
In Memoriam

COMPILED BY GEOFFREY TEMPLEMAN

The Alpine Club Obituary	Year of Election
Andrzej Zawada	1987 Hon.
James Merricks Lewis Gavin	1936
Malcolm John Cameron	1987
Heather Larsen	1964 LAC
Paul Henry William Wallace	1963
Michael Joseph Ball	1991
Robin Cyril Hind	1961
Montgomery Harrison Wadsworth Ritchie	1934
Sir Eric Mensforth	1957
John Michael Leigh	1991
John Byam-Grounds	1938
Michael Blayney Thomas	1960
Harold Stanley Flook	1960

First, I must apologise for a mistake which appeared last year in the obituary for Fred Jackson by J H Emlyn Jones. Mention was made of Jackson's friend 'Dr Aubrey Wentham'; this should have read 'Dr Aubrey Leatham'. This was my error and I apologise to both Emlyn Jones and Dr Leatham.

I have also been informed that Wing Commander N Ridley submitted an obituary for Fred Jackson which, by an oversight, never reached either the Editor or myself. In apologising to Wing Commander Ridley, I should mention that his tribute to Fred Jackson appears on page 335 of this volume.

Unfortunately, it has only been possible to obtain obituaries for just over half of those whose names appear in the In Memoriam list this year. As always, I would be happy to include any others next year.

Geoffrey Templeman

Andrzej Zawada, 1928 -2000

Andrzej Zawada was once described in *Mountain* magazine as 'the pre-eminent war lord of Polish mountaineering.' In today's post-communist Europe, the aptness of this rather curious description is none too obvious. In Poland in the 1970s and '80s, however, organising major expeditions required both huge personal effort and status. It was not just a matter of gaining permits and finding the right people (and Zawada helped launch many climbers, such as Kurtyka and Wielicki). The real fight was to gather enough food, equipment, cash and respect from the State to be able to leave the country with a real chance of success – essential if there was to be a 'next time'. To achieve this required both persuasiveness and perseverance. Zawada had both, making him to some degree a 'Lord' in the country he so loved.

But it was not all plain sailing. Andrzej Zawada had to play a dangerous game, balancing his 'official' image with his deeply held personal views, and a vision of an independent and free Poland. The knocks on the door in the early hours were a constant fear, as they were for most free-thinking Polish climbers of this period.

He once said, 'Poland is a nation without any fixed boundaries. We have been invaded from all directions, and what is happening now under the communists is only a time within another cycle. Poland will be free again.' Fortunately, he lived to see the start of a new period in Polish history.

Andrzej was a gentle man, charming and well known both as a mountaineer and a respected geophysicist. His climbing successes stand in the top rank of importance in mountaineering history. He was a winter specialist. He introduced this most cruel of seasons to the Himalaya. Perhaps his fascination with winter climbing reflected his own internal season under the communist regime. Starting in the winter of 1959, he completed a remarkable 19-day traverse of the entire 50-mile-long main ridge of the Tatra. Andrzej went on to lead first winter ascents of Noshaq (72/3), Everest (79/80), Cho Oyu (84/85), and Lhotse (88/89 – deputy leader). Inevitably, there were also failures: K2 (87/88), Nanga Parbat (twice, in 96/97 and 97/98) and Lhotse 79/80 when he personally came close to making the first winter ascent, reaching 8250m.

But not all his trips were in winter. He made the second ascent of the *Bonatti/Gobbi* on the Pilier d'Angle in 1965. He climbed Pik Lenin in 1970 (his first 7000er) and in the following year made the first ascent of Kunyang Chhish (7852m) in the Hispar. In 1997 he organised the first Anglo-Polish expedition. This remarkable trip to the Hindu Kush made five alpine-style big wall ascents, and displayed Zawada's remarkable creativity and persuasive talents. Starting without enough cash to fly to Kabul, Zawada decided to 'smuggle' the six-man British contingent across the Soviet Union by train – telling them to say nothing when spoken to by the Russians. Arriving at the military staging point on the Oxus just months before the invasion of

Afghanistan, he confronted the Russians with two choices – let the expedition cross or send it back and create an international incident. The Russians let the team pass.

His career was recognised by honorary membership of the Alpine Club in 1987 and by the Groupe de Haute Montagne in 1998. He wrote and lectured extensively about his exploits and contributed to a number of historical works, including Gillman's *Everest* (1993) and an authoritative six-volume history of Polish Mountaineering. Among his other passions were sailing, skiing, history, a large collection of maps and archives of world exploration and, most importantly, his wife Anna Milewska, a well-known film and theatre actress, who survives him.

Andrzej Zawada died of cancer on 21 August 2000, aged 72. He had fought the disease for some time, just as he struggled with or against so many other things that either inspired him or appalled him. On that train journey across the Soviet Union in 1977, he entered a compartment where Alex MacIntyre (ivich) lay sprawled with his Walkman and politely asked to 'see this new ice tool, this pterodactyl you told me about'. MacIntyre duly dug out the weapon from one of his sacks and passed it to Zawada. To everyone's amazement, Andrzej then stormed down the carriage and smashed each of the six speakers playing Soviet muzak of patriotic military tunes. 'Ah, I see this pterodactyl works perfectly. In Poland, we do not allow such tedious music.'

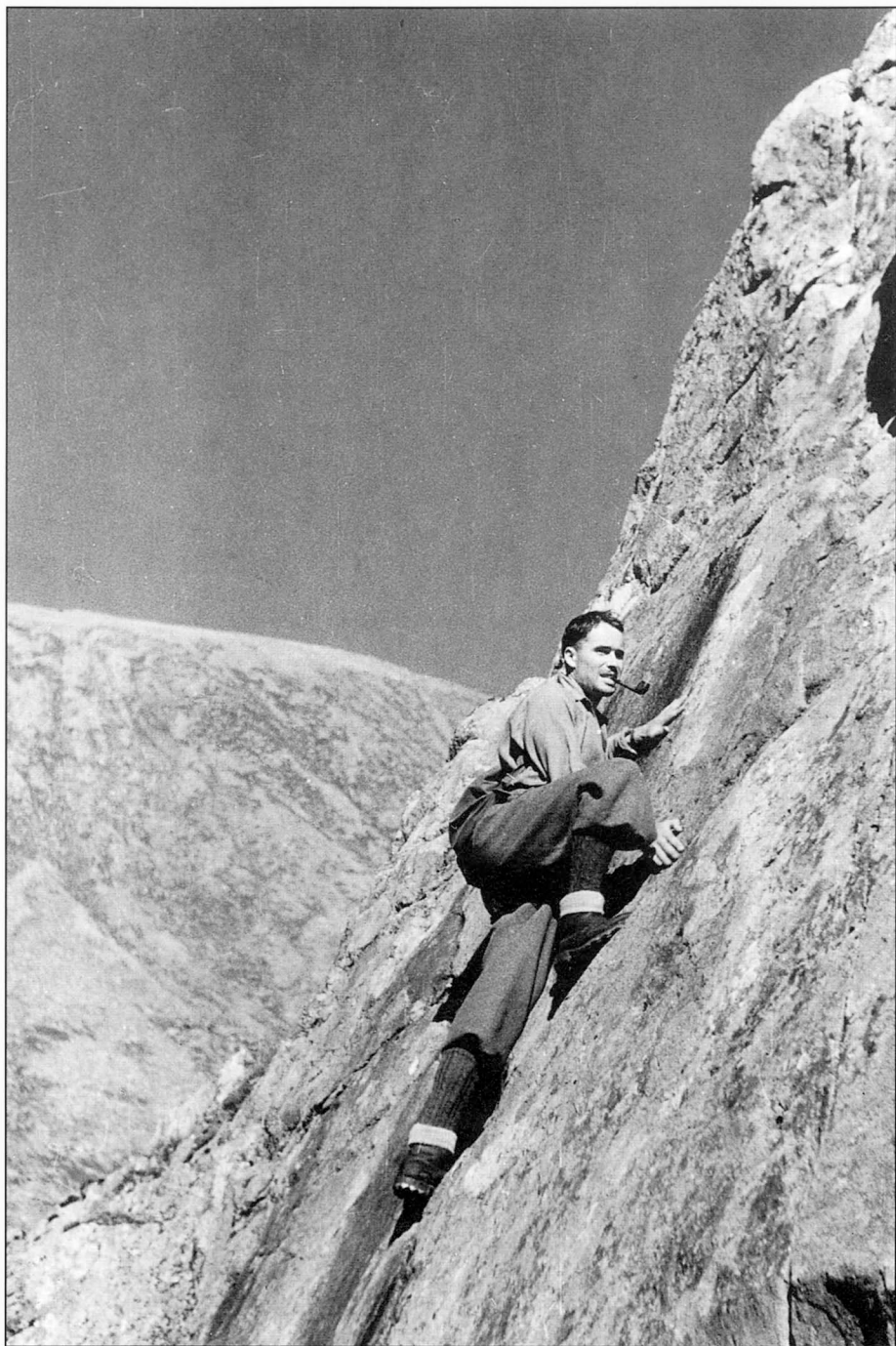
John Porter

Major-General J M L Gavin CB CBE, 1911-2000

Jim Gavin was born in Chile, but he was British to the core. He was educated in England, at Uppingham School, followed by a two-year course in engineering at Cambridge. Although our time at Cambridge overlapped and we were both members of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club with whom he skied but did not climb, I did not meet him at Cambridge but in 1935 at Helyg in the Ogwen Valley, North Wales. From then until late 1941, when he went to Singapore, I climbed with him a lot in North Wales, Scotland and the Alps.

In 1935 his meeting and climbing with Frank Smythe led to him participating in the 1936 Everest expedition which, owing to the early onset of the monsoon, did not get above the North Col, and the party had a difficult descent from there in dangerous snow conditions.

In 1937 we met in Chamonix, and after climbing the Requin, made a memorable attempt at traversing the Drus. I was ahead with Edmund Wigram (doctor on two pre-war Everest expeditions) and Charles Rob, another doctor, when a shout from below brought us hurrying down to where we found that Jim's second on the rope, Charles Nicholls, another



62. Jim Gavin, 1911-2000, on the Tower Ridge of Ben Nevis, June 1940. (*Ashley Greenwood*)

sapper officer, had dislocated his shoulder in swinging across a holdless slab on a short fixed rope (La Pendule). Edmund, as the senior doctor, rotated his shoulder back into place and improvised a sling to support his arm. This ended any hope of the traverse, but as the weather was hot and set fair, Edmund, Charles Rob and I completed the climb to the top of the Grand Dru, leaving Nicholls on a broad sunny ledge. Then we returned to help Nicholls down and reached Montenvers well before dark. This ended Nicholls' climbing career, as his shoulder kept on coming out.

Gavin, Rob and I then set out on a high-level route to Zermatt, traversing mountains rather than passes. When we reached the Col des Maisons Blanches at the foot of the Valsorey ridge of the Grand Combin there was a cold north wind blowing. We did not fancy climbing the exposed ridge, and the alternative, a long and difficult descent to the Corridor route, was equally unattractive. Having consulted our postcard, therefore, (our only guide) we set out hopefully on a level traverse, Gavin and I sharing the lead. This was at first threatened by séracs, and as we had no crampons and had to cut steps, the going was slow. But soon the going improved and we reached a point directly below the summit where our ledge ended. We were then able to climb up to the summit. This was a new route on this mountain, as I discovered from an article in *Die Alpen* in 1943, in which some Swiss climbers claimed it as a new route in 1943. (We had not made our ascent public.) By then, in mid-war, we were scattered far and wide and it was too difficult to put the record straight.

Jim had climbed with Frank Smythe in 1935, which led to his selection for the 1936 Everest expedition, and after our 1937 dramas he continued to climb with Frank Smythe until the outbreak of war. In early 1940 Jim had an unnerving experience when a submarine in which he was travelling to Norway hit an underwater obstruction – perhaps a mine which did not detonate; but they were able to limp back to England.

At the School of Mountain Warfare in Lochailort, where we were both instructors, Jim and I with others made climbing expeditions to the Cuillin of Skye and to the Cairngorms, where we stayed in Freddy (known as Spencer) Chapman's private hut in the Abernethy Forest. Jim was exceptionally fit and strong, but he was exhausted by Freddy on a traverse of the four highest peaks in the Cairngorms.

At the end of 1941 Jim went to Singapore to demolish guns and other installations as the Japanese approached. At that point he met crisis and romance. He had fallen in love with Barbara Murray, a journalist in Singapore, and when the Supremo there decreed that only selected personnel and their wives could be evacuated by air to Sumatra, he married Barbara and they flew to Sumatra where Jim found a derelict tug boat, and profiting from his engineering skill and pre-war ocean yacht racing, put it in order and sailed to Ceylon. From there they reached the mainland of India, where Jim had to deal with a mutiny on a northbound train. He had a heart attack, but reached Kashmir to recuperate, but it was six months before he was fit

enough to re-cross the pass and return to England. Soon after his return, I visited him in Surrey where he was living, but he was a shadow of his former self.

The last time I saw Jim was in 1993 at the Royal Geographical Society where the 40th anniversary of the first ascent of Everest was celebrated. After Barbara died he went to live in Dorset with one of his daughters. In 1997 I rang him and suggested visiting him there. He said he was very frail but would like a visit and his daughter would send me directions; but she never did, and the next thing was that I saw his obituary in *The Times* and *Telegraph*.

Jim Gavin was a sparkling character, with enormous charisma and humour. He was a good climber, and though not an 'ace' like his contemporaries Smythe, Colin Kirkus and Menlove Edwards, he was a desirable participant on any expedition.

Ashley Greenwood

Mal Cameron, 1946-2000

I met Mal over 27 years ago in Cwm Cywarch at the Mountain Club Hut in Mid Wales. He was keen to climb in some of the remoter areas away from the crowds. We did quite a few of the second ascents of some of the classics, his knowledge and experience from other areas being invaluable for correcting grades and star ratings. We also did a few new routes together, such as, in 1974, *Nudging Groove*, a HVS on Table Buttress on Cyfrwy, Cader Idris; *Gorilla's Armpit*, a 2-star HVS route on Bird Rock in 1975; and in 1981 a route on Barmouth Quarry called *It's Looking Good Houston* – a typical cracking name that Mal came up with.

We climbed a lot in summer in the Alps. Our two families would usually meet up in Cham, suffer the appalling weather for a few days, then rush off to sunshine in the Verdon Gorge. *Eperon Sublime* was our finest route down there, which of course included the gripping *Luner Bong* abseil.

A trip to the Vanoise with Mal and Sue, where we did the North Face of the Grand Casse and had a close call with the large sérac barrier at two-thirds height. The whole front section peeled away just as we got level with it, sweeping down the section we had just ascended!

The family trip to the Bernina Alps in 1975 was one of our best. It started with a rush up Piz Morteratsch, which ended in major heave-ho problems. Then we did the *Biancogrät* on the Bernina. The next route was the plum of the area: the *Kluckner Neruda route* on the NE face of the Roseg – very scary climbing under huge sérac walls in the lower half.

A quick move of campsites to the beautiful valley beneath the Badile and the final route of the holiday, the *Cassin route* on the NE face. The weather was good to start with but in the upper section we got caught in the traditional storm. It was the famous Gaston Rebuffat tale all over again but the strong



63. Mal Cameron, 1946-2000, after climbing the North Face of the Grande Casse.
(John Sumner)



64. Michael Joseph Ball, 1925-2000. *(Frank Fitzgerald)*

man of the team this time was Mal. A hideous night was spent on the summit (we couldn't find the bivvi hut) and then the endless abseils down the North Ridge.

Malcolm has climbed with many of the top-line climbers of the day and harder tales than the above could be told. For instance, Mal did the *Nant Blanc Face* of the Vert with Smiler Cuthbertson. Also, with Smiler, the *Rochers de Prelles* in the company of Patrick Cordier. With the Vagabond lads, the Italian ridge of the Matterhorn and the *Brown/Whillans route* on the Blaitière. Malcolm had also done some great routes in the States, such as an early ascent of *Zodiac* on El Cap and Half Dome with Bill Strong. An attempt on *Salathé Wall* with Hugh Banner and routes on the Bugaboos with Chris Radcliff.

Mal climbed extensively on rock throughout the British Isles with many members of the Climbers' Club and Vagabond Club, in particular Roger Bennion, Derek Walker, Hugh Banner, Mike Frith and Mike Pycroft. One of his favourite places was Gogarth where he climbed regularly at E3, doing such classics as *Rat Race*, *The Big Groove*, *The Moon* and just before he went to the Alps in 2000, *Redshift* on Red Wall. Mal's early climbing was with the Vagabonds and he always kept close links with them. When with Mal, the conversation would always come back to climbers associated with the Vags: Pete Minks, Arthur Green and Bryan Mullarkey.

Mal died from rockfall, after completing the *Marchand de Sable* on the Tour Rouge, on the Mer de Glace side of the Aiguilles on Mont Blanc, 9 September 2000. He was climbing with Neil Hitchings and was descending easy ground on his way back to the Envers Hut when the rockfall struck. Mal was a Vice President of the Climbers' Club and an honorary member of that club. He leaves behind his wife Sue and daughter Sally. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

John (Fritz) Sumner

Mike Pycroft writes:

The last time I spoke to Mal was the day before he flew out to Chamonix. He had called me to confirm that he still wanted to go to Spain in October and would I book things up. His last words: that it was great to be booking one holiday while packing for another! Still, Chamonix was typical of Mal. A quiet walking holiday with Sue; not quite, as he still squeezed in some climbs. This summed up his attitude – he was always keen to grab another route.

A couple of weeks before his death we had gone to Left Hand Red Wall and climbed *Infidel Direct* (E4). It was the same as usual; Mal would fiddle around sorting his gear, taping his fingers, all the time in the world. Still he cruised the first pitch and enjoyed the last pitch. When we got to the top, after a quick sandwich I persuaded Mal to do *Red Wall* rather than the ice cream he suggested. By the time we topped out it was 8.30, cold and getting dark, but Mal was pleased we had grabbed the route.

It was back to Gogarth a fortnight later. Mal did *Redshift* with Steve Burns and I climbed with Steve Lang. After our routes Mal insisted it was time for ice cream and we sat in the afternoon sunshine making future plans.

The next Sunday he was dead. A tragic loss for Sue and Sally and he is missed by all his friends. It is baffling that he will never appear at our house again on a Sunday morning, playing with Nathan, just 2, whilst we plan the day's climbing. Mal loved 'adventure' climbing and in the two years we spent together we spent many a happy day on Cloggy or Gogarth. Mal had explored sport climbing in the '90s but found little reward in the training and repetition of routes to get another number. In the mountains Mal relished the challenge, be it wet drainpipe cracks on Cloggy or a soaked *Moon* on Gogarth.

In recent times Mal was active a lot. Skiing in March '99 to Chamonix with Sue and Sally. Typically he managed an ice climb on Mont Blanc de Tacul followed by a ski descent of the Mer de Glace. He went back two days later and skied down with Sally, which he was really proud of.

Mal loved Cloggy. We spent a great day up there doing *Troach* and *November*. During the summer Mal had been back there and led *Bow Right Hand*, E3, which gave him a lot of pleasure.

Mal was someone who will be missed by all. He touched so many people's lives, I feel lucky to have known him, even for such a short period. But in that time he provided a breath of fresh air and rekindled the fire inside. We never did *Right Wall* or *Salathé Wall* but his memory will travel there.

Mike Frith writes:

I first met Mal climbing in Cwm Silyn in May 1990, and after sharing a belay ledge for a while and exchanging pleasantries, realised we lived within about five miles of each other. For the next ten years, up to his untimely death, he became a regular climbing partner and close friend. Our frequent weekend climbing venues were the crags of North Wales with occasional trips to the Peak District and beyond, and with another climbing friend, Roger Bennion, we did most of the E2/E3 classics, some of the more popular ones several times.

On the crag, one of Mal's strongest attributes was his attention to safety. He would always double-check belays and protection and was the safest climber I've ever climbed with. Sometimes his attention to detail was a cause of frustration, but it was his way of rationalising the dangers of the sport. Although he enjoyed sport climbing, it was never one of his strong points on our regular Spanish trips. He could never be bothered to work a route, for instance at the Ormes in Llandudno (one of our regular summer evening climbing haunts) for a red-point ascent. His great love was for multi-pitch trad climbing – something he was really beginning to get into again before his accident.

I never got to climb with Mal in the Alps or other mountain ranges, but my favourite memories of him are of climbing sun-drenched rock in such

places as Costa Blanca, Mallorca and Las Vegas. Our spring trips for some holiday rock, with our respective wives, were among the highlights of the year. This was the one trip when he really enjoyed climbing on bolts, to get the multi-pitch experience in relative safety. Routes from these holidays included some of the best climbs I ever did with him, especially the six-pitch *Prince of Darkness* (5.10c) at Red Rocks, Nevada; *Costa Blanca* (6c), another six-pitch classic on the Penon de Ifach, near Calpe; and *Sexo Debil* (6b+) at Sa Gubia in Mallorca.

In both his climbing and social life Mal had many friends and acquaintances. He was an active member of the Climbers' Club and an ex Vice President; but I think it was his enthusiasm for all aspects of the sport that he will be remembered for by most people. He was always particularly keen to encourage younger climbers. Mal was the first close friend I've had who has been killed in the mountains. I think most of us believe that it will never happen to us, always trying to concentrate and hold things together in times of high stress and danger, and yet history shows that the most dangerous times are when a climb has been completed. The accident that happened to Mal was a one in a million chance which, as others no doubt have found in the past, makes it much more difficult to accept. He was a kind and generous man and life for his wife Sue, daughter Sally, his family and friends will never be the same again.

Heather Larsen (née Wheeler) 1932–2000

When remembering Heather, there are three things that come immediately to mind. They are her vitality, enthusiasm, and love of fun. She always had a lovely wide smile for everyone.

Heather's childhood was in Essex, and included canoeing in Benfleet Creek – always managing to return just before it became low tide and dark, a skill that served Heather extremely well later in Greenland. Another influence was her great aunt, Winnie Marples, who was a prolific alpinist, putting up many guideless routes between 1920 and 1940.

Heather went to Edinburgh University, studied languages, met climbers, and explored the Scottish mountains in all seasons. *Myrtle Simpson writes:*

Heather soon worked out that action meant the climbing club. Heather's enormous smile, her laugh, her overwhelming presence shone out. Murky bothies, wet tents, bleak bivvies; we were all cold and miserable. Not Heather, she was radiant.

Having gained her MA and BCom, Heather became a money dealer in the City of London; a frenetic life where her personality was an important asset. Climbing was the major activity in every spare moment. From 1961 onwards Heather went out with the Austrian Alpine Club to the Stubai,

Kaunergrat and Ötztal. The Ingham's train was the way that many climbers travelled to the Austrian Alps. Heather met new friends, including Ann Dryland, Ann King, Lizbet Strickland-Constable, Colin Morath and others from the London Mountaineering Club. Peaks included the Zückerhüt, Madatschtürme and Wildspitz.

Meanwhile, she was always encouraging her friends to meet each other, try new routes and visit new ranges. Her enthusiasm was extremely infectious. Also, her parties with themes such as 'Jamaica', 'Jungle' or 'Caribbean' were superb fun.

Some serious climbs, mostly guideless, followed: Aiguilles du Cardinal, du Moine, de l'Evêque and du Chardonnet (by the Forbes Arête), Allalinhorn, Jägigrat, Rimpfischhorn and Weisshorn. Heather was elected to the Ladies Alpine Club in 1964, and was proud to have achieved her ambition to climb the three major summits of the Alps: Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Matterhorn. But she also enjoyed the fun at the Bahnhof in Zermatt with Bernhard and Frau Biner.

Heather and Lizbet went to the Bernese Oberland. They had no guidebook but this did not stop Heather. She chatted to everyone they met, asking about snow conditions, quality of rock, and exactly where the crevasses were. They went on to the 1966 LAC meet in Saas Fee, and climbed more summits. Tales abound of Heather's Tricouni nails making sparks on the Dri Hörlini slabs. Meanwhile she was a prolific writer for the LAC Journal.

Heather then cast her mountaineering plans wider. She went to the Drakensberg in South Africa with Bill James in 1969. In 1974, with Myrtle Simpson and Bharati Banerjee, Heather climbed Bhunoti (18,500ft), a peak in the Garhwal-Kumaun Himalaya. However, it was Greenland that became her favourite place. In 1968, after Hugh and Myrtle Simpson had crossed the Greenland ice cap, she flew out to the West Coast with their three small children, to meet them. *Myrtle Simpson describes the excitement of their arrival:*

'There's my mum,' shrieked a shrill voice, as the kids jostled out. Behind came Heather, clutching bags, paper windmills, comics, jerseys and fishing rods. A huge smile beamed out, affecting all. What excitement; letters, presents, and news from home.

Heather lifted the lid from a wooden crate; peaches! 'I bought them in Covent Garden this morning. I think they will be alright.' Again, the great fun Heather always brought to every event.

Heather travelled to Greenland many times. Trips included climbing Hestekoien in the Staunings Alps, and canoeing to a very northerly point, Segelsällskapets Fjord. But 1972 was the important year. Heather and the Simpsons had joined some families of hunting Eskimo, and were canoeing near Søndre Strømfjord on the West Coast of Greenland. They had bread and oranges dropped by a light aeroplane. The name of the Danish pilot was Peter Larsen.

Peter soon moved to London, and married Heather in 1977. Their flats in Elizabeth Street were the meeting point for many mountaineers travelling through London. Heather organised several Alpine Club Annual Dinners and, as always, was a great source of inspiration and encouragement for all types of climbing trips.

With ill health beginning to trouble her, she and Peter moved to St Margaret's Bay, near Dover. 'Robin Hatch' enjoyed splendid views over the Channel, and, of course, became a staging post for climbing friends journeying to the Alps. Parties included 'Pirates' and 'Invaders'. In 1998 they visited the upper slopes of Mount Baker in the Cascades and Mount Robson in British Columbia. Shortly before she died, Heather and Peter took a beautiful break in the Scilly Isles, where they were able to walk and see the sky and the views. Heather loved travelling. Like her hero, Nansen, she always wanted to see what was on the other side of the next ridge.

Hywel Lloyd

Paul Henry William Wallace, 1912-2000

Paul Wallace – a bachelor – died peacefully at the age of 87 years at his home in Parkstone, Poole, on 19 June 2000. It came as a shock to all who knew him, as he enjoyed robust good health and, to me at least, appeared ever fit and rugged. Only a month before his death he had enjoyed a walking holiday with a group of ramblers on the Devon Coastal Path.

Paul was born in Halifax, Yorkshire, on 31 October 1912, and in the early 1920s he and his family moved to Poole where he attended Canford School. He came to climbing after World War II, in which he saw active Army service in the Western Desert, Italy and Normandy. I was very fortunate to be introduced to Paul in the late 1960s through my good friend and mountaineering companion Fred Daldry of Bournemouth.

Fred had met Paul a little earlier at a Wessex M.C. meet in North Wales and soon realised he was in the presence of an experienced mountaineer with excellent rock-climbing ability. Paul was tactfully enticed to join Fred and myself on a Bernese Oberland holiday planned for the summer of 1970 and, as luck would have it, he agreed to join us. From that time on, the three of us joined forces and climbed in the Alps every summer for some 15 years or so, recruiting a fourth person whenever possible in order to make up two ropes of two, should it be appropriate.

Paul joined the Alpine Club in 1963 and encouraged, supported and proposed my own membership of the Club in 1976. He was also a founder member of the Wessex M.C. and had been its President for five years. He acknowledged that his own experience and skills owed much to the fine climbing and mountaincraft courses he had earlier attended with the Mountaineering Association and the Austrian Alpine Club, the latter being conducted entirely in German. This gave Paul no problem for he was fluent

in German, as well as in French and Italian. For many years he enjoyed working from home translating papers for various clients and agencies. His ability to speak foreign languages gave the rest of us on our Alpine holidays an easy and reassuring time, knowing that good deals for accommodation could be made on our behalf.

Although sound on mixed ground, Paul was always happiest on pure rock, and being a climber from the old school he insisted on doing most of his climbs in mountain boots. He never took gladly to wearing a climbing helmet or to modern mechanical aids. He was, in many ways, very much like an early Victorian mountaineer, with his quiet, well-modulated speaking voice, fund of knowledge and wide interests.

Paul was much involved with the initial opening up of climbs on his nearby Swanage cliffs and for several years he attended – by invitation – the Ladies Alpine Club meets there, to show and assist them with their cliff climbs. He was ever modest about his Swanage climbs but when he invited me to join him on some of his routes there I quickly realised and appreciated his climbing skills and his intimate knowledge of these cliffs. He was always ready to help beginners and encourage them in the art of rock climbing and he devoted much time to various youth groups that Fred Daldry used to bring to North Wales.

Suffice it to say that Paul had an impressive list of Alpine summits and climbs to his credit, many of them being major classic routes; but as he grew older he turned his attention to the Austrian Tirol where the mountain huts were more numerous and comfortable and the mountains less serious. His return to the region was well received by the Austrian Alpine Club who used his diary notes of his hut-to-hut tour in the Venediger Gruppe for their main Newsletter article in the summer edition of 1986 (number 90).

In the 1990s he turned to back-packing the long-distance trails in the British Isles and in Northern France which, considering his advanced years, troublesome knee and metal pin in his hip, was not bad going.

Paul had the most remarkable gifts of patience and endurance and was never known to raise his voice or swear, in spite of being caught out from time to time in conditions serious enough to make a Saint curse. Always solidly dependable and safe and a most interesting companion, he shared his knowledge easily, with no sense of superiority. It was a delight to listen to him talking on such subjects as Botany, Geology and even Philosophy and he was ever eager, in turn, to quiz me and glean some insight into the significance of the laws, theories and advances within modern Science and Technology.

Those who shared Paul's company, whether on a simple country walk or attached to his climbing rope on an arduous route, will, I am sure, forever look back at his memory with admiration and affection; for he was a truly remarkable Gentleman who, for now, has left us but who is, hopefully, enjoying the Celestial Mountains.

Dai Griffiths

Michael Joseph Ball, 1925-2000

Mike Ball, who joined the Club only in 1991 when his Alpine career was past, climbed regularly in Britain throughout his life; Southern Sandstone, the Peak, Yorkshire gritstone, the Lake District, Wales and Scotland all received his attention. He had 16 seasons of winter climbing in Scotland, 21 seasons of summer climbing in the Alps, and he was the doctor on the New Zealand Alpine Club's Himalayan Expedition to the Barun Valley in 1954. Climbing was in his blood – his maternal grandfather was Joseph Collier, the nineteenth century pioneer, a fact of which he was particularly proud.

After Gresham's School, Mike went up to Cambridge to read medicine and was a leading light in the CUMC, visiting the Alps in 1947 with a CUMC party which had the good fortune to be introduced to alpine climbing by members of the Zurich University Mountaineering Club. In 1949, with our late member Tom Bourdillon, he climbed the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon, made the first ascent of Pointe 3050 on the Requin and traversed Les Drus and La Meije, significant expeditions at that time. In the Barun in 1954 he made the first ascent of Chago (22,540ft) with Urkien and was a member of the party that made the first ascent of Pethangtse (22,080) and two other unnamed peaks (20,200ft and 21,300ft). Our first alpine season together, in 1957, was ruined by foul weather but we traversed the Ecardies and climbed the SW Integrale of the Moine.

Although Mike continued to climb regularly in Britain, his activities were restricted by the demands of his surgical career and he did not return to the Alps until 1968. In the interval he had contracted diabetes and management of his condition against the rigours of an Alpine season required considerable skill on his part and a certain vigilance on the part of his companions. We were again troubled by poor weather, but amongst other things traversed the Jägigrat, the Leiterspitzen and the Evêque, climbing the last by a route on its South Face, and we defied the hordes on the Matterhorn in poor conditions which forced many parties to break the expedition at the Solvay refuge. Mike's diabetes might have ended his alpine career but his love of alpine rock, coupled with his fierce determination, carried him through another 18 seasons and ascents including the Dibona South Face, the South Ridge of the Salbitschijen and the Voie Rebuffat on Les Rouies.

In 1971 we climbed in winter on Ben Nevis and in Glencoe, for Mike his first visit since 1946, and for the next eleven years we returned each spring to ascend classic routes such as SC Gully, North Buttress of the Buachaille, the NE Buttress of Ben Nevis, Glover's Chimney and, of course, his grandfather's Tower Ridge. In that time we experienced a revolution in ice-climbing techniques and equipment and especially in foul weather clothing, without which our harvest of routes would have been much smaller. Sadly, Mike's Scottish forays were seriously curtailed after he was badly knocked about in an avalanche in North Gully, but he had already applied Scottish technique to the north faces of the Pigne d'Arolla, Petit Mont Collon, the

Lenzspitze and the Watkins Arête on Mont Blanc de Cheilon. In his later years Mike climbed with a variety of companions, mainly members of the Climbers' Club and his son's ex-Repton school and Reading University friends.

Mike's was a long and distinguished mountaineering career during which he transmitted his unbounded enthusiasm to all with whom he came into contact. He was the friendliest of men, particularly with the young whom he was happy to help and advise. In 1972 he introduced a Reading University party to alpine climbing in the same way that he had been introduced by the Zurich University Club 25 years earlier, leading members up the Ferpècle Arête of the Dent Blanche and the West Ridge of the Dent de Tsalion.

Mike's first allegiance was to the Climbers' Club which he joined in 1946 while President of the CUMC. He served it in a number of capacities, being Vice-President in 1984-87 and he was also an Honorary Member. He will be remembered by all who knew him as one who was not at all concerned with material things, as most of his possessions clearly showed; but he had an abiding interest in what really mattered: climbing and mountains.

Since our respective retirements we tried to climb each month alternately in the Peak and on Yorkshire grit. We met on the A19 in heavy rain only a few weeks before his death and toured North Yorkshire looking for dry rock, finally settling in the Scugdale valley where the weather slowly cleared and we had an excellent afternoon. He was delighted that day to exhibit his remarkable sense of balance which, despite his years, never deserted him. It is hard to believe that I shall never again see the arrival of that battered camper van, and that disreputably clad, gaunt figure, whose first words, whatever the weather, were invariably 'What are we going to do today?'

Mike was a true mountaineer, he faced every obstacle squarely and never gave up. He once told me that no member of his family had survived beyond 55, yet he lived to be very nearly 75 and he filled every available minute. He had a happy, loving family life, unstinting support in all his ventures from Elizabeth his wife, a successful professional career and a great life in the hills. What more could one wish for?

Frank Fitzgerald

Robin Cyril Hind 1911–2000

Bob Hind was born in 1911 on a farm in northern Alberta where, as a farm boy, he had to light the morning fires when the overnight temperature within the cabin often plunged to minus 30°C and the water in the pail had frozen solid. He was adept at such things as teaching his sister the knack of trapping muskrats. Following his general education, he graduated in electrical engineering at the University of Alberta and, when the war came, was an officer in the Royal Canadian Navy on a corvette protecting Atlantic convoys.

Bob was a great sportsman, being involved for many years with the Calgary Tennis Club, where he used his skilled techniques to help many students. His first wife Margaret was killed in an avalanche while skiing near Lake Louise, but in 1956 he married Marjory, who also did a great deal of climbing in her younger days, and he was able to tend to all the sporting needs of his daughter and four sons. He was involved with the Scout movement for many years, introducing many to the joys of camping and outdoor life.

But Bob's abiding love was the mountains. He was involved with the Alpine Club of Canada for almost 70 years, serving in many posts – in the Edmonton section (during his university years), in the Calgary section, and in the main club – from chairman of various committees to overall President and finally Honorary President. He first became involved with the Club in 1932 as a camp boy: setting up camp, chopping wood, hauling water and baggage, waiting on tables and dismantling camp, and many other services which generally went unnoticed by the general membership. But over the next few years he mastered the techniques of mountaineering and became an outstanding and noted mountaineer. He led many people confidently on their first climb and, later, on more adventurous trips. He took a whole generation of aspiring leaders under his wing, passing on his knowledge and techniques to this enthusiastic group. Even an accident on Mount Marpole many years ago, in which he severely damaged an ankle, did not deter him for long. He mastered his handicap and continued on as before.

He received many awards – Silver Rope in 1935, Honorary Member 1969, Service Award 1971, Vice President of the ACC 1954-55, President 1964-65, Honorary ACC President 1991 and Legacy Award 1995.

Bob made over 250 climbs, of which 26 were first ascents, and he climbed all the '12,000-footers' in Canada. He also climbed in Britain and the Alps, and did the trek around Annapurna at the age of 72. His application for membership of the Alpine Club in 1961 lists over 90 ascents (at that date) in the Rockies, Selkirks and Purcell Ranges, many, as already mentioned, first ascents. It also includes many British climbs in 1939, 1940 and 1941, mostly with John Barford, and including leading routes such as Central Buttress and Botterill's Slab on Scafell and Belle Vue Bastion on Tryfan. As was stated at his memorial service, he was 'a blazing beacon to mountaineers, a shining inspiration to all who managed to share in some aspects of his life'.

G W Templeman

With thanks to Mrs Marjory Hind

Frederic Sinclair Jackson, 1914 -1999

I first met Fred Jackson (see Obituaries, AJ2000) on the Buachaille Etive Mor. My party had stopped for lunch in a notch in a rib when through the mist and rain came Fred and Alan Fry. Realising that we were from the same area, they paused long enough to swap addresses, and then disappeared back into the mist and rain. Fred and I subsequently climbed together regularly, in College Valley, on Crag Lough, and the Wannies in Northumberland and we were frequent visitors to the Lake District and Scotland, sometimes with his wife Joan. I always remember that while I would be scrabbling for a handhold, Fred would be searching for a rugosity.

Fred was to a degree eccentric and this was illustrated by his purchase of a barrage balloon circa 1944, part of which was used to cover his Lea Francis, while the remainder was used instead of a tent. Needless to say, we were often wet and uncomfortable. He also developed his own specification for headgear. After months of diligent searching he found a suitable hat in a milliner's shop, and the dome-shaped object with a wide circular brim saw him through the remainder of his climbing career.

I joined the Royal Air Force in 1953 and my jaunts with Fred became less frequent. We still made several winter trips to Scotland which were memorable for a lack of snow and consistency of sunshine. Fred was fond of climbing *Church Door Buttress* on Bidean nam Bian in January when some of the cracks were filled with ice. We also met up for a couple of Alpine seasons, the climax of which were ascents of the *Ferpècle Arête* on the Dent Blanche and the complete traverse of the *Aiguilles Rouges d'Arolla*.

In 1974, I was leading an expedition to the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta in Columbia. I wrote to Fred inviting him to join us as a doctor. He replied to say that he would be delighted to come but had that week had a kidney removed and it would be better if we also had someone to keep an eye on him. Thus we left the UK in January 1974 with two eminent physicians to look after our party, the second being Dick Turner from Edinburgh. Fred was then 60 and Dick Turner 65. Despite his fairly recent illness Fred climbed *El Guardian* (17,139ft).

After retiring from the NHS, Fred and Joan moved to Patterdale, where they entertained many club members. After Joan's death, Fred returned to Northumberland for a while before moving to Zimbabwe to live with his daughter Helen. Fred's other daughter Anthea is a doctor. Both attended a simple ceremony to scatter his ashes in the Cheviots. Fred will be remembered by many as a delightful eccentric with perhaps a slight contempt for both bureaucracy and authority, but an overriding sense of fun.

Norman Ridley