
In Memoriam

COMPILED BY GEOFFREY TEMPLEMAN

The Alpine Club Obituary

	<i>Year of Election</i>
Sir Douglas Laird Busk	1927 (Hon 1976)
Phyllis B Munday	Hon LAC 1937
Paul Bauer	1933 & 1953
Stephen David Padfield	1976
Guy Dufour	1968
The Very Rev Harold Claude Noel Williams	1958
Robert Carmichael Stuart Low	1983
Dennis Kemp	ACG 1953, 1967
Esme M Speakman	LAC 1946
Francis Hugh Keenlyside	1948
Countess Dorothea Gravina	LAC 1955
Thomas Fitzherbert Latham (d 1987)	1955
Johannes Adolf Noordyk	1974
William J March	1987
William David Brown	1949
Maurice Bennett	1959
Richard Ayrton	1956
Irene Poole	LAC 1931
Leslie Ashcroft Ellwood (d 1988)	1923

The tribute to J Monroe Thorington, who died in 1989, was received anonymously from America; I am pleased to be able to print it here.

J Monroe Thorington 1894–1989

Dr Thorington was born at Philadelphia in 1894. His grandfather, who joined a fur company out of St Louis in 1837 and spent two years on the Western Plains, became US Senator for Iowa, and was American Consul on the Isthmus of Panama during the French administration. His father, James Thorington, served as surgeon of the Panama Railroad during this period before coming to Philadelphia.

The subject of this memoir graduated from Princeton in 1915, received his MD from the University of Pennsylvania in 1919 and, after residency at the Presbyterian Hospital, began the practice of ophthalmology. During 1917 he worked at the American Ambulance Hospital, Neuilly-sur-Seine, and then for

six years he was Instructor in Ophthalmology at the University of Pennsylvania and became Associate Ophthalmologist at the Presbyterian Hospital.

Two summers of his youth, spent in the Bavarian Highlands, aroused his interest in mountaineering, a sport which dominated his vocational life. 15 seasons were spent in the Canadian North-West, during which he explored much of the Alberta-British Columbia watershed between Mt Assiniboine and Mt Robson, making about 50 first ascents, including Mt Barnard, Mt Lyell, Mt Saskatchewan and North Twin, the latter the highest summit entirely in Alberta. He also visited the Interior Ranges of British Columbia, with five seasons in the Purcell Range, many names of peaks suggested by him being accepted by the Geographic Board of Canada. He was the author of *The Glittering Mountains of Canada* (1925), *The Purcell Range of British Columbia* (1946), and the translator and editor of *Where the Clouds Can Go* (1935). He also wrote the standard guidebooks on climbing in the Rockies of Canada and the Interior Ranges of British Columbia, both of which went through several editions.

He climbed and travelled in the Alps as well, and was familiar with the major groups between the Dauphiné and the Grossglockner. He wrote *Mont Blanc Sideshow* (1932) and *A Survey of Early American Ascents in the Alps* (1943). A list of his historical and other papers issued in 1967 contained more than 275 titles. He had also made ascents in the English Lake District, Norway, Swedish Lapland and Sicily.

Dr Thorington was a member of the German-Austrian Alpine Club (1910), the Swiss Alpine Club and Mazamas (1914), the *Club Alpin Français* and the American Alpine Club (1918) and the Alpine Club of Canada (1919). He was chairman of the NY section of the latter (1930-32), and became an honorary member in 1949. He served as editor of the *American Alpine Journal*, 1934-46, as president of the American Alpine Club, 1941-43, and became an honorary member in 1949. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1927, and was made an honorary member in 1946. He was one of a small group of Americans who flew to London in November 1957 to attend the AC centenary. He was also an honorary member of the Alpine Ski Club and the Appalachian Mountain Club. He was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a member of the Wilderness Club (Philadelphia), the Explorers Club (NY) and edited the Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia (1922-31). He was also an Hon Trustee of the International Folk Art Foundation, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

In Canada and the Alps he climbed with many members of the American Alpine Club, and his topographical knowledge enabled him to bring his parties to desirable areas, a number of ascents being made without guides. A peak in the Purcell Range officially bears his name.

In 1925 he married Christine Rehn of Philadelphia, who accompanied him on travels which included Central and South America, North Africa and the Near East.

Sir Douglas Busk KCMG 1906-1990

Douglas Laird Busk was born on 15 July 1906 and died at Chilbolton on 11

December 1990. He went to Eton and New College, Oxford, and spent a period in the USA as Davison scholar at Princeton.

He joined the diplomatic service in 1929 and gained wide experience in Iran, Hungary, South Africa, Japan, Turkey and Iraq before succeeding to ambassadorial posts in Ethiopia, Finland, where he was knighted, and Venezuela.

Although a fluent writer and stickler for the proper use of the English language and generally a master of his field, as wittily recorded in two of his later books, *The Curse of Tongues and Some Remedies* (1965) and *The Craft of Diplomacy* (1967), he would not wish to be remembered solely for a long and distinguished diplomatic career. He was at his best in posts where his natural bent for travel, exploration and mountaineering could usefully be combined with the job. In Iran he climbed Demavend and explored the Throne of Solomon range. Memories of his early climbs and travels in the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rockies, South Africa's Table Mountain and the Drakensberg are captured in *The Delectable Mountains* (1946).

Those who served with him in Ethiopia will not forget his meticulous organization of safaris to all parts, his collection of topographical information on a countryside then still inadequately mapped and his encouragement of his staff to do the same. More than that, in 1953 he travelled by road from Addis Ababa to the Mountains of the Moon in Ruwenzori and, with Arthur Firmin, climbed two hitherto unidentified peaks on the S ridge of Mount Stanley. They dutifully submitted to Her Majesty that these might be called Elizabeth and Philip, linked by the Coronation glacier. This proposal was approved, and these names now appear on official maps. These East African travels are recorded in Busk's delightful book *The Fountain of the Sun* (1957), with outstanding photographs (and charming line drawings by his wife Bridget).

On his last ambassadorial appointment, in Venezuela in the early 1960s, he lost no time in organizing regular visits with groups of like-minded friends to the attractive Andean city of Mérida and its surrounding mountains. From a camp beside the Timoncito glacier, first ascents were made of the rock spire of El Vertigo and the SW face of El Abanico. After the day's climb, paper-thin slices of Swiss Bündnerfleisch – imported in the diplomatic bag – were welcome supplements to the evening ration of Johnny Walker.

On another occasion Mérida University students were introduced to ice-climbing techniques and the use of crampons. Then, in 1963, he was able to divert Eric Shipton, who was *en route* to Patagonia, and mastermind a rare winter weekend ascent of the 5000m Pico Bolívar with a team of expatriate petroleum engineers from the oilfields beside Lake Maracaibo. To his great delight, the citizens of Mérida recognized his enthusiasm for the place and its people by honouring him with the freedom of the city.

Returning to Britain, he devoted much of his time and personal generosity to the Royal Geographical Society and to the Alpine Club. The Society made him an Honorary Vice President. Through the Margaret Busk Fund, grants helped young people on expeditions. The Busk Medal, which he initiated in 1975, is awarded annually for 'geographic field work and conservation research'. He was nominated by the Society and was an energetic

Chairman of the Mount Everest Foundation which was set up jointly by the Society and the Alpine Club after the first ascent of Everest in 1953 to assist British and New Zealand expeditions to the mountainous regions of the world. Although it mostly assists small expeditions, the MEF has also supported some major ascents such as Kangchenjunga and Annapurna S face, for which he chaired the managing committee.

Busk was elected to the Alpine Club in 1927 while still an undergraduate, became Vice President in 1965 and an Honorary Member in 1976. His application for membership included a first winter ascent of the N face of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau in the Pyrenees. He also became a member of the exclusive French *Groupe de Haute Montagne*.

His greatest contribution was to the unique Alpine Club Library where he succeeded Lord Tangleay as Chairman, after it had been set up as an educational charity. Under his direction, and also through his personal generosity, funds were raised and a magnificent 600-page catalogue published, the first since 1899. Its publication in 1981 was marked by an exhibition, *The Treasures of the Alpine Club*, displaying texts of early ascents and travels from the 16th to 19th centuries and sketches and paintings by the likes of Whymper and Ruskin.

As early as the 1920s he was experimenting with infra-red photography in the Pyrenees, and in the 1960s he was conducting comparative tests of stoves in the high Andes of Venezuela. Wherever he climbed and travelled, he brought a warm-hearted, versatile and continually enquiring mind. He developed a close friendship with the Argentière guide Armand Charlet, with whom he climbed in the Mont Blanc massif and of whom he wrote the sympathetic *Portrait d'un Guide* (1975). Busk's epitaph might be his comment on a happy climb with Charlet on the Charmoz: 'We lived as only the gods can do, and my mood was such that I would not have bartered all the peaks in Christendom for one of those precious minutes.'

He married in 1937 Bridget Hemsley Thompson, a partnership which lasted for 53 happy years, and is survived by her and two daughters.

George Band and Edward Peck

Peter Lloyd writes:

I would like, if I may, to add a short personal note on Douglas Busk, for my memories go back even further than Ted Peck's, to family holidays in the Alps, and it was with him that I had my first proper 'season'. This was in 1925 and it was mountaineering strictly in the old tradition for we engaged Heinrich Burgener, son of the great Alexander, whom we had got to know the previous year when Neddy Eaton, then Hon Sec of the Club, took us with him on climbs in the Lötschental. Burgener was twice our age, a heavily built powerful man, and with him there could be no question of sharing the lead or forming a balanced partnership. Neither of us climbed that way again, for while I turned to guideless climbing, Douglas developed his long and felicitous partnership with Armand Charlet, facilitated by the house in the Chamonix valley owned by his aunts, *les demoiselles des Praz*.

Douglas was very much a member of the Establishment so it was curious

that when, on his retirement from the chairmanship of the Library Committee during Emlyn Jones's presidency, some of his friends gave a dinner for him, the talk centred largely on his role as a rebel protesting at the domination of the Club by the older generation as typified by the members of the Alpine Dining Club. The rebels banded together in the late 1930s to form 'The Young Shavers', dining together at a Mayfair pub before AC meetings, while the ADC was meeting at the Reform or another Pall Mall club.

Douglas and I never climbed together after these early days and our paths did not cross again till the 1970s and 1980s, the time of his great work for the Library and the MEF. Few men have done as much in their labours and their benefactions for the AC and for mountain exploration. But some of us will also remember and mourn him as a loyal friend, a man of the highest standards and an entertaining companion.

Phyllis B. Munday 1894–1990

Phyllis Munday, who was elected an Honorary Member of the American Alpine Club in 1967, died on 11 April 1990. Born in Ceylon in 1894, she spent most of her life in Canada. An active member of the Alpine Club of Canada, which she joined in 1921, she and her husband, Don, made numerous first ascents in the Coast Mountains of British Columbia. Among these was Mount Munday (later so named for the Mundays) in 1928. The Mundays are probably best known for their pioneer exploration of Mount Waddington (Mystery Mountain) and the Waddington area, later described in Don Munday's *The Unknown Mountain*. Phyllis Munday's article, 'First Ascent of Mt Robson by Lady Members', appeared in the 1924 *Canadian Alpine Journal*. She also wrote for the Ladies' Alpine Club, of which she was elected an Honorary Member in 1937. 'Mount Queen Bess' was published in the 1944 LAC Yearbook and 'Mount Reliance: A Letter from Canada' in 1948.

Although she did not climb actively in later years, Phyllis Munday continued her involvement with the Alpine Club of Canada, most notably as editor of its *Journal*, from 1953 to 1969. She also served on the Climbing Committee and, later, received all the club's honours, serving as Honorary President since 1972. She is survived by a daughter, Edith Wickham.

(Courtesy American Alpine Club)

Paul Bauer 1896–1990

Paul Bauer is dead. The great Himalaya-Bauer is no longer with us. In 1987 I had the good fortune to become personally acquainted with him, as a guest in his house on the edge of Munich, when he was made an Honorary Member of the Austrian Alpine Club. Otherwise I would have said: 'What, was he still alive?' Somehow, ever since I started climbing, his name has had for me the aura of something 'big'. Paul Bauer was then already a relic from that heroic period of discovery, when the Himalaya were still *terra incognita* and not yet the target for treks by all and sundry. That makes it difficult to realize that this man was also our own contemporary!

After a 93rd birthday celebrated in good spirits, and a short illness from which he appeared to have nearly recovered, Paul Bauer died peacefully on 9 January 1990 in Munich, in the circle of his family. This marked the departure from the scene of the Nestor and the last of the great German Himalaya pioneers.

Already in 1919, when he returned from captivity after the end of the First World War, Bauer was filled with the burning desire to venture into the mountains of the world and to open access to the high peaks of Asia for German mountaineers. In 1928 the Caucasus was for Paul Bauer the first attainable goal of this kind, just as it was for me 30 years later. Our tracks, though greatly separated in time, met on the NE ridge of Shkara. The Caucasus was his springboard for the Himalaya.

In 1929 and 1931 Paul Bauer led the two expeditions to Kangchenjunga which after heroic battles and difficult ice climbing reached heights of 7400m and 7700m on the NE spur (Camp XI, 7360m).

In 1932, at the Los Angeles Olympic Games, Bauer received the Gold Medal of the literary competition for his book *Um den Kantsch*. In 1936 a small expedition to Sikkim led by him made the first ascent of Siniolchu (6879m). In 1937 he led the recovery expedition to Nanga Parbat which dug out the seven mountaineers and nine Sherpas who had been buried by a huge ice avalanche in Camp IV, and in 1938 he was again active on Nanga Parbat as leader of an expedition.

The list of the names of his companions reads like a *Who's Who* of the leading German-Austrian mountaineers of that time: among them Eugen Allwein, Peter Aufschneiter, Fritz Bechtold, Adolf Göttner, Hans Hartmann, Karl Kraus, Hermann Schaller, Hias Rebitsch, Ludwig Schmaderer and Carlo Wien. Although the time was not yet ripe for an 8000m summit, the experience gained by these expeditions formed the basis for the successes of the 'decade of the 8000ers' which started in 1950.

It would go far beyond the scope of an obituary to give the details of these Bauer expeditions; they can be found in his four books. His Himalayan expeditions are described together in the book *Paul Bauer* which was produced by our member [of the Austrian Alpine Club] Gerhard Klamert and the German Himalaya Foundation on the occasion of the 90th birthday of the great man. Paul Bauer had in fact been, in 1936, one of the founding members of the Foundation.

In the Second World War Bauer was for much of the time Director of the Army Mountain Training School in Fulpmes, and in between he served as a major in the fighting in the central and western Caucasus.

Paul Bauer, a notary by profession, had been a member of the Austrian Alpine Club since 1929, his final membership number being 19. On 12 February 1987 he was made an Honorary Member of the club. The same distinction was bestowed on him also by the AAVM Munich, his section of the DAV and the mountaineering club GORSKI of Warsaw. In England he was received by members of the royal family, and he nearly became vice-president of the Alpine Club, so steeped in tradition. All this underlines the international stature of the deceased. Together with his family, the Austrian Alpine Club and

many mountaineers everywhere mourn the departure of a great pioneer of the Himalaya and an outstanding man.

Erich Vanis

(We thank Peter Rieder for permission to publish this translation of an obituary in the *Österreichische Alpenzeitung*, March/April 1990, and Norman Dyhrenfurth for his assistance in the matter.)

Robert Carmichael Stuart Low 1912–1990

Michael was my closest friend and climbing companion for nearly 60 years. We had both climbed one or two basic alpine peaks in 1925–6, he being introduced by his father who had made the second or third ascent of Mt Cook in New Zealand and had a wide acquaintance of the well-known figures of that era such as Norman Collie, Harold Porter, Claude Elliott and Frank Smythe.

He introduced me to rock-climbing in what might be described as the Abraham era, but above all it was his native Scotland that he loved. We had many trips to the wilder parts of the Highlands and Islands, usually by boat and often with OUMC companions like David Cox and Elliott Viney.

We celebrated our last summer of freedom in 1934 in the Lofoten Islands before being incarcerated in our jobs. I made some original routes like the traverse of Trakta in Øst Vågøy and the first British ascent of Stetind on the adjoining mainland (not to mention that of the Svolvaer Gjeita).

But thereafter, incarcerated was the word; for engineers who actually produced things, unlike their so-called professional colleagues, were limited to two weeks annual holiday and one Saturday off per month. With no air travel to speak of, mountaineering outside Europe was not on and even reaching the Alps left little enough time for climbing.

I remember one such fortnight just before the war stopped play, when we made the Dolomites in 26 hours non-stop, three up, in a Morris 8. We were nearly arrested on the Brenner as we crept under a hedge of sunset Nazi salutes and Fascist clenched fists. Enjoyable climbing though – Langkofel Nordwand, Fünffingerspitze by the Schmitt Kamin and the Adang Kamin on the Rotspitze.

Michael had a distinguished war; special operations in Singapore, evacuated just in time with a wound; then N Africa and Italy where the same leg was hit again under Monte Cassino and where he was awarded an MC.

After demob he returned to British Rail and, following several management assignments, ended up as Engineering Director. As a second career after retirement, he virtually created what is probably the most successful UK naturalist trust, BBONT.

As holidays became more reasonable he always spent them in the hills, whether in the Bernese Oberland, Austria, the Jotunheimen, Corsica, Canada or Switzerland. Later on he managed some seven trekking expeditions to the Himalaya and an abortive attempt on Chuli East.

Always remaining fit since his days as an Oxford rugger blue, he celebrated his 70th birthday by ascending Galdhøpiggen in two-thirds of guidebook time, and I don't think his 1930 ascent and descent of Glamaig from

Sligachan after Sunday lunch was ever equalled by anyone other than one of General Bruce's Sherpas.

An all-round mountaineer more attracted by the mountains themselves and their wild life than by difficult routes to their summits, great fun to be with – I sometimes felt in his presence that I had postponed my maturity for 75 years!

Alan Pullinger

Esme Speakman d 1990

Esme's first alpine climbing season was in 1934 and from that date until the 1960s and later she was in the Alps or further afield almost every year, apart from the war years, and there were not many months in the year when she was not climbing in Britain.

She climbed most of the big peaks in the Alps and records first ascents on the Grand Cornier, and on peaks in Turkey, Greenland and Glencoe. She climbed El Teide in Teneriffe, Adam's Peak in Ceylon, in the Tatra, the Andes, Iceland, and the Himalaya. There cannot be much doubt about her devotion to mountains and to adventurous travel. One of her last adventures, a camel trek in Algeria, was in 1988.

Esme was a fine photographer, professionally trained, and had an impressive collection of slides of her travels, which made good lectures.

Her usual unruffled calm could be disturbed. I remember witnessing a wrangle at the shop in Moscow airport over the price of caviar, conducted in broken English and Polish. This became so heated that I began to think that Esme might be led away in handcuffs.

As with another well-known member of the Ladies' Alpine Club, Una Cameron, it is difficult to think of Esme without an accompanying cat – though obviously not in the Alps. On my first holiday with her in her caravan in Scotland, I remember chasing an indignant cat among the car wheels just moving in a long queue towards one of the many West Highland ferries. Her cats were as characterful as she was.

Scotland will be a sadder and duller place without Esme's elegance, wit, distinctive personality and generous and imaginative hospitality.

Margaret Darvall

Francis Hugh Keenlyside 1911–1990

Francis Keenlyside was an undergraduate of Trinity College, Oxford, during the 1930s, but he was never a prominent member of the OUMC – if, indeed, he ever belonged to it. His Alpine Club proposal form reveals a walking holiday in the Alps (and also an ascent of the Great Pyramid) in 1938, two or three small guided climbs in 1939, and two good seasons immediately after the Second World War. The first of these (1946) was guideless, with John Barford, Michael Ward and Peter Knock in the Dolomites, and the second (partly with a guide) in the Valais. He was elected to the Club in 1948. Incidentally, in the following year he was a member of a large guided party which spent 30 hours on a dramatic traverse of the Täschhorn, by the Teufelsgrat, with descent direct to

Randa, in storm conditions and with one of the party badly injured by stonefall. He described this expedition in an article in the *Climbers' Club Journal* 1949, entitled 'A Minor Memory of the Mischabel'.

During the war years he was able to climb a good deal in both the Lake District and North Wales. With strict petrol rationing in force, this must have meant facing many long blacked-out train journeys for the sake of, perhaps, only 48 hours in the mountains.

At Oxford Francis took a First Class degree in Philosophy, Politics and Economics, which reflected the fact that he was a man of notable intellectual, as well as practical, ability. When the war broke out he was earmarked for planning work in one of the Whitehall departments and was therefore never in uniform. Afterwards he became Managing Director of the Union Castle Shipping Line for a number of years, but in the early 1960s he decided to set up a business of his own in Rhodesia. From there he made trips to England only three or four times a year; and when he eventually retired, and came back to Europe permanently, he went to live in Andorra. Consequently he had not been a familiar figure at AC occasions for a good many years. He continued, though, to be greatly interested in AC affairs, and in 1988 at the time of the survey of members' views on the question of the future location of the Club premises he wrote a masterly letter advocating the importance of the Club's remaining in London.

He was a man of scholarly, even rather austere, appearance, and an entertaining and witty companion, although it might be true to say that he did not always suffer fools gladly. The very diversity of his abilities may have prevented him from achieving his full potential. In the end he became a businessman, but he was equally suited to being either an academic or a top civil servant.

In his early days he was very much a Climbers' Club man; he was Hon Secretary of that Club from 1946 to 1949, and he edited the *Climbers' Club Journal* from 1950 until 1954. It was in that year that he took over the editorship of the *AJ* from T Graham Brown, and he edited two issues of the journal per year until his departure abroad in 1962.

The journals which he produced may seem old-fashioned now, and certainly they contrast strongly with today's magnificent single annual volume (which has the advantage of being commercially published). Even as early as 1969, with the publication of Alan Blackshaw's first one-volume number, they began to look antiquated. But Keenlyside's period as editor was a significant one. Since the Second World War, British mountaineering in the Alps had moved into a different, more modern world – one which demanded the acceptance of artificial techniques and a reappraisal of what were, and what were not, legitimate mountaineering objectives. And the point in brief is that it was under Keenlyside that the *AJ* began to reflect these modern attitudes and positively to welcome them. In lesser matters, too, such as format and presentation, he gave the journal a more up-to-date image. Hitherto, the list of contents of each issue had appeared on the outside of the front cover; he altered this. He dropped (as being no longer true) the phrase 'by members of the Alpine Club' which used to follow the sub-title 'A Record of Mountain Adventure and

'Scientific Observation'. He also introduced a hard green cover for those who preferred it.

The most notable, as well as the most sumptuous, of Keenlyside's journals was, of course, the Centenary number (November 1957), which incidentally included a series of seven articles, all by eminent members, of the detailed history of the Club from the beginning. Naturally, the following number (May 1958) is largely devoted to reporting the various celebrations, including the special reception in the Great Hall of Lincoln's Inn, which was a royal occasion. Among various photographs of this historic event, it is highly appropriate that (between pp86 and 87) there should be a striking photograph of Francis himself, presenting a copy of the Centenary number to HM the Queen.

David Cox

Ian McMorrin writes:

I first met Francis Keenlyside in 1970 in what was then Rhodesia. He was living with his second wife, Joan, and their adopted daughter, Simonetta, in a house set amongst red- and brown-leaved Msasa trees with lovely views towards bare granite hills. I remember the house being filled with bright African sunlight and the music of Mozart. At the time Francis was Managing Director of an export company and, perhaps more interestingly, dabbling in liberal politics. He was giving economic advice to, and contesting a seat for, a newly-formed Centre Party which, under the leadership of Pat Bashford, a tobacco farmer, was struggling to give a voice to those people (mostly white) who could see where the politics of Ian Smith was taking the country. As he almost certainly expected, the 1970 General Election proved disastrous for his party. It was also disastrous for Francis. He became ill and, probably as a direct result of his having broken ranks with the white business community, felt it necessary to leave the country. He spent a brief period in Johannesburg before returning in 1972 to live with Joan and Simonetta in West Herefordshire. It was here that Francis wrote *Peaks and Pioneers*, a sympathetic and finely perceptive history of mountaineering. Five years later the family emigrated once again, this time to Andorra where Francis lived for the remainder of his life. Essentially an intellectual, even an ascetic, Francis seemed happiest with his books and music, or teaching French to Simonetta. His love and enjoyment of mountains were similarly intellectual, and I remember him once saying, not long before his departure for Andorra, that mountains were important to him primarily because, in some way, their outlines defined his existence.

Dorothea, Countess Gravina d 1990

Ivor Richards's lines about the earlier Dorothea give an idea of the qualities they shared – unquenchable enjoyment of mountains and adventurous travel and refusal to be defeated by age:

The glacier our unmade bed
I hear you through your yawn:

'Leaping crevasses in the dark
That's how to live' you said.

And:

We have them in our bones:
Ten thousand miles of stones.

Her climbing started at four years old, on the roof of her home in Yorkshire. In the 1920s she travelled in South and East Africa and climbed Kilimanjaro, possibly the first ascent by a woman. From 1934 to 1939 she lived in the Italian Tyrol and climbed and ski'd in the Alps, ski mountaineering with her uncle Binnie, a founder member of the Alpine Ski Club, and with her husband, also a very competent skier.

At 50, in 1955, she joined a beginner's course in rock-climbing with Gwen Moffat, who found her the oldest and keenest of the group, and probably the most competent. She joined the Ladies' Alpine Club that year and the Pinnacle Club the next. From that time she climbed and travelled compulsively. In 1956 she climbed in the Alps and Britain and did several guideless ascents with her son Chris, including the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa.

In 1959 she joined the Women's International Cho Oyu Expedition and took over the leadership after the leader, Claude Kogan, Claudine Van der Straten and two Sherpas had died in avalanches. She climbed to 7300m on the rescue attempt.

In 1962 she led the Pinnacle Club Jagdula Expedition to West Nepal, which climbed Kagsara I, II and III and an unnamed peak of 6410m, all first ascents. She was on all the tops except the last one, which she missed through temporary illness. Dawa Tensing was the Sirdar on this, his last expedition. Dorothea contributed generously to the fund set up to help him in illness and old age.

In 1963 she was President of the Pinnacle Club and rode out to the Alps on a moped for a PC/LAC Meet in Zinal. In 1966 some young tigers met her for the first time on an LAC Meet at Saas Fee and were impressed by her fast and competent climbing, particularly her lead on the N ridge of the Weissmies, where she raced ahead of other parties. The verdict was: 'We were very proud of Dorothea.' She was unique too in carrying a tent and firewood up to huts and camping outside. Those who drove with her found her fast driving more frightening than any climb – but it never led to disaster.

1967 was a good year, with a traverse of the Weisshorn by the Schaligrat, and the Peuterey with two bivouacs in bad weather.

In 1970 Dorothea travelled to S Africa to visit her Aunt Marjorie, mostly by native bus and lorries. In 1971 she took a bus from Clapham Common to Agra – 'so much more amusing than flying' – and across Iran and Afghanistan to Kathmandu. She engaged two Sherpas to trek with her to Everest Base Camp. She went on to make a circuit of Annapurna and climb Dambusch Peak – nearly 6000m. She continued to S India, mostly by bus, then by cargo boat to Mombasa. She visited Tanzania, Zambia and the Victoria Falls, with some climbing on and around Table Mountain. She was back in Europe for the LAC Dolomite Meet, including the traverse of the Fünffingerspitze.

In 1976, at 71, she was still climbing and camping. She attended the ABMSAC Meet in 1989, her last Alpine Meet. In 1990 she bullied her doctor into giving her a certificate of fitness for an RGS cruise to the Antarctic. He was wrong – she had no time to make this trip before she died.

Margaret Darvall

William J March 1941–1990

'Big Bill' March, who died in Canada in early September at the age of 49, was one of those rare mountaineers able successfully to combine the role of achiever with that of educator in our anarchistic sport. Indeed for a while he was a legend in both top-flight climbing and top-rung outdoor education, fields that rarely overlap here in Britain.

An ebullient London cockney who became addicted to climbing while reading geography at King's College London, Bill initially was a teacher on his home ground in the East End. Meanwhile he spent some time as a volunteer instructor at Plas y Brenin and made his first alpine climbs in the Dolomites. But the mid-1960s saw a burgeoning interest in the value of outdoor education, and in 1969, after a spell as a staff instructor at Edinburgh's Benmore Centre in Cowal and a further PE qualification at Loughborough, he joined the staff of Glenmore Lodge, the Scottish Sports Council's prestigious mountaineering centre in the Cairngorms. Later, when Fred Harper became Director, Bill became his deputy.

The celebrated veteran Creag Dubh climber Johnny Cunningham was a fellow instructor, and he and Bill formed a brilliant climbing partnership. Hitherto Scottish ice climbers had excelled at vertical step-cutting, but Cunningham had practised front-pointing on the unrelenting walls of Antarctic icebergs. He and Bill re-curved the picks of their axes in a bunsen flame and took to carrying a file to hone their crampon points during climbs. With his youthful ebullience Bill soon emulated Cunningham's technical brilliance and further developed his innovative techniques on steep ice. The result was a proliferation of superb new winter routes and a major revolution both in ice-climbing standards and speeds. Possibly the most notable of these routes was The Chancer on Hell's Lum but he also made the first repeat of Tom Patey's fabulous Crab Crawl traverse of Creag Meagaidh. After breakfast one day Cunningham and March drove from Glenmore to Fort William, climbed two of the longest and most difficult ice routes on Ben Nevis and returned to the Lodge for tea – this at a time when the BMC were pleading for a hut on the Ben to enable climbers to complete one route in daylight hours!

Meanwhile Bill was busy communicating this new approach to ice-climbing both to his students and to the mountaineering world at large. His definitive instructional book *Modern Snow and Ice Techniques* appeared, and another valuable classic, *Modern Rope Techniques in Mountaineering*, soon followed. He qualified both as a Mountain Guide and as a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club – the latter probably a more elusive qualification for a mere Sassenach. And he married Karen, a Canadian girl whose North American attitudes were to have a profound influence on his later career.

Though a talented instructor and administrator, Bill had little sympathy for unnecessary bureaucracy, and a disagreement with the Scottish Sports Council over his participation in the ill-fated 1974 RAF Dhaulagiri IV expedition led to his resignation from the Lodge. During the expedition he was lucky to escape an avalanche accident which killed several Sherpas on fixed ropes but which he considered avoidable, and this strongly coloured his future attitude to Himalayan climbing and its attendant risks.

Bill and Karen moved to Pocatello in the American west, to run the ambitious Outdoor Programme at Idaho State University. Here he took his Master's degree and absorbed the refreshing American attitudes to Risk and Outdoor Education. This stage in his career enabled him to widen enormously his mountaineering, kayaking and wilderness experience, both with students and with local climbers, especially the celebrated Colorado mountaineer and hardware designer Bill Forrest, who became a close friend.

In two busy years Bill accomplished a fine series of summer and winter ascents. He repeated such classics as The Nose of Yosemite's El Capitan and the Black Ice Couloir on the Grand Teton (the first British ascent), besides pioneering new climbs in the wilderness ranges of the Wind Rivers, the Saw Toths, the Lost River Range and Zion. He became 'known' in American mountaineering circles.

In 1976 the Directorship of Plas y Brenin, the Sports Council's National Mountain Centre in Snowdonia, fell vacant, and Bill was head-hunted for the job. It was a delicate task, fraught with problems such as the dichotomy between the educationists who controlled the Centre and the mountaineering community it was supposed to serve. He was shocked to discover that his mountaineering instructors were unionized, with overtime payable for such things as rescue call-outs. Bill did much to heal the rift and re-establish the Brenin's credibility, hosting international climbing meets and throwing open the lavish facilities to ordinary climbers. But it was an uphill task, for his integrity would allow no compromise and he felt unsupported from above and sniped at from the flanks. When he ordered some feral goats marauding the gardens to be shot, a major furore resulted; he managed little challenging climbing, and became disillusioned. After only 18 months, he resigned.

With his wife, Bill now returned to North America where he had been offered an Associate Professorship at Calgary University, co-ordinating the Outdoor Pursuits Programme of the Physical Education faculty. Based so close to the foothills of the Rockies, Bill fell on his feet. Before his first university term had even started he had ticked off the formidable N face of Mount Temple, and swift ascents followed of Mount Robson's Kain face, the N ridge of Assiniboine and the E ridge of Bugaboo Spire, with 'before breakfast' times that astonished the locals. Canada was his scene, his extrovert personality suited the big country and its wilderness, and the university was broadminded enough to allow him his head. He took Canadian nationality. Before long he had repeated the long and desperate local 'full-pitch-vertical' ice climbs such as Polar Circus and Takakkaw, often in company with his old friend Rusty Baillie. Several new routes on large and remote mountains helped cement his now formidable reputation in North American mountaineering circles. But his metier had now

become adventure in general, with climbing and kayaking its typical expression.

Selected as members of the 1982 Canadian Everest expedition, Bill and Rusty made a new ice route on Chimborazo and then a serious attempt on the SW buttress of Nuptse as training climbs. When the original leader was fired, Bill was invited to replace him, an offer he could not refuse despite his qualms about big expensive 'national' expeditions. That the expedition was successful, putting the first two Canadians and four Sherpas on the summit of Everest, says much for Bill's leadership ability. Nevertheless four men died, the team was split by disagreement, the weather was dreadful and the mountain in dangerous condition. It was all that he disliked about mountaineering, and it went against the grain to discover himself and the two summiteers national heroes on returning to Canada. Nevertheless, Bill continued to climb and to climb hard. He made frequent return visits to Britain to see his parents, to climb with old friends and revisit old haunts. With Karen he walked much of the South-West Coast Path, and only a month before his death he was enjoying a sun-scorched sea traverse on the Swanage limestone. A sabbatical sojourn in Australia was in the planning stage. But his family now occupied first place and he devoted himself to his wife Karen and young son Tony.

A gentle giant, Bill March was a gregarious man, wonderful company, a teller of good stories and an enjoyer of good ale. His distinctive cockney accent marked the focal point of many a mountain bar and enlivened many a cold bivouac. On the mountain he was the very best of companions, unflappable, powerful, always super-fit and above all safe. It is ironic that, having survived at the sharp end of a dangerous profession for 30 years, he should have died suddenly from a cerebral aneurysm while relaxing on a canoe expedition with his students at Toby Creek in British Columbia.

John Cleare

William David Brown 1908-1990

I would not like to let the death of David Brown go by without some comment by me because, in the 1950s and thereabouts, we climbed together a good deal in the Alps.

I can remember an excursion into the Dauphiné when we climbed Whymper's classic route up the Pelvoux, the Pic de Neige Cordier and the Écrins. We then went round to the Promontoire hut to do the Meije but were stopped by bad weather. So we crossed the Brèche de la Meije to La Grave: a minor expedition.

Other excursions I had with him in the Dolomites. With that splendid guide Celso Degaspar, who had known Mussolini's son-in-law and entourage, we climbed the Punta Fiamme, and then the very fine S wall of the Tofana di Rozes. I can't remember any other excursions with David after that, but I am almost sure that we climbed in North Wales together. I met him in London soon after he got married; but then my work took me out into Essex and our lives parted.

But David, what happy memories I have of times together, camping and climbing in the Alps!

Charles Warren

Maurice Bennett 1914–1990

... It is above all in the character – as a friend, that his memory will be cherished among us. The equanimity of his unfailing good temper, his pure, unselfish nature, his kindly and genial manner, the charm of his conversation, made him the most delightful and engaging of companions. He had the happy art of making friends wherever he went, and of winning the esteem and regard of all of every age with whom he came in contact.

Thus: from a famous obituary which seems as appropriate to the memory of Maurice Bennett as it did to that of our first secretary 100 years ago. If Bennett's name had been used instead of Hinchliff's, the saying would not have been less true. Wordsworth wrote: 'little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness.'

In Maurice we have lost one of the stalwarts of the Alpine Club, willing always, and able, to pull his weight whenever called upon. Elected in 1959, he was soon involved in various offices. He became a trustee, a member of the House Committee, and AC representative (Chairman) on the London & SE Area Committee of the British Mountaineering Council. He also served on the committee of the Anglo-Swiss Society and on the advisory committee of the Bowles Mountaineering and Outdoor Pursuits Centre. Maurice himself wrote many of our obituary notices. His proposer and seconder for the Club were George Starkey and R C H Fox, and supporters M N Clarke, Dr A W Barton and Roy Crepin; well sponsored, some would say. By profession he was a solicitor, partner in a leading city firm, head of the department dealing with Company Law.

For 20 years prior to his election to the Alpine Club Maurice had been an active member of our offspring, the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club, in which he held many offices, Honorary Solicitor, Hon Joint Secretary for 11 years, President 1975–77. He played a prominent part in the negotiations leading to the acquisition of the Patterdale hut, giving the project his generous support, a project the like of which the AC would do well to follow.

I called the ABMSAC our offspring. In 1909 the feeling came to a head in the AC, led by prominent members, Clinton Dent (author/editor of the Badminton Mountaineering and *Above the Snowline*), J A B Bruce, Gerald Steel, A E W Mason (author of *Running Water*) that members using the Swiss huts should do more to support the Swiss Alpine Club; and so the ABM arose. Soon after this, £830 (at 25SwF to the £1) was raised to build the Britannia hut, and we are still rather proud of the fact. This of course was the small wooden edifice ... we are perhaps a trifle inclined to overlook the fact that the Geneva Section of the SAC, aided by the Central Committee, have spent a further £250,000 on the hut since; it is now one of the busiest huts in the Alps! Yes: we

gave £500 in 1929 (half the cost of a reconstruction), Fr1000 for the Bétemps hut in 1930, and Fr 400 for Konkordia: we furnished the old table-tennis room at Britannia in 1959, and gave them a picture in 1984 . . . but . . .

We are not a 'Section' (one cannot have a section outside Switzerland), but an 'Affiliation'. Sections do maintain huts! I think I am expressing some of the 'Bennett' sentiments here.

I am now going to quote from the citation in the ABM Journal upon Maurice's advancement to the Presidential Chair in 1975 (quotes are enclosed in inverted commas). 'Club Presidents are not infrequently somewhat remote people to the majority of Club members. Nothing could be further from the truth in the case of Maurice Bennett. He always offered a warm welcome, and made new members feel at home. He shared our Alpine Meets regularly for many years, until declining health rendered this more difficult.' These had become joint meets with the AC, many people, of course, like Maurice himself, being members of both clubs. I have many happy personal recollections of his company, starting, I think, in 1959, the ABM Jubilee Meet at Saas Fee – with George Starkey in the chair. Harold Flook writes: 'Maurice Bennett was a great tower of strength to the Club and one recalls his kindly welcome and fund of stories and a memorable climb up the Weissmies in 1959, and burning the cardboard fuel container at the summit of the Mettelhorn some years later to make the kettle boil!' He took an active part in organizing many of these meets, had an extensive knowledge of the Alps, and could soon put us right on any topographical problem. I also remember desperate enthusiastic table-tennis rivalry at the Schweizerhof in Kandersteg.

'He served in the Royal Navy throughout the Second World War and saw service, *inter alia* in Malta and on Russian convoys and at the D-Day landing in Normandy. As an RNVR officer he commanded a tank-landing craft, and was Mentioned in Dispatches in connection with the Normandy landings.' A special form of mordant, but kindly, wit was his own. One story which has come down to us (by Wendell Jones) takes place whilst Naval Lieutenant Maurice Bennett was ferrying troops to the beaches: On a very rough day an army Colonel asked 'Do these craft often break in half?' 'No, Sir,' said Maurice. 'Only once.'

'In the years immediately before the war and for some years afterwards he enjoyed rock-climbing in N Wales on medium-grade classic routes. He had climbed extensively in the Bernese Oberland and Pennines and strayed into other areas of the Alps from time to time. The Oberland had always been his favourite, with the Mittellegigrat of the Eiger probably the pick of the routes.' Maurice was too modest about his climbing and seldom talked of it, but we find amongst many others:

Finsteraarhorn
Schreckhorn traverse
Wetterhorn traverse
Lauterbrunnen Breithorn
Tschingelhorn
Fletschhorn–Lagginhorn traverse
Zinalrothorn

Rimpfischhorn**Petite Dent de Veisivi traverse, etc, etc.**

But it was not only on the high peaks that Maurice was happy; all and every excursion amidst mountain scenery, every valley, every path, every stream, filled him with joy. We return to the obituary of 100 years ago – Leslie Stephen knew how to write – ‘Whatever change may take place, the prosperity of the Alpine Club and of the pursuit to which it is devoted will depend upon the degree in which its members retain the hearty love of sublime scenery for its own sake . . . the intense enjoyment not only of the more startling adventures but of the quiet everyday incidents of life amongst the everlasting hills.’

‘Maurice Bennett was a keen cricketer for over 30 years during which time he tried vainly a) to explain to fellow climbers what he could see in cricket and b) to explain to fellow cricketers what he could see in climbing.’ AND he kept it up to the last: as recently as 1988 he missed the dinner because he was gallivanting across the Rockies.

Maurice was much loved. We are fortunate that his son David carries on the good work, Hon Auditor to the ABM since 1985; perhaps one day for the AC?

Farewell Maurice: We miss you.

F Paul French

