

In memoriam

William Allsup 1890-1969

Bill Allsup was a keen rock-climber in the time before and after the 1914-18 War. When leading up Hopkinson's Crack on Dow Crag he fell over 60 ft and damaged a leg badly. Some years later I led him up the Crack and he climbed it like a cat.

He was a manager at the armaments factory at Cossipore (Calcutta) and was a founder-member of the Himalayan Club, of which he became a Vice-President in 1943. In 1928 he asked me to attempt with him the second ascent of Kabru, and we set off with ten of the 1924 Everest Sherpas to do so. Between Jongri and the Pang La he got dysentery, and was so weak with it (we had no adequate medicines) that we had to give it up and I climbed two or three of the peaks around the Pang La with a couple of the Sherpas. In a few days he was able to continue the trek along the Nepal-Sikkim frontier to Chiabanchan in pouring rain. Allsup, far from fit, managed to continue the trek, and from Phalut to Darjeeling we had glorious weather and views. We never managed to get to Kabru subsequently and I didn't see him again until about 1950. I believe he made several more expeditions to the Himalaya after 1928, but I can find no trace of any record of them and do not know who his companions were.

Since 1955, he became a chronic invalid, much crippled with arthritis, bearing his pain and frustration with patience and courage, and always full of good humour.

Those who knew him will recall him with memories of a jovial, friendly man, always faithful to his love of the mountains.

T. H. Somervell

J. F. G. Clark 1937-70

Gunn Clark was killed on 7 February at the age of thirty-two. He was buried by an avalanche dislodged by a party above while climbing a gully on Buachaille Etive Mor; none of his companions was hurt.

Gunn was born in 1937 and educated at Oundle School and Imperial College, London, where he studied Civil Engineering. He began climbing at school and was, from the first, a natural rock-climber—strong, fluent, extremely controlled. After leaving Imperial College, he worked for a time in France, where he climbed regularly at Fontainebleau and got his first taste of the Alps in the company of some of the harder French mountaineers. From the start he showed the same natural ease on the big mountains as he had on British crags. This culminated in a remarkable season in 1959 when he made the first British

ascent of the Walker Spur with the late Robin Smith. That done, he crossed over to the Dolomites with Chris Bonington, where he climbed the Cassin route on the Cima Ovest di Lavaredo and then made the first British ascent of the Brandler-Hasse route on the Cima Grande (*A.J.* 65 182). These two achievements did a great deal to open up the hard Dolomite routes for other British climbers.

Engineering did not satisfy him, so he finally gave it up and returned to England to study architecture at Brighton. This turned out to be his real vocation; he graduated brilliantly, worked for a while in London and then took a job in Edinburgh, where he was living until his tragic death. His professional commitments left him little time to train for big Alpine routes but he still got onto the hills regularly. He did some good climbs in the Dolomites, put up a new route last autumn on the side of Strone Ulladale and, while in London, had done new routes at Swanage.

He was an ideal climbing companion—reliable, cheerful, with an effortless natural technique, ready to try anything and always encouraging you to do the same. He was also a man of great charm and modesty, who was passionately interested in both his profession and the hills. He leaves a wife and a small daughter, Nicola. He will be greatly missed.

Al Alvarez

John Vincent Hoeman 1936-69

Vin Hoeman, who was elected to the Club in 1968, lost his life in the avalanche which overwhelmed seven members of Boyd Everett's expedition to Dhaulagiri in April 1969 (p 197 above). He was one of the most active of the small group of mountaineers who are lucky enough to live and work in Alaska. For Vin, this was no accident. He managed to get the U.S. Army to send him there during his military service in 1961-2, to teach mountaineering and test equipment at extremely low temperatures. Thereafter, he paid repeated visits (his list of climbs in his application for membership of the A.C. is a long one, and at one point merely mentions 'many first ascents') until he was able to settle in Anchorage in 1965.

Devoted as he was to Alaska (see his 'Alaska mountain advertisement' in *A.J.* 74 243), he was far from being a narrow specialist. Biologist and writer by profession, he was interested in deserts, in caves, the study of birds and other wild life. His climbing ranged far afield—Chimborazo, Huascarán, Ben Nevis, Mexican volcanoes, Aconcagua, the Alps, Iceland—as well as the St. Elias range and many other areas in the U.S.A. He was a man of great energy, which he applied not only to climbing but to the recording of climbs, to research into mountaineering history and to work for mountaineering organisations.



142 *J. F. G. Clark* Photo:
John Cleare



143 *R. L. G. Irving*

His death leaves us the poorer. Our sympathy goes to his wife, Grace, with whom he had done many climbs in three continents during the short time they had been married, and who is continuing his valuable work on the new guide-book to Alaska.

Michael Westmacott

Robert Lock Graham Irving 1877-1969

R. L. G. Irving was born on 17 February 1877, the youngest son of a Liverpool clergyman, and died peacefully on 10 April 1969 at Winchester, where he had spent his life, at the age of ninety-two. For over fifty years he was a leading figure in British mountaineering and what the Alpine Club and *Journal* owe to his life-long devotion will be told by another pen. A modest man of outstanding gifts, he became a great schoolmaster and a great mountaineer. It was his nature to give himself continuously for others, particularly the young, one of whom wrote of him after his death as of 'someone whose name always brings a blessing'.

Irving entered College at Winchester in 1890, went to New College with a mathematical scholarship in 1896, returned to Winchester as Assistant Master in 1900, was College Tutor from 1901 to 1909, when at the early age of thirty-two he was appointed housemaster of Morsheads, where for twenty-eight years till 1937 his reign was longer than that of any other contemporary housemaster. Of his life's work there a member of his house has written: 'Graham

was a shy and essentially humble man and it took him a little time to make his influence felt. But gradually and always unobtrusively he won our trust and confidence and indeed our devotion because he gave all these things to us, and quite apart from his genuine kindness and friendliness, his rare sense of humour and his ability to get the best out of people, particularly the young, he had in my view two outstanding qualities as housemaster—his complete impartiality in his dealings with members of the house and his wonderfully shrewd judgment of our characters, our weaknesses and our possibilities.’

Irving was a clear and encouraging teacher of Mathematics and French. Not is it surprising that he produced a little book entitled *La Cime du Mont Blanc* (O.U.P. 1933), being annotated extracts from H.-B. de Saussure’s *Quatrième Voyage dans les Alpes*. He was also a brilliant and forceful games player, and many lamented the loss to first-class cricket caused by his conversion to mountaineering.

‘Conversion’ is, however, the wrong word; it was love at first sight. Irving tells the story in his *Romance of Mountaineering* (Dent 1935) p 3. ‘My very earliest recollections of a summer holiday centre round the ascent of a Welsh hill. It was a domesticated hill that rose a paltry six hundred feet above the shore, but it was enough; something that would always remain had appeared upon the background of my life. Another peculiarly vivid memory some ten years later is of Mont Blanc. The Bosses ridge was dazzlingly bright under new snow; the blue sky had the unfathomable depth of night with all the radiant energy of day. The lesson of that day was unforgettable; absolutely alone with Mont Blanc, without a trace of any other soul upon it after three days and nights of bad weather which I had spent at the Tête Rousse. With that ascent the promise made to the very small boy in Wales, that happiness for him would be found in climbing mountains, seemed to find complete fulfilment. Since that day gratitude and praise have been more necessary accompaniments of all the best hours of life.’

‘Love’, as we know, ‘will find a way’, and Irving discovered a coaching job for his vacations with a young man whose mother thought it a good idea if he relaxed from cramming for the army by climbing with a Grindelwald guide. One cannot help wondering if Irving put the idea into her head. How Irving later brought Grindelwald to Snowdon is most amusingly told in Chapter One of *Ten Great Mountains* (Dent 1940).

Irving came back to Winchester a convinced mountaineer, and when Rendall chose him as College Tutor one year later, who should he find in College but George Mallory, Guy Bullock and ‘Hal’ Tyndale. Mallory, the finest natural

climber of his generation; Bullock, always the last man down with the longest reach; Tyndale, a fine long-distance runner until he was badly wounded in the leg in the 1914-18 War. They climbed together for several seasons and it is difficult to think of a better-found rope. Typical of their climbs were their Mont Maudit expedition (see *Ten Great Mountains*, p 104) or their unorthodox escapade on the Matterhorn (ditto, p 66).

On descending from the Matterhorn 'it was very good', writes Irving, 'to be met by those who knew and shared the things they had enjoyed, a mother, a sister, perhaps one who was something of both and a great deal besides'. This was none other than Oriane Tyndale, 'Hal's' sister, whom Irving married in 1908. What Irving expected his fiancée to be able to achieve can be read on p 63 of *A History of British Mountaineering* (Batsford 1955): 'the very narrow arête leading from the Silbersattel to the Nord End and then up the 400 feet of steep rock, snow and ice to the Ostspitze'. Irving's married happiness meant everything to him, and a great deal to all his friends and pupils. Oriane was a gifted painter and keen musician. She was a wonderful mother to their four gifted children, one now a conductor of international repute. She entirely understood Irving's love of mountains and gave him complete freedom to pursue his bent. At Morsheads she mothered for twenty-eight years a most happy boys' house and arranged on the private side much-enjoyed dinners and musical parties.

1900 to 1914, when he was between twenty-three and thirty-seven, were Irving's great climbing years. He was back in the Alps in 1919, aged forty-two, and the following June I received a letter saying that he still dragged his limbs slowly over the Alps, and if it didn't sound too dull, would I care to join him. He was quite fast enough for me! In the two decades between the Wars he got more pleasure from introducing the young to the mountains than from tackling big peaks himself. Nevertheless, each season worked up to one or more of the following: Dent d'Hérens, Aiguille Noire de Peuterey, Mont Blanc from the Dôme hut—one of Irving's fifteen ascents—Dent Blanche, Aletschhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Piz Bernina. I still remember my own initiation, descending from the Col du Chardonnet onto the dry Argentièrè glacier with its huge open crevasse. 'Do ask for the rope if you'd like it.' I would rather have died! But in five minutes had won complete confidence in my crampons and sure-footedness. This was his way with novices (see *British Mountaineering*, bottom of p 153). He taught his followers very little verbally or technically, but his own example was eloquent. He moved beautifully on a mountain and it was a delight to watch him lead on rock or snow or ice. He was not without his loveable foibles. 'A careless reading of my watch' landed him in difficulties in Corsica; he smashed his compass when alone in the unmapped Pyrenees by putting it in the pocket with a hole in it; and his ways with the old-fashioned collapsible candle lantern

suggest that he would not have been good at repairing oxygen apparatus on Everest. But once on the glacier he was supreme, with all the good guide's mastery of climbing skills, his sound experienced judgment of ice, snow and rock conditions, his route-finding flair. Though in a sense every climb was to him a first ascent, yet he had always studied it and thought it out carefully. And in an emergency he showed courage and resource. He had an uncanny knack of calculating when his party could catch the first warming sun; he brewed the most refreshing drinks on his aluminium cooker; he liked to linger on the summit, and not to leave the mountain till evening light had revealed its full beauty. A day with Irving was a day not on but with the mountain.

Irving was a practical idealist. His mathematics gave him his competence at arranging expeditions and at school organisation. But he brought the wisdom and inspiration of the hills back to class-room and house. For three decades he was a power in the inner counsels of Winchester College. A leading housemaster at a public school has been likened for busyness to a leading Q.C. How Irving found time in the 30s to write his climbing books is a mystery. But when he was not in the mountains—at Christmas at Pen-y-Gwryd, at Easter perhaps in Scotland or Corsica, in summer in the Alps—he must have spent every minute of his spare time reading and writing about them. And his writings gained from his own first-hand experience of the climbs he described. Though he never had time or money to climb outside Europe, he kept himself fully informed about what was happening in the other great ranges of the world. Besides books already mentioned there came *The Alps* (Batsford 1939) and *The Mountain Way* (Dent 1938). This anthology bears witness to Irving's wide reading in the classics of mountaineering literature.

In 1937 he and his wife retired to a beautiful little house of warm red brick which he built on the top of St Giles' Hill at Winchester, and called The Hospice. Here, looking out on the Downs, he continued to read and write about mountains and to work in his garden. Plunging down the steep slopes of St Giles' Hill kept his climbing muscles fit, he threw his energies into local government. For twenty years the practical idealist did invaluable work as Councillor and Alderman, for education and housing in particular. On his eightieth birthday all those who had ever climbed with him joined to give him a copy on parchment, with their signatures attached, of Henry Vaughan's poem 'Looking Back' which ends:

And days well spent like the glad east abide,
Whose morning glories cannot die.

This filled his cup of thankfulness to the brim. 'Gratitude', he wrote not long before his death, 'that is the priceless gift the hills have brought'.

Hugh Haworth

I knew Irving, on and off, since 1918, when Winchester was my home, though I never climbed with him, to my loss. But during the past twenty years I got to know him better through work on the *Alpine Journal*, he being an ever-ready fount of information on all sorts of mountaineering topics.

Irving was elected to the A.C. in December 1902, and almost his first article in the *Alpine Journal* was, in a sense, his most famous: 'Five years with recruits' (*A.J.* 24 367). In this Irving described his activities in the Alps with senior boys then (or recently) at Winchester College—Mallory, Gibson, Bullock, Tyndale—and his address to the Club (December 1908) evoked criticism of his taking young men on the types of climb he had described. Some of the critics could almost be expected, such as Freshfield, Davidson or Sydney Spencer; but Longstaff's name is more surprising. Irving admitted in a rejoinder that mistakes had been made, mainly one thinks now, of embarking on too strenuous climbs before his young companions had got into training. But, as he pointed out, his critics were scarcely without blemish in matters of occasional indiscretion, and J. P. Farrar (who would not join the critics) wrote later to Geoffrey Young that it ill-became him, in particular, to rebuke Irving for rash climbing. There were, in fact, no mishaps, and as Farrar (who had a high opinion of Irving) was to say in later years, all the recruits turned out well.

Irving's contribution, whether by way of articles, reviews, or obituaries, to the *Alpine Journal*, was immense, and a large majority of the volumes, from 23 to 71, contain something from his pen. He served on the Committee of the Club from 1919 to 1921, was Vice-President from 1940 to 1941, and elected an Honorary Member in 1958, this giving him great pleasure. Earlier, he had been offered nomination for the Presidency of the Club, but felt obliged to decline. He was present at the Centenary Dinner on 6 November 1957 and was one of the 'Grand Old Men' whom Hunt felicitously picked out for special mention who had also been present fifty years before at the Jubilee Dinner. It pleased him immensely in 1965 to receive a postcard, signed by most of the A.C. members present in Zermatt, on the occasion of the Matterhorn Centenary.

For my own part, I can but record my gratitude to him for his constant help; his friendliness; his sense of humour; his wit—all those qualities that made him a delight to meet and which render one's awareness of loss the more acute.

T. S. Blakeney

C. W. H. Thomson 1914-69

Wing Commander 'Tommy' Thomson died at his home at Oakley, Diss, Norfolk, in February 1969 at the age of fifty-four. His early death was a profound shock to his many close friends, particularly because of his fund of good humour, strength and courage, and his eagerness to live life to the full. It seemed impossible that he should die so young.

He was born and educated in Stratford, New Zealand, and made many ascents in his local mountains as a mountaineer, including the first ski descent of the East face of Mount Egmont. He came to this country in 1939 to join the R.A.F. as a pilot officer, serving in various commands, including Coastal Command, where he was mentioned in despatches in 1940. He took part in the first east/west winter Atlantic crossing, and subsequently made history in 1942 by helping to tow a glider across the Atlantic—a feat never done before or since—which earned him the King's Commendation for service in the air. On retiring from the R.A.F. after twenty years as a serving officer, he ultimately settled in this country in Norfolk, to plant a commercial apple orchard.

It is difficult to portray adequately his considerable mountaineering experience. It will suffice that he climbed frequently in New Zealand, in all the main climbing districts in the British Isles, in Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland and Iceland, Malta and Sicily. Climbing in India, included one three-week trek in Sikkim with his wife. In Switzerland around the Zermatt area, and in the Engadine. His last great expedition was in 1964, when he traversed the Aiguille de Bionnassay, Mont Blanc, Mont Blanc du Tacul, and Mont Maudit. He had also done Mont Blanc via the Col de la Fourche and the Old Brenva, returning by the same route in a blizzard.

He was a very fine rock climber, including leading up to VS standard, but he seemed to be equally capable on snow or ice, and he was an excellent route finder. Most of his expeditions were guideless, and it always appeared that if he were not climbing in the mountains, he was ski-ing, almost entirely as a ski mountaineer. He was also a member of the Climbers' Club and a very active member of the Midland Association of Mountaineers. Apart from this, he managed also to be competent in sailing small boats, and a very good light aircraft pilot.

He leaves a widow, Betty, and three sons—and a sense of loss in the minds of all his friends.

L. R. Pepper

Nicholas Hugh Laurence Watts 1885-1969

N. H. L. Watts was born on 8 June 1885 and served thirty years in the Indian Army, 8th Punjab Regiment, becoming proficient in seven oriental languages. On 1 October 1910 he married Mabel Mackwood. The last six years of his life were marred by blindness, and he died on 18 October 1969. His wife and their daughter survived him.

In the Alps he climbed mainly in the Valais. His first guideless climb was the ascent of three peaks near Sonamarg, Kashmir, with three other army officers. So little information about these peaks was available to the party that their success was equivalent to first ascents. He was elected to the A.C. in 1937.

Watts had an abiding interest in mountains, whether climbing, ski-ing or just trekking, fishing or shooting in the hills of Burma, the Western Himalaya and Pir Panjal. His charm and good nature made him a delightful companion. There could be no better memorial of his love of the hills than these lines which he wrote in the Lidder Valley, Kashmir:

Nightfall at Arau

The glory of the pine-clad ridge seems scarcely real,
The wonders of the snow-topped crags a passing dream;
As mighty landscapes fade at dusk, I almost feel
I touch the mysteries of the Universal Scheme.

The struggling city's toil and stress recede afar,
And nature's melody alone the ear enthralls;
The dying afterglow yields to the evening star,
The velvet night falls softly, blessing as it falls.

Here in the nobler air of Nature's own domain
The soul from human jealousies obtains release,
The littleness of man's ambitions is made plain,
And God invites the troubled heart to share His peace.

E. A. L. Gueterbock

Eric Beard (1931-69), simply 'Beardie' to thousands of climbers, hill-walkers, skiers and children, was killed in a motor accident on 16 November. Partly, he will be remembered for his amazing feats of speed and stamina amongst the British mountains, but much more for his rare ability to entertain, to make people laugh and happy in his company.

The record feats speak for themselves: the Welsh Three Thousanders (five hours nineteen minutes), the Skye Ridge (four hours nine minutes), the four Cairngorm tops (four hours forty-one minutes), the incredible Lakeland twenty-four-hour run (fifty-six summits, eighty-eight miles, 33,000 ft of ascent and descent). Primed on honey butties and hot sweet tea, he remained fleet of foot to the end, for shortly before his death he had run from Ben Nevis to Snowdon, taking in Scafell on the way; this to be followed by his run from John o'Groats to Lands End with variations—944 miles in eighteen days and a few hours.

A Yorkshireman born in Leeds he had left school at fourteen with little in the way of formal education and small, weak and puny in physique. After a succession of jobs, including that of a jockey, he ended up working as a Leeds tram conductor, and was voted number one in a poll for courtesy and cheerfulness by the travelling public. By one of those coincidences which are the turning-point in any life, he started to run at the age of twenty-four when involved in a bet with his tram driver, a former athlete of note. The long-distance bug bit him, and gradually he built up physique and stamina by rigorous training, dedicated as only the marathon man knows how to be. Due to my own interest in athletics I made his acquaintance in the winter of 1955, and subsequently introduced him to climbing, the mountains and my own friends of the Rock and Ice.

Quickly he built up his experience as a mountaineer, though he never wished to be or was an extreme rock climber. On visits to the Alps he found himself keenest on, and best suited to, long mixed climbs such as the Frontier ridge, the Old Brenva, and the Zmutt, but he could make a hard rock route when occasion demanded, as ascents of the Sudverschneidung of the Fleischbank East, the North face of the Cima Grande and the Piz Badile North-east face prove. Though most effacing about his climbing record, recognition of his ability was made by his acceptance as an A.C.G. member. Though, typically, Beardie inferred that this must have been by mistake!

Beardie was dedicated, besides running, to helping backward or deprived youngsters: a genius with children, he had that same kind of essential simplicity which is usually only the child's. He gave his time freely and brought his athletic prowess to any children's charitable work which asked him. Shortly before his death he ran from Leeds to Downing Street for the Save the Children Fund to help raise money and publicise its work, and a few days after his death he was to have made an attempt on the world twenty-four-hour track record. Once again money raised was to go to children's charities. He was at the peak of his form and would have done his best ever with such an incentive.

Once in a lifetime one meets a Beardie. The slopes of the Cairngorms will never be the same, and a part of each and every one of his thousands of friends and acquaintances, myself included, died with him. Photo: [144]. **Dennis Gray**

Mrs Ethel Blandy We report with much regret the death on 14 November 1969 of Mrs Ethel Blandy, née Whympier. She inherited her great love of the mountains from her father, Edward Whympier. In her younger days she was quite a distinguished climber and was a member of the Ladies' Alpine Club up to the time of her death. In February 1965 she came to London to open the very interesting exhibition at the Ceylon Tea Centre in Lower Regent Street organised by the Swiss National Tourist Office in connection with the centenary of the first ascent of the Matterhorn. She was also a prominent figure at the centenary celebrations at Zermatt later the same year. Mrs Blandy was a very charming person and will be sadly missed by all who knew her. **M. N. Clarke**

Phu Dorje was killed in October 1969 during the preliminary operations of the 1969/70 Japanese ski-ing expedition to Mount Everest. A snow bridge over a giant crevasse at the top of the ice-fall, just below Camp 1, collapsed. His body was recovered but he never regained consciousness. He was about forty-five. A simple record of some extracts taken from his book of certificates will paint a better picture of this man than any string of flowery epithets:

Everest 1953 (Hunt)	'An outstanding Sherpa': reached the South Col twice (on 22 and 28 May)
Everest 1956 (Eggler)	South Col twice, without oxygen
Everest 1962 (Dias)	Deputy Sirdar. Reached Camp 7 (27,900 ft), and spent three nights on the South Col without oxygen
Everest 1963 (Dyhrenfurth)	Camp 6 (27,350 ft) once and South Col twice
Everest 1965 (Kohli)	Reached the top camp (27,930 ft) twice, the South Col four times—and the summit

During the 1965 Expedition he climbed from Base Camp to the summit in four days and descended in two. **J. O. M. Roberts**

Donald Duff (1893–1968) can be most accurately described as the father and pioneer of Scottish mountain rescue. In 1945 he formed the Lochaber Mountain Rescue Team and took part in countless rescues on both Ben Nevis and in Glencoe—more often than not having to attend to the rescued later in the Belford Hospital, where he was in charge.

Donald Duff went to France immediately after graduation in 1916 where he did field hospital work on the Somme. In 1918 he was awarded the M.C. and was mentioned in despatches. He took up climbing in 1935 and joined the Midland

Association of Mountaineers. During this period, when he climbed mainly in North Wales, he became interested in the evacuation of the injured from the mountains and devised and built the Duff Stretcher, which later, in 1953, was taken by the successful Everest expedition for emergency use.

In 1943 he joined the First Aid Committee of British Mountaineering Clubs (the predecessor of the M.R.C.) and served on this and the M.R.C. of Scotland, of which he was the first Chairman. He wrote numerous papers on hypothermia and mountain safety, and was conscious of the need to educate the young in all aspects of mountain safety.

To me, Donald Duff was always one who wanted to help, especially those injured on our hills. He injured his back on a rescue on Ben Nevis which gave him trouble for many years. I recall in 1963 arriving in Glencoe to be told that there was a rescue under way for a girl who was missing on the Aonach Eagach ridge. Donald Duff, who was doing a locum in the area at the time, had gone up to the summit of the ridge with the main party. He was seventy years old and I can visualise him now dressed in an open shirt and flannels (though he had plenty of spare clothing with him) on a cold autumn night with the high wind blowing his white hair. Nothing was too much trouble for this great man, and his death was a tragic loss to Scotland.

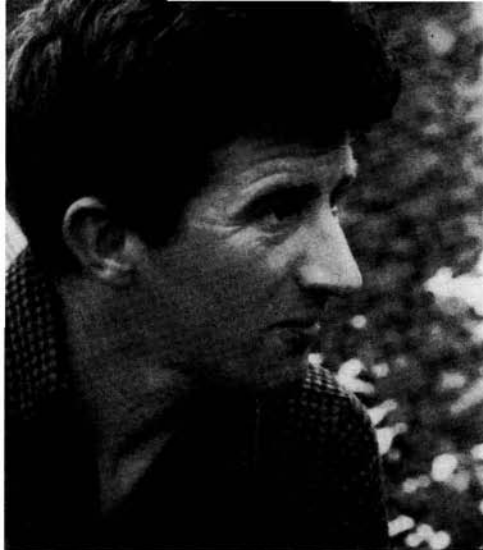
Hamish MacInnes

Gary Hemming I met Gary at Tahquitz Rock in 1952, when we were both just starting to climb. He wasn't a particularly gifted climber then. It seemed that he had to fall once or twice before he could climb—then his jaw would set, his deep-set eyes would glitter, and one way or another he would get up.

In earlier days he was a happy-go-lucky guy; easy-going, with a charisma that touched every acquaintance. As he developed into a more powerful and respected climber, his already strong personality became more vibrant. He was volatile; unpredictable, hilariously funny and infuriatingly antagonistic, deeply philosophical and childishly superficial all at once. One could not put a finger on the centre of Gary Hemming and say 'This is Gary Hemming. I know him and what he is.'

Apparently, neither could he. The news that he had taken his own life came as a shock, but somehow not as a surprise. In spite of his intensity there was an ephemeral quality about him—when he was away there was an almost conscious feeling that he wouldn't be seen again.

His climbs need no review. I spent three days with him in March 1969, and he seemed to attach little importance to them, impressive as they were. He was



144 *Eric Beard* Photo:
John Cleare



145 *Gary Hemming* Photo: Ken Wilson

then much more concerned with the deteriorating mountain environment of the Alps, and the thoughtlessness of those climbers who are making garbage dumps of them. He commented, with the spattering of oaths which was his normal pattern of speech, that he was sometimes ashamed to be known as an alpinist.

Wherever he went, Hemming left behind him a residue of his intensity. It was impossible to be indifferent to him or to forget him, and both his personality and his alpinism can hardly help becoming legendary. He will not be forgotten.

Wayne P. Merry

Gary Hemming was more or less the first of the American climbers I met (at Chamonix) and it took a little time to realise that he was just like the other penniless occupants of the Biolet camp site. He was a very talented climber with the urge to do bigger and better climbs. With Royal Robbins he made a new direct start to the West face of the Dru. He then did the first American ascent of the Walker, after which, together with Harlin, Frost and Fulton, he made the first ascent of the South face of the Fou (*A.A.J.* 1964 81). He continued to travel around Europe 'preparing' for next season. In 1966 he organised the rescue party which succeeded in rescuing the two German climbers blocked on the West face of the Dru. One always felt with Gary in the area that if anything happened up on a big face then at least one person would be starting up the rescue party. I'll miss Gary and I know many others will too; and it won't be just because of all the extra beers he bought or because he was always prepared to go out of his way to help us.

Mick Burke

John Hudson After our climbs in the Cordillera Real (p 221 above) John Hudson was killed while attempting a new route on Huascaran. Thus climbing tragically lost one of its best technicians.

Roger Whewell

Oscar Houston The death was announced last December of Oscar R. Houston, in New York, at the age of eighty-six. He was a lawyer and was a principal counsel at the hearing of such famous sea disasters as the sinking of the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania*. To mountaineers, his name evokes that of his son, our member Dr Charles Houston, whose name is associated with many distinguished climbs, particularly the American attempts on K2. In 1950, Oscar Houston accompanied Mrs E. S. Cowles, Charles Houston, H. W. Tilman and others, on the first expedition that made a serious investigation of the approaches to Everest from the south, via the Khumbu ice-fall, as is recorded in Tilman's *Nepal Himalaya*.

Michael Khergiani I first met Misha, Honoured Master of Sport of the Soviet Union, with his bosom companion Josef Kachiani, at the Spartak training Camp in the Adyl-Su gorge of the Northern Caucasus, beneath Elbruz, in 1958. A swarthy, handsome, tough and naturally friendly person, he struck me at once as a typical Georgian—every inch a man. My companions and I warmed to this splendid pair during the following ten days, during which we climbed Pik Kavkaz and Pik Shchurovski together and spent an unforgettable three days, marooned in a blizzard, on the 'Pillow' of Ushba, only a 1000 ft below its northern summit.

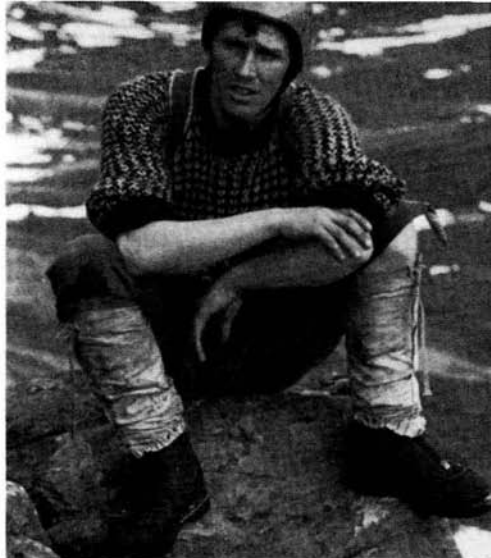
Misha and Josef hailed from Svanetia, a high valley reputedly flowing with milk and honey—and good red wine—on the opposite side of the mountains from our camp. During the summer months they were employed as mountaineering instructors at this trade union-controlled centre. At the time of our visit both Josef and Misha had won the Championship for the best ascent of the Soviet mountaineering season, and they had been chosen as members of the Soviet group which was to join with Chinese climbers in an attempt on Everest from the north, which was planned to take place in 1960; the project subsequently foundered, however, with the deterioration in political relations between the two countries, leaving the Chinese to go it alone.

Four years later, when we met in the Pamirs, Misha had succeeded to the coveted title of Rock-climbing Champion, a title which he won several times. A number of our own climbers can testify to his prowess at that time, for he came to Britain in 1960 with a group of Soviet mountaineers at the invitation of our 1958 Caucasus party. I have a photo of him on the top pitch of the Direct Route on Dinas Mot, but he did a number of much harder climbs with our hard men. What is more important, he made many friends while over here (*Climbers' Club Journal* 1960 247).

In 1962 we had a joyous reunion at the Base Camp of the British-Soviet Pamirs



146 *Misha Khergiani* Photo:
Lord Hunt



147 *James McCartney* Photo: John Cleare

Expedition below the Garmo glacier in the Western Pamirs (*A.J.* 68 94). Misha had come, with fresh laurels after taking part in a first ascent by a direct route of the North face of Pik Shchurovski, to participate in the biggest Soviet mountaineering enterprise of the year—an assault on the redoubtable South face of Pik Communism. Those of us who knew him, found the same dear Misha, a simple countryman despite his fame. I have a picture of him there, armed with a shot gun and holding a partridge which he had brought in for our supper.

We parted in mutual sadness over the deaths of Wilfrid Noyce and Robin Smith, who fell while descending from the summit of Pik Garmo. Seven years later, it was Misha's turn to fall, swept down by a heavy rock fall near the top of a Grade VI route on the Cima Su Alto in the Dolomites. We mourn him and we are the poorer for his passing. He was not only every inch a man; he was a 'Tenzing' among men.

Hunt

Dr Alfred Linsbauer who recently contributed an article to the *Alpine Journal* about his journey to the Eastern Hindu Kush (*A.J.* 73 207), lost his life last August as the result of an accident in the Dachstein group.

Miss B. M. McAndrew died on 24 January in her ninety-ninth year. *The Times* records that she was a familiar figure to many mountaineers of the past sixty years, belonging to the ranks of those intrepid women who broke through the barriers of social convention and masculine prejudice to open up the joys of mountaineering to women. Before 1914, and between the wars, she went regularly to Switzerland and did many of the classic Alpine routes. She was a talented amateur water-colourist of mountain scenery and a great lover of

mountain flowers, reserving a corner of her Chislehurst garden for their cultivation. She joined the Ladies' Alpine Club in 1910, was Hon. Sec. from 1913 to 1936, and President 1938-40.

James McArtney (1944-70). An athletic, ruddy-faced lad, as large as life and twice as natural, radiating enthusiasm like an open furnace. That was McArtney—at the age of twenty-five a man with as many friends as the rest of us collect in a lifetime. Life was one long hearty laugh and everyone laughed with him. You do not often meet folk like that.

He graduated from the hard school of Cairngorm bothy mongers, serving his apprenticeship with Pyper and Reid, walking enormous distances to remote Cairngorm carries every weekend. Between them they cleared up the best the area could offer, and might have achieved even more, if Jim had been in the least competitive—McArtney was too big a man to seek out the bubble glory.

On his first Alpine season he was caught in the disastrous Mont Blanc blizzard of 1965, which cost the lives of several others. Struggling through waist-deep, blinding snow for three days he managed to drag himself and two of his companions, Richie McHardy and 'Mo' Antoine, back to safety. Eventually he took up an instructor post at Glenmore Lodge, which was the sort of opening he had been looking for. This led to his highly successful partnership with Hamish MacInnes at the Glencoe School of Winter Mountaineering. As a climbing instructor he was probably the best we have ever had in Scotland, and if he had a special gift, it was that he could get through to people and also share their enthusiasm.

In the Himalaya, dogged by his usual bad luck, a previously well-tested snow-bridge chose to collapse under him, leaving him wedged 60 ft down a narrow crevasse with several fractured ribs. With his usual tenacity he fought his own way out of this, and in order not to prejudice the expedition's success on Ali Ratni Tibba made his own way down the valley to hospital (p 11 above).

One might have expected that fate would have been more kind, but this last time, in the avalanche accident on Tower Ridge, Ben Nevis in January 1970, he was given no chance. Most of us still find the whole thing difficult to accept.

He was the most accomplished winter mountaineer of his generation and his horizons were only beginning to open.

Tom Patey

Paul McDermott and Bruce Rogers were killed in August by an avalanche in the Great Couloir on the Sentinelle Rouge on Mont Blanc.

McDermott, an engineering student from Dublin was largely responsible for the development of the basalt crags at Fair Head, Co. Antrim, and with Emmett Goulding revived interest among Irish climbers in the Poisoned Glen, where, in addition to making the second ascent of such classics as 'Nightshade', they put up several routes of considerable length and difficulty. He was a very enthusiastic and able member of the Irish Andean Expedition 1968 (*A.J.* 74 262), and a leading figure in the Spillikin Club.

Rogers, a student at Trinity College, Dublin, opened up the limestone crag at Monastir Sink near his home in Enniskillen. He and McDermott had, in the month before their death, been particularly active at Fair Head, and also at Glendalough (where they put up two new VS routes the weekend before they went to Chamonix). In the week before the accident they climbed the Frendo Spur in foul conditions, and also, it is thought, the Gervasutti Pillar.

Paddy O'Leary

Adolphe Rey of Courmayeur also died last year. In 1927 he was leading guide on the first ascent of the North-east (Hirondelles) arête of the Grandes Jorasses, and three years previously had made the first ascent of the Grand Capucin. Adolphe was the son of Emile Rey (killed on the Aiguille du Géant in 1895) and was ninety-one years of age at the time of his death.

Rudolf Rother who died on 23 December 1969 at the age of eighty-three, founded the family firm of Bergverlag Rudolf Rother in the inter-war years in Munich, Germany, this at a time when the only publisher of guide-books—other than some clubs—was Maison Arthaud of Paris. He was a forceful businessman and he sought to satisfy a definite need for a regular output of reliable guides, chiefly for central and eastern Europe. In this he was successful, and his present list includes not only climbing guides but also many ski-ing guides, general guides, instructional books on various winter sports, and other more general books having a bearing on mountains. His death will be a severe loss not only to his family and circle of personal friends but also to the mountaineering fraternity in many countries, which is indebted to him for his pioneering work. From a business point of view, it has always been a pleasure to deal with Bergverlag Rudolf Rother, which has always maintained a high standard of personal service and friendly efficiency—another valuable legacy of its founder.

Louis Baume

Robert Wenck President of the Swiss Alpine Club 1956–8, died suddenly on 10 September 1969 while on holiday. He was one of the two representatives of the S.A.C. at the Centenary Dinner of the Alpine Club in 1957.

Guidance for contributors

The Editors welcome contributions, preferably illustrated, on climbs and expeditions and any aspect of mountaineering or mountain knowledge more generally. They also welcome suggestions for contributions which they might seek from others.

Length Articles should be concisely written, and normally in the range 2000–4000 words—longer ones can be included by prior arrangement. Contributions to the various Notes (e.g. Climbs and Regional Notes, or Accident, Equipment and Miscellaneous Notes) can range from 100 to about 1500 words, and good photos or diagrams/maps are welcome.

Typing Contributions should preferably be typed, double spaced, on one side of A4 or quarto, and with the pages numbered. Authors are advised to keep a spare copy.

Special requirements for contributions on climbs or expeditions It is helpful to have the names *and full initials* of the whole party, and the dates and heights of first ascents, which will normally be summarised in a short note at the end of each article. We also welcome as much information as possible likely to be of use to other parties (e.g. a diagram or description giving the standard of individual sections, availability of maps, references to earlier literature, and guidance on future possibilities in the area, or special equipment or transport considerations). Up to eight photos can be published, according to their interest and importance; those of a record nature—i.e. showing the route taken (preferably marked on a separate piece of tracing paper), conditions to be expected, or future possibilities—are especially valuable. Sketch maps giving hitherto unpublished information, are also useful. In the case of short notes on expeditions, please indicate where a full report is available.

Quality etc., of photographs, maps and diagrams Photographs should ideally be glossy black and white of high quality; but we can work from colour transparencies if necessary. Photographs, maps and diagrams should preferably be about one and a half times their eventual size in the *Journal*. Although it is helpful to have maps and diagrams ready for printing (making sure that place names are accurate and in conformity with the article), we can have them re-drawn as necessary for publication. Each photo should have lightly marked on a separate piece of paper attached to it (to avoid damaging the print), its title, author and any copyright: please do not write on the back of the print, since this can show through when block-making. Always include stiffening when posting prints to prevent bending and avoid pins, paper clips etc. which can damage prints.

Offprints Ten offprints of an article or substantive note will be provided to the author free of charge, provided this is requested in advance.

Dates for submission It is a great help to have contributions as early as possible, preferably in the autumn, but they should in any case arrive by end-December, unless arrangements have been made with the Editor for them to arrive up to mid-February, the final date.

Addresses Material for publication should be addressed to the new Hon. Editor direct: Edward C. Pyatt, 64 Percy Road, Hampton, Middlesex. Tel. 01-979 1450 (home) and 01-977 3222 (office). Advertising is dealt with by the Business Editor (R. G. Pettigrew, c/o Education Office, The Castle, Winchester, Hants) and sales matters by West Col Productions, 1 Meadow Close, Goring, Reading, Berkshire RG8 OAP. Review copies of books and journals should be sent to the Hon. Librarian at the Alpine Club.

Standard signs on maps and photographs

The principal abbreviations and signs used in the *Alpine Journal* are:

- BC Base Camp; ABC Advanced Base Camp; RC recce camp
- C1 Camp 1; B bivouac; B1 first bivouac; D dump
- ▲ peak climbed by the expedition; △ other peak
- camp or bivouac
- shelter
- village
- route taken; route taken but obscured from view