By and by we came to a place where the path went rather steeply uphill, though there seemed to be an inferior track that kept at a level. We followed the latter and soon had cause to repent our choice, for ere long it brought us thick bushes, big rocks heavily covered with loose moss, vile slabs, and torrent-beds of a fine pawky humour. Abuse was wasted upon them. We traversed some fine spaces of pinewood, and then passing through rough pasture finally reached Cretaz. No little peak ever gave me a day of more varied interest. And no summer, I may add, had ever seen more English visitors—all mountain-lovers—at the Hôtel Grivola: it was always a pleasure to return thither, for 'society,' says the text, 'is the pleasure of life.'

NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATION.

The mountain to the extreme left of the picture is the Pointe du Pousset, then comes the icefall of the Trajo Glacier; the Grivola stands up in the centre, the Grivoletta being invisible against the mass of the Grivola. The ridge running from the Grivoletta to the Punta Crevasse can be seen as well as the dark Punta Crevasse itself. The Col Trajo is hidden behind the mass of the Pointe de Trajo or Punta Rom. The Becca Dentavu is the last and lowest point in the ridge (of the Punta Rom) on the extreme right of the illustration. My best thanks are due to Mr. Leech for permission to reproduce his beautiful photograph.

G. Y.

IN MEMORIAM.

FREDERICK MORSHEAD.

THERE passed away on January 28, in his quiet Devonshire home, a member of the Club famous in his day, not a very remote one, for speed and skill as a climber, and even better known for the brightness which his ringing laugh and cheerful presence brought into any gathering, and for a touch of chivalry, hard to define, but unmistakable, in all the relations of life. No one seems to recall memories of Frederick Morshead without an enthusiasm which makes it difficult, in writing of him, to avoid superlatives ill-assorted with a character of rare simplicity and directness.

He was born in 1836, at his father's rectory of Kelly, on the borders of Devon and Cornwall, and was thus the junior by two years of Charles Edward Mathews, and the senior by two years of

Horace Walker, to name two of his early Alpine associates whose friendship he enjoyed till nearly the end. His mother was a Trelawny, a lineal descendant of the sturdy Bishop and Baronet of that name. In 1847 he went to Winchester as a scholar. He had a brilliant school career, winning the chief classical honour at fifteen, and the chief mathematical honour in the following year. He was a renowned football player, and reached the responsible position of 'Prefect of Hall.' Stories are still extant, and have been told in the fitting place, which show that he possessed, in very early life, much of the resourcefulness, vigour, and kindly humour by aid of which he solved many difficult situations later on.

At sixteen he was called up to New College, then a small and close body, as a Probationer-Fellow. In his Oxford time he took things, from an academical point of view, rather easily. He used to regret, quite late in life, that it had been so; but, as he would say, 'You see one was only sixteen,' and he might have added more as to the general conditions of the time. However that may be, the wild life of the Western counties, and scrambles on the fine cliffs of the Cornish coast, the haunt, as he remembered them, of seals and waterfowl, were bracing muscles and nerves, and confirming his inborn love of mountains and of all rough country. Meanwhile he was observing men and characters, and storing in his memory wise and racy sayings of the generation then dying out. He had afterwards a fund of West Country stories, including some from the famous 'Mr. Hicks of Bodmin,' not to be found in the best known repertories of that worthy's wisdom, which he would bring out with great enjoyment, but only in casual conversation, and with a terse gravity giving them fresh point. His mind was far too alert to go to seed in any sense, and the proof is that, when he took up the profession of a teacher, he made an extraordinarily good one. It is very striking to find how universal is the testimony to his gifts of teaching, quite apart from those of character and practical ability; and it comes unasked, on the mere mention of his name, from those who have themselves reached real distinction in scholarship and literature. He would follow, with the keen sympathy of a well-trained mind, though always with a singular modesty, the writings or doings of old pupils and friends. And he had an open mind for new ideas, such, for instance as might be reported to him as stirring in the intellectual society of the 'Town' of Birmingham, not affirming or denying, but caring to understand them.

He took his B.A. Degree in 1857, and was for some time a Master at Cowbridge School in Glamorganshire, under Mr. Holt Beever, and at Glenalmond. In 1863 he came back to New College for a year, as a tutor, no doubt at the instance of his lifelong friend, the Rev. E. C. Wickham, afterwards Dean of Lincoln. The College was then at an early stage of its emergence out of a society of some twenty residents into one of more than two hundred. The value of Morshead's contribution to its nascent life may be readily

imagined. Among other things, he had a large share in starting an Eight, in which he rowed a strong seven to the stroke of W. F. Short (who was at that time a keen climber and remained for thirty years a member of the Club). In 1864 he became Head Master of the small foundation-school of Beaumaris, which, in his four years there, he raised to high efficiency, and won the confidence of the neighbouring district. There were difficulties, owing to the conditions of the foundation and a cramped site, which he faced with courage and patience, and an infinite enjoyment of their humorous side. It was to Beaumaris that he brought home, in 1865, after a festal progress through the Alps, where his name was by this time one to conjure with, the lady who survives him, herself a member of an old Devonshire family. From the first the doors of that sunny Beaumaris home were thrown open to old friends and to many in need of a shelter, and its hospitality was enjoyed by many of the best known and most delightful Alpine climbers of that early age. Beaumaris, though not the school-house, commands a view of wonderful beauty across the Menai Straits, the mountains of Carnarvonshire sweeping away from Moel Eilio to Yr Eifl, and back to Penmaenmawr. The Head Master was not often free to explore their recesses, all well known to him, but parties would be despatched to find Twll-du, or Tryfan, or points of the Carnedds. Thus I remember starting, one fine June morning, with Owen Morshead, the next younger brother, the breeziest and most genial of companions, to strike and traverse the ridge of Crib Goch, then new to both of us. Owen Morshead, who was a clerk in the War Office, died in 1893 greatly beloved and regretted.

In 1868 Dr. George Ridding, who was preparing to reconstruct the non-foundation part of Winchester School, and who had a keen eye for a man, invited Frederick Morshead to help him by undertaking a new Boarding-House. After a time in temporary quarters the House was opened which for thirty-seven years he ruled and inspired, and which still preserves the impress of the vigilance, generosity, and kindly trustfulness which were parts of himself. In larger matters, when knowledge of men and of the outside world was needed, if a gale of unpopularity had to be weathered, or a great ceremonial to be organised, it was to him that appeal was made. Thus he carried through, with perfect tact, the Anniversary Celebrations of 1887 and 1893, which brought unwonted personages and dignitaries upon the scene; and his help was always in request for the annual 'Domum Ball.' These tasks, often very laborious, were done with such a natural ease that he never appeared to be the necessary man, and there was an assurance of power in reserve. If he ruled a city well, a province might be safe in his hands.

As the College was largely interested in local administration, it was desirable that it should have a direct voice in the counsels of

the city, and Morshead was the obvious representative. He became a Councillor in 1878, and this was the beginning of a happy association, which lasted till 1905, and was then made permanent by his receiving the honorary freedom of the city. He twice held the office of Mayor, an onerous addition to a schoolmaster's duties; but the combination was satisfactory on both sides, and the precedent has been followed in at least two instances at Winchester. He threw himself into educational and many other questions, notably into sanitation, a pressing matter which he followed out with great thoroughness, visiting towns in England and Wales, and mastering systems in use on the Continent. In 1893 he became a County Magistrate.

In 1905 he retired from active life to the small property near Tavistock, in his native part of Devon, which he had for some years occupied as a holiday home. He was full of activity and county interests; and, with members of his family, would cover wonderful distances over the granite roads of Cornwall on the bicycle, which had become to him, to some extent, what a horse had been in the earlier half of his life. The first warning of trouble came in 1906, from an accident with a pony which he was breaking for a grandchild. He received a kick on the arm, and the injury did not at once right itself. Though he recovered the use of the limb, and was able to enjoy the bicycle again, he found himself content to go quietly in all senses for the years which followed; much cheered by all Alpine news and by going back over old days, and interchanging happy greetings with his oldest comrade and guide, who lives on in his honoured and patriarchal age at Meiringen. He was not in any special sense ill at the beginning of the year, but a chance cold took a dangerous direction, and the active life passed away most peacefully. He was laid to rest in the Winchester Cemetery, with every mark of respect from City and College which it was allowed them to show, his very old friend and colleague, Archdeacon Fearon, who has told the story of his life elsewhere, performing the whole service.

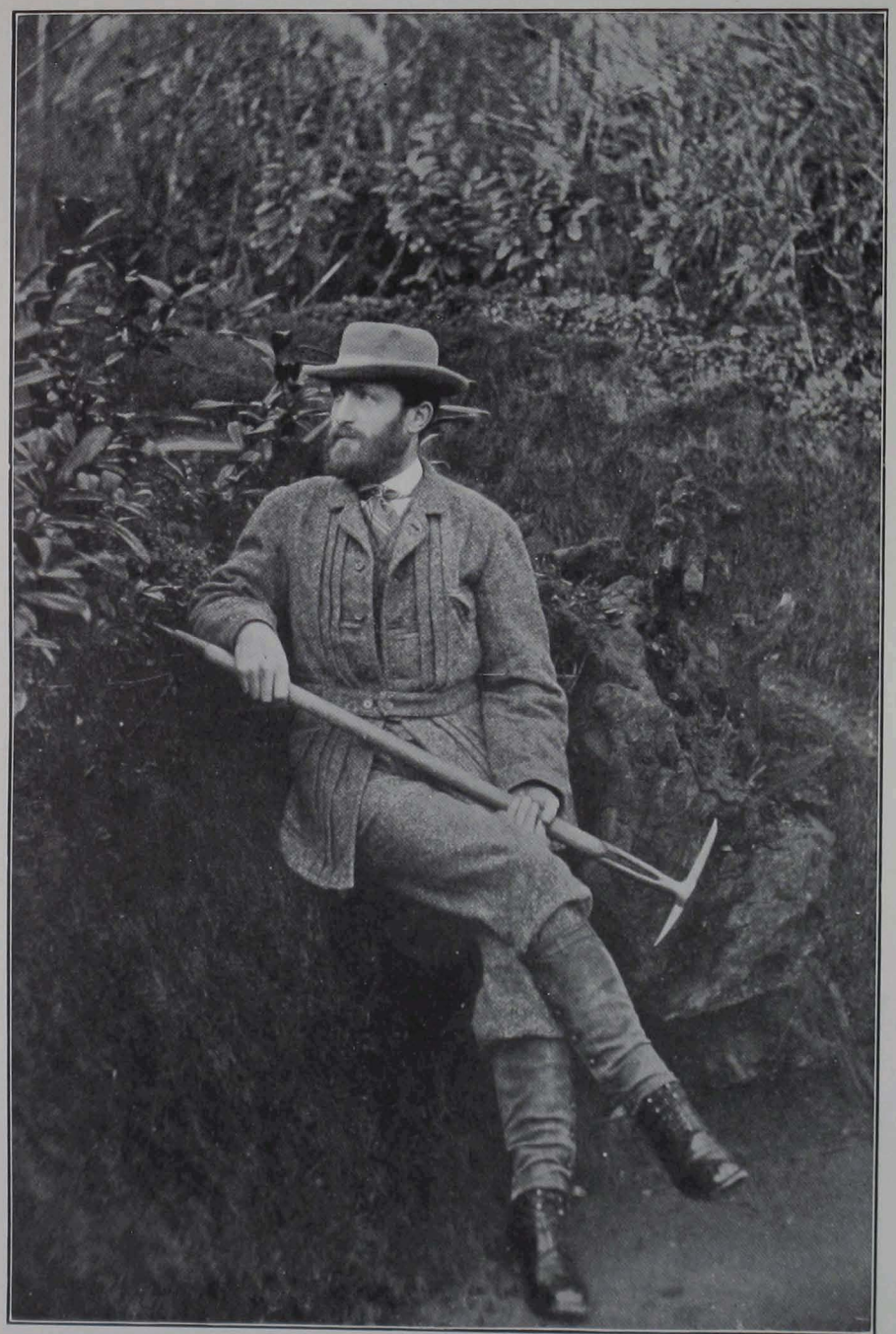
It will be seen that at no period of his life, after he finally left Oxford, was London an accessible place to him; for a night away from Winchester, except in holidays, was a very rare occurrence. Thus he was not often seen at meetings of the Alpine Club, though he served on the Committee in 1872, and attended, with effort to himself, but also with keen enjoyment, the Jubilee proceedings of 1907. On the other hand, he always, even after he ceased to make elaborate expeditions, kept a generous part of his holiday-time for the Alps; he loved the social cheerfulness and simple luxuries of the familiar centres, where he met old friends, and made acquaintance with the younger climbers bringing in new aspirations and new methods. The ALPINE JOURNAL had been to a large extent projected by him, in concert with Mr. George, and he was a regular and observant reader.

F. Morshead was elected into the Alpine Club in December 1861,

having been proposed by F. F. Tuckett and seconded by F. E. Blackstone, on the Col de Sagerou, Col du Géant, and Monte Rosa. These were the results of his first season, for which, as for the following, he kept a journal, which includes scrupulous accounts. Later on he preferred a simple and more accurate method of Alpine finance requiring no arithmetic. He notices an excess of snow on the Sagerou which caused difficulty; otherwise he seems to have taken quite naturally to snow and ice. There are some pungent remarks on certain guides and innkeepers, and some interesting notes which show the country gentleman on his travels. Thus he discusses the use of horses, rather than mules, in the Vispthal, the general absence of the Scotch fir, and the humours of the cows on the upper pastures. He even notices the readings of a thermometer buried on Monte Rosa, which he would afterwards have left to Mr. Tuckett.

For so enterprising a climber, his name will not be connected with many of the greater new expeditions; and for accounts of his climbs, beyond brief notes sent to this JOURNAL, we must look to other narrators. Though he thoroughly enjoyed the pleasures of marking down and carrying out a new ascent or passage, the interest of a mountain lay for him in itself; it even gained interest, for an observant climber, by the fact of having been climbed already, since it had begun to acquire a history. There was hardly a great peak which he had not mounted several times, and was not ready to mount again for the pleasure of having a friend's company upon it, or of watching the methods of good guides in turning known difficulties. Thus he was on the top of the Matterhorn at least five times, besides a very arduous assault upon the Italian side recorded by Mr. C. E. Mathews ('A.J.' v. 259). Though the Graians and Tyrol came into his range, far the greatest part of his climbing was done in Switzerland and the near neighbourhood, and it was in vain, for instance, that A. W. Moore tempted him with the Meije. He liked to be within a direct railway journey of his home, and he loved the cheerful atmosphere of the centres.

The passage of the Biesjoch in 1864 was not, strictly speaking, a new expedition, but it was one of much interest, the more so as being fully described in A. W. Moore's 'Journal.' The fine ascent of the Lyskamm from Gressoney in 1867 was shared by C. E. Mathews, his companion afterwards in many years ('A.J.' iv. 65). The series of climbs with Dr. Hornby and Mr. Philpott in 1866, which added three new passes from the Oberland to the Valais (the Ebnefluh, Schmadrijoch, and Agassiz Joch), is a memorable one, and its story has been told by the late Provost ('A.J.' ii. 410), and by Mr. Philpott (xxv. 48). It derives fresh interest from the recent (1911) experiences of Dr. Williamson on the wall which backs the Lauterbrunnen valley. Mr. Philpott lets drop a sentence with a climax: 'I never knew Hornby slip; Almer hardly could; Morshead, I fancy, with only just sufficient support, would stand in the midst



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F. MORSHEAD.

(From a photograph taken about 1877.)

of infinite space and feel quite comfortable.' This is hardly a figure of speech, and recalls real instances of his wonderful sureness of head and foot, not on high mountains only.

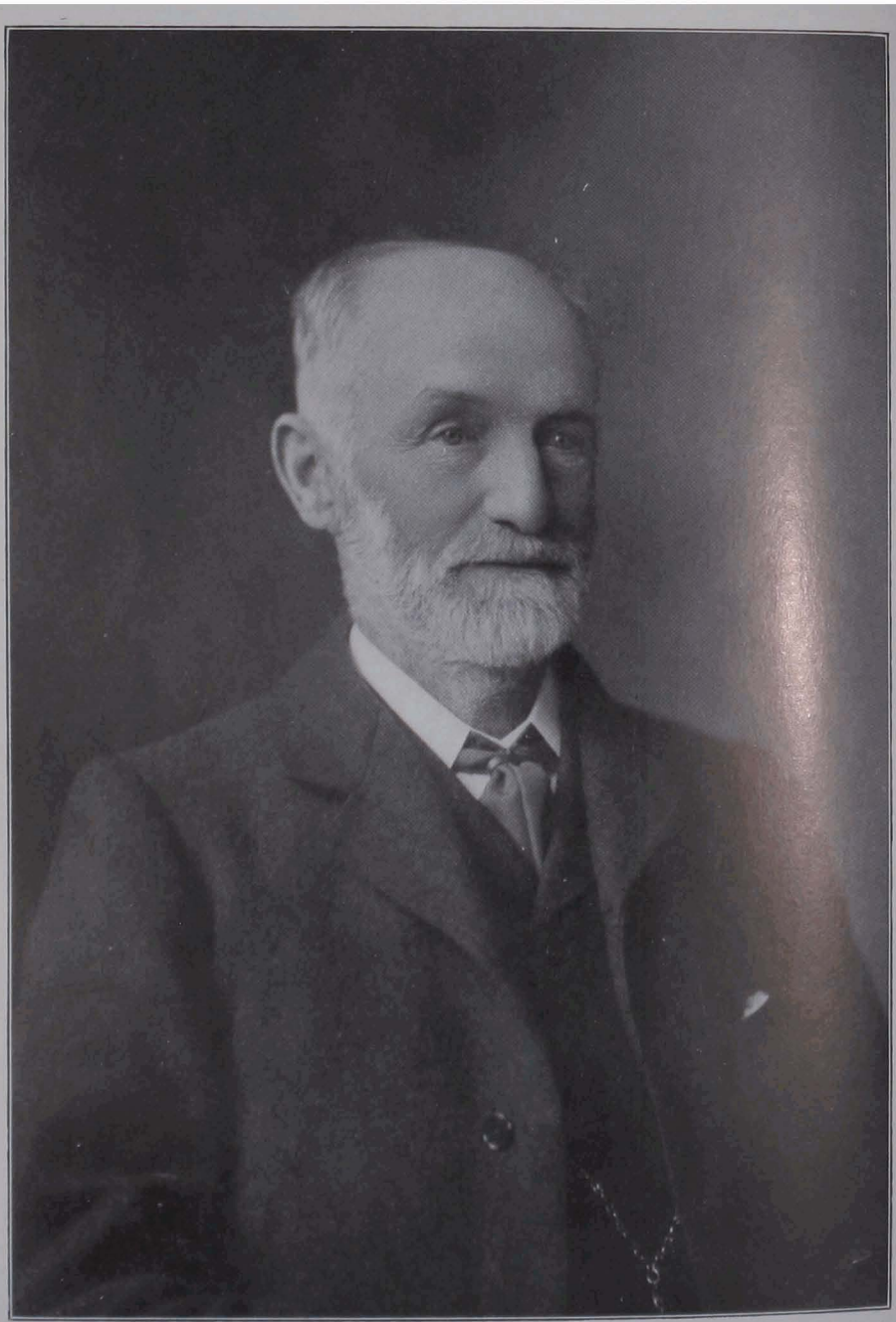
He was, beyond doubt, very fast on a mountain. This comes out in the narratives of those who have shared his climbs and recorded them, in the known opinion of such mountaineers as Sir L. Stephen, and in the common talk of guides. He cared little for making or breaking records; if he was human enough to care, he did not show it. He moved fast because it was easier to him and more natural than to move slow. His pace on a road was quick (he walked from Zermatt to Visp, led by Hornby, in four hours and eight minutes); and his well-balanced movement, with no step to be retracted or corrected, made rough ground almost as easy as a road. A passage of the Rothhorn in 1873 is one of several recorded examples: 'Mr. F. Morshead, with Melchior Anderegg and Christian Lauener, started from the Zinal hut on August 9, and crossed over the top of the Rothhorn to Zermatt in the astonishingly short space of nine hours, halts included' ('A.J.' vi. 365). The combination suggests something like that idea of 'unimpeded activity' in which we have been taught that true pleasure consists. Morshead seldom allowed himself the luxury of two first-rate guides all to himself. But the Rothhorn, on either approach, was a favourite mountain; and he held that a peak was never so truly a peak as when it was also a pass. The whole expedition was a rare outburst of self-indulgence.

One or two minor discoveries gave him great satisfaction. Such were the 'Matterjoch' ('A.J. i. 135) and the col between the Ober and Unter Gabelhörner, described in an attractive note ('A.J.' viii. 339) as made by himself and Melchior Anderegg, the object being 'to provide a new, interesting, single-day passage from Zermatt.' He liked to prove that some ascent, rated at two days, could be better done in one, by starting a few hours earlier from a good bed. Thus, with Christian Almer, he found a direct route up the Wetterhorn from Grindelwald, though by no means insensible to the singular beauty of the Gleckstein. This was the moral which he drew, in a letter to *The Times* of July 28, 1864, from his famous solitary ascent of Mont Blanc, which was not undertaken for any such moral end, but was made quite impromptu, under some provocation from circumstances and from the Bureau of Chamonix. The facts, as gathered from his letter, from an article in the *Cornhill Magazine* of that year (since acknowledged by a writer of the highest Alpine authority), from articles in the *Abeille de Chamonix*, and from the recollections of friends then in Chamonix, are worth recapitulating. Returning from the Jardin on July 20, he heard that a friend had arrived, and had started with a party for the Grands Mulets and Mont Blanc. This was a younger man, to some extent under Morshead's charge, who had been with him and Moore in the passage of the Biesjoch, but had remained at

Zermatt with Peter Perrn, a well-known Zermatt guide. Morshead made his arrangements, found a porter willing to accompany him, and started half an hour after midnight in pursuit. The porter turned back soon after the Grands Mulets. Morshead continued the ascent, met his party descending at about twenty minutes from the top, and overtook them again on the Grand Plateau. He did not tie on to them at once, but went through some form of doing so later on. The *Cornhill* writer preserves some interesting details, especially the use by Peter Perrn of a strange epithet ('Ein grieslicher Herr') explained by him as being a *patois* word specially devised by Christian Almer to sum up the current guide impressions of this unconventional Englishman. The 'solitary adventurer' is described as consuming his champagne and *poulet* on the summit, and even this has its significance. In the letter to *The Times* Morshead mentions, with an apology for the amount, his outlay on provisions, 27 fr. for two men, possibly for two days. Now he would at any time have been well content to take simple guide's fare—with judicious omissions. But he was also much alive to all the refinements of life, in his home and abroad, and he would never allow a good expedition to be spoiled by minor economies. Thus, if the vintage of 'Eastern France'—or of the Canton Vaud—would show respect for Mont Blanc, or add to the gaiety of the friends whom he expected to meet on the top, it would not be wanting. And the 'remains'—doubtless an euphemism—were in fact administered to a somewhat fagged-out comrade on the Grand Plateau.

It should be noticed that Morshead was using the steps made by a guide whose competence he knew, that there were two parties on the mountain that day, and that he himself was no stranger to it. In the preceding year, 1863, he had attempted it in bad weather from the Aiguille du Goûter, as is fully described in an unpublished journal of A. W. Moore's, which Morshead wrote out, adding the sequel himself. The party at last reached the Grands Mulets, whence Moore returned to England; but Morshead stayed on, and, after another failure due to weather, reached the top by the ordinary route. He was an exceptionally careful climber afterwards, never pressing guides, and not going into the highest regions without them. When pressed on the subject of this 'pas seul,' he would tell a story of a Scotchman who had reached the top of Mont Blanc with only the help of an umbrella. This traveller was reticent as to details, only repeating that he had inserted the point into all available cracks, 'but,' he would always conclude, 'it was tick or tie!'

After he ceased to take part in climbs requiring much time and elaboration, he often visited Switzerland with family or friends, enjoying 'scrambles' on moderate heights, with an occasional incursion into the upper world. In 1899 he was at Chamonix for a few September days, in which he keenly enjoyed explorations of the Aiguilles Rouges and then an ascent of the Tacul, for which an



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Ever Gh
F. Shorstead

elderly Chamonix guide was picked up, with agreeable conversation and reminiscences, and there was a rich find of crystals. That afternoon came a great thunderstorm ; and when it was clear that the weather was broken for good, Morshead, from whose nostrils the reek of his own homestead was never far away, took the first available train for Paris and Devon. This was not his last visit to the Alps, but he did not perhaps do even so much ' scrambling ' again.

He was an enthusiast about Welsh mountains ; other parts of the British Isles did not come within his reach, at any rate after very early days. Tryfan he would speak of with special respect as occupying the smallest base, for its height, of all European mountains, except the Matterhorn. Penygwryd he remembered just as it is described in ' Two Years Ago,' before the reconstruction of 1859. Mr. C. E. Mathews, in his delightful monograph, has given the story of the winter reunions there. Morshead was fond of telling how a learned member of his own profession, from Rugby (who happily is living and has lately written a charming account of the amusements of his youth), detected the pedagogue under the garb of the mountaineer, and greeted the assembled ' Rabbits ' with ' Ha ! a Panegyris I see.' He knew the Cader Idris range well. Tyn y Cornel, on Talyllyn, which preserves all its simplicity, was a favourite haunt. As a guest of Mr. C. E. Mathews in his hospitable cottage beyond the Dovey, he often renewed his memories of Llyn y Cae and the Cader cliffs. He welcomed the formation of the ' Climbers' Club,' of which he was for some years a member, and felt that it has a future.

It can have fallen to the lot of few men to make rough places smooth for more of their fellows, or to throw more sunshine upon the common tracks of life. We may leave it to posterity to find his exact place as a climber. The true and modest words over Christian Almer's grave, ' Der besten Führer einer,' go to the root of the matter for guides and other mountaineers also. To have climbed with the best of his day on equal terms, to have done something to advance the art, and to leave its confraternity united and ambitious, able to look forward as well as back, would have satisfied the Alpine ambitions of Frederick Morshead.

Mr. Morshead leaves two surviving sons and four daughters. His eldest son holds a high place in the Civil Service of Bengal, and his eldest grandson, now a cadet at Woolwich, was among the soundest cricketers of his school eleven last season.

The photograph, by Salmon, of Winchester, shows the ripe schoolmaster and ex-mayor, and gives some hint of the capacity for humour of the original face. A statuette from the hand of Melchior Anderegg, which has been generously presented to the Club by Mrs. Morshead, represents the mountaineer of the seventies. His figure, at a still earlier date, will be recognised in the ' Club Room of Zermatt.'

A. O. P.

SIR F. F. CULLINAN, K.C.B.

ON December 27 last, Sir Frederick FitzJames Cullinan, K.C.B., an old member of the Alpine Club, died somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly.

Cullinan came from Clare, in the West of Ireland, where his family is well known.

He was born in 1845, and in 1864 entered the office of the Chief Secretary for Ireland in Dublin Castle.

In 1878 he was appointed Clerk in charge of the Irish Office in London, a branch of the Chief Secretary's Office kept open during the Parliamentary Session, and at other times, for the convenience of the Irish Chief Secretary.

He remained in charge of the Irish Office in London until 1883, when he was made head of the Financial Division of the Chief Secretary's Office in Dublin.

Cullinan commenced climbing early in the seventies, and was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1878.

While living in London he attended regularly the meetings of the Club, but after his transfer back to Dublin in 1883 he scarcely ever had the opportunity of being present at them.

Also in these years he went to the Alps for climbing as regularly as he could, but the length of the Parliamentary Sessions often prevented him from coming out before September.

I do not recollect his being in the Alps after 1885. He climbed principally in the Zermatt, Chamonix, and Oberland districts.

Unfortunately my memory is defective as to many of his expeditions, but I think he ascended most of the higher mountains in the Zermatt district. I recollect accompanying him up the north side of the Breithorn (starting from Zermatt) and crossing the Bies Joch: also we made together the first ascent of the Täschhorn from the Dom Joch.

In 1879 he was in the party who made the first ascent of the Aiguille de Talèfre, of which he wrote an account in the JOURNAL, and accompanied by the late Mr. Baumann with Emile Rey and Josef Moser as guides he made the second ascent of the higher Aiguille du Dru. Curiously enough, as well as I recollect, the first ascent of the Lower Dru was made on the same day.

In the Oberland district he ascended the Gross Lauteraarhorn and the Gross Viescherhorn with Sir Edward Davidson and myself; also he ascended the Eiger and Bietschhorn with the late Sir Maurice Holzmann: the steps which they cut on the latter mountain probably saved from disaster a guideless party headed by Emil Zsigmondy, which reached the top from the southern side later in the afternoon of the same day and was overtaken by a violent storm in descending by the Northern arête.

In December 1891 Cullinan had an extraordinary escape from



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SYDNEY LOCKE KING.

1873—1914.

death. His room in Dublin Castle was on the ground floor, immediately over a cellar: some repairs were being done in the cellar, and several workmen employed in executing them; at the midday dinner hour, when the workmen had gone out, a man dressed similarly to the workmen employed walked into the office, went down to the cellar and placed an explosive machine there. Having set it going, he walked out of the office without having attracted any special observation. Just at this time Cullinan fortunately left his room and went to another part of the office to discuss some matter with the Under-Secretary for Ireland. The machine exploded, blew up the floor in Cullinan's room, and blew to pieces the chair in which he had been sitting a few minutes before. No person was made amenable for the outrage, but the perpetrator was supposed to belong to some secret revolutionary society, and the man suspected by the police shortly after became insane and was confined in an asylum, where he subsequently died. There is no doubt that there was no animosity personally against Cullinan: he never mixed in political controversies, had nothing to do with police administration, and confined himself altogether to the financial matters of his department.

In 1892 Cullinan married a daughter of Sir William Kaye, C.B., Q.C., then Assistant Under-Secretary for Ireland, and a numerous young family now survive him.

In 1911 Cullinan gave up his official position on attaining the age of sixty-five, and was appointed a K.C.B.

He was naturally of a very retiring disposition, but for those whom he knew intimately he had many and great attractions: he was a good climber, fast, light and safe, and always a most even-tempered, unselfish, and agreeable companion.

His end came somewhat suddenly: he had just finished building in North Wales a house where he hoped to spend parts of the years of his retirement, surrounded by his family, among the Welsh mountains which he loved so well.

G. F. G.

SYDNEY LOCKE KING.

In Sydney Locke King, who lost his life by a lamentable misadventure on February 22, 1914, being swept away with his two guides by an avalanche after making the ascent of Mt. Cook, New Zealand, the Club has lost a loyal and energetic son. Of magnificent physique, an athlete from his childhood, hard, untiring, possessing perfect health and blessed with strong common sense and the courage which refuses to take unnecessary risks, King had already achieved great results and, had his life been spared, would probably have left a record surpassed by few mountaineers. In the Club he was comparatively little known, but this was chiefly due to his modesty and absence of push; he was singularly reticent about

his own exploits and free from that tendency to 'shop' which is found in many good and most mediocre performers; few men were less given to blowing their own trumpet, but his friends knew his real value and his death leaves a gap in many a heart which it will be hard to fill. One of them writes of him: 'He dearly loved the mountains but was never fool-hardy, his first thought was always of other people'; and again: 'It is good to remember what a large number of friends he had, rich and poor, old and young, mankind and womankind, public-school men and men without any schooling: he was equally beloved by his "Corinthian" friends and by the costermonger who saluted him in Bishopsgate Street with the cry of "Play up, Peter."'

Sydney Locke or, as he was always known in his family and among his intimates, "Peter" King was born September 25, 1873, at Loughton in Essex, and was the youngest of the five sons of Mark W. King. He was educated at Highgate School (Cholmeley), obtaining an entrance scholarship at starting and finishing his career there as a Prefect and in the VI. form. He was a good all-round athlete, in the First Cricket XI. and the First Football XI., and winning in 1891, when under eighteen, the two 'jumps,' the 'hurdles' and the 'cricket-ball' at the school sports, the last with a throw of 110 yds. 2 ft. which constituted the public school record for the year.

After a few years in business in the City he settled down at Rickmansworth to a country life. He played cricket regularly and was a successful bowler; he was also a very good club lawn tennis player and a skilful gymnast. But it was in Association football that he especially excelled; in the annals of the Corinthians and the Casuals his prowess as a full-back will long be remembered, which position he occupied up to his fortieth year—a truly astounding record—while for fifteen years he worked indefatigably in the interests of the latter club as Secretary and Treasurer.

Apart from sport his chief hobbies were gardening and photography; in the latter he found the best of adjuncts to the joys of climbing; he chiefly employed the Richard stereoscopic camera and produced with it an exceptional if not unique series of Alpine pictures.

It was in 1902 that he seriously turned his attention to mountaineering; though for some years previous he had taken extensive walking tours in the Bernese Oberland, Savoy and over the passes of the Graian Alps. His climbing career lasted for twelve years, included some hundred peaks and covered a considerable part of Switzerland and Savoy. Space forbids us to attempt to enumerate his ascents. He commenced gently as wise men do; his first three years, 1902, 1903, 1904, were spent in Saas Fee learning the rudiments of the craft; in 1905 he was at Arolla and Zermatt chiefly; in 1906 at Saas Fee and Zermatt—it was during this season that he accomplished what was perhaps his most noteworthy achieve-



Wm. Duffus, photo.] *[Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

GEORGE THOMAS AMPHLETT.

1851—1914.

ment, the ascent and descent of the Dom on the Saas Fee side, a feat we believe not previously done or since attempted; and it was in this year that he was elected a member of the Alpine Club; 1907 found him in the Oberland, 1908 at Chamonix, 1909 in Savoy; in 1910 he passed through Savoy to the Italian side; in 1911 he was again at Arolla and Zermatt; in 1912, a very successful year in spite of bad weather, he included Chamonix, Arolla, Zermatt and Savoy in his programme; while in 1913, a year of notoriously evil fame, his list was no short one. His chief companion was his brother William I. King, his principal guides Ambros and Oscar Supersaxo, Alphonse Simond, Abel Amiez of Pralognan, and Henri Brocherel of Courmayeur.

His last expedition, a winter trip to New Zealand by way of Canada and the Pacific, was undertaken with a view of climbing in the south island: he reached Auckland on January 15. Details of the ascents attempted and accomplished have not yet been received, but we hope that an account of them may be supplied to the ALPINE JOURNAL by Mr. J. R. Dennistoun, A.C., of Peel Forest, Canterbury, or Lieutenant G. Dennistoun, who were his companions on some of the expeditions. His end came tragically on February 22 when, after climbing Mt. Cook from the Tasman side, he and his guides, D. Thomson and J. Richmond, in descending the Linda glacier were overwhelmed by a huge avalanche which fell from an overhanging ice-wall between the Silberhorn and Teichelmann peaks. One body, that of one of the guides, was found; all attempts to recover the other victims proved unavailing.

Thus perished a true sportsman and gentleman, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, by a fate too hastily called untimely but, when tried by the wiser standard of the old Greek philosopher, a happy one, for during life he enjoyed to the full some of the greatest blessings that life has to offer and he has passed from us before he could lose them.

E. B. MOSER.

GEORGE THOMAS AMPHLETT.

THE sudden death of George Thomas Amphlett, at the age of 63, at Salisbury, Rhodesia, from malaria, has cast a gloom over mountaineering circles in South Africa, where most of his climbing was carried out. By the members of this Club who knew him he will be sadly missed.

Educated at the Philological School, Marylebone, and at King's College, London, he came to South Africa in 1881 on the staff of the Standard Bank of South Africa, and only retired on January 31 last. He then left for his farm in Rhodesia, with the intention of later on joining two members of the Mountain Club of South Africa on an expedition to Kilimanjaro, and then on a tour in Switzerland.

He was one of the foundation members of the Mountain Club of South Africa, and occupied the chair of Vice-President and later of President for two years. He was also a member of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, and was elected a member of this Club in 1911.

In 1907 he married Theodora Mildred, daughter of the Rev. J. James of Longstrutton, Somersetshire. His first visit to Switzerland was in 1898, when he made the ascents of Pilatus, the Furkahorn, Finsteraarhorn, Monte Rosa, Breithorn and Mönch. Since then he made various visits to the Alps, Dolomites and Pyrenees. His love and enthusiasm for the mountains was second to none, and those who had the privilege of knowing him as intimately as the writer, will always miss his cheerful countenance and friendly advice on all mountain matters. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his bereaved wife.

G. F. Travers-Jackson.

FRANZ PÖLL, OF MATHON.

At the great age of 96 this link with a long past period of mountaineering has passed away. Born in 1818 at Galthür, in Paznaun, he passed the early years of his manhood with the colours, and served under Radetzky in the war of 1849. On the other side may have been serving another well-known man, Jean Antoine Carrel, and their military experiences had doubtless something to do with the enterprise—or one might say dauntlessness—which raised them above their fellows and singled them out as leaders when the great mountains came to be subjected to sustained attack.

Pöll next appears as *Schäfer* or shepherd at the Alp Larain, and when in 1861 Weilenmann came to Paznaun hoping to ascend the then unclimbed Fluchthorn, Pöll, dealer, shepherd, chamois hunter, occasionally smuggler, was instantly named as the man to get.

It is to Weilenmann's classic book that we owe the picture which sends down Pöll to the ages, a living entity.

Short and broad-shouldered, with an enormous 'Schnauzbart' and flowing locks, of which he was very proud, he was, when in the mood, a famous *raconteur* of his experiences. His 'guiding' consisted in going at a great pace, occasionally halting to let the traveller catch up, whereupon off he went again.

There are few pages in Alpine literature that are comparable for vivid description of the outwardly placid and apparently uneventful, yet, to the actors themselves, quick pulsating life of the Alp, to chapters like 'Stillleben in Galthür' and 'Auf der Alp Larain.'

In his smoothly flowing, almost conversational prose, Weilenmann paints us a picture as minute as an interior by a great Dutch master. Probably few phases of life have changed so little as that of the Alp, which represents the oldest human industry. Doubtless one great charm of Weilenmann's writings is that we thus recognize from our own experience the truth of the picture so skilfully presented

and, revelling in the keenly human observation of the master, live again great days of the past.

Weilenmann and Pöll were another pair like Whymper and Croz, Tyndall and Bennen, Freshfield and Dévouassoud, Coolidge and Almer, and many another Alpine partnership that has gone to make history.

The Fluchthorn fell at the first assault. Other ascents followed, such as, in 1864, the ascent of the N.W. or lower point of Piz Roseg, which had only once been ascended. Pöll urged his Herr to come again to conquer the highest point, declaring that but for the distance he would come by himself to do it, and in fact he did return the same autumn with J. A. Specht, but got no further than before. The following year Weilenmann and Specht joined forces and, led by Pöll and Jakob Pfitscher 'der Passeirer,' returned again to the same district, but flew at higher game, making the first ascent of the Crast' Agüzza by the W. arête. Another success was the first ascent of Piz Buin, and on a visit to the Ortler group a serious accident was only averted by Pöll's energy and skill when descending the Königsspitze. In 1871 Weilenmann happened to be at the highest hut in the Jamthal when a huge 'Gejauchze' from two men on the other side of the torrent attracted his attention. One of the men was Pöll. Weilenmann ran down to the edge, but the noise of the waters was too great for them to hear each other, and they parted with great waving of hats. It was to be their last meeting. Born in the same year as Pöll, Weilenmann died eighteen years ago.

When I was in Paznaun in 1881 and 1882 Pöll had a great name, having made several other notable ascents in the district, and in 1904, when well over 80, we read that he was still vigorous and keen to talk over old times with passing travellers. Up to fairly recently a favourite feat of his was to spring backwards from the floor on to a table.

He was in receipt of his soldier's pension and of an allowance from the D. u. Oe. A.-V., so that the wants of his old age were provided for.

And so the name of the *Schäfer* of Larain will go down to the ages, set in the pages of the brilliant writer in whose service, as elsewhere, he never failed to play the man.

J. P. F.

MONT BLANC BY THE BROUILLARD RIDGE.

THE 'Rivista' of the 'C.A.I.' 1914, 53–4, contains an interesting note by Signori G. F. and G. B. Gugliermina, of the gist of which the following is a translation :—

'The S.S.W. buttress of Mont Blanc, or Brouillard ridge, starts at the summit of Mont Blanc de Courmayeur and descends to the surface of the moraines of the Miage glacier. It has attracted