

we could judge there were no greater rock difficulties than those already surmounted, while toward the summit the gradient appeared to become somewhat less. The point we reached was about 16,500 ft.; the summit is 17,827 ft. The S. peak appears to be about 1,000 ft. less. It is surprising that the difference is not greater, for the N. peak always appears to stand up alone and conspicuously separated from all others.

It is probable that Kolahoi could be climbed from the N. side as far as the preliminary ascent to the snowfield is concerned, although the difficulties would be greater. At the extreme head of the Liddar valley the peak towers up over a fine glacier. The ascent would be made up the W. side of this, crossing it above and getting on to the snowfield to the E. of the peak. From there the E. or S.E. face would have to be climbed, probably at the same place as that selected by us. The two faces of the pyramid—seen from the N. are absolutely impracticable, being almost perpendicular rocky walls.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

### J. OAKLEY MAUND.

THE death of J. Oakley Maund, at the age of 56, removes from the ranks of the Alpine Club a striking personality and a member who at one time—some five-and-twenty years ago—was a very prominent mountaineer. Many who are familiar with the early history of the Club will recall that after the first enthusiasm there ensued a period of reaction, followed again by a revival destined to be permanent, and brought about mainly by the efforts of A. W. Moore when Honorary Secretary.

Among the group of men who contributed to this revival Maund was a conspicuous figure. His name occurs often in the 'New Expeditions' recorded in the 'Journal'; and the papers he read before the Club, though they may seem to some now *vieux jeu*, were graphic, humorous, and always of the right length. Of late years he was seldom seen at the Club meetings, and indeed I think the last Winter Dinner he attended was in 1889. He came then under protest, but spoke often afterwards of the extreme pleasure he experienced in meeting more old Alpine friends than he imagined he had. It is hard, however, to renew past associations when once interrupted, and he had many other interests in life. To most of those who now frequent the Club he was but little known.

As a mountaineer he was exceedingly careful and safe, never neglecting to conform thoroughly to any of the established rules, never aiming at what is unwisely called brilliancy, always ready to

turn back if he recognised that good sense dictated that regrettable course, but working with tremendous energy and determination if he felt that difficulties had to be overcome and danger necessarily to be faced. The writer can well recall the cool, quiet deliberation with which Maund calculated the chances on a certain expedition up the Aiguille du Midi, when the party were overtaken by a sudden storm. The strong, unhesitating decision forced the guides at a critical moment on that occasion to a line that led ultimately to safety, a line that the guides alone, perhaps, were capable of following out, but which they strongly discountenanced at first and were most loth to adopt.

Maund met with his full share of mountain misadventures, the most dramatic of which, on the Brèche de la Meije, is admirably described in vol. vii. of the 'Alpine Journal.' On this occasion he was accompanied only by Jean Martin. The party was snowed up at a high elevation for thirty-five hours and took fifty-six hours to reach La Grave from La Bérarde. Only a man with exceptional physique could have withstood the exposure with such impunity.

Other notable climbs were those of the Aiguille Verte from the Argentière Glacier and the Gross Lauteraarhorn from the west. In 1878—a season of most trying weather, when all climbing was difficult—the writer has the most vivid recollections of many delightful expeditions made in Maund's company, among them some attempts on the Aiguille du Dru and the crossing of the Bietschhorn by a route in great part new. The mountain was in evil condition that day, and Maund's sterling qualities as a mountaineer were, probably, never better shown.

The attractions of chamois-hunting gradually diverted Maund from mountaineering proper, and ultimately he devoted his holidays in the Alps almost exclusively to that sport. He had an extensive shooting in the Vorarlberg, close to the Bavarian frontier, and built himself a very characteristic house. The place was most luxuriously appointed, but it harmonised admirably with its surroundings, being built largely by local workmen and of the materials that were ready to hand. People seem too often to think that they are conferring a favour on a landscape by building their house, and do not scruple to spoil a view when they utilise a view-point. No such selfish mistake of judgment was made at Hopfreen, for Maund was a man of very refined taste. At this shooting place he was seen at his very best. He was always an admirable host and never happier than when *procul negotiis* he could enjoy the sport that he loved amidst the mountains with which he was in such keen sympathy.

Like many men prone to quick and often rather unreasonable dislikes he was a very staunch friend. His quick temper occasionally betrayed him into sharp sayings, but though he often said hard things to a man's face he never spoke ill of him behind his back.

For some time past his health had been unsatisfactory, and he was compelled to abstain from active exertion. Though it was sad

to note in the wasted but upright form the contrast to the magnificent athlete of the old mountaineering days, yet the intellectual fire did not dim. The eye would sparkle and the familiar animation of voice return when the talk turned on the mountains, on successes won or failures atoned for on rock and glacier.

In his varied career in life he had met with failures, which never discouraged him; and with successes, which never spoilt him.

The end came, not without warning, but with terrible swiftness, while he was abroad, in Pisa. Whom the gods love die suddenly. To the last he retained the strongest love of the mountains, and left directions that his ashes should be interred on the "Kleine Künzle" mountain, close to his house in the Bregenzerwald.

C. T. DENT.

#### EXHIBITION OF ALPINE PICTURES BY MEMBERS OF THE SOCIÉTÉ DES PEINTRES DE MONTAGNE.

THIS interesting exhibition of paintings in oil and water colour, which was on view at the Club from June 3 to 28, may have suggested to some people the question of the possibility of establishing a similar society in England. It may, however, be pointed out that by organising these periodical exhibitions of pictures of mountain subjects, and by admitting to membership a not inconsiderable number of artists who have shown to the satisfaction of the Committee that they are properly imbued with the spirit of the mountains, the Alpine Club is already performing many of the functions of such a society, not the least pleasant of them being the extension of a welcome to Continental brothers of the brush.

The Société des Peintres de Montagne was started in 1898, under the patronage of the C.A.F., whose President was made an Hon. President of the society. Its headquarters are in Paris, where it holds annual exhibitions; but the idea was a happy one which led to the present peaceful invasion of Savile Row by our friendly neighbours, some of whose works may, we hope, have secured a domicile in this country.

So young a society has no doubt a future before it; and it is interesting to observe the spirit in which its members have grappled with the difficulties of mountain-painting. Contrary, perhaps, to what might have been expected, one feature is prominent—the absence of 'impressionism.' The pictures for the most part convey the notion of having been painted *en plein air*. And this method, if it can be called a method, has its advantages and its disadvantages. On the one hand, from the point of view of the individual painter, it is the true road to eventual success, for no one can portray the spirit of the mountains without having studied their anatomy and their multiplicity of detail. On the other hand, the most beautiful effects of mountain scenery are too