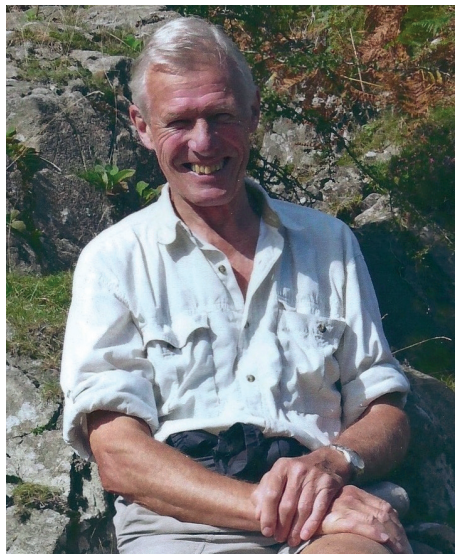
In Memoriam

The Alpine Club Obituary	**Year of Election** (including to ACG)
Sue Baldock	1975
Susan Band	Assoc 2012
Donald Barr-Wells	1964
Dave 'Smiler' Cuthbertson	1971
Francois Edwards	1959
Ian 'Pin' Howell	1965
Jack Jackson	1971
Johnny Johnson	1995
Jeff Lowe	Hon 2009
Bruno Messerli	Hon 2008
Alan Pope	Asp 2003
George Rhodes	1974
John Rowlinson	1982
Christopher Simpson	1953
James Cadzow Smith	1990
Ernst Sondheimer	1974
Tony Strawther	1969
Tony Streather	1951
John Temple	1973
Mark Warham	1997
Robin Wilkinson	1979

As usual, the editor will be pleased to receive obituaries for any of those above not included in the following pages.

Robert Fenwick Allen
1936 - 2018


Bob Allen.

Bob was a man for all seasons, a steady rock climber, a bold and accomplished iceman and an experienced all-round mountaineer. Moreover, he was a talented musician, a landscape artist, a successful businessman and a well-known author of a best-selling series of walking guides covering Snowdonia, the Yorkshire Dales and most extensively, his second home, the English Lake District.

Brought up in the suburbs of north Manchester he took to exploring the crags of the Peak District with his future wife Marjorie Fairclough. Initially equipped, I am reliably informed, with his mother's washing line, they survived early forays on Yellowslacks, since blown up by the local farmer, Windgather and the Roaches. Further experience was gained in the Lake District, North Wales and Scotland but national service in Germany and Korea and reading for a history degree at Cambridge interrupted climbing for several years.

After graduation Bob and Marjorie moved north and their climbing centred on the Lake District, North Wales and Scotland with annual vacations spent in the Alps where they did such climbs as the traverse of La Meije and the north face of the Tour Ronde. Bob did many rock climbs in the HVS and E1 bracket but really came into his own on steep Scottish ice, climbing classics such as *Point Five* and *Zero* gullies with relatively primitive ice tools.

In the early 1960s he joined the Gritstone Club, through which he met Reg Atkins, who had been at School with Trevor Jones (*AJ* 1997, pp355-6). Trevor was a very experienced and enthusiastic rock climber and mountaineer with experience of the Alps and Himalaya: members of a certain age will remember him fondly or otherwise. Bob had many attributes that appealed to Trevor, not the least of which was a company car, and they became regular partners both in the UK and in the Alps. Trevor was a member of the Alpine Climbing Group and was determined to maintain his status as a full member by making at least one significant Alpine ascent each summer.

They formed an unlikely team. Trevor was notorious for his absent-mindedness and chaotic preparations for any climb, whereas Bob was meticulous in all things, frequently customising mountaineering equipment and garments to meet his needs. Despite this they amassed a respectable

list of ascents in only a few years, always on the short holidays available to Bob. An early success was on the north-west pillar of Piz Cengalo. The somewhat out-dated AC guide to Bernina and Bregalia states: 'Nowadays it is one of the most desirable objectives in the Bondasca valley,' although it's currently not recommended because of the extremely dangerous approach. On a visit to the Écrins massif with Derek Walker and Ian Roper they made the first British ascent of the Gervasutti route up the south-south-east ridge of the Pic Gaspard. On a lightning visit to Chamonix they made a one-day ascent of the Frendo Spur and later did several climbs in central Switzerland, including the classic *Niedermann* route on the Graue Wand. Climbing with other partners he made ascents of the *Cassin* route on the Piz Badile and the north-east face of the Kingspitz in the Engelhorner.

In 1996 he organised a highly successful Himalayan trip to the Khumbu region of Nepal with a group of friends, average age almost 60, and with the Ladakhi Chewang Motup as sirdar. Four months before they were due to leave he had a coronary by-pass operation and when the artery collapsed this was followed by the insertion of a stent. Despite this he and most of the team trekked to Kala Pattar and made an ascent of Island Peak (6189m) on the way.

Bob was elected president of the Climbers' Club in 1998 and set himself the task of finding a property in the Fort William area that would serve the CC as its hut in Scotland. After much searching and various ultimately futile negotiations, the club bought Riasg, a conveniently situated bungalow in Roy Bridge.

Bob was always a keen walker and early retirement from the carpet trade gave him the time to explore the Lake District thoroughly. *On High Lakeland Fells*, his first guidebook covering both walks and scrambles, illustrated with his own sketches and photographs, sold so well that it displaced James Herriot's books from the top of the *Yorkshire Post's* bestseller list. He followed this with more bestsellers: the inevitable *On Lower Lakeland Fells* and *Walking the Ridges of Lakeland*. Moving further afield he added *Escape to the Dales* and *On Foot in Snowdonia*. After his death, Bob's widow Lin received many letters from readers telling her how much these books had changed their lives.

During the last decade failing health restricted Bob to shorter and shorter days on the fells and he spent much of his time painting; he was particularly proud of being elected president of the Ambleside Art Society. He also became a well-known member of the Grasmere community contributing to its activities. The fact the local parish church was more than full for his funeral service indicates the degree to which he will be missed.

Michael G Mortimer

• Bob Allen was included in the In Memoriam for 2018.

Susan Baldock
1936 - 2018


Sue Baldock.

Susan Margaret Baldock, née Tuke, was born in Newenden, Kent. Her father was a GP who practised in Bournemouth and her mother Australian. She was educated at Cheltenham Ladies College and Girton College Cambridge where she read natural sciences. After Cambridge she became a schoolteacher, primarily of biology but also other sciences. She taught at Sherborne School for Girls for 13 years and then at Bishop Wordsworth's Grammar School for Boys in Salisbury for five years.

Throughout her life, Sue loved the outdoors and travel. In her childhood she sailed with her father in his yacht and at Cambridge won a half blue for sailing. She took up hill walking, skiing and mountaineering, and took full advantage of long school holidays in the 17 years before I met her, spending 43 weeks in the Alps, 13 in summer and 30 in winter. She was a member of Wessex Mountaineering Club, the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, Ski Club of Great Britain and the Eagle Ski Club.

She was a keen skier, particularly ski mountaineering and was prominent in the ski-mountaineering world, organising and leading a number of high mountain ski tours sponsored by the Ski Club of Great Britain including the Haute Route and traverses of the Bernina and the Bernese Oberland. She joined the Eagle Ski Club in 1970 and was awarded 'Golden Eagle' status in 1971. The ESC quickly recognised Sue's organising abilities and made full use of them: she served as their touring secretary from 1976 to 1986. She was particularly keen on organising training, including a training meet for the ESC in the Bernese Oberland and a gritstone meet, remembered by Jay Turner, at a snowy Froggatt Edge for practice in crevasse rescue techniques for which she brought over the well-known Swiss guide Martin Epp from Andermatt. In the summer, Alpine mountaineering was Sue's thing and she climbed extensively in Austria climbing many of the highest peaks.

Sue and I first met on an Alpine Club Welsh meet at Ynys Ettws in February 1975. We were both new members of the Club, with Sue being among the first group of elected female members. As singletons we were arbitrarily paired, the AC equivalent to blind dating. We set off for the Parson's Nose and the pairing stuck for 43 years. Together we had two summer seasons in the Alps in the Bernina and Bregalia and the Dauphiné where our highlights were the Biancograt on Piz Bernina and the traverse of the Meije. She was also a member of John Harding's tragic ski-touring party, which was caught

in an avalanche while attempting a traverse of the Pyrenees, burying all but one of the party. John's cousin was lost and Sue was completely buried except for one arm but was rescued. John remembers that Sue was calm, collected and wonderfully helpful throughout this distressing business. She subsequently discovered that at the time she was already pregnant with our son.

With the arrival of Robert our holidays were limited to downhill skiing and camping and hill walking, mainly in the British Isles. The last four years of her life were sadly blighted by Alzheimer's disease and cancer.

David Baldock

Susan Band
1936 - 2018

George and Susan Band in Mumbai harbour for the Kangchenjunga 40th anniversary in 1995. *(Harish Kapadia)*

Susan was born on 7 September 1936 in London. She claimed to be a cockney as she was born within the sound of Bow bells; the rest of the family thought she must have very good hearing. She excelled at school and had three A-levels at 16. Nowadays university would have beckoned but her father did not think it right or necessary for girls to go to university so she had to make do with a year at Grenoble University to perfect her French. She also spent time in Germany learning German and did a secretarial course. Then she joined the Foreign Office and was posted to The Hague where she learnt Dutch. This was where she met George, a young petroleum engineer working for Shell. Romance blossomed and the pair got married in August 1959.

Susan now began the career of an oilman's wife. Their next posting was mid Texas then Lafayette, Louisiana. I was born in 1964 and the family moved to Venezuela shortly after. Louise arrived in 1966 and Rupert in 1969. The family was by now in Chittagong, in what was then East Pakistan. Susan's strength of character was tested here, as she had to make contingency plans for joining the train of refugees heading for Burma with civil war breaking out around them. The family got out and East Pakistan became Bangladesh.

The Band family moved to Oman, which had itself at the time, as George put it, 'a small war waging in the south with Yemeni rebels.' In Oman the family spent a lot of time exploring the deserts and wadis of the interior. Oman was followed by the Netherlands where Susan took the lead role in

the Anglo-American theatre group's production of 'The Crucible.

Towards the end of 1976 the family moved to England, first to Holland Park. Here Susan started to do volunteer work with the parole board and started a degree in political history with the Open University. It took a few years but was quite an achievement considering all the other things going on her life. In the summer of 1978 the family moved again to Hartley Wintney, so beginning Susan's great love affair with this Hampshire village and its surrounding area, although one last overseas posting to Sarawak delayed things a little. That autumn Susan accompanied George on the first of her many treks to Nepal.

George was managing director of Shell Sarawak and Sabah; Susan was now hostess in chief. There was an endless round of entertaining, visiting offshore oil platforms and entertaining local dignitaries. She also found time to explore the jungle, water-skied with crocodiles on the Miri river, edit a cook book and produce a play for the local amateur dramatic society. All the time though Susan was aching to get back to Hartley Wintney, which the family did in 1983.

Once back in Hartley Wintney Susan was able to really get stuck in to village life. She seemed to be involved with everything and know everybody. She worked with her friend Lady Sylvia Limerick on a charity researching cot death, commuting up to London up to five days a week and ending up as secretary of the whole organisation. She retired in 1988 but came back in 1989 to organise an international conference on infant deaths involving 22 countries.

While working full time for the foundation she was also involved with local arts groups and accompanied George on more treks in the Himalayas, including one that George nicknamed the Hampshire housewives trek. Susan was starting to get to know the workings of the Himalayan Trust, the charity set up by Sir Edmund Hillary to help the Sherpa people of Nepal with schools and clinics in remote areas.

At the end of the 1980s, another major chapter began in Susan's life. Armed with her degree in political history and worldwide experience, Susan, as she put it, allowed herself to be persuaded to stand for the district council. She campaigned tirelessly. It wasn't enough to put a leaflet through the letter box. She ticked off all those she had spoken to on the electoral roll and then came back a second and sometimes a third time to make sure she spoke to everyone. It was tense at the first count with nobody knowing what to expect and no opinion polls to go on but Susan got in comfortably and did so for another three elections until retiring from the council 20 years later.

Housing was Susan's main interest, preserving the village but championing social housing so the younger generation would not be forced out of the area. From 2001 she served as chair of the council, which meant, to her family's amusement that George could now be referred to as the chair's consort complete with chain of office. Most of all, she remained open and accessible to all throughout her 20 years. Many a Sunday Lunch was interrupted as Susan took a call.

Away from the council Susan was busy in other areas, serving on several local committees. After George died she was made a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and became a trustee of the Himalayan Trust. In the latter role she helped organise the 60th anniversary celebrations of the first ascent of Everest in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen. She later visited Nepal for the last time, inspecting the schools the charity had built out there.

Sadly the last few years of Susan's life were blighted by dementia. Better to remember her as the vibrant, fun and incredibly busy woman before that.

Nigel Band

Harish Kapadia writes: Most of the later events in the life of Susan Band, née Goodenough, revolved around her husband George, president 1987-9 (*AJ* 2012, pp396-401) and youngest member of the 1953 Everest expedition, who made the first ascent of Kangchenjunga in 1955. 'I had to wait till George finished his mountain climbing,' Susan told me during an oral history recording. She was working at the British embassy at The Hague when George was sent there by his company Shell to train as a petroleum engineer. She says that as George had no mountains to go to, he and friends gravitated towards the young ladies working at the embassy, where they first met. 'I knew nothing about mountains and had not met any mountaineers. When he told me about Everest and Kangchenjunga, I had to imagine what that meant.' She had never climbed a hill and it never occurred to her that a mountain should be climbed, although she did four-inch heels.

Susan, conversant in German and Dutch, worked at the Foreign Office and was posted to The Hague. That's when things began to happen. George proposed and they were soon married in London. The first mountaineer friend she met was Lord Hunt and others soon followed. From then on, mountains became a part of her life albeit in the shadow of George. After the wedding, a Dutch paper interviewed them and asked if she would go climbing: 'I don't know,' was her crisp reply.

Their lives together were certainly full of travels. Soon after their marriage they were sent by Shell to the USA, before returning to the UK to set up their new home. Further postings took them all over the world, first to Malaysia and thereafter to Bangladesh, Oman and Basra. On his return, George became the president of the Alpine Club, responsible for finding a new home for the Club.

Inevitably perhaps, many Himalayan treks followed his retirement, and she especially enjoyed meeting hill people. They were in south-east Nepal in 2005 and at Taplejung, en route to Kangchenjunga base camp, villagers requested they start a school for them, just as Hillary had done for the Sherpas of Khumbu. They worked through the Himalayan Trust, especially Susan, to see it through. She visited Taplejung in 2009 to see the school up and running. Her extensive trekking experience saw Susan elected as an associate member of the Club.

In 1995, Susan and George visited Mumbai to celebrate the 40th anni-

versary of Kangchenjunga's first ascent. We had a wonderful time together, going on a boat ride in Mumbai harbour, walking in the Western Ghats and sharing the celebrations.

In 2000, George was first diagnosed with prostate cancer and gradually became weaker. Susan was his primary carer and oversaw all his needs, though she told me, 'despite the illness George was self-sufficient almost till his end.' He was obviously keen to attend the 50th anniversary of the first ascent of Everest in 1953 and Susan made it possible for him; it was in a way the climax of their married life.

George passed away in 2011 and was buried in the local churchyard. A few years later I was in London and Susan invited me to visit her home. She walked me round the village, taking me to George's grave, and sat there contemplatively, forbidding me from taking a picture of her there.

Susan was involved in many activities for local village. On Remembrance Day, 11 November, she would attend the local parade proudly wearing the khukri badge of the Gorkha regiment I had presented to her in memory of my son Lt Nawang Kapadia, whom she had met, a Gorkha soldier killed on the same date in the year 2000. Always meticulous, I would receive an email soon after about the parade to tell me she had worn the badge. She will always be in my thoughts on Remembrance Day for this.

Dave Cuthbertson
1948 - 2019

So my old pal Smiler, Dave Cuthbertson, has passed away. His death came suddenly on 2 May after he was admitted to Raigmore hospital with pneumonia, which was soon after diagnosed as caused by lung cancer. He died within a week of admission. His funeral was held at the village of Dores near Inverness where he had lived for the past 23 years. A church service included some heartfelt tributes, and was followed by an open-air lunch at the village pub, in glorious sunshine, looking out over a peaceful Loch Ness.

Smiler Cuthbertson. *(Ian Smith)*

I first met him when I joined Wolverhampton MC in the late 1960s. Smiler was from Wombourne, a village south-west of the city. It was like meeting a bouncy young dog, full of energy, enthusiasm, and

friendliness to all. His nickname says everything. He always had wide climbing interests: he once alarmed some policemen in the West Midlands by his night-time ascent of a disused brick-built factory chimney. Of course, his good-natured charm soon won them round, and the route was completed without further ado.

He was chair of Wolverhampton MC, later becoming president of the Climbers' Club, a stalwart of the Alpine Climbing Group and Alpine Club, a member from 1971 and a member of the SMC and FRCC, as well as an IFMGA mountain guide.

We climbed together throughout the 1970s when he led me struggling and cursing up many hard Welsh and Lakes rock routes, my seconding encouraged by his stream of bubbling optimism, plus an occasional tight rope. Forays north of the border for Scottish ice led to the roles being reversed. Ours was a complementary partnership. His notable Alpine ascents include the Bonatti Pillar, the Walker Spur, the Matterhorn north face and after several abortive attempts, the Eiger north face in 1981. I had a season with him in the Bernese Oberland, resulting in ascents of the Mönch, the first British ascent of a route on the north face of the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn and a new route on the north face of the Ebnefluh.

After this, we sadly drifted apart. He moved into the guiding profession and in 1996 relocated to Scotland with his wife Clare and their children Robyn and Laurie. I concentrated on lightweight trips to the Karakoram, which he was unable to join being committed to summer guiding and the vagaries of the freelance life. His guiding activities included the UK, the Alps, Nepal, Peru, East Africa, and many more locations around the world. More recently, he organised a series of ice climbing visits to Rjukan in Norway for the Climbers' Club.

The author Ernest Hemingway is supposed to have said that 'there are only three sports: bull fighting, motor racing and mountaineering; the others are merely games,' implying a need to put one's life on the line. This quotation underlines an essential feature of our 'sport', the danger involved, which begs the question of where the right balance lies between courage and foolhardiness. This is a matter all climbers must decide for themselves. What is clear with Smiler is that anyone who employed him as a guide would be less subjected to the sort of excessive rule-bound practices followed by some other guides; they would have an active and enjoyable experience, also a fulfilling and exciting one.

Smiler's choices of climbing venues, and styles of climbing show the width of his interests. The sport of athletics has many differing disciplines: sprints, middle and long-distance running, and various jumping and throwing activities. Likewise, our sport also has many disciplines: single and multi-pitch climbing, ice climbing, Alpine and Himalayan mountaineering, and many more, each with its own set of challenges and flavour. Smiler revelled in most of these, so could be likened not to a sprinter or marathon runner, more to a decathlete. He was one of climbing's great characters, and one of its most charming. Those who were guided by Smiler, climbed unguided

with him or just met him in the pub all delighted in his company; he will be sorely missed by myself and all in the climbing world who knew him.

Dave Wilkinson

Lt Col Simon Jeremy Hall OBE
1960 - 2017


Simon Hall.

Simon Hall, Royal Marine and SAS soldier, skier, mountaineer and husband died from pancreatic cancer at the age of 57. Clichés abound within obituaries, but to describe Simon's life as a story from the Boy's Own Paper is no exaggeration.

Simon was educated at Brentwood School, where his future destiny was inspired by two characters: first his father, who as deputy head and CO of the school's combined cadet force introduced him to the mountains of north Wales, and second by a member of the school staff who had been a soldier in the wartime Special Air Service. A Saturday job at Pindisports in London followed, where colleague Jon Tinker recalled Simon was in demand as a model for mountaineering clothing. This was possibly the genesis of Simon's vice for acquiring new kit. Many of us as his friends were frequently subjected to hours of mooching in mountaineering stores, where he had a keen eye for new features and would then invoke the n=x+1 rule, where 'n' is the number of jackets, ice axes or whatever that one needs and 'x' is the number currently held. We feel sure shares in Cotswold Outdoor must have dropped steeply since his passing.

University at Loughborough and Manchester followed, but his PhD in glaciology was left unfinished when he decided to join the Royal Marines. The Corps, as it is affectionately known, was the perfect vehicle for Simon's talent of being able to soldier and perform to the highest standards in hostile environments. He soon volunteered for the Mountain and Arctic Warfare Cadre, qualifying as a mountain leader officer; he was blending two passions: soldiering and the mountains.

I joined 45 Commando as its medical officer in the autumn of 1988, and was immediately befriended by Simon who was commanding the Reconnaissance Troop. With other friends, a small unofficial climbing club evolved within the unit. We were given a fantastic opportunity to take an expedition from 45 Commando to Alaska in 1990. In this era, 'risk assessment' had barely entered the military vocabulary, but to reassure both our CO and ourselves that we were up to the task, we embarked on a binge of winter ascents in Scotland, the Alps and the Lyngen Alps of Norway.

A highlight of this climb-fest was an ascent of the *Kuffner* route on Mont Maudit, followed by a traverse over the summit of Mont Blanc. We did this in three days valley to valley between Christmas and New Year, arriving back in Chamonix just in time to party. In Alaska we made ascents of both the west buttress and the *Cassin* on Denali. We had all had one of the climbs of our lives and Simon's wanderlust had been further stoked.

During the next decade, he wove an intricate path between his desire to advance his military career and simultaneously feed his hunger for mountain adventure. He passed selection for the Special Air Service in 1992 at a time when it was frowned upon within the Royal Marines for an officer to volunteer for the SAS. He saw barriers thrown up to prevent him from volunteering simply as intellectual challenges to be overcome, which he of course did, and predictably was then appointed to command a mountain troop within one of the Sabre squadrons. Reunited within his troop with his *Cassin* climbing partner, who had also taken a sabbatical from the Marines, he swung between operational deployments and training tasks that by design combined mountain adventure with cutting-edge military capability.

Being held to frequent 'very high readiness' commitments, usually supporting counterterrorist operations, meant Simon was at the mercy of a radio pager in the pre-mobile phone era. During an ascent of the *Gabarrou-Albinoni* on Mont Blanc du Tacul, the pager began to vibrate as the final pitch was surmounted, summoning the pair to return to Hereford within 24 hours. A crazily fast abseil was followed by a race on skis back to the Aiguille du Midi and a taxi to Geneva airport for the flight home. The pair made it home to Stirling Lines, the SAS garrison, with six hours to spare and Cheshire Cat grins to boot.

On another occasion Simon's troop re-enacted Operation Gunnerside, subject of the film *Heroes of Telemark*, when in 1943 saboteurs from the Special Operations Executive attacked the heavy-water plant at Vemork, near Rjukan, Norway. Having been inserted at the original wartime drop zone, the troop spent a week patrolling by ski and evading detection until just after the 'objective' had been reached, when the local Rjukan constabulary duly appeared. It transpired there had been a glitch in securing diplomatic clearance for this exercise, and so Simon and his merry band were dispatched to the local nick to wait for some furious political and diplomatic backpedalling.

By 2000, his dalliance with the army became an advantage to him as the hitherto separate Special Air Service and Special Boat Service reorganised under a common command structure. In succession, Simon commanded C squadron of the SBS, became second-in-command of the SBS and then moved back to the army as CO of 23 SAS, one of the UK Special Forces (Reserve) units. This period ushered in the current era of terrorism and the operational tempo was high for the special forces, the details of which are not appropriate for this obituary. Simon's exemplary service was recognised by the award of the OBE in 2004, following both his father and grandfather, who had similarly been recognised for their service. The mountains weren't

completely off the agenda, and during an operational interlude in 2002 we shared a ski-mountaineering adventure in the Southern Alps of New Zealand, where I was then living completing higher medical training.

Simon had eschewed a conventional Royal Marines career for one in special forces, to which he had totally and selflessly committed himself. By the law of unintended consequences, a military life lived by necessity largely in the shadows meant his profile didn't fit that required for higher command in the Royal Marines. Picture in your mind's eye a cross between Captain Black from Gerry Anderson's *Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons* TV series and Clint Eastwood's Dirty Harry and that's Simon. When it was suggested to him that a spell as a conventional staff officer in human resources might, the emphasis being on 'might', restore his chances of promotion, Simon read his tea leaves very carefully and changed tack once again.

Characteristically, he identified a gap where he could effect change and assumed command of the Joint Services Mountain Training Centre (JSMTC) at Indefatigable on the Menai Straits, Anglesey. Whilst commanding 23 SAS, he had initiated a Seven Summits project, crediting his 1990 ascents of Denali of course, for eight members of the Special Forces (Reserve), and he completed this with ascents of Everest in 2007 and Vinson in 2010. While commanding JSMTC, he swapped his operational mountaineering role for one in which his organisation promoted mountaineering and ski mountaineering as adventurous training. This is a long-established method of promoting leadership, teamwork and resilience through controlled exposure to the risks inherent in mountaineering. Adventurous training is held to be precious to the military, but it was obvious to Simon that for this to endure against an intrusive climate of risk aversion, there was a need for increased governance of these inherently risky activities without stifling adventure. He achieved this in large part, particularly through the introduction of IFMGA guides into the JSMTC staff and modern guiding techniques into the instructional portfolio.

Hitherto, there had been little time in his schedule for any lasting relationship, but Simon had by now met Gill Burton and they lived together for a number of years. Simon's 50th birthday was held in a packed boathouse at Indefatigable, where during his speech to assembled friends and colleagues he famously referred to Gill as his fiancée, without of course having consulted her on the matter. In the 30 years I knew Simon, the only chink in his armour that I could find – the only lack of otherwise absolute confidence that I could ever detect – was a sort of shyness with women. He and Gill married and lived on Anglesey thereafter.

Moving on from JSMTC, prior to retiring, Simon returned to the security world with one last operational tour in Afghanistan. He concluded his service with the same commitment that he had shown throughout his career and was again decorated for his efforts with a Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service in 2013. He worked freelance in the security reform sector in both Afghanistan and Somalia following retirement until he was diagnosed with his final illness in January 2017. When we met just

before his death, I think his one regret was having spent so much time away from Gill during those happy years on Anglesey.

Simon was a consummate professional soldier and a selfless leader, so selfless that it was rumoured he insisted on his rope-mate leading all the pitches on the *Cassin* with Simon as the solid belayer offering encouragement and copious hot drinks when required. He had a great sense of humour, but it was of a particular type: 'acerbic', 'like a sledgehammer' or 'trenchant' are fairly accurate terms. His tendency to be taciturn belied a warm-hearted nature and a deep love of the natural world. He was loyal to his friends and grounded through his parents' influence, and he remained close to his sister Lesley throughout his life. He is epitomised in his obituary published by the Special Boat Service Association: 'His delightfully philosophical perspective on the roles of Special Forces was strongly reminiscent of some of their leading wartime forbears, and he would be well deserving of a place in their hall of fame. We have lost a good friend and an inspirational leader, and, in the hackneyed but totally appropriate language of the eulogy, we can justifiably lament that we will not see his like again.'

Pete Davis

• Simon Hall was included in the In Memoriam for 2018.

Ian Howell
1936 - 2018

There were two climbers named 'Ian' on Whillans' 1964 Gauri Sankar team and Dennis Gray figured that 'Howell' equals 'dowel' equals 'dowel pin', and so Ian Howell became 'Pin'. Inadvertently the team attempted the mountain's Tibetan flank, avoided Chinese patrols – and failed. It was Pin's first expedition and thereafter to his close friends he was known as Pin.

To alpinists the world over Ian was 'Mr Mount Kenya'. By the 1970s he was the acknowledged local guru and his advice and generous assistance were freely available to all who wanted to climb on the mountain he had made his own. 'From the moment I first saw Mount Kenya at the age of 32 I wanted to climb it, and for 33 years I did just that,' he wrote. An ex-BBC engineer, he arrived in Nairobi in 1968 on a two-year contract to establish a countrywide radio net for Kenya's police. At the time there were scarcely a dozen different routes on the mountain massif and in the ensuing 25 years, usually climbing with other expat members of the very active Mountain Club of Kenya (MCK), he put up over 20 new rock and ice climbs of the hardest technical standards on the main peak alone. By 1985 he had reached the summit more than 160 times by dozens of different routes.

The MCK guidebook warns that even the regular route to the twin summits of the mountain should be regarded as a two-day climb; the line, graded IV-, far from obvious and liable to be iced, had been the scene of several accidents to descending parties caught out by the 12-hour equatorial night. Thus

Ian 'Pin' Howell. *(John Cleare)*

Ian Howell on the summit of Rani Peak, climbed during the 1978 Himalchuli expedition, which ended prematurely following the death of Alison Chadwick-Onyszkiewicz on Annapurna. Her husband Janusz, mathematician and politician, was part of the Himalchuli team. *(John Cleare)*

after completing his police contract early in 1970, Pin designed and prefabricated a tiny bivouac hut in his Nairobi garden and arranged for the national park to airdrop it in five loads on to the Lewis glacier below the peak. Then, entirely alone and carrying the loads on his back, he made 13 solo ascents to erect the hut at 5,188m among the summit boulders of Nelion. The tiny Howell hut will accommodate four at a pinch and has ever since proved a godsend to so many climbers. [*Editor's note:* See 404 in AC Notes.]

Born in London and educated at Caterham School in Surrey, Pin had already started work in the Caribbean for his father's employer Cable & Wireless when national service caught up with him in 1958 and posted him to the Royal Signals at Catterick. Here he fell in with Brian Evans, already a well-known climber, who took him out onto the gritstone edges so successfully that climbing soon became the principal motivation of his life.

After a couple of years climbing widely round Britain while working for the BBC's engineering department in Ealing, Pin took a three-month break in 1962 to visit the Alps with Brian and Allan Austin. Starting in the Dolomites they worked their way westwards via an impressive sequence of some 25 hard rock routes including the *Comici* on the Cima Grande, the *Scarf Arete*, the Badile north ridge, the east face of the Grand Capucin and the west faces of both the Noire and the Dru. A shorter holiday the following year added a few more similar achievements and he was elected to the ACG.

Clearly, Aunty Beeb was generous with unpaid leave: the Gauri Sankar attempt followed and then his election to the AC, proposed by Ian Clough, the 'other Ian', and seconded by Peter Crew. Two years later Malcolm Slesser invited Pin to join his team for an abortive attempt on the Amazon face of Yerupajá.

Pin's folks lived on the Isle of Wight and I'd first met him at Swanage in 1965, subsequently sharing a few climbs in Cornwall and elsewhere, but when he returned to Britain after his Kenya police contract, we hit it off as serious rope-mates. He worked for me on several film and photographic assignments, enjoying filming *The Lost River of Gaping Ghyll* but getting jammed tight, deep underground in Ogof y Daren Cilau while we worked on a story entitled 'The Cave from which Rescue is Impossible'. Underground was not quite his scene but we did enjoy a short but very sweet season in the Bernina and Bregaglia, which included the second ascent of Carlo Mauri's direct on the north face of Monte Disgrazia. That autumn he returned with Pete Biven to locate the elusive Pizzo Ligoncio, a facsimile Badile, and make the first British ascent of its comparable north face. That was his style: pioneering, doing a magnificent but unknown route on a fine, little-known peak.

It was 19 years before Pin returned to the Alps while on a business trip to the UK. On the Barre des Écrins I owed him much, perhaps my life. High on the south face, on steep rock, I was swiped by a large rock fall. Despite a suspected broken left arm and leg, with clever rope-work he got me up the final two pitches to the summit and then safely along the summit snow crest and so down the north face to the Glacier Blanc where we were forced to bivouac. Miraculously I was merely very badly bruised and next day, with feeling gradually returning, he roped me safely over the Col des Écrins and back to La Bérarde. It was his final Alpine fling.

During his irregular UK business trips Pin especially enjoyed amphibious explorations on sea cliffs, notable among these the Elugug sea stacks off the Castlemartin coast climbed in wild winter weather, and the Devil's Lime Kiln, that profound blow hole on Lundy, where he and Pete Biven were almost thwarted by an aggressive bull seal.

After Yerupajá his next expedition was as big as they come: we were both selected to join the much publicised 1971 International Everest Expedition attempting the first ascent of the south-west face. BBC sponsored and ill fated, we were groomed to shoot the first synch-sound film from the summit. Needless to say we didn't, and the full story is well covered elsewhere (*AJ* 1972, pp9-20). But preparing for the expedition demonstrated another of Pin's skills; he was handy with a sewing machine, indeed in Kenya he had made much of his own mountain clothing and now, working with BBC technicians, we designed and developed much of the specialised protective gear that was necessary for filming at high altitude and in low temperatures.

Having recovered from Everest (*AJ* 1972, pp80-5) he returned to Kenya to take up the post of sales director of NavCom, a two-man Nairobi firm selling airport radio equipment across Africa. Now new routes on Mount Kenya came thick and fast, usually with one of the two other leading Kenya climbers, Iain Allen and John Temple. When acclimatised and moving fast a route could just be snatched in a weekend. One such was the *Diamond Couloir*, the steep 300m ice gully on the south face between the twin peaks, long considered a death trap since a RAFMA party were avalanched below

it in the 1950s. In 1972 Pin and Iain Allen had surmounted all difficulties but on reaching the little Diamond glacier at its head had traversed off to be back at work on Monday morning. Spindrift defeated another attempt in poor weather, this one with Frank Cannings and me. Some weeks later Pin and I zoomed up from Nairobi before dawn one Saturday morning and on Sunday afternoon, high on the final icefall, we each in turn discovered the other had fallen asleep. Too horrified to continue, we swiftly abseiled out. A year later Phil Snyder and Thumbu Mathenge, his African ranger trainee, made the first complete ascent right to the Gate of the Mists but I always felt it was really Pin's route.

He was no stranger to the other great snow mountains of central Africa. He'd ascended the Virunga volcanoes and with Snyder made the first ascent of the remote McConnell's Prong (V, A1) in the Rwenzori. (The obligatory handshake with Idi Amin occurred on a mundane business trip.) He knew Kilimanjaro well having made the first complete traverse of the mountain, west to east, with Snyder, ascending Kibo by the Western Breach and eventually descending the wild, unexplored east face of Mawenzi, enduring nine bivouacs en route. He had ascended each of the southern glaciers and in 1975, with Bill O'Connor and me, made the first direct ascent of the hanging Kersten glacier, a two-day route mostly on steep ice and involving some aid climbing on a large icicle.

Nevertheless, Pin did not relish the cold; he was happiest on sun-warmed rock. With Iain Allen, John Temple and other MCK friends he made regular exploratory climbs on the 'bush crags' and *inselberg* which abound in Kenya, where climbing is spiced by unusual hazards. Descending one day from Lolokwe crag, he and Iain Allen were chased by a rhino, while on the forested Umbwe ridge their tent was ripped in the night by a prowling leopard. A cave on one remote crag held the mummified bodies of what he assumed had been ancient tribal shaman. Benighted below a line of roofs during an attempt on the blank wall of the Ololokwe mesa, we found neither ledge nor protection in the peculiar, crack-less rock, and belayed only to vine stems hanging over the roof we slept perched on mounds of bat guano adhering to the face. In the night the bat guano slid away leaving us held only by the now taut vines. Come daylight we retreated with some difficulty. Favourite crags included Hells Gate, where Pin's brilliant route *Olympian* (600ft, E2 5b) is surely Kenya's most celebrated rock climb. Climbers may well encounter swarming wild bees and face the attentions of aggressive baboons whose antics polish the holds.

Predictably the siege tactics and razzmatazz that Everest ventures attracted left a bad taste in his mouth. Over the next 20 years Pin often returned to the Himalaya, but always with a few trusted friends, determined to climb in better style and to leave no trace on the mountain of their passing. Thus in 1978 he tried a new route without Sherpa support on remote Himalchuli (7893m) and in 1986 he and his two companions were weathered off just below the summit of Ama Dablam. For some reason success eluded him on every 'official' expedition.

However, starting in 1974 he and I with a trusty Sherpa cook, a kitchen boy and Jimmy Roberts' blessing, made a series of lightweight forays into unmapped areas of Nepal where we discovered unknown passes, traversed closed valleys and climbed several good peaks, usually nameless, of around 6,000m, 'because they look interesting and attractive'. Though later we were surprised to discover the highest had been nearer 6,700m. These journeys were probably illegal and official reports were never written. It was mountaineering at its purest, absolutely Pin's style, and years later he claimed that these trips were the most enjoyable ventures in his life.

He had first visited Yosemite in 1966 with the thwarted Yerupajá team, the first British party to do so. When Pin and Davy Bathgate became the first all-British rope to climb the north-west face of Half Dome, Al Steck and several Valley denizens became lifelong friends. Years later, at the age of 61, he toured the American West with Iain Allan, ticking off no less than 18 of the routes in Steck and Roper's *Fifty Classic Climbs in North America*, including the Titan, that frightening 200m monolith of 'solid mud' in the Utah desert whose 'summit changes shape in every thunder storm.' Later, an attempt on the *Cassin* on Denali with fellow Kenya climber Peter Brettle, his last go at a big mountain, was defeated by bad weather. But that was not really his style.

In between all this mountain activity Pin had managed both to earn a living and to find time, in 1975, to marry Ann, a teacher working in Nairobi. In due course, concerned that Kenya was no longer a safe place to bring up a family, they moved back to Britain in the early 1990s and settled near Bath. Now he commuted to Kenya, two weeks on and two weeks off, a gruelling ordeal. He took a fall climbing at Lukenia, a favourite crag outside Nairobi, and his badly damaged ankle was slow to knit; he was diagnosed as coeliac with resultant osteoporosis. Serious dietary planning became essential and so he finally returned home and retired.

A gentle, generous and unassuming man, climbing for Ian Howell was his way of life and mountains his inspiration. He was a safe climber and despite his many successes there were many retreats, for his mountaineering was about exploration, never about conquest. After retirement his explorations continued but in lower key: there was the Groot Spitzkoppe (1728m), the 'Matterhorn of Namibia', at the age of 74, (*CCJ* 2011, pp128-33) and then one final expedition with several old friends to the High Atlas, though here the long ascents of steep snow slopes proved hard work.

He was often to be found on the friendly granite of Cornish sea-cliffs, and occasionally on the bolted limestone crags of the Spanish Costa or taking gentle walking tours with Ann on various Mediterranean islands. At home he tried off-road cycling until a fall on ice outside his home did further damage. He was a volunteer driver for the local hospital car service. As a member of both the Alpine Club and the Climbers' Club he kept in close touch with his climbing friends and with goings-on in the mountain world. But after two knee replacements his fitness gradually declined and he died unexpectedly aged 82, leaving his wife and a daughter, a Cambridge

tennis blue who is clinical director of a veterinary practice.

John Cleare

John Temple writes: Ian was king of the mountain. By the time he left Kenya there were few routes he had not climbed. He wore the title lightly, his modesty screening his justifiable pride. He loved the challenge of a new route and had an eye for a line and the skills to follow it. But what he did, he did for fun. He embraced the good fortune of being in the right place at the right time.

Until climate change decimated its glaciers and snowfields, Mount Kenya was the ideal of an alpine peak: shapely, soaring ridges, classic ice-filled couloirs, brutal walls and buttresses, and devoid of any easy way. It was a mountaineer's mountain, high but not too high, accessible from Nairobi in a couple of hours. We'd be up to the road-head above Naro Moru by mid afternoon and in place for a route on Saturday. The comfort of the bivy hut he had built on Nelion, then down on Sunday and hopefully with enough recovery to make it through the working week. The combination of near-perfect, detailed rock, which took protection readily with near-perfect weather in the dry season, made for a fun playground. Ian was fortunate too, as the equipment of the 1960s and 1970s allowed more exacting routes. It was not a malevolent mountain, tolerant rather than homicidal, provided you treated it with respect. Ian did just that.

I had the privilege and pleasure of sharing three of his new routes. I was a middle-aged apprentice after the acquisition of a young family in the 1960s and drifting towards the fringe of the climbing scene. Ian guided the upgrade and expansion of my skills. A model tutor: tolerant, good-humoured, straight. Significantly, I never had anything like an epic in his company. He drew my attention to the realities of the situation when we made an attempt on Kibo's Breach Wall. He'd let me run out the first pitch and joined me at the belay. Here my attention was drawn to the steady rock fall and thickening weather, which, as belayer, had come to his notice. I was too fired up to recognise reality but we abseiled off: a sound mountaineering decision by a sound mountaineer. The only tension between us in those glorious few years was on a rope when I struggled to follow his lead.

Following my departure from Kenya in 1976 we did not climb together for about 20 years. When we did, it felt like 20 days, picking up where we left off: a delightful experience. Our last trip to the hills took us to the Dollies and the shameless use of lifts up and down (knee troubles) let us enjoy the fantastic scenery and the exposure. For Ian it was a return 'to the scene of his climbs'. Almost everywhere we went he would point out some horrendously steep and improbable route that he had ticked back in the 1950s. He had never mentioned them before.

His last years burdened him with ill health but he handled this with characteristic good-humoured fortitude, his cup consistently half full: eyes bright, smile on his face, kind words, big heart. He enhanced my life and that of others. The two days we spent on the Diamond Buttress were the two best days of my life. Thank you Ian.

Derek Buckle writes: I never had the pleasure to climb with Ian, but I fully endorse John's elegant description of Ian's nature. Few people I know embody the mild gentlemanly temperament that characterised Ian. He was an authority on Mt Kenya and was always happy to share his extensive knowledge with others, wishing to explore its beauty and extensive attraction.

John Rodney Johnson
1930 - 2018

Johnny Johnson.

John Johnson was a career diplomat who spent many years in Kenya. He was a passionate walker who climbed all the Munros in Scotland and the Mountain Club of Kenya call all their peaks above 7,000ft 'Johnsons'. He was knighted in 1988 and elected to the Alpine Club in 1995.

John was born in Bihar India and come to the UK when he was seven. Educated at Manchester Grammar School, he followed this with French and German at Keble College, Oxford. On graduation he joined Her Majesty's Colonial Service and was posted to Kenya during the Mau Mau Uprising. He travelled with a revolver and a copy of the Riot Act but recognised some of the British failings that had led to the violence. Later he joined the Foreign Office and was posted variously to Algeria, Lagos and Chad before becoming high commissioner for Zambia. He returned to Kenya as high commissioner in 1986 where he had to deal with issues arising from the murder of Julia Ward, the British wildlife photographer, an issue unfortunately without satisfactory resolution.

On notional retirement in 1990, he returned to UK to become director of the Foreign Service Programme at Oxford and many positions associated with the great outdoors, becoming chair of the Countryside Commission in 1991, president of the Friends of the Lake District in 1995 and vice-president of the YHA from 1995 to 2008.

He married Jean Lewis in 1956, who survives him with two sons and a daughter; a third son died in 2017.

Roderick A Smith

Bruno Messerli
1931 - 2019

Bruno Messerli was, in many ways, a giant of mountain science. In 2007, recognising that climate change and other ecological threats were rising ever higher on the global agenda, he was elected an honorary member of the Alpine Club, to honour his huge contributions to the understanding of mountain environments, which are such delicate indicators of global change.

My involvment with Bruno began in September 1983 when I visited the Institute of Geography at the University of Bern to discuss my possible doctoral research with him. When I walked into his office, I had two surprises. First, he was much taller than I expected. Second, he introduced himself by saying 'I am Bruno.' Formally, he was Herr Professor Doktor Messerli but Bruno was not a formal man.

His father was the stationmaster at Wabern, a village on the edge of Bern; his mother was an innkeeper's daughter. His father loved nature and the mountains; his mother was interested in music and culture. Bruno inherited all these interests. His mother dreamed that he would become a conductor, which, in one sense, he did although his leadership and direction was in science and advocacy rather than music. Although he spent almost all his long academic career, more than six decades from student to professor emeritus, based at the Institute of Geography at the University of Bern, his impacts have gone far beyond Switzerland and geography.

The first stage of Bruno's career followed a reasonably typical course, starting with his undergraduate studies and then proceeding to a doctorate, where his academic focus on mountains became clear. His doctoral and postdoctoral research, from 1958 to 1976, focused on the glacial and post-glacial history of the mountains around the Mediterranean and down into the Sahara, a focus on historic glaciers and arid mountains to which he returned soon before retirement during his last field projects (1988-96) in the high Andes of Chile's Atacama desert.

During his years as a doctoral student and then as a postdoctoral researcher, Bruno also taught and took students on field courses. On one of these he met Béatrice Ruedin. They were married in 1964 and had a happy marriage for 55 years.

While Bruno's roots were in geography he was a great advocate of interdisciplinary research, and played leading roles in many major interdisciplinary projects from quite an early stage in his career. The first of these was the Swiss element of UNESCO's Man and the Biosphere (MAB) Programme, which he directed, together with the unrelated Paul Messerli from 1977 to 1986. This is the context in which I met and first worked with him and learned a few tips for ensuring that scientists from different disciplines work together productively: make sure you have at least two people from each discipline, even if from different parts of the discipline and, during field research, that everyone cooks – and eats! – together.

Overlapping the Swiss MAB project, Bruno was co-manager of the

Above: Bruno Messerli.

Right: Bruno and Beatrice Messerli.

United Nations University's (UNU) project on Highland-Lowland Interactive Systems (later, Mountain Geoecology and Sustainable Development) (1979-1991) with Jack Ives. Jack and Bruno's partnership had started earlier in the International Geographical Union's Mountain Commission; they alternated as chairs from 1972 to 1996. A primary outcome of the UNU work in Nepal was their co-authored book *The Himalayan Dilemma: Reconciling Development and Conservation* (1989), which used detailed field research to analyse the *Myth of Himalayan Degradation*: briefly, that floods in Bangladesh are due to poor farmers in Nepal cutting trees and not maintaining their terraces, and that there would be no forests in Nepal by 2000. Bruno continued this work with Thomas Hofer, resulting in their 2006 book *Floods in Bangladesh: History, Dynamics and Rethinking the Role of the Himalayas*.

The impact of the Messerli-Ives partnership went well beyond academia. The work they led in Nepal showed that many of the myths about Himalayan degradation, often quoted by politicians and in the media, were incorrect. In the early 1990s, their focus turned to the global stage, when they recognised – together with the Swiss Agency for Development and Cooperation – that the UN Conference on Environment and Development (or 'Rio Earth Summit') in 1992 would present a unique opportunity to get mountains on the stage. The result of two years of concerted diplomatic and scientific effort from the growing 'mountain mafia' that they led was Chapter 13 on 'Sustainable Mountain Development' in *Agenda 21*, the plan of action deriving from this global meeting. More detail can be found in Peter Stone's article in *AJ* 2002, 'The Fight for Mountain Environments'. Bruno and the mountain mafia continued to play a key role in keeping mountains on the global agenda, including the publication, again with Jack Ives,

of *Mountains of the World: A Global Priority* in 1997 and a series of reports, disseminated at global meetings, until 2002. Key outcomes of these continuing efforts were the declaration of the year 2002 as the International Year of Mountains and, since then, 11 December as International Mountain Day.

In addition to his activities in research and advocacy, Bruno played many other important roles. At the University of Bern, he was a gifted and charismatic teacher and mentor who enthused thousands of students and supervised 35 doctorate and 104 masters theses, and served as rector of the university in 1986-7. He had national roles with the Swiss University Conference, Research Council and Swiss National Science Foundation. After his official retirement in 1996, he became president of the International Geographical Union (1996-2000). In a wider interdisciplinary context, he also became co-director of the International Geosphere-Biosphere Programme's project on Past Global Changes (1996-2001), and then continued in other roles with the International Foundation of Science and the International Centre for Integrated Mountain Development (ICIMOD) in Kathmandu, which he had helped to establish in 1983. He also played important roles in initiating and supporting networks of mountain scientists in Africa and Latin America.

Bruno's significant contributions were recognised in many ways. In Switzerland, he was awarded the Doron Prize and the Marcel-Benoist Prize and, internationally, numerous award, including the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, the Mountain Award of the King Albert I Memorial Foundation, and the Prix Vautrin Lud, the 'Nobel' of geography, as well as honorary doctorates from the University of Innsbruck and the Free University of Berlin.

All of the above underlines Bruno's energy, enthusiasm and remarkable professional achievements, which focused mainly on the environments and people of mountain areas around the world: past, present, and future. Yet he was also a man who was deeply committed to his family, his wonderful wife Beatrice, his four children and his nine grandchildren. He enjoyed the mountains, music, and good food and drink. Although his roots were in the Swiss canton of Bern, he was a consummate interdisciplinary scientist who made a real difference to people around the world, especially in mountain areas. Through his publications and the work of his family and everyone else he mentored and worked with, he will continue to do so.

Martin F Price

George Rhodes
1929 - 2019

George Rhodes, who died on 29 March 2019 aged 90, was a longstanding member of the Alpine Club. He was a well known fell runner and set the record for the fastest solo for the three peaks Snowdon, Scafell Pike, Ben Nevis sea level to sea level in 13h 11m, running solo and doing all the driving.

George Rhodes.

The joint record is held by Joss Naylor of Wasdale, who completed the trio in 11hours 56m with Frank Davies of Ambleside driving a rally specified Ford Capri.) He was lent a works Mini Cooper and the record is unlikely to be beaten since there were no speed limits in those days. He won the Dovedale Dash three years in succession as well as many other running achievements. He was on the Olympic shortlist for Melbourne 1956 but had to withdraw due to injury.

George was a member of the Climbers' Club for many years and was prominent running in Skye and other parts of Britain. He later moved on to two-day orienteering. Tony Streather invited him as leader on an Endeavour trip, taking youngsters to Ethiopia, mountaineering and surveying ibex. In addition to climbing in the Alps, he drove to Armenia with Trevor Jones and Eric Beard seemingly to look for remains of the ark on Mount Ararat. Rumour has it they climbed Mount Olympus on the way.

He was managing director of the family motor business in north Staffordshire and regularly supplied cars to the climbing fraternity. In later life he took up golf and fishing, and was often to be seen running on local hills and footpaths. His wife Audrey, sons Chris and Julian, and daughter Fiona still live in the Biddulph area.

Robin Quine

Sir John Shipley Rowlinson
1926 - 2018

John Rowlinson, who died on 15 August 2018 aged 93, had a worldwide reputation as a scientist and engineer. His degree in chemistry from Oxford in 1948 was followed by a D Phil and then John went to the USA as a Fulbright scholar at the University of Wisconsin. On returning to the UK, he became an ICI research fellow at the University of Manchester and was subsequently promoted to lecturer in 1954 and senior lecturer in 1957. In 1961 he was elected to a chair in chemical technology at Imperial College, London and in 1974 was appointed Dr Lee's Professor of Chemistry at Oxford. John was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1970 and later became a vice-president. He was knighted in the Queen's Birthday Honours in 2000.

Arriving at Oxford in 1974, John was introduced by fellow academic Brian Smith to the Gorphwysfa Club, based on the exploits of Geoffrey Winthrop Young, in particular his gatherings of like-minded people at the Gorphwysfa Hotel. Brian and a few companions founded the club while


John Rowlison.

in a tent in driving rain in Glenbrittle, having used the youth hostel built on the site of the Gorphwysfa Hotel for their early adventures. The old-fashioned style of the club was well suited to John's approach to the mountains and he immediately became a very active member. He is remembered especially for the Alpine meets he led, introducing novices to the delights of Alpine climbing and getting lapsed Alpinists back into the mountains.

John organised a novices' meet in Zermatt in 1977 which, despite poor weather, was a great success. Two years later John and I with my wife, Anne Davis, did the High Level Route in a period of remarkably fine weather. We rounded off this trip with an ascent of the Dufourspitze. Gradually the number of people on John's Alpine meets grew as did the ambitiousness of the climbs. He was particularly fond of *enchaînements*, leading groups from peak to peak on the frontier ridge above Zermatt. One particular expedition, taking in the Breithorn and Castor, ended with a dramatic descent of the Schwarztor in waist deep snow to reach the Monte Rosa hut. Not satisfied with a descent in loose snow John led me up knee-deep snow nearly to the summit of Nordend the following day.

On 1 August 1980 John with two companions from the Gorphwysfa Club climbed the Matterhorn in near winter conditions. He then made a mini 'spaghetti tour' with Anne and me along the frontier ridge from the Theodul hut, traversing Castor to the Sella hut before a delicate traverse of the Naso Dome to the Gnifetti hut, thence across the Lisjoch to the Monte Rosa hut and so to Zermatt. By now, all our companions had returned home but John and I had a week left and we decided to have a look at the Finsteraarhorn. We drove to the Grimsel Pass and after a night in the hotel made our way to the Oberaarjoch hut. Early the next morning we climbed the Oberaarhorn, which turned out to be an excellent viewpoint. Although an easy climb, it had a steep little finish to a small summit plateau with a deceptively large cornice.

We returned to the empty hut but just as we were setting out for the Finsteraarhorn the telephone rang. John answered it but could barely understand a very strong German-Swiss accent over a poor connection. The purpose of the call was not clear and after attempting to make some sense of what was being said, John simply asked in very simple German: 'Is anybody hurt?' The answer was a rather puzzled sounding: '*Nein*.' John put the receiver down, a typical example of his enormously practical nature.

We set off across the Studer glacier and crossed the Gemslücke to reach the Finsteraarhorn hut. After lunch we sat in the sunshine watching gliders swoop overhead in the clear blue sky. Early next morning it was misty

and a guide taking two clients back down suggested it would not be a good day to climb the mountain. So we stayed in the hut and spent the rest of the day champing at the bit as the weather remained fair but the barometer gradually fell. By evening the hut was full to bursting.

The following morning was not only misty but windy as well. We set off with a huge party of other people but before long nearly everyone had given up and we were left in the company of two other parties of two. I was struggling to make progress up the glacier but John gently urged me on and eventually we reached the Hugisattel where the wind was tremendous; it was as much as we could do to organise ourselves for the final rock ridge with gloves, goggles and so on all threatening to blow away. After much struggling we started on the rock. Good firm stuff but icy, then narrow gullies where we front-pointed, small rock towers and some belaying. We reached the summit plastered in ice, eyelashes frozen, noses numb, no goggles – they had frozen over long ago – and with the worst yet to come. The descent was a whiteout, the wind strong enough to fling 10m of rope into the air in an arc above our heads. Our axes wore a sheath of ice and our anorak drawcords were a centimetre in diameter with ice. We could only find our way back to the hut by careful map and compass work and were both relieved when at last we could see our way to safe ground and we could stop to get rid of some of our icy armour.

We swaggered back into the hut to be faced by tens of already slightly drunk people and could only think to tell them that it had been a typical Welsh day in the mountains. John quietly said to me that in his view 'the importance of good weather for Alpine ascents is grossly exaggerated.' That evening, our third in the hut, John set me a mathematical puzzle to pass the time. I'm still working on it.

Those few days summed up John's mountaineering ethos. He would be the first to acknowledge he was no rock tiger, nor a fierce climber of snow and ice, nor did he aspire to be a hard man; but he had, in abundance, the most important skills for an Alpine climber: fitness, leadership and companionship. Many of us slaved up a steep glacier behind him, mesmerised by his powerful, long gait, not fast but never stopping. Many of his companions have been on the brink of calling a halt in the face of bad weather or fatigue only to be gently urged on a little further: 'just to the next ridge'; or else, 'if it's no better we haven't committed ourselves,' until the climb had been completed. As for companionship, John could spend several days in a hut in terrible weather offering thought-provoking conversation or amusement by way of a mathematical puzzle or similar diversion.

John was a member of the Swiss Alpine Club for many years and came to the Alpine Club late on. He was elected in 1982, proposed by Jeremy Naish, seconded by John Jackson, and supported by David Cox and Mike Baker. His application started with an ascent of the Pic d'Ascobes in 1949 followed by ascents in the Rockies in 1951 when he was at the University of Wisconsin. A developing career put a temporary hold on any Alpine exploits until 1959 saw ascents of the Wildspitze and the Fluchtkogel in the

Ötztal and Piz Palü in the Bernina range. John's great passion was for the Pennine Alps, which he began exploring in the 1970s with ascents of the easier classic routes.

John's climbs included ascents of the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc, the Mönch, the Jungfrau and the Weisshorn, which he regarded as the finest of them all. He climbed extensively in north Wales, the Lake District and Scotland. He also climbed in the Himalaya, making the first ascent of Berthatoli Himal, south peak, New Zealand, where he climbed Mount Tasman and the Tien Shan.

The extremely precise nature of John's academic work did not lend itself to levity but he possessed a gentle sense of humour evident in even the most demanding moments on the mountains. His thoughtful humour was counter-balanced by that of his wife, Nancy, who had a beautiful way of teasing anyone taking themselves too seriously. John met Nancy at a meet in Glen Coe and they married in 1952. They were a devoted couple although John often spent their wedding anniversary in a hut while Nancy remained in the valley pursuing her love of the flora and fauna of the Alps. Nancy died in 2012, after 60 years of marriage. John had long since stopped climbing but still attended the Gorphwysfa New Year meets where his mind was as sharp as ever. He was still publishing papers in his late 80s and remained as perceptive and humorous as ever.

At his memorial service, in Exeter College where he had been a fellow for over 40 years, a colleague's eulogy referred to John's admiration of the American scientist Josiah Willard Gibbs. He particularly enjoyed Gibbs' modest and careful approach to science and scientific writing. In a 1903 obituary one of Gibbs' students wrote that Gibbs was:

> *Unassuming in manner, genial and kindly in his intercourse with his fellow-men, never showing impatience or irritation, devoid of personal ambition of the baser sort or of the slightest desire to exalt himself, he went far toward realizing the ideal of the unselfish, Christian gentleman. In the minds of those who knew him, the greatness of his intellectual achievements will never overshadow the beauty and dignity of his life.*

Those who knew John, academically or on the mountains, would recognise him in those words.

Geoffrey Pocock

Christopher Robert Simpson
1929 - 2018

Christopher Simpson.

Christopher's father was Lt Col Maurice Simpson, a Leicester solicitor and territorial officer, who in 1938 took command of the 115th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, and led it through much of the Second World War, including Dunkirk. His mother, Renée Laffitte, was born in Bordeaux and came to England where she taught French at a number of girls' schools, including Downe House. She was director of the Leicester Women's Voluntary Services at the start of the war. Christopher attended Hillbrow School and Rugby before reading law at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

As a Leicester lawyer, Christopher was responsible for the expansion of his family firm from Herbert Simpson, Son & Bennett to the firm of Stone & Simpson from which he retired in 1987. He was a passionate early adopter of computers and was very proud of his firm's progress in this area. He briefly continued the academic study of law at Cambridge and was awarded an LLM degree in 1977.

He was a keen rugby player at school and university but the sport that captured his attention in early adulthood was climbing. He became secretary of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club and was friends with many of the great British climbers of the post-war era; he was a member of the Alpine Club by the age of 22 in 1952. He stopped climbing 'after 25 people I knew well enough to have a drink with had been killed.' Gliding became a huge part of his life instead.

He participated in many regional gliding competitions, winning three of them, as well as flying in the British National Championships. He was assistant manager of the British gliding team at the world championships in the USA in 1970 and Yugoslavia in 1972. He broke two world records and five British records at the South African national championships for two-seaters in 1978. He became chair of the British Gliding Association in 1972 and subsequently chair of the Royal Aero Club, which awarded him its silver medal.

Perhaps because of his French heritage, Christopher was a knowledgeable oenophile. The prize for his win of the Daily Telegraph wine competition provided a welcome boost to one of the best cellars in the country. Food was very important to him, too: he was founding chair of the Leicester Food and

Wine Society. Christopher married Jane Byng in 1955: they were generous hosts. Jane died in 1990; she had been a Leicestershire county councillor for many years. Christopher married Theresa Heath in 1991; she died in 2013.

Christopher was an enthusiast with a keen eye for technical detail. He loved to have the latest technology, be it gliders, cameras or computers. He was a traditionalist who wasn't afraid to say what he thought. He leaves two children and five grandchildren.

David Simpson

James Cadzow Smith
1927 - 2018

One of my earliest childhood memories of being in the hills with my father was sitting on the summit of a Scottish peak in bright sunshine. Looking down, I realised we were surrounded by cloud. This was an amazing experience for a young child and I felt a mixture of awe and fear, as I couldn't fathom how we were going to get down. One look at my father and my fears disappeared. That confidence and faith in him continued for the rest of my life.

He was introduced to scouting early on in life. His scout leader and church minister, Roderick Murchison, had a great influence upon him and through scouting his love for the mountains and outdoors was born, together with his positive attitude towards life. He loved experiencing and learning anything new and this was fed by his love of reading. When he married my mother Moira in 1954, a very special partnership lasting 63 years was created.

As his engineering career developed so did our family life. He always shared his ideals and thoughts with us. So as children we were introduced to walking and skiing in the Scottish mountains, the Swiss Alps and sailing on the Clyde estuary. His enthusiasm was infectious. He didn't consider age as a barrier to experience. So not surprisingly he was mountaineering in the Swiss Alps in his 70s with his good friend George Blades and skiing with the family into his 80s. To celebrate his 70th birthday he organised a family ascent of a 4,000m peak in the Swiss Alps. At 80 he was more than happy to skipper a 50ft yacht in sunny Greece and in his 90th year organised a wild camping trip in Glen Lyon with his son and grandson.

He climbed the Matterhorn in 1952 and had an extensive record of climbing, skiing, walking and camping in the major areas of the Alps and a season's trekking in Nepal in 1981, which included an ascent of Island Peak and a visit to Langtang. He and George became good friends with Roger Payne, for whom my father held a great fondness and huge respect and who guided them many times. He was elected a member of the AC at the relatively senior age of 63 in 1990.

His career saw him switch from seagoing engineer to electrical power generation, perfectly logical as both depended on steam turbines. He joined the forerunner of the South of Scotland Electricity Board in 1952. In 1967

he moved the family to the Midlands where he worked in and was in charge of some of the larger power stations. In his early 40s he took on the post of chief executive of the Northern Ireland Electricity Service with total responsibility for generation, transmission, distribution and sale of electricity during two major political strikes. In 1977 he was appointed by the secretary of state for energy to be chairman of East Midlands Electricity Board and later invited to become chairman of the larger and technically more difficult Eastern Electricity Board.

He was a visionary in so many ways. He believed the basis of this country's wealth is its industry and that electrical engineering is one of the most important contributors to industry's success. He also believed electricity has a huge role to play in the solution of environmental problems. In addition he wanted to see a greater involvement of engineers in public life. 'This must become more prevalent,' he once said, 'if the public is to be made aware of the true worth of the engineering profession. Only improvement in society's valuation of the engineering profession will change the situation.'

He was elected fellow of Royal Academy of Engineering in 1988,was president the Institution of Electrical Engineers (1989-90), and chair of the Natural Environment Research Council (1997-2000). He was appointed CBE in 1989.

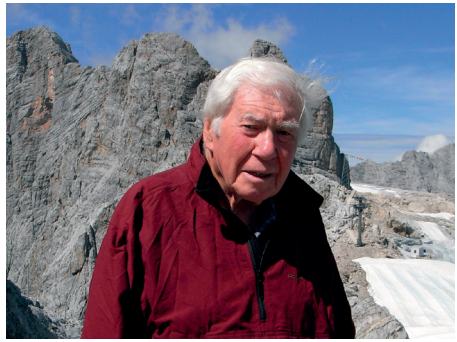
To his skills in engineering and administration must be added his commitment to new technologies, his sharpness of mind and not least his common-sense approach to even the most complex of problems. His interest and belief in people and his patent sincerity readily commanded the respect of others. His experience and philosophy of life was fed by the mountains. He always lived his life to the full and this must surely be his legacy.

Elaine Smith

Anthony Strawther
1933 - 2018

Tony was born and brought up in and around Chesterfield, Derbyshire, an only child. After the Second World War, the family moved to Barlow in the Peak District, and it was living here that Tony first discover the great outdoors. He explored the Peak District first with a friend and then with the local YHA group.

After leaving school, Tony was apprenticed as an upholsterer and an older colleague asked if he would like to try rock climbing. At the end of the day at Black Rocks, Cromford, Tony's mentor given him an old 60ft rope. He had many exciting run-outs on that rope because it was far too short for many of the routes he was climbing, bearing in mind that in those days one tied directly onto the rope. In 1951-3 Tony did his national service in the RAF Regiment, and following basic training was stationed in Egypt for two years. He enjoyed his time there, going on training exercises in the desert and in the mountains of Crete. It was when he was returning home by ship to



Tony Strawther.

Trieste and train across Europe that Tony saw the Alps for the first time. Actually seeing what he had read so much about made an influential and lasting impression on him.

Following national service, Tony left his original trade and went to work at Markham and Co, Heavy Engineering Works, in Chesterfield, where he remained until retirement. Work for Tony provided the means to enable him to go away to the mountains as often as possible. In 1959 he had his first Alpine season and joined the Swiss Alpine Club, thereby becoming a member of the ABMSAC (Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club). He remained a full member all his life.

That first season he went to Zermatt, staying in the Hotel Bahnhof and so, like many other climbers of this era, met Bernard Biner and his sister Paula, the owners. The kitchen at Bernard's was the great meeting place for climbers, swapping stories and getting up-to-date knowledge of routes. For Tony, this was one of the great joys of climbing: the diversity of people he met along the way, people from all spheres and walks of life, but with one thing in common, something they all held dear, was their love of the hills. For that reason, climbing clubs were something Tony valued; they were a way of meeting people with the same passions. In 1969, he was elected as a member of the Alpine Club, a huge honour and privilege for him; he was always conscious of the place the AC holds in mountaineering and exploration, and to be part of that meant a great deal to him. In 1987, he joined the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, and enjoyed the warmth and friendship from those he met on meets, in huts and at club dinners. Tony loved going away to the huts; a day out on the tops, followed by sitting round, laughing and chatting in the evening, with friends old and new, was a perfect day for him.

I met Tony in 1971 at a symphony concert in Sheffield. In accepting a coffee in the interval, I little realised at the time what a lifetime of adventures would ensue. Having passed the test of a wet weekend's camping in north Wales, Tony then took the time, trouble and patience to teach and nurture my climbing and mountaineering skills. Our first Alpine season together was in the Bernina, and it did not get off to an auspicious start, when I managed to burn the tent down. Tony was very stoical about it and it was far from the end of a beautiful friendship. We went on to marry a year later and have very many subsequent climbing trips and Alpine seasons.

We repeated many of his previous climbs; he enjoyed taking me on peaks he had enjoyed. But we also explored new areas together. Tony always liked to traverse a peak, to see another valley or pass: we both did. This often led to some very long days. His boast was that we never had to spend the night out, unintentionally, but we came close on a number of occasions.

Tony would never boast about climbs he had done; that was Tony, a very modest man. Bragging wasn't in his nature. If, in the midst of telling a story, he did mention what he had done and where he had been, the listener was often left in amazement at his exploits. On the hills he was a careful climber and a solid partner. He was caring for others less able or competent than himself. He would always ensure that the party stayed together in all weather conditions. He was a great companion in the hills, with the experience for others to rely on and the stability never to get into difficulties.

Away from the hills, we had many shared interests: mountaineering literature, history and art, visiting many exhibitions together, and latterly some of our holidays were taken visiting archaeological sites. Tony was always conscious how vulnerable we were climbing as a husband and wife team. I was the gung-ho, 'let's do it' type, whilst he was the safe one: let's weigh it up. We balanced each other on the hill, as in life.

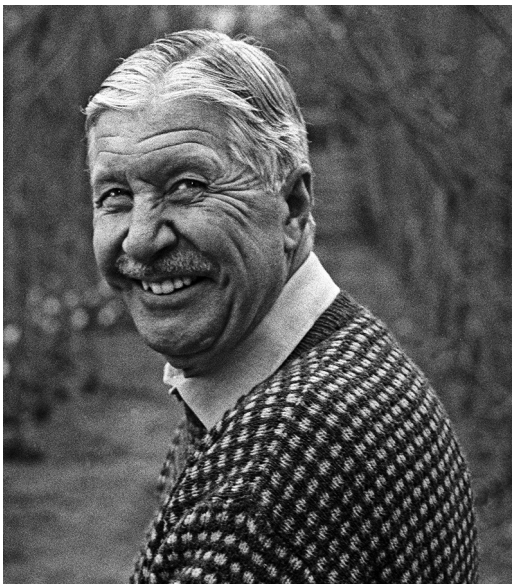
Suzanne Strawther

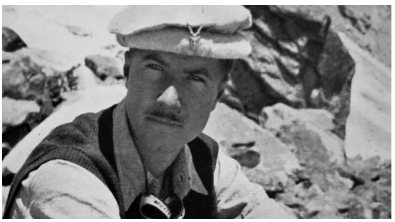
Lt Col H R A Streather OBE
1926 - 2018

Tony Streather was a professional soldier, a leader of men but only an accidental, if extraordinary, mountaineer. As such he was an esteemed president of our club, and in both roles his service spanned periods of great change. Tony became president in 1990 during those traumatic days when the Alpine Club, having decamped from South Audley Street, was bivouacking with the Ski Club of Great Britain, searching meanwhile for a new home. Three years later Tony delivered his valedictory address in our new home at Charlotte Road.

Born in London, Tony was educated at University College School in Hampstead and became a keen horseman. With the war in Europe drawing to a close and inspired by tales of the North West Frontier, he volunteered for the Indian army, commissioned into the Rajputana Rifles and was training for jungle warfare in Burma when Japan capitulated. For a while he enjoyed the traditional pursuits of a young officer under the Raj, particularly polo, but on furlough in Kashmir he had seen Nanga Parbat at dawn from the Tragbal Pass and was smitten. Come Partition in 1947, he opted to remain and now under Pakistani command found himself second-in-command of the Chitral Scouts, responsible for a thousand men, 183 horses and 50 camels, an appointment which, he felt, required the gravitas of the moustache which he retained ever after. The regiment was tasked with policing the dangerous tribal territories along the Afghan frontier in the Hindu Kush and this experience of travel in high, rugged and often snow-covered mountain country; his fluency in Pashto and easy way with the locals was to prove invaluable. Already captivated by mountains, the stage was set.

The drama began in 1950, almost by chance, with secondment as transport officer to Arne Naess' Norwegian expedition to the unclimbed





Left and above: Tony Streather. *(John Cleare)*

Tirich Mir (7706m), highest peak in the Hindu Kush. The Norwegians were surprised that Tony wore his regulation *chaplis*, or open sandals, on the approach march. They were delighted when Tony, who wasn't expected to go high, powered up the mountain with them in battledress, pyjamas and hob-nailed army boots to reach the summit with Naess and two others. Not only was it a first ascent, it was Tony's first high mountain. With a resting heartbeat in the mid 40s, he was obviously a powerful performer at altitude.

Not surprisingly South Audley Street took notice, and on returning to England later that year to transfer to the British army, Tony was invited to join the AC by Col Tobin, late Indian army himself. 'I'll get Longstaff to second you,' he added. In his innocence Tony assumed the Club to be a typical London gentleman's club where he might dine, entertain friends and spend the night when 'in town': useful for a young officer going places. Only later did he realise the reality of the AC and what an honour had been bestowed on him, especially when the rules were interpreted to allow his years of scrambling around the Hindu Kush to count as viable ascents on his application form.

Meanwhile preparations were afoot for 1953 and Tobin suggested Capt Streather might apply to join the Everest team. After lunching with Shipton, Tony was asked to join four other applicants, all experienced alpinists, in Zermatt for evaluation by Michael Ward and Alf Gregory. Several major peaks were climbed in poor conditions and although he burnt off his colleagues every time, all of whom passed selection, his technical ability did not impress. Later he wrote '… my inept fumbling when putting on crampons let me down.' In retrospect, Ward admitted Tony has been so powerful at altitude that 'he should really have been selected.'

Ironically, Everest rejection arrived at the same time with Charlie Houston's invitation to join his 1953 American team on the considerably more daunting K2, initially as transport officer, but afterwards as a lead climber. The expedition's desperate descent from camp eight at 7,770m, lowering the stricken Gilkey on a makeshift stretcher, the subsequent fall when the entire party was held by Schoening's axe belay, followed by Gilkey's disappearance, by accident or design and without which the party's survival would have been unlikely, was described as 'a Homeric retreat' and 'the finest moment in American mountaineering, and is now legendary (*AJ* 1954, pp391-401).

Tony was thus an obvious choice to join Charles Evans' Kangchenjunga reconnaissance expedition of 1955. The south-west face had never been closely examined before, but so successful was the team that a summit assault was mounted, using oxygen, and Joe Brown and George Band reached the top having surmounted an awkward crack in the summit rock tower. At camp six next morning, before Tony and New Zealander Norman Hardie set off to repeat the climb, Joe quipped, 'No chance Tony! You're hopeless on rock.' Later Hardie dropped an oxygen bottle so Tony gave him one of his own pair before turning his remaining bottle to minimum flow. When eventually they reached the final rock tower they discovered a straightforward snow gully round the corner. Tony became the first climber ever to ascend two peaks above 25,000ft.

All the while Tony was a regular infantry officer serving in the Gloucestershire Regiment, the 'Glorious Glosters' of Korean War fame. In 1957 while a Sandhurst instructor he was invited to lead three young OUMC members to the Karakoram to reconnoitre unclimbed Haramosh (7397m). 'Probably not a wise decision,' he admitted later. 'I'd recently married and had a young baby, but it was tempting to return to Pakistan and look up old friends.' Tragically the expedition turned into a disaster when a small avalanche led to a complex sequence of falls and repeated rescue attempts lasting four days and three nights without food or shelter. It was only Tony's courage and his great strength at altitude that enabled the survival, though horrifically frostbitten, of just one of the young climbers involved. Recognised as one of the most heroic yet poignant survival epics in the annals of mountaineering, the trauma remained with Tony for life. Ralph Barker's book *The Last Blue Mountain* (Chatto & Windus, 1959) records the tragedy in moving detail.

My own great respect for Tony stemmed from its sequel. He was commanding the Glosters in Berlin when in 1970 the BBC inveigled him to Zermatt in the depths of winter as technical adviser for a television 'dramadoc' of *Last Blue Mountain*, which, with a single BBC producer, I was to make. Tony borrowed three leading army climbers to play the various parts while a Glenmore Lodge ice-climbing instructor played Tony himself. Based at the Testa Grigna refuge, we skied to an appropriate location on the Breithorn every day where Tony, a tower of strength, would brew us tea in the igloo he'd constructed, and when falling snow delayed filming he keep

us entertained with his stories. When one day I needed some extra gear from the hut, and though it was my responsibility to get it, Tony was adamant that I was not to make the two-hour return trip to do so. He would go himself. It was a selfless gesture that defined the man, one never forgotten. But surprisingly, apart from this one diversion, after the 1952 'evaluation' Tony never again climbed in the Alps.

In 1959, as a captain, he organised and led an official AMA expedition to the Chogo Lungma glacier in the eastern Karakoram with Rev Maj Fred Jenkins (AC) as his deputy. An eastern summit of Malubiting and six small peaks on the Hispar wall above the Kero Lungma glacier were climbed, including 'splendid' Gloster Peak at 5,880m.

Yet the time had come to focus on career and his expanding family, and for 26 years Tony followed his regiment around the world: to Germany, Cyprus and Hong Kong, to Borneo on secondment to the Gurkhas, to Malaysia to command the Jungle Warfare School, to Ulster, and even to Tywyn where he was tasked with rejuvenating the army's Outward Bound School. He still played polo and rugby into his forties. An unusual incident while commanding the regiment demonstrates Tony's leadership qualities and his practical humanity: one of his soldiers went AWOL, fought for a while as a mercenary in the Congo and eventually returned to face serious disciplinary charges. After a thorough grilling, Tony told him, 'The Regiment can do with men of your experience,' and the soldier, suitably chastened and reintegrated with his comrades, continued to give loyal and conscientious service.

There was to be one more major expedition, this time to lead the successful 1976 Army Everest Expedition from camp two in the Western Cwm, before being appointed OBE and retiring the following year. And then Tony was back to Sandhurst for 10 years as estate manager, a 'retired officer' appointment, which he conducted as far as possible on horseback. He'd always believed in the value of adventure and comradeship and working with John Hunt's charity Endeavour; now able to take unpaid leave he led groups of disadvantaged youngsters on expeditions to Greenland and Ethiopia.

Having been elected to honorary membership of the AC, he was not finished with the mountains or with companions with whom he had climbed them. Every few years there were treks with family and AC friends to old haunts in Nepal and the North West Frontier, and team reunions in America and Norway. At the age of 79, Tony paid his third visit to Kangchenjunga with Hardie and Band for the 50th anniversary of their ascent, it transpired that he had arranged, with contributions from others, a pension for Dawa Tenzing, the Kangchenjunga sirdar and a special friend to British climbers, since the old tiger had fallen on hard times. It was recognition of the loyalty and compassion of the local porters, the Hunzas and Sherpas who had tended the survivors of K2 and Haramosh, and made all his expeditions possible.

Tony and Sue, who died in 2005, retired to Hindon, a small village in the south Wiltshire downs, where with his public spirit and old-fashioned

courtesy he became an integral part of village life. Here he died, aged 92, and local villagers turned out in force to join family and friends, old soldiers and climbers in Hindon church for his memorial service. Tony is survived by four children and seven grandchildren.

John Cleare

John Temple
1934 - 2018

John was one of life's rich characters. Staying overnight at his house outside Nairobi I discovered a horse in the bathroom. Although it belonged to the then Mrs Temple, it nevertheless suggested John's unconventional ethos.

John was an extremely powerful, and canny, mountaineer, as you might expect for someone born in Yorkshire and bred at Almscliffe, and whose first Alpine season was at 18 and included an ascent of the Matterhorn. He'd already done new routes on Skye with Ian Clough and the outstanding *Vulcan Wall* with Hamish MacInnes. On graduation, John taught geography, marrying in 1959 and moving his growing family to Africa, where he came under the influence of Ian Howell and came to know Mount Kenya very well. In 1970, John was a key player in the difficult rescue of the Austrian, Dr Gert Judmaier, from Shipton's Notch at over 5,000m on the peak. Judmaier had been seriously injured in a fall after descending from the summit. Forty-five years later, John returned to take part in the feature film of the rescue, made by Reinhold Messner, and was reunited with Gert Judmaier and his climbing partner Oswald Oelz.

In 1972, Temple inveigled Frank Cannings and me to join him on Kilimanjaro where he planned to take a close look at the still virgin Great Breach Wall, reputably Africa's highest cliff. We drove down to Tanzania in Temple's battered Land Rover, enjoyed one desert bivouac and three more in convenient caves, and eventually reached the Great Barranco at the foot of the daunting 1,400m wall. An eye-catching 80m icicle at mid-height hung over a band of black cliffs to link a precarious-looking upper ice field to the lower ice-draped crags. The scree suggested awful rock. Suitably chastened, we escaped up the Heim glacier, the steep hanging ice tongue to the east, which had been climbed several times before and is today a recommended grade IV alpine-style ice climb. If it still exists?

One more bivy just below Kibo summit, another down in the Umbwe heather forest, and we were winging our way back to Nairobi, only to be arrested en route by the Tanzanian constabulary on the charge of 'photographing government servants', aka 'cows'. Apparently agriculture was nationalised in Tanzania and while that's another story, it was all part of the guaranteed adventure you had climbing with Temple.

Two years later Temple returned with Tony Charlton and climbed the eastern side of the Breach Wall (V+) in two days and again the following year with Dave Cheesmond when he forced an almost direct route up

Above: 'I can't recommend the hippo.' Temple in the Rwenzori in 1975. *(John Cleare)*

Left: John Temple. *(John Cleare)*

the wall, involving three days of difficult climbing on ice and horrible rock (VI). These two climbs were real tours de force at high altitude on a remote, little known and extremely formidable mountainside, although virtually unknown outside the small local climbing community. They say much for John's commitment and prowess. Later it took Messner to make the *direttissima* straight up the 80m icicle.

In 1975 John invited me to join him in the Rwenzori and naturally I jumped at the chance. Joined by ex-pat climbers Tony Charlton and Jim Slade and botanist John Youngs, we drove 750 miles to far western Uganda in Temple's small Dexion-reinforced and overloaded Toyota jeep. Apart from climbing gear we carried a huge supply of flapjack, which John had been baking and stockpiling for weeks. It was to be our staple diet for the duration: breakfast, lunch and supper, washed down with plenty of tea and a daily soup. Though rather monotonous, flapjack actually worked very well and proved a simple, inexpensive, long-lasting and efficient solution to the problem of expedition catering. Indeed, a typically Temple solution.

Idi Amin was at the height of his power and Uganda was considered inaccessible to Europeans, but John knew how to handle African officials. Scruffy, bearded and wearing his usual flip-flops, he negotiated us safely through the border and the exhaustive customs checks where we watched, somewhat concerned, as an African clerical gentleman, complete with dog collar, was led away in shackles accused of smuggling a bald car tyre. Our sleeping bags were turned inside out but the vehicle's chassis was thankfully ignored, for here John had stashed a quantity of Kenyan banknotes, knowing that petrol would demand a black-market deal.

Our first night in Uganda was spent in comfort, the last for several weeks, at a nunnery whose mother superior happened to be an old chum of John's.

Charm personified, the good lady told me that some years before, when John was teaching in Uganda, he had earned pin money catching snakes and despatching them by air, live, to an American zoo. He had learnt that if grabbed just behind the head snakes were powerless to strike and could safely be dropped into a collecting bag. All went well until one day he grabbed a rare snake he didn't recognise and was bitten. It was apparently the one serpent that is double-jointed and able to bend its head backwards. He was carried out of the bush unconscious, she said, and not expected to survive. But now he was able to identify that particular snake, he had no fear of the others. Not that we encountered any snakes in the Rwenzori, though John did enjoy introducing us to the local three-foot earthworms that he let slither up his arm.

The expedition record itself (see *AJ* 1977, pp12-21) is hardly appropriate to John's obituary, except to mention a few incidents. At a market stall on the shore of Lake Edward, John bought a load of evil-looking dried fish: 'Goes well with flapjack,' he said. 'Very nourishing.' At the Ibanda road-head we unloaded a 100ft coil of plastic hosepipe, unobtainable in Uganda, with which John paid John Matte, the local Bakonjo trader, for organising the 13 porters and shifty-looking headman who would carry our baggage to base camp, the same porters who, three days later, at the notorious Bigo Bog, dropped us in the lurch when they went on strike for double pay. Absolutely unruffled, John dismissed the lot, leaving us sitting beside the piles of baggage as the strikers slunk away down the trail. 'Don't worry,' John said. 'It's par for the course. I expected it.' We brewed up and waited. A couple of hours later the six youngest porters emerged shamefaced from the forest and successfully begged for their jobs. We kept them on for the whole expedition. Happy to make double carries, loyal and cheerful, they worked well and while we enjoyed our climbing they had plenty of spare time to hunt hyrax with their lean yellow dog and their broad-bladed spears. In due course they earned good bonuses.

Some weeks later, tired, dirty and very hungry, we found ourselves nearing Kampala on our drive back to Kenya. It was a Sunday and John recalled that the Sunday buffet lunch at the Imperial Hotel used to be the highlight of the Kampala week and he led us there. There was beer of sorts in the bar and a display of photographs showing Idi Amin himself, in full Highland dress, in action at the previous night's dinner-dance: we kept straight faces with difficulty.

When lunch was served we found ourselves among Amin's top people, immaculate military brass hats, smart civil servants and be-suited cronies with their ladies in full finery, a fascinating riot of colour to which unfortunately the lunch itself would not compare. As the only white faces we were stared at but never investigated. White-coated stewards, some wearing shorts, others camouflage trousers, some wellingtons or barefoot, marched in bearing large silver tureens from which the guests could help themselves. There was just one choice, greasy stew – the massive bones suggested hippo – succulent tomatoes and *matoke*, the national dish of mashed bananas. 'Fill

up on the vitamin C, fellows,' John said, 'but I can't recommend the hippo.' Keeping our heads down we were soon safely back on the road.

We'd enjoyed a hugely successful adventure, thanks to John's planning, organisation and indeed leadership. He knew Africa and, never one to stand on ceremony, really had a way with people there. Intrepid, irrepressible, resourceful and always an optimist complete with a knowing chuckle, that's how I shall remember John Temple.

John Cleare

Derek Buckle writes: I first met John when he joined the East Grinstead Climbing Club in early 1994 and our first climbs together were in April the same year on a Club trip to Pembroke. From that time on John and I climbed together on various crags in the UK where he would enthusiastically seek out new routes, or explore hitherto little-known crags. John had pioneered many new routes during his time in east Africa and clearly wanted to continue the tradition when he returned to the UK.

It was never dull climbing with John: you never knew what he would suggest next or what sharp rejoinder would accompany any unguarded remark. A typical example was when we joined a Climbers' Club meet to Llanberis in Wales in June 1999. The weather was brilliant and the crags drier than I have ever seen them. John, however, wanted to do *Waterfall Climb*; the name says it all. I was assigned the first pitch, which set the tone for a very wet day out. Later that year, in November, John set his sights on *Soapgut* on Milestone Buttress, also in Wales. Once again I led the slippery first pitch, having to climb the last part in socks to get any traction. As John and I 'danced' on the slimy rounded stance John set off to climb the second pitch, but eventually conceded defeat when the slime overcame all attempts at upward movement. I will not describe the abseil retreat, except to say that John's nice white trousers were no longer white by the time he got to the bottom.

Some of the best times with John were on expeditions. Having retired late in 1996, John wasted no time in inviting me to climb with him on Mount Kenya over the New Year. Thus, with hardly any time to prepare, I flew to join him in Nairobi. John had been guiding for his friend, Andrew Wielochowski, the director of EWP, and was already well acclimatised. I, on the other hand, was whisked off to 4,000m to nurse a blinding headache. When this eventually dissipated we embarked on some of Mount Kenya's most iconic climbs, all of which John knew by heart. In addition to many classic rock routes we climbed perfect ice on *Point John Couloir* and the *Ice Window*, neither of which continue to exist on account of global warming. After completing the Ice Window route we traversed to Batian, the higher of Mount Kenya's summits, before spending the night like sardines in Ian Howell's tiny bivy hut on Nelion, accompanied by two South Africans who had had an epic multiday climb on Batian.

Our next expedition was not long in coming. In October 1997 John organised an Alpine Club expedition to Mera Peak in Nepal, which he invited me to join. The idea was to attempt a new route on Mera's north

face, but this was immediately abandoned after realising that the face was continually swathed by avalanches, and thus lethal. Three of us climbed the normal route to the summit before we all relocated to the south face in order to attempt what was then an unclimbed subsidiary top. This was eventually unsuccessful, but the expedition was a great experience nonetheless.

Our last expedition together was to the Georgian Caucasus in July 1998. John had been to the area previously with Mike Pescod, when they had had an epic retreat from Ushba. This time the objectives were considerably more modest. We climbed a number of the Georgian classics, including Tetnuld, Shchurovsky and Chatyn-tau, but our most memorable experiences were with the less desirable elements of Georgian society. Twice we were robbed at gunpoint by armed bandits, and narrowly missed a third encounter had it not been for friendly locals who invited us to stay in their house overnight. It was during this expedition that John realised his days of high-altitude mountaineering were nearing an end, but he did still go to Kazakhstan with Stuart Worsfold a few years later.

I was particularly glad that my wife, Jill, Steve Humphries and I visited him in hospital in Whitstable just a short while before he died. As was typical for John, he was on good form, joking and reminiscing about old times together. Unfortunately, he knew full well that he would never return home and it is undoubtedly a relief that his suffering was relatively short-lived.

Hugh Alexander writes: I first met John at the Alpine Club in 1996, when he was chair of the wine committee and I was tapping him for information on the Caucasus. We climbed in Switzerland and France, but it was in Italy that we spent most time together.

It was on a trip there in 2002 that we explored a 'new' area, very little known, at least to us. This was the southern part of the Gran Paradiso national park, with access mainly from the Orco valley. After a few days there, we hiked up into the Piantonetto valley, past the dam to the wonderful Rifugio Pontese , then entirely unknown to us. After an overnight storm, we went climbing the next morning and – typically – the first route we climbed was a new route, on the Blanc Giuir.

Even after 50 years of Alpine experience, John described the *Via Malvassora*, on the Becco Meridionale della Tribolazione, as the best route he had climbed in the Alps. And many more superlatives were required on that trip, and those that followed, very many of which were applied to the Rifugio Pontese and its 'gestore', Mara Lacchia. We returned there many, many times and introduced lots of others to the delights of the hut and the area, not least during the SMC meet, the joint Alpine Club, CC and FRCC meet, which John organised (see *AC Newsletter*, Nov 2008), and at John's epic 75th and 80th birthday parties there.

As well as the larger objectives in that area, with Richard Nadin we established a very pleasant 'école d'escalade' at the Piano di Rista, just above the hut, where the routes include *Frutti di Mara*. We also named a 2,800m peak in honour of our hostess. Punta Mara is now well known in the area

and is included in the guidebooks. Fortunately, Mara was one of the many friends able to spend time with John in December. John was an enthusiast, an inspiration, the source of a great many stories and a great friend.

Edward W Faure Walker
1946 - 2018

Teddy Faure Walker was a bold and, perhaps, a rather literal-minded mountaineer. On the first occasion he took his boys to the Pyrenees, his wife, Louise, enjoined him not to climb anything so difficult it required a rope. This didn't prevent him from making a number of decent rock routes. He just climbed them un-roped.

Mountains and climbing, although important to Teddy, were only a small part of what was a very varied and rounded life lived to the full by a brave, steadfastly loyal and thoughtful man. After Eton and Sandhurst he was commissioned into the Coldstream Guards and posted into the 2nd Battalion, of which he later became adjutant. Service in Aden, Cyprus, Germany and Northern Ireland was interspersed with mountaineering and parachute courses and 'public duties'. The latter involved providing Guards for state occasions and, routinely, for Buckingham Palace, the Tower of London and elsewhere. Public duties in London were not really to his liking. He regarded them as soulless. Nor was he a natural horseman. On one occasion, when mounted for the Queen's Birthday Parade, he accidentally dropped his sword on the approach to Horse Guards only to be saved from ignominy by a helpful policeman.

Teddy's mountaineering career started with courses on secondment to the Alpini, the École Militaire de Haute Montagne and the French army. He did not keep a climbing journal and, given the considerable time he spent with these experts and his lack of records, it is likely he made many more ascents than those he declared on his AC application form. An Alpine rescue, which he would never discuss, earned him a commander-in-chief's commendation for leadership and courage. A report from the École Militaire summed him up: 'Captain Faure Walker is elegant, phlegmatic and tough. Though his technical standard is still modest he derived the greatest benefit from the course and showed he had a typically British sense of humour.'

In 1974 Teddy left the army and a promising military future to begin the next phase of his life. His father, also a Coldstreamer, had been severely wounded in the evacuation of Dunkirk and needed help on the family farm in North Hertfordshire. A large part of it had been in Teddy's mother's family for, literally, centuries. After a year at the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, Teddy became a farmer. His interests and his public service now widened. Over the years he became churchwarden, chair of the village sports club, of the Hertfordshire Association of Youth Clubs, the Hertfordshire Game Conservancy and his local branch of the NFU. He was a parish

councillor, an independent district councillor, a trustee of UK Youth and honorary colonel of Hertfordshire Combined Cadet Force. He became a deputy lieutenant of Hertfordshire in 1985, was high sheriff in 2000 and appointed vice-lord lieutenant in 2001.

Shortly before he left the army Teddy met Louise at St James' Palace at a lunch while chief of the guard, so not all public duty was 'soulless'. They fell in love and married in short order and have three children, Mark, Kate and Rob. Family holidays in Scotland and climbing expeditions in the Lake District, the Alps, the Pyrenees, Corsica and the Atlas with their boys gave him enormous pleasure. The youngest, Rob, is a member of the Club. But Teddy's climbing career came to an end in 2000 after a close shave in an electrical storm close to the summit of the Aiguille Croux. He was blown off balance and fell but was rescued by the boys who very efficiently helped him to abseil down to the glacier and thence to the refuge. The hut guardian, who had seen the whole thing, said afterwards that if he had children he hoped they would be like Teddy's. The boys were made to give their mother a heavily redacted account of the event. Teddy later attributed his loss of balance to an early sign of the Parkinson's disease that affected him progressively for the last 15 years of his life.

A hint of the final phase of his career came when Teddy and Louise were exploring one of the remoter parts of Cyprus. They saw a Greek Orthodox priest in his blue robes and tall hat driving a grey Ferguson tractor (typical of Teddy to remember that detail) down a village street.

Being a farmer and a priest struck Teddy then as being a thoroughly good idea though he had no idea that many years later – in 2004 – he would himself be ordained, into the Church of England. After his ordination he was appointed to a curacy in Stevenage where he gained much respect, and many friends, as an evangelist by example rather than by words. He continued to take great pleasure and satisfaction in farming, though in recent years he prepared for his retirement by handing over the running to Kate and determining to move from the farm. Although he was now suffering additionally from cancer he was able to help Louise turn the dilapidated medieval house they bought, aptly named 'Bear House', into a beautiful and welcoming home. It was there, 10 days after having the great satisfaction of moving in, that Teddy died.

Teddy was not well known in the Club but he was very widely known, respected and admired in Hertfordshire as was evidenced by the many hundreds who attended his memorial service which overflowed not only the church but also the large marquee the Faure Walker garden next door.

Mike Baker

• Teddy Faure Walker was included in the In Memoriam for 2018.

Mark Warham
1962 - 2018

Mark Warham. *(Guy Bell)*

Mark Warham was a schoolboy at St Thomas Aquinas grammar in his native Leeds when he suffered the dreadful injury that changed the course of his life. Getting on board the school bus, the doors closed on the 12-year-old as he was only half-way through. Before the driver noticed, Mark had been dragged some distance and seriously injured. The initial diagnosis suggested his left leg would have to be amputated, a devastating loss for a boy growing up in a sporting family with three older brothers.

While doctors were battling to save his leg and Mark was enduring skin grafts, his father Joe, coach of the rugby league team now known as Leeds Rhinos, attended a dinner where he met Chris Bonington. Bonington wrote a note to Mark on the back of the menu, wishing him a speedy recovery: 'I hope that one day you climb your Everest.' Mark's leg remained badly scarred and somewhat misshapen, but he never concealed it and it seemed to have little impact on his sporting ability. Thirty years later, when Warham had indeed reached the summit of the world's highest peak, he was able to remind Bonington of the story. Once Warham set his mind to something, he was not easily thwarted.

Through his teenage years he started climbing with his brothers, first on the crags around his home and then in Scotland on snow and ice. Later he made several trips to Europe, North and South America and Nepal to climb various mountains and was an experienced mountaineer by his late twenties when he decided to climb Everest. In 1993, when he made his first attempt, only ten Britons had climbed it. Advances in technology and tactics were, however, starting to open the mountain up to a wider group of enthusiasts. He joined a commercial expedition led by Steve Bell but after reaching camp four at the South Col had to turn back with pulmonary oedema.

Four years later, when he was 35, Mark tried again on a trip led by Jon Tinker. When he reached camp four this time a storm was blowing but the wind dropped suddenly and he felt he had a chance at reaching the summit. Climbing through the night, he reached the top in good time: he was the 30th Briton to achieve the feat. He did, however, begin to hallucinate that his ice pick was an old woman and fellow northerners were pinching his gear.

Mark's professional career was even more stellar. From St Thomas Aquinas he went to St Catherine's College, Oxford, to read PPE. Despite his childhood injury, he played in the first Varsity rugby league match in 1981 at Craven Cottage, Fulham's football ground and was awarded a half-blue. That same drive also carried him to the top in investment banking. His career began at 3i, the venture capital company. He then joined Schroders in 1986 and began to specialise in mergers and acquisitions (M&A). Meticulously organised, in his early years in the City he would come in at dawn wearing a head torch to let him make a start in the minicab on his reading.

During a stint at Morgan Stanley, where he rose to become head of M&A, he was seconded to be director-general of the Takeover Panel (PTM), the regulator run by the finance industry that protects the interests of shareholders during bids. Traditionally, it has done so to avoid lengthy recourse to law but Warham's chief challenge during his two-year stint was to put the PTM on a statutory footing for the first time, implementing a European directive.

At Barclays Capital from 2009, Warham cemented his position as one of the leading dealmakers in London. He advised Liverpool Football Club on their sale to John Henry and also had Fiat as a client. He joined Rothschilds in 2014 as an executive vice-chairman, focusing on UK transactions.

Mark liked to have fun, drawing on a prodigious ability to catnap. He once bid £10,000 for lunch with the film star Rosamund Pike, although his favourite food and drink were Yorkshire's curries and ales. He assembled a lurid collection of shirts that he wore to Glastonbury and Grateful Dead concerts. Although he took up shooting, he was also a keen ornithologist and an accomplished wildlife photographer. When he developed throat cancer he showed the same determination and good humour he had applied as a young man and then again on Everest before finally succumbing.

In 2000 he had married Olivia Dagtoglou, who became director of Waging Peace, an organisation that campaigns against human rights violations in Sudan. She survives him with three daughters, twins Francesca and Eleanor, and Anna.

Roderick A Smith

Robin Wilkinson
1936 - 2018

When I joined RAF Kinloss mountain rescue team in 1960, Robin or Wilkie as he was known was already a well-established member of the team and had also been a leader of the RAF Leeming rescue team that covered the Lake District. A very experienced mountaineer he was a member of the Alpine Climbing Group and already had notched up a number of fine Alpine climbs including an early ascent of the north face of the Dru, which in the early 1960s was some achievement. He climbed regularly with Ian Clough who was also at Kinloss doing his national service. He, Ian and Hamish MacInnes spent a great deal of their time exploring on Skye, the

Robin Wilkinson, first left bottom row, with the rest of the RAF Kinloss MRT in c1960. *(Ian Sykes)*

Cuillin Mountains in those days were fairly devoid of routes.

A regular RAF man, Robin had been made sergeant when he took over RAF Leeming MRT. To me, as a new member of the team and a very low-grade airman, he was a inspiration. It was a great life in those days with virtually free transport, food and accommodation at the expense of HMG. We became good friends and climbed together often. I particularly remember a hilarious tangle of ropes belayed on a terrifying stance under Kilnsey's main overhang that was more or less a peg route in those days. We had so many anchor points and neither of us was willing to unhitch in case we unzipped the lot.

The Kinloss team leader at that time was John Hinde who had a spell in hospital after getting frostbite on Denali and Robin took over as the boss. There were a lot of call-outs in those days and a number of aircraft crashes. The civilian rescue teams were in their infancy and mostly made up of volunteers and shepherds; the RAF were reasonably well equipped and had radios although communications were generally very poor. Most of the calls were lost climbers and walkers and Robin had an uncanny knack of figuring out the most likely place to search.

Robin, Jack Baines and myself planned to open a climbing shop in Fort William when we got demobbed. As it was I was first out but failed to get things started. Robin was next and got involved with a friend and started up Cave & Crag in Settle, still a thriving business, and became involved with Yorkshire cave rescue. Jack started a climbing book business on Anglesey. I finally started Nevisport in Fort William in 1970.

Robin left the RAF in 1966 and entering the next stage of his life, fatherhood, he was asked to curb his longing for the mountains for the sake of his two young children, Michael and Kathryn, and so his next career emerged, teaching art at a secondary school in Yorkshire. Robin was a well-respected art teacher until he retired 27 years later. During this time he hired a studio in the Black Horse in Giggleswick and his specialism, sculpture in wood, blossomed. Robin was asked to sculpt for a Jon Finch television series, a task he enjoyed.

Retiring from teaching opened another door for Robin: his wanderlust kicked in again and he found himself loving travel again, spending months at a time in Europe, particularly Portugal where he settled for several years in Tavira. Populated by bohemian artisans, fellow wanderers with fabulous stories of adventure and daring, Robin felt at home immediately and made Tavira his home.

Eventually Robin could see the benefit of 'laying himself in the gentle hands of the NHS' and returned to his roots, to his beloved Yorkshire, where he spent his final few years. It's said that you can tell if you've met a Yorkshireman because he'll tell you within ten minutes of meeting him; this was true of Robin, so proud was he of his county of birth and so fitting that this is where he would spend his last days.

Robin was always on hand with wise words for dealing with life's twists and turns, one such phrase which he would demand of his daughter on many occasion was to 'get above them crawling worms.' And so, with this in mind, his final resting place is on top of Pen-y-ghent, high enough, as high as his daughter could manage, to get him above 'them crawling worms'.

Ian Sykes and Kat Larkham