

top; formal halts, 36 minutes. Descent to the Hut, 3 hours—expedited by rain.

I believe this was the second ascent by this route, and in any case no English account has yet appeared. One cannot wholly condemn a climb which from grandeur of scale alone is worth having done; but let no one imagine that the expedition is a big rock-climb, for the greater part is ice and snow couloir, with at most an hour's first-rate rock work. It is tempting to believe that there is a way from the head of the great rib between couloirs 1 and 2; but we could not see one. Meantime the expedition is a splendid fraud.

These are but the *disjecta membra* of the summer's campaign of 1898. The Antelao concluded a series of wrong-side climbs of some of the major peaks in the Dolomites; the Einserkofel was an accident, almost a mistake; and the Langkofel only a humble following after a luckier rival. There are good things left (it would be unwise to name them) which may just as well fall to English hands and feet. I think no member of this Club who spent a week or two, say, at S. Martino, or at a place more comfortable than any S. Martino inn, the Dresdener Hut in Val Canali, would regret his time.

IN MEMORIAM.

OWEN GLYNNE JONES.

ONCE again, after the lapse of seventeen years, the Dent Blanche has been the scene of a great disaster. The tragedy of August 28, the details of which are still fresh in all our minds, has deprived the Club of one who, in his own way, was amongst the most distinguished of the younger generation. O. G. Jones may not have been a great mountaineer—that honoured title is scarcely to be won at his early age, and he would, I am sure, have been the last to claim it for himself; but he stood, beyond a doubt, in the first rank of English rock-climbers. His knowledge of the Alps was wide and varied. For the last ten or twelve years he had spent the greater part of a schoolmaster's summer holidays among them. Once at least (in 1897) he was at Grindelwald in January, when he climbed the Schreckhorn,* and once he had a long experience on the Dent Blanche in spring.†

Thanks to his physique and unusual powers of endurance he was able to compress a great deal of work into each season. He had climbed most of the great peaks at Chamonix, Grindelwald, Zermatt, Saas Fee, and similar places. It was only quite recently that he had turned his thoughts to a more ambitious programme. Last

* *Alpine Journal*, vol. xviii. p. 409; also vol. xix. p. 91.

† *Ibid.* vol. xvi. p. 401.

June he told me that he hoped next year to be able to have a season in the Caucasus.

But in his knowledge of the Alps he was only one of a multitude ; his knowledge of the Lake mountains and of North Wales was unique. It was here that his special powers found most scope, and it is among our own hills that his name will be longest remembered.

The English rock-climbs, as we all know, present certain characteristics of their own. They have, so to say, been invented, and one of their most famous inventors was O. G. Jones. To a general knowledge of North Wales and Lakeland, as complete and thorough as that of a native, he superadded a minute, almost a microscopic acquaintance with the details of every rock-climb in these districts, which was nothing short of marvellous. Of a considerable number he made the first ascent, and his book, 'Rock-climbing in the English Lake District,' in itself a notable performance, raised hopes in those who knew the writer of work which, when time should have matured his powers, would give him a high place in the literature of mountaineering.

I have had many rock-climbs with him. He was always cheery and helpful to weaker climbers, and at the same time ever ready to give others full credit for their share in the work. On rocks which he knew he could go at a phenomenal speed. He was much slower on new climbs, but he never seemed at a loss. Strong, cool, and resolute, he was never greater than in places which taxed his powers to their extreme limit. Above all he was safe, and he thoroughly understood the use of the rope. He was no mere rock-gymnast—hateful word. He brought a trained scientific mind to bear on climbing difficulties, and, as he used to say himself, attacked a hard bit of rock-work as he would a problem in mathematics. This combination in his climbing of method with daring was one of the chief reasons for his many successes.

No one who knew him could fail to be his friend. He had a brusque and off-hand manner at times which strangers might mistake for self-assertion, but which was really the defensive armour of a strong character fighting its own way in the world as well as amongst the crags. Those who saw beneath the surface, and knew him more intimately, especially those who have climbed in his company, can bear witness to the generous modesty of his nature. Wastdale and Pen-y-gwryd will not soon forget him, and to some of us the gatherings there will never seem quite the same again, now that they lack his sound judgment and his infectious enthusiasm.

I have spoken only out of my knowledge of him as a climbing companion and a holiday friend. As to what he was in his working life at the City of London School, the Headmaster writes:—"Mr. O. G. Jones came to us in 1892, when we were starting a science side. He soon showed himself to be a man of vigour and energy, and took unwearied interest in getting the Physical Laboratory into shape. His training had not been in form work, and he was rather a lecturer than a form master of the usual type ; he came to us direct from South Kensington, where he had been a demonstrator.

His chief gift was that he got a hold on his pupils; it is easy to get masters who can keep a form in order and go through routine work, but it is not easy to find men who can secure real and genuine attention and develop interest and devotion to a subject. Mr. Jones could do this, and he could also convince the boys that he had their real good at heart, and make them feel that he was their friend. What I specially liked in him was that he had high ideals in education; he had no belief in masters teaching subjects which they did not know, or half knew—he was always for having the best man in everything, and for the best men doing their best. I can quite conscientiously say that, in so far as the phrase is true of anyone, it is true to say of him that his loss is irreparable to this school. He had great gifts, and though the "Alpine Journal" is not the place to say it in, many of us regret that he gave up to mountaineering so much of what was meant for mankind. You yourself know what Mr. Jones was as a friend; I have written of him as a schoolmaster.'

His life was lost in what seems, so far as we can tell, to have been a pure accident, which no skill of his could avert. For himself alone, it is probably the death he would have chosen, but for us who knew him it is sad to think how much energy and courage, how much hope and promise, lie buried with him in the little churchyard of Evolena.

H. C. B.

JOHN HAWTHORN KITSON.

MOUNTAINEERS, especially northern members of the Club, will have heard with much regret of the death, at the age of fifty-six, of Mr. J. H. Kitson. He was one of the best known men in the engineering world, his vigour and force of character having brought him prominently to the front in the late great strike of engineers. Mr. Kitson was educated at University College, London, and was a graduate of London University. His scientific knowledge, joined to his special ability in locomotive design, did very much towards gaining the renown which it at present enjoys for the firm of which he was one of the heads.

We are here, however, most concerned with his Alpine career. Mr. Kitson was elected a member of the Club in 1867. He was a very enthusiastic and capable mountaineer, and made many of the longer and more exacting expeditions which it was then, as it still is, the desire of climbers to accomplish. Amongst these may be mentioned the Jungfrau from the Faulberg (in $7\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.),* the Lyskamm (traversed from E. to W. with Christian Almer),† the Matterhorn (from Zermatt and back in a day), the Täschhorn by the arête from the Mischabeljoch. Perhaps his best known exploit was the first ascent of the Weisshorn from the N. with the guides Christian and Ulrich Almer. A very interesting account of this climb from Mr. Kitson's pen appeared in this 'Journal' at the time.‡

* *Alpine Journal*, vol. v. p. 377.

† *Ibid.* vol. vii. p. 414.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. v. pp. 305-9.

Mr. Kitson was fond of talking over his Alpine experiences with those friends whom he knew to be keen lovers of the mountains. He had devoted the same energy to his climbing as he had always shown in his engineering triumphs. His interest in the mountains never flagged, and whenever the Yorkshire Ramblers enjoyed a climbing paper from a conspicuous leader of the craft he was generally to be found amongst the audience. He was also an ardent botanist, and after he gave up climbing took to cultivating Alpine plants, of which he had a large collection.

We have lost in John Hawthorn Kitson one of the staunchest supporters of mountaineering.

JOSEPH JANTET.

WE have heard with much regret of the death of Joseph Jantet, of Epinel, one of the hamlets of Cogné. He was well known to visitors to the Eastern Graians, for he and his brother Louis have been for some years the only guides at Cogné. There are, of course, guides and guides. Joseph Jantet was an excellent fellow, and if he did not equal in mountaineering qualifications his contemporaries of Val Tournanche and Courmayeur he was always anxious to do his best for the travellers whom he accompanied, and would carry heavy weights with great equanimity. I employed him on many occasions, and was always pleased with his readiness to make himself useful. I have still vivid recollections of the un-failing good-nature with which he tramped up and down between Dégioz and the Victor Emmanuel hut when Coolidge and I were staying there in 1888. He was rewarded for his good work by being taken on over the Monciair to Ceresole. Jantet was always desirous of making good bargains for his messieurs, and I can fancy I hear his voice, gruff with indignation, as he condemned a native who had tried to impose upon us, as Jantet thought: 'C'est pour tromper les voyageurs.'

Even when, as sometimes happened, he was 'had on,' as school-boys say, by his comrades, his good nature was conspicuous. I remember once a black squirrel running across the path in the woods which we were following. 'A wolf! a wolf!' cried a mischievous voice. 'No, no,' said Joseph in expostulation, 'it is a squirrel.' Another excellent trait in his character was his appreciation of kindness. He once described himself as more than satisfied with the pay which he had received, and I can recall vividly the gratitude which showed itself in his account of a visit to Notre-Dame de la Guérison (above Courmayeur), when he was entertained at Courmayeur by Séraphin Henry, with whom he had several times travelled with me in the Graians.

Joseph could on occasion tell a good story of his military experiences. When we were making the ascent of the Punta Budden, and had just passed the dark and narrow corridor which is the chief feature of the climb from the N. to the S. point of the peak,

Joseph gave us a laughable account of a stout warrior under whom he had served, and who was generally known among his subordinates as 'the Cow.' 'Ah, ah,' cried Joseph, pointing to the corridor, 'that would be the place for the Cow!' Joseph Jantet may not have been—indeed, he was not—a great guide, but he was a willing, good-natured companion and genuinely anxious to do his best for his employers. Peace to his ashes.

G. Y.

ALPINE ACCIDENTS IN 1899.

Ecquis erit modus? Is the Alpine death-roll to go on increasing year by year indefinitely? We would hope not; but the disasters of the past season afford little justification. An increase of 49 per cent. in accidents to tourists upon the Alps, high or low, is a terrible record, and even when we have examined the accident-table which is printed in this number of the 'Journal,' and learnt from it that though thirty-two lives were sacrificed in all, yet only twelve were lost at a height of over 3,000 m., there is small comfort for us. It is true that but one member of our Club has been lost, but with him perished three well-skilled and faithful guides. It is true, too, that their deaths were due to what may fairly be described as an accident in the true sense of that much-abused word. We deeply regret that so promising a mountaineering career was thus prematurely cut short, and that so many of his faithful companions fell with him. We do not think that it will be considered out of place here to call attention briefly to the extraordinary courage and endurance of his friend who eventually reached Zermatt after two nights of severe exposure. Mr. F. W. Hill's escape is one of the most wonderful in the annals of mountaineering. The accident on the Rothhorn which cost three valuable lives was of rather a different character. It illustrates once more the fact that it is the unseen dangers which are the most perilous in Alpine climbing. Oh for more prudence, more self-restraint, to guide climbers in those hours of joy and relaxed attention, when a notable summit won and the joyous descent eagerly begun prompt us to forget the precepts of that ever-needed care without which, sooner or later, even the ablest mountaineers may meet with irreparable misfortune!

The roll of deaths in our present issue is very saddening. What do we find as the explanation of accidents so many and so deplorable? 'Alone'—'no guide'—'unroped on snow bridge'—'abandoned by comrades'! Who can read such a list, let alone comment on it, with patience? We spoke last year of climbing alone. It is for most tourists little less than madness—though for the gifted climber it may win moments of unspeakable enjoyment. Yet how many climbers are really gifted? 'No guide.' We have nothing to say against climbing without guides when practised by experienced mountaineers in proper numbers: it is a counsel of perfection for the thoroughly trained climber, not for the tiro. 'Unroped on