucasus. Attempt on Ararat to 16,000 ft. (D. W. F. was ill), Kazbek (first ascent), Elbruz (first ascent of E. peak), many Caucasian passes (all first crossings); the first exploration of the Caucasus.

1869. Uri-Rothstock, Schreckhorn, Monte Rosa, Rutor, etc.

1871. Ortler, Cima di Brenta (first ascent), Piz Quaternals (second ascent: new route), Piz Zupò (new route). Zupò Pass (first crossing), etc.

1872. Cima di Vezzana (first ascent: guideless). Julian Alps: failed to 'find' Montasch in Seisera glen (!), etc.

1873. New high-level route over Monte Cevedale to Venezia-spitze, etc., Cima Tosa (traverse), Carè Alto (third ascent). First crossings of Lares, Lobbia Alta and Mandron Passes, Campo Tencia (second ascent).

1874. Vignemale, Pic de Sauvegarde (both guideless), Galenstock, first ascent and crossing of Monte and Passo di Gleno, Re di Castello (first ascent), etc.

1875. Abruzzi. First British ascent of Gran Sasso d'Italia, etc.

1876. Punta Tersiva (new route), many new E. Graian cols, Col de Sea, etc.

1877-8. Maritimes and Dauphiné, many ascents and cols. Cima di Nasta (first ascent), Lysjoch.

1879. Mittelhorn (from Rosenlauri and alone with two ladies<sup>3</sup>), Monte Leone, Gr. Nesthorn, etc.

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<sup>3</sup> D. W. F.'s sister-in-law, Mrs. Herbert Paul, his closest friend up to his death, was one of the 'two ladies.'

1880. Corsica : many ascents, Monte Rotondo, etc. Sasso di Mur and many ascents in the Dolomites ; Col d'Olen, etc.

1881. Graians : Grande Casse, etc., Pointe Percée du Reposoir, etc., Maritimes, etc.

1882. Besimauda, Cols de l'Argentière, de la Traversette, etc., collecting material for *Hannibal's Pass*.

1884. Scotch Hills.

1886. Algeria and ascents in Atlas ; Ras Timedouine, etc.

1887. Caucasus : many new passes, Gulba (first ascent), Tetnuld (first ascent), exploration of Shkara, Skoda (first ascent).

1888. Bernese Oberland.

1889. Caucasus : search party for Donkin and Fox. Many new passes including 'Freshfield Pass.' Finding of Donkin's last bivouac on Koshtantau. N.W. peak of Laila (first ascent). Abkhasia region, etc. *The Solitude of Abkhasia*.

1890. Buet, Mont Blanc, etc.

1891. Dent du Midi, Mont Blanc, etc.

1892. Pyrenees : Mont Perdu, etc., etc.

1893. Campo Tencio, Basodino, Brenta group, Adamello, etc.

1894. Corsica : Monte d'Oro, etc., Bernina : Pizzo Scalino, Piz Bernina (guideless), Monte Disgrazia, Piz Badile (Masinobagni, Badile, Val Codera, Chiavenna in one day), Sella Crast' Agüzza. Bergamasque Alps.

1899. Himalaya : the first circuit of Kangchenjunga.

1900. Piz Gallegione, Schwestern (Pontresina), Piz Morteratsch (traverse, all guideless), etc.

1901. Bernese Oberland.

1902. Pizzi Corvatsch, Margna, Palü (traverse : the party including Miss Katherine Freshfield, aged 17, and another lady). Ortler, Ifingerspitze.

1903. Soracte, etc. (*Classical Climbs*), etc. Norway : many peaks.

1904. Greece : (*Classical Climbs*.) Pentelicus, Taygetus, Parnassus, Olympus (attempt, defeated by brigands), etc.

1905-6. S. Africa : Table Mountain. Ruwenzori, first attempt to climb the Mountains of the Moon—defeated by 'mud-bath' and weather.

1907. Dinaric Alps : Bosnia-Herzegovina : Prenj, etc. *Mountains of Dante*, etc.

1911. Canada : Rockies. Alleghanys (U.S.A.).

1912. Pyrenees and Picos de Europa.

1913. Siberia and Japanese Alps.

1920. Canadian Rockies and Selkirks.

The year 1920 closed his active career. Henceforward, although he frequently visited the mountains, it was by car ; driven by his faithful English chauffeur, the steepest and highest roads were infallibly chosen. Of Freshfield's numerous mountain friends and companions, it must suffice to mention, first, François Dévouassoud (1831-1905, their first meeting was at Handegg in 1856) who became

his inseparable guide and comrade, then F. V. Hawkins, Dodson (afterwards Lord Monk-Bretton), R. M. Beachcroft, J. D. Walker, Tuckett, J. H. Backhouse, H. E. Buxton, Comyns Tucker, Carson, Moore, de Déchy, J. G. and R. T. Ritchie, Bryce, Coolidge, Horace Walker, Donkin, Dent, Leslie Stephen, Woolley, Benjamin Wainwright, Montagnier, Mumm, Alfred Godley, Yeld, Vittorio Sella, Dübi, Garwood, Conway, Willink, Weston and Powell—the last eight being happily still with us.

Of the end we will not write. He was taken ill in January, lingering on, painless but semi-conscious, for three weeks. Wandering in his mind at times, he conversed at length with François Dévouas-soud with whom he proposed to start on a long journey. At rare intervals he was able to receive and appreciate messages of affection from the Club and friends. He passed away exhausted but calm on February 9 and his daughter writes ' . . . so I think all was well for him . . . '

Concerning Freshfield's vast contributions to literature we must confine ourselves to those relative to mountains: *Thonon to Trent* (1865, privately printed); *Travels in the Central Caucasus and Bashan* (1869); *Italian Alps* (1875) ' . . . Sitting by the Castle on the Wall—Castelmur—between the pines and the chestnuts, the traveller realises, as it can seldom be realised, that he is sitting at the very gate of Italy—that gate which is barred as by a flaming sword to the Limited Company of Serious Mountaineers '—' A.J.' 17, 429, a work which has achieved great and merited popularity; the monumental and superbly illustrated *Exploration of the Caucasus* (2 vols. 1896); *Round Kangchenjunga* (1903), a work indispensable to anyone approaching the great mountain; *Hannibal Once More* (1914); *Unto the Hills*, verse (1914), *The Life of Horace Bénédicte de Saussure*; <sup>4</sup> (1920, French Edition, 1924); *Quips for Cranks* (verse, 1923, privately printed; the writer is fortunate enough to possess a copy, presented to him by the author, in which Mr. Freshfield has written in his latest and most satirical rhymes, English and Latin); *Below the Snow Line* (1923, many of his Alpine papers are reprinted therein with modifications; there is little doubt that the book will become an Alpine classic).

Of his contributions to the ALPINE JOURNAL it is impossible to give even the smallest enumeration. No member of the Alpine Club can ever approach Freshfield's record, still less his nobility of thought and style; his narratives flow with a beautiful, restrained rhythm, unique and inimitable. A very rough summary gives 176 long and signed papers. Moreover, when Editor of the JOURNAL, countless articles were written by him and left unsigned—a habit he persisted in to the penultimate volume. These articles comprise every conceivable phase of Alpine History, prehistoric to modern. If devastating at times, his criticisms, verbal or written, were always

<sup>4</sup> In conjunction with the late H. F. Montagnier.

fair and just. Unlike some of his contemporaries, he never overstepped the bounds of courtesy in word or writing. A charming smile or phrase redeemed the victim's injured pride. Freshfield's first long paper under the title of 'Dolomites of Val Rendena' appears in Vol. 5; his last note in Vol. 45 (p. 165) is aptly enough on the Caucasus.<sup>5</sup> A personal word seems indispensable when referring to the JOURNAL. On my assuming the editorship in 1927, Freshfield wrote and suggested that I might require an adviser. In the kindest way he offered to so assist me. In these pages, it is now my privilege and duty to thank him. He was not lavish of praise: his approval—when attained—was an honour. A certain anxiety existing hitherto on publication of each number will, alas, like his wise advice and kindly criticism, be absent. His loss to the JOURNAL and to its editor is irreparable.

Freshfield had his mannerisms and idiosyncrasies. He loathed publicity and self-advertisement. He opposed the adoption of a badge by the Club as savouring of both these defects.

‘ A youth who bore towards snow and ice,  
A button with a strange device,  
Profundior ! ’<sup>6</sup>

He despised the modern forms of ‘ mountaineering.’ Pitons, swivels, crampons ‘ et hoc genus omne ’<sup>7</sup> were as anathema to him as the wilful incurring of danger during an ascent. All such he considered bad form—still worse, bad mountaineering. ‘ And so the slaughter of Incompetents and Innocents goes on,’ he wrote on reading the saddest chapter in a recent ALPINE JOURNAL.

Until the last year or two he seldom missed a meeting or annual dinner of the Club. To the younger members, others perhaps have been better known. There was a touch of a certain aloofness caused by shyness. But to all and sundry, there was manifest equally a great and noble dignity in the mere presence of the doyen of *all* the world-wide mountaineers. His distinguished appearance, his simple and fluent words, won universal respect, universal affection—and this has endured for seventy years!

One incident and I have done. Some years ago the Club had passed an alteration in the rules which later proved impracticable—or so the Committee thought. Freshfield was asked to propose at the General Meeting, that the Club do rescind this and restore the former rule. Although many were present who had urged the adoption of the new rule, all remained silent, Freshfield's voice had

<sup>5</sup> Actually, as I pen these very lines, comes a telegram of sorrow from Cav. Vittorio Sella, referred to in that note.

<sup>6</sup> *Quips for Cranks*, p. 8.

<sup>7</sup> ‘ The instruments of road-breakers,’ his own words in *A.J.* 43, 403: a passage attacked by a grotesque reviewer—much to D. W. F.'s amusement.

swayed the meeting. The old rule was restored *unanimously*. Such was Freshfield's influence at home.

Generations hence, the memory of a great and very perfect gentleman, peerless mountain explorer, wise counsellor, patriot and friend—one who stood so far above us all—will mould the destinies, will sweep away the jealousies of unnumbered, world-extending Alpine Clubs.

E. L. S.

I am extremely sorry that I cannot be at the Alpine Club on March 6 as I had hoped. I wished very much to speak briefly of the great help which Douglas Freshfield gave to the ALPINE JOURNAL when I took over the task of editing it. I was sadly unqualified for the work, and can never forget the assistance which his knowledge and experience so generously afforded me.

In difficult matters requiring shrewd and judicious handling his advice was always available. Things had to be arranged behind the scenes—so to speak—and his nice discrimination and acute judgment were invariably forthcoming. Such crises are forgotten, but now that age prevents me from climbing and I console myself with recalling the past, Freshfield figures largely as an adviser and a helper: not but what his criticisms were occasionally severe—although a genial vein of mischief often underlay them—but they were always given (and taken) in good part.

I shall remember always his kindly help and shrewd advice; and perhaps I may be allowed to add that I still cherish the brilliance of his English style with lively admiration.

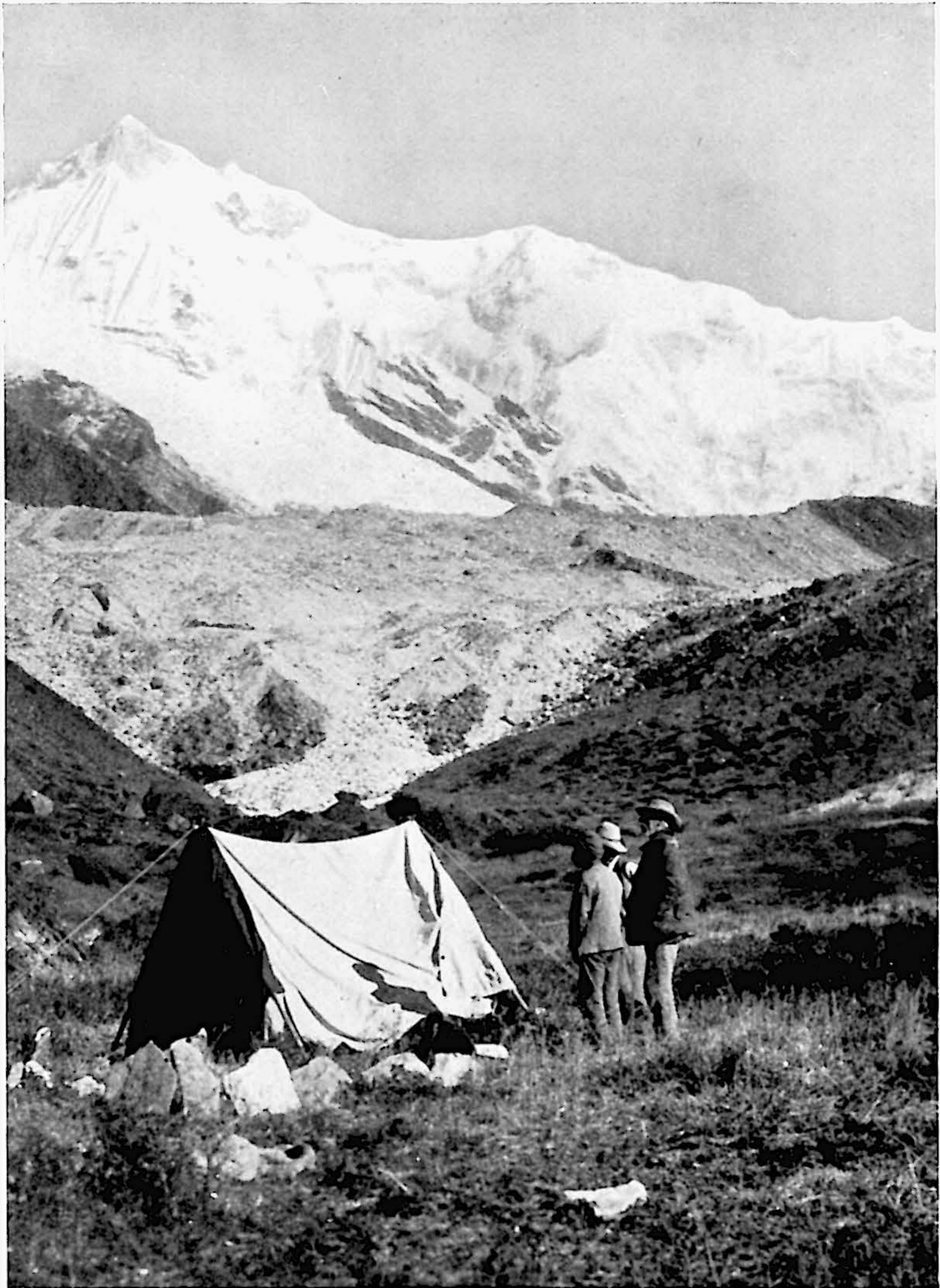
G. YELD.

Among the remarkable men who have brought distinction to the chair of the Alpine Club none have themselves been more distinguished than D. W. F.

It is to be regretted, therefore, that of those Presidents who have shared with him the honour of promoting the welfare and guiding the fortunes of the Club so many have predeceased him; and that so few members, if any, are left who can be qualified to speak with authority as to his attainments in his extensive fields of action from early youth to extreme old age.

Perhaps the best, if not the only, chance of preserving for us all, and for posterity, some sense of his many-sided activities as a lover of all that is beautiful and inspiring, all that is difficult and worthy of effort, all that is instructive and wholesome, in short all that goes to make the ideal mountaineer, must be to entrust the task to no single person but to a few, each one of whom should deal with one or two of the salient characteristics of the man. The purely Alpine qualities have already been well sketched by 'E. L. S.'—and Freshfield's love of the Club, and the JOURNAL, is so well described that the present writer could by no means better it. All the less so as I never was on a rope or a rock with him, nor ever even on a tour or expedition.

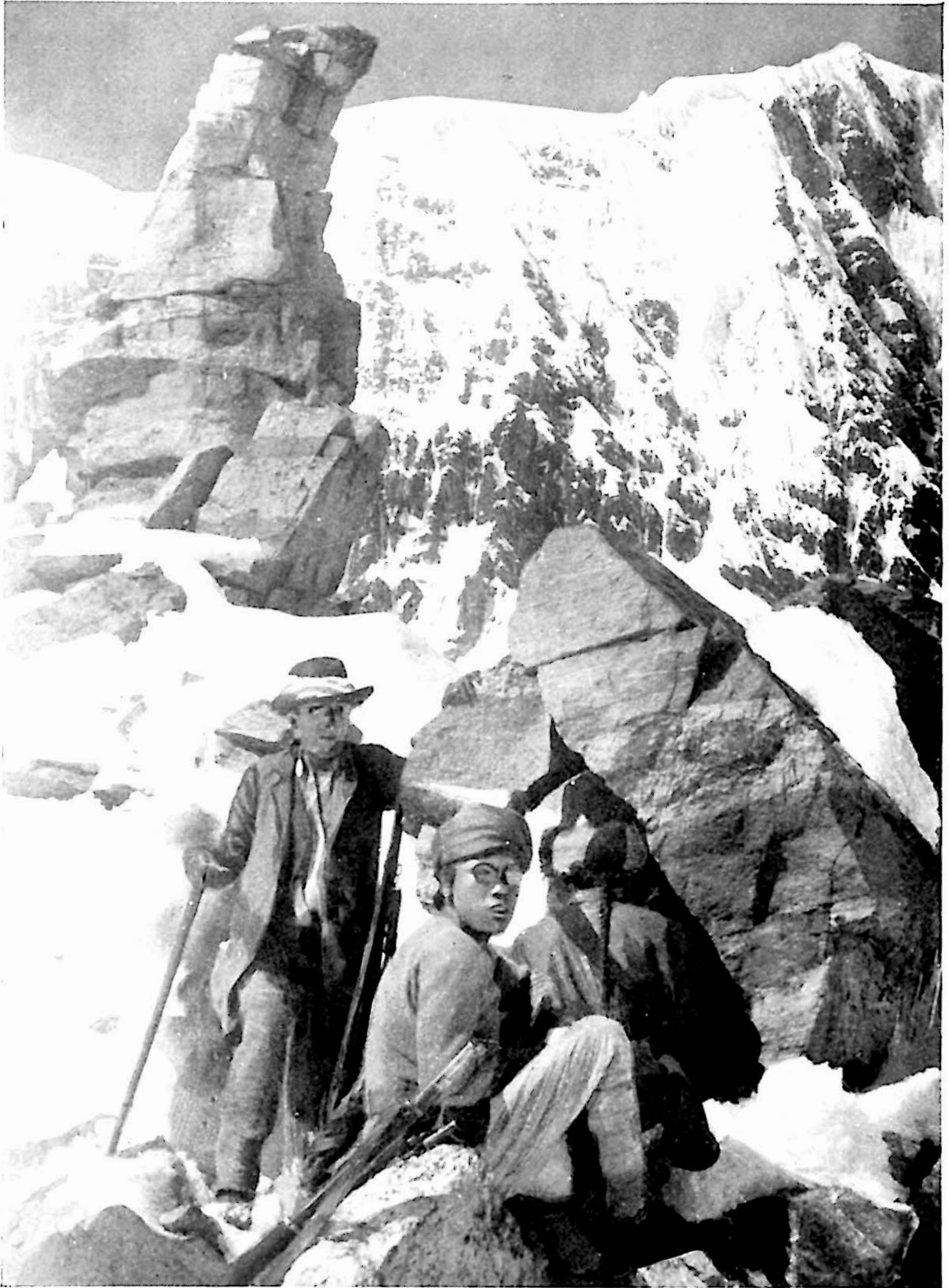




*Photo, Vittorio Sella.]*

D.W.F. AT HIS TENT IN PRAIG-CHU, BELOW ALUKTHANG GLACIER, ENJOYING THE VIEW OF KANGCHENJUNGA. (OCTOBER 1899.)

*[To face p. 172.]*



*Photo, Vittorio Sella.]*

D.W.F. ON THE TOP OF A GAP ABOVE THE SAYORK-CHU IN LHONAK, UPPER VALLEY OF SIKKIM. (OCTOBER 2, 1899.)

But no one, surely, can doubt that he was obviously 'a man to go tiger-hunting with'!

My first acquaintance with him was in connection with the old Charity Organisation Society, in Buckingham Street, Adelphi, where he naturally was attracted by the sane and practical spirit of that splendid leader, Charles Stuart Loch—a man of whom it has been well said that it was a pity that he had not gone into the Army or the Navy, or the Law, or the Church, because he would assuredly have shone so brilliantly in any such position. The sparkling wit of Loch's lieutenant, E. C. Price, too, appealed to Freshfield's sense of humour, a quality which was another marked characteristic of his. I have some surviving scraps of joking correspondence which I am tempted to quote, but I am hoping rather to refer presently to his more serious verses in the charming little pamphlet 'A Tramp's Wallet' (which he gave me in 1892, inscribed by him '*not published*'). He could be a severe critic, with a very sharp pen, and was a hard hitter. One always felt, however, that his judgment was good and rested upon sound foundations—a straight man, always.

Later I got to know him better, as we used to meet at the A.C. and A.D.C., etc., and quite a pleasant friendship grew up between us, though our occupations were diverse. I have tried to draw his portrait in pencil, but failed because he was impatient and put me off.

He gave me always the impression of austerity and natural dignity. Yet he was one of the few men that I have known who might occasionally be seen running, or rather *trotting*, in London streets: keeping fit, I suppose—I used to do it myself.<sup>8</sup> He was tough and by nature wiry, though he put on weight as he grew old. His limbs had stood him well.

I hope that others may write something about his home life—so far as may be permissible. I knew Wych Cross very slightly. It is a lovely place, and he loved beauty both in nature and in art. I hope, too, that some appreciation may be attempted of his writing and general tastes.

This little note is too long already, though I wish I could make it longer if that would add to the impression which I would convey.

A good friend and a high-minded man.

In conclusion, may I be allowed to quote some scattered lines of his striking poem 'View and Vision' (from the 'Tramp's Wallet'), and I think the effect of them will be enhanced, and not diminished, if there could be printed just after them in smaller print the well-known stanzas by *Blanco White*, 'Light and Life.' The two interesting conceptions seem to me to make a fine parallel.

H. G. WILLINK.

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<sup>8</sup> I remember his saying once that it was a sign of incipient old age when one left off cutting corners. Pedestrians nowadays do this at their peril.

*View and Vision.*

I lay, alone with the sunset, hard by the Caucasian snow,  
 And gazed, from my eagle's eyrie, over infinite space below,  
 And infinite space above me, the lifeless wastes of the sky,  
 And the fields where men, as of old, are born, grow weary, and die !

All radiant, self-illumined, the wonderful landscape shone,  
 While the face of the earth still glowed with the rays that from heaven  
 had gone ;  
 And the mountains stood transfigured, each hill and hollow and stream  
 Distinct as a mapman's model, yet fair as a poet's dream.

But the stainless summits about me that turned their backs to the night  
 High up in the crystal clearness shone silver pillars of light,

While over earth's climbing shadow, rose-red on the field of blue,  
 Where the banners of fire once flickered, the banner of day still flew.

As high o'er Rome's Coliseum the purple velarium spread,  
 A shade to the proud patrician, a shade to the slave just dead,  
 So the face of the Earth was full of beauty, and story, and strife,  
 But the dome of the Sky stretched empty above the turmoil of life.

And I slept till the chill before dawn, when the blood in the veins runs cold :

Then I watched, and the Earth was blank, but crowded the Heavenly Fold ;

The moonless vault was ablaze with the splendour of spheres unknown,  
 Suns on suns in systems, each greater far than our own,  
 And the fragments of orbs in making were a causeway of living light,  
 As the star that heralds the morning sailed up on the edge of the height.

And vain seemed all the beauty and all the strife of our world,  
 Blotted out in an instant's throb by the Vision of Space unfurled ;  
 And Night seemed greater than Day, and Life grew larger than Death,  
 And a man's brief sojourn on earth as an infant's struggle for breath.

Then again earth's memories found me, my schoolfellow stood at my head,  
 And those we sought came round me, the living talked with the dead :

Till I woke on a world in sunshine, and void was the upper sky ;  
 Had I seen—or dreamt—the Vision ?

Was it all ? or in part, a lie ?<sup>9</sup>

Mysterious Night ! When our first parent knew  
 Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?

Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew  
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame  
 Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came  
 And lo ! creation widened in man's view !

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
 Within thy beams, O Sun ? or who could find,  
 Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect, stood revealed,  
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?

Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?  
 If *Light* can thus deceive, wherefore not *Life* ?

BLANCO WHITE.

[<sup>9</sup> By D. W. F., from *A Tramp's Wallet*—abbreviated. I believe that 'View and Vision' was conceived if not actually written about the time (1889) of the search for Donkin and Fox—note the last stanza.]

Our Editor has dealt fully with Freshfield's career in his admirable notice, but as one of his few still surviving friends who accompanied Freshfield on expeditions in the Alps and Himalaya I have been asked to add a few lines. I welcome this opportunity of associating myself with those mountaineers and geographers who have already expressed their sense of the irreparable loss which the Club has sustained by his death.

Though not in the common acceptance of the term robust-looking, Freshfield was extremely wiry and a notably fast and untiring walker. He was extraordinarily light for his height, and I remember that on our return to Darjeeling after the tour of Kangchenjunga he weighed well under ten stone. He was averse to unnecessary burdens, and I cannot recall any occasion on which he was carrying a rucksack—indeed he wore no special mountaineering outfit and his usual attire was the grey cutaway tail coat and trousers that he habitually wore in England!

The only climbing centre in the Swiss Alps where I had the pleasure of sharing expeditions with him was the Engadine, but we had also a mutual bond in our love of the neighbouring district west of the Bernina, a district whose isolation was so characteristically described in a sentence in his *Italian Alps*: 'To the crowd which having sat down in a draught on the roof of Europe spends its time in mostly bemoaning the cold, to the water-drinkers of St. Moritz or the pensionnaires of Pontresina, the mountains of Val Masino are unknown.' Freshfield climbed usually in company with guides, and especially with his friend François Dévouassoud, and I was consequently flattered when we were together in Pontresina in 1894 by his asking me to take him up Piz Bernina with my old climbing companion, Benjamin Wainwright. It was during the ascent of the final rock ridge on this occasion that an amusing incident occurred. After lunching at the foot of the rocks we re-roped to continue the climb, and at one awkward point Freshfield, who was behind me, asked me to keep a tight hold of the rope. Shortly afterwards he called a halt and asked me to examine the rope as it was hurting him; on doing so I found that he had tied himself with a slip knot. 'Well,' he remarked, smiling, 'you will have a good joke against the President of the Alpine Club; you see I am accustomed to climb with guides who always roped me up; I do not profess to be an expert climber but only a mountain geographer.' I think that this is the truest description of his real interest in the high mountain ranges. In *Italian Alps* again he speaks of himself as 'an eclectic wanderer.'

Of the details of our Himalayan expedition in 1899 this is not the occasion to speak, but I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration for the way in which he planned the expedition after previously making himself acquainted with all that was known about the district. Of his good temper and cheerfulness under occasional trying and difficult circumstances, and of his unfailing thoughtfulness and consideration for his companions, I cannot speak too

highly. Freshfield was not an easy person to score off, as those who entered into literary controversies with him learned to their cost. There is only one occasion which I can remember when I was able to get the better of him. It occurred at Gangtok, where we were bidden to take tea with the Raja and Ranee of Sikkim, the tea being of the Tibetan variety mixed with rancid butter, a truly unpalatable beverage. I had obtained leave to photograph the Royal Family after the repast so, when asked through the interpreter to partake of a second cup of tea I begged to be excused so that I might prepare my camera outside, 'but,' I added, 'I know that Mr. Freshfield would be delighted to have a second cup.'

I was unfortunate in being prevented by professional engagements from accepting his invitation to accompany him on his expedition to Ruwenzori in 1905, my place being taken by Mr. Mumm. In the account of the expedition given in his chapter on 'The Mountains of the Moon'<sup>10</sup> he quotes the following passage from an Arab compiler on the fate which overtook those who dared to visit the bright snows of Equatorial Africa: 'whoever looked at them became attracted and stuck to them until they died.' Truly an apt epitome of Freshfield's life-long devotion to the mountains.

E. J. GARWOOD.

The Alpine Club has received numerous letters and telegrams of condolence from foreign Clubs and private individuals, notably from the S.A.C., C.A.I., C.A.F., American A.C., Alpine Club of Canada, N.Z.A.C., Himalayan Club, Œ.A.K., Alpenverein Donauland. And from Cav. Vittorio Sella, MM. Alfredo Corti, Paul Montandon, Heinrich Dübi, Albert Roussy, Allston Burr, etc., etc.

To all these, named and unnamed, we tender our grateful and appreciative thanks.

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### HENRY SEYMOUR KING.

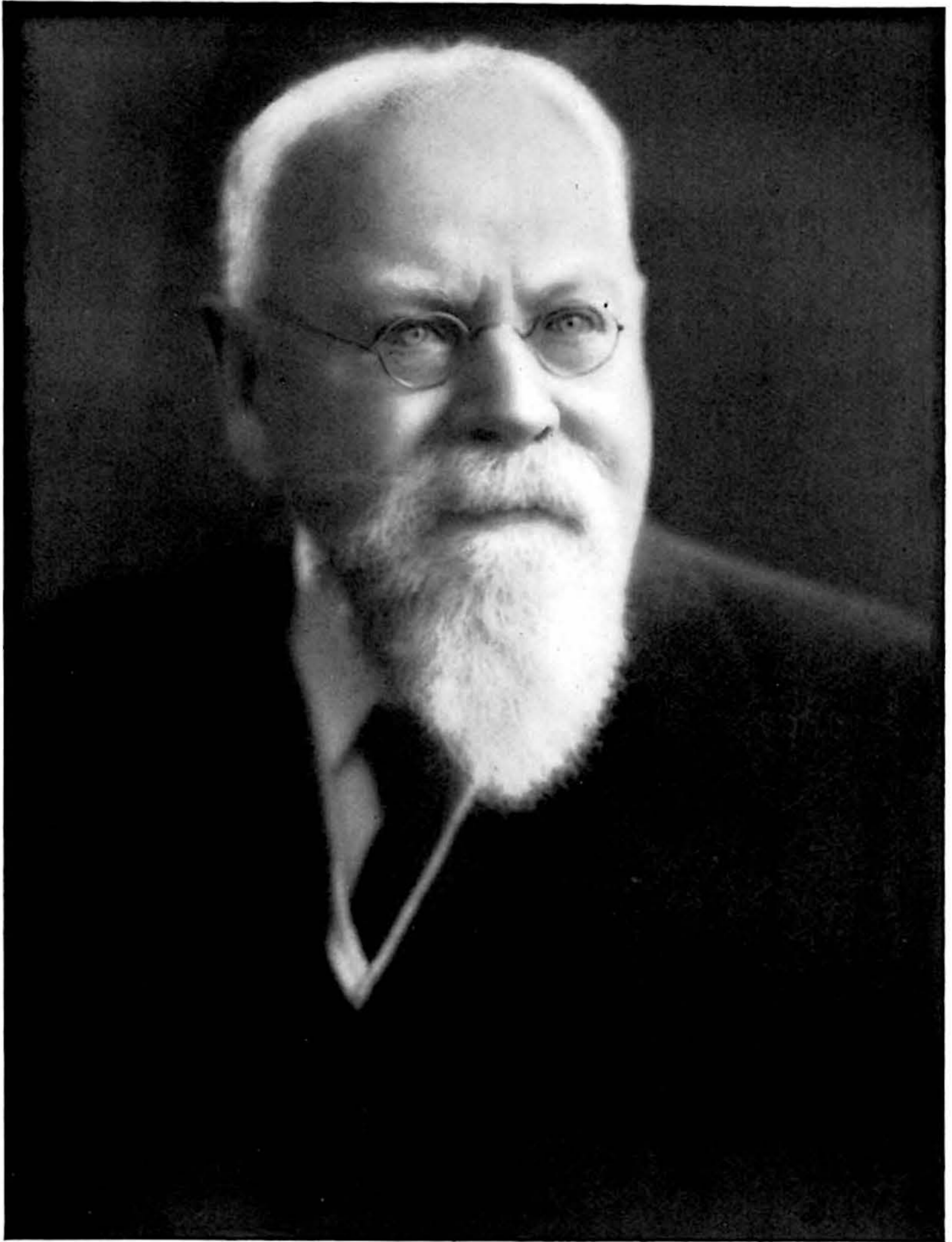
(1852-1933.)

SIR HENRY SEYMOUR KING, born January 4, 1852, died on November 14 of last year. With his death disappears another of the almost classical figures of the Alpine Club. Failing health and other interests had prevented for many years active participation in the life of the Club, but that he still looked kindly on its pursuits may be gathered from the letter he wrote on the occasion of the death of Ambros Supersaxo.

Seymour King was educated at Charterhouse and Balliol College, Oxford. He joined his father's well-known firm, H. S. King & Co., East India Bankers, designed to develop British mercantile relations

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<sup>10</sup> *Below the Snow Line.*



*Photo, Elwin Neame.]*

HENRY SEYMOUR KING.  
1852-1932.

*[To face p. 177.]*

with India, becoming sole partner on his father's death in 1878. He was Conservative Member for Hull (Central) 1885-1911, taking a prominent part in the life of the town, especially at the time of the Dogger Bank outrage by the Russian fleet in 1904. Created a C.I.E. in 1887 and a K.C.I.E. in 1892, he became Mayor of Kensington in 1901 and a Lieutenant of the City of London. King was also a member of the Council of the Union Jack Club, in which he took great interest. He was created a Baronet in the Birthday Honours of 1932. He married in 1875 Julia Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr. John Jenkins of Montreal. She died in 1918, leaving no children. King was extremely interested in yachting; a member of the R.Y.S., Cowes, he was successful on one occasion in winning the King's Cup.

Turning to King's Alpine career, we find that he joined the Alpine Club in 1880 and was a member of the Committee from 1887 to 1890. He soon became famous as a climber, being associated, we believe, in all his climbs with that great mountaineer, the late Ambros Supersaxo of Saas, a partnership lasting more than 20 years. King in his earlier years showed great activity, his first ascent of the Aiguille Blanche de Péteret on July 31, 1885, marking the end of an epoch in mountaineering. This famous peak, on which many vain attempts had been made, was the last great unscaled summit of the Western Alps. King read a very interesting account of its ascent before the Club ('A.J.' 12, 431-8). Emile Rey accompanied the party as a volunteer, but Ambros Supersaxo led throughout.<sup>1</sup> The hardships of two high bivouacs, one without any spare clothing, told seriously on King; in fact he informed one of the writers that he never recovered entirely from a kind of inward chill contracted on the occasion. This mishap undoubtedly curtailed his later Alpine career. In the same year, *Mumm* iii informs us, King made a new route up Mont Collon, and among many other climbs the second ascent by a new route of the N. summit and the third ascent of the highest summit of the Dents des Bouquetins ('A.J.' 13, 530-1; 20, 112-15).

In 1885 he made the first ascent and traverse of what is now known as the Crête de Moming ('A.J.' 13, 123-4), as well as numerous other climbs among the great Pennines. In 1887 came the first ascent of point 2626 m. of the Engelhoerner, henceforth known as the *Kingspitze*, and of point 3069 m. of the Eigerhörnli ('A.J.' 13, 416). His most famous climb of that year was, however, the first ascent of the Silberhorn by the N.W. arête on September 29, with Supersaxo and Louis Zurbrücken. He read a paper before the Club, entitled 'Three New Ascents in the Bernese Oberland' ('A.J.' 14, 25-38). King also made the ascents of the Mönch and Jungfrau in a single day.

His activity appears from *Mumm* to have diminished after that

<sup>1</sup> P. 200, footnote 1.



date, and we find his most notable exploit to have been a new route in 1891 on the Gspaltenhorn, attaining the usual, N.W., arête by a traverse across the E.S.E. face of the Büttlassen ('A.J.' 16, 270).

'Seymour King belonged to a group of climbers who made Zermatt their usual *rendez-vous* for a part at least of each mountaineering season. I remember him as a very enthusiastic climber, and then on a sudden he abandoned the Alps, perhaps for health reasons as stated above. The next time I met him was at Cowes taking part in yacht races. At all events, he then forsook the mountains and I never saw him again.'

C. OF A.  
E. L. S.

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GERALD EDWARD MAUDE.

(1851-1934.)

BORN June 12, 1851, Gerald Maude was the elder son of Captain the Hon. Francis Maude, R.N. (d. 1886), and grandson of the first Viscount Hawarden. The three generations thus covered, between them, the astonishingly long period of more than two centuries, for Lord Hawarden was born in 1729, and Gerald died on January 18, 1934. He was then (in his 83rd year) in full possession of his faculties, and, except for a short illness, in good health to the last, with no pain or distress of any kind; though the death of his sister Mrs. Lyster, who had lived with him since his wife died in 1922, had visibly shaken him.

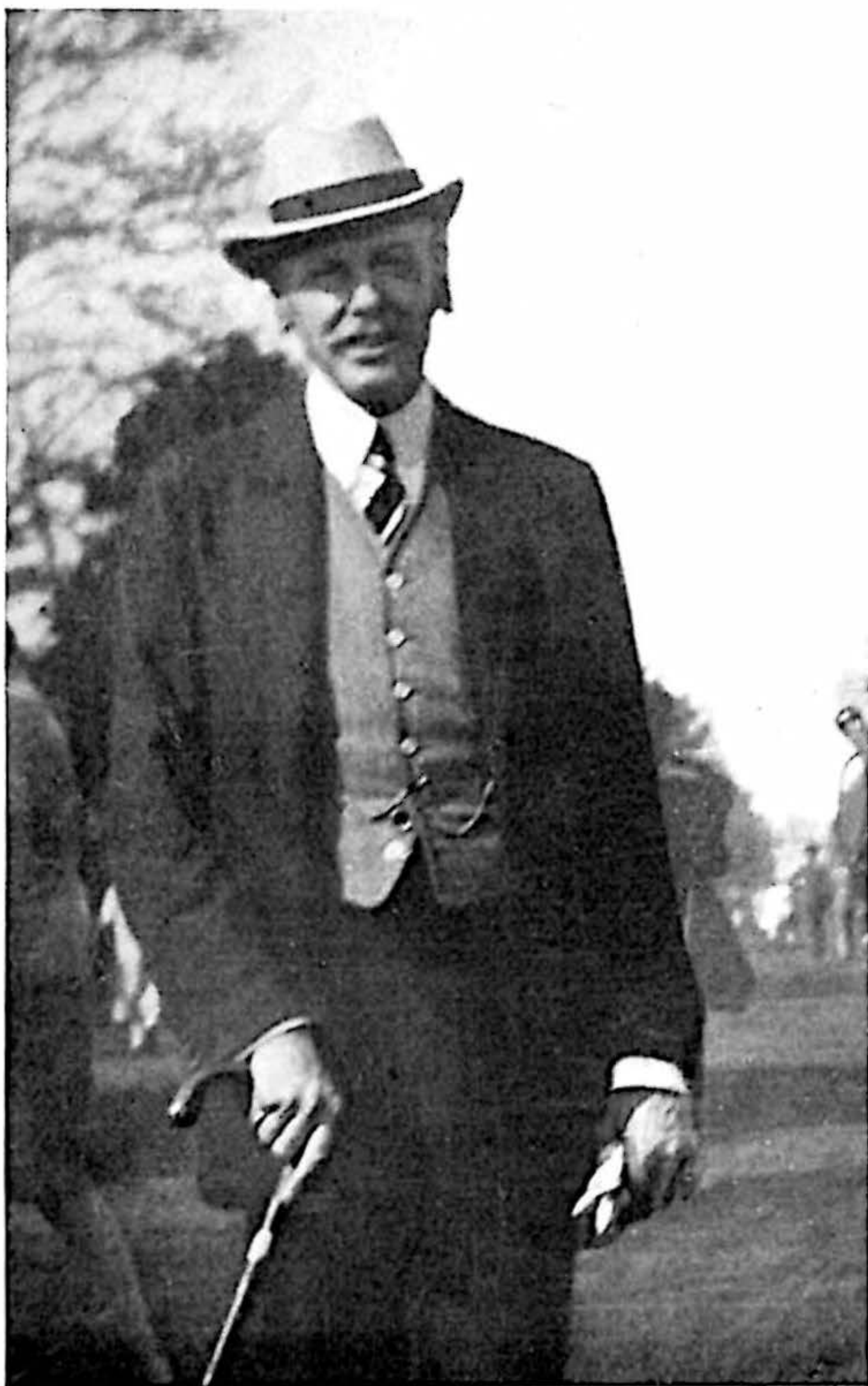
In 1894 he married Edith Caroline Briscoe, daughter of Major H. W. Briscoe. They had one son, Gervase, died of wounds in April 1917. He himself had one brother, Raymond (who married a daughter of 'Jenny Lind,' then Madame Goldschmidt). He also had two sisters to whom he was much attached: Mrs. Lyster, and Mrs. Peto, mother of Raymond Peto, who was killed on the Jungfrau in July 1931.<sup>1</sup>

Maude was educated at Eton (Cornish's House; a Wet-Bob, in the 'Monarch,' 1869) and Oxford (C.C.C.), and was called to the Bar (Lincoln's Inn) in 1876. In 1886, on his father's death, he joined the Committee of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, of which his father had long been chairman; and seven years later he was appointed secretary, holding that post until he died.

He was a keen volunteer, with soldierly instincts, serving successively in the Inns of Court R.V., the London Irish R.V., and the 4th East Surrey Militia. I often thought he ought to have been a soldier.

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<sup>1</sup> *A.J.* 43, 352-3, 409-12.



G. E. MAUDE.  
1851-1934.

In February 1880 he was elected a member of the Alpine Club, and so continued for the rest of his life. The only season that we spent together in the Alps (1897) lives freshly in my octogenarian mind as one of the best that I ever enjoyed. The Aletschhorn and Matterhorn were the plums. Poor Gerald lost his beautiful new field-glasses on the former peak, owing to the strap of the leather case having been left unbuckled after a halt. I can still see them with my mind's eye; an exclamation, a gleam of the glittering bound from the snow into space, a little crash, and a curving shower of glass, down and away for ever below us!

Of our party two only now remain, E. L. Vaughan, of Eton, and myself. My cousin, sturdy, steady Harry Latham (Winchester and Cambridge), a champion swimmer and a man of Law, was killed on September 4, 1881, alone on the Burg rocks, Grindelwald, below the Faulhorn, his fall being due to fresh snow on grass slopes. 'Where are you going, Mr. Latham? Sunday morning!' 'I'm going to church up there!' *Cita mors: victoria laeta* runs the inscription on his granite block tombstone in Grindelwald churchyard. And now our cheery Gerry has gone.

I have been unable to collect any adequate record of his expeditions. I believe they were mostly in the Engadine, which I do not know, and the Bernese Oberland.

I call to mind a certain traverse in 1888 of the Crast' Agüzza from Pontresina to Chiesa and thence into the Bergamasque Alps. While just before Maude had traversed Piz Bernina *via* the Sella Crast' Agüzza and down the E. arête, both of which expeditions seem to have been good enough for the JOURNAL. But the accounts of these, as of Monte Disgrazia, Piz Roseg, and an adventurous return from Masino-Bagni over the Passo di Bondo, do not appear to have been published.

Another incident seems to be founded on fact. In 1886 a party, including Maude, was coming down the final arête of Monte Disgrazia with him at the tail-end of the rope, when one of the party in front of him slipped, and would have fallen if Maude had not held him up. Perhaps someone will recognize the event.

But as I have said, there is very little on record, and we must be content with these brief and scanty notes, and hope that they will remind those who have known him of his charming personality. It was the cheery, happy nature of the man that was so delightful, and a debonair look that he had. His voice too had a refreshing chuckle in it, which he shared with his famous nephew Cyril Maude.

A good friend and trusty comrade—may we meet again!

H. G. WILLINK.

## GEORGE HENRY MAKINS.

(1853-1933)

SIR GEORGE MAKINS died on November 2, 1933, aged 80. He was one of the best beloved and distinguished members of his profession, in which he rose to the highest place.

He was educated at King's College, Gloucester, and in 1871 started as a medical student at St. Thomas's Hospital, qualifying in 1875. His first medical appointment was at Bethlem Hospital, where he started his life-long friendship with George Savage, and it was no doubt Savage who gave him that love of the mountains which remained with him to the last. The services Sir George rendered to his profession and to the public were of the highest order. He filled in succession important posts at St. Thomas's Hospital, where he became the senior surgeon, and he served also with great distinction in the Boer War and the Great War, for which he was decorated, in turn, with the C.B., K.C.M.G., and last G.C.M.G. Finally, he secured the blue ribbon of his profession, the Presidency of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

Few members of the Club now recollect much of Makins as a climber; it is therefore fortunate that, shortly before he died, he wrote a brief account of his climbs of which these notes are an extract. His first mountain experience was in 1881 when he joined the party of George Savage, H. G. Gotch, and Frederick Taylor.

Of this he writes: 'I remember well the excitement of the start, buying the necessary outfit, etc., as we only took small bags and a knapsack. The introduction to the tour was characteristic of those times. We went *via* Berne to Thun, up the lake to Spiez, and then started to walk up the valley to Kandersteg. When we reached Frutigen and were passing the inn, a man called out from the windows: "Is that you, Savage?" This proved to be Egger, the landlord of the inn at Kandersteg. He said: "Come in and drink a bottle of wine with me and I will drive you up to the Bear." I mention this because it is characteristic of the friendliness which existed between the climbers and innkeepers of those days.' After two small climbs Makins was footsore and retired down the valley. 'Such was my start as a mountaineer, but I enjoyed it, and next summer I went again.'

In 1882 he went to Belalp to meet Savage and his newly-married wife. Until they arrived he passed the time walking on the glacier, and here had what he calls the one mild adventure of his climbing days. With an old guide (who still remains nameless) he started down the Aletsch Glacier to the Belalp, but it got dark, they lost their way and had to spend the night out. 'Don't tell anyone,' was all the guide would say. Later, meeting Savage and Gotch, they made a guideless ascent of Piz Bernina.

In 1883 Makins had married Mrs. Fellowes, the widow of General



*Photo, Russell, London.]*

GEORGE M. MAKINS.  
1853-1933.

*[To face p. 180.]*

Fellowes. She accompanied him on many climbs, and he says of her that she was always a better rock-climber than himself, but not so good on ice and snow. They went to Zinal, and he mentions meeting there the famous early guideless climber, the Rev. A. G. Girdlestone, who bossed the party. He refers to Lo Besso, the dirty state of the Mountet hut, the ascent of the Pigne de l'Allée, the Bouquetins, and a traverse of the Triftjoch to Zermatt.

In 1884 he records climbing the Aletschhorn, the Finsteraarhorn and the Jungfrau.

Zermatt was visited in 1885 where he acquired the friendship of George Morse. He speaks in most affectionate terms of Seiler and the Monte Rosa Hôtel, not forgetting Jost, the 'Boots.' Seiler he says, was a real friend, taking an intimate personal interest in his guests, ready to give sound advice on any subject, and making the Monte Rosa a home for climbers, and that at a cost of 8 francs a day.

This, Makins says in his diary, was his introduction to mountaineering. For fifteen successive years he spent his summer holidays in the Alps, visiting many districts including Zinal, Zermatt, Belalp, Eggishorn, Montenvers, Courmayeur, Cogne, La Bérarde, Campiglio, San Martino and the Pyrenees. Then finally as the mountains became too steep, he spent two holidays motoring over the famous passes.

Elected to the Alpine Club in 1888, it is some years now since Makins was active in the Alps, and he was little known to the younger members of the Club. Yet he never lost his interest, and at most meetings he could be seen first at the A.D.C., and then, later, sitting on the sofa nearest the door.

Makins was a great man, and he had that rare capacity often denied to great men, of inspiring love and respect in all with whom he came in contact. Love of nature and of the mountains was strong in him, and we may guess that it had much to do in moulding his character, influencing his mind, and making of him the man he was.

G. E. G.

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### GEORGE WILLIAM LLOYD.

(1861-1934.)

GEORGE WILLIAM LLOYD was the son of the Rev. Henry Lloyd, and died on January 2, aged 72. He became a member of the Club in 1902, was in H. Daman's House at Eton, going on to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1879. Through life he was a keen all-round sportsman, a good cricketer and lover of the game—those at his preparatory school, Mr. Hawtrey's of Slough, were well coached. Love of walking led him to Switzerland and he soon became a devoted admirer of the Alps. Towards the end of the last century on joining the annual Belalp climbers—the late Mr. Fairbanks being their leader—



G. W. LLOYD.  
1861-1933.

he learnt to be a good mountaineer. Toni and Clemenz Ruppen were the trusty local guides. From there the late Canon Martin and myself became his fortunate companions. Not being as young as we might have been, we were a slow-going but very happy trio. For example, one well remembers starting from the Mountet hut for the traverse of the Rothhorn with the Monte Rosa Zermatt as our final objective, but at 10.30 P.M. we found ourselves at the Trift Inn only, where we stayed the night. We climbed in most districts between the Dolomites and Dauphiné. Our tours used to end at the Riffel Alp; Frau Clausen or her family giving us their usual pleasant welcome. Fond of photography, G. W. L. had always his Kodak with him. Jean Maître of Evolena, one of the Kalbermatten and various Gaspards were among our guides. His annual visits to the Alps were resumed after the war, sometimes early in the season, for both he and his wife took much interest in Alpine plants when out. The same interest remained with them at home in their delightful house near York.

A keen rider to hounds, he was asked more than once to be a M.F.H., and had hunted for years with the Belvoir and Lord Middleton's packs. Very fond of his gun and a good shot, two days only before death he had been out with his keeper. What a pleasure it was to be with him at the cottage on his lovely grouse moor at Saltergate near Pickering! He was also a keen and successful fisherman; though he always declared he required wind and a ripple on the water.

Lloyd was High Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1909, also Chairman of a Petty Session Division for many years. He worked with zeal on many Diocesan Committees besides his other activities. He had served in the Yorkshire Artillery Militia, but was too old for war service. Early 1915 to 1919 found him, however, working hard with the Y.M.C.A. and driving his 'Old Maria,' as he called his motor van, for the good of our men, Rouen, Arras and St. Pol being his chief centres.

He had a simple religious faith, which was the keynote of his charming personality. The desire nearest his heart was the spread of the knowledge of the true God abroad. In the spring of 1911 we visited Palestine, walking from one end to the other; we found much snow when ascending Mount Hermon and travelling across Syria from Damascus. One reason for the expedition was that he might visit missions and see their work for himself. His generosity was widespread and his characteristic humility in all he did gained the great esteem of those who came in contact with him. He proved a true friend—a brother.

E. A. A.



## THE ETON MASTERS.

THE accident on Piz Roseg brought to a sudden and tragic end a wonderfully happy mountaineering friendship. It began some fifteen years ago when Hugh Howson, coming to Eton, found there a fellow enthusiast, Sam Slater. Its success was assured when they persuaded Eric Powell to go to Skye. It reached high noonday a few years later when these three, all members of the Alpine Club, found themselves the centre of an ever-widening circle of enthusiasts, composed mostly of their colleagues and of past and present Etonians, who learned through them the high and joyful adventures of mountaineering. It is impossible to consider these men simply as individual mountaineers and any notice of their achievements must try to describe something of their life together, both at Eton and amongst the hills. For these bachelors, utterly different in everything, in age, strength, taste and temperament, had for the last few years been firmly united by their love for the mountains.

Gradually mountaineering became more and more a part of their lives. In Eton they dined together every Sunday, and their walls were covered with Powell's mountain paintings and Howson's mountain photographs. Their conversation at these gatherings became a queer mixture of guide-book and schoolboy jargon, until a language and humour, which must often have seemed strange and childish to the uninitiated, grew to be an unfailing source of joy and laughter to themselves. There was not much schoolmaster 'shop' about it, though one or two mountains came to be somewhat irreverently named after their colleagues. The unexpectedly easy Matterhorn, for example, was called after one generally thought to be a humbug, while Mont Blanc was invariably 'Mr. — himself,' a slightly pompous gentleman. Tiresome boys too might have been puzzled to hear themselves described as 'very difficult, but no actual severity.' Strange and childish it must indeed have seemed to others, but to us who were privileged to share their laughter, what fine fresh air they breathed into our lives! For the mountains were ever in their thoughts, their plans and their imaginings: plans for winter sports, for a 'meet' at Pen-y-Gwryd, plans for Norway or Corsica or a summer in the Alps, plans for the next 'Long Leave' week-end, with its rush to North Wales for a single day on the rocks. I remember one drab February morning and Howson striding past on his way to Early School. 'The Dauphiné this summer,' he said: 'that Meije must be done down!'; and all at once it seemed not such a drab morning after all, and one took the stairs two at a time for a change.

In the Alps, at Arolla or Zermatt, their hilarity sometimes shocked their fellow-climbers, who did not know that their apparently light-hearted attack on some Alpine giant concealed an unsuspected

seriousness of purpose and a long and careful preparation. All that mountain literature and local information could provide was carefully collated by that admirable chief of staff, Hugh Howson, who gave his leader, Eric Powell, the most detailed and accurate directions. For it was Powell, the last recruited of the three, who soon became the most consummate mountain-leader.

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**EDWARD VERE SLATER.**

(1877-1933.)

EDWARD VERE SLATER was born on June 4, 1877, his father being a barrister, who died in 1908. For years E. V. S. had, I believe, no near surviving relatives, except a brother who died on active service in France, and his friends—and his boys—took with him, to a great extent, the place of wife and children and brothers and sisters. He was at St. Paul's School and at Corpus, Oxford; was appointed to Eton in December 1901, and went there in January 1902. He succeeded to H. S. Kindersley's House in May 1920, and went straight into The Timbralls. He often used to say that a schoolmaster, or at any rate a housemaster, should be unmarried if he were to be really efficient. Many will, no doubt, disagree with this, but if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, his success as a housemaster entitled him to speak with some authority on such a matter.

It was a wonderful thing to visit The Timbralls, his house at Eton, and to see him at work with his boys. He seemed to know by instinct, or by a kind of sixth sense, what was going on in their heads, and to have an almost uncanny knowledge of all that was happening in his house, and what every boy in it was worth.

He was most happy in his house captains. All his friends who have enjoyed his wonderful hospitality at Eton will appreciate what I have written above. He could manage parents as well as boys and was no respecter of persons, as many an eminent parent and, I fancy, some generals have found out.

He served several years in the war in France with considerable distinction, being awarded the M.C. He was for a time a gas expert.

His Alpine career was long and distinguished, and if ever a man loved mountains, he was that man. He spent all the time he could spare among them—winter sport in the Alps at Christmas, Easter at Wastdale Head or Pen-y-Gwryd, and the whole of the summer holidays in the Alps, while he would sometimes rush off to Wales even for 'Long Leave.' His climbs included a number of peaks in Norway, and his Alpine expeditions were many and varied. I had the pleasure of climbing several summers with him, in 1921, '22 and '23.



E. V. SLATER (RIGHT) AND H. E. E. HOWSON (ON LLIWEDD).

In the latter year we ascended the Mönch, the Jungfrau from the Jungfrauoch *via* the Jungfraufrn, with descent by the Guggi. In the same year Slater also made an ascent of the Schreckhorn by the unusual S.W. arête. He was a delightful companion and a very careful climber.

Elected to the Alpine Club in 1908, he was put on the Committee in 1920 and was a most useful member, infusing some of his enthusiasm into several of his boys. I myself did not meet him before 1913, when he came to La Grave, where I was fortunate enough to help him with a small service, by lending him my guide for La Meije. Thus began a friendship which lasted unbroken and unspoilt till his untimely death last summer.

He used often to discuss his plans after his retirement, due next year. Switzerland, the Lakes, Wales, London, all attracted him, but alas, the decision was taken out of his hands. Yet it may be that it was better for him to die in the fulness of his powers at the height of his activities, to be spared a decline of strength, a gradual divorce from his beloved peaks, and all the other penalties of advancing years.

It is we, his friends, who are left in sorrow with a gap that cannot be filled.

J. E. C. E.

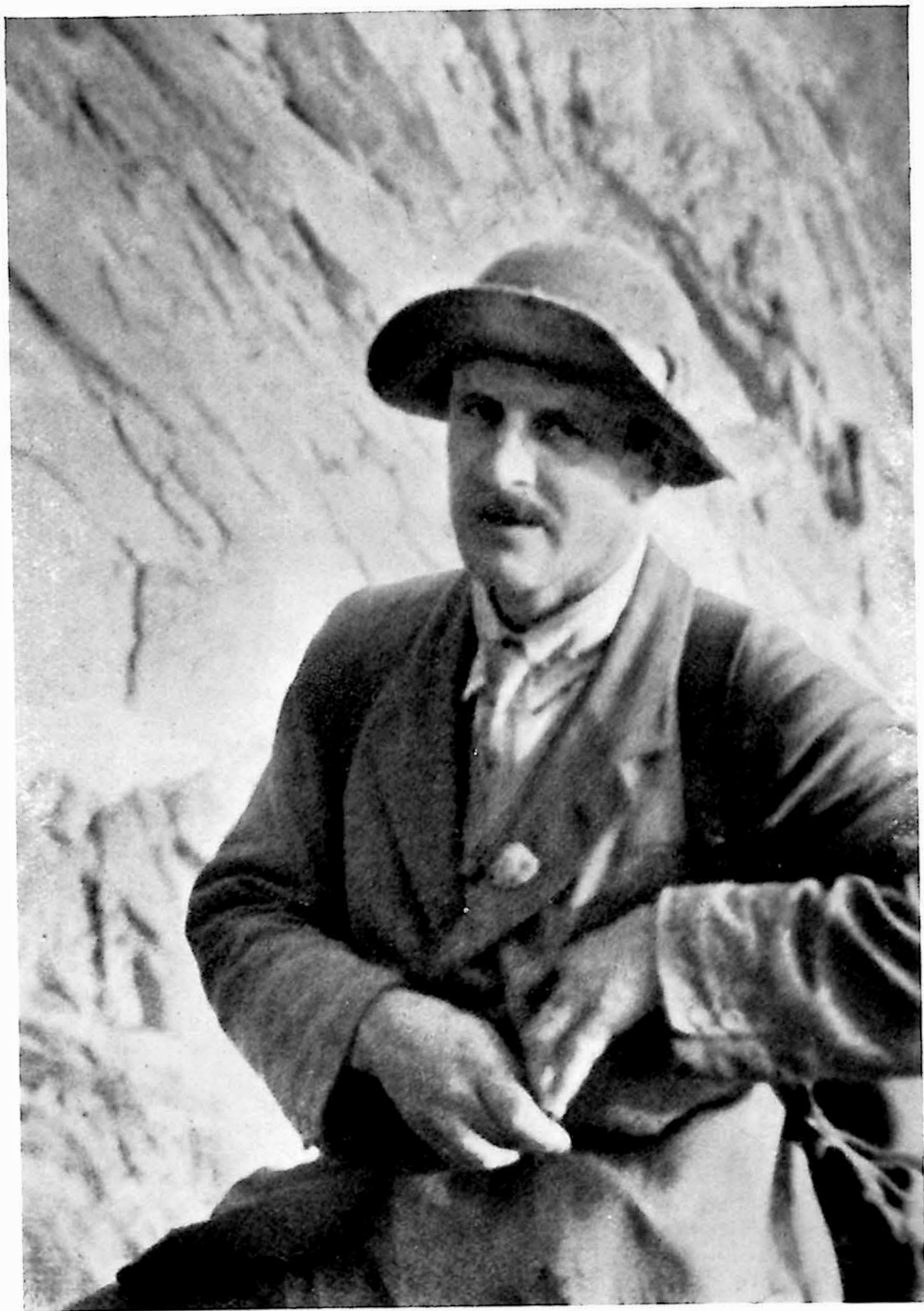
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### ERIC WALTER POWELL.

(1886-1933.)

THIS is not the place to speak of Powell's distinguished career as an Eton and Cambridge oarsman, or as an airman during the war. Terribly strong, yet wonderfully modest; brave, sympathetic, enthusiastic, he was everyone's leader and everyone's friend. His rowing triumphs, culminating in the Diamond Sculls—though this personal success gave him less pleasure than the successes of the Cambridge boat—are well known to all rowing men. But of his courage and leadership in the war few have ever heard. For he was not the man to speak of his own experiences, and it is only since his death that stories of his prowess have been told by some of those who served under him and worshipped him. He first went to France in August 1914 as a despatch rider; then, transferring to the R.F.C., he became Observer and then Pilot, saw service in France and Egypt, and rose to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

After the war he spent two years in Paris, studying art in 'the quarter,' to return finally to Eton in 1922 as Senior Drawing Master. The new Drawing Schools, the frequent exhibitions, the enthusiasm of the many boys who learned from him, the fact that the arts hold a high place in the imagination and interest of some even of the most athletic Etonians, all are due to his great influence and sympathetic



ERIC W. POWELL.  
1886-1933.

[To face p. 187.]

encouragement and, above all, to his own splendid blending of artist and athlete.

To such a man the mountains made an irresistible appeal. He loved their changing lights and melting colours, their infinite variety and limitless extent, their call to his skill, courage and endurance. In their high places, as nowhere else, his great spirit found the most complete satisfaction. He soon mastered the technique, and it is said that by the end of his first holiday he was already leading up difficult rock climbs the men who had just brought him to the mountains. The short ten years of his climbing life were crowded with expeditions. He climbed in most parts of the Alps, in the Dolomites, in Norway, the Pyrenees and Corsica, and, of course, in every corner of the British Isles. He learned to ski, and spent several Christmas and Easter holidays in Switzerland. In addition, as his paintings show, he found time to sketch in Spain, Italy, Sicily and Greece, and his family saw much of him at North Berwick. He seemed to live the lives of three busy men.

His Alpine experience began with Slater and Howson, guided by Quirin Zurbriggen or Heinrich Burgener. By 1925 he had climbed most of the Oberland peaks and from Saas and Zermatt had added the Dom, Täschorn and other favourites. In 1927 he and Howson began their guideless climbing with a most successful season in Norway. In 1928 they returned to the Alps. Slater, refusing to climb without guides, went to Zermatt with Tom Brocklebank and Zurbriggen, while Powell and Howson took a novice to Dauphiné. In the fine intervals of bad weather they climbed Pic Coolidge, traversed Les Ecrins, were turned back from the Aiguilles d'Arves, traversed La Meije, rushed in a car to Chamonix and finished with the Grépon.

In the opinion of that novice, who has since had some experience of both guided and guideless climbing, there could be no finer leader than Eric Powell. Yet he never sought the lead, and seldom allowed his wishes to influence the plans of the party. He left it to others to choose the mountain and the route. But once under way his position was unquestioned. His strength, courage and determination, his airman's knowledge of weather conditions, above all his tirelessness, made him the natural leader. His cheerful 'Consider it done,' when shown the route to be followed, was no idle boasting, for he knew that where others had gone before he was strong enough to follow. In camp, or hut, or bivouac he was first up in the morning, fire-making, cooking, sorting loads and so forth. Then, after the climb, when others were glad to lie and meditate on past achievements, he was away with his brush to catch the evening glow on Paglia Orba or the lights twinkling far away down the Rhône Valley. Of his energy one example must suffice. His party traversed La Meije from La Grave, by the Brèche de la Meije and the Promontoire hut. On the first day it was a long, very hot trudge up to the *brèche*, but Powell not only cut and kicked steps untiringly,

but carried, in addition to the spare rope, a great stack of firewood, cut from the last tree below the glacier. After a short pause at the hut for food, he made a four-hour reconnaissance up the rocks to avoid time-wasting in the dark the next morning. The actual climb and the traverse held few difficulties for him, except where the rocks were iced on the N. face of the *Brèche Zsigmondy*. The party reached the Refuge de l'Aigle in very good time. Then the troubles began. There was much disconsolate wandering over unfriendly rocks under a blazing sun, until eventually, unable to find a direct way down, the party made for Villar d'Arène. On those long, steep, lower slopes Howson and the novice demanded rest. Powell thereupon took most of the contents of their sacks and both ropes and, leaving them to follow slowly, ran fast all the way to the village. When later they staggered across the village square, they found him sitting happily outside the inn, sketching.

In the following year the novice's place was taken by Tom Brocklebank and Charles White-Thomson, with one or other of whom they did most of their future Alpine climbs. Full details cannot be given of all their expeditions, but their ascents included the Breithorn, traverses of Rothorn and Dent Blanche, the Aiguilles Rouges—where they were benighted during a reverse traverse—the Bernina, and several peaks in the Dolomites. They also climbed the Grand Dru with guides. Finally, last year, they persuaded Sam Slater to spend with them what was to be his last Alpine season. Disaster came to them descending from their last climb. What happened will never be known. Powell's axe was driven deep into the snow, almost up to the head, but it was found still sloping towards the mountain, and apparently he had not had time to get one of those great hands round the shaft.

It is not possible to speak of his other climbing activities. But the account must not close without at least a passing reference to the cheerful parties at Pen-y-Gwryd. Brocklebank was but one of the many Etonians who first learned their climbing on Tryfaen and Lliwedd. The long, low open car was usually at everybody's disposal and there are many of us, 'Beaks' and boys, who will always remember those glad days when we piled ourselves and our sacks and our axes into it for some mad rush to the mountains. For on us, as indeed on all with whom he came in contact, the magic of his personality made an impression that can never fade. We at Eton still climb, as he would have us climb, but it is not the same, for we have lost our leader.

' We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,  
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
Made him our pattern to live and to die.'

—Yes, we still climb, but there is a shadow over the sun and it is

' Never glad confident morning again.'

## HUGH EDMUND ELLIOT HOWSON.

(1889-1933.)

WHILE everyone knew Eric Powell, very few knew Hugh Howson. Silent, reserved, undemonstrative, he showed his ideals and enthusiasms only to his most intimate companions. Boys who were taught by him, masters who came across him in the ordinary run of business appreciated his scholarship and realized that the high standard which he demanded from others was nothing to that which he exacted from himself. But they failed to see beneath the surface, where a kindly understanding and genuine sympathy for every form of human endeavour were always available for those who could tear aside the curtain of his reserve. All through his life he had ploughed a lonely furrow, and he instinctively left others to do the same, as though afraid that his assistance, unless sought deliberately, might rob them of some precious independence. With a beginner on a rock-climb he seemed positively heartless. Where Powell would encourage and Slater give detailed directions for every foothold, Howson would merely wait, with infinite patience, at the top of the step, quite unconscious of the agonized struggles of the novice below. After all, he had climbed the step himself by the light of nature, and it never occurred to him that others might be less competent. But it was hard work for most of us, who had neither his reach nor his superb balance.

Nature had intended him to be an athlete, and he was in fact a fine football and fives player. But he was seldom allowed to enjoy either game to the full, for his life was a continuous struggle against ill-health. During the war this had kept him chafing at Shrewsbury while the two men with whom he shared life, home and ideals were killed fighting in France. The loss drove him still more into himself, and he never again made quite such close friends.

Meanwhile his love for the mountains became, after his school work, his one absorbing interest. He approached them, as he approached everything in life, as a scholar; and, while enjoying fully the physical pleasures of altitude and exertion, his emotions were really intellectual. He had the mind and spirit of a poet and an artist and, like Bridges's mountaineer, gloried

'. . . in the fortunes of his venturous day;  
'mid the high mountain silences, where Poesy  
lieth in dream . . . where man wandereth  
into God's presence.'

And indeed the mountains, if they were not part of his religion, yet seemed to mean much more to him than they do to most men, even their most enthusiastic votaries.

His mountain knowledge was amazing. He had collected a fine library and had read everything that was worth reading. In his spare time he wrote, for his own amusement, many short articles





H. E. E. HOWSON.

and one or two delightful poems, some of which have been published in the Climbers' Club *Journal*. Here can be seen something of his whimsical humour and a flicker of that almost elfish spirit which lurked deep down within him. There were, also, more serious pieces, but these were seen by a few friends only. Some of them and a vivid mountain 'thriller' might perhaps have been published had he lived. He was a member of the Committee of the Alpine Club at the time of his death.

At Eton he must be remembered as the founder and first President of the Eton Alpine Society. It had always been his wish to interest the many young skiers in the other side of mountaineering, which the enthusiastic winter sportsman is apt to miss. The Society admitted only those who had skied or had been 'on a rope.' There were no climbing or ski-ing 'meets,' and it was typical of the President that the meetings at Eton were almost furtive, so much he dreaded any form of display or advertisement. But many distinguished mountaineers came and talked and showed slides, and there is no doubt that the Society was fulfilling his object. Though there were no official meets, the President took many of his boys to Wales, and there was hardly a holiday when he was not at Pen-y-Gwryd for a day or two with a car-load of beginners. With Powell he was one of the original 'Long Leave' week-enders, and in spite of the wear and tear of the journey he was usually at the top of his form with the hilarious party at the inn. While Lockwood, the innkeeper, kept up a running repartee battle with Slater, Howson would interject his quaint humour or produce next morning some odd poem about it all. On one occasion, when he had a member of his house playing at Lord's, he started for Wales when stumps were drawn, motored far into the night, slept in a field near Shrewsbury, and arrived at the foot of the climb to meet the others the next morning. It was on these occasions that the mask was off for a few hours and the real Howson, full of youthful gaiety, would astonish those who had seen only the severe scholar.

In the Alps he was always afraid that his less robust health would be a drag on the party, and no one knows what efforts he had to make to keep up. At the top of the 'Mummery' crack he lay for a few minutes exhausted and livid, panting like a landed fish, jerking out between gasps: 'My doctor . . . *gasp* . . . said . . . *gasp* . . . that I might . . . *gasp* . . . take . . . *gasp* . . . moderate exercise!' For he could always laugh at himself; and his many patent biscuits and tablets and cultures and other contraptions were a never-failing joke as much to himself as to his friends. So too were his trembling fingers, which 'laocooned' ropes and jettisoned tinned peaches down snow slopes, to the accompaniment of hoots of delight; yet somehow those same fingers contrived to load a small camera with fragile plates and take the most beautiful mountain photographs.

It is extremely difficult to do Hugh Howson justice. His gifts

are not easily described ; his influence on our lives at Eton cannot readily be measured. Many of our expeditions were of his planning. He set us our objectives and spurred us on to the winning of them. One would find him alone in his study, listening to a Beethoven symphony, perhaps looking at his favourite document—a sheet of paper headed ‘List of Ascensions that MUST be done’—noting that the Matterhorn and Dent Blanche were already scratched out. Perhaps he would discuss the Beethoven, perhaps future plans for the mountains ; or, perhaps, he would stop the symphony and put on some absurd record of Lancashire dialect about Albert and the Lion. He was the strangest mixture of scholarship, idealism and simple childish humour.

It has been said that few boys knew him. It is only right therefore that the last word should be spoken by one who had climbed with him and had just left his house to go to Oxford. ‘What a tremendous love,’ he wrote, ‘a boy can have for his tutor ; it is a mixture of affection, respect, admiration, awe or perhaps fear, and hero-worship. I did not realise until now what a large part of me consisted of Howson.’

What better epitaph could he have, except perhaps these lines that follow ? Written by him, apparently three years ago in the Dolomites, they were found slipped into one of his guide-books.

‘Hic jaceat noster niveo velamine tectus ;  
 Praebent funereas sidera nota faces ;  
 Hinc illinc scopuli ; media, inviolabile signum,  
 In via concreto surgit ad astra gelu.  
 Constiterat nuper, qua in nubibus eminent aether,  
 Caelicolum qualis stet veneranda cohors :  
 Nec mora, tactus abest ; superasque abreptus in oras  
 Inscius ipse domum se rediisse redit.’

J. D. H.

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CHARLES ROBERT WHITE-THOMSON.

(1903–1933.)

UNLIKE his older companions, Charlie White-Thomson had all the best of life before him. Distinguished as his career had been at Harrow, where he had been Head of the School, President of the Philathletic Club, and Captain of both Harrow game and Association Football XI's, there was promise of a still more splendid future. For in the comparatively short time that he had been at Eton, just over seven years, he had not only proved himself a most competent and inspiring biologist, but had made himself indispensable in many departments of Eton life and endeared himself to a very large number of boys and masters. He was destined to be one of the great House Masters of the future, if indeed he was not called away to fill some even more important position. With his pupils, his influence and inspiration became the great memory of their Eton

lives, for, as one of them said of him, 'he made Eton definitely worth while.'

But it is not only as a biologist that he will be remembered at Eton and not only for pupils that he made life 'worth while.' To his many friends, and they were everywhere, he will always be the chosen companion of some wondrous holiday, the man whose presence insured the success of every party and the happiness of the most unpromising expedition. His gay spirit was like a flash of spring sunlight, warm, gracious and encouraging; and many a place that he visited will seem, now that he has gone, cold and dark and uninviting. He was always in demand and never found wanting; and whatever part he was called upon to play, he contrived most marvellously to look the part.

It seems cruel that the mountains should have claimed one so young; one who, for all his love of their high places, had not yet become a whole-hearted enthusiast in their service. He sometimes wondered why he made these Alpine expeditions and what exactly he was doing in this fellowship. Probably a love for his friends more than for the mountains drew him to the Alps. And so it is fitting that at the last he was found still roped to those friends and that he lies now in one grave with men to whom he was tied by the strongest tie of all, a great and enduring friendship.

From the *Eton College Chronicle*, September 28, 1933.

By courtesy of the Editor.

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## HAROLD CARNEGIE JENKINS.

(1884-1933.)

HAROLD CARNEGIE JENKINS died in Standerton hospital on February 10, 1933, from injuries received in a motor accident. He was driving his car from Johannesburg to Natal when, in avoiding a lorry, the car skidded and overturned; he was badly crushed and never regained consciousness.

Jenkins was never so happy as when he was amongst the hills which he loved and knew so well. He was an old and enthusiastic member of the Fell and Rock Club and the Derbyshire Pennine Club, and he rarely missed attending their annual dinners, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

Jenkins was elected to the Alpine Club in 1930. There is no doubt that, had he been able to spare the time for extended holidays abroad, he would have qualified for the Club many years ago.

It was not until 1925 that he felt he could take more time off from the business—the Mining Engineering Company of Worcester—which he had built up by his energy and wonderful leadership into one of the most successful concerns of its kind in the country. From



HAROLD CARNEGIE JENKINS, 1884-1933.

*[To face p. 188.]*

that year until his death he spent some portion of each year in the Alps and climbed in most districts.

He took his son John on the latter's early climbs and they climbed the Matterhorn together when John was only 16 years of age. Now John, who is 21, is following in his father's footsteps, both in the works at Worcester and in his enthusiasm for the Alps. John was the organizer of the Birmingham University Climbing Club. He will qualify soon for the Alpine Club.

In 1931 Jenkins went out to Canada and joined the camp of the Canadian Alpine Club in Prospectors Valley. He wrote an article in vol. xx of the *Canadian Alpine Journal* entitled 'With the Canadian Alpine Club in the Rockies.' He was elected to the Canadian Alpine Club in 1931. Jenkins was eager to return to the Rockies at the first opportunity. There is an obituary notice of him in vol. xxi of the *Canadian Alpine Journal*, pp. 186-7, with a photograph on p. 180. This notice shows the man exactly as many of us knew him.

The writer looks back, with many happy memories, to visits to Jenkins's beautiful home near Worcester, where his hearty welcome and his kindly hospitality were well known. He, although a very busy man, rarely passed through Derbyshire without calling on the writer of this memoir to have a talk, if only for a few minutes, about the hills and his future climbing plans. Jenkins was known to a very large number of climbers, both in the Lake District and North Wales, and they will miss his familiar figure.

Those of us who loved him have lost a loyal friend, and we shall miss his cheery presence always. The Alpine Club has suffered a real loss, for Jenkins would, had he been spared, have rendered the Club good service in the years to come. A great gentleman has passed on, and the world is the poorer by his passing.

A. G.

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JULIEN GALLET.

(1858-1934.)

THE Alpine Club has lost in the course of a very brief lapse of time three of its honorary members, each of different nationality, each of very different worldly position. The task of the writer of Mr. Freshfield's *In Memoriam* is, in a certain way, not one to be envied. He has to do justice to the memory of an eminent scientist, explorer, mountaineer and author *de grand format*.<sup>1</sup> As for the venerated King Albert of the Belgians, let it be permitted to me to quote 'Candide' (February 22, 1934): 'On se reprend à regretter qu'il ait été sportif

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<sup>1</sup> We Swiss shall always remain grateful to Mr. Freshfield and to Mr. Montagnier for their splendid *Life of de Saussure*.



JULIEN GALLET.  
1858-1934.

jusqu'à la mort et *modeste au point de ne pas savoir le prix de son existence*'—to which profound sentence nothing need be added.

M. Julien Gallet, like Mr. Freshfield, was also an honorary member of the S.A.C. The Editor of the 'A.J.' has asked me to write his obituary, in spite of my not having known Gallet personally. But Madame Gallet has helped me in a most efficient way, and her husband's two books and numerous letters depict the man very closely. Many a man shows best his character, qualities and personal peculiarities in his writings. What undoubtedly brings the three late honorary members most closely together, despite their different status in life, was the deep and passionate love of the mountains, which in all three formed a prominent part of their inward aspirations. Freshfield was the world-wide explorer, the leader of big expeditions. King Albert seems to have been attracted especially by difficult rock-climbing. (In 1920 he accomplished, for instance, the traverse of the Drus in a remarkably short time.) Gallet, that 'vieil alpiniste insatiable' as he called himself, had always 'un goût très prononcé pour ces petites explorations en pays oubliés.' This speciality, however, did not prevent him, as will be seen below, from achieving, in addition to a great many smaller first ascents, a very remarkable number of new routes up big summits. He had also, of course, in his list of ascents a great many of 4000 metres and over. I may add here that a prolonged stay in a world where you see nothing but snow and rocks is often apt to produce a certain mental fatigue, a longing after landscapes more hospitable and more smiling, and especially for association other than that with professionals, however nice these may be. Gallet was very fortunate in having the company of his wife in a great many of his expeditions.

He published two books: *Dans l'Alpe ignorée: Explorations et Souvenirs*, printed privately in Lausanne in 1910 (300 copies only), and *Derniers Souvenirs de l'Alpe*, edited by Payot et Cie, Lausanne, 1927, which the JOURNAL (26, 102-3; 40, 209-10) has reviewed at some length. Having on this opportunity perused these books anew, which reading afforded me much pleasure and interest, I should like to confirm that the style strikes one by its freshness, by its unpretentiousness, and by the author not assuming the slightest pose. Narrating difficulties encountered, or adventures which happened in consequence of errors of judgment of the leaders (to whom does that not happen?), he is always frank and true, full of allowance for the circumstances, and of a modesty quite touching in a mountaineer of such wide experience.

The couple had travelled almost everywhere in Switzerland and in the French Alps. But certain little side glens of the Valais, with their hardly ever visited chalets and totally unknown rocky peaks, attracted them most. Mr. Coolidge's sentence, 'The task of the mountaineer in the Swiss Alps is to leave no valley, no col, no summit whatever in oblivion,' had fallen on Gallet with good reason, since it agreed with his own inward tendencies. He had upon this subject



much correspondence with Coolidge, as also with Dr. Dübi, then Editor of the Swiss *Jahrbuch* and of the later *Climbers' Guides*.

The favourite guides of the Gallets were Philippe Allamand of Bex, where they also resided, Julien having retired from his business (watch trade) in 1903; Josef and Gabriel Kalbermatten (Lötschenthal), and especially, for the bigger undertakings, Abraham Müller, senior, of Kandersteg. This first-rate and most cautious guide inaugurated, with Josef Kalbermatten and our friend, the famous *Galletgrat* of the Doldenhorn.

Gallet's intercourse with and sentiments towards his guides were, it is not too much to say, of the very best. There was lasting friendship between them. The guides cherished that amiable couple who, on their part, took an interest in their own lives, as also in the doings and fate of the inhabitants of the poor and half-forgotten valleys they came to visit. Alpine flora too formed part of their interest, and Gallet supported in an efficacious way all action tending towards the protection of natural beauty and scenery.

Besides his two books, Gallet sent numerous articles to the *Echo des Alpes*, *Alpina*, Swiss *Jahrbuch*, the *Bulletins* de la Section La Chaux de Fonds, S.A.C., and other periodicals, some of which were reprinted in the said books. The *Climbers' Guides* also, as stated before, profited by his unique knowledge of certain secluded Alpine sites.

As a rule the Gallets had no travelling companions other than their guides. But in some of their expeditions they were accompanied by some Chaux de Fonds friend, or by Gallet's brother Louis, or by that formidable goer and ardent photographer, Henry Rieckel, brother of Madame Gallet. Remarkable achievements, amongst others, were the first traverse of Mont Dolent from the Swiss side; the discovery of the Baltschiederlücke (the only real col leading from the upper Baltschieder to the Gredetschtal); the difficult Gredetschlücke; the seven points of the Diablerets in one day; his ascent of the Jungfrau and S.W. arête of the Mönch, arriving on those summits at 4 and 9 o'clock respectively in the same morning; the heavily corniced Dammapass, and so on. A party then settled on the top of the Dammastock was not a little startled in seeing all at once a head, Abraham Müller's, emerging out of a hole in the corniche, near the summit!

Madame Gallet, as said before, shared in many of her husband's higher and highest ascents, as well as in about fifteen of his first conquests and new routes.

A most interesting chapter of the 1927 book contains Gallet's vivid relation of their flight from France in the first days of August 1914. The couple were travelling in the Tarentaise with their trusty Philippe when mobilization orders arrived. The despondency of the broken-up families was poignant to behold. Rumours went about that *Switzerland* had already been occupied by the Germans. The trio had to leave at once—banknotes were no longer accepted in payment. Leaving most of their luggage behind, they succeeded,

with difficulties of many kinds, in reaching Albertville, and from there Beaufort and Haute Luce. Over the guarded Col Joly, 1999 m., Contamines and the Col de Voza, they finally arrived at Chamonix, whence, over the Col des Montets and Châtelard, they attained Switzerland—an Odyssey not easily forgotten. The couple, later on, were very kind to the numerous French *internés* in that part of Switzerland.

Julien Gallet was also honorary member of the Chaux de Fonds and Argentine Sections of the S.A.C. His last illness (pneumonia) spared him the effects and suffering with which he was menaced by a virulent facial affection.

Julien Gallet did not tackle those insane routes and problems which in modern mountaineering seem to be considered as the touchstone of the great climber. But it may be questioned whether his exploration work, his deep love of the hills high and low, and the pure spirit flowing through his books and articles will not, in the long run, outlive the more ambitious feats of record-seeking men.

M. Gallet's principal first ascents were : Lonzahorn W., 3598 m. ; Thorberg, 3030–3494 m. ; Klein Dreieckhorn, 3648 m. ; Vorder Geisshorn, 3686 m. ; Jägihorn, 3510 m., and seventeen other summits in the Bietschhorn massif, mostly over 3000 m. ; Aig. de l'Aurier noire, 3576 m. ; Aig. de l'Ancien, 3411 m., and some more peaks in the Pennine and Bernese Alps, as well as seven new cols in the Valais.

New routes : Lauterbr. Breithorn, N.E. arête ; Breitlauhorn, *variant*, S. face ; Ebnefluh, N.E. arête ; Gletscherhorn, N. arête ; Mittaghorn, N. arête ; Oberaar-Rothhorn traverse ; Gross Dreieckhorn, W. arête ; Doldenhorn, N. and N.E. arêtes ; Fründenhorn, N.E. arête ; Rinderhorn, N. face ; Sattelhorn, N.E.-N. traverse ; Schienhorn, N. arête ; Geisshorn, E. face ; Mont Blanc de Seilon, N. arête ; Mont Brûlé, S. face ; Ritord, S.E. and N.W. arêtes ; Mont Dolent from E. and N.E. ; one traverse and about seven others of minor importance.

The complete list is to be found in Gallet's two books. There, and in his *Carnet de Notes Alpines* noted up to 1933, he states that he had ascended 278 summits above 3000 m. (of which 32 of 4000 m. and over), 387 summits from 2000 to 3000 m., and 278 *cols divers*.

Born December 5, 1858, he died at Bex on February 20, 1934.  
*Vale!*

PAUL MONTANDON.

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CONRAD KAIN.  
(1883–1934.)

CONRAD KAIN, born in Tiers, Tyrol, August 10, 1883, died at Cranbrook, British Columbia, on February 2, 1934. He was one of the last of those guides whose outlook had been broadened by wide

experience in foreign travel, possessing a gift of laughter and a contemplative mind, making him the best of companions.

Passing the *Prüfung* in 1904, he made many climbs between Dauphiné and the Dolomites, as well as in Corsica, becoming known as a guide of 'very great promise' ('A.J.' 38, 39). Among his early patrons were Gottfried Merzbacher and Samuel Turner.



Photo, Pollard.]

CONRAD KAIN  
(1883-1934.)

His family removing to Nasswald, near Vienna, when Conrad was quite young, the boy grew up on the Raxalpe, while his early bent toward natural history gained him a place in German expeditions to Spitsbergen in 1901, to Egypt in the following year, and with the Smithsonian expedition to the Altai in 1912.

Kain, upon Farrar's recommendation, was brought out in 1909 as guide to the Alpine Club of Canada, and was present at many of the annual camps during following years. Accompanying Longstaff and Wheeler in their crossing of the Purcell range in 1910, he went with the Club's expedition to Yellowhead Pass and Mt. Robson in 1911, making a daring solo first ascent of Whitehorn on his twenty-eighth birthday. His winters were spent in hunting and trapping.

Following the Altai expedition, Conrad revisited the Alps, and in June 1913 landed

in Canada after a long voyage from England by way of Madeira, Australia and New Zealand to British Columbia. In this summer he achieved his notable first ascent and traverse of Mt. Robson, loftiest peak of the Canadian Rockies, with Foster and MacCarthy.

The succeeding winter found him in New Zealand, carrying out climbs with H. O. Frind, but he returned to Canada, leading the first ascent of Mt. Farnham, highest of the Purcells, in the summer of 1914.

His activity in recovering the bodies of S. L. King and his two guides, killed on Mt. Cook, led to his joining the New Zealand guiding staff at the Hermitage in the autumn of 1914, but he was

back in Canada exploring valleys of the Purcell range in the following summer.

Again returning to New Zealand as private guide, his traverse of Mt. Cook with Mrs. Thompson, in January 1916, was hailed as 'a marvellous feat unequalled for daring in the annals of the Southern Alps' ('A.J.' 29, 275).

The summer of 1916 was equally eventful. In the Rockies he led MacCarthy to the summit of Mt. Louis, and in the Purcells made first ascents of Howser and Bugaboo Spires, the latter his most difficult climb in Canada. Conrad then married and settled down on a little farm at Wilmer, in the Columbia valley.

Kain was for several seasons employed on the Alberta-British Columbia Boundary Survey, later acquiring an outfit of horses with which he took out hunting parties. His solo ascent of Jumbo on snow-shoes, in January 1919, was the first winter ascent in the Purcell range. At the Mt. Assiniboine camp in 1921 he ascended Mt. Eon after the accident and assisted in bringing down Dr. Stone's body.

After 1922 nearly all of Kain's mountaineering was done with my companions and myself—expeditions to the Columbia icefield (1923), Athabasca Pass and Robson areas (1924); and in the Purcells: Toby and Horsethief Valleys (1928), Dutch Creek (1930), Findlay Creek (1931), Bugaboo Group (1930 and 1933).

In 1924 Conrad remained at Mt. Robson, conducting parties on this mountain, and in the autumn of 1925 spent several weeks bear-hunting in south-western Alaska.

Our last season (1933) was a very happy one. Following a brief visit to the Purcells, we went to the Rockies and made ascents from Peyto lake. Conrad visited old friends at Banff and made an ascent of Mt. Louis on his fiftieth birthday.

His name is borne by a peak in the Robson district, while Nasswald Peak, near Mt. Assiniboine, was climbed by him and named after his old home. Birthday Peak, in the Purcells, commemorates his natal day.

Kain was a finished performer on a mountain, and more clearly than any other guide laid down rules by which one might retain the confidence of a party: 'First, he should never show fear. Second, he should be courteous to all, and always give special attention to the weakest member in the party. Third, he should be witty, and able to make up a white lie if necessary on short notice, and tell it in a convincing manner. Fourth, he should know when and how to show authority; and when the situation demands it should be able to give a good scolding to whomsoever deserves it.'

Conrad was an able woodsman, a keen naturalist, and, with greater opportunity, might have achieved scientific distinction—and possible discontent therewith. He had a glamorous personality, with almost Oriental facility in story-telling: a sparkle in his eye, gay mimicry in his voice, and the talent of subtle gesture. His tale, the

' Million Guide,' of himself disguised as a tourist and hiring a guide for an ascent, will long be remembered.

In later years his proclivity for lingering near tree-line may be attributed largely to innate appreciation of mountain beauty as it was understood by guides in the Golden Age of the Alps. Never interested in breaking records, his first ascents yet numbered twenty-nine in New Zealand alone, and roughly fifty in the Purcells and Rockies. He estimated his great expeditions to exceed a thousand. His was the unique distinction of leading the first ascents of the highest peaks of two Canadian ranges, and he is still the only one to have ascended the three loftiest summits of the Rockies of Canada.

The Purcell range is his memorial, ' a rough country ' that he loved and where he now rests—where every eastern valley is filled with memories of our lovable friend. Even Time, one thinks, may have been a little sad at turning down a glass for Conrad Kain.

J. M. T.

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### JOHN MACKENZIE.

ALMOST the last link with the pioneer climbing in the Coolin has been broken by the death of John Mackenzie at the age of 76.

For many years he was the only native rock-climber and guide in Great Britain, and in recognition of this, Farrar, when President of the Club, sent John a letter signed by himself, the Vice-President of the Club, and the Secretary, saying how much they appreciated what John had done for British mountaineering, also that in future he should always be sent free the ALPINE JOURNAL. For over fifty years John has been associated with the Coolin as a climber and as a guide. He was a first-rate mountaineer of the old school, very safe and careful, and there are not many of the splendid climbs in the Coolin that he has not led up. Years ago one of the peaks was named after him, Sguur MhicCoinnich. John was much more than a climber. His interests were much wider. He was interested in all natural things, the deer on the hill-side, the fish in the rivers; he missed nothing, and as a companion on a long summer day he was perfect. The love of the far-stretched moorlands, rich in colour, of the wild corries, of the lochs, and of the solemn sea cliffs, their beauty, their mystery always appealed to him, the love of them was deep-rooted in his heart.

Those who knew him still remember him as one who was simple minded, lovable and entirely without guile. There is no one who can take his place. There was only one John, and he has left a great gap amongst his friends that cannot be filled.

J. N. C.