

William Humphrey Hollins, Second Lieutenant, Notts and Derby Regt., 8th Batt.; won the Brackenbury Scholarship for History, at Balliol, December 1913; killed near Ypres, June 1915.

Thomas Darwin Overton, Lieutenant, Lincolnshire Regiment, 6th Batt.; Scholar of New College; killed near Cape Helles, July 1915.

Richard Thomas Cyril Willis-Fleming, Second Lieutenant, Hants R.H.A.; killed at Romani, August 1916.

IN MEMORIAM.

ALEXANDER RIVINGTON.

1837-1917.

WE regret to announce the sudden death on February 17, from pneumonia, of one of the oldest members of the Alpine Club in the person of Mr. Alexander Rivington, of 'Hollydale,' Tarring Road, Worthing. Mr. Rivington was the second surviving son of the late Mr. Francis Rivington of the well-known publishing firm of Waterloo Place.

Mr. Rivington had been wonderfully active up to within the last few days before his fatal illness, and though he would have reached the age of eighty in March, he still greatly enjoyed walking for many hours a day.

He was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1861, and in his early days had done much climbing in Switzerland, and has written many articles, etc., on the subject. He was the author of a book (now out of print) entitled 'Notes on Travels,' published in 1865. He still took a great interest in the Club and all matters connected with climbing, and it was only lately that he had been in correspondence with his friend, Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, Secretary of the Alpine Club of Canada, on various points.

Mr. Rivington leaves a daughter and three sons, one of whom, Lieut. Kenneth Rivington, is at present invalided home. Mrs. Rivington, his widow, we regret to say, only survived him nine days.

FREDERICK WALLINGFORD WHITRIDGE.

MR. FREDERICK WALLINGFORD WHITRIDGE was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1884, after some seasons of active work in the Alps—chiefly, I believe, in the Oberland, with Christian Almer as his leading guide. He married a daughter of Matthew Arnold, and always maintained a close relation with England, which he visited at least twice a year. After his marriage, he exchanged

mountaineering for sport in Scotland, and rented the same moor in the neighbourhood of Pitlochry for about thirty years. He also had a house near Tring. As an influential and much trusted lawyer he had to spend his winters in New York, so that he was unable to take much advantage of his membership of our Club—to his great and often expressed regret. He was a very well-known character in New York. His pamphlets on the political situation, published at long intervals, attracted great attention, and were written in a trenchant and caustic style, rare in such literature. During the later years of his life he was president of one of the great surface railroads in New York City, and dragged it up from bankruptcy to prosperity. During that process he came into frequent and always victorious contact with the Public Service Commission and with the unions, and his controversies with them, whether in the public press or in the law courts, added to the gaiety of the city. He greatly annoyed the labour party by boldly asserting that the men employed were his servants, and he was the servant of the public. I think he invariably succeeded in carrying through his decisions. The Public Service Commission brought countless actions against him and lost them all. When the War broke out he stood forth strongly on the side of the Allies, and his little book, 'What one American thinks about the War,' was a great help to the Allied cause in the United States, and was widely circulated. His son, with his parents' full approval, came over and enlisted in our army, presently obtaining a commission in the Artillery. He fought at the front in France for about two years and won a Military Cross. Whitridge was an admirable talker, a splendid companion, and a man of great ability. He filled the office of special Ambassador to represent the United States at the wedding of the King of Spain, and if he had lived and his party had returned to power it is more than possible that he would have been accredited as the representative of the United States at the Court of St. James's.

MARTIN CONWAY.

MAJOR OSWALD ERIK TODD, 5th Gurkha Rifles.
1879-1916.

HIMALAYAN mountaineering and exploration has received two grievous blows, during the present war, in the loss of the cousins Oswald Erik Todd and Morris Slingsby. Slingsby died a soldier's death in Mesopotamia. Todd's end was tragic and, indirectly, no doubt due to the same cause through the agency of a severe sun-stroke. His career though short was varied, and included active service in South Africa and again on the Indian Frontier during the Zakka Khel expedition. In peace time he had served in Burmah, India, and, latterly, in the North-Western Frontier Province at the station of his regiment—Abbottabad. Todd was of exactly the type to be successful in Himalayan exploration, and his perform-

ances during his short tour in the Lahoul Himalaya pointed him out as the man from whom great things might be expected. Short and strongly built, he was the type which begins at its worst and is always improving: the hardest work seemed to leave him a better man, while lack of comfort—inseparable from the Himalayas—had no effect on him whatsoever. He learnt his mountaineering under the very best of instructors—namely, his uncle, Cecil Slingsby, as also did Morris Slingsby his cousin and companion. Before coming to India he had done a certain amount of travel in Norway and a good deal of scrambling in the English hills. His life in Abbottabad took him continually into the hills, and his leave was invariably spent in the mountains. He knew the Kaghan Valley and its mountains fairly well, and had some fine scrambles among them both with his friends and with men of his regiment. Kaghan is a first-class training ground for the greater Himalaya. There are few great problems, but the sub-alpine scale is very large and therefore distances are great. Todd's most remarkable expedition was no doubt this tour in Lahoul. We had almost decided on this trip during the summer of 1910, which we spent in the Oberland together, our guide then being the Heinrich Fuhrer who accompanied us in the Himalayas. I having long leave had preceded Todd; but he on his arrival found me *hors de combat* with a damaged shoulder; in consequence all his climbs were done with Fuhrer and with his orderly, Chandra Sing, who himself had the makings of an excellent mountaineer. It is sad to think that of the two sahibs and four Gurkhas who with Fuhrer formed our party, the last-named and I are now the sole survivors.

As I have elsewhere written, his successes on Maiwa Mundinoo, on Kundini, and on the unnamed peak which we called Todd's giant, were veritable *tours de force*; and I cannot see why men who were able to do such difficult rock and snow work, and at such a remarkable pace, should not, under favourable conditions, reach a height of at least 27,000 feet, or another 5500 feet, higher than the highest to which they attained, especially as under those very strenuous conditions they never suffered from anything resembling mountain sickness.

Todd was of the exact temperament for prolonged mountain travel: never put out, and with a perfect temper, always happy and contented. Weather was about the only thing that affected him—except, of course, the great misfortune of missing a shot at shikar, for he was a very keen sportsman and did his best to combine climbing and shooting. The year after our journey in Kulu and Lahoul, Todd was to join his cousin in his great attempt on Kamet, but unfortunately fell ill at Ambala with some form of blood-poisoning, and had to undergo a serious operation on his leg; later he recovered sufficiently to march up into Garhwal slowly, but was quite unfit for high mountaineering. His cousin's attempt on Kamet was a most strenuous bit of work, and very nearly

ended badly for him, as from overwork and exposure he became temporarily paralysed down his left side, and I do not think he ever quite recovered from that tremendous effort.

On the outbreak of war, Captain Todd was, from his position in the regiment, obliged to stay at headquarters in charge of the depot of his battalion—work which requires an experienced officer. He was unfortunate enough not to obtain relief until the return of his battalion from Gallipoli in December 1915. He then joined it in Egypt and returned with it to India in the following February. Altogether a great disappointment and grief to so keen a soldier, only partially compensated by the thought that he had carried out his arduous and rather thankless duties to his seniors' complete satisfaction. His is a great loss to the exploration of the higher Himalayan world, as with the exception of a scientific training he had all the qualities required for such work.

C. G. BRUCE.

Few places in Craven or elsewhere have a brighter or a sunnier aspect than Kildwick Vicarage, situated as it is on the wood-crowned brow of a steep hill overlooking the grand old 'Lang Kirk of Craven,' the broadened valley of the Aire, and lofty, undulating moorlands beyond.

Here was Oswald Erik Todd born on July 8, 1879—his father, the Rev. Herbert Todd, then being the vicar of the parish. Erik, the third son, inherited from both of his parents his bright sunny nature and adventurous spirit, which all who knew him well associated with him. His friends will always treasure the remembrance of his winsome smile, nor can they forget how, the moment he came into a room, a happiness and brightness seemed to enter with him which proved, almost invariably, to be infectious. This was the case both during childhood and manhood.

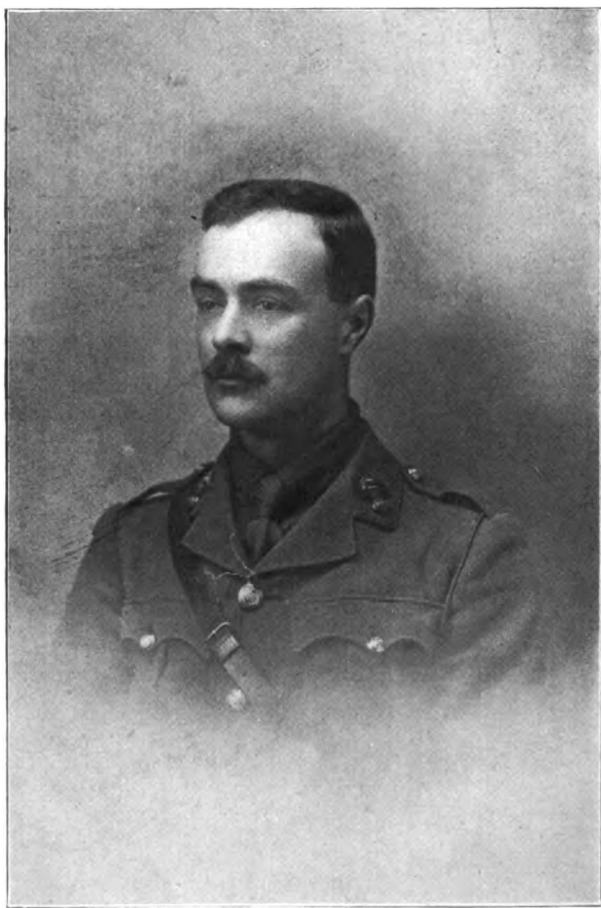
Those of us who have ever shared in the pleasure of the summer holidays of the Todd family in Norway, or elsewhere, have a host of most happy recollections. Never shall I forget driving down the Romsdal, under perfect weather conditions, with Erik, and his bubbling enthusiasm. I imagined, too, that I knew this grand valley very well before. I was mistaken.

In due course he went to Dover College, where he spent about five years, during which he became 'a leader in athletics, especially in gymnastics, and a highly valued pupil' of his headmaster—our fellow A.C. member, the Rev. W. C. Compton. He also had the good fortune to become acquainted with Mummery, who was most kind to him.

Todd entered Keble College, Oxford, in October 1898, with the intention of taking Holy Orders. During the autumn of 1899 his patriotic ardour turned his thoughts to South Africa, and, with the exception of a couple of days at his home in Craven, he spent the whole of the Christmas holidays at Aldershot and got his first commission



OSWALD ERIK TODD,
1879—1916.



NEVILLE SAVAGE DONE,
1882—1917.

in the West Yorks Militia. After a few weeks in South Africa he obtained a commission in the regular Army in the East Yorks, and about the end of 1900 he was sent to India in charge of Boer prisoners. Ultimately—thanks to the then Major, the Hon. C. G. Bruce—he was transferred to the 5th Gurkhas, with whom he passed many happy years; and when not on duty became an ardent gardener as well as a first-rate all-round sportsman.

Of late years, since his mother's death, he had spent his long leaves with his aunt, amongst the high and romantic fell country of North-West Yorkshire, which he loved so well.

All who knew Erik Todd deeply mourn his loss, and affectionately treasure the memory of a brave and trusty comrade who possessed an exceptionally lovable nature.

W. C. S.

NEVILLE SAVAGE DONE.

1881-1917.

NEVILLE DONE has written in the *JOURNAL* his own record of one great season in the Alps, and the world may read what manner of man he was. Some of his comrades have gone before him, and others are embarked on an adventure more perilous than any they dreamed of years ago. One must write of him who never shared with him the joys and toils of the heights, but who mourns a great gap in the circle of friends that the high peaks have brought.

Done saw the Alps as a schoolboy, and has written something of his early impressions. His first peak, the Tschingelhorn, must have been climbed in 1907, and in 1908 and 1909 he was the companion of Parkinson in guideless climbs in the Oberland and in the Mont Blanc Range. In 1910 his party worked from the Diablerets through the Oberland to Monte Leone. Election to the Club came in 1912. His last season finished in the Oberland, with three great days in succession on the Nesthorn, the Aletschhorn and the Jungfrau.

Amid the fragments of half-forgotten talks, I remember well the impression which the climb with Parkinson up the Italian side of Mont Blanc had made on him, and his keen desire to repeat the crossing when plans were made for the fateful summer in which the peace of the world broke up.

As a mountaineer Done was an enthusiast, a safe man on rock and snow, a regular visitor to the fells at home, and one of the soundest school of guideless climbers. A letter from the Front says 'He was a very good friend of mine, and will leave a place hard to fill in a little group at the Law Society. In the Alps he was very correct in his methods, as one would expect from his character. He gave the impression of being quite safe anywhere. He used to carry a very heavy sack, much of the contents whereof were at the disposal of the party.' Done's photographs were striking productions and

were often seen at the Club's exhibitions. As his lecture two years ago showed, his powers as a speaker and writer were very considerable.

Professionally he was highly esteemed, and in everything he touched he showed immense capacity for work and thoroughness. In the early period of the war he threw himself into the Volunteer movement, and gave close attention to the subject of musketry training, doing valuable work as musketry instructor, beside being himself a remarkably good shot.

Joining the Army in June, 1916, he passed *via* the University of London O.T.C. and the Queen's Westminsters to a Cadet Battalion and to the Royal Fusiliers. He was gazetted on the day of the February meeting—at which he was present. Within a month he was in France, went up to the Front on the 6th, and was killed on the 10th March during an attack somewhere on the Somme, having already proved himself a fine officer.

The sympathy of the whole Club goes out to his widow and his two little girls. We have lost a lover of the mountains, the country another of its finest citizens.

E. E. ROBERTS.

JAMES ROBERT DENNISTOUN.¹

NEW ZEALAND has lost a very keen and able mountaineer-explorer in the death of 'Jim' Dennistoun. He was just the man wanted in this country where Alpine Districts are still to be explored, now that the first pioneers are for various reasons unable to continue the work of breaking new ground. For many years the chief climbing has been done in the Tasman District from the Hermitage, excepting one party which has been gaining knowledge of the country round Aspiring. This is partly due to the fact that access to this district is easy, and guides are available, but also partly due to the desire of the majority to 'do' something that is popularly known.

Dennistoun began his Alpine work by pioneering in a little-known locality which would carry no public 'kudos.' He was always one of those men who climbed or explored for the love of the work, and in hopes of adding to our knowledge of the mountains; he never advertised his results. About 1908 he commenced his Alpine career by exploring the headwaters and glaciers of the Rangitata River and with one companion made the first pass over into the Wataroa river on the West Coast. This expedition was a hard experience, only to be appreciated by the few men who have gone into unexplored country W. of the Divide; its great merit lay in the fact that it was the first piece of Alpine work done by either of the party, and the

¹ See also *A.J.* xxx. 339 (with portrait).

only guide they had to help them was a letter of advice from me. The next season Dennistoun organised a party (which I think included a guide) to make the journey from the Rangitata River *via* the Godley, Classen, and Murchison Glaciers to the Tasman—one of the most interesting expeditions undertaken for many years, and the first one to link up the various districts.

Dennistoun altogether made three expeditions into the mountains between the Rangitata and Tasman, during which he made several first passes and first ascents, the most notable being that of Mt. D'Archiac in which he was accompanied by Mr. Earle, A.C. In 1914 the late Mr. King, A.C., was of the party when they made the first crossing of the Terra Nova Pass, a new route from Rangitata River to Godley Glacier. He had arranged to join Mr. King in his ascent of Mt. Cook, but an unavoidable delay prevented him doing so; thus he escaped the accident in which the party were unfortunately killed. In addition to his pioneer work, Dennistoun made some first ascents in the better known Tasman District, notably Mt. Aylmer, December 1911, and Green's Saddle (between Mts. Cook and Dampier) from the Linda Glacier in January 1911. His other climbs include Mts. Cook, De la Beche, Minnarets, Elie de Beaumont (second ascent), and the Footstool.

His keen interest in working off the beaten track is shown in the two matters mentioned in your short notice of his death—namely, his solitary climb of Mitre Peak in Milford Sound, a good piece of work, and his trip to the Antarctic on one of Captain Scott's relief ships.

Dennistoun was one of those young enthusiasts in Alpine matters, working for the sheer love of mountains and nature, and not looking for special recognition; the fact that he had made some addition to our Alpine knowledge would satisfy him even if no big ascents had been made. It was always refreshing to an older climber to meet him and enjoy his enthusiasm, and hear him planning an expedition to break some new ground.

Like so many others who have died in this War whom we can ill afford to lose, he has given his life 'for the Empire,' and I am confident he would not have desired a better end.

ARTHUR P. HARPER.

RICHARD HILL TIDDEMAN.

IN *The Times*, February 23, amongst the *Deaths* there appeared the following notice:

'TIDDEMAN.—On the 20th Feb., suddenly, at Nottage House, Porthcawl, Glam., Richard Hill Tiddeman, M.A., F.G.S. (late H.M. Geological Survey), of Woodstock Road, Oxford, aged 75. . . .'

Though I think never a member of the A.C., he was, more or less, associated with relatively early mountaineering in company with

the late Mr. James Eccles, with whom he made the first ascent of the *Aig. du Plan*, in 1871. A good many of our A.C. friends have been fortunate in possessing the friendship of Tiddeman, who was a delightful man in every respect, and a devoted lover of the hills.

For many years he was actively engaged on the survey of the romantic fell country of Craven, near Settle, Skipton, and over the county border near Clitheroe, in Lancashire. With the late Mr. John Birkbeck, A.C., he initiated the sport of cave-hunting; was closely identified with the scientific exploration of the celebrated Victoria Cave on which he 'contributed a report on the physical history of the cave, which is printed in *Geological Magazine*, Jan., 1873.' In company with the late Father Richard Sharp, S.J., he acquired probably a greater intimacy with, and knowledge of, the fascinating limestone scenery of Craven than any other nature-lovers of that grand country of whom I am one.

Amongst the natives of Craven there is a wealth of most happy memories connected with the true mountaineer, R. H. Tiddeman, which revive much of pleasure and nothing of the reverse.

WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

EMIL KATHREIN.

By the death, on November 14, 1916, of Herr Emil Kathrein, the Canton du Valais has lost one of its most devoted sons, a prominent citizen and almost the last of that generation of pioneer-innkeepers who, in the 'sixties and 'seventies of the last century, did so much to develop the Swiss, and especially the Valaisan, Alpine *hôtellerie*, and so to facilitate the access to the great mountains and accommodate the rapidly growing stream of mountaineering tourists and climbers.

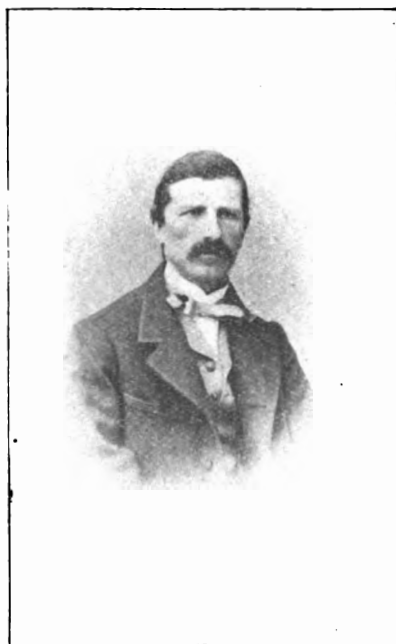
In a relatively short time Herr Kathrein gained a world-wide reputation as a fine type of his class, the old-fashioned Swiss landlord. This fame lasted for over forty years, and these few lines of recognition from an old climber, who had only too rarely, alas! the benefit of his personal acquaintance, may not be out of place.

Emil Kathrein was born in Brigue on January 14, 1847. He received such education as was available in the colleges of his small country, and was introduced at an early stage of his life to his future calling by two remarkably good teachers, his sister and her husband, Herr Alexander Seiler, the great promoter of Zermatt's welfare.

After some collaboration with them, and his apprenticeship being completed, he purchased in the autumn of 1871 from Herr Anton Wellig the Hotel Jungfrau at the foot of the Eggishorn (commonly called Hotel Eggishorn). This well-known establishment was built by Wellig in 1856, and managed by him. I remember sleeping once under his roof, literally, as, when I arrived one evening

in July 1866, very tired, after a long tramp from Blatten in the Lötschental over the Lötschenlücke and the top of the Eggishorn, he assigned me to the topmost floor, assuring me that I should sleep quietly and not be disturbed by his English guests, who were called very early for the Jungfrau and Finsteraarhorn. He was a queer little man, I remember, very busy and not unkind to a poor beginner, as I was then. But I shall not speak of Wellig.

Herr Kathrein began innkeeping at the Eggishorn in the spring of 1872, when he was only twenty-five years old. It was a heavy



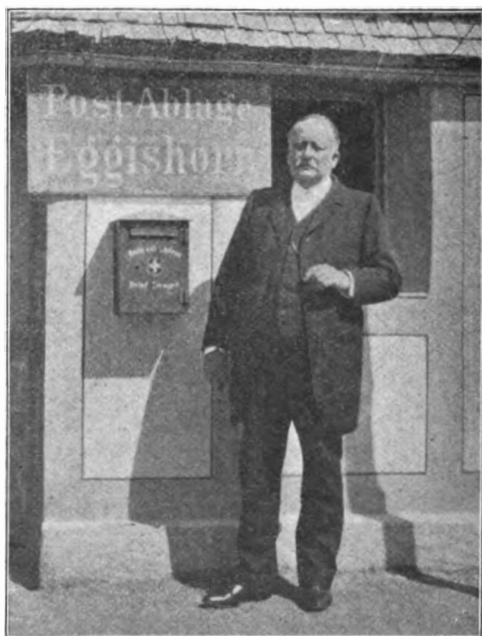
FRANZ WELLIG.

task for so young a man, but Kathrein was up to it. By his energy and ability, his fair dealing in business, his courteous behaviour to all his guests, he won his way and kept his establishment in a flourishing state till the day of his death. Notwithstanding the rapidly increasing number of a *belle clientèle*, the simple mountaineer was always heartily and warmly welcomed by Kathrein, and felt at home, even when the house was full of more pretentious guests.

I well remember two delicious days of rest at Kathrein's in July 1881, after crossing the Jungfrau from the Rotthal hut to the Concordia hut. How pleasant were the chats with Kathrein in his *bureau*, whenever the management of a big house full of tourists,

the conversations with these, the uninterrupted *va et vient* of guides, porters of wood, provisions and household things, of mule-drivers and postmen, left him free a moment!

Once he left me there for half an hour alone, giving me *plein pouvoir* to answer in his name all the queries of clients that might come in meanwhile. How he laughed at the mistakes I had made, when I reported afterwards! And how his eyes twinkled with fun when he told me of that youth of the Prince de Joinville's family whom Kathrein observed leaving the hotel surreptitiously



[Photo : H. F. Montagnier.]

EMIL KATHREIN.

at dark, running down to Viesch to—well, to see a friend—and stealing in again before dawn! But I shall also not forget his kind admonition to a sturdy porter not to overdo himself with work and to take care of his health above all, or the tender nursing given by the hotel people, Madame Kathrein foremost, to a sick guide of mine, who had fallen ill with erysipelas during our above-named expedition.

In the year 1887 Kathrein bought the hotel on the Riederalp. A little inn had been erected there in 1861, to serve as a link between Belalp and Eggishorn, but now it was enlarged and used especially as a more quiet place of sojourn for families and pensionnaires. And so widely spread was the reputation of Herr Kathrein's excellent

hotel-keeping that he was engaged by the Currie line of Cape mail steamers to manage from 1895 to 1897 their new important Hotel Mount Nelson, in Cape Town.

In order to facilitate the access to the great summits to be climbed from the Hotel Jungfrau, Herr Kathrein in 1877 arranged with the section Monte Rosa S.A.C. to build the Concordia hut. He paid two-thirds of the cost, superintended the building of the hut, and, with a subsidy from the S.A.C., maintained the hut in as good a state as the distance from the Hotel Jungfrau allowed. The new hut was a great advance on the Faulberg cave, arranged by Wellig in 1865, but in 1892 Herr Kathrein found it necessary to build the Pavillon Kathrein close to the hut. Finally, in 1908, the section Grindelwald S.A.C. built a new and larger hut, close to the old, on ground conveyed to it without any charge by Herr Kathrein, who also bore a part of the cost. On this, as on other occasions, Herr Kathrein showed himself disinterested and loyal to the Swiss Alpine Club, a course which has not always been fully recognised.

More than once he was called to do much service in case of accidents, especially in 1887, when six travellers fell victims to a storm on the Jungfrau, and in 1912, when Dr. Andreas Fischer died on the Aletschhorn.

Kathrein joined the Swiss Alpine Club (section Monte Rosa) in 1868 and remained a member to the end. In his youth he was an enthusiastic mountaineer. He climbed nearly all the summits surrounding the *Concordiaplatz* such as the Jungfrau, Aletschhorn, Finsteraarhorn, besides the Bietschhorn, Matterhorn, Zinal-Rothorn, Monte Rosa, Lyskamm, Breithorn, &c.

Although his civil *carrière* was not so brilliant as that of his other brother-in-law, Dr. Felix Klausen, who died on September 4, 1916, as senior judge of the Supreme Court of the Swiss Confederation after twenty-five years' service, Emil Kathrein deserved well of his native town and canton.

For twenty-four years (1874-96) he was a member of the *conseil communal* of Brigue and for twenty-eight years deputy of the district of Brigue to the Grand Conseil du Canton du Valais.

He leaves behind him the memory of an upright man, a good citizen, and model innkeeper.

DR. H. DÜBI.

FRANZ WEISSHORN BINER.

1835-1916.

'He is a safe and trustworthy guide of a cautious temperament,' writes the late Arthur Cust, and it is undoubtedly a very true description of Franz Biner's qualities.

He was no Burgener or Imseng in daring; no Almer or Melchior as leader of a great expedition; but for the ordinary mountain he

was a sound, trustworthy guide. Probably among all the guides no more unassuming character, or a man more devoted to his employers' interests, more single-minded of purpose, more faithful of performance, ever lived. He was all his life mainly an Engländer-Führer; and his kindly, somewhat shy greeting to his old friends will by many of us not soon be forgotten. The clean, open expression of the old man's face, with his one eye, is a true indication of his candour and loyalty.

He was born in 1835, lived at Zermatt all his life, and died last autumn at his home. As he lay on his deathbed he is reported to have said: 'I am going to die pretty soon and I can't take my book with me. It is of no use to me now to show the English gentlemen what a good guide I was; so you can tell the gentleman that if he promises to send my book to the Alpine Club with my photograph he can have it for the price he offers.' We will not fail to keep the old man's memory green.

The book, smelling strongly of tobacco, is open before me.

The first entry is of a passage of the Schwarzberg-Weissthor, and is followed by passages of the New Weissthor. A few days later—early in August 1863—he gains the name Weisshorn Biner by acting as *porter* up the Weisshorn to Mr. E. N. Buxton, who I know will be glad to recognise his pencilled note of fifty-four years ago.

A few days later, Mr. J. Birkbeck, junior, certifies that Biner accompanied him as *guide* up the Weisshorn. On August 24, he ascends the Monte Rosa, and on September 17 is a certificate of his first-recorded engagement (of fourteen days), bearing the firm signature of John Rigby, with those of Daniel Jones and James Porter, all members of the Club. They crossed the Adler, the Lysjoch, and the Weissthor, on which Peter Perren acted as leading guide; but on the Col du Sonadon and the Col d'Argentière, passes of the now most undeservedly neglected high-level route, 'we considered Franz Biner as our chief guide.'

Franz's first great opportunity comes to him when, in 1864 as second to Christian Michel, he accompanies Mr. E. N. Buxton and a large party, including Tuckett, on the journey to the Bernina and Ortler groups, immortalised in one of the masterly topographical papers by Tuckett, elucidated by panoramas and a map of the Ortler group, that are the glory of this JOURNAL ('A.J.' i. 385-422).

From the old travellers' book at the 'Kronenhof' at Pontresina, still, as in Tuckett's time, 'that pleasantest of headquarters'—hard hit by the War, I fear—Mr. Montagnier has been good enough, by the courteous permission of M. Gredig the proprietor, to make me a copy of a long entry describing the whole of this journey—written apparently by Mr. Buxton, and showing that there was more than one topographer in this famous party. But for the published article referred to, I should have been tempted to publish the extract in full.

Returning from this instructive journey, Mr. Buxton and Biner

cross the Weisssthor, and then with Leslie Stephen and Jakob Anderegg make, on August 16, the first ascent of the Lyskamm from the Felikjoch. The Col du Géant is crossed, and Mr. Buxton winds up the note of the journey in Biner's book with the words: 'The highest praise I can give him is that he was as efficient as I have always known him.'

Biner then makes several ascents, including the Strahlhorn and Monte Rosa. 'He is an excellent guide—strong, careful, and active,' is the testimony of his employer, Julian Goldsmid. The next entry reveals to us that Montagu Corry (subsequently Lord Rowton) was once a climber—limited, however, so far as the entry goes, to the Cima di Jazzi and the Théodule.

The year 1865 finds him in the service of Mr. Whymper—whose entry is reproduced. This journey is too well known from the immortal 'Scrambles' to need further mention here. Then on July 16 the Rev. A. G. Girdlestone writes: 'Franz Biner went up Monte Rosa with me yesterday. He cut the necessary steps well.' A few days later we find him permanently fledged with 'Weisshorn' as his second Christian name, over the signature 'Robert d'Orléans, Duc de Chartres.'

The next year, 1866, is a memorable one for Biner, for we find the record of his first journey with the Rev. Julius Elliott,¹ one of the most enterprising and active English mountaineers of his day. That year they did little, owing to weather; but in 1867 Elliott, with Biner alone, ascended the Jungfrau, and the Mont Blanc, besides doing other expeditions. Elliott, who, as we know, was not quite an easy employer, writes: 'His first-rate qualities as a guide, his activity, willingness, carefulness, endurance, and instinctive power of solving difficulties on ice or rock, together with his simple and perfectly natural character . . . make his society in a Swiss tour a very considerable addition to one's happiness.'

I have reproduced in facsimile the certificate of Mr. Elliott's journey of 1868, for it shows Biner at the height of his powers. On July 27 of the following year, Elliott was killed on the Schreckhorn by rashly jumping, when unroped, from the ice on to the final rocks of the summit—formerly we kept out on the E. ice-slope, nowadays the arête is followed all the way from the Sattel. He missed his footing, lost his axe, and slid, at first quite slowly, down the hard snow to be dashed to death on the glacier below the Lauteraarjoch. Biner described to me the whole occurrence twenty-five years later. One could see that no later employer had usurped Elliott's place in his old guide's affections. There is the following entry, signed 'Pownoll W. Phipps,' who was Mr. Elliott's companion when the fatal accident occurred: 'It is my duty to state that Biner was in no way to blame for what occurred, as Mr.

¹ See *A.J.* xxviii. 281 *seq.* for his portrait and the account of his ascent of the Matterhorn, the first after the accident.

Franz Boenzl accompanied
me to the top of Weisshorn
as porter. and I found
him so good that I
took him on over
the "high level" route as
usual. He is as good
or better than any
of the Zermatt guides
& I can most strongly
recommend him

E H Burton
Chamonix 12 Aug/85

Franz Boenzl was with me
during the following expeditions, as
second, and sometimes as third guide,
Grand Cornier +

Dent Blanche (third ascent, by a
new route)

Grande Jorasse +

ig. Verte +

Ruinette +

Col Dolent +

Col du Talé +

+ these expeditions were all made
under my direction for the first time.
He is very strong, and willing to
carry, and I have little doubt
may in time become a first rate
guide.

Edmond Whymper

Brail

July 7th 1865

Frantz Leischhorn & Briner has been with me
 his car for nearly 4 weeks. In that time
 he has guided me up the Galenstock,
 over the Black Pass, up the Wetterhorn,
 over the Hörnch Loch & Hörnch, ~~to the~~ Finster
Aarhorn, over the Alphubel Loch & Alphubel
 up the Dörn & up the Weissorn. With
 the exception of the Weissorn each was his
 first ascent; yet nothing could have
 surpassed his quickness of eye & correctness
 of judgment often proved under trying
 circumstances in mist & rain & snow.
 At his strength & willingness to carry
 I have spoken in a previous year, but
 I have never sent it to such proof
 as now. In all but the last & expedition
 we was our sole guide & porter, & led the
 way up the Hörnch with perseverance
 after climbing the Hörnch Loch under the new
 mixed water: from deep snow, notwithstanding
 the discouragement of finding it under the
 snowed him it was "impossible." The ascent

to the summit of the Dörn ~~was~~ but for him
 would have been impracticable, for
 the other guide of our party though a
 first-rate intrepid climber under the
 difficulties of the way. But more
 of all I like to mention his ^{his simplicity} ~~simplicity~~ ^{his perfect} ~~perfect~~
 his extreme ~~simplicity~~ ^{straightforwardness} ~~straightforwardness~~ ^{can do} ~~can do~~
 kindness of heart. His care of me
 this consideration for me when ^{was} ~~was~~ tired
 show qualities that do fit him for the
 charge: ladies, ~~but~~ ^{were} they not combine
 with better qualities which make him
 a first-rate guide & friend.

Julius M. Elliott.

P.C. of St. Mary's, Brighton
 1868.

Franz Weisshorn Binier took
me up Monte Rosa yesterday,
the 22nd instant. My old
opinion of his powers as a guide,
formed seven years ago, has
in no way diminished, and
I cheerfully commend him to
those who deem that a steady
head, firm hand, and caution are
good things in a guide.

Zermatt, Aug 23. 1874.

A. Augustin
Secretary of S. Location at Madison.

Franz (Weisshorn) Binier has been with
me, as guide & companion, for a month.
During that time, owing to unfavourable
weather & other causes, we have not done
much - but ^{for} went from Zermatt to
Grindelwald & back, taking the Ober Giger,
the Sustenkerfjoch, the Stadelbach Pass, the
Jochingel Pass, a pass over the Wildstube
from the Schwarzbach Janze, the Gauri
descending on Siemogath, Duff Joch. He also
acted as my sole guide & porter, went with me
to the summit of the Grand de Juki Schwenzer
by the glacier, returning by the Adula Pass to
Stallhorn. Since then, we have come over the
Col d'Herz, & have ascended the Blaise.
It would be superfluous to add anything
in his praise to the testimony borne
on the preceding page by Mr. Pliffo, &
on another page to the late Mr. H. H. H.
Wirth, by whom I was first introduced
to him.

Henry W. Wirth
(Bliffo, England)
Champion.

Elliott declined his proposal to put on the rope, considering it unnecessary.'

After leaving Elliott in 1868, Biner continues with the late R. B. Heathcote, who had been one of the Dom party. They traverse Mont Blanc, ascending by the Aig. du Goûter, descending by the Mulets, make, with the late Kenelm Digby and Melchior Anderegg, a new route up Monte Rosa from the Grenz Glacier, traverse Pollux and Castor, ascend the Lyskamm, Strahlhorn, Piz Bernina, Galenstock, and cross the Adler, Alphubeljoch, Cols d'Argentière and du Géant, Lysjoch, Schwarzthor, Strahleck, and Tschingelpass.

Next year—1869—with the same employer he ascends the Mont Blanc du Tacul, the Rimpfischhorn, the Allalinhorn, the Alphubel, and makes other smaller expeditions. 'I cannot speak too highly of his qualities as a guide or of his conduct.'

I dare say one of our veterans, Mr. Henry Wagner, will recognise his entry of forty-eight years ago. They seem to have got over some country, weather notwithstanding! Two years later—in 1871—they are together again, over the high-level route, and in an ascent of the Jungfrau.

In 1871 there is an entry by another veteran, 'Moriz Déchy,' whose death is just announced. Single-handed, Biner made with him the first ascent from the Grenz glacier to the Sattel of the Dufour, described by M. Déchy as very difficult—much fresh snow. Biner distinguished himself as a rock-climber as well as for his '*ausgezeichnetes fast unterbrochenes Stufenhauen.*'

By 1872 Biner had overcome his shyness of the Matterhorn, which he ascends with Baron Albert Rothschild and two of the redoubtable Knubels.

The following year—1873—he and Joseph Imboden lead Mr. William Knight up the Gabelhorn; and he and Peter Taugwalder guide Mr. Ralph W. Clutton up the Weisshorn—great expeditions in those days.

I venture to reproduce the entry, in 1874, of Mr. Alvey Augustus Adie, secretary of the U.S. Legation at Madrid, 1870-1877, and *chargé-d'affaires* during several intervals, chief of the Diplomatic Bureau in Washington, 1878, and, since 1886, Second Assistant Secretary of State in Washington—in which post he has rendered distinguished service to his country. His duties at the present juncture, onerous as they must be, will yet, I trust, permit him to cast back his memory to those days of strenuous work forty-three years ago.

The same year 'Wm. Arnold Lewis,' Temple, London, destined three years later to perish on the Lyskamm, finds Biner 'an excellent guide and a very careful and cautious man.'

In 1876 Biner makes, with Mr. Eustace Hulton, the ascent of the Breithorn from the N., and of the Strahlhorn, with the descent of the E. face.

In 1877, with Mr. J. E. Lloyd, he crosses many passes in the

Pennines and makes the ascent of the Grand Combin; and with Mr. Wilbraham Ford ascends the Matterhorn, leaving Zermatt at 10 P.M., and returning in nineteen hours. He ascends the Weisshorn with Mr. J. C. Leman, and the Matterhorn with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leman, Alois Pollinger, and two other guides.

In 1878 ascents of the Monte Rosa, and Mont Blanc, are recorded. In 1879 he guides Mr. W. G. Hutchinson up the Matterhorn, Peter Taugwalder acting as porter, and ascends Mont Blanc with Messrs. Wotherspoon and Bedale.

In 1881, with Mr. Wotherspoon, he ascends the Weissmies, Monte Rosa, Matterhorn and Dom, and the Matterhorn with Mr. F. S. Lalim, and again with Mr. W. H. Bibby. The book ends with an entry by Mr. E. B. Moser, August 31, 1881; but Biner continued to climb long after this, and I think was regularly employed by the late Mr. Luttmann-Johnson.

Another of the old landmarks of Zermatt vanishes with him. He would have been well pleased that the farewell of his friends in the Club should be a record of his work.

J. P. FARRAR.

MARTIN SCHOCHER.

THIS well-known Pontresina guide died during the winter, as the result of a very trivial accident when chamois shooting, at which he was a great master. He was about sixty-eight years of age, and was a native of Unterwalden, coming as a young man to Pontresina as gamekeeper to the Upper Engadine Chamois Preserve.

Although he can never be called one of the great guides of the Alps, since—except for two or three visits to the Valais, when he did most of the great peaks—he had, owing to the conditions at Pontresina, never left the Bernina range, yet he was eminently a first-class guide and stood head and shoulders above any Engadine guide, past or present—with, of course, the exception of Klucker.

No difficult or even severe expedition in the Bernina district was ever undertaken except under Schocher's lead. He could earn any sum he liked, although the least grasping of men. For many years (1886 to 1906) he was practically every night in summer at a hut where he met his employers, and thus often climbed with different people on every day of the week, never returning to his house except for bad weather. He related to Colonel Strutt that he had once done twenty-three expeditions in twenty-three days, including the Scerscen-Bernina traverse three times in that period—the last time in two hours from summit to summit, instead of the usual six hours. His greatest expeditions were:

1. With Mr. W. Williams, first and only ascent of the Bernina direct from the N. via the N. slope of Fuorcla—'Scerscen-Bernina'—never repeated.



FRANZ WEISSHORN BINER,

1825-1916



MARTIN SCHOCHER,

1849-1916.



"DER KÖDERBACHER."
JOHANN GRILL AUS DER RAMSAU,
1835-1917.

2. With Prince Scipio Borghese, 1897, first ascent, never repeated, of Piz Cengalo by the stupendous N. face.

3. With Mrs. le Blond, winter ascent of Disgrazia from the Forno hut and back to Maloja.

4. With Klucker, the first crossing, from N. to S., of the Colle del Badile—great performance.

He also made, in 1886, the first Scerscen-Bernina traverse, although this was practically only a new combination; also the first ascent of the E. arête of Piz Roseg. He is said to have done the Bernina Scharte route many times, and he also made the first ascent of the W. face of the difficult Ago di Sciora.

He certainly knew more about winter mountaineering than *any* guide, and had done, with Colonel Strutt in winter, more than thirty ascents of over 12,000 ft., besides numerous lower peaks.

He was a very quiet, good-looking man, with a charming smile and gentle sense of humour, and was a most perfect gentleman—like his great friend, old Alois Pollinger.¹ Gifted with extraordinary strength, his climbing on rocks, though not elegant, gave a sense—as was the case with Alexander Burgener—of wonderful power. He was a slow but fine step-cutter.

No man with his incongruous and motley crowd of tourists probably ever took greater risks, and it is hard to say how many accidents he *averted*; yet none ever happened to any party in his charge. When Colonel Strutt and he were *traversing* the topmost N.E. ice slope of Piz Roseg in February, 1899, the leading guide—since killed—paralysed by cold, lost his axe and fell. They held him easily, though there were forty feet of rope out between them; and Colonel Strutt relates that Schocher's grip of the rope was such that he himself felt no shock, so perfectly managed was it.

He was one of the most successful of recent chamois-hunters, a great shot, impervious to heat and cold, neither smoking nor drinking, and eating very little.

He was once for a week with Colonel Strutt in the Bregaglia, and, as he was recovering from a severe illness, he was unable to lead or carry much. Colonel Strutt relates that he absolutely refused to take any payment, and only with great difficulty was his wife induced to accept something unbeknown to him—yet some people said he was always out for gain!

He was a wonderful topographer, exceedingly well educated, wrote a beautiful hand, kept excellent diaries, knew the exact height and geographical position—as well as the Alpine history—of practically every peak in the whole Western Alps. He ruled the other guides of Pontresina with a rod of iron, yet they respected and loved him much; while he went out of his way to be courteous to every foreign guide visiting the district.

In the last four years he had practically retired, except for climbs

¹ The father of Pollinger also came from Unterwalden.

with old friends ; and he kept a most successful mountaineering and Alpine sports' shop in Pontresina, where he leaves a gap that can never be filled. He leaves a large family, the elder members being daughters and the sons are understood to be yet too young to follow in their great father's footsteps.—*From Colonel E. L. Strutt's rough notes, written on Active Service at the Salonika front.*

He adds :

'I cannot find time for more, but wish I could, as I was very fond of the old chap, and there is no one I regret more. My duties alone prevent my writing all that I feel about him.'

‘DER KÖDERBACHER.’

JOHANN GRILL aus der BAYRISCHEN RAMSAU.
(1835-1917.)

It is no mere hero-worship, but the outcome of close observation: when I express the opinion that the subject of this notice was one of the great mountaineers of his time, that at his zenith in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties there were not more than half a dozen guides in the whole Alps who could be compared to him, not one who could be considered unquestionably his superior.

When one remembers that he was forty-five before ever the opportunity came to show on a greater stage of what sort of stuff he was made, one may well marvel what in more favourable circumstances his mountaineering career, great as it was, might have been.

Yet he was born and lived his life in the little sub-Alpine valley of the Bavarian Ramsau, in the principality of Berchtesgaden, the highest peaks about his home but 9000 feet high.

Born on October 22, 1835, he seems to have had scant opportunity in his earlier years of making his name as a guide, as the *Sommerfrischler* who frequented Berchtesgaden had no ambitions in that direction. It was in acting as beater—for the district is one vast chamois preserve of the Bavarian royal house—that Köderbacher became known as a daring and indomitable cragsman in a country of limestone mountains that need some climbing, which boasted such men as Richard von Lonski and Johann Schider, the famous Blühnbacher chamois hunters, and Johann Punz, better known as Preiss, the neighbour and junior by six years of Köderbacher, his friendly rival in brilliant cragsmanship.

Preiss, who reminded me in manner and appearance of my friend Broome's 'long Biener,' was too easy-going and unassertive, so that by fifty, broken down, as he himself told me, by submitting to carry the loads put on him by selfish and inconsiderate travellers, he was

compelled to give up the mountains he loved so well. Preiss, as a cragsman with the advantage of great reach, was fully the equal of Köderbacher, and a more vivacious and amusing companion, but Köderbacher possessed the firmness of character, the quick instinctive judgment and decision, the indomitable determination which must be added to great executive ability to make the great guide. If I had to name one single attribute which defined Köderbacher it would be his indomitable determination, his *Unerschrockenheit*.

In the absence of climbers, Köderbacher and Preiss together used to make difficult ascents for their own amusement and instruction. Thus they made the first traverse of the three peaks of the Watzmann, not as easy as in its present 'improved' state, and of the difficult Hochkammerlinghorn, both in 1868. They are said to have made some years earlier the traverse of the Klein Watzmann.

Köderbacher's earliest regular patrons were Herr Albert Kaindl of Linz and Herr Josef Pöschl of Vienna. With the former Köderbacher traversed, in 1868, the three Watzmann and made the ascent of the Mittelspitze from the Watzmannscharte—a decidedly difficult climb repeated the next year with Herr Pöschl. Köderbacher always spoke to me in the warmest terms of the kindness of these earliest climbing patrons, even if sometimes he reflected rather ruefully that he had done a lot of work in those days for five shillings a day, which was then the locally current wage!

His local reputation was well established when, in 1873, he was taken by Herr G. Hofmann farther afield to attempt the ascent of the Pferscher Tribulaun, known as the Matterhorn of the Stubai and reputed to have warded off an attack by an English party with Swiss guides, which in those days was enough to warrant its character. Köderbacher led his party to the summit without the least check, much to the astonishment of a local guide, and such was the repute still attaching to the defeated mountain that he was retained to make the second and third ascents in 1874 and 1875, the last with his old patron, Herr Pöschl.

In 1880 he, who hitherto can have never threaded a great glacier, was taken by two Viennese to the Ortler group, where, practically single-handed, he led his people up the Ortler from the Hochjoch, one of the more difficult routes, mainly an ice climb; he also made the *first ascent* of the Königsspitze from the Suldenjoch, a long climb involving much step-cutting. I should mention that in his own group there is a tiny but much crevassed and steep glacier, a miniature Guggi or Mont Tabel, the Blauisgletscher, said to be the most northerly in the Alps.

We can easily imagine that in the Viennese school, then the most active in Europe, in which Zsigmondy, Friedmann, Diener, Hess, Schmitt and others were great names, the repute of the new *Matador*, as was the favourite expression, grew apace.

On May 6 of the following year he definitely established his

character as a consummate pathfinder by leading, single-handed, Otto Schück, well known for over daring ascents such as the Schückrinne on the Ortler, up the stupendous E. face of the Watzmann—considered then one of the great problems in the Eastern Alps, which even to-day has lost little of its character, since of the thirty-four parties who in the twenty-eight years ending 1909 had repeated the ascent no fewer than twenty-six had had to submit to an involuntary bivouac.

The *vertical* height of this face, measured from its actual foot at the Eiskapelle, is over 1800 ¹ metres—the whole terrain on a great scale, very intricate, rendering the orientation difficult, while the climbing is continuously exacting and not infrequently distinctly difficult.

The same year, 1881, Köderbacher and Hans Grass led Herr R. v. Lendenfeld up Piz Kesch by the S. face and the so-called Keschgrat, while with two Viennese, Herren Jerusalem and Levy, he paid his first visit to Greater Switzerland, making, *single-handed*, ascents of the Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Finsteraarhorn, and Jungfrau. I do not know of any guide who at that date, without local knowledge, would have undertaken such a thing.

The following summer saw Köderbacher and Peter Dangl of Sulden, also a very good man known for some great expeditions on his home mountains, at Zermatt, in the service of two brilliant youngsters, Louis Friedmann and Carl Blodig. They did the usual big mountains, and finally sent their two men to sit up at the Riffel to watch them repeat the ascent of the Weisshorn! This was too much for the self-respect of Dangl, who bethought him of a proffered engagement from me and fled to me in Paznaun in Tirol. There he found the mountains too low for me, as he cunningly insinuated 'Das ist nichts für Sie, Herr!' and so we sped away headlong for Zermatt and arrived much pleased with ourselves with the Weisshorn in our pocket.

I found that one reason for Dangl's preference for Zermatt was that the politic Josef Seiler had the Tirolers, who were just beginning to come with their Herren to Zermatt, to dine at his own table. Dangl, with great civility and equal decision, explained to me that I could go to which hotel I liked, but, as for him, he always descended at the Mont Cervin!

There we found Köderbacher, whose repute by this time was well known to me, and I was rather disillusioned to see the not very imposing figure with brick-red face, long brown beard, rather screwed-up weather-ried eyes and, so far as one could see, only two great eye-teeth, which rendered his enunciation somewhat indistinct. In a way he reminded me of the scarcely more imposing figure of Christian Almer. Little did I know the heart that dwelt in the body

¹ The Matterhorn is 1207 m. above the Swiss hut; the Nordend 1512 m. above the Marinelli hut.

or the mountain-craft stored in the wise head—of the one as of the other. He who will may read of Köderbacher in many a paper, notably in the 'Ö.A.Z.' by Louis Friedmann, the most finished mountaineer of the Austrians of his day, of fabulous speed, and a most informing writer: witness his brilliant monograph of the Ortler group.

That winter Dangel, engaged to me for three weeks of 1883, and a profound admirer of Köderbacher, somehow arranged that Blezinger, a Würtemberg judge (*Amtsrichter*), a very charming man long since dead, who had engaged Köderbacher, should invite me to join forces, leaving the programme to me.

Nothing loth, I spent the winter on the programme—one was enthusiastic in those days, and all the world was open and unknown.

We had the most villainous weather, and did several of our mountains practically twice, often battling with bad weather conditions for endless hours. Our big things were the traverse of the Jungfrau from the Klein Scheidegg to the Eggishorn and the third ascent of the Finsteraarhorn by the S.E. arête, of which route I was in later years to become a close student. In those days these were little-known ascents—they were then, and still are, great expeditions. Köderbacher led then, as on every occasion, for let Grass or even Burgener, or whom you will, be of the party—somehow Köderbacher went without any question to the front and stayed there as a matter of course.

As we passed Alpigen on our way to the Scheidegg our man demanded to know whether the Eiger face, which from there is foreshortened and does not look very repellent, had ever been ascended. We, keen to do the great Jungfrau traverse, were hard put to it to get him away.

After the Finsteraarhorn traverse, done in bad snow conditions, high wind and great cold, we rested a day at Eggishorn. Blezinger was out of action with fingers all raw from the cold on the Finsteraarhorn, and Köderbacher had three or four days before joining another Herr at Zermatt. He came to me and inquired what there was really difficult in Switzerland to do. 'Was da wäre wirklich schwer zu machen in der Schweiz!' Bear in mind he was forty-eight, past the age of great enterprise, often indeed of great powers. There was an intonation on the word *wirklich* that made me keen, as any other young Englishman would be, to meet my gentleman's fullest desires. I cast round in my memory and mildly proposed the W. or Zinal face of the Weisshorn, which I remembered was described by Conway—a rather exacting judge—as 'a very stiff clamber,' taking '11 hrs. of climbing.' It had been done once then, and has been done once in the succeeding thirty-four years. 'Gehen wir!' was his reply. The next afternoon, after a tearing walk in broiling heat, saw us in that pig-sty of the Arpitetta Alp. We strolled out in the evening to inspect our work. I was simply the ordinary young Englishman, hard to tire, not given to fall or face about, knowing

little of routes, but Köderbacher grunted a bit and seemed satisfied with his inspection.

I gave elsewhere at the time an outline of the great climb of the next day. I was the humble follower on the great leader—a passenger—possibly not an encumbrance—contributing nothing to the success of the venture. Such continuous slabs, always demanding great care, fine *foot work* and balance, would be hard to match. Köderbacher, born and bred on the *Platten* of his native *Kalk*, was not to be denied.

After fifteen hours' work at 7.45 P.M. the sun had gone down in clouds. A desperate attempt to scale a smooth *dos d'âne* which succeeded a short mixed snow and ice arête had to be abandoned through verglas on the rocks. We were both in a precarious position when my leader turned to me—I can hear his quiet words as though it were yesterday: 'Ja, es geht absolut nicht—wir müssen zurück bis auf den Schnee—passen Sie auf. Ich halte Sie nicht!' We got back—one does not slip in such circumstances. Shrugging his shoulders, 'Wir müssen hier bleiben,' was all he said. We were about 600 feet short of the summit, at a height of 14,000 feet, and within a stone's throw of the northern arête.

It was my first high bivouac, and I remember I was rather interested, almost pleased at the idea! Youth is peculiar! With such a leader there could be no thought of anxiety, much less fear. Cutting a big step or notch in the icy arête, we sat ourselves therein on the rope passed round a driven-in axe, our feet dangling free. I had left behind my heavy mountain coat so as to travel fast and had on a light summer jacket and waistcoat, but very fortunately I carried, for fear the porter should not post it back to me, a light mackintosh sheet about 6 ft. by 4 ft. used for camping. Of food we had little, some prunes and various scraps mixed up with tobacco from a packet broken in the sack. A treasured half-bottle escaped our benumbed fingers as we tried to uncork it—we greedily ate the coloured snow! We wrapped the mackintosh sheet tightly round us and over our heads, and, tight clasped for warmth in each other's arms, we watched the fading light. Later we could see a storm raging over the Mont Blanc range; some flakes of snow fell and the wind rose. Then we slept a troubled sleep, for I remember waking and talking to my companion, who knew not a word of any language save his own not always very intelligible Bayrisch, in *English*. The moon rose later, but although we poked our noses out there was no suggestion to move until broad daylight at 5.20 next morning. Within an hour we were on the summit by traversing to, and following, the N. arête. A tempestuous wind and much powdery snow, finally a thunderstorm, made the descent very trying. With throats parched to leather and burning eyes, as yesterday's work allowed no spectacles, we were not very conversational.

On the descent, when off the arête and plunging down the snow-

field, I suddenly stepped on ice—notwithstanding a warning to be careful. Turning instantly on to my face, with the axe-head grinding in, I saw my leader step to one side and, quickly descending a few steps, bend over and neatly lay the rope round a jutting-out stone to avoid a direct pull. The drag of the axe told so that the pull was not great, but not Daniel Maquignaz himself were quicker! Arrived at Randa, we were much elated to find that we had opened the mountain for that year—but *downwards*! Before night we were able to find means to restore our voices and repeat the traverse several times! The casualties were—to Köderbacher, a couple of slightly frozen toes; to me, a slightly frozen finger-tip; to both, damaged, torn hands.

I gave him a £5 note and a Napoleon, all I had save a few odd francs for the home journey. I remember he thanked me exactly as he would have done had it been 500 or 20 francs. He had worked from the splendid pride of endeavour, not for gain.

So we departed our several ways—I to the Southern Hemisphere, he, after a couple more years of guiding during which his most-talked-of climb was the direct traverse of the Rother Thurm on the W. arête of the Bietschhorn, to become the *Wirth* at the new Watzmannhaus of the D. und OE.A.V., under the lower Watzmann summit. To judge from casual remarks in Alpine literature, I should say that my brave leader fought his master-battle over quite a lot of times, and had often a Dumas in his audiences!

I should not have dealt with the incident at this length had I not, while preparing this note, come across one fantastical account ('D.A.Z.' vol. x. p. 192) in which the writer mistakes the N. face for the W. He says we buried ourselves in snow up to the knees and only protected ourselves against sleep and freezing by continually stamping the feet, and that a few hundred metres below the summit we got to an exceedingly steep snow-slope covered with tile-like *Geröll* ('der von Dachplatten gleichendem Geröll bedeckt war'). To get to the foot of this slope we are stated to have made a lateral traverse. Grill [Köderbacher] 'klomm von da auf den Knien empor, fand aber nirgends festen Halt im Geröll, überdies war das Eis unter demselben so hart dass der Pickel nicht tief eingerammt werden konnte. Farrar folgte unter freilich sehr fraglicher Unterstützung durch das Seil glücklich nach. Grill erklärte mir dass diese Minuten die schrecklichsten während seiner ganzen Bergführerlaufbahn gewesen seien denn wäre Farrar ausgeglitten so hätte er ihn unmöglich halten können und beide wären unfehlbar in die Tiefe gestürzt.'

I need not remind readers of this JOURNAL that near the summit of a mountain, or for that matter anywhere on it, very steep and hard snow-slopes *cannot* retain tile-like *Geröll*, nor should I recommend the novel practice of climbing up *Geröll* on one's knees. Anyone acquainted with a forced bivouac on such a face will know that there is most rarely any room to dance about. As for sleeping, I would

always sleep if the cold and the place would let me. A thoroughly trained and equipped man does not die or even permanently suffer from cold, as I know from a very much worse bivouac at a much greater height, for he no more approaches a state of exhaustion than did we, as our work next day proved.

The whole description is mainly imaginary. Few faces that I know are, in the upper part, so clean of *Geröll*.

No doubt where we turned round we were in a very delicate position, but I take it that Köderbacher would not have proposed a very difficult climb to one of whose factor of safety he was ignorant. I never saw him show any trace of anxiety. He was coolness itself.

Another account, my friend Paul Montandon tells me, says that Köderbacher thumped and rubbed me the whole night, and only this *saved me from death by freezing*. My old friend I dare say would have done this had it not involved his and my certainly tumbling off, and had we not, like babes in the wood, been clasped fast in each other's arms, intervals of slumber alone disturbing interludes of shivering and teeth-chattering.

Köderbacher can dispense with stuff like this. He never failed to play his part.

We did not meet again until 1892, when, fulfilling a nine-year-old engagement, I met him and his eldest son at Königssee and we made next day the fifth ascent of his famous Ostwand of the Watzmann. It took us nearly nine hours—including few halts—hard going, from the Einstieg at the Eiskapelle, to the summit ridge, and we were a fit party. Köderbacher himself carried, in place of an axe, an 8-foot pole, which we found several times very useful to *push* him up holdless slabs. More than once he took off his shoes and climbed in stocking feet—a practice of his on *Platten*. It is a great *expedition*, besides being a fine climb, of sustained and enthralling interest, and demands considerable knowledge of snow conditions since enormous avalanche banks with gaping *Bergschrunds* alone facilitate the approach to some of the slabs and are a main feature. Köderbacher's very moderate charge was 50 marks each for himself and his son. The Swiss equivalent would be 150 to 200 francs at least.

To please me he came along for a few days more, and we did the two Bischofsmützen and Dachstein and several summits of the Glockner group. The Kals men are giants in stature, yet at night, as we sat round the table, it was to my comparatively little man that all eyes turned, for his repute was known all over Tirol. He was as great a mountaineer as ever, but somewhat naturally his heart was in his *Wirtschaft*. We said good-bye for the last time at Huben, where the Kalsenthal debouches, whence he gained his home by rail via Linz; and I, attracted by the sounding name of the Defereggenthal, tramped all the way to Taufers, nearly dying of inanition and ennui.

When we remember whence he came, the following number of his

great Swiss ascents—done in five or six seasons and often single-handed—is a very remarkable one :

Finsteraarhorn	5	Rothhorn	2
Wetterhorn	7	Lyskamm	1
Schreckhorn	4	Dom	1
Jungfrau	7	Täschhorn	1
Eiger	2	Dent Blanche	1
Bietschhorn	1	Mont Blanc	2
Gspaltenhorn	1	Aig. Verte	1
Weisshorn	6	Bernina	1
Monte Rosa	1	Tödi	1
Matterhorn	5		

He made, in October 1894, several ascents in the Dolomites such as the Croda da Lago and the Kl. Zinne.

The portrait of him taken in the early 'eighties is an excellent one. He always wore shoes and very thick stockings, but for high work his 'shorts' and alpenstock were replaced by trousers and axe ; on a mountain his hat was usually tied on by a big red handkerchief.

His eldest son was, executively, the equal of his father and was my faithful companion for several seasons in many parts of the Alps, until his father's duties at the Watzmannhaus became too onerous. He will not have forgotten many a splendid day we had together, whether descending as last man the Bionnassay arête, on many a similar expedition in the Pennines and Oberland ; in the Dolomites where the local guide promptly resigned the lead, after seeing him once at work ; or in a fortnight's climbing ramble in the charming Bavarian-Tirolese border-country where the village maidens, greatly interested in my well-set-up, good-looking *lediger Bursch*, as I was careful to introduce him, perverted his name into *Herr Kellerbach*, even into *Herr Kletterbock* ! He was a worthy son of his father, and he and Daniel, our leader in serious work, with half a dozen words in common, were great companions—'Der Daniel' was in his eyes as great a master as in mine. The Köderbacher were a family for whom I had the greatest respect.

I do not suppose, Vater Köderbacher, that you forgot your Engländer even after all these years. You leave me memories of splendid days. You will always stand for me as a type of indomitableness. You instilled into your party a *moral* that was half the victory. I shall see you in memory many a time always at the post of responsibility, prudent, calm and collected in danger—a great pilot—playing always the whole man.

J. P. FARRAR.