

IN MEMORIAM

HENRY GALE GOTCH

1848-1939

HENRY GALE GOTCH, who died on July 26, 1939, was elected to this Club in 1876, being proposed by Edward Whymper and seconded by C. E. Mathews. Nearly all his chief expeditions took place before his marriage in 1889, but his interest in the mountains continued throughout his life and was transmitted to his children. He was one of the founders of the Climbers' Club, of which his son was for a number of years Honorary Secretary. An excellent account of his attempt upon La Meije in 1876, with Alexandre Tournier and Henri Dévouassoud, is contained in *A.J.* 8. 177 *sqq.* It was characteristic of him that he retained a close friendship with many guides who had accompanied him on the mountains. His son writes: 'His conversation turned continually to guides. I should not be surprised if Joseph Imboden were his closest friend. They never missed meeting if my father were in Switzerland, and knew each other so well that they never used the customary handshake, but just grinned at each other and administered a tap on the shoulder.'

Besides being a Justice of the Peace for Northamptonshire, Gotch was busy with much public service, especially in the interests of education, and in return for over seventy years of such service in his leisure life his name is commemorated in the Henry Gotch School at Kettering, which was opened on June 30, 1939—a unique distinction in his county. He was also a skilled and sympathetic musician, acting as conductor of the Kettering Choral Society for about fifty years.

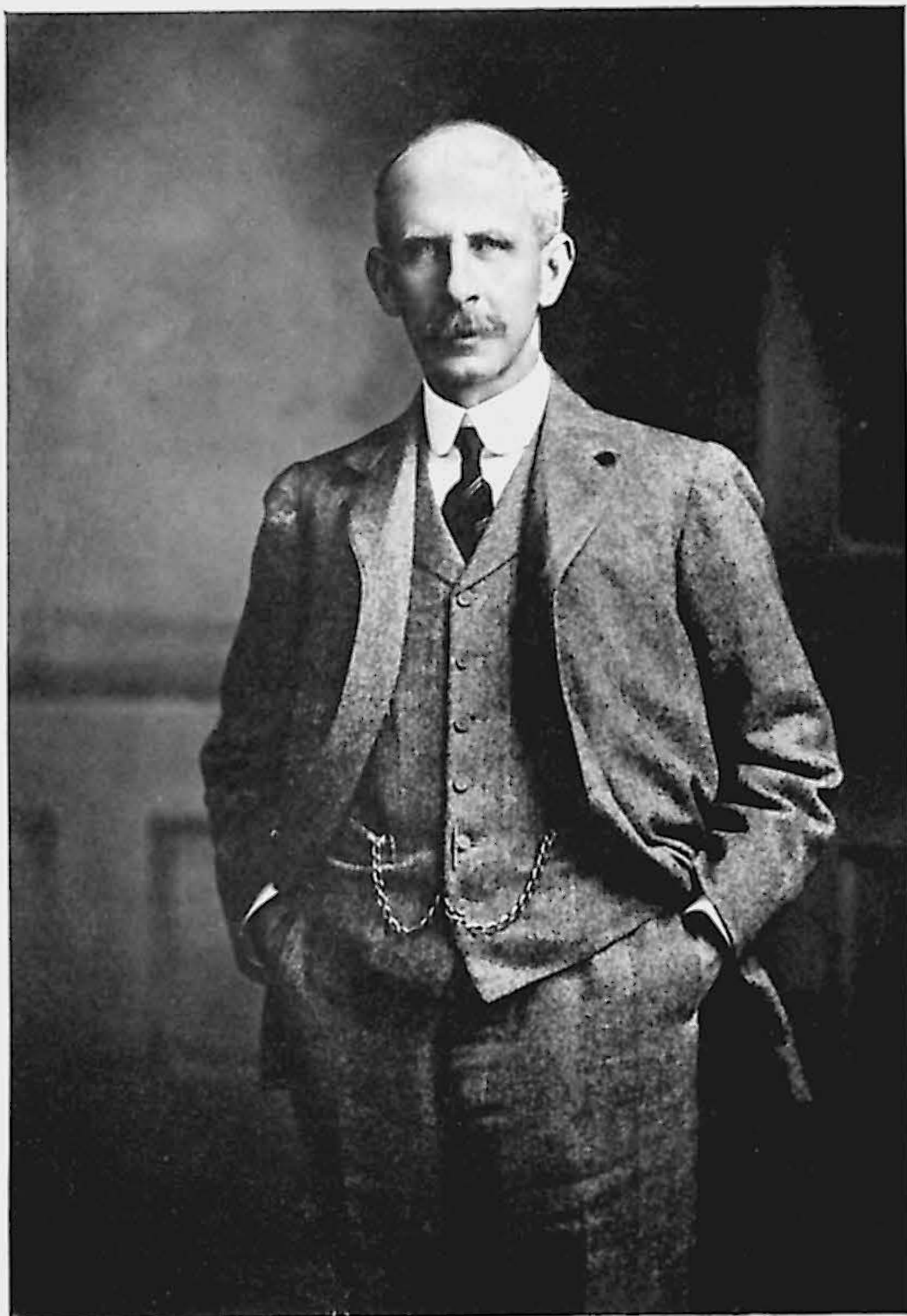
(From notes supplied by Mr. M. S. GOTCH.)

GILFRID WILLIAM HARTLEY

1852-1940

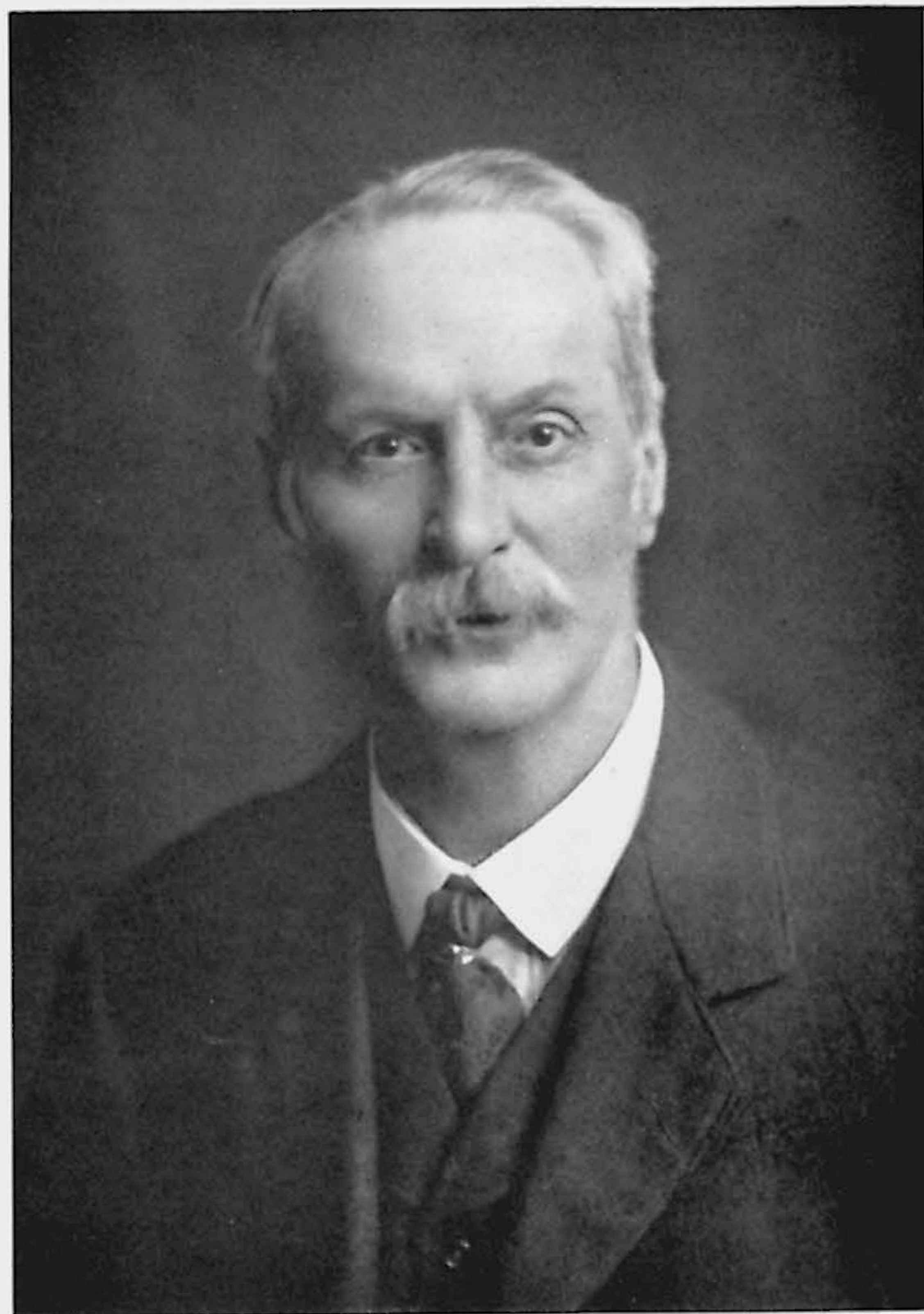
GILFRID WILLIAM HARTLEY was the son of the late G. H. Hartley of Rosehill, Whitehaven, and the Rookery, Scotby, Carlisle. He married the daughter of the late John Stirling of Fairburn and Monar, Ross-shire. He was educated at private schools and Oxford.

Gilfrid Hartley belonged to a type admired and beloved by the youth of Great Britain and especially by those who are themselves devotees of wild sports and the open air of heaven. To use metaphoric expressions from the opposite ends of the world, he was a 'sahib,' a 'white man.'



Photo, Elliott & Fry, Ltd.]

G. W. HARTLEY.
1852-1940.



H. G. GOTCH.
1848-1939.

[To face p. 268

My first acquaintance with the Gilfrids was as their guest in the deer forest of Corrie Hallie in Ross-shire, the wild and beautiful country in which Mrs. Hartley was born and bred. Though I did not lack experience of stalking, my stalking had been in the Himalaya, more tremendous ground than Scotland, but not more exacting in the matter of deer stalkers' lore. So, 'I learnt about stalking from him.' During another spell home in an Indian career my wife and I were the Hartleys' guests in Glen Veagh Castle in Donegal. The neighbourhood had a bloody reputation of a feudal kind between the Irish peasantry and Scottish shepherds, but under Gilfrid's tactful sway antagonisms of this sort melted away and all went merry as a marriage bell; while Gilfrid was able to look back on the slaying of many magnificent heads, among them a great 15-pointer weighing no less than 24 stone. My game book also reminds me of a day's rabbiting at Glen Veagh with a score of 469 rabbits, 5 snipe, and 4 woodcock. Happy, too, the memory of a visit we paid to the Hartleys at North Berwick, in the middle of perhaps the best golf courses in the world. There intrudes also the memory of Tiree, where, to the thunder of Atlantic rollers, one may try to compete with the biggest bags of snipe shot anywhere in the world: two guns shot over 1700 snipe in less than three months. Happy days indeed!

In 1915 the Hartleys made a tour in India and stopped with us in the Malakand, where to the tribesmen of Dir, Swat and Chitral I represented the British *Raj*. Gilfrid, with no knowledge of Pushtoo but with the help of a good interpreter, at once struck up a liking for the Pathans of the N.W. Frontier. I shall always remember his enjoyment of a week during which I had an assembly representative of all the tribes of the Agency. Walking round the crowded polo ground with an interpreter, he shook the hands of all the wild men and heard their stories one by one. After that, in their Indian tour, perhaps nothing gave greater pleasure to the Hartleys than their trip to the Salt Range of the Punjab in the hope of shooting the mountain sheep called *oorial*. How they enjoyed the wildness of the country! What is more, Gilfrid obtained his heart's desire when, during the last day in camp, without a stalker to help him, he bagged a magnificent ram.

Gilfrid's interest in the wild, indeed, never flagged, whether it bordered on the serious or the ludicrous. As an instance of the latter, I remember one shooting day when, after sitting down to a camp dinner, he told us about an incident of the afternoon. He had been walking between two beaters, tribesmen of ferocious aspect, only one of whom carried a rifle. Suddenly, Gilfrid told us, the beater who had no rifle, without a word, threw himself furiously on the other with an evident determination to seize his rifle. A terrific struggle followed, Gilfrid standing by, ready either to slay the murderer or defend himself. The attacker finally wrenched the rifle from the other and threw himself into a nearby bush. There was a dull report of the rifle and out the man came, grinning all over his face, with a hare kicking in his hand!

In conclusion, I must tell a story too characteristic of Gilfrid Hartley to be omitted. It was a partridge drive. Gilfrid had a stand high up on the slopes of a rocky gorge. My stand was lower down among some fragmentary rocks. Round the cliffs, came with a swish a covey of birds, of which Gilfrid took his toll. As they swung past me I fired. There was something wrong above and I went up. Gilfrid had been shot: two pellets in the face. What another sportsman in such circumstances might have said may be imagined. Gilfrid's sole concern seemed to be that the facts of the accident should remain unknown and unspoken of. And so they have remained to this day.

Of Gilfrid Hartley's two books of sporting sketches, space does not allow me to speak. But it may safely be said that nothing better of the kind has ever been written. In the excellent story called *A Fifty-Two Pound Salmon* is a good photograph of the author himself, with the salmon!

It may not be generally known that in February, 1903, he was awarded the Honorary Testimonial of the Royal Humane Society for rescuing a girl from drowning in Loch Awe in the previous month.

He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1881. In his book *Wild Sport with Gun, Rifle and Salmon Rod*, there is an admirable account of a season's climbing with Christian Almer I and Christian Roth. The following extract from Almer's *Führerbuch* is worth quoting in full:

Christian Almer has been my first guide in the following ascents and passes: Mönchjoch, Jungfrau, Finsteraarhorn, Oberaarhorn, Oberaarjoch, Lauteraarjoch, and Schreckhorn. He needs no testimonial or praise from me. But it is pleasant on this the last page of his book, the record of his work for the last 25 years, to confirm all that has been said in his favour. I have found him always ready to oblige in every way, to save trouble, and to do his very best to carry out what we wanted to do; never sparing himself in often very hard work. It is hardly necessary to say anything as to his qualities as a guide. The Lauteraarjoch and the Schreckhorn brought them prominently out. The latter (climbed on the second attempt and after a fortnight's waiting) was especially difficult owing to the great quantity of snow, there being more on the final arête than he had ever seen except on his winter ascent,¹ and great care and caution were necessary in crossing it, the passage taking two hours instead of one. The amount of steps he had to cut was very great. I counted 470 on the col which leads up to the snow arête looking down on to the Lauteraarjoch. He provided himself with an instrument depicted below² (leaving his axe behind). We found it at the Zäsenberg chalet, and without it the ascent would have been very much longer, as one blow with it equalled half a dozen with the axe. I am very sorry to say goodbye to him, and hope to climb with him again.

G. W. HARTLEY.

Rosehill, Cumberland.
Sept. 27th, 1880.

And here I must close my sketch, short and inadequate as it is, of a great personality, greatly beloved of all who knew him.

R. L. KENNION.

¹ *A.J.* 9. 213 sqq.

² The illustration shows a long shaft of some unspecified material, presumably wood, at the end of which is a short arm at a right angle to the shaft, ending in a heart-shaped cutting instrument.

WALTER WESTON

1861-1940

WALTER WESTON was the son of John Weston of Mile Ash House, Derby, and was born on Christmas Day, 1861. He was educated at Derby School, and remained to the end of his life a Derbyshire man, keenly interested in the welfare of his old school, the county, and the ancient Derby families, to one of which, the Fitzherberts, he was connected through his wife. From school he went on to Clare College, Cambridge (B.A. 1883), and took Holy Orders in 1885, when he was appointed to the curacy of St. John's, Reading.

The first record of a journey to Switzerland is in 1886, and includes the Matterhorn from Zermatt. In 1887 he was out again and made his first acquaintance with the Bernese Oberland. That year he climbed the Wetterhorn and Eiger, made another ascent of the Matterhorn and crossed the Triftjoch.

In 1888, he took perhaps the most important decision of his life when he went to Japan as a missionary under the C.M.S. Here he remained till 1894, becoming British Chaplain at Kobe in 1889, and finding in this country a land after his own heart, of which, as he remarks with joy, 'seven-eighths are mountainous.'

In 1890 Weston made the first of his many ascents of Fujiyama, and in 1891 with H. W. Belcher he ascended the volcano of Asame Yama, Ontake and Komagatake. In 1892 he made the first ascent of Norikura Dake from the west, the third ascent of Yarigatake, and the first ascent by a European of Akan Shi San. An attempt to reach Kasadake was repelled by native opposition. Early in the following year, proposed by his old friend F. F. Tuckett and seconded by Douglas Freshfield, whom he had met in Japan, he was elected a member of the Club.

In 1893 and 1894 Weston was again actively climbing and besides the ascent of Fujiyama, which seems to have been an annual pilgrimage, he ascended Ena San, crossed the Harinoki Pass, ascended Tateyawa (The Dragon Peak), Hodokayama, and Orenge Yama. Kasadake was overcome after another failure, Jonendake also and Ontake, on which he spent a night on the summit. The fruits of all these journeys were well described on his return home in a paper read before the R.G.S., 'Exploration in the Japanese Alps,' and another before the Club, 'Mountaineering and Mountain Superstition in the Japanese Alps' (*A.J.* 17. 493 *sqq.*)

There followed an interlude: a year's work as assistant Chaplain with the Missions to Seamen at the Port of London, and in 1897 an appointment as curate in charge of Christchurch, Wimbledon. Here he passed five happy years enjoying much of the freedom and responsibility of a vicar as well as the hospitality and culture of Wimbledon society of those days. Holidays were of course spent in the Alps where year after year about July he returned to his beloved Bernese Oberland, climbing all the important peaks in that region save one,



WALTER WESTON.
1861-1940.

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the Schreckhorn, which eluded him. His most notable climb was perhaps the passage of the Eigerjoch in a thunderstorm in 1897 with H. S. Bullock and an inefficient chamois hunter. A descent was made by icefalls at the head of the Grindelwald Viescher Glacier, and the Bäregg hut was only reached at 1 A.M. (*A. J.* 23. 277 *sqq.*). Other climbs included the traverse of the Aletschhorn in 1898 by a new variation with H. S. Bullock and H. J. Heard; the Mönch from the Wengernalp with H. S. Bullock and T. G. Longstaff in 1899, where he showed fine icemanship; the passage of the Jungfrauoch in 1902; the Schmadrioch with H. S. Bullock, and the Mittelhorn with F. W. Balston by the N.E. arête.

In 1902 came his marriage to Miss Frances Fox, a daughter of Sir Francis Fox of Wimbledon, and a journey to Japan, through Canada and the Rockies, inevitably followed. His wife, herself a distinguished member of the Ladies' Alpine Club, gave herself up entirely to her husband's interests, and together they continued their exploration of the Japanese Alps, this time in the province of Kosshu. During the years 1903-5 Weston made the first ascent of Hoozan, climbing the final peak alone; Kaigane, the second peak in Japan, Kengamini with Mrs. Weston, and Myogindake. With Mrs. Weston he also traversed Yatsugatake and made his sixth ascent of Fujiyama, the first ascent by a European lady. To satisfy his explorer's passion for 'peering into the unknown' they descended into the crater on a rope to a distance of 550 feet.

In 1905 Weston was home again and for some years Vicar of Ewell. By 1911, however, the call of Japan again became too strong to be resisted, and under the S.P.G. he worked for four years as a Chaplain at Yokohama and climbed when he could. By this time his encouragement of mountaineering in Japan was well recognised. Though the father of Japanese mountaineering, he tells us, was one Kukai, the pioneer of modern days was undoubtedly Walter Weston, and it was through him that the Japanese Alpine Club came to be founded. In appreciation of all that he had done the Japanese made him first Honorary Member of the Japanese Alpine Club, an honour which touched him deeply.

On their return to England, the Westons settled in Kensington, where Weston went on with his lecturing and maintained his old interest in the Missions to Seamen. From now onwards they spent much time in Cornwall and, as years went on, scrambling on the coast gave place to the study of Cornish archaeological remains and of seabirds. After the war there were also many happy returns to favourite haunts in the Oberland such as Obersteinberg, the Kiental, and a small inn in the Gasterntal.

He received the Back Grant from the Royal Geographical Society in 1917, and served on the Committee of the Club in 1919-21.

Weston was a pleasant writer, and some of his books have become classics in Japan. These are: *Mountaineering and Exploration in the Japanese Alps*, 1896 (*A. J.* 19. 209); *The Playground of the Far East*,

1918 (*A.J.* 33. 148); *A Wayfarer in Unfamiliar Japan*, 1925, and for the Alpine Congress at Monaco in 1922, *Alpes Japonaises*. Besides several papers for the *ALPINE JOURNAL*³ and Royal Geographical Society he wrote many articles for the British and American Press.

The loss of his wife a few years ago was a heavy blow to him, but his old age was much cheered when in 1937 the Japanese mountaineers erected a bronze tablet in his honour in a picturesque corner of the Japanese Alps, and the Emperor bestowed upon him the Order of the Sacred Treasure (*A.J.* 50. 325, with illustration facing 319). His last journey to Switzerland was in the summer of last year; only his determination brought him home on the outbreak of war, a very sick man.

On meeting Weston casually, no one would have suspected that all his life he had had the use of but one of his eyes. How he climbed, lacking the full power of judging his distances, how he studied, poring closely over the pages, how he wrote in his beautiful flowing hand, slightly reminiscent of Hardy's, it is difficult to say. Certainly his imperfect vision caused him to develop compensating qualities. Mentally there seemed also to follow similar reactions. The tenacity of his fingers upon the rock was paralleled by tenacity of mind and purpose. But in this there was nothing close-fisted. On the contrary, his generous spirit was constantly manifest in gifts often exceeding what he could fairly afford; for instance, to the family of Jacob Mani-Lauener, a guide for whom he had a special regard, his contributions were frequent and substantial. Any spark of talent he could discern in his friends he was likewise generously ready to recognise and foster. His worst failing was an inability to keep his pipe alight for more than two minutes at a time.

Weston had many of the qualities of a leader. Though rather short in stature, there was magnetism and a power of command about his stocky figure, his striking profile, and the eye that was brown and the eye that was grey. Like Nelson, he was on occasion quite equal to raising the telescope to the blind eye. His pluck was undoubted, and once when owing to a misunderstanding he attempted the glissade of an ice slope under the impression that it was snow, he finished after a gallant attempt to keep on his legs over rough ground with a nasty fall on his head. Getting home was a struggle, but to our astonishment he turned up at table d'hôte with all his usual cheerfulness and fund of humour. In hard times he offered evidences of Christianity more convincing than Paley's. Illustrations from Japan were hardly to be resisted in sermons. These showed a certain emotional power, and his easy colloquial style and sense of humour brought him a good deal of popularity as a University Extension lecturer, and as lecturer for the Gilchrist Education Trust.

A deep appreciation of the beautiful included an intense love of Alpine flowers and Alpine scenery. Together with all things Japanese,

³ *A.J.* 16. 247, 377; 17. 237, 493; 23. 1, 277; 30. 246, 260; 38. 211.

Weston was fond of Japanese art ; besides prints he and his wife made a fine collection of Kakemonas, one of which showing Fujiyama he presented to the Club.

His friendship was staunch and enduring ; as a companion his quick sympathies, his enthusiasm and power of enjoyment made him a delightful companion. To Weston, the writer as a lad owes his initiation into mountaineering, for with him he made his first guideless expedition. There was nothing in it, or perhaps everything ; a long march in the heat over alps and glacier streams, a night in a pig chalet, a struggle on rocks and ice, victory and descent. Such days have a way of recurring for most of us in July, but without Weston the snows have never seemed quite so white, the flowers so gay, or the wild raspberries and cream so sweet.

T. A. RUMBOLD.

ON his return from a solitary first ascent of a Japanese peak that Buddhist priests had been anxious to climb for more than two hundred years, Walter Weston was greeted with enthusiasm at the nearby monastery, offered the raw heart of a chamois to eat as the greatest of compliments and besought to reascend this peak, build a shrine there and become its first officiating priest. 'The highest preferment I was ever offered,' was his usual comment when telling the story. But the victory was more than that. It was symbolic of Weston's outlook on life. His ascents, whether they were great or small, were directly associated with, if not inspired by his religion. That religion was as simple as it was profound. Rarely do I recall any achievement which I shared with him in the Alps which was not celebrated, as it were, by the reading of a few verses from a tiny Testament from which he, like Charles Hudson before him,⁴ was never parted. Height meant to him an approach to the Most High—a mountain top was a throne high and lifted up. For him, 'the Lord's House' was 'established in the top of the mountains.'

Though there was this serious, almost solemn aspect in his view of mountaineering, there was never lacking the joyousness and light-hearted courage that always greets difficulties and problems with a cheer. He was immensely proud of the Club and jealous of its traditions. In fact that 'jealousy' (perhaps Biblical in its origin) often led people to misunderstand him. He did not willingly share his friends, he valued them so highly that to share them was to cheapen them. He could not easily understand another man's ambition to rank mountaineering as one among many pursuits. I am sure he regarded me as a

⁴ In a letter dated August 5, 1865, Edward Whymper writes, with reference to the Matterhorn accident: 'I rejoice to think that my poor friend Hudson was a man prepared to meet death at any moment. It was his constant practice to read the Psalms on every occasion when on the mountains, and the day before the accident he left us for some time when we were camped on the Matterhorn and retired to a quiet nook, I have no doubt for prayer and meditation. For that he never undertook any mountain expedition without such preparations is well known to those who have been with him.'

mere jack-of-all-trades and master of none, though he would veil his opinion by gently suggesting something about an Admirable Crichton.

He adored the Bernese Oberland in just that jealous way : he never wanted to seek ' fresh woods and pastures new,' so long as old friendly peaks were calling. I cannot write of his devotion to the Japanese Alps, but I do not believe they were ever more than adopted children of his : his own were nearer home.

His relationship with his guides was always correct but never that of a comrade-in-arms. They were always inclined to stand in awe of him, and it may be he found it hard to forget that East is East and West is West. He could not leave Japan behind when he returned to Europe, and I think it was typical of this that when on the Eigerjoch (a first ascent without guides) a chamois hunter lost his nerve in a thunderstorm, he addressed him in voluble Japanese and immediately restored law and order. It was the only time Walter Weston was ever suspected of swearing—and it wasn't so !

As a climber he was ' strong i' the arm,' determined and long-lasting. Heavily handicapped in his sight, he never offered it as an excuse for carelessness, and whether on a great peak or on the cliffs of Beachy Head he ' looked one step forward and secured that step,' with the utmost pride in the technique of his craft.

As a chaplain he was, to my mind, one of the very best, for he easily combined a rare spirit of devotion with a happy social intimacy which won him many holiday friends. He dispensed anagrams and anecdotes, with a spice of informative comment, sufficient to fill in the long gaps which used to stretch between the courses at table d'hôte.

My knowledge of Japan ought to be profound, if it is possible to catch it from an expert. Bishop Bickersteth, I think, once said that to talk Japanese needed many years of study but to think Japanese required a lifetime. Walter Weston accomplished the latter feat. One could not be in his company for an hour without becoming japped. It is, perhaps, not without significance that Japan gave him the Order of the Sacred Treasure, the Royal Geographical Society the Back Grant, all his Alpine friends their love, and his Church next to nothing in the way of preferment.

H. SOMERSET BULLOCK.

MARK POLE

1851-1940

MARK POLE, who died last January in his ninetieth year, was a man of many interests. He came of good stock, as his father, Dr. Pole, F.R.S., was famous for his investigation of colour-blindness, and was perhaps even better known for his book on whist—a long standing work on the game ; while his brother William, who wrote under the

nom de guerre of 'Poel,' made a considerable reputation by his work for the Elizabethan Stage Society.

Pole went to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he graduated as a Wrangler, and spent most of his leisure on the river, becoming a keen and efficient college oarsman.

On leaving Cambridge, he joined the staff of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and in 1877 was appointed H.M. Inspector of Schools—at first serving in Norfolk, and later in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Essex, and finally as Divisional Inspector in Northumberland.

Always devoted to outdoor sports, he now paid occasional visits to the Alps, both in summer and in winter, and he made an ascent of Mont Blanc.

He was strongly attracted to lawn tennis in its early days, and he actually took part in a first demonstration game at Wimbledon. He soon fell a victim to the fascination of golf, being the first Gold Medallist at Lytham and St. Anne's, and joining both Hoylake and Westward Ho! clubs—the membership of which he retained to the end. In later years he played regularly at Brighton till he was eighty-five.

As a further instance of his sporting activity, it may be mentioned that he took up real tennis when stationed at Manchester, and he started motoring when over seventy.

It was not till 1892 that he became a regular yearly visitor to the Alps, and continued so for at least twenty seasons. In that year he joined the present writer, and Mr. and Mrs. Majendie, and they had the good fortune of being accompanied on their first climb—the Finsteraarhorn—by Cecil Slingsby, of Norwegian renown. A successful first year included the Matterhorn, Weisshorn, Portjengrat, and Obergabelhorn—which Majendie, who had narrowly escaped a bad accident there⁵ some years before, called his 'return match.' We climbed together for some seventeen years, and visited, in due course, the French, Italian and Austrian Alps, often ending with a week or so at Zermatt, where we managed to climb nearly all the highest peaks. Of our actual climbs there is little of note to record; we had no grand adventures, and made no new routes, but we were thoroughly in love with the Alps and the many joys—physical and mental—that they bring, with an abiding memory of good comradeship and lasting friendships. I should, however, make special mention of four seasons when Horace Walker, a former President of the Club, joined our party—a privilege greatly appreciated. With him we wandered rather widely, but mainly on the eastern side of the Alps. The year 1899 stands out prominently, when we had a long series of climbs in the Silvretta group and in the Grisons, ending with a long crossing of the Disgrazia from the Forno hut into Italy, with a heavy storm on the summit.

Our partnership came to an end in 1909, but Pole, with his wife, was able to pay some subsequent visits, on one of which he climbed Monte Viso.

⁵ See reference and footnote, p. 281.

Among his minor activities, he was very keen about bird study, and, as he was gifted with a most accurate ear, he was able to recognise the note of any bird once heard.

A man of much personal charm, he naturally outlived most of his early friends, but he will be greatly missed by many who knew him in his later years.

H. E. B. HARRISON.

JOHN COLEBY MORLAND

1866-1940

JOHN COLEBY MORLAND, who was in his seventy-fifth year, died on June 25, 1940. He was educated at the Sidcot and Bootham Schools of the Society of Friends, and after some business training in Birmingham entered at an early age the family business of Clark, Son and Morland, at Glastonbury. Of this he was the active head for nearly fifty years.

He was a very keen but very tolerant Liberal and had great influence in his own neighbourhood, owing to his high principles, which he carried into his politics, into all his public work and into his successful business. In his own town he gave a great deal of help as County Councillor, County Alderman and as Mayor of Glastonbury. He raised the ethical standard of every sphere in which he took part. Outside his local work he was for many years an active and most useful member of many Liberal organisations—the National Liberal Club, the Eighty Club and the National Liberal Federation, in the Western section of which he long took a leading part in helping to secure candidates, not only in his own constituency but in the surrounding ones. Always a very independent politician and always thinking for himself, he was none the less a very good Party man and a tower of strength in his own district. He won the respect of everyone, friends and opponents alike.

During the war of 1914-1918 Morland was one of a group of fellow Quakers who established and financed the Friends' Ambulance Unit.

His interest in sport was lifelong. As a young man he played Association football and captained the Somerset County side in the 'eighties. He was known and feared as a dashing centre forward, and once, when playing for his local club, Street, against Wells Theological College, he scored four goals in the last ten minutes to win the game for his side by four goals to three. He was also keen on cricket and golf.

His real passion was mountaineering. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1906, and went to the Alps in most years till just before his death. He never tried to climb a great number of summits but had a great interest in passes and kept this up so long as he was able to walk over them. He was especially fond of the Val de Bagnes and climbed regularly with the local guide Bruchez. He also visited other parts of the Alps and made many expeditions with Sir J. B. Farmer and



Photo, Lafayette.]

J. C. MORLAND.
1866-1940.

myself. He was a delightful companion on a climb, with a great sense of humour. He had a wide interest in everything to do with the mountains and the people who lived in them. He was especially fond of English hills and cliffs and rock scenery, and I can recall many pleasant scrambles with him. He was capable in his day of great physical endurance.

He leaves a widow, formerly Miss Elizabeth Bracher, of Wincanton, and four sons and one daughter. One of his sons, Stephen Morland, is a member of the Club.

A. W. ANDREWS.

MARCUS EDWARD STANLEY RUDOLF

1882-1940

MARCUS RUDOLF was of so modest and retiring a disposition that few members of the Club knew him, and none of them, except the writer, knew him really well.

It was curious how his character changed as he developed. When we were at the same preparatory school together, he was most daring, always leading any prank. Later he went to the City of London School and must have retained this character. He told me of one occasion, when he got out of a high window and climbed round the parapet, only to find, on his return, that the window had been shut and bolted; it was with great difficulty that he managed to make anyone hear him and let him in: the inevitable punishment of course resulted. It was at this school that he was inspired by Owen Glynne Jones with the desire to climb, though he had not the opportunity to exercise it for many years. After completing his studies as an analytical chemist and working in London for some time, he took a post in Singapore, where he stayed for six years. On his return he seemed to have lost a lot of his daredevil temperament and had developed the quiet modesty and super-conscientiousness that characterised all his work. In the spring of 1914 he became chief chemist to a brewery in Birmingham, but rejoined his old Territorial regiment immediately war broke out. He served in France from November 1914, but after being invalided home he was subsequently transferred to the R.E. Special Corps dealing with poison gas and again went to France. He was quite happy at this work, and when volunteers were asked for to serve in the Aeronautical Inspection Department at home, he was the only one who did not offer to return. He was, to his disgust, picked for the job and served at this until demobilised after the war, when he returned to his work at Birmingham. It was therefore only in 1919 that his first opportunity of climbing in the Alps occurred and he joined me. He only got a fortnight's holiday each year, and in 1919 this was curtailed by passport and other silly regulations. However, the weather was so marvellous that in ten days we did the Diablerets, Wildhorn, Wildstrubel, Rottal



Photo, Polyfoto.]

M. R. C. OVERTON.
1901-1940.



M. E. S. RUDOLF.
1882-1940.

[To face p. 278.]

face of the Jungfrau, W. ridge of the Mönch, Grünhornlücke and Finsteraarhorn with descent by the Agassizjoch—not a bad first season. In 1920 and 1921 we were not so lucky with the weather, so Monte Rosa was the only great peak that we accomplished together, though we did a number of passes and minor peaks. In 1922 we were first in the Aiguilles Dorées and then in the Bregaglia. Here we had a terrible experience of a thunderstorm with hailstones over an inch in diameter on the Cima del Largo. We also did several other ascents in this district. In 1923 we were in the Dolomites, where we did a couple of very difficult new ascents, including one on the S. wall of the Marmolata, and then rushed back to the Bregaglia, where we made the first ascent of the Ago del Torrone (Cleopatra's Needle) above the Forno Glacier. We had together made an attempt to reach this the previous year (*A. J.* 36. 60, 37. 262). Rudolf realised one of his ambitions when he joined the Club in 1923.

Unfortunately he had only one more opportunity of climbing in the Alps, and that not until 1934, when atrocious weather spoilt our season, but we were able to do some good traverses. He had also done a small amount of climbing in England and Wales.

He was a sound climber, steady both on rock and on snow and with considerable staying power. He was a careful leader and would never attempt anything he was not quite sure he could do. He was an absolutely ideal companion, unselfish to a degree and always good-tempered and jolly.

He died from a rare complication following a small operation. And so passes, almost unknown, one of the finest characters in our Club.

N. S. FINZI.

MARCUS REGINALD CHOLMELEY OVERTON

1901–1940

MARC OVERTON, who died early this summer while on active service in England, was the third son of the late Rev. F. A. Overton, Canon of St. Albans, and of Ella Edersheim, daughter of the distinguished Biblical scholar, the Rev. Alfred Edersheim, D.D. He was educated at Horris Hill and Winchester, where—like his two elder brothers, Sir Arnold Overton, K.C.M.G., of the Board of Trade, and T. D. Overton, an enthusiastic mountaineer, who fell in Gallipoli in 1915—he was placed on the Scholarship Roll of 1914. After one term as Exhibitioner he entered College in January 1915, and in 1919 he gained a Classical scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford, where during the next four years he obtained a 2nd Class in Honour Moderations and a 2nd Class in Literae Humaniores. He was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn in 1924 and practised on the Chancery side from 1925 to 1939. He edited a forthcoming edition of Key and Elphinstone's *Conveyancing Precedents*, at which he worked in addition to his normal practice for

over three years. He received a Commission in the 11th City of London Yeomanry, R.H.A. (T.A.), in 1922, continuing his service until the outbreak of war, his last appointment being as Adjutant of a Searchlight Practice Camp.

He was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1932, on a qualification list which covered some ten years and included about fifty expeditions in the Arolla, Saas Fee and Mont Blanc districts, where he took part in the first crossing of the so-called Col Moyen Âge from Val Veni to the Glacier de Trélatête (*A. J.* 36. 74), in the Stubai and Venediger groups, Dolomites, Maritime Alps and Pyrenees. A full account of an adventurous passage of the Brèche de Roland in April 1928 is given in *La Montagne*, Vol. I, 3^e Série (1929). In common with several other members of our Club, he owed his early training to Mr. R. L. G. Irving. He was eminently a safe mountaineer, without special brilliance on rock or ice, but sure in execution and with an excellent judgment of his own ability.

This bare account of Marc Overton's achievements gives no indication of the personal qualities which brought him not merely success in life but the affection and respect of his friends. In the mountains he was an admirable companion, cheerful, even-tempered, tolerant, a fine weight-carrier and an indefatigable worker in the tiresome details of others' comforts in huts or on the mountainside. Those who knew him in his professional life can give similar testimony. Brought up in the simple traditions of a country vicarage, he bore with him all his life this early training of service towards his fellow men; spiritual influences meant to him the opportunity of helping others, and for many years he served as Lay Reader for the diocese, also acting as Secretary for the Diocesan Lay Readers until stress of work obliged him to resign these duties. His early loss is a grievous blow not only to his family and friends, but also to a world which can ill spare such men of understanding and breadth of outlook, of invariable sympathy and fortitude in purpose.

H. E. G. TYNDALE.

ULRICH ALMER

1849-1940

It is difficult in present circumstances to write an account of Ulrich Almer's great career. Fortunately an excellent and very full account of his heyday is given in *Pioneers of the Alps* by one of his principal patrons, F. T. Wethered, and to this, and to Mr. Hasler's valuable note in *A. J.* 51. 264-7, the reader is referred.

Ulrich, eldest son of the great Christian Almer I, was one of the true pioneers of mountaineering. At the age of sixteen he was already accompanying his father and many of the early and now classical first ascents were accomplished by this valiant pair. From 1870, after

five years of brilliant apprenticeship with his father, to 1902 Ulrich stood at the very apex of his skill. Thus for thirty years or more he was regarded as second to none as an all-round mountaineer. As a rapid step-cutter few could equal him; on rocks, although his very small stature and short reach should have handicapped him, Claude Wilson, no mean judge, has assured me that he never saw the rock that Ulrich could not contrive to swarm up. If his brother Hans was the more brilliant, Ulrich was equally safe, while the latter's uncanny knowledge of snow and ice, of the dangers of snow cornices—witness his great feat on the Obergabelhorn⁶—perhaps surpassed even Hans' skill. Ulrich's patrons were legion, the best known, nearly all British, comprising all the leading amateurs of the time. He was one of the friendliest of guides, ever beaming with good nature and little attentions to those he came across.⁷ I never climbed on the rope with him, but was very frequently on the same mountain as his party. In June 1899 we met near the summit of Eiger, Josef Pollinger and I having started at 11 A.M. from the Grosse Scheidegg owing to doubtful weather in the early hours. There was deep snow rapidly deteriorating under a blazing sun. Ulrich's party was young, inexperienced and tired, but Ulrich cheered and chaffed them along, so that both parties reached the lower bergschrund at about 8.30 P.M. Here Ulrich's party jibbed, and he requested me to give a lead over the steep edge, avoiding the bridge which was then apparently in parlous condition. I landed safely on hands and knees, but the contents of my waistcoat pockets, eight or ten Swiss 20-franc pieces, were ejected and skidded down some steep ice into a crevasse 100 ft. lower down. Josef and I, cutting my losses, hurried on downwards, but the last we saw of Ulrich was the little man on his knees peering into the gloom of the said crevasse, with his young companions apparently fast asleep on the brink. Anyway they were out all night. In August 1902 Ulrich greeted me enthusiastically in the streets of Zermatt. We had not met in the interval, and he held out two or three gold pieces to me, stating that he had recovered them from the crevasse two days after the Eiger episode. He added somewhat incoherently that he would return them on the following day. A not infrequent carouse seems to have followed; at all events Ulrich never alluded to the incident again! A few days later the sturdy old veteran performed one of his greatest feats somewhere on the Sesia slope of Monte Rosa, when he contrived to hold and subsequently bring down his *Herr*, the late Gerald Fitzgerald, who had broken his leg in crossing, I believe, over a *Randkluft* close to the ridge. Fitzgerald was a very big and heavy

⁶ *Pioneers*, p. 138. Portraits of Ulrich Almer are to be found in *A. J.* 32. facing 238, 38. facing 114, 43. facing 161, 47. (folder: Illustration of Grindelwald guides ca. 1876), 51. facing 260.

⁷ The present Editor remembers how, when Mr. Irving's party was at the Rottal hut in 1908, a small, elderly guide insisted on taking over their wood-cutting and cooking activities, for which he would accept no payment. It was not until later that they learned that this guide was none other than the great Ulrich Almer.

man, but Ulrich held him for hours until another party fortunately came up. Many similar feats of endurance and bravery stand to the credit of this gallant Oberlander.

Ulrich Almer's greatest feat was perhaps what is now regarded as the first ascent of the Caucasian Ushba, with the late J. G. Cockin in 1888. It is significant of Ulrich's skill on steep ice that the ascent of the great precipitous couloir leading from the Gul Glacier to the saddle between the two peaks is passed over in a few words by Cockin (*A. J.* 14. 200). Nevertheless, the dangers of the said couloir, as well as its difficulties, are so great that every subsequent attempt has failed.

It would be idle to say that Ulrich's life was a happy one, and it might even have been wished that his career had closed after the stirring and sad story of Andreas Fischer's death on the Gross Aletsch Glacier in 1912.⁸ As ever Ulrich's conduct was then of the highest, but down below, in the valley, he rapidly deteriorated. His besetting fault seemed by degrees to overcome all resistance, his earnings were dissipated, his eyesight began to fail, his eldest son's promising career was closed by the same misfortune resulting in an early death. In short, it became painful to meet the great guide wandering blindly and disconsolately, in ragged clothes, in the byways of his native Grindelwald. Complete blindness soon overtook him, and Ulrich's many and helpless following years were prolonged only by an annuity subscribed by some of his old friends and admirers in this country and Switzerland. Death at his advanced age must have come as a blessing and relief.

Nevertheless, the name, skill and fame of Ulrich Almer will live for ever in the annals of mountaineering, while those of us who have known him will appreciate the privilege for the rest of our lives.

E. L. STRUTT.

⁸ *A. J.* 26. 456, 51. 266.