Obituaries

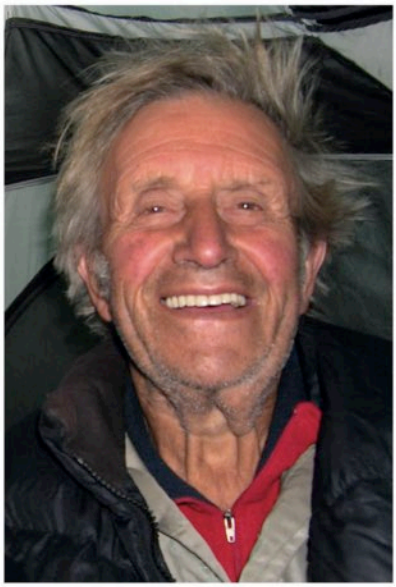
'Yosemite Falls', Constance Gordon-Cumming, May 1878, watercolour, 64cm x 50cm. *(Courtesy of PBA Galleries/Justin Benttinen)*

In Memoriam

The Alpine Club Obituary	**Year of Election** (including to ACG)
Albert Chapman	2004
John Cheesmond	1973
Inge Cochlin	1992
Evelio Echevarría	1959
Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh	Hon 1955
Dave Fisher	1951
Gerald Franklin	Assoc 2013
Egil Fredriksen	1997
Alan Harris	Asp 1981, 1987
Hamish MacInnes	Hon 2009
Peter Page	1980
Peter Robson	1971
Anne Sauvy	1975
Doug Scott	1962, Hon 2011
Crispin Simpson	1968
Geoff Templeman	1980
Jeremy Whitehead	1969

An obituary for Claude Davies, who appeared on last year's list, is included in this edition.

Albert Chapman
1935 - 2021


Albert Chapman.

Albert Chapman was born on 7 April 1935 in Keighley and died peacefully on 17 March 2021 at the age of 85. He will be remembered for his sense of humour, his warm hospitality and his significant contribution to the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club over his 66 years of membership.

A Yorkshireman, Albert grew up in Oakworth, near Keighley and was educated at Keighley Boys' Grammar School before joining the public works department at what was then Bingley Urban District Council. He gained experience with a local road-resurfacing contractor before setting up Chapman Ryan Ltd in 1972, a successful contracting business in road reinstatement and resurfacing. Affable and gregarious, he got on well with his customers and suppliers, and he proved to be a very capable organiser, with a talent for spotting potential problems and nipping them in the bud. He married his first wife Jill and they brought up two children. After they divorced, he married Sammy, with whom he travelled widely and shared many adventures including visits to India and Nepal.

Strong business performance in the late 1970s allowed Albert to purchase Scar Top, a remote dilapidated Dales farmhouse with a cracking view across the dale to Ingleborough. He completed an ambitious restoration and the house became his and Sammy's spiritual home for over 40 years. Renowned for their generous hospitality and his wife's sublime cooking, Scar Top served as the base for a quick ascent of Whernside, often accompanied by one of Albert's dogs; he had a succession of Newfoundland dogs and an Irish wolfhound. He kept a dozen Highland cattle at Scar Top and was a member of the Highland Cattle Society.

Albert loved the mountains. Never interested in team games as spectator or player, he was introduced to the hills by his grammar school's walking group, which took pupils to the Dales and Lake District. In 1955, at the age of 20, he joined the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club to further his outdoor ambitions. An enthusiastic supporter of club meets across the UK and Scotland in particular, he climbed many of his first mountain summits in the company of more experienced YRC members and regularly attended annual Alpine meets.

He seemed to thrive on no sleep. After a night in the Dix hut he wrote: 'Sleep is not a companion of mine at an Alpine hut; I merely pass the night and listen to the snores of my chums!' He ascended many of the classic Swiss summits and climbed in the French Alps and in Austria. Latterly, in 2005, he climbed Samgyal Peak (5814m), a summit in Ladakh, and his last Alpine summit was the Gran Paradiso in 2006, aged 70 and during a YRC meet.

Albert served the YRC in a number of official capacities and always had ideas to take the club forward. His devotion to it could match that of any; no task or duty was too much. He was instrumental in pushing for improvements to the two club huts. He became president in the year 2000, which was cursed with the foot and mouth crisis. He introduced a bike ride to the club's programme, although a wilder idea to have a club triathlon withered on the bough.

In later years, enthusiasm for mountaineering gave way to an interest in trekking, a particular passion in Albert's life. Starting in 1985, he led, joined or accompanied treks to the Annapurna area, Mustang, Upper Dolpo, Kangchenjunga, Jugal, Rolwaling and Khumbu, Langtang, Bhutan, Sikkim, Ladakh, the Mongolian Altai, Hunza, Bolivia, Morocco's western Atlas and South Africa and made trekking a firm component of the YRC's meets programme.

One of his trekking highlights was the expedition to Nanda Devi Inner Sanctuary co-led by John Shipton, Col Narinder 'Bull' Kumar and Steve Berry in 2000. In his book about the trip, Hugh Thomson observed:

> *Albert Chapman also cheered me up. He was the doughty President of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club... Like many Yorkshire institutions, the Ramblers' were fond of their reputation for plain speaking, toughness and humour, and Albert was a suitably eccentric President. For today's climb he was wearing a fetching pair of bright orange paisley trousers and a floppy hat. At one point, he turned to me as I was struggling on a difficult section over some slabs: 'Did you know, Hugh, that if you heat up a George Formby record, it makes a lovely fruit-bowl?' By the time I had finished laughing, I was on the other side.*

After a lifetime of mountaineering and trekking, Albert was elected to membership of the Alpine Club in 2003 at the age of 68. He was proud of his membership, regarding it as a fitting accolade to his accomplishments on the hill and in wild places. He was a regular attender at Club dinners and enjoyed reminiscing with other members.

Albert never really got over the untimely death of his wife Sammy six years before his own. His family, friends and fellow YRC members will remember his infectious enthusiasm and boundless energy and love of the Himal. He will be sorely missed.

Mick Borroff

John Cheesmond
1937 - 2021

John Cheesmond.

John was born in 1937 and brought up on North Tyneside. He started climbing while still at school and continued at Newcastle University where he studied geography. He joined the Crag Lough Club in the late 1950s and the Fell and Rock Club in 1958. He was elected to membership of the Alpine Club in 1973. After graduating, he taught for three years in local schools before moving into the early days of climbing instruction, working at White Hall in 1962 and taking over from Joe Brown as chief instructor in 1966.

In the 1960s, John climbed regularly in the Alps, with ascents of the classics of the day, including the *Comici-Dimai* route on the Cima Grande, the Salbitschijen and the *Route Major* on the Brenva. His report on his climbs in the Dolomites (*FRCC Journal,* 1962, pp244-8) is an evocative time capsule of the age. It is a pity he did not write more. He was also very active on British rock, doing first ascents of the direct start of *West Sphinx* on Wainstones, and with Joe Brown, the first ascents of *Sinistra* on Clogwyn Du'r Arddu and *Blind Pew* on Gogarth. In 1971 he joined with friends on an expedition to Nepal travelling overland via Iran and Iraq. On the way out he managed to get left in Kabul, when his fellow climbers drove off thinking he was in the back of the lorry.

In 1969 he moved to north Wales becoming the principal of Ogwen Cottage, Birmingham's outdoor centre, until 1972, when he moved to Scotland, working at Dunfermline College of Physical Education and running diploma courses for students in outdoor education. He still found time in 1975 to take part in an expedition to the Karakorum, climbing the 6,460m Pyramid Peak in the Siachen region. Around this time, John also completed an external master of education degree at the University College of North Wales. His final thesis was on the development of outdoor education in Edinburgh's education authority.

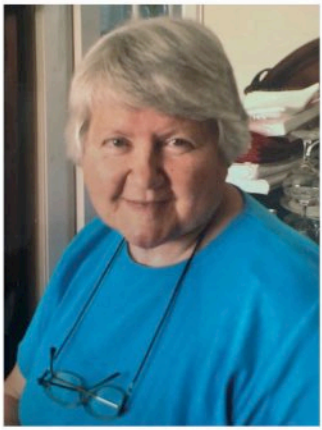
He married Joyce in 1983 and they spent many years climbing Scottish hills together. In 1987, Dunfermline College was amalgamated with Moray House College of Education and John became the head of the diploma courses working with Nev Crowther until he retired in 1992. In 2000, Nev Crowther, John and Pete Higgins published 'A History of Outdoor Education at Dunfermline College of Physical Education and Moray House College and Institute of Education, Edinburgh, 1970-2000', detailing the contribution of these institutes to outdoor education and the training of teachers in the field.

In later years John's main activity in the mountains was skiing, both ski

mountaineering and downhill. He held a BASI Level 1 ski instructor's award. In his seventies he became a keen cyclist spending several weeks with groups, cycling Alpine passes, including the Route des Grands Alps from Lake Geneva to Nice. He and Joyce also had many cycling tours in Europe covering long distances. Back in Scotland, he finished his Munros in 1997 and his Furths, those English, Welsh and Irish mountains over 3,000ft, in 2000. John had a lifelong love of mountains. He was an accomplished mountaineer, had an encyclopaedic knowledge of climbing and first ascents and an enviable collection of climbing books, including many first editions. With his mixture of intelligence, humour and modesty he will be fondly remembered, and missed, by his many friends.

Kate Ross

Inge Cochlin
1942 - 2020



Inge Cochlin.

Ingeborga Krystyna Cochlin (née Doubrawa) was born in Stanisławów, a town in the Ukraine then part of Poland. After the Soviet invasion of Ukraine in September 1939, when Stanisławów was returned to the Ukraine, her family had to flee into Poland, eventually settling in Warsaw. She spent her teenage years pursuing her love of mountaineering in her beloved Tatras mountains. Her first experiences of this beautiful Polish mountain range were with her father Emile and brother Ronald; they would spend large periods of the school holidays walking, scrambling and rock climbing on some of the most challenging routes in the Tatra, scaling the likes of Rysy (2501m), Jarząbczy Wierch (2137m), Kościelec (2155m), Kozi Wierch (2291m), Kasprowy Wierch (1987m), Giewont (1895m) and the formidable Mnich (2068m). They also completed the Orla Perć, a challenging trail that crosses many of the Tatra high points and includes via ferrata to help move up some of the trickier parts of the route.

Inga soon joined the Polski Związek Alpinizmu (PZA) through which she made many lifelong friends, some of whom went on to form the core group of climbers who led the great Polish Himalayan winter expeditions of the 1980s. Later she became secretary of the club and helped in the organisation of many of these climbs. It was with the PZA that she went further afield, heading to the Caucasus in Russia, although her impressive ascent of the highest point in Europe, Mount Elbrus (5642m), was marred by a tragic accident in which one of the climbers was killed and the rest of the

group, including the Russian minders, had to be airlifted off the mountain by helicopter.

Her love of the mountains continued when she moved to London in 1969 and met her husband Peter Cochlin, with whom she enjoyed a wonderful 50-year marriage and a family of two children. They spent every Easter in north Wales and using Capel Curig as their base, explored the wild valleys and stunning mountains of Snowdonia, sowing the seeds of adventure in their children who themselves have gone on to have a long relationship with the hills. Many winter holidays were also spent in the French and Italian Alps, creating treasured memories discovering these great mountains.

In the 1980s, Inga's Polish mountaineering friends began to set some spectacular records in the climbing world, with Andrzej Zawada leading a phenomenal series of winter first ascents in the Himalaya. Inga worked in the background in London, helping Zawada raise funds, find sponsors for the expeditions and offering hospitality to him and his colleagues when they needed to come to London to discuss plans with interested parties. Later on Inga helped to arrange lecture tours in the UK for Zawada and others, occasionally acting as an interpreter for those whose English wasn't particularly strong.

At around the same time she became associated with the Alpine Club (to which she was elected in 1992), the beginning of almost 20 years of involvement in the translation, writing and photo credits of many Polish language climbing articles, helping bring these great climbs to the attention of the English-speaking community. These included the first winter ascent of Everest in 1980 (*AJ* 1984, pp50-9), the expedition that saw Jerzy Kuckuczka and Andrzej Czok successfully climbing Dhaulagiri (8167m) in winter without oxygen, the first winter ascent of Cho Oyu (8188m) by Maciej Berbeka, Maciej Pawlikowski, Zyga Heinrich and Jerzy Kukuczka. Jerzy climbed all 14 8000m peaks, all but one by new routes or in winter. He was awarded an honorary Olympic silver medal at the Calgary winter games of 1988, all recorded in Inge's tribute (*AJ* 1990, pp32-4).

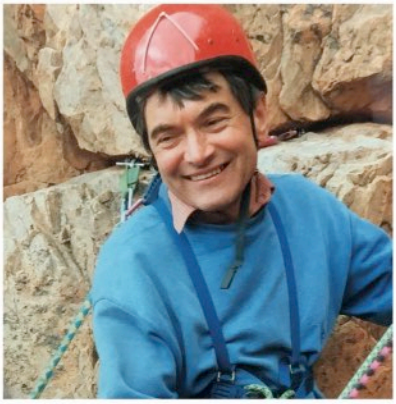
The Polish expedition successes continued with Wanda Rutkiewicz, Inge's old climbing partner from her time in the Tatras, where the Polish climbers developed their resilience for these challenging winter climbs. Wanda also relied on Ingeborga's translating work to bring her Himalayan achievements to the world. This included her ascent of Everest in 1978, being the first Pole as well as the first European woman to reach the summit and also her climb to the top of K2 (8611m) in 1986, becoming the first woman to reach the summit. In Inge's words, (*AJ* 1993, pp321-3), 'Wanda's main attributes were extreme powers of endurance, intelligence, determination, ambition, and passion for the mountains. Those were the characteristics that made her such a brilliant Himalayan climber.' Her life came to an end when she disappeared near the summit of Kangchenjunga in May 1992

Inga's support was also crucial at that time for the introduction of well-known Polish climbers to the Alpine Club, inviting them to stay at her house when they visited the UK, and taking them to meetings with publishers to

ensure their work was fully recognised by the climbing world. The tremendous work that Inga put into bringing the achievements of the great Polish climbing community of the 1980s will remain for future generations, but it was her great generosity, kindness and loyalty to family and friends for which she will be most remembered. She will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

Peter & Danny Cochlin

Claude Davies
1938 - 2019



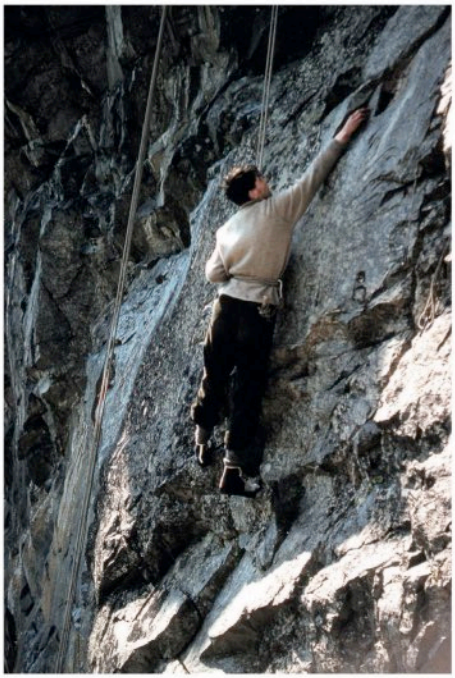
Claude Davies.

Claude was known to some as the author of the first climbers' guide to the Anti-Atlas in Morocco whilst others will know of him as the regular partner of Joe Brown on many great climbs in north Wales. They made a superbly balanced team with Claude the second who inspired his leader and best friend by his attention to detail especially in matters of safety. He was a multi-talented individual who achieved much in his professional life at the same time as being an enthusiastic golfer, fly-fisher (he and Joe were members of a syndicate that held beats on the Tweed, just east of Coldstream) and, above all, a mountaineer and rock climber.

He was educated at Salford Grammar School where he teamed up with Colin Andrews, the two of them taking to the crags of Llandudno's Great Orme for the dubious purpose of collecting birds' eggs. Fortunately, this led to an interest in rock climbing for its own sake. At that time Claude's best friend was Albert Finney, the Oscar-nominated actor and winner of BAFTA awards, who did not share his interest in such adventurous pursuits. They died within a few months of each other. After school he graduated in civil engineering at Manchester University.

Pete Turnbull recalls a tragic incident in 1953 that he believes had a profound effect on Claude and his whole approach to climbing. Pete, as part of one of Sid Cross's ad hoc Langdale rescue parties, participated in the recovery of a body following a fatal accident on the south-west face of Gimmer Crag. The victim had fallen almost the full height of the route after the rope was cut on a sharp flake, landing close to where Claude was watching. He was required to give evidence at the inquest in Ambleside.

Claude joined the Cromlech Club in 1954 at the age of 16 and remained a member until 2013, serving on its committee for some 17 years. He also



Claude Davies on the first ascent of *Vector* with Joe Brown.

In later years Claude joined Joe Brown on exploratory holidays, first in Spain then the Anti-Atlas of Morocco.

joined the Climbers' Club, becoming its treasurer and later vice president. Like many others he served his climbing apprenticeship on the gritstone crags of the Peak District before moving on to recording new routes mainly in Snowdonia where his tally was in excess of 50. Initially he climbed with a variety of friends, often as leader, but subsequently seconded Joe on a sequence of impressive routes, many becoming very popular classics amongst which *Vector* stands out, (*CCJ,* 2011, pp78-81). *Vector* continually changes direction as it seeks out the line of least resistance. Its perfect name comes from Claude who at the time of the first ascent was studying vectors for an exam.

Claude was a regular visitor to the Alps, usually with his wife Betty and their two boys. Nigel remembers childhood adventures with his father on idyllic campsites such as the one at Vicosoprano. With such luminaries as Ian McNaught-Davis, Jo 'Morty' Smith, Allan Austin, Trevor Jones and Les Brown, as well as Joe himself, Claude climbed a variety of routes such as the south-west face of the Dent du Géant, south face of the Tour Ronde, north face of the Königspitze, the *Yellow Edge* on the Cima Piccola and the *Cassin* on the north face of the Piz Badile. On the latter he and Morty stopped to assist two Germans, one of whom was seriously injured. They were only able to continue when the Germans were lifted off by helicopter.

Further afield he had two trips to Kenya, making an ascent of Mount

Kenya as well as doing a fair amount of rock-climbing in the Rift valley. Claude spoke fondly of two trips to the Wind River range in Wyoming where he greatly appreciated the unspoilt wilderness and 'backcountry' climbing of the Cirque of Towers. He made classic climbs such as Mitchell Peak's north face and Pingora's north-east face. Pete Turnbull remembers evening meals being supplemented with fresh trout caught by Claude and Joe.

I got to know Claude (and Joe) well when for one winter holiday in the early 1980s my wife Marjorie and I shared accommodation in Benidorm with Les Brown. We teamed up with them in various combinations exploring the mountain tracks of the Costa Blanca hinterland, which invariably involved treating the hire cars (thankfully they were old) as if they were off-roaders. Claude was the ringleader in this, never fearing the glutinous mud or the potentially sump-wrecking rocks we encountered all in the search for new crags or even just to get to a favourite mountain restaurant in double-quick time.

We were soon drawn into Joe and Claude's culture of keeping discoveries secret and not recording routes. Every now and then Claude would put together the accumulated knowledge and draw a map indicating the location of the various crags that they (it was usually them; they had much more time than us) had discovered. One particular obsession of theirs was the Castellets, a serrated knife-edge ridge some five or six kilometres in length with many sections involving technical climbing and a few airy (hairy?) abseils. Because of its length the completion of the ridge required many days and several holidays; the problems involving getting off the ridge and then returning for the next section were often quite formidable. A few of their routes eventually appeared in the Rockfax guides to the area and many years later Claude produced a mini guide describing all the routes that were done in this period. It was never intended for publication but he circulated it amongst his friends.

I am not sure how long this lasted but I certainly remember that by 1992 they had moved on to another idyll and each winter we were regaled with tales of a new climbing paradise in Morocco. Claude and Joe had started exploring the Anti-Atlas region near to the essentially desert town of Tafraout in the wake of Les Brown and Trevor Jones who had visited the area as a substitute for an Easter holiday in Wadi Rum, cancelled *force majeure* by the Gulf War. From then on, the hotel of Les Amandiers at Tafraout became the base for forays into the impressive mountains of the Jebel el Kest massif. So began a remarkable and significant period in British climbing, featuring a quite elderly bunch of grandparents. For more than 20 years they, with an expanding group of friends including Pete Turnbull, Derek Walker and Chris Bonington, developed many of the quartzite crags of the massif that were readily accessible from Tafraout, establishing the town as an important centre for traditional multi-pitch climbing. (The granite boulders in the immediate vicinity of Tafraout were ignored in the main.)

Early retirement allowed Claude to spend increasing periods of time at Les Amandiers and it could be said that he was the presiding spirit of the

team. He revelled in driving up the exciting un-metaled roads that gave relatively easy access to many of the crags. Claude's growing knowledge of the area along with the establishment of a new routes book in the hotel enabled him to produce *Climbing in the Moroccan Anti-Atlas,* (Cicerone, 2004). On retiring I joined them. Fitting in was made easy by Claude who knew all the staff of the hotel by name; British climbers were honoured guests who stayed for extended periods rather than one or two nights as did most of the visitors. The availability of the new guide inevitably attracted more and more climbers who made repeat ascents of the team's routes, some even pioneering routes of their own. New crags continue to be discovered especially on the north side of Jebel el Kest with the result that the Anti-Atlas is now a major attraction for climbers from all over Europe.

Claude was a consultant structural engineer who became a partner in the very successful company Shepherd and Gilmour that built hospitals, schools and bridges in the north of England. Maybe it was his civil engineering expertise that led to his involvement with the Old Man of Hoy TV extravaganza (1967) when he rigged up a cable from the summit of the stack to the mainland along which Hamish McInnes did a Tyrolean traverse. His professional advice was given freely to and much valued by the Climbers' Club with its large portfolio of old huts that constantly need attention. My experience of Claude was that he was extremely risk-averse (probably essential given his responsibilities) with a forensic eye for weaknesses. One amusing illustration of this was in Spain when I was admiring a large and, to me, impressive 10m wall of recent construction. However, Claude explained its defects to me and, with considerable relish, predicted its early demise. The following day, much to my amazement, this beautiful wall had collapsed becoming nothing but a heap of rubble.

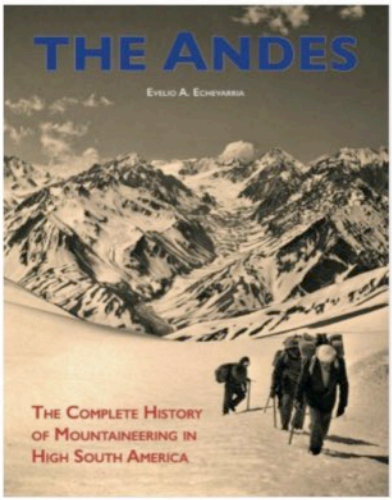
Claude's last visit to Tafraout with Pete Turnbull in 2010 marked the end of his climbing career. He continued to play golf and died on 31 August 2019 after a short illness. He was laid to rest in the beautifully situated grounds of St James' Church in Taxal, Derbyshire where he was born.

I am indebted to the following without whose considerable help the writing of this obituary would not have been possible: Betty and their son Nigel, Barry Grantham, hon secretary of the Cromlech Club and Pete Turnbull.

Mike Mortimer

Evelio A Echevarría
1926 - 2020

Evelio Abundio Caselli Echevarría, who was born in Santiago, Chile in 1926, was professor emeritus of Colorado State University. He climbed and studied amongst the Andes and the Rocky Mountains for some 65 years and researched both ranges, chronicling their known – and frequently unknown – histories from ancient times to the present. His own research activities included exploratory mountaineering. Both his academic and mountain books



Evelio A Echevarría.

and publications have appeared in several countries between 1950 and today. He was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1959, and much of his research and mountain travel has been described in his prodigious contributions to the *Alpine Journal* since then.

After high school Evelio served with the mountain artillery and ski troops until 1947. Then, in 1953, he migrated to the United States to work at the ski resort at Sun Valley, Idaho. He later travelled to San Diego, California where he married and embarked on a teaching career in foreign languages and world history. He eventually became a full professor at Colorado State University and retired, retaining emeritus status, in 1997.

His own climbing history spans the late 1940s to 2014. He made over 100 documented first ascents in South America, and named many mountains both in South America and the US. For decades, while living in the US, he journeyed to South America approximately 60 times to climb and gather research for his hundreds of articles, books and source guides that were appeared in publications around the world. His climbing was not focused on technical ascents but rather on peaks that had not previously been climbed, on gathering information and researching Andean legends and folklore for his written projects on the history of South American *andinismo*.

These climbs and research culminated in his 2019 magnum opus, *The Andes: The Complete History of Mountaineering in High South America* [Editor's note: see Reviews in this edition of the *Alpine Journal*]. The climbing history of these mountain ranges began in the late Stone Age and has covered a span of more than 15,000 years. *The Andes* is a climbing history that spans this timeframe, documenting the ascents of thousands of adventurous souls of all epochs: from unknown cavemen, hunters, Indians, grave-diggers and miners to explorers, scientists, surveyors, artists and, of course, modern climbers. This magisterial book is the outcome of over 30 years of tireless research into the history of the Andean mountains.

As Evelio explained, many of us do not fully appreciate the scale of the Andes, the longest mountain range in the world. With its highest summit just under 7,000m, the range is over 6,000km long: the distance from London to India. Many mountaineers dream of climbing above 6,000m in their lifetimes, but Chilean and Bolivian miners have permanently inhabited a

station at that height on the Uturunco and Aucanquilcha mountains. The highest roads in Europe and North America are lower than the highways that lead to La Paz (3622m), the capital of Bolivia. A Peruvian railway tunnel in Galeras crosses the Andes at 4,816m, nine metres higher than Mont Blanc in Europe. A non-asphalted highway, also in Peru, not far from the tunnel in Galeras, reaches 5,056m. But unusual Andean traits do not end there. The island of Tierra del Fuego in southernmost Chile carries more ice than all the Alps of Europe.

Evelio Echevarría was a man of incredible generosity, modesty and integrity. He was able to recall the heights in feet and metres of any high mountain in South America and the US and was an insatiable scholar of world history. His upcoming book (tentatively scheduled for 2021 release) on 'summit archaeology' (a term he coined himself) researches and describes the epic story of prehistoric ascents in the world's highest mountains. It will be published by Reidhead & Co.

One of the greatest South American mountain scholars and a major contributor to the records of the Club has passed.

Feilpe Echevarría

Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh 1921 - 2021

Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

His Royal Highness Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, died, aged 99, at Windsor Castle on 9 April 2021. He had been an honorary member of the Alpine Club since 1955. Probably his best-known contributions to outdoor adventure were the founding the Duke of Edinburgh's Award and being the inaugural president of the World Wildlife Fund (WWF). His passing was marked by voluminous media covering, often verging on the mawkish. It is not the intention of these notes to add to this, but merely to record his contribution to mountaineering in its widest sense.

In 1933, aged 12, relatives sent the Prince to the Schule Schloss for boys in Germany, where he met the man who had a seminal influence on his life: the headmaster, Kurt Hahn. This school was a testing ground for Hahn, who would later found the Outward Bound School in Aberdovey, Wales, and later the worldwide Outward Bound Trust.

Hahn believed that the 'awkward' teenage years could be eased by fostering physical fitness, initiative, imagination, craftsmanship, self-discipline and compassion. When Hahn, a German Jew, fled to Britain later in 1933, he founded Gordonstoun school in a stately home in Morayshire, and ran it in a similar fashion to the Schule Schloss. There was an emphasis on learning mountain and sea rescue, activities which Hahn believed encouraged teamwork and compassion. Philip became one of the first pupils at Gordonstoun. 'You were meant to suffer,' he (half) joked, later. 'It's good for the soul.'

In 1956, helped by Kahn and John Hunt, Prince Philip founded the Duke of Edinburgh's Award, a set of challenges initially for boys, extended to girls in 1958. Participants gain bronze, silver and gold awards by volunteering for community service, learning physical skills and going on an expedition, such as a mountain trek or a sailing trip. Over 2.5 million awards have now been awarded to people in more than 140 countries and territories. The Duke saw the awards as a sort of self-help scheme for growing up.

Sixty years ago, in 1961, the WWF was founded, and the Duke of Edinburgh was asked to be its voice as its first president. He held the position of president until the day he died, latterly as president emeritus.

The Duke was patron of the 1953 Everest Expedition, the 1955 Kangchenjunga Expedition and many others. In his foreword to Charles Evans' *The Untrodden Peak* (1956), the Duke wrote:

> *It was from start to finish a great adventure by a band of enthusiasts. With the support of their hard and skilful Sherpa companions, they tackled and overcame one of the most difficult problems in the Himalayas and, quite evidently, enjoyed almost every minute of it.*

On the return of the 1953 Everest Expedition a surge of public interest saw the publication of John Hunt's account *The Ascent of Everest,* a national lecture series, and film *The Conquest of Everest* gained significant acclaim and raise £100,000 in capital. From this, on the 3 February 1955, Sir John Hunt announced the establishment of the Mount Everest Foundation (MEF), its aim to encourage the 'exploration of the mountain regions of the Earth'. The Duke became a patron and trustee from the launch. Details of the origins of Outward Bound, the DoE Scheme and the MEF are discussed in Hunt's *Life is Meeting*, 1978, Hodder and Stoughton, and *The First Fifty Years of the BMC* (1997).

Many great events of the club have been celebrated honoured by a royal presence, starting with Everest climbed at the Royal Festival Hall in November 1953 with the Queen and the Duke. The Duke attended the 1955 Winter Dinner, celebrating Kangchenjunga at which he accepted the offer of honorary membership and, with the Queen, on 29 May 2013, at the Royal Geographical Society, 60 years to the day of the 1953 Everest ascent. The centenary of the formation of the Club was marked on 9 December 1957. His message to the assembled guests of the 150th anniversary dinner at

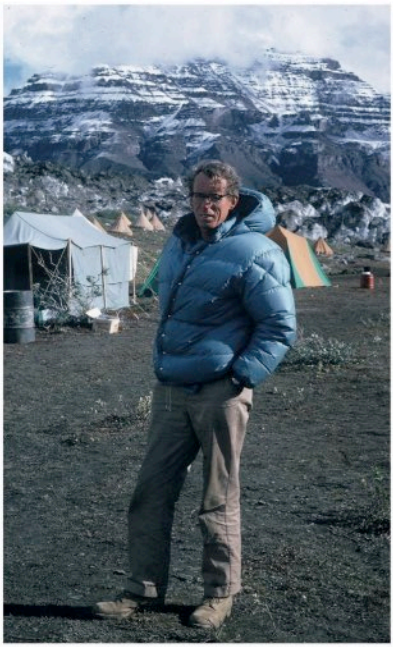
Lincoln's Inn is reproduced in the report in the *AJ* 2008, p158.

At a meeting with dentists, way back in 1960, he said he was well versed in 'dontopedalogy, the science of opening your mouth and putting your foot in it, a science which I have practiced for a good many years,' and he continued to practice, often amusingly and, I think for many of us, making us realise that behind the official presence was a real, warm, intelligent and often well-informed person.

The country has been fortunate that the Queen has had a steadfast partner throughout her long reign and through many family sadnesses, even tragedies. Many organisations have benefitted from the Duke's support and sense of duty, perhaps none more than the great outdoors, through his support of his awards scheme, the MEF, Outward Bound and the WWF. Our Club has been enriched and honoured by his membership.

Roderick A Smith

David Fisher
1927 - 2020



David Fisher.

David Robin Fisher died on 1 July 2020 in Vancouver, Canada, at the age of 92. He began his climbing career as a prominent member of the post-Second World War generation of British climbers then immigrated to Canada where he became a highly influential figure in the Alpine Club of Canada (ACC). Henry Hall, proposing David for membership of the American Alpine Club, described him as a 'died-in-the-wool mountaineer' but David's legacy is nonetheless as much about his behind-the-scenes work on behalf of the climbing world as it is about his own climbing exploits.

David was born in London in 1927. An energetic and adventurous child, he seemed destined for a life in the mountains. In the decade following the War he climbed continuously in Wales, the Lake District, and Scotland, including winter climbs on Ben Nevis and in the Cairngorms. In this period David completed his military service (1946-8), which was spent mainly in Germany in the Army of Occupation. In spare time he also took gliding lessons from ex-Luftwaffe pilots, paying with cigarettes. He started climbing

Marnie Gilmour, centre, and her future husband David Fisher.

in the Swiss Alps in 1947, his first outing being up the Matterhorn with the guide Emile Perron. He also joined trips to Tasch in 1947 and Kleine Scheidegg in 1948 that the AC sponsored as a way to encourage a British climbing renaissance, many climbers having been killed during the war.

After his military service, David attended Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he was an active member of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club (CUMC). David was one of the first undergraduates – along with Cambridge's Roger Chorley and Chris Simpson – to join the Alpine Club, in 1951. Summers were spent on classic routes in the French Alps, often in the company of George Band, Roger Chorley, Ted Wrangham, Geoffrey Sutton, and Ian McNaught-Davis. These included the south-west ridge of the Aiguille du Fou, the Aiguille de Roc and Roc-Grépon traverse, the *Ryan-Lochmatter* on the Aiguille du Plan, the complete traverse of the Aiguilles du Diable, the first British ascent, with John Streetly, of the east ridge of the Dent Du Crocodile in 1952), and the traverse of the Meije. On a more whimsical note, in 1953 David was on the first party to summit the Three Peaks within 24 hours, climbing Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike, and Snowdon, with Ted Wrangham's Jaguar helping speed things along between peaks, the same Jaguar in which David was Ted's co-driver in the 1954 Monte Carlo rally.

David liked speed. John Brownsort recalled travelling to north Wales with him on David's motorbike. 'He was very safe but I on the pillion was terrified. I remember powering through Oxfordshire villages at dead of night hanging on like grim death.' Ian McNaught-Davis told an amusing story from those days rock climbing in Wales: 'Dave really saved my life when I fell off Clogwyn D'ur Arddu. I fell through the air the full length of the rope, which was about 120 feet long. I remember hearing someone screaming as I fell at ever increasing speed. I automatically thought that Dave had lost his nerve but it turned out he hadn't and it was me making all the noise. Anyway, we both got away with it.'

The major expedition of David's Cambridge years was to Rakaposhi (7788m) in the Karakoram of Pakistan in 1954, an expedition awarded the Mount Everest Foundation's first ever grant of £1,000. The other members of this CUMC party were George Band, Roger Chorley, Ted Wrangham, George Fraser and the leader Alfred Tissières. This was in effect two expeditions, if you include the 44-day drive from London to Rawalpindi, with many curious places and people navigated along the way. As recounted in Band's book *Road to Rakaposhi,* the Cambridge climbers survived a cornice breaking and managed to open up the route that would ultimately lead to the summit but were themselves denied the first ascent due to bad weather, having to descend in a snowstorm. Mike Banks and Tom Patey made the summit in 1958.

In 1955 David left Britain to see the world. His last contribution was to organise the packing for that year's Kangchenjunga expedition, when George Band and Joe Brown made the first ascent. In gratitude for his work, David was presented with a mounted piece of rock from the summit. This was to be emblematic of David's climbing life: not always making the summit himself but being rewarded for his invaluable support to those who did.

After crossing the Atlantic on the Queen Mary, David headed to Alaska to join an expedition led by Brad Washburn, thanks to an introduction from Charles Evans. The goal was to complete the survey network for a large-scale map of the Denali region. This trip included a first ascent by David and Brad of Mount Dickey (2909m), a mountain that has one of the tallest rock walls in the world at about a mile high. David and Brad stayed in touch for decades and a series of Washburn's famed black and white photographs of Alaskan mountains always found a place on the wall as David travelled from home to home.

David landed next in Toronto, Canada, where he began his civil engineering career with Proctor and Redfern and in 1956 became a founding member of the reformed Toronto section of the ACC, which had been dormant for over 20 years. He met his future wife Marnie Gilmour at a climbing social event. Marnie knew that David had fallen for her when he volunteered to carry her pack to a high camp when they were together at the ACC's 1956 mountaineering camp. They were married in June of 1957.

In the fall of 1956 David led the first climbs, with Marnie and another climbing couple, on a major rock face in what became Bon Echo Provincial

All the talents. The 1954 Rakaposhi team, photographed at base camp in the Kerengi valley. From left to right: George Band (1929-2011), first ascent of Kangchenjunga and president of the Alpine Club; George Fraser, Winchester and King's College, Cambridge, who drove back from Rakaposhi with Band, and disappeared near the summit of Ama Dablam in 1959; David Fisher; Gen Mian Hayaud Din (1910-1965), chief of staff of the Pakistani army who perished when the inaugural PIA flight to London crashed on landing at Cairo airport; Ted Wrangham (1928-2009), landowner, local politician and netsuke collector; Roger Chorley (1930-2016), Gonville & Caius, Cambridge, accountant, public servant and president of the Alpine Club; Alfred Tissières (1917-2003), the distinguished molecular biologist who worked with James Watson at Harvard.

Park. As chair of the Toronto section (1960-3), David was closely involved in leasing the land and building the cabin that created the base for what remains a prized North American climbers' cliff: Mazinaw Rock. For a celebration of his 80th birthday, one of his climbing friends from the Bon Echo days, Jim White, praised David as a tireless servant of the ACC from the largest to the smallest of scales: 'the table that Dave designed and built for the cabin at Bon Echo has been in service for 44 years and is as sturdy now as it was when it was first put together.'

Beyond rock climbing in Ontario and the Shawangunks, David attended every ACC general mountaineering camp in western Canada between 1956 and 1972 bar three that coincided with his wedding to Marnie, the birth of their first child and the death of Marnie's father. In this period he also had two seasons (1961-2) in the Cariboo mountains of British Columbia that included five first ascents.

After 1972, the focus shifted away from ACC camps to adventures with Marnie and their three children, including a 1973 season in the Rockies that involved hikes and climbs from stays at several ACC huts; regular trips

to the Montreal Section's Keene Farm hut in the Adirondack mountains; a 1976 season in the Yukon that also involved an elaborate float plane expedition into a remote mountain range in the Northwest Territories and a trip to Europe in 1977 which introduced the children to the French and Swiss Alps. When the children were older, David returned to some outings of his own, including a 1978 climbing trip to the Peruvian Andes and a 1984 ACC trip to hike over the Chilkoot pass from Alaska into the Yukon and paddle down the Yukon river.

In 1964 David began an intense eight-year period on the ACC board, culminating in being president from 1970-2. He played an instrumental role in modernising the club, with a new constitution and by-laws. During his time as president he oversaw the relocation of the ACC clubhouse from Banff to Canmore, Alberta. In a letter from Marnie to David's parents penned after the end of his presidency, she wrote: 'He is still very involved with the building of the clubhouse and keeps getting calls from Banff and Calgary about various problems that arise. He is really the only one who has all the details involved at his fingertips.' Mastery of detail was David's strength.

A major highlight of David's life was his coordination of the ACC's 1967 Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition (YACE), which demanded everything of his extraordinary skills as a planner, organiser, and mountaineer. Perhaps the largest single expedition ever undertaken in the history of mountaineering, it involved 250 climbers and 26 first ascents in dramatic and remote regions of the St Elias range in Yukon Territory. It consisted of three phases. First was the first ascent of Good Neighbour Peak (4791m) on the Yukon-Alaska border, by a combined Canadian-American team in celebration of the joint centenaries of Canada's confederation and the US purchase of Alaska. The second phase targeted 13 unclimbed mountains in what was dubbed the Centennial Range, the highest mountain named Centennial Peak (3755m) and the remaining ones named for each of the 10 provinces and two territories that existed in 1967, attempts on all of which were made from three separate glacier camps. The third phase was a mountaineering camp located beside the surging Steele glacier. Lord John Hunt, leader of the 1953 first ascent of Mount Everest, was present for a fortnight at the Steele glacier camp. The expedition is memorialized in the book *Expedition Yukon,* edited by Marnie.

David maintained lifetime memberships of the AC and the ACC, was an early member of the Alpine Climbing Group, and had lengthy memberships in the Climbers' Club (1951-2006) and the American Alpine Club (1956-1983). In recognition of his many contributions to the ACC, David was awarded the Silver Rope for Leadership in 1958, the Distinguished Service Award in 1970, and the A O Wheeler Legacy Award in 1995, among other recognitions of his service.

In 1989, David retired and moved with Marnie to Canada's west coast so they could live in a maritime climate and be closer to long-time climbing friends. They had a variety of adventures in their senior years, as well as annual trips to the family cottage in north Wales, where they and friends

continued to get out for hikes and scrambles on the peaks. David also never lost contact with his British climbing associates, enjoying visits and climbs with them in Canada, as well as meeting up regularly in the UK. Reunions he attended included a gathering for the 50th anniversary of the Rakaposhi climb and the dinner for the 150th anniversary of the AC. David was a great friend to climbers everywhere.

Andy & Lynne Fisher

Gerald Franklin
1928 - 2021

Gerald Franklin.

Gerald Franklin had a modest record as a hill walker but was a tenacious historian of the Tuckett family of Frenchay, Bristol. His connection with mountaineering was evidenced by his interest in Frank Tuckett, one of the great figures of the Golden Age, a pioneer mountain scientist and vice president of the Alpine Club 1866-8.

Gerald was born into an army family in Richmond, Yorkshire on 10 June 1928 and had an itinerant life following his father's postings. He was never settled for long during his schooling, eventually himself joining the army in the immediate post-war period. He spent most of his service in the Far East.

His working life was spent in the gas industry as an area manager in the south-west. His interest in mountaineering involved many summers travelling hut-to-hut over passes and easy peaks in Austria. Later he, and his wife Jill were awarded length of membership medals of the UK section of the Austrian Alpine Club.

Gerald married Jill in 1969 and they shared a long and happy marriage. For 15 years they spent several months in New Zealand each year, where they transcribed the New Zealand journals and letters of Frederick Tuckett (1807-76) held by the University of Otago, Dunedin. These he turned into a book, which has been of great benefit to researchers. Frederick led an extremely active and interesting life as a surveyor, in the course of which he participated in the early development of Dunedin.

The rather complex interrelations of several Quaker families – the Tucketts, the Fox family of Wellington and the Howards of Tottenham – are laid out in a family tree by Rosemary Greenwood great-grandaughter of Francis Tuckett in *A Mountaineering Heritage*, (*AJ* 1994, pp169-81). Geoffrey Howard, nephew of Frank, provided an account of his memories of being part of this remarkable family in 'A Mountaineering Family' (*AJ* 1945, pp134-44).

In 2013, the local museum at Frenchay organised events to mark the centenary of Frank Tuckett's death. The Alpine Club offered to help with material from the Club's collection and a team led by Hywel Lloyd helped by Gerald put on a highly successful exhibition. This event led to Gerald becoming an associate member of the Club in 2013, of which he was extremely proud.

Gerald's output was huge and detailed, covering mostly the Tuckett and Fox families. He began transcribing all the original material he could find. His dedication and hard work led to the production of booklet after booklet, on subjects as diverse as the Tuckett girls' holiday in Falmouth, Frederick Tuckett's travels in Europe and New Zealand in the 19th century and, of course, the family's many Alpine journeys. Much of his work can be found on the Internet: the Frenchay Museum and the Frenchay Tuckett Society have details. Gerald's contributions to both organisations will be missed but gratefully remembered.

Alan Freke & Roderick A Smith

Egil Fredriksen
1942 - 2020

Egil Fredriksen.

Egil Fredriksen was born in 1942 in Oslo. Although he was a born artist, the door to the Norwegian Academy of the Arts was narrow and Egil did not have the patience to wait. Instead, he became a skilled engineer and led a number of major projects, both in Norway and abroad. Together with Kari, he built a home in Røa and had three children, Kristin, Cecilie and Eivind. But life and love are unpredictable. On assignment in St Petersburg, an older Egil fell helplessly in love with Nadja. She returned with him to Norway and became a support and joy to him into old age.

As a young man, Egil was an active diver. Later, he converted to rock climbing and quickly became a safe and good athlete in another dangerous sport. His efforts and commitment to climbing peaks led him to leadership in Kolsås Climbing Club and later in the Norwegian Alpine Club. In the latter he was chairman of the board for 14 years and did a great job for the club. For this he was proposed as an honorary member but his election was not yet confirmed before his death.

In recent years, Egil had been active in an anarchist group of retired mountain people who humorously call themselves the Norwegian Geriatric Climbing Company. In that context we were able to enjoy his warmth and friendship. Egil never bragged about his own achievements but was exceptionally generous in giving recognition to the rest of us. He regularly brought something good to the joint coffee gathering, and he surprised most

of us with an oil-painted portrait. The cancer to which he succumbed was discovered too late for him to be cured. He died on 9 August, aged 78. Many of us miss his warmth and his never-failing attention and concern for those who were fortunate enough to be close to him. His happy laughter resonated at the climbing wall. When we close our eyes, we can still hear it.

Ralph Høibakk

Alan Harris
1920 - 2020

Alan Harris.

My father, Alan Harris, fell in love with mountains in his teens, when he went walking on his own in Norway during May 1939. My early exposure to this passion was a trip when I was five or six up a cold foggy Italian mountain, when we were living in Rome – possibly in the massif Gran Sasso d'Italia. In a local paper interview in 1988 he said he'd been climbing mountains for 50 years: 'It's just a hobby. I'm not one of those who hangs on by his eyelids.' Quite an understatement – the paper did describe him as a mountaineering enthusiast.

Alan was born on 14 December 1920 and died on 17 July 2020, aged 99. From October 1946 until he retired in 1980 Alan worked for British European Airways (BEA), later British Airways (BA), working his way up from management trainee to senior manager. He ended up in the airline business as a result of his wartime service in the RAF. Having trained as a navigator in South Africa, he was preparing to fly bombers over Germany when, by chance, he was seconded to civilian flying with BOAC. He started active duty in January 1944, navigating flying boats out of Poole harbour to Gibraltar, Cairo and the Persian Gulf, then, from 1945, as the war progressed, further east to India. That change probably saved his life and led to him having a fatalistic streak.

Alan's passion for mountains continued throughout his life, especially when he had more time, both before and after retirement from BA. As a member of the BA walking group he went up Mount Kenya, to the Dolomites, the Pyrenees and all over the British Isles. David Barnard, a fellow BA walker, wrote after Alan died: 'His energy, sprightliness, sense of humour and remarkable resourcefulness in every situation saved the day on many of the excursions.' Another BA walker, Andrew Heighton, recalled: 'one particularly memorable occasion was in the Italian Dolomites when our descent was foiled by the steeply rounded nose of a melting glacier – and we had only ice axes, no crampons. To continue was infeasible – would have been a very long and extremely fast and uncontrolled slide which would

certainly cause injury. After the usual discussion about options, Alan set off traversing between crevasses – quite scary. We followed till we reached shade and safe snow, even as the light started to fade.'

Alan walked in the Himalaya, New Zealand, California and elsewhere but his spiritual home was Monte Rosa in the Italian Alps. He and my mother Alison first went mountain walking there in 1973. They had decided to walk round Monte Rosa, influenced by Freya Stark's *Traveller's Prelude: An Autobiography* (J Murray, 1950), which talks about her time there, and by Robinson, who knew the area. They made two trips that year. On the first, Alan said, 'we were absolute greenhorns in the Alps'; by the end of the second, 'we had almost become mountaineers.' This was the start of many Alpine walking trips, from the Alpi Maritime to Triglav in Slovenia.

Alan visited Monte Rosa over a dozen times, the last three with my wife Margaret and me. After our first visit together in 2010, he said, 'Life began again in 1973, with Monte Rosa!' In 2012, at 91, Alan led a group of family and friends to the Rifugio Zamboni-Zappa (2066m) for lunch, across a glacier and its moraines and steep paths. On our last visit, in 2014, Alan was no longer able to do that part of the walk or manage the chairlifts but was still intoxicated by the mountains.

Alan was a member of the Italian Alpine Club (CAI) from 1974. This proved to be of enormous benefit in 1989 when he and a friend were stranded overnight near Monte Rosa, and helicoptered to safety the following morning – at no charge. Alan's account (*AJ* 1991, pp126-8) appeared as 'A Night in a Hole in the Ground'. Another walk in Italy in 1990 was recounted in 'Days in the Alpi Apuane', (*AJ* 1992, pp125-31).

He was elected a full member of the Alpine Club in 1987. That trip to Norway in 1939 was the first expedition on his list supporting the application for membership. His proposer was a family friend, W L 'Robin' Robinson, for whom Alan wrote an obituary (*AJ* 1993, pp337-8). Between 1973 and 1985 Robinson accompanied my parents on nine mountain holidays in the Alps.

Alan loved walking, not only in the mountains. He completed the whole of the South West Coast Path in his seventies and eighties and the West Somerset Coast Path at 90. He was active in the Dorset Ramblers, surveying footpaths and rights of way. He was also a zealous theatregoer, music-lover and bookworm, gaining an Open University degree after retirement. He was politically active – a lifelong socialist, trade unionist, campaigner against nuclear weapons, for the natural environment, better state education, and for much more.

Alan lived a long and full life. Mountains were his inspiration but he inspired so many people with his enthusiasm, positivity, and sense of humour.

John Harris

Hamish MacInnes
1930 - 2020

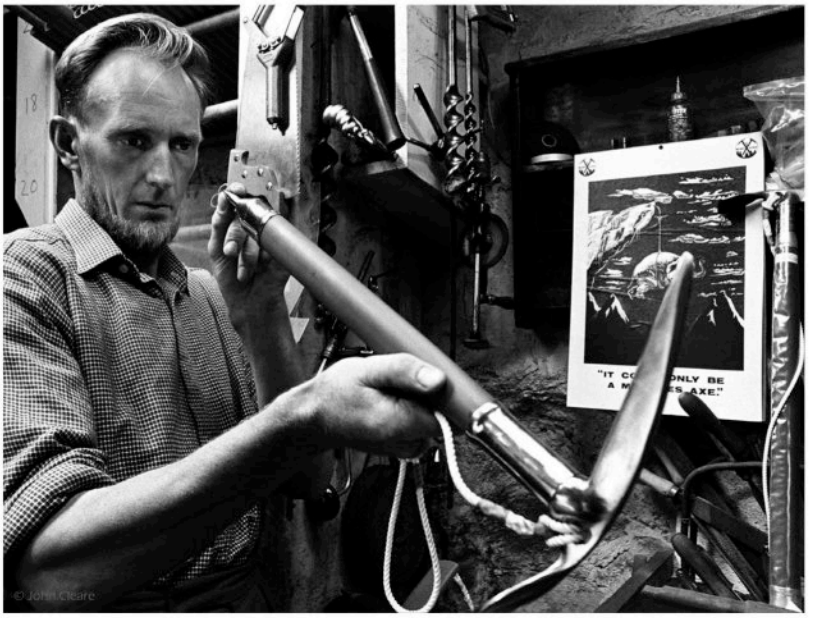
The Old Fox of Glen Coe has gone to earth. He was 90 and had been ill so his death was hardly unexpected, though still not easy to accept, for Hamish was an institution. To both mountain-goers and the media, he was indeed The MacInnes of Glen Coe. As one senior Alpine Club member put it: 'It seems that the very cornerstones of British post-war climbing have vanished into history.'

Tall and lean with a gravelly voice and a sharp sense of humour, Hamish was a singular man, a bit of a rebel perhaps, at times even a tearaway who scorned red tape and its purveyors but knew how to enjoy himself. He was also a polymath: an inventor, a brilliant innovative engineer, an explorer, a photographer, a filmmaker, a teacher, an author, a novelist (of whodunnits with a Highlands flavour), and a well-read intellectual who collected classical music and sang Irish rebel songs. Oh, and a powerful mountaineer of world renown.

Our friendship dated to 1959; he'd come south to lecture driving his souped-up Traveller – the fastest Morris Minor in Britain he claimed – and we hit it off when he discovered I was a photography student who drove a 1937 Aero Morgan. We had a meal together and planned a trip to Peru and while it never happened we became friends and thereafter a trip to the Highlands was rarely complete without a visit to Hamish. He dabbled in performance cars, which he was able to repair and tune himself, and he eventually graduated to E-Type Jaguars, of which at one time he owned several. He drove fast on empty Highland roads and, always a practical fellow, once told me with a chuckle that his deep freeze was always well stocked with road-kill venison.

Hamish was an ideas man with a roving mind and free with his advice. After his head injury on the Dru in 1958, and only too aware of the discomfort of the miner's helmet then available, he prescribed a specific make of stout gamekeeper's flat hat, its crown padded with a thick layer of a special industrial wadding. He even told me where to obtain the stuff. Its efficacy was confirmed when in 1960 Smythe and I survived a serious stone-fall barrage on the Charmoz. Years later when I complained that the then state-of-the-art pile jackets were never long enough, he pointed me at a little old lady in Peterhead who made them to measure for fishermen at half the price; mine did me proud to over 7,000m and it's still going strong. For many years Hamish and his wife lived in Allt-na-reigh, a single-story cottage and barn, once the local roadman's abode, on the roadside halfway down the Glen. A small wind turbine stood behind the building while a clever hydroelectric system harnessed the burn in the steep gully behind where also stood, hidden from prying eyes, the bothy of the Rannoch Club.

Hamish was born in Gatehouse of Fleet, Kirkcudbrightshire but a Highlander by descent and proudly British. His father was a veteran of the First World War and the Shanghai Police. By the end of Second World War the



An eye for design. Hamish MacInnes in the workshop where he revolutionised ice climbing and perfected the MacInnes Stretcher. The calendar reads: 'It could only be a MacInnes axe.' *(John Cleare)*

family were living in Greenock. As a teenager Hamish displayed a precocious mechanical bent and actually built a legally roadworthy car. He also persuaded a friendly neighbour, an experienced climber, to take him to the mountains on his motorbike and teach him enough of the basic techniques to enable him to climb the Matterhorn aged 16. Later, using his own bicycle, he roamed the Arrochar Alps and fell in with the hard men of the Creag Dhu with whom he climbed serious routes on the Cobbler and elsewhere, and although never a formal member of the club, for many years was often associated with its doings.

When the army fortuitously posted him to Erwald in Austria during his national service, he found himself billeted in the home of an elderly guide. These were happy days and he would slope off climbing at every opportunity, sometimes with a group of Munich climbers (among them a couple of young SS veterans), with whom he climbed several routes in the Dolomites. Thus it was that he first encountered pitons, and with his engineer's mind eagerly embraced the techniques of aid climbing, useful experience as it turned out, although back in Scotland he was for many years to endure the rather scathing sobriquet 'MacPiton'.

Returning from one climbing trip with badly frostbitten fingers, a serious military offence, he steadfastly refused the army's then standard cure – the knife – thus compounding the felony, but by the time a court martial had been organised the fingers had healed, as he knew they would. The MO was

not amused. Hamish retained his streak of stoicism and disdain for authority throughout his life.

Another incident from this period pointed to his future. Hit by rock fall high on the Zugspitze, one of his two German companions, a woman, suffered a traumatic head injury. Slinging her on his back, Hamish abseiled to safer ground below the tourist cable car, which the conductor, having seen the accident, had halted. Then, still carrying the casualty, he climbed the tall support pylon to reach the gondola where a neurosurgeon happened to be among the passengers. The woman survived. Years later he wrote:

> *On an exacting rescue one lives at a higher pitch than usual when risks must be taken that would not normally be contemplated. Only too often it is a fight for life: there is nothing more satisfying than the successful evacuation of a critically injured person on a highly technical rescue …*

Back in Scotland MacInnes was soon noticed as a bold, even cunning performer on both rock and ice and he started to amass a prodigious number of first ascents throughout the Highlands and Islands, continuing to do so for almost 40 years. Notable in 1953 were first winter ascents of formidable *Crowberry Ridge Direct* and *Raven's Gully* on the Buachaille, surmounting the crux of each bootless in stockinged feet and belayed by the then aspirant Chris Bonington. *Raven's Gully* was then the hardest winter route in Scotland. In 1957 he made his seventh and finally successful attempt on the fearsome *Zero Gully,* the first grade V on the Ben, partnered by Tom Patey wearing 10-point crampons and Graeme Nicol in nailed boots. Hamish was using his Austrian 12-point crampons. By now he was armed with the famous 'Message', an all-steel hammer-pick made for him by a friendly welder. The tool was inspired by his recovery of three climbers killed on an early *Zero Gully* attempt when their wooden axe-shaft belays snapped.

For many years the first winter traverse of the Cuillin Ridge had tantalised ambitious Scottish climbers, a commitment involving some 3,000m of ascent over eight miles and demanding rare weather conditions. Over the years Hamish had made several fruitless attempts but in 1965 he struck lucky and with Tom Patey, Davie Crabb and Brian Robertson completed the expedition in two hard days. Patey described it as 'the greatest single adventure in British mountaineering'.

Hamish had been instructing for the Mountaineering Association for a couple of years when he moved into Allt-na-reigh in 1959 with his new bride, Catherine, a climber and GP to whom he remained married for 11 years. From there the highly successful Glen Coe School of Mountaineering was born in partnership with Ian Clough, also a Glen Coe resident, providing in due course useful employment to some of the best climbers in Scotland, men like Dougal Haston, Rusty Baillie and Allen Fyffe.

Meanwhile Hamish did not neglect larger mountains. Soon after the *Raven's Gully* ascent he bought a £10 immigrant's passage to New Zealand where he met up with Johnny Cunningham, a Creag Dhu chum, and set

off for Nepal where, visa-less, permit-less and on a shoestring budget, they planned to attempt Everest using supplies abandoned the previous autumn by the Swiss. Reaching base camp in July 1953 they found their efforts pre-empted by Messrs Hillary and Tenzing, but they did reach 6,700m on still-virgin Pumori close by.

He was back in New Zealand in 1956 where his exploits, including his first ascent of Mount Cook's Bowie ridge are still remembered, before setting off for the Karakoram to join Mike Banks' team attempting Rakaposhi (7788m). The following season he attempted the Eigerwand with Bonington before setting off to hunt yeti in Lahaul. Back in the Alps, the first British ascent of the *Bonatti Pillar* on the Dru in 1958 proved an epic. Climbing with Whillans, Bonington and Paul Ross, and joined by two Austrians, Hamish's skull was fractured by a falling rock. Fighting continuously to remain conscious, Hamish endured four bivouacs and a storm to complete the climb. Hence the flat cap. On the Grandes Jorasses in 1959, partnered by Whillans, John Streetly and Les Brown, he climbed the Walker Spur, just hours after Robin Smith and Gunn Clark had, unknown to them, made the first British ascent. These were milestones in British alpinism and Hamish was elected to the ACG in 1960 and was later the Group's president. However, when the SMC conferred honorary membership ten years later there were several objections that he was a 'professional' who used pitons and manufactured ice axes.

Another measure of the man was evidenced in 1961 during his first of his two visits (the second in 1970) to the Soviet Caucasus. Climbing with George Ritchie and two Russians and carrying food for a planned three days, he traversed Shkhelda (4318m), an expedition demanding sustained rock and ice climbing for – in the event – 13 days along an unremitting pinnacle ridge, continuously above 4,000m somewhere described as a cross between the Dolomites and the Himalaya. Always sparse, Hamish lost 20lb on the climb. While he enjoyed a good dinner, Hamish could be frugal with mountaineering rations. When in 1966 we set off together to film the Matterhorn north face, I discovered Hamish had filled any spare space in my car with packets of cornflakes. 'Unappetising maybe, but filling and lightweight,' he explained.

Ever restless, MacInnes made some two dozen expeditions over the years, typically low-key adventures, often with friends like Brown, Whillans, Chouinard and others, not always chasing summits but as likely hunting for yeti or prospecting for Inca gold. One more publicised trip in 1973 set out to climb the 550m prow of Roraima, the so-called 'Lost World' mesa astride the Guyana-Venezuela frontier where the problems, beside difficult aid climbing, involved battling the unpleasant fauna inhabiting this vertical jungle.

Hamish also returned to Everest, twice in 1972, first with Scott and Whillans as *Gastbergsteiger* on Herrligkoffer's abortive south-west face expedition, then in the post-monsoon slot with Bonington's British attempt. Three years later he was Bonington's deputy leader on the successful climb, but was avalanched and forced to descend to lower altitudes with damaged lungs.

Hamish MacInnes prospecting new ground on Buachaille Etive Mòr. *(John Cleare)*

Not merely a man of action, MacInnes was a fine photographer and cameraman, though tragically much of his early archive was destroyed in a fire at Allt-na-reigh. He made numerous films for various Scottish television channels and the BBC. Best known nationally were the live BBC broadcasts from the Matterhorn's summit, which we made in 1965 (*AJ* 2015, pp177-84), from the Old Man of Hoy in 1967 (*AJ* 2017, pp197-208) and from *Spiders Web* on Craig Gogarth in 1970, where his engineering prowess enabled us to use large colour television cameras from the most unlikely eyries.

His reputation for 'cliff-side engineering' grew, especially after 1974 when we worked together on Clint Eastwood's *Eiger Sanction*. After a climbing fatality early on in filming, Hamish flew out to take charge of safety. He forbade work on the Eiger unless the freezing level was right. The spectacular fall he devised for the naive but ever-trusting Eastwood, safely executed above the Eigerwand's 1,000m drop, appeared so frightening that none of us real climbers would have happily repeated it. Hollywood claimed it was the most difficult stunt ever filmed. Thereafter Hamish was in demand by film and television producers to arrange hazardous stunts and he was instrumental in such productions as *Highlander* with Sean Connery, *The Mission* with Robert de Niro and *Five Days One Summer* for Fred Zinnemann, and even a Monty Python film shot virtually in his Glen Coe backyard.

His lasting legacy however is his less publicised contribution to mountain safety for which the outdoor public are deeply indebted. Working in the drafty workshop at Allt-na-reigh, Hamish developed his famous Message into the world's first all-metal ice axe, which went into production in the mid 1960s and must have saved a few lives. Its successor, the Terrordactyl, with a radically inclined pick, allowed and inspired an incredible advance in winter climbing standards. On Everest in 1971 our prototype 'Terrors' were pooh-poohed by the expedition's European prima donnas. By contrast, during his 1970 Caucasus foray, Hamish's Russian hosts had been so impressed by his first ascent of Pic Shchurovsky's daunting north face, made possible only by their use, that within a year they were marketing their own copies.

More important perhaps was his founding in 1961 of the Glencoe Mountain Rescue Team, which he led for 30 years. Along with the team, he developed new methods of working with the police and RAF and navy helicopter crews, techniques now applied even in Cornwall. A helicopter pad graces

the large garden at his self-built house in the lower glen. Personal experience prompted his invention and development of a revolutionary range of mountain rescue gear, notably the lightweight MacInnes Stretcher which folds so it's portable, is sturdy for cliff lowering and can trundle across bog and moorland on a single bike wheel. Used by the military, it sells widely abroad. Such developments were complemented by his definitive *International Mountain Rescue Handbook,* published in 1972 and in print ever since. With Eric Langmuir of Glenmore Lodge, Hamish set up the Scottish Avalanche Information Service in 1993.

After a fact-finding exchange with Swiss mountain rescue organisations, Hamish and Catherine founded the Search and Rescue Dog Association, which ran its first annual four-day course for dogs and their handlers in Glen Coe in the winter of 1965 and has been going strong ever since. Commissioned by a national magazine to photograph the exercise, I was concerned to find my then fiancée being buried in a bivy bag in a snow grave in a high corrie and then abandoned. But we both trusted Hamish enough to know she would eventually be located by the dogs and 'rescued', all in a good cause. I was impressed and despite much initial scepticism dogs have proved their worth many times. Today search dogs can be called on from Dartmoor to Durness. As his close friend Tom Patey wrote:

Deceased on the piste, or deranged on the schist,
Maimed on the mountain, marooned in the mist,
Dead or dismembered, the victim is found
By Hamish MacInnes' Merciful Hound.

Besides *Climb to the Lost World,* covering the Roraima expedition, and his several self-published novels, Hamish's best-known books concern mountain rescue: the *Handbook* is mentioned above, there was *Call Out,* describing adventures with the Glencoe team, *The Price of Adventure* and *The Mammoth Book of Mountain Disasters.* Not surprisingly, with his encyclopaedic knowledge of Scotland's mountains, he also tried his hand at guidebooks, his revolutionary, two-volume *Scottish Climbs* was published by Constable in 1971 and *Scottish Winter Climbs* 10 years later. Essentially pictorial, each route was described by several full-page black and white photographs – unfortunately poorly reproduced – with a few brief words of route description. They were much criticised and it took another 30 years and digital reproduction before the photo-guide format came of age.

Having given up serious climbing by his mid eighties, and settling down to a more relaxed lifestyle, an inept diagnosis of the effects of an acute urinary infection led to his enforced incarceration in a psychiatric hospital. Fifteen months later, after several escape attempts, the diagnosis was overturned and Hamish returned home embittered by a disgraceful episode, only to find his memory had vanished. To reboot his mind, as it were, he immersed himself in his extensive archives, his thousands of photographs and his hundreds of feet of film, re-reading the books he had written, in due

course successfully reconstructing his past.

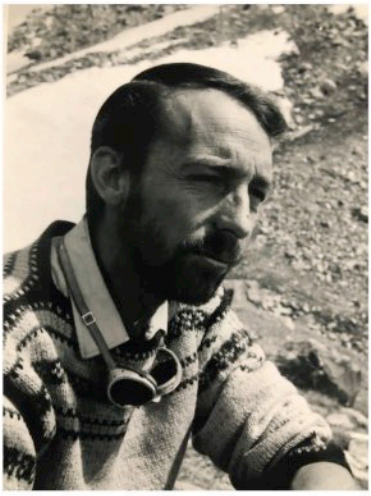
Indeed, much of this archival material was included in *Final Ascent*, a 90-minute pull-together of his life by BBC Scotland, a fascinating if jumbled miscellany of film rushes and photographs hung round his own commentary. Initially shown north of the border in 2019, it was screened nationwide the following year. It proved to be his obituary.

'My regret is I wasn't born in the 1880s,' he told a friend, 'when you could go and explore – that would have been a good time to live.' So it seems appropriate that Hamish's favourite poem was James Elroy Flecker's 'The Golden Road to Samarkand'.

We are the Pilgrims, Master; we shall go
Always a little further; it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow

John Cleare

Peter Page
1944 - 2020



Peter Page.

No expedition of whatever discipline should ever take the field without a 'Peter Page', a member wholly devoted to the cause: selfless, resourceful, courageous, humorous, fit and strong, compatible, completely dependable and ready to get stuck in no matter what. That was Peter, a truly good expedition man. I believe there was not a vindictive or ungenerous molecule in his spare frame. He was born in Rotherham on 4 November 1944 and passed away in his beloved Exmoor on 30 April 2020.

His love for the mountains stemmed from attending an Outward Bound course at Ullswater in his teens. Later he joined the army and was commissioned into the Royal Engineers (RE). He was posted to the Junior Leaders Regiment RE in Dover and took the opportunity to take a Junior Leaders climbing course in north Wales. In due course he served as an Instructor at the Joint Services Mountain Training Centre at Tywyn, where he met his climbing partner, Harry Beaves, who was also on the staff there. By chance they met up again later on in Chamonix. Peter had driven there on holiday, in his campervan, accompanied by his wife Babs and his son Gary, aged two. Harry was in between postings.

Their first route was the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon. Having spent the night in the somewhat Spartan bivouac hut, they set off next morning

in fine weather. But progress was painfully slow leading to a very cold and hungry night out on a ledge. The summit was gained mid-morning next day and a horrible descent down the notorious Nantillons glacier they finally met up with Babs and Gary mid afternoon. Their adventures were not over. Having driven through the Mont Blanc tunnel, camped in Val Veni and successfully climbed Le Trident, they missed the last cable car down from the Torino hut having failed to recall that Italy was one hour ahead of France. An epic five-hour descent followed, Gary hoisted on Peter's shoulders, Harry carrying two rucksacks, Babs following gamely, stumbling through brambles and over boulders.

In 1973 Peter was a member of the Army Mountaineering Association (AMA) Expedition to Himachal Pradesh in India. One of the team's aims was to establish the high-altitude capabilities of members for the forthcoming 1976 expedition to Everest. It was a big party, 27-strong. The Menthosa group had to cross over the Rhotang pass, which, because it was early in the season, was still snow-bound and impassable to vehicles. So, we had to cross on foot, carrying all the loads. Moreover, there were neither porters nor mules available at Khoksar on the northern side of the pass to carry all the expedition's gear and supplies the four days journey to Udaipur and thence to Menthosa. The rickety bridge over the wide river at Khoksar looked too risky for Peter, so with three others he built an aerial ropeway across the Chenab river to ferry all the loads and themselves across. Time and again my diary recorded, 'worked like a Trojan with Pete to get all the loads sorted out and weighed.' Peter was always in the thick of things, working cheerfully away and was a member of the team that made the second ascent of Menthosa (6443m) on 5 June.

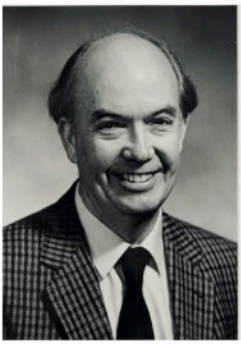
Peter more than earned his place on the successful Joint AMA/Royal Nepalese Army Everest Expedition in the pre-monsoon season of 1976. Working hard and unselfishly as always, he spent most of his time on the mountain, with four others, keeping the notorious Icefall route open. This was crucial to the expedition's success. In Babs' words, 'he found the whole experience very fulfilling.' This was typical of the man: selflessly getting on with the job, at times a dangerous one, without drama or demanding attention.

After 1976 Peter enjoyed many summer holidays walking and climbing in the Alps. He and Gary climbed Mont Blanc together; with Babs they circumnavigated the Mont Blanc massif. He and Babs walked and climbed extensively in the Dolomites, in Babs' words, 'did a little via ferrata in the Dolomites north to south and hut to hut, experiencing the First World War tunnels and workings within the Dolomites.'

Peter was awarded the MBE for his work on the NATO exercise Spearpoint in 1980. After leaving the army he retired to a village near Dulverton, in Somerset, managing woodland. Back to nature and wild country, his beloved Exmoor and the Brendon Hills.

Jon Fleming

Peter Robson
1926 - 2020



Peter Robson.

Peter Robson was an academic and scholar; he leaves behind a large corpus of sophisticated analysis of economic integration, in books and research journals, including his classic work, *The Economics of International Integration,* first published in 1980 and now in its fourth edition (2002, Routledge). A world authority in his subject, he was one of the leading Africanists of his era and made important policy contributions to economic development in Uganda, where he filled several senior advisory roles for the Ugandan government, as well as in many other countries, including Papua New Guinea, where he was deputy director of their Institute of National Affairs.

Peter was born in Berkhamsted on 21 May 1926. He gained a BSc and MSc in economics from London University and an MA from Cambridge. He held academic posts from 1950 onwards, at Sheffield, Queen's, Belfast and Cambridge Universities, before a long spell at the University of Nairobi (1962-8), where his academic and administrative abilities were quickly recognised and rewarded early, with a chair in economics and the deanship of faculty. In 1968 he was appointed professor of economics at the University of St Andrews and made emeritus on his retirement.

In 1949, Peter married Mary Isobel Tye, a statistician by training, and beloved wife and mother, who died in St Andrews in 2009. They had three children: Christopher, an internationally renowned wind instrumentalist, taught at the Glasgow School of Music, played bassoon with the Scottish, Swedish and Israeli Chamber Orchestras and died tragically in a paragliding accident in 2003; Colin Michael, a translator; and Gillian, a lecturer at Melbourne Polytechnic University.

He was elected to membership of the AC in 1971 just after publishing *Mountains of Kenya* (1969, East African Publishing House), enthusiastically reviewed (*AJ* 1970, p316). The book unfolds a marvellous panorama, about 100 mountains greater than 2,100m, plus a separate account of routes on Mount Kenya.

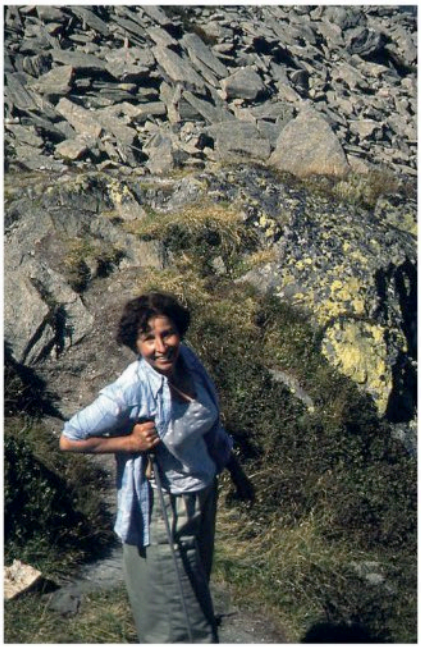
Little is available on his mountaineering activities after the early 1970s. He was a keen sportsman, with a strong competitive streak, and kept very fit. Until late in his years he was capable of a ferocious game of squash. His loves were alpine climbing, skiing and yachting; as well as his membership of this Club, he was also a member of the Royal Highland Yacht Club.

Peter was, according to a former colleague, 'reserved with an urbane manner at work but with a lighter side in social settings, particularly when his wife Mary was present.' His research and its spinouts to consulting and policy advice were his prime concern, which inevitably took him all over the globe. He had polished manners and a patrician, yet friendly demeanour,

evoking mandarin-like wisdom and deep learning. He died in Catalunya on 20 October 2020, aged 94.

Roderick A Smith & Gavin C Reid

Anne Sauvy-Wilkinson
1934 - 2020

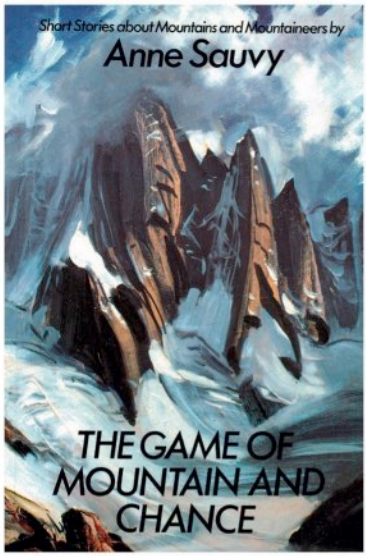


Anne Sauvy at Zermatt.

Anne was very proud of being a member of the Alpine Club and claimed she was the first foreign woman to be elected in her own right following the rule change admitting women. She greatly admired Club traditions – its West End premises, its formal dinners with diners dressed in *le smoking* – see her affectionate portrait in her short story 'The London Dinner' – and remained attached to the values of the Club, in particular that it was the sole national institution in the world to have preserved the cultural and physical heritage of the history of alpinism in its archives, library and art collections.

Anne was born 5 March 1934, less than a month after me, only child of Alfred Sauvy, the highly distinguished economic demographer and his wife Marthe, née Lamberet. She herself had a very distinguished academic career: for many years she lectured at the École Pratique des Hautes Études, one of the major university research establishments in France. She specialised in book history, and was a mine of information on bibliography, publishing and the stationers, often obscure, frequently eccentric, of 16th and 17th century France. Her research is highly regarded: she had all the stubborn drive and determination of the true scholar, and she wrote with admirable focus and clarity. She was interested in workshop practice in her chosen period, in typography and iconography; her book *Le miroir du cœur* (1989), for instance, is a beautifully illustrated history of images of the heart, religious and lay, across four centuries.

But in spite of professional success, Anne had been bitten by mountaineering from an early age. Her *carnet de courses* starts in 1947 when she was 13, and a year later, following a CAF collective to the Couvercle, she wrote 'It's wonderful, I'm scarcely tired: *je sais que je peux faire de la montagne*.' In July 1951 she records her first route with a night at a hut and that winter, ski touring. Summer 1952 marks the first of the serious routes with the *Arête*



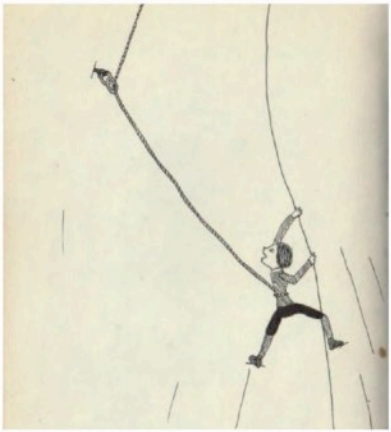
In its review of *The Game of Mountain and Chance*, Le Figaro said how 'Anne Sauvy, unlike so many mountaineers, has a sense of humour.'

Forbes, and not long after, her first forced bivouac, on the Requin: the infamous *dortoir des Anglais!* On 3 July 1953 she did her first Aiguille Verte (the first of three ascents), two weeks later the first of two ascents by the Bionnassay north face, followed shortly after by the traverse of Mont Blanc descending by the Tacul to the Requin hut, the first of eight ascents of the mountain she so loved. There is an amusing story attached to this ascent, which I think she did with a *guide marrant,* an unqualified, illegal guide. On the train she recounted to some friends how she'd kept it secret from her parents back in Paris, but was overheard by some teacher who promptly told her mother, so she had to admit the truth when confronted back home. But her father was secretly proud of her.

Unfortunately, Anne's enthusiasm for climbing was leading to trouble: at 20 she married her first husband, a brilliant climber considerably older than she, the only person to whom Armand Charlet gave 20 out of 20 on the guides' course for ice technique, but infamous for his foul temper. This became evident on the *Couturier Couloir* when she was pregnant and she decided that climbing with him and maternity were incompatible. She did have a short spurt of doing good routes with friends while he was away on national service in Algeria in 1956; that included doing the *Voie Normale* on the Pointe Walker with a guide, but after that nothing until after her divorce.

She really started again in earnest in 1967, notably with the *Kuffner (Frontier Ridge)*, Les Écrins, and even the Dolomites, and marked the turbulent summer of 1968 with a new set of diaries, which include full accounts of her climbs. With two young daughters in her charge, however, she decided only to climb with a guide. But what guides! Claude Jaccoux, whom she had first met on the benches of the Sorbonne, Christian Mollier with whom I had served my Alpine apprenticeship along with Ron James, and who was responsible for introducing us one evening in 1970 when they were organising their programme for the Grand Paradis north face which I was planning to do it with Adrian Burgess, and later Pierre Leroux of Makalu fame who inveigled her to write his biography which she simply entitled *Guide* (1989).

Although every weekend in her student days she made the long walk in from the railway station to join her group at their Les Serrures bivy, and later bought a house near Larchant on the edge of the Forêt de Fontainebleau,



One of the illustrations from Anne Sauvy's *Carnets des dessins.*

Anne was a pretty hopeless rock climber. Inevitably she had to do some routes when the weather dictated and even ventured once to the Dolomites (1968). Likewise, while adoring ski touring (she was buried in an avalanche while crossing the Vercors a month after we got married), her technique was still pretty basic, stemming and stem christies. It was the big, long classic snow and ice routes of the time that she adored. She was *'la nana des faces nord'* as her friends described her.

One of her first entries in her new *carnet de courses* is the Brenva and her account serves well to illustrate both Anne's outlook on mountaineering and the quality and patience of her guide. Anne always believed in looking elegant when she went climbing and on arrival by cable car across the Vallée Blanche to join Claude Jaccoux, already at the Torino, her papers were checked by a group of police and customs officials (no tunnel, no EU then) who patronisingly remarked it was doubtless to do the Dent du Géant. She had the satisfaction of seeing their jaws drop when she said, no, she was going to the Fourche. And that was the moment when she recognised that her climbing was not the usual variety for a girl: *'Et j'avais pris conscience que je faisais de la montagne d'une autre façon quand même que la plupart des filles.'* Her description of the route with increasingly bad weather looming, and her fury with Claude in his drive to keep moving – she compares him to the CRS, the French national police rescue service – is honest. It was only when she saw his relief after they got off the Maudit (which she'd insisted on summiting) and Tacul that she understood the pressure he had been under. While they'd got back to Cham that afternoon, all the other guides had gone over the summit and had a harrowing time just making the Vallot: Claude was singled out for special mention at the guides festival a few days later for his handling of the situation.

That ascent marked a new period of powerful climbing and was followed by the Ciarforon – like me later she missed the Midi cable car down – the *Gervasutti* couloir (Tacul), Nadelhorn, Lenspitz, Aletschhorn and the traverse of the Weissmies. In the following three years she added *inter alia* another *Couturier* (1969), a joyful one this time (I literally followed in the party's steps the following day when doing the *Whymper*), the Matterhorn, the *Migot* (Chardonnet), the Grand Paradis north face, the Grande Casse north face right-hand route, and an exciting *Sentinelle Rouge* on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, again with Jaccoux; then the north face of the Ebnefluh linked with that of the Aletschhorn, the *Couloir Barbey* (Aiguille d'Argentière) and

the *Norman-Neruda* on the Lyskamm.

I was involved in these last two. As a result of an exchange of letters concerning the Grand Paradis, I'd asked her if she could find me somewhere to work when not climbing. She did, in the Belvédère, a converted old hotel where Anne found me a room to rent just below her own flatlet in the eaves. After my partner Martin Harris (my first Alpine season with him) went home, she invited me to join her with Jaccoux for the rather obscure *Barbey.* Plans to go to the Bregaglia in early September fell through when Claude injured himself and so instead she recruited a team of four, herself with the experienced Jean-Claude Droyer and me with a 17-year-old Jean Afanassieff. Jean-Claude, after an attempt on the left, struck towards the icy rock rib which Anne hated, whilst I managed to avoid it on the right, despite Afa's protestations, until almost the final pitches. After that work called. Anne returned to Paris and me to Oxford, where she came over for a visit mid term. I proposed when picking her up at the airport and in December we married. A whirlwind romance!

Unfortunately for Anne this marked a decline in climbing opportunities, as she had several miscarriages and we lost our son just after birth, resulting in a series of gynaecological disasters. She did have various attempts at trying to restart her climbing and at least we did a 4,000er together, the Bishorn, but she overstrained her joints training. A quack in Chamonix infected her knee and she was in excruciating pain for six months. When eventually she was operated on, two attempts at a graft failed to take. It was the end of her climbing.

Yet Anne had more than one string to her bow. From a young age she was highly creative: she had a talent for humorous drawing but above all an ability and desire to write. When only 13 she started a daily diary in a tiny notebook – one page a day – that she kept religiously until her death. And I have found a countless mass of papers, all of which exhibit a talent almost Mozart-ean in the way she could set down her thoughts without correction or afterthought. In 1982, she gave free rein to this creativity, with the publication of her first collection of short stories, *Les Flammes de pierre. Alpine Journal* readers will recognise the reference to the arête in the Mont Blanc range: Anne had chosen, quite naturally, to focus imaginatively on mountaineering.

Her writing is lucid and compelling, often culminating in a hint of menace: in 'Le rappel', an abseil is quite literally interminable; in 'La Fourche', Faustin has sold his soul to the devil to become best climber in the world, and the devil collects his due. The collection won the prestigious *Prix de l'Alpe* and was published in English, under the same title, in 1991 (earlier, in 1983, in German as *Steinerne Flammen)* – and Anne's career as a writer was set for success in France and in the English-speaking world, and beyond. She would publish two more collections of short stories, *Le jeu de la montagne et du hasard* in 1985 – published in English as *The Game of Mountain and Chance* in 1995 – and *La ténèbre et l'azur* in 1991 (*Darkness and the Azure,* 1999). Her focus, in all that she wrote, remained mountaineering, and

perhaps above all Chamonix. Her only full-length novel, *Nadir* (1995), so far untranslated, is the story of a single Chamonix day – victories, emergencies, rescues; her *Chamonix d'un siècle à l'autre* (2001) is a *pot-pourri* of reminiscences and fantasies and dramas set in the valley and told with a delightful touch of humour; her *Secours en montagne: chronique d'un été* (1998, translated into English in 2005, as *Mountain Rescue, Chamonix-Mont Blanc: close observation of the world's busiest mountain rescue service*) chronicles a season spent, at their invitation, shadowing the Chamonix mountain-rescue service, the Peloton de Gendarmerie de Haute Montagne (PGHM). Anne's graceful command of language, allied to her intimate knowledge of the setting, mean that it is difficult to think of a more nuanced, more engaging, more harrowing account of mountaineering triumph and tragedy. The quality of her writing, and the elegance of the translations, mean that her climbing fictions are unusually authentic, fed by her own experience, and particularly readable.

John C Wilkinson, with Jane Taylor

Doug Scott
1941 - 2020

In a career spanning six decades, Douglas Keith Scott was recognised worldwide as one of the greatest mountaineers of the post-war era. The statistics speak for themselves: over forty expeditions to Central Asia, countless first ascents all round the world, the first British ascent of Everest. But what made Doug special was not the height or difficulty or number of ascents. No. For him what mattered was *how* you made those ascents.

Doug and Guy Lee in a snow cave under the south face of Koh-i-Bandaka, in 1967. *(Alpine Club Photo Library)*

Like all the best people he was a jumble of paradoxes: tough-guy rugby player fascinated by Buddhist mysticism; anarchic hippy with a deep sense of tradition; intensely ambitious one day, laid back the next. He was as egotistic as any climber, but was also demonstrably generous and compassionate, admired universally for his philanthropy. In his Himalayan heyday he resembled a beefed up version of John Lennon; in latter years, presiding over his gorgeous Cumbrian garden in moleskins and tweed jacket, he looked more like the country squire.

Born on the auspicious date of 29 May, he grew up in Nottingham, the eldest of three brothers, and started climbing at 13, inspired by seeing climbers at Black Rocks when he was out walking with the scouts. The bug took hold and he developed into a strong rock climber and alpinist. Throughout

his life he would defend staunchly the British traditions of free climbing, but he was also fascinated by the aid-climbing pioneers of the eastern Alps and by Californian big-wall culture. By the early 1970s he was publishing regular articles in *Mountain* magazine, and what an inspiration they were, illustrated with his superlative photos. I remember particularly his piece 'On the Profundity Trail' describing an early, and first European, ascent of Salathé Wall with Peter Habeler. There was also an excellent series on the great Dolomite pioneers – research for his first book, *Big Wall Climbing* – and a wonderful story of climbing sumptuous granite on Baffin Island with Dennis Hennek, Tut Braithwaite and Paul Nunn.

For an impressionable young student, dreaming of great things, this was all inspiring stuff and I lapped it up. But it was only much later, when Ken Wilson published Doug's big autobiographical picture book *Himalayan Climber* that I realised quite how *much* he had done in those early days. As well as Yosemite and Baffin Island, there were big adventures to the Tibesti of Chad, to Turkey and to Kohe Bandaka, in the Afghan Hindu Kush. And closer to home there was his visionary ascent of the giant overhanging Scoop of Strone Ulladale on Harris. Now of course there is a free version. Back then, filmed in grainy black and white for television, it was a visionary demonstration of aid-climbing craftsmanship, complete with copperheads and Rurps: the art of Yosemite granite transferred to Lewisian Gneiss.

All the while, Doug had been working as a schoolteacher in Nottingham. I have no idea whether he planned all along to give up the day job and go professional, but it was Everest that made that possible. The lucky break came in the spring of 1972, with an invitation from Don Whillans and Hamish MacInnes to join them on Karl Herrligkoffer's European Expedition to the south-west face. The expedition failed, but in the autumn Doug was back, this time as part of Chris Bonington's first attempt on the face, defeated by the bitter post-monsoon winds. It was two years later, in India, during the first ascent of Changabang that a message came through announcing a suddenly free slot in the Everest waiting list for the autumn of 1975. With little time to prepare another Everest blockbuster, there was talk at first of a lightweight attempt on the regular *South Col* route but Doug was instrumental in persuading Bonington they should go all out for the south-west face. *That* was the unclimbed challenge. Why repeat a well-trodden route when you could be exploring the unknown?

The rest, as they say, is history. I can remember the palpable excitement at the end of September 1975 when news came through they had done it. It seemed inevitable that Doug should have been chosen for the first summit push with Dougal Haston. In a team of big personalities, he was the biggest personality of all. Perhaps, like Hillary, who had reached the top on Doug's 12th birthday in 1953, he wanted the summit more than the others; in Bonington's eyes he clearly had that extra something, that sheer bloody-minded strength, determination and ability to push the boat out.

The BBC stated in its obituary notice that Scott and Haston 'got into

difficulties' in 1975. Complete piffle. Supremely confident, they made an informed decision to continue right to the summit, even though it was almost dark and the oxygen was nearly finished. On returning to the South Summit and seeing how dangerous it would be to continue down in now pitch darkness, they agreed very sensibly to bivouac right there, higher than any other human being had ever previously spent a night, and wait for the morning. It amazes me to this day that Doug was not even wearing a down jacket, yet still managed to avoid frostbite. 'The quality of survival', as he put it, was exemplary.

Success on Everest was achieved on the tip of a beautifully constructed – and by all accounts very happy – British-Nepali human pyramid. Even its architect, Chris Bonington, seemed at times slightly embarrassed by the sheer scale of the operation. Both he and Doug realised that the way forward lay in scaling things back down. For Doug, surviving a night in the open, without oxygen, at 8,750m above sea level, opened a huge door of possibility. Ever curious, he could now really find out what humans might achieve at altitude.

To my mind, his finest climb was Kangchenjunga in 1979 with Peter Boardman, Joe Tasker and, initially, Georges Bettembourg. It was only the third ascent of the mountain, and the first from the north. For Doug the historian it was a vindication of pre-war predictions that the north col might be the best way to the top of the mountain. Ropes were fixed judiciously on the lower, technical face. Up above, they cut loose and went alpine style, without oxygen. Messner and Habeler had already shown it was possible to climb to the highest altitudes without oxygen but they had done it on well-known ground with other climbers around should things go wrong. This was a big step into the unknown and Doug's photos of the summit day are some of most evocative mountain images ever made.

It would take too long to list all his other Himalayan achievements but it's worth mentioning some themes. What was impressive was the way Doug was always re-thinking expeditions. It was his idea to transfer the concept of the extended Alpine summer season to the Himalaya, with loosely connected teams roaming far and wide on multiple objectives, with the family sometimes coming along too. It was he who introduced new young talent to the Himalaya, bringing Greg Child's big-wall expertise to the beautiful Lobsang Spire and east ridge of Shivling, and Stephen Sustad's stamina to the gigantic south-east ridge of Makalu. They didn't quite pull off their intended traverse of Makalu with Jean Afanassieff but, my goodness, what a bold journey it was.

In fact, despite several attempts, Doug never did quite reach the summit of Makalu, nor Nanga Parbat, nor K2. But that wasn't the point. He didn't give a damn about summits for their own sake: unless they were attained in an interesting, challenging way, they held little appeal. Or he might just decide that the omens – or the *I Ching,* or his particular mood that day, or whatever – were not right, as happened in 1980, when he left the slightly exasperated Boardman, Tasker and Renshaw to continue on K2 without him.

When the mood *was* right there was no stopping him. Amongst all the climbs I would most love to have done (and had the ability to do), the first ascent of The Ogre in 1977 must be the most enviable: HVS and A1 rock climbing on immaculate granite, 7,000 metres above sea level, at the heart of the world's greatest mountain range – the Karakoram. Less enviable was the epic descent with two broken legs. Another visionary climb was the 1982 first ascent of the south-west face of Shishapangma with Alex McIntyre and Roger Baxter-Jones, beautifully executed, with acclimatising first ascents of the neighbouring peaks of Nyanang Ri and Pungpa Ri, in the process scouting out a feasible descent route, before committing to Shishapangma itself, discovering the most elegant direct route to any 8,000m summit.

Several of my friends have been on expeditions with Doug and knew him better than me. I only climbed with him once, when we were both speaking at an Alpine Club symposium at Plas y Brenin. We were not on until the afternoon and it was a beautiful sunny morning – far too good to be shut indoors – so we sneaked off over the Llanberis Pass for a quick jaunt up *Cenotaph Corner*. Doug said the first time he had done it was on his honeymoon. It was now 1989, so he must have been 48. Middle aged, but definitely still in his prime. He led with powerful ease and then suggested we continue on the upper tier of the Cromlech, up that brutal creation of his old mentor Don Whillans – *Grond*. In the absence of large cams to protect the initial off-width, he grabbed a large lump of rhyolite, explaining cheerfully, 'this is how we used to do it, youth,' shoved it in the crack, hitched a sling round it and clipped in the rope. As soon as he moved up the chockstone flew out of the crack, narrowly missing my head, but Doug carried on regardless, blithely calm, assured and fluent, supremely at ease with the rock.

There were other meetings. I once had the unenviable task of having to keep Doug confined to a strict timetable dovetailing with the arrival of the Queen for an Everest anniversary. Conversation, like his lecturing – or indeed his expeditioning – could be enigmatic, discursive, elliptical, often veering off the beaten track into un-trodden side valleys, but always with an undercurrent of humour. And never pulling rank: he was a humble, approachable man, happy to talk with anyone. The meeting that made the biggest impression on me was in 1987 in the village of Nyalam in Tibet. It was the end of an expedition and we had just put a new route up Pungpa Ri, which Doug had climbed five years earlier. Also staying at the Chinese hostel were members of Doug's current team who had been attempting the north-east ridge of Everest. Doug himself turned up later, back from a gruelling road journey from Rongbuk across the border to Nepal, then up to Solu-Khumbu, then all the way back across the border to wind up the expedition in Tibet. The reason? A young Sherpa man who had been helping his expedition had been killed in an avalanche near base camp during a huge storm two weeks earlier. Doug had taken it on himself to travel all the way to the man's family in Nepal, to tell them personally what had happened and to ensure that they received financial compensation.

That empathy with the people of Nepal came to fruition in his remarkable

Sunset and evening star. Doug Scott on the summit of Everest at 6pm on 24 September 1975.

charity, Community Action Nepal. There was a precedent in Ed Hillary's Himalayan Trust, but what I like about CAN is that it does not concentrate its efforts exclusively on the most popular region of Solu-Khumbu, but also has projects in other regions such as the Budhi Gandaki near Manaslu. Most impressive of all is the way Doug financed it over the last two decades. At an age when most people in his position would be happy to rest on their laurels, perhaps accepting the occasional lucrative guest appearance, Doug travelled the length and breadth of the country on gruelling lecture tours – often only just out of hospital, after yet another operation on the old Ogre injuries that had come back to haunt him – pouring all the proceeds into his

Returning to Heathrow in 1975, flanked by Haston and Tut Braithwaite, with Pertemba Sherpa and Chris Bonington.

charity. Lecture fees were topped up by sales of Nepali crafts and auctions of Doug's most classic photographs. Doug the auctioneer was a force to behold, as he mesmerised and cajoled audience members into donating ever more astronomical sums for a signed photograph.

As if running a charity were not enough, Doug also managed in recent years to complete his fine history *The Ogre* and finally to publish *Up and About*, the long-awaited autobiography for which Hodder first paid an advance in 1975. His history of Kangchenjunga has just been published. For a man who had once been a bit wary of institutions, he made an enthusiastic and much liked Alpine Club president. He also stood for election to the BMC presidency, asking the journalist Steve Goodwin to help with his manifesto. Steve phoned me in despair to say that the opening paragraph was all about Doug's compost heap. I too have a profound relationship with my compost heap, and I can see exactly where Doug was coming from. But in the shiny corporate world of modern convenience climbing this wasn't going to be a vote winner. Doug did not get the presidency: a great loss to us all, in my opinion. He was a man of principle: visionary and adventurous, but in some ways quite conservative, rooted in traditions that he valued. One of those traditions was the notion that if we climbers are going to spend our lives doing something that has no ostensible practical purpose, then it is important *how* we carry out that pursuit. And for Doug, if I have understood him correctly, paramount in that 'how' were notions of curiosity, personal responsibility, risk and a willingness to embrace – even seek out – uncertainty.

It is always inspiring to see someone happy in their work. Despite the

frenetic pace he set himself and his devoted third wife Trish, Doug seemed in recent years to have achieved the kind of contentment that many people only dream of. He had a genuine sense of purpose and an assured legacy. He was a man who seemed at ease with himself. He will be missed hugely here, in Nepal and all round the world, but most of all by Trish and by the five children of his first two marriages. I feel honoured to have known him and glad that if I should ever have grandchildren I will be able to tell them, 'I climbed *Cenotaph Corner* with Doug Scott.'

Stephen Venables

Chris Bonington writes: It goes back to the late summer of 1961. Don Whillans, Ian Clough. Jan Duclosz and I had just made the first ascent of the Central Pillar of Frêney on the south side of Mont Blanc. By pure chance Doug Scott had just reached the summit from the north side. We were famished but Doug shared with us what he had and that night, when we stayed in the Vallot hut, he cooked us a meal.

In the 1960s, whilst on lecture tours, I often stayed with him at his house in Nottingham and we would go climbing around the Peak District. He was a key member of many of my most important expeditions and we have shared some of the most harrowing and tragic experiences of our lives.

The south-west face of Everest was a huge challenge. It had already defeated four strong expeditions but I believed I knew how to overcome it. It was essentially a matter of logistics, of having the right team and enough carrying power to put two people on top of the mountain in that narrow window of opportunity when the weather was right for a summit bid. That pair was Doug Scott and Dougal Haston. Our first attempt in 1972 failed. We ran out of time, were overtaken by the bitter winter winds and cold, but learnt a great deal, which we were able to put into practice when Doug and Dougal made it to the summit in the autumn of 1975.

In the meantime we had some great trips together; in 1974 making the first ascent of Changabang, one of the most beautiful peaks in the Himalaya. It was a snatched opportunity, just before our big expedition to the south-west face of Everest. I had been invited to join an Indian-British expedition to the peak and Doug, Dougal and Martin Boysen joined me. It was a wonderful fun expedition.

In 1977, The Ogre was Doug's expedition and concept. I think he invited me as thanks for his inclusion in the 1975 expedition and the opportunities it had opened up for him. The Ogre could not have been more different. There was no formal leader. Just six of us, Doug and Paul Braithwaite, Clive Rowland and Mo Antoine, Nick Estcourt and myself, as pairs climbing with each other, no high-altitude porters, no cook staff at base camp. It ended up as a major epic after our successful ascent, with Doug breaking both legs on a fall on the first abseil from the summit, having to crawl back down the mountain, roped to us because we could not have carried him. I shall never forget it. He never complained, even though it was a long and complex descent. Not only that, but he took an active role in our decision making

Dick Renshaw, Doug Scott, Peter Boardman and Joe Tasker en route to K2 in 1980. *(Alpine Club Photo Library)*

all the way down to the point where we could get a rescue helicopter in, to carry him back to the nearest town.

The following year we went to K2, to attempt an unclimbed line on its west face. It ended at an early point with the tragic death of Nick Estcourt in a huge wind slab avalanche which also very nearly claimed Doug's life.

He moved to Cumbria in in the 1970s, buying a house just above Pasture Lane a few miles from our home at Nether Row. We climbed together frequently on our local crags and I became involved with Community Action Nepal, the charity Doug founded and for which he worked tirelessly, giving hundreds of lectures a year, all the profits going to CAN. I had the title of patron and took part in as many as I could when persuasively requested by Doug.

I felt hugely privileged to be invited to witness Doug's wedding to Trish in 2007. After moving around Cumbria for some years, after their marriage they bought Stewart Hill Cottage and did what he achieved with all his houses, transforming the house and garden into an exquisite, warm and friendly home.

Paul 'Tut' Braithwaite writes: Late May 1972. A letter from Doug Scott. 'Eh up youth, do you fancy a trip to Baffin Island to do a route on Asgard with Paul Nunn and my mate Dennis Hennek? We leave in 10 days. I knew you'd be up for it so I've bought the tickets. Keep the weight down, looks like we are going to have to carry it at the other end. Oh, by the way, you owe me £750 – pay me when you can. See you at Heathrow if not before. Best, Doug Scott.' This invite from Doug was to be the first of so many over the following 50 years.

I first met Doug at the Nottingham Climbers Club (NCC) annual dinner, held at a venue near Kilnsey in 1965. It was a boozy affair that nearly ended badly in fisticuffs. Our paths crossed many times during the following year or so and we climbed the occasional route together. One that I remember in particular was an artificial route up the Central Wall of Malham Cove. The in-situ bolts and rusty old pegs were in dreadful condition and Doug being a big lad caused me some consternation on the flimsy aid. We climbed together about 20ft apart. I soon realised his capabilities as he coasted up the route carefully so as not to overload the gear. This was a skill he perfected and demonstrated on many occasions in the UK, the Dolomites and the big walls of Yosemite.

Doug was equally talented on steep ice and his beloved gritstone cracks. Back in the day, he would have been described as a good all-rounder, a coveted title at the time. Doug's skills and strength would later serve him well in high mountains around the world in places such as Nepal, Pakistan, Tibet and Alaska, where he excelled and became one of the world's leading high-altitude mountaineers. His remarkable achievements and many awards, including his most cherished, the Piolets d'Or Lifetime Achievement Award, are all well documented.

I was fortunate to accompany Doug on some these trips to the world's highest mountains plus many more to less challenging regions. These fond memories remain as vivid as if it were only yesterday. There was seldom a dull moment, whether climbing or, in more recent times, lecturing. It was always an adventure where full commitment and dedication were called for. Fun and usually a bit of mischief were always thrown in. 'Be prepared for constant change,' was Doug's mantra. For family and friends, life with Doug could be challenging, demanding and at times, difficult to comprehend. He always pushed a little bit further and demanded a little bit more.

When in the mountains, Doug was at one with himself and the surroundings. He somehow appeared to belong and was completely at home. He embraced the elements and all the discomfort and misery that went with them. Buddhism was a huge influence in Doug's life and maybe it helped him in those inhospitable situations. He also had a very unique and special way of bonding with local people, gaining their friendship and trust with ease. His approach was quite simple: he was direct, respectful and honest.

Doug was of course the founder of Community Action Nepal (CAN). He worked tirelessly over the years to improve the lives of people living in the high mountain regions of Nepal. The earthquake in 2016 had a devastating

impact on these people and Doug redoubled his fundraising efforts to aid in the rebuilding of so much that had been destroyed. Schools, health posts, porter shelters and in some cases whole villages and communities were swept away. Many of them were past and current CAN projects. Doug undertook long, tiring lecture tours along with hands-on oversight of the rebuilding works in Nepal. His commitment to the project began to take its toll but his stock answer when asked how he was coping was: 'Mustn't grumble, we have lots to do.'

Doug had a passion for writing and devoted much time to cataloguing his adventures in *The Ogre, Kangchenjunga* and his autobiography *Up and About*. In later years, he developed a great love for gardening and together with his wife Trish created a wonderful and inspiring garden around their home in the Northern Fells of the Lake District. Well-tended lawns, flower and vegetables beds sported an abundance of produce. Doug was very proud of their handiwork and would insist on taking any visitor to the house on a garden tour. One generally left with a goodie bag of veg and of course the constant reminder, 'It's all organic you know. No chemicals on this land, youth.'

The garden boasted a recently installed freshwater pool filtered naturally by reed beds and plants, a croquet lawn and a boules court, among other delights. Without doubt, the highlight of any visit to Stewart Hill was sitting around the large kitchen table with family and friends enjoying one of Trish's amazing suppers plus the odd glass or two. Life has seldom been better than those days and evenings at the Scotts'.

Doug's life was truly remarkable, full to the brim with energy. He was a good and close friend. I'll miss the random phone calls, the travel and times on the crag, in the mountains and on the road raising funds for CAN. Most of all I'll miss our friendship and laughter.

Crispin Simpson
1930 - 2020

Crispin Simpson.

Crispin John Stephen Moncreiff Simpson, known variously as Crispin, Stephen or Pin, was a research chemist, first at the National Physical Laboratory, then from 1969 until his retirement in 1997 at Wadham College, Oxford. He died on 28 November 2020, aged 90.

He was elected to the Club supported by Edward Pyatt in 1968 on a strong record in the Alps. While his participation in the Club through meets or written reports was limited, he visited Noshaq, Afghanistan in 1974 with Eric Roberts. This was followed by a trip to the Nanda Devi Sanctuary in 1977,

also with Eric, with three peaks over 6,100m climbed. Roberts, aged only 33, was killed in an avalanche on Annapurna in 1979, which left Stephen to seek new expedition partners. His next expedition, led by John Jackson, was with the Gorphwysfa Club, the small group based on Oxford University and north Wales, in 1981. His three subsequent trips to the Himalaya were more trekking than climbing, the last of these in 1998 when he climbed Island Peak. He also had a trip to the Tien Shan area in the late 1980s.

Stephen lived in Kingston Bagpuize, west of Oxford, and in later days suffered various accidents on hazardous cycling commuting trips. He worked in the Department of Physical Chemistry, had many international connections and a steady stream of publications in quality journals. He was made an emeritus fellow of Wadham on his retirement but seems not to have played a particularly active role in college life.

Mountaineering colleagues paint a consistent picture of a fine, if idiosyncratic, all-round performer: strong, fit, and determined to get to the next peak, and the one after that. The abiding memory is of Stephen striding into the distance, leaving lesser mortals trailing in his wake. Some, perhaps many, saw him as taciturn, a man of few words. But spending time with him revealed another side – a keen wit, a sense of fun, and an ability to produce apposite literary quotes.

His approach to the mountains was characterised by enormous vigour and determination. He took little interest in the mechanical side of the sport and had no interest in the devices that fill the rucksacks of most modern climbers to aid their safety. His energy was such that he sometimes found it difficult to accommodate the more modest pace of lesser mortals. He was, in essence, an eccentric, hair-shirt sort of fellow who would have gone down well with Tilman.

I leave the final word to the Gorphwysfa Club chair, Professor Sir Brian Smith:

> *He joined our expedition to the Himalayas in 1981 near the mountain of Nanda Devi. We experienced atrocious weather. Being trapped in a small tent on the edge of a glacier for many weeks exhausted Stephen's patience. One day he vanished from the campsite to the great concern of his friends. He later told us that he spent a few days living in a remote cave occupied by goats and goat herders. Nevertheless he, with John Rowlinson, made the only successful ascent of Berthartoli Himal South (6315m), the only mountain summit achieved by the expedition. Stephen's company was always stimulating. His originality offered a rewarding view not just of mountains but of life in general. We and the club will miss him greatly.*

Roderick A Smith (with Joyce Simpson)

Geoffrey Templeman
1929 - 2020

Geoffrey played a vital role in the smooth running of the Alpine Club for many years. He was not in any sense a mountaineer, but he loved mountains and mountaineering literature. He was loyal, devoted to the Club, would turn his hand to whatever needed doing and was always regarded as a sound brick in its structure.

Geoffrey William Templeman was born on 28 March 1929 in West Wickham, Kent to William and Dorothy. An only child, he attended Bromley Grammar School from 1940 to 1946 and then went on to the School of Architecture, Surveying and Building where he gained a diploma in surveying. After national service from 1952-4, he became a member of the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors in 1957.

He worked as a surveyor for local government starting out in the local county council offices, moving to the housing department of the Greater London Council and his last position before semi-retiring was as assistant director of the Arts and Recreation Department with the GLC.

Snowdonia was his first love. As a young man he and his friends from college spent all their free time in north Wales. It was here he met his future wife, Rhiannon, but with the sudden death of his mother following on from the death of his father, their wedding was brought forward to February 1954 and they started married life in his parent's house in West Wickham. Julian was born in 1955 and Bonnie in 1958. The family spent most holidays in Wales climbing Snowdon, Cnicht, Moel Hebog, Tryfan and the Moelwyns among others, and also holidayed in Switzerland, Austria and Italy.

Even before his election to the Club, Geoff helped as editorial assistant to the *AJ*, from 1977 onwards. He took on the job of assistant editor from 1980, stepping down only in 2007. From 1978 (i.e. again before membership) until 2006 he was also the obituary editor for the *AJ*. From 1986 to 1990 he chaired the House Committee which managed the South Audley Street premises and, when the time came to move from there to Charlotte Road, he managed the sale and disposal of the very many unwanted items that had accumulated over the years, as well as physically helping with the move. At some point in the early 1980s he took on the job of assembling and writing the Club's newsletter, which he did until the early 1990s. He wrote many obituaries and book reviews when members contributions were not forthcoming. His review of Joe Simpson's *Touching the Void* (*AJ* 1988, p279) could only have been written by someone steeped in the history and literature of mountaineering.

In a letter proposing his membership of the Club, Edward Pyatt, then editor of the *Alpine Journal*, wrote:

> *While his snow and ice mountaineering record is inferior to that usually demanded of candidates, he has maintained a lifelong interest in climbing and has had extensive experience in this country and of some minor mountains*

Geoffrey Templeman with Doug Scott.

abroad. His real claim to consideration lies in his record of service to the Club, one which almost certainly surpasses that of any previous candidate who has sought admission on these grounds.

Geoffrey was elected in March 1980. In 1989 when he was 60, Geoffrey joined several members of the Alpine Club trekking in the Annapurna foothills of Nepal, thus achieving a lifelong ambition.

My father loved animals, the outdoors, gardening, climbing and conservation of the countryside. He was a member of the National Trust and the Snowdonia National Park Society. He was also an avid book collector, mainly of mountaineering books, and he also enjoyed repairing old books.

Dad was a very softly spoken, gentle man, kind, thoughtful and considerate to others. Always willing to help out at school fetes and the local horticultural society events. He loved jazz and would often be found tapping his feet to the likes of Jelly Roll Morton whilst reading the paper.

In short, Geoff was the sort of member that every club needs and treasures. He will be sorely missed by those grateful members who remember him.

Bonnie Penfold (with Mike Esten)

Jeremy Whitehead
1931 - 2020

John Jeremy Whitehead was born in Buxton, the second of three brothers. He was educated at St Bees in Cumbria and subsequently at Corpus College, Cambridge. He became a schoolmaster and taught physics at Monkton Combe School in Somerset. A lifelong bachelor, he retired while still relatively young and devoted much of the rest of his life to mountaineering, climbing and ski touring, home and abroad, summer and winter, just as much as finance and transport would allow. He resided for the last 30 years in Garstang, which was conveniently situated for climbing and walking in the Lake District.

He taught physics at Monkton between 1955 and 1978 and is remembered with affection by many old boys for his enthusiastic participation in sport and as an officer in the school cadet force, which he led on adventurous training trips to the mountains. He left for a year's sabbatical in 1978, which turned out to be his early retirement from teaching. His very active mountain year in the Alps, Nepal and Peru was described in his article, 'On Curves of Freedom', (*ABMSAC J* 1980, pp19-21). During the year he trekked and climbed in the Himalaya, returned to the Alps for the winter including the Haute Route with Les and Barbara Swindin and then went with Alan Rouse to Peru and the Cordillera Blanca where they climbed Nevado Huascaran (6768m).

He was a member of the Alpine Club for 51 years and was also a long-standing member of the Climbers' Club and the Fell and Rock Club; in summer he often coordinated the joint AC-CC-FRCC Alpine meets. He also belonged to the local Preston Mountaineering Club where he was chair for three years. In winter he was an active ski-touring member of the Eagle Ski Club and the Alpine Ski Club and a member of both for more than 50 years.

Jeremy was the ultimate amateur in the traditional meaning of the word. He will be remembered particularly as a ski mountaineer and he relished nothing more than leading a group of friends. His ability to read the snow in winter and his awareness of the mountaineering situation were impressive. His summer activities were no less extensive and he felt no need for excursions to be comfortable. The maxim that 'it doesn't have to be fun to be fun' applied to Jeremy who was at ease in all weathers and circumstances.

Jeremy started climbing at St Bees and was introduced to rock routes by Rusty Westmorland, his first climb being *Kern Knotts Chimney* in 1947. Always one for remembering anniversaries he repeated the climb 50 years later with the Preston MC and with equipment appropriately restricted to big boots and a hawser laid rope, although he later confessed to having a few wires hidden in his cagoule in case of need.

From 1973-83 Jeremy led ski tours for SCGB, frequently with Jim Roche and Fred Jenkins (obituary, *AJ* 1996, pp317-8) plus countless tours over decades for the Eagle Ski Club. Jeremy acquired an encyclopaedic knowledge of the French Alps in particular by simply going there and doing it.

Jeremy Whitehead.

However, despite the extent of his exploits, summer and winter, he was very reticent about publishing any account. Indeed, SCGB companions would despair at extracting from him even the shortest of written reports, which were necessary in order to obtain funding for further years. He relented somewhat in the late 1980s when he 'published' his guide to ski touring in the French Alps in two volumes, each about 2cm thick, comprising removable sheets held together by clip-fasteners as an A6 sized book. It was a milestone in being the only compendious guide to the French Alps in English, remarkable for its accuracy and honesty in that any routes that the author had not actually completed were marked as such, carrying a warning that some information came from other sources. He declined suggestions that it be published commercially and only produced copies at home in small numbers for friends. The AC Library has wisely retained a copy of this significant work despite it being out of date. He was also a careful photographer and always ensured that he had a good photographic record of his trips to take home and ponder over until the next trip came along. Fortunately, his indexed collection of over 6,000 images has come to the AC Photo Library where it will remain as a record of his many achievements that he failed to record in writing. He did however edit a comprehensive manual for ski mountaineering, *Alpine Ski Touring and Ski Mountaineering Handbook* (West Col, 1990).

Jeremy's climbing career suffered a temporary setback in the early 1990s when he had a heart attack on his way up to an empty unguarded Alpine hut. His companion rushed back down to the valley to alert the rescue services and next morning Jeremy was helicoptered out. Just a few months later he was back on the crag and, although he carefully avoided the big hills for a further year or so, he continued climbing on low-lying British crags up to VS standard.

It was with the Eagle Ski Club that Jeremy made many of his later ski tours. After year 2000 and by then in his seventies, he still led at least two ski tours each season in the Alps with groups from the Eagle and the ASC.

Over the years he gathered a number of similarly inclined tourers of a senior age who joined him on many trips. Jeremy did the research, contacted the huts and led the tours. For special anniversaries he continued what had become a personal tradition. Having an April birthday meant he spent most Aprils skiing in the Alps. The objective was to skin up a 4,000m snow peak on the day. In 2006, his 75th, the Breithorn was chosen and duly ascended. Of course, this was routine for Jeremy who already counted 13 different 4,000m ski summits under his belt, the first having been the Gross Grünhorn in 1964 for his 33rd birthday. Come 2011 and it was time to mark his 80th. Organizing a party of nine, Jeremy first led them from the Mantova hut to the summit of Piramide Vincent (4215m) as a warm-up and two days later, for the actual birthday, ascended the Ludwigshöhe (4341m). The big day was subsequently in speeches by the Italian hut guardian and with cake carried up in the rucksack of one of the party. Another member noted that though Jeremy was by then quite slow uphill, he was still a very competent downhill skier in good and bad snow.

In 2015 Jeremy had a stroke and was hospitalised for several weeks. However, he got over this quickly and decided that in view of the stroke and age he should start looking at five-year intervals for the special birthday ascents. By then the numbers available and able to accompany him had reduced so it was a party of two that made the 2016 attempt for his 85th. The Allalinhorn was chosen, having a summit not too far from the highest lift, but strong winds and icy temperatures prevented the final part of the ascent. Undeterred, Jeremy announced that the weather was sure to be better in Zermatt and headed for the Breithorn. Sadly, conditions were much the same as in Saas Fee and that option was also abandoned.

Nor was that the end of it. He continued to make ski trips to the Alps with friends in both the ASC and the ESC on club meets and tours for the next three years. In a conversation during that period about a future trip, it was suggested that March or later would be better for seniors but was abruptly corrected by Jeremy who said that he could not wait that long and was already organising something for January. His last trip was an ESC meet in Gargellen in March 2019, shortly before his 88th birthday.

Outline plans were in place for skiing in 2020 when in August 2019 he had a serious stroke from which he did not recover, dying on 31 July 2020 in his 89th year. Jeremy undoubtedly lived a full life in the mountains and on ski tours many of which he led in his own inimitable manner. He will not be forgotten.

Simon Devivier

John Moore writes: I knew Jeremy Whitehead and encountered him sporadically in the mountains for nearly 40 years. Jeremy was an unusually private person and in all that time, although he was notoriously talkative, I never heard him speak about anything except mountaineering, ski mountaineering, rock climbing and mountains. It is difficult to write an obituary that contains insights into personality based on personal knowledge of character

and opinions of such a personally reticent man. Jeremy was close to the definition of an obsessive in the most sympathetic use of the word. He was a lifelong bachelor with no obvious social interest beyond his mountaineering activities. He apparently enjoyed classical music, though he never spoke of this.

Many SCGB and Eagle Ski Club members who would not be competent to ski tour guideless, owe their experiences to Jeremy's self-styled 'amateur guide' status. He was of his time and many of the things he did in terms of leading parties of novices on serious alpine ski tours would be unwise in these bureaucratic and litigious days. Sensibly he retired from leading serious tours after miscalculations and incidents began to occur during his outings.

Jeremy continued to take part in Alpine Ski Club day touring meets in the Alps until his last meet at Reschenpass on the Austrian-Italian border in spring 2018. Even there he asserted his independence by leaving a party which had 'run out of steam' in a whiteout, to attempt the summit alone – a sign of the wilful aspect of his character. This characteristic was shown by his reputation for never staying with someone else's party but frequently 'jumping ship' to make his own way up or down. However, he was a martinet in making members of his own party follow everywhere in his footsteps.

In belated appreciation, a friend and I invited Jeremy, then in his 70s, to tie on with us for the Portjengrat traverse. He acquitted himself superbly in a rope of three that was climbing fairly quickly. Jeremy also tied on when I climbed *Central Buttress* on Scafell and *Tophet Bastion* on Gable with Peter Kaye.

Jeremy was a law unto himself in terms of his tour leading but he helped many to enjoy and engage in ski mountaineering through his personally guided tours on behalf of the Eagle Ski Club. He was a remarkable and memorable character, much talked about by his friends and acquaintances and that is a compliment in itself. Jeremy was one of those members of the mountaineering community for whom the hills are everything and who devoted himself with monkish commitment to his credo.