

on the Tahan, and the third at Kuala Tahan. The passage downstream was a great contrast to the outward journey. Although in some places portages of part of the baggage had to be made, the Malays shot the rapids with the half-loaded canoes with remarkable skill. The crew consists of three, one standing in the bows handling a pole, the second squats behind him, wielding either a paddle or a baler as required, and the third sits in the stern and steers with a paddle. The passenger, if any, sits precariously balanced in front of the steersman. With hardly a couple of inches free board, the dug-out must be steered between jagged rocks and through boiling water often descending at a steep angle, yet not a single canoe was upset and little baggage even got wet.

The night of July 30 on the banks of the Tahan was an uncomfortable experience, as we were invaded by the ants that the Malays call *semut api* (fire ant), a black ant with a big head, whose bite feels like the stab of a red-hot needle. Hardly had the ant invasion been repelled, before we were attacked by clouds of sandflies, minute insects against which a mosquito net is no protection and whose bite is extremely irritant. The Malays say that every sandfly has sworn that one day he will swallow a man.

On the last day, August 1, we four Europeans left Kuala Tahan early to catch the midday train from Tembeling to Kuala Lipis, the capital of Pahang, leaving the stores to follow later. Unfortunately, however, the motor boat broke down repeatedly and we missed the train. Although the village of Tembeling does not pretend to cater for European tastes in food, we found Quaker Oats, sardines and beer in a Chinese shop, thus managing to survive until the night train took us on to Kuala Lipis and the Government rest house, where we dined at 11 P.M.

In conclusion, I should like to pay a tribute to our Malays and their headman, who cheerfully endured considerable hardships without a murmur and worked extremely hard for long hours without any sort of urging. The Malay has a keen sense of humour, which is a great help on expeditions of this kind.

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM TINDALL LISTER

1868—1944

WILLIAM LISTER, ophthalmic surgeon and photographer of Alpine scenery, sprang from a family noted for its contributions to the scientific study of Optics and Natural History.

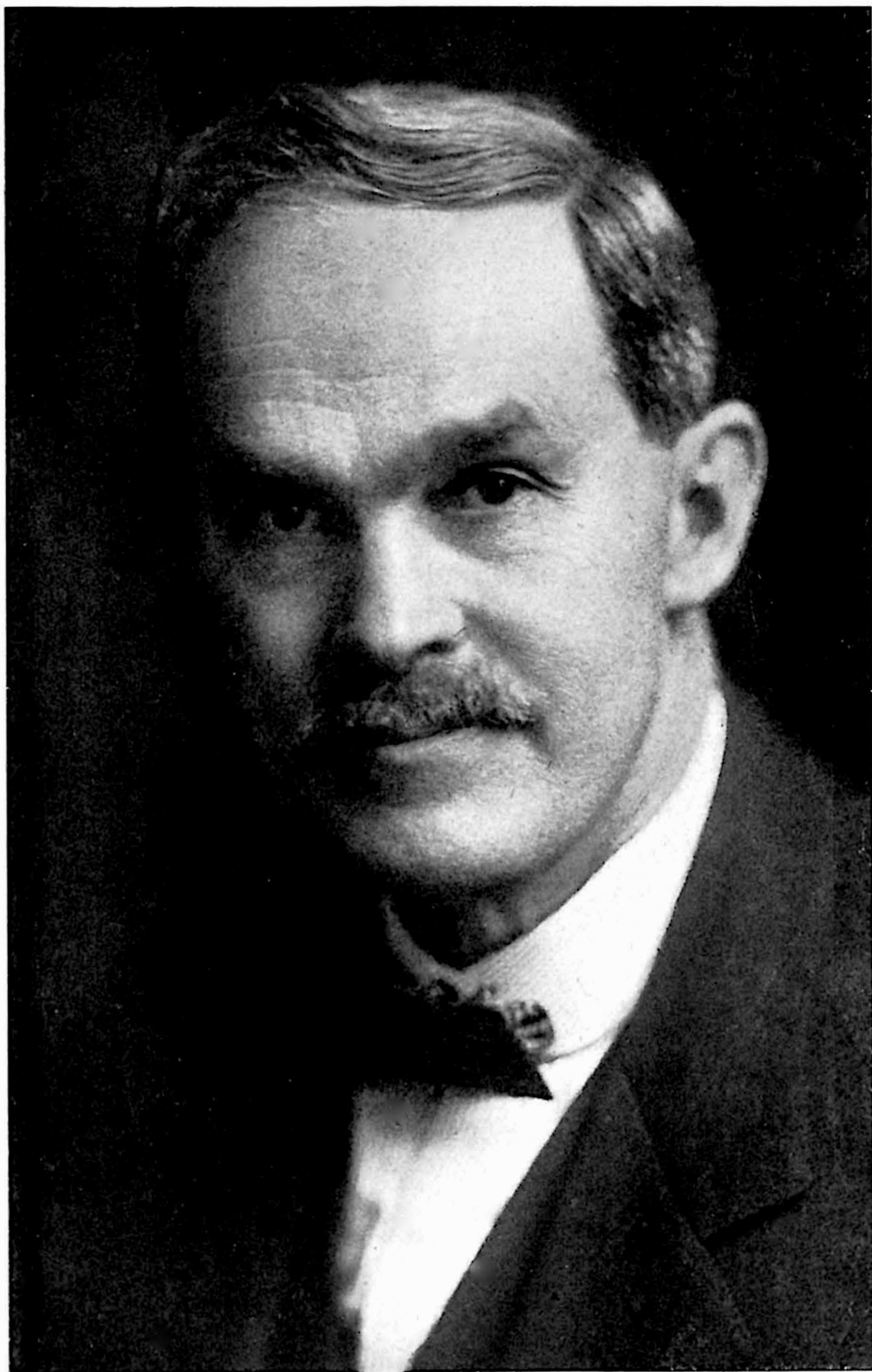
Lister's grandfather, Joseph Jackson Lister, F.R.S. (1786—1869) was the discoverer of the principle upon which the modern microscope

is constructed. The *Dictionary of National Biography* says of him: 'Lister rendered services to scientific study that can hardly be over-estimated.' Joseph Jackson Lister had four sons. The most outstanding of these was Joseph Lister, F.R.S. (1827—1912), the famous surgeon and founder of antiseptic surgery, who became President of the Royal Society and the first Baron Lister. Another of the sons, Arthur Lister (1830—1908), became a Fellow of the Royal Society and also a Fellow of the Linnaean Society. His name is 'specially identified with painstaking researches on the Mycetozoa' [*D.N.B.*]. Arthur Lister had three sons and four daughters. One of the sons, Joseph Jackson, was elected F.R.S. in 1900 and one of the daughters, Guielma, became a Fellow of the Linnaean Society. The youngest son, William Tindall, is the subject of this memoir. With such an ancestry and with such an environment it was but natural that Lister should turn his attention towards the study of some branch of Optics.

He was educated at Oliver Mount's School, Scarborough, and from there proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.B., B.Ch., in 1892. From Cambridge he went to London, completing his medical studies at University College Hospital where his famous uncle, Lord Lister, had also worked and witnessed as a student the first operation under ether in this country. Early in his medical career Lister specialised in ophthalmic surgery, working under the leading authorities of the day, Tweedy, Nettleship, Gunn and other members of the staff of the Moorfields Eye Hospital, one of the leading Eye Hospitals of the world. To this work Lister brought unbounded enthusiasm, steadfast perseverance and great care in observation and investigation. The neatness of his manipulations and his command of detail gave him a mastery over the delicate manoeuvres of eye surgery, so that Lister will rank among ophthalmologists as one of the greatest clinicians of the time. His excellence was recognised early and he came to his greatest height as the chief ophthalmic consultant to the Armies in France during the war of 1914—1918, where he did admirable work and for which he received many Mentions in Dispatches and finally the K.C.M.G. His services were eagerly sought by the poorest and the highest in the land; he was consulting surgeon to the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital and to the London Hospital, and he was Consulting-Surgeon-Oculist to the King, for services to whom he was created K.C.V.O. in 1934.

Such was Lister's professional career during which he gave good service to King and Country. Associated with the professional side of his life there was always with Lister a deep and abiding interest in the beauties of the world, especially of scenery and particularly of Alpine scenery.

Lister was elected to the Alpine Club in 1908 on the sponsorship of Harold Priestman and G. Hastings, and served on the Committee 1929—31. As qualification for membership of the club he brought a record of nine seasons in the Alps and a list of photographs of Alpine scenery exhibited at the shows in the Club on four occasions. While



WILLIAM TINDALL LISTER
1868—1944

another man might have expressed himself in terms of painting or poetry or literature as some of our members do, Lister turned to photography. To this end he brought the same enthusiasm as he showed in his professional work. He used his brain to improve his technique in every branch of the subject, as the back numbers of our *JOURNAL* testify. It is difficult to say which of his many pictures is the best or which Lister thought the best, but in the mind of the writer of this memoir his zenith was reached in some of his telephotos of distant peaks; and immediately there comes to mind the fact that when his grandfather, Joseph Jackson Lister, was at school, 'he alone of all the boys possessed a telescope.' (*D.N.B.*). So strong then is the influence of ancestry on actions and ancestry has equally a hold on character.

As a man, Lister's character was marked by his graciousness and charm of manner which showed itself in all his walks of life, in hospital, in his consulting room or while playing bowls with his friends the villagers. Though naturally of a retiring disposition, his strength of character would surmount any hesitation to avoid the limelight and he would fight like a lion if he thought a wrong was being done.

At the beginning of the present war he had virtually retired, but he went back to duty so as to free a younger man to join the Forces. This was too much for a strength which was slowly failing and he finally retired to his home on Bledlow Ridge where he died on July 7, 1944. Let words taken from Bunyan's hymn, sung at his Memorial Service in the little village church, be his epitaph:

I'll not fear what men say;
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

G. E. GASK.

A CASUAL meeting in a mountain hotel does not often create a friendship to extend beyond the Alps; but when a party of schoolboys has the good fortune to meet a man like Lister, there can be more in the meeting than a mere exchange of Alpine shop. It was in my second season that I met him at Zinal, when he was about to qualify for membership of our Club; with his ripe experience under some of the best guides, one might have expected a certain reserve towards our youthful ventures, but my memory recalls not merely that graciousness of manner which Professor Gask so well describes, but still more his unfeigned interest in our doings and a sense of welcome, a feeling that what we did mattered to him. If this was the impression of a very young climber, others have had yet more reason in the greater world of life to know how much Lister's encouragement helped them towards a belief in their own powers. It was not so much what he said, for he was shy in expressing himself; rather it was that one could not be in his presence without the consciousness that with his own high standards he could not picture the acceptance by others of anything less than the best. His fame as an oculist needs no further praise; of his generosity

to those in distress he would have been the last to speak. How many there must be who have left his consulting room in Devonshire Place with strengthened spirit and a new light for facing what but for his skill and even more for his comfortable words might have been a dark future.

Fortunately many of his Alpine friends will have other memories of this consulting room, when we assembled there before the Annual Dinner or returned to find Lady Lister waiting to welcome the revellers. And what a delightful host he was! That room embodied so much of his life: the neatly tidied desk and the various visual tests of the day's duties, the portrait of Lord Lister, and beside these, many mountain photographs of supreme beauty, all the work of his hand. Then it was that he unbent in talk, and somehow the talk soon passed from Alpine recollections to the wider fields of his practice and the human relationships which it had brought him, and as the minutes slipped by past midnight he drew on his rich store of experience, illuminating each instance till one saw clearly how he regarded his professional skill as the means of serving greater ends for humanity. If these talks can now be only a memory, the thought of them will remain bright in the minds of those who were thus privileged to know one of the 'holy and humble men of heart.'

H. E. G. TYNDALE.

LIONEL ROBERT WILBERFORCE

1861—1944

BY the death of LIONEL ROBERT WILBERFORCE on April 1, 1944, at the age of 82 years, another link with the great age of mountaineering has been severed. Most of his contemporaries who used to foregather at the Riffelalp had predeceased him, so none of his climbing companions in the eighties and nineties can now write of his expeditions.

Apart from his Alpine holidays, he was a regular visitor to the Lake District, even at the age of fourscore years, and was particularly devoted to Borrowdale. He was an accomplished skater, and frequented the ice rink until quite recently. In climbing literature he will be remembered for his rhymes in a style popular half a century ago, one at least of which has its place in anthologies of 'climbers' ditties.'

As Professor of Physics in the University of Liverpool from 1900 till 1935, and latterly as Pro-Vice-Chancellor, he had a long and useful life in his chosen sphere. Apart from his more serious academic work, he was renowned for his charming Christmas lectures to children, wherein his dry, almost Scottish, sense of humour delighted his juvenile audiences. As an after dinner speaker he had few equals. His charm of manner and invariable good nature, combined with a ready wit, endeared him to those who had the privilege of his acquaintance.

G. G. MACPHEE.

LORD DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON

1912—1944

DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON was born at Dungavel, Strathaven, on March 8, 1912. His first school was Summerfields, Oxford; from there he went on to Harrow—he then graduated at both St. Andrews' and Oxford Universities, at Oxford in the School of Economics, Politics and Philosophy. While at Balliol College, Oxford, he won his Blue for boxing, and captained the University team. He represented Scotland as heavyweight in the Empire Games Boxing Tournament in 1934.

He was a man of many and varied interests; he believed in living a colourful life and he lived up to this belief to the full. He was a man of action and climbing mountains gave him the greatest joy. Such action seemed to symbolise for him the conquest of all difficulties in the path of progress. He loved mountains and he loved mountain people. He had a special affection for Tyrol and its inhabitants and a real appreciation of the problems of South Tyrol for which he was a great protagonist. He loved nothing better than a holiday spent wandering from place to place and from hut to hut, over passes and peaks in the Silvretta, Stubai or Oetztal regions, either on ski in the springtime or with climbing boots in the summer. He had climbed most of the peaks in these regions. He did quite a lot of lone touring, and although he did not agree with lone climbing, on one occasion he climbed the Ortler alone. His climbs in the Alps included the Jungfrau, Mönch, Finsteraarhorn, Schreckhorn, the Matterhorn by the Zmutt ridge, as well as many other lesser peaks. He also travelled out to the Caucasus during an Oxford vacation and climbed Mount Elbruz. He had considerable experience of rock climbs in the Dolomites and the Engelhörner at Rosenlaur. In the last few years before the war he came to know and to love our own hills and, as many others have, he came under the spell of the Cuillin in Skye. He also climbed in the Cairngorms and in North Wales. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1935 and joined the Committee in 1941.

He usually climbed unguided, and as a leader in the mountains he was excellent and reliable and always showed first class judgment, which made him keep every expedition well thought out and well within the powers of the party he was leading.

He was an amateur pilot before the war and during the Munich crisis he joined the R.A.F.V.R. When war came he wanted nothing more than to get into the thick of it as soon as possible. He was, to his chagrin, made a Flying Instructor after completing his preliminary training, and he remained instructing for 18 months. Then he got his opportunity and in 1941 he was posted to a fighter squadron. He commanded No. 603 Squadron for some nine months, during which time the Squadron was in Malta experiencing some of the heaviest blitzes and taking part in some of the biggest aerial battles that ever



LORD DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON,
1912—1944

took place there. His time in Malta is described in two brilliant articles he wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine*.

After his return to this country he had a period of rest on ground duties before he returned again to operational flying in September, 1943—this time on photographic reconnaissance. During his time on this work he made many fine sorties over enemy occupied Europe and Germany. By the irony of fate he was killed with his navigator in a flying accident on returning from an operational sortie. He was a really fine pilot who could have undertaken well any air work. He had just that right combination of daring and caution that makes for the first class.

He was intensely interested in social conditions and had studied social conditions at home and abroad and had worked at welfare centres, including the Peckham Health Centre in London. Had he been spared by the war he would again have thrown all his energies into the battle against poverty and disease. Men of his calibre are rare, and much of the poignancy of his loss lies in the need for such men for this battle and for the reconstruction of a shattered world after the war.

During the summers of 1938 and 1939 he acted as Warden to the Physical Training School for leaders which was held at Guisachen House at Glen Afric and at Gordon Castle. In this work he was ably assisted by his wife, formerly Miss Prunella Stack, whom he married in 1938 and who shared with him also his love of mountains. He leaves two children—Diarmid, aged $3\frac{1}{2}$ years and Iain, aged $1\frac{1}{2}$ years.

M. A. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON.

IN 1933 I had the pleasure of introducing DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON to his first Alpine expedition. We started off with one of the more interesting traverses of the Gross Glockner and during the same season carried out some climbs on the steep rocks of the Engelhörner. It was surprising to see how quickly and easily a heavyweight boxing champion managed to master the technique of delicate balance. He proved to be a most enthusiastic and helpful climbing companion who seldom tired.

Speaking of his boxing prowess one small incident occurs to me. At that time Douglas-Hamilton was in constant training for his boxing championships and one of the exercises which he practised at all times of the day was solo shadow-boxing. I well remember one occasion in a small Austrian village, when he suddenly started one of his shadow boxing bouts in the middle of a crowded street. It was amusing to watch how the local inhabitants scattered in all directions.

David Douglas-Hamilton was intensely interested in anything connected with the mountains and the people who inhabited their valleys. Had he survived I am sure that he would have become one of our best mountaineers and skiers.

In the Royal Air Force, too, he had a distinguished career. Joining the Oxford University Air Squadron in 1933, he served throughout the present war up to the time of his death and during these last years he carried out a great many hours of arduous flying service.

In fact, by the early death of Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, both the Alpine world and the Royal Air Force have suffered the loss of a most promising mountaineer and of a gallant pilot.

E. B. BEAUMAN.

ALPINE NOTES

| THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY : | Year of Election |
|--|------------------|
| Vardy, J. A. | 1887 |
| Lister, Sir William, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., M.D., F.R.C.S. | 1908 |
| Wilberforce, L. R. | 1913 |
| Bloch, Olaf F., Hon.LL.D. | 1931 |
| Chevalier, P. | 1932 |
| Douglas-Hamilton, Squadron Leader Lord David, R.A.F. (killed in action)... .. | 1935 |

ALPINE CLUB MEET IN LANGDALE.—The fourth wartime meet was held at the Dungeon Ghyll Hotel from July 6 to 20, 1944, and was attended by the following for part or all the time :

Messrs. J. Z. Bujak, N. M. Clarke, R. S. Dadson, B. Donkin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Donkin, Dr. N. S. Finzi, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Mears, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Odell, Prof. and Mrs. H. W. Turnbull, and Mr. H. Booth, and in addition, Messrs. A. Lunn and G. G. Macphee, who were also staying at Dungeon Ghyll, joined in the Club's activities.

The two members who travelled overnight from London were rewarded for their early start, for as in 1942 the meet started on a perfect day, to be followed by a really wet one. The next day (Saturday) was better and climbs were done on Pavey Ark, Harrison's Stickle and Gimmer, after those who had not done so previously had climbed Middlefell Buttress, all but one short pitch ; the Middlefell party ended by essaying the descent of Gimmer Crag by B route in boots, but a great desire for tea resulted in the party doing only half the descent and then taking a short cut home.

Sunday, July 9 was wet, but after tea the first of several excursions to Scout Crag took place. On Monday as it was not raining the party set out for Bowfell Buttress and following 1942 tradition arrived at the foot in pouring rain, but this year's party, even though no climb was attempted, did complete the ascent of Bowfell, and some even returned over Crinkle Crag and were rewarded by improving weather. Tuesday seemed a better day and the party set out for Gimmer, but after pro-