

IN MEMORIAM.

MISS LUCY WALKER.

On September 10, after a long illness, Miss Lucy Walker, the great pioneer of lady mountaineers, passed away in her eighty-first year. With her lamented death another and an important link with the early days of mountaineering is broken, for she began climbing in 1858 and continued actively climbing each season until 1879, with the exception of 1861, 1872 (the year of her father's death), and 1874 (when her brother Horace was in the Caucasus). I am not quite sure about the season of 1878, but if she was in the Alps that year I do not think she made any expeditions of importance. She continued to visit the Alps year by year until about three or four years ago, when advancing years and bodily infirmities rendered long journeys impossible. Her father's and brother's names appear in the first list of members of the Alpine Club in the year 1859 (although they were not original members), so that they were all climbing steadily throughout the golden period of mountaineering until Mr. Frank Walker's death in 1872. I have known them intimately all my life, and I made the ascent of the Matterhorn with Miss Walker and her father on July 21, 1871, when he was sixty-five years of age. It proved to be his last great ascent.

This was the nineteenth actual ascent of the Matterhorn and is remarkable as being the first ascent by a lady, and for the advanced age of Mr. Frank Walker, who was even then stricken with a mortal disease to which he succumbed early in 1872. Mr. Frank Walker was a great pioneer of mountaineering, and visited the Alps at a time when mountaineers were but few. Unfortunately no exact record of his early work seems to exist, so far as I can ascertain, but perhaps the most remarkable expedition that he made was the first ascent of Mont Blanc from the Brenva Glacier when fifty-nine years of age. He, like his son and daughter after him, was the incarnation of hospitality, and I think I may say that in my early days I have met at his house practically all the pioneers of our noble sport. A very good portrait of Miss Walker appears in Mr. Whymper's picture, 'The Club Room of Zermatt in 1864' (*Scrambles*, p. 262). She appears in the doorway of the Monte Rosa Hotel, and her father is seated on the bench at the opposite side of the picture, between Leslie Stephen and G. E. Foster. Strangely enough, neither Horace Walker nor Moore appear in this important picture.

How well I remember the 'Walker' Alpine party in the latter 'sixties and early 'seventies! Mr. Frank Walker and his daughter with Melchior Anderegg, and Horace Walker and A. W. Moore with Jakob Anderegg, while Mrs. Walker and Miss Kate Barrett moved from base to base, to meet the active members of

the party from time to time. It was an ideal party, very much like that of the Tucketts of the same period, so charmingly outlined and described in Miss Tuckett's (Mrs. Fowler's) books. In those far-off mid-Victorian days, when it was even considered 'fast' for a young lady to ride in a hansom, Miss Walker's wonderful feats in the mountains did not pass without a certain amount of criticism, which her keen sense of humour made her appreciate as much as anyone. After her ascent of the Matterhorn some rather amusing verses appeared in *Punch* (vol. 61, p. 86; August 26, 1871), which by kind permission of the proprietors of *Punch* I am permitted to quote here. These verses are under the title of

A CLIMBING GIRL.

A lady has clomb to the Matterhorn's summit,
Which almost like a monument points to the sky;
Steep not very much less than the string of a plummet
Suspended, which nothing can scale but a fly.

This lady has likewise ascended the Weisshorn,
And, what's a great deal more, descended it too,
Feet foremost; which, seeing it might be named Icehorn,
So slippery 'tis, no small thing is to do.

No glacier can baffle, no precipice balk her,
No peak rise above her, however sublime.
Give three times three cheers for intrepid Miss Walker.
I say, my boys, doesn't she know how to climb!

Mr. Coolidge, writing of Miss Walker, says: 'She was a very remarkable woman to have climbed so steadily and so long! My Aunt (Miss Brevoort) would certainly never have started if Miss Walker had not set the example. They never met but once at Zermatt, just after the Matterhorn ascent.' Miss Walker survived Miss Brevoort nearly forty years. Fortunately Miss Walker gave me many years ago a list of her various expeditions (to which, at the instance of Mr. Coolidge, she added the year and date of each expedition). This complete list of the expeditions of the first great lady mountaineer is sure to be of interest to mountaineers of all nationalities, and is given herewith in full.

MISS WALKER'S LIST.

Always with Father until 1872, save Finsteraarhorn 1862. Afterwards with Brother. Copied from Mr. Gardiner's List, March 7, 1893, revised from Miss Walker's own list January 17, 1911.

1858.	July.	Theodul.
	"	Monte Moro.
1859.	July.	Titlis.
	"	5. Oberaarjoch.



HORACE WALKER,
1871.



FRANK WALKER,
1871.



Miss WALKER,
1871.

Jakob Anderegg.

M. J. Moore.

Miss Lucy Walker.

Melchior Anderegg.



Miss Hughes.

Horace Walker.
Mr. Frank Walker.

Mrs. F. Walker.

A. W. Moore.
Johann Jaun.

1859.	July	8, 9.	Strahleck.
	"	15.	Tschingel Pass.
	"	18.	Altels.
1860.	July	7, 8.	Jungfrau (almost).
	"	13.	Weissthorn.
	"	16.	Adler Pass.
	"	(?)	Strahlhorn.
	"	21.	Mont Vélan.
	"	25.	Col du Géant, 1861 (?).
	"	28.	Col d'Hérens.
1862.	July	1.	Gauli Pass.
	"	8.	Oberaarhorn.
	"	9.	Finsteraarhorn (with Horace W.).
	"	12.	Alphubel Pass.
	"	15.	Monte Rosa.
	"	19.	Triftjoch.
	"	23.	Aiguille du Goûter.
	"	25, 26.	Mont Blanc.
1863.	July	16, 17.	Zumstein Spitze.
1864.	July	1.	Grivola (almost).
	"	4, 5.	Grand Combin.
	"	7.	Col du Sonadon.
	"	8.	Col de la Reuse de l'Arolla
	"	9.	Col de Valpelline.
	"	12.	Rimpfischhorn.
	"	15, 16.	Aletschhorn.
	"	21.	Balmhorn (1st ascent).
	"	25.	Eiger.
1865.	June	23.	Sustenhorn.
	"	23.	Sustenlimmi.
	"	27, 28.	Jungfrau.
	July	4, 5.	Moming Pass.
	"	8.	Breithorn.
	"	10, 11.	Grivola.
1866.	June	23.	Mönchjoch.
	"	27, 28.	Wetterhorn.
	July	6.	Ewigschneefeld (?Horn.)
	"	9.	Weisshorn.
	"	13, 14.	Dom.
	"	17.	Biesjoch.
1867.	Aug.	13, 14.	Mönch.
	"	13, 14.	Mönchjoch.
	"	19, 20.	Schreckhorn.
	"	26, 27.	Blümlisalp.
1868.	June	26.	Mont Pourri (attempt).
	July	2.	Col du Géant.
	"	8.	Col du Tour.
	"	12.	Pigne d'Arolla.
	"	13.	Col de Valcournera.

1868. July 14. Theodul.
 „ 20. Lyskamm.
 „ 23, 24. Gross Viescherhorn.
 „ 25. Mönchjoch.
 1869. June 28, 29. Dachstein.
 July 9. Watzmann.
 „ 16. Hintereis Pass.
 „ 18, 19. Ortler Spitze.
 „ 23, 24. Piz Bernina.
 1870. June 24. Uri Rothstock.
 „ 27, 28. Trift Pass (Triftlimmi).
 „ 29, 30. Lauteraarjoch.
 July 6. Jungfrau joch.
 „ 9. Beichgrat.
 „ 10, 11. Baltschiederhorn.
 „ 19, 20. Aiguille Verte.
 „ 23. Buet.
 1871. June 24. Diablerets.
 July 1. Wetterlücke.
 „ 5. Monte Leone.
 „ 8. Castor.
 „ 8. Felikjoch.
 „ 10. Schwarzthor.
 „ 13. Weissthör.
 „ 15. Balfrin.
 „ 17, 18. Weissshorn (attempt).
 „ 20, 21. Matterhorn.
 1872. Father died.
 1873. June 20. Titlis.
 „ 23. Wendenjoch.
 July 3, 4. Jungfrau from Wengern Alp.
 „ 9, 10. Täschhorn.
 „ 11. Weissthör.
 „ 14. Monte Moro.
 „ 17, 18. Weissshorn.
 „ 19. Riffelhorn.
 „ 22. Col Durand.
 „ 26. Rothhorn (attempt).
 1874. Did not visit Alps. Brother Horace in Caucasus with
 Moore, Grove, and Gardiner.
 1875. July 7. Wildstrubel.
 „ 14, 15. Allalinhorn.
 1876. Sept. 3. Col de Seilon.
 „ 10. Passo d'Antrona.
 1877. June 28. Galenstock.
 July 5. Weissthör.
 „ 12. Mischabelhorn (Dom).
 „ 12. Alphubelhorn.
 1878. (?)

1879.	June	20.	Col de Collon.
	"	26, 27.	Monte Viso.
	July	2.	Col du Mont Corvé.
	"	5.	Theodul.
	"	12.	Nord End (attempt)
	"	22.	Mondelli Pass.
	"	24.	Basodino.

In all 95 expeditions and 3 attempts = 98.

Her geniality, humour, and lively wit made her a favourite wherever she went, and her hospitality and kindness of heart endeared her to all her numerous friends. It is sad to think that the delightful home of the Walker family exists no longer; and I am sure that among the older generation of mountaineers no memories will be pleasanter than those of the true hospitality dispensed from that most genial centre by two generations of the Walker family.

FREDERICK GARDINER.

The very interesting account of Miss Lucy Walker's career as a mountaineer naturally ends with her actual climbing; but she lived for many years after this, and through all of them her love for the mountains remained undiminished, and year after year she returned to scenes of her early triumphs—sometimes as a member of a travelling Alpine party, and sometimes stopping at some high Alpine hotel. Long friendship with the Seilers naturally led to her often going back to Zermatt and the Riffel.

In the earlier years of this second period, which may be said to have lasted from 1880 to 1912, the same temperament and qualities which had carried her to the top of the Matterhorn remained undiminished, and with her life-long friend and guide, Melchior Anderegg, she made many long and tiring expeditions, which were the anxiety and wonder of other members of the party.

I well remember one such day in the Sulden Thal, when we were taking a day's rest after an expedition, that she quietly stole off with Melchior and paid a visit to the Schaubach Hut, the journey to and from which, according to Baedeker, takes more than four hours, which, for a lady of her age and weight, was an extraordinary afternoon's walk, as she was sixty-one at the time.

Her energies were immense, and she was a bold, inveterate, and able sightseer, and we were often roused by her from our laziness, and taken to some point of view or interesting place, which but for her insistence we might have missed.

Travelling in her company was always enlightened by her great vivacity, her pithy remarks, and her interesting reminiscences of former travels, while her memories shed an old-world and fascinating interest on the peaks and valleys, and the towns and villages through which we passed. These recollections seldom had reference to her climbing exploits, unless there was some quaint occurrence

or troublesome experience to adorn the tale. Rather would she tell you, when looking at some trimly tweed-clad maiden, how in her early days she climbed in a white print dress, of the difficulty of managing it on the mountains, and of restoring it as nearly as possible to its original shape and colour on her return to civilisation.

Often as I have travelled with her I did not know till after her death the full extent of her expeditions, and I was greatly surprised at their number, and at the difficulties that she had overcome.

In 1912 the Ladies' Alpine Club persuaded her to become their President, and although the Committee gave her every help, the burden of taking the chair at the annual dinner was a very heavy one. She was a great invalid at the time, and we all remember with admiration the pluck and determination which carried her so successfully through her very trying ordeal.

She was a staunch, loyal, and affectionate friend, whose friendship was valued by all, and she will always remain to all who knew her a gracious memory, surrounded by all the best traditions of Alpine climbing and mountain travel.

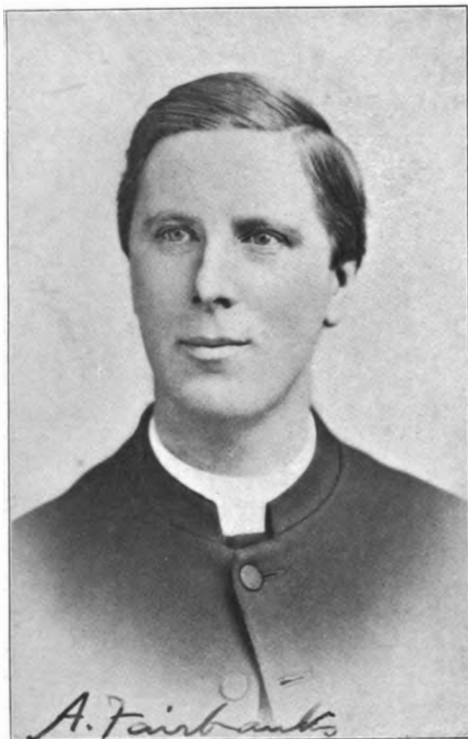
CHARLES PILKINGTON.

Lines Addressed to Miss L. W.

THE Angels still stand on the mountain tops,
 But thou no more may'st climb to meet them there,
 By the dread steps of that steep, crystal stair,
 Carved in the Heaven high wall, in wide mid air.
 Still, riding on the clouds, the Queen Moon stops,
 Over the 'Silver Horns,' her silver chair;
 But thou, from some star-curtained, rocky ledge,
 May'st see no more thy watchfire's leaping glow
 Redden her pale light, on some treacherous edge,
 Where the ice cornice, glittering smooth and fair,
 O'erhangs the unmeasured depth of Dark below:
 Nor, from some rose-flushed snow spire in the sky,
 Breathless look down on dim Immensity;
 While in the west the day bleeds slow to death,
 Swooning into the outstretched arms of Night;
 Nor feel the living thrill of the first breath
 Of new-born Morning, when her feet alight
 On the great granite peaks, that one by one
 Crown themselves with the rising of the sun.
 Yet happy thou! for all this has been thine,
 And shall be, till thou lie beneath the sod,
 Thence to arise, to see things more divine—
 If such there be—before the throne of God.

FANNY KEMBLE.

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(About 1880.)



(At Belalp, about 1912.)

The Rev. ARTHUR FAIRBANKS.

THE REV. ARTHUR FAIRBANKS.

1849-1916.

By the death of the Rev. Arthur Fairbanks the Club has lost one of its most enthusiastic members. He went first to the Alps in 1868, and I don't think he missed a year after that till the war brought his visits to an end. He spent forty-five summers in the mountains, and his summers were not like the summers of most of us. He would go out in May and stay till September. Sometimes he would spend the whole of the time at the Bel Alp; other years he would roam a little and climb the Weisshorn one year, the Matterhorn another, or the Dent Blanche or the Grindelwald peaks. But the Bel Alp was his centre, and there he was always on the ice and the rocks, and by constant practice he developed a power of dealing with ice difficulties, which I have never seen surpassed even by the best guides. On rocks he was good and safe, but he was not an accomplished rock gymnast. A day with him on the Ober-Aletsch ice-fall was a day of excitement, and I must admit I was often glad in the evening to find myself at dinner and not at the bottom of some yawning crevasse. No one could find the easiest way through an ice-fall better than he could, but his delight was to wrestle with the hardest and most broken bits. With a perfect balance he would skim across the narrowest ice edges, and on a slope a chip or two of the axe gave him all the support he wanted. I am afraid he often had to wait for me while I enlarged his chips into steps sufficient to keep me from sudden death.

He was very fond of introducing people to the ice world, and well knew how to help the trembling steps of a novice. Many people will remember the jovial parties that they have enjoyed under his guidance on the Aletsch. I climbed with him for about five years, and we did various peaks without guides and were cheated of others by weather or circumstance. He was the best and cheeriest of companions; nothing put him out. His laugh was infectious, and you felt all the time that he was good, good to the very bottom.

For years he was the life and soul of the Bel Alp. The services in the chapel there owe much to him, and he was the warm friend of the guides and workmen attached to the place. He never forgot old Tony, whose steadiness did so much to save the lives of his party in the accident on the Unterbäch glacier in 1885. He gave him an annuity for life.

When I look back on my happy Alpine days, I always seem to see my old friend, as an inseparable part of the mountains, and it is sad to think that the Alps will know him no more.

J. STODDON.

[The following instructive account of the accident referred to was found among Mr. Fairbanks's papers and well merits printing, as showing great resource and presence of mind.]

MEMORANDUM OF ACCIDENT ON THE UNTERBÄCH
GLACIER, AUGUST 14, 1885.

PARTY consisted of myself, Rev. W. Henry, Rev. C. Deedes, and Anton Walden, and were roped in this order, about 15 ft. apart. We were coming down the *névé* which was unusually crevassed, and I had led over some half-dozen crevasses, jumping the 3 or 4 ft. width at the point at which we crossed—always *from* a firm edge to a firm edge. Another crevasse occurred, and, thrown off my guard by the character of those already crossed, I advanced to its edge without testing the solidity of the snow from which I purposed springing; at the moment of taking the jump the *névé* beneath my feet (which proved to be a *corniche* 2 ft. or 3 ft. overhanging the crevasse) gave way, and I fell like a stone into the gulf. Henry (who came next) was dragged over head first, losing his hat and alpenstock. Then the great strength of A. Walden, with the assistance which Deedes was able to give, pulled the party up, Deedes being within about 3 ft. of the real edge, and Walden 15 ft. behind him.

These could not tell what the situation was of those in the crevasse, but must have endured terrible anxiety for some minutes. They behaved splendidly, showing great nerve and self-control, and simply retained their strong hold on the rope until we were able to acquaint them with our position.

From the moment of the *névé* giving way with me I was unconscious of anything which happened, until I found myself suspended by the rope in the middle of the crevasse, about 30 ft. down, and with some 30 ft. still below me, where the crevasse tapered to a mere cleave. At the part where I was hanging, the walls, which were perpendicular and of hard blue ice, were about 3 ft. 6 apart. Looking up, I saw Henry between me and the sky, some 10 or 11 ft. down the crevasse. Providentially I had retained my axe, and instantly began, as well as I could, to cut a step in one wall of the crevasse, into which I got a foot, and propped myself with my back against the opposite wall. Then I called up to Walden that I was all right and had some hold. The first horror of the position was now relieved, and I was able to ease slightly the strain of the rope, the knot of which was behind my left shoulder the weight of my body therefore pressing on the muscles in front (beneath the right armpit), and to bring the knot round to my chest. Henry then communicated to me that he had precarious foothold on a small ledge which occurred in the upper (*névé*) stratum of the crevasse, and that he was at present able to support himself. I then shouted to Walden (1) that he must on no account relinquish his hold on us; (2) but that he might ease the tension of the rope, as we were both supporting ourselves; (3) that he must unrope himself, and let down his end of the rope to Henry. This he did, with every precaution as I afterwards learned, anchoring his axe in the *névé*

and securing the rope to it on which our safety depended : with the help of this simple mechanical aid Deedes was now able almost entirely to set Walden free ; the end of the rope taken off Walden was let down to Henry, who fastened himself to it, and then unfastened the original loop in which he had been second on the rope. This was a matter of some difficulty since the knot was drawn very tight by our weight, but as soon as it was accomplished, and the loop had disappeared, the rope was drawn again tight, which was my security, and Walden pulled Henry out by the end last let down. Thus Henry was got off the rope, on which he had been between me and the party above, and the rope was clear to me. During the whole of this time I was propping myself across the crevasse, and during Henry's ascent had to endure much pelting from the falling ice. Walden now, for the first time I think, at my invitation, came to the edge, and looked down ; about 20-25 mins. must have elapsed since the fall. I then told him I preferred not being pulled right out, as the distance was great, and the rope had to fray over the edge of the crevasse ; he returned therefore to his strong position, and I cut my way about 18 ft. up from the level to which I had fallen, getting my feet into the higher steps I cut on one side, and then signalling to be pulled up so that my back might be raised on the opposite side : then, when the crevasse got too wide, they pulled me up the remaining 12 ft. I felt quite cool whilst in the crevasse, which was about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr., losing my breath sometimes when my feet slipped, and I swung again in the rope and had to screw and scramble back to my hold, but I was able quietly and coolly to direct the solving of the problem involved in our rescue, which Walden could not *organise* since he could not *see* how matters were, but he carried all out with admirable calmness and self-control and skill—H. and D. too were splendid. I was unhurt—save a bruise on my thigh, a few scratches and bruises on my fingers, and a slight wrench to the muscles beneath my right arm. One was thankful to lie panting on the snow when all was over. The two great and principal mercies in the accident were (1) my keeping my axe, which enabled me to help myself ; (2) Henry's lighting on some support ; (3) Tony's great strength in holding us, and (4) the fact of our being unhurt by the fall—the two latter, if less remarkable, are not less the original causes in the accident by which a grievous disaster was averted.

RICHARD LAKE HARRISON.

ON August 3, 1883, the writer first met R. L. Harrison. We had come straight out from England and, meeting our guides at Martigny, drove to Orsières, whence we toiled, all untrained, up endless zig-zags to the then new Cabane d'Orny. Next morning, having crossed the two Cols, we arrived at Lognan in the mid-forenoon, and found ourselves welcomed by an unknown man with a genial clean-shaven

face, who treated us as if we had been his friends for years. We profited by his counsel in selecting our menu, and agreed that the Asti and Seltzer cup was 'topping.' And thus commenced a friendship which continued on mountain and on plain, in good fortune and in bad, in sickness and in health, until a few weeks ago, when, after a second paralytic seizure, R. L. Harrison passed away, mourned by all who knew him. A better and a truer friend no man ever had.

He came of a family of cricketers. Two of his brothers played for Oxford, and he himself captained Uppingham in its palmy days, when A. P. Lucas, W. S. Patterson, and D. Q. Steel were members of a now historic eleven. In boyhood also he acquired a fine technique with fiddle and bow, which, aided by his perfect ear, placed him later on in the foremost rank of amateur violinists in London. As a soloist he was excellent, but as a leader of quartets almost unrivalled amongst amateurs in the eighties. He was the fortunate possessor of a magnificent Stradivarius and—as he learned to his surprise when the admirers of Joachim offered a fancy price for it (£50)—of the best Tourte bow extant.

As a solicitor and a member of the firm of Waterhouse & Co., Harrison was well known in legal circles, and he attained a distinguished and honoured position in his profession.

As a mountaineer he was eminently safe and good; and many are the expeditions in Lakeland, Norway, and the Alps, which the writer made in his genial company. His constant good nature and high spirits, his ready wit, and his surprisingly humorous ejaculations, made him the prince of companions on the mountains.

To the Alpine Club he rendered excellent service for many years as auditor; and among our members he leaves many sorrowing friends, with whom his kindly nature will ever remain a cherished memory.

C. WILSON.

C. A. WERNER.

(Capt. 6th attached 2nd Rifle Brigade. Born January 22, 1877.
Killed in action, May 9, 1915.)

My last letter from Charles Werner was dated 'in billets 7.5.15.' He was 'trying in vain to get away from the pervading smell of horse lines and read the ALPINE JOURNAL.' Two days later, in the dawn, he took his company into action in the first line of the attack on the Aubers ridge. He was carrying among other things his ice-axe, for having decided that it would be a useful tool in modern war he had had it sent out to him a few days earlier. I doubt whether it came into use. They never got very far. He was wounded more than once by machine-gun fire, and brought into a captured trench late that night by some Germans who gave them-



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C. A. WERNER.

selves up. He was already dead, and when our men had to fall back in the night the wounded alone could be got away. That is the story as it can be pieced together from the narratives of privates ; but that may not be really what happened. There is no official evidence. He and his ice-axe were last seen by a subaltern, who by chance was like Werner a King's man, just before the attack began, moving away under fire through a hedge towards the German lines. After that nothing is certain except that he never came back.

He had been about two months at the front and the mountains had been a good deal in his letters—partly because boots and food, map and compass, the stars and hard work at daybreak, are important factors common to mountaineering and campaigning. There were also the references to plans for climbing when it should all be over ; ‘ but I think,’ he wrote once, ‘ the expeditionary force will be worn away and most of us with it, before the time when the New Army can finish the job.’ I fancy he had never much expectation of coming back.

Werner was not, I should suppose, what would be called a great climber. He was certainly not a mountain bigot. If only one holiday a year had been possible, the mountains would have taken their turn with the sea, cities, and a score of other interests. He seldom practised on Gable or Lliwedd at Easter. More likely he would be found in the Greek Islands, off the coast of Dalmatia, in Paris, or walking alone over the Pyrenees through the republic of Andorra. Physically he had nearly all the qualifications of a first-rate mountaineer, but he took no special trouble to develop them. On rock he could get onto anything that he could grip, though I doubt whether he would ever have acquired the balance of the perfect cragsman. On névé and glacier he had excellent judgment, but he had not the good iceman's handiness with his tool. Very powerful, a fine boxer, gymnast, and football player, and a magnificent swimmer, he seemed quite incapable of fatigue. He was ready at any time to carry any weight, and he could do continuous, heavy, cross-country climbing, with only one day off in a fortnight, in a pair of peasant's boots, which fitted so badly that most of his puttees were wrapped about his feet.

When in the mountains his mind ran on the big things, whole ranges and river systems, rather than on slab-routes or cracks. He loved a new valley and to find out what the far side of the hill was like. In the early days of the Club he would have stood in the first rank of explorers, for he was insatiably inquisitive and full of resource. The Alps themselves and their languages he had known from a child, thanks to many holidays spent with Swiss relations, and he handled mountain-folk perfectly. He was curious too in dialects and customs, interested at least as much in the people as in their hills. We climbed together for fifteen years, on and off, and neither his temper nor his nerve ever failed. We

differed a good deal. He was given to notions of his own and was a stubborn defender of his opinion. That decision about the use of an ice-axe in war was characteristic. Had I been there, there would have been great argument.

Werner's official career is simple enough. Dulwich to 1896; King's, where he was a scholar, to 1901; Harrow ever since. At Harrow he sometimes worked on the classical, sometimes on the modern side. Though he was an unusually successful schoolmaster he was never quite sure that it was his right profession. Nor were some of his friends. There had been an offer, at the time he first went to Harrow, of a post in Nyassaland, and I think he regretted it now and then. He used to say that some kind of work, civil or military, on the North-West frontier of India was his ideal; and that was the sort of place in which I could best picture him satisfied throughout life. The risk of becoming a pure schoolmaster was one of his pet horrors. 'He will have to be careful,' a man said to me who knew all about it, 'for he is such an extraordinarily good one.' Certain places in the Alps we always avoided, because they were said to be filled from the public schools. In others he would run his eye round the table at our first meal and mutter: 'Mark of the beast, third from the bottom on the right.' He believed he could tell a schoolmaster at sight, though I have known him brand with the mark a barrister and, what is no doubt more excusable, an eminent Professor of Botany.

Of late years soldiering, which he took up with immense keenness, a journey to Uganda, and some private matters had made him more and more restless. He was the only schoolmaster I ever heard of who got leave from his Head to start for Africa at mid-term on about four days' notice. Recently he wanted to join one of Wollaston's New Guinea expeditions—I fancy it was the one which the war has spoiled—but the plan collapsed. I cannot think that if he had come through he would ever have gone back to Harrow. Soldiering suited him perfectly. He had been attached, during school holidays, to various battalions in the years before the war and hoped for a Special Reserve commission at the start. We were together in Cornwall then with a big party of friends. He applied, was not accepted, and went back, reluctantly enough, to make sand forts with the children and catch crabs until wanted. In war or peace he was happiest among children. It was a point of honour with him to conquer them all, especially little girls. If every other device failed he used to make, with an envelope and a pocket-knife, a wonderful paper bird which pecked crumbs. This always succeeded. I have met that bird in the oddest places. Created, quite irregularly, at table d'hôte it has thawed a whole tableful of French people who had been a little cold towards four wet Englishmen dining in their sweaters. Three generations of Norsemen, old Nils, Ingebrit Nilson, and Nils Ingebritson, have slapped their thighs and cried with joy at it. It wasn't made for them though, but for three grubby little people with yellow curls,

Solvei, Hjördis, and Aslaug, who had taken refuge behind the wood heap when we slouched into the farm and had to be conquered before bedtime.

The War Office kept Werner for half a term at Harrow in the autumn of '14, and then he got his commission in the 6th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade and went to Sheerness. He set his heart on the 2nd Battalion. 'Our besetting anxiety,' he wrote, just after he had crossed, on March 23, 'has been lest we should be posted to some other regiment. I feel about the 2nd Bn. as one might feel about a valley one had chosen for one's summer headquarters, just by the map and without knowing it.' He got there, by the usual stages. And from that valley, within a few weeks, he went by the ridge at Aubers into the new country.

J. H. CLAPHAM.

PRESENTATIONS TO THE ALPINE CLUB.

By Mr. Henry F. Montagnier :

Photographs of :

Hans and Christian Grass, of Pontresina. The same with a German traveller—possibly an early portrait of Dr. Paul Güssfeldt.

Abraham Ambühl, an old-timer of Pontresina.

Nicolaus Müller, an old-timer of Pontresina.

Franz (Weissborn) Biener, about 1911.¹

Breithorn Biener, about 1911.

Peter Knubel, in 1911, a very striking portrait. The same about 1890.

Aloys Pollinger.

Josef Moser, about 1911.

Peter Taugwalder, the survivor of the Matterhorn accident, specially taken in 1916.

Josef Marie Kronig,² born in 1838. Specially taken in 1916; the 'lad . . . engaged as porter,' who 'later in the day, although by no means a first-rate hand . . . did his very best,' of Messrs. T. S. Kennedy and Wigram's first ascent of the Dent Blanche with J. B. Croz in 1862.

Augustin Gentinetta, the well-known Zermatt guide, taken in 1916.

A group in front of the Monte Rosa at Zermatt about 1885, including Messrs. Groves, Townley, Carteighe, Church, Abney,

¹ We regret to hear of his death at Zermatt in September.

² Mr. Whympster gives his name as Johann ('Guide to Zermatt,' 15th edit., p. 18). The Johann Kronig (p. 28) of Whympster's attempt on the Matterhorn in 1862 was apparently an older man, probably one of the guides of Mr. Llewelyn Davies in 1858.