The value of Anglo-Swiss student climbing meets is so obvious that it does not need to be stressed. It goes far beyond mountaineering ; the broadening effect on men's minds of easy and spontaneous relationships with their contemporaries of other nationalities is of inestimable value. Equally obvious is the fact that it is we who benefit most, and the Swiss who contribute most in this joint relationship. However successful we may make their visits to England, our indebtedness will remain ; our presence with them must inevitably restrict greatly the achievements of their climbing holidays. This need not embarrass us, since fortunately they consider the restriction repaid by its results, but it is important to appreciate that it is a very real privilege to attend meets such as that held at the Mountet this summer.

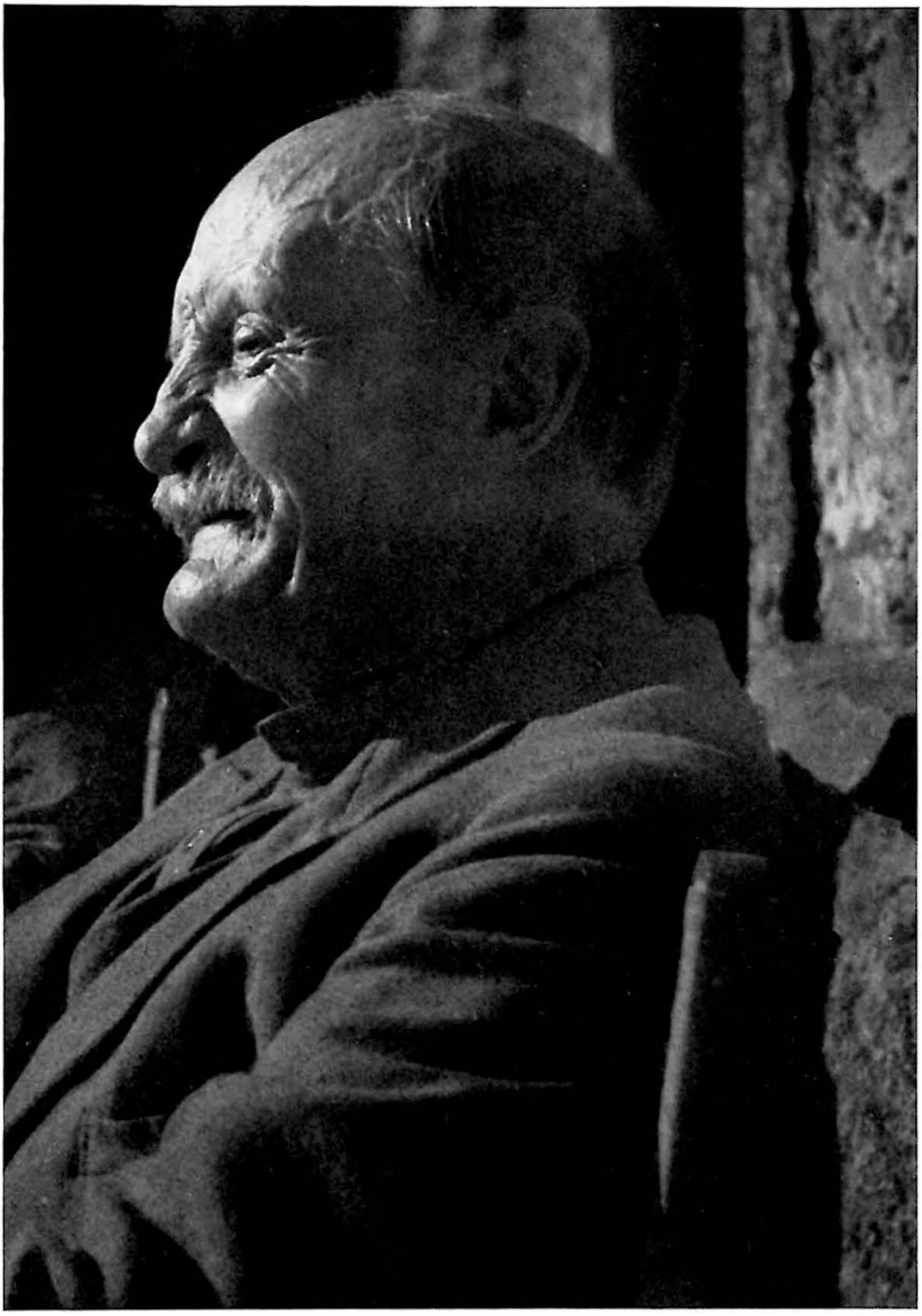
The association which has developed between the Mountaineering Clubs of Geneva and Oxford holds possibilities of considerable advantages for both ; one can only hope that in the future similar relationships may be developed between other Swiss and British Universities.

IN MEMORIAM

WALTER PARRY HASKETT-SMITH

1861–1946

It is almost as if the Needle had fallen. Haskett-Smith had so long occupied something of the same isolated and traditional position in English climbing history. Rarely can a single name be so justly associated with the beginnings of a sport. When he began climbing, the first phase of mountaineering, the opening up of the Alps, was coming to an end. The second had begun, with the group of the mountain explorers, Freshfield in the Caucasus, Slingsby in Norway, Conway in the Himalaya, Collie in Canada, carrying the new craft into distant ranges. Haskett rocketed in on his own, fascinated by the single adventure of climbing rocks. He found, of course, his elders, the Pilkingtons, Slingsby, John Robinson, Collie and others, already at work on the pleasant cliffs. He joined their company as an audacious and popular junior, and of their joint and joyous first ascents in the 80's the gallant veteran G. P. Baker can now be the only survivor. But to the older mountaineers, of the wider view, English rocks were then still only a happy preparation for greater mountains, a pastime in the off seasons. Haskett joined them ; but he was never absorbed into their mountaineering company or into their exploratory enthusiasm. Agile, an all round athlete, very daring, self-confident, and strongly individualistic, he was out from the first for climbing pure and simple, for its thrill and adventure, and for the physical and nervous satisfaction in mastering it. He had an erect, supple style, making good use of the feet and of balance, and with always something of the amateur ' rush ' in it.



W. P. Haskett-Smith.
1861–1946.

George Anderson has a charming story of him pointing out the place in the high wall on the one side of the Eton playing fields, which he was the first to scale. Another Waterloo, we may think, to the credit of those playing fields. Boys have always climbed ; but Haskett was the first notable instance of the successful athlete in whom the passion for climbing competed with, and surpassed in the end, the passion for orthodox games.

His rather glittering entry upon the new sphere was the final touch that turned rock climbing in England into an accepted new sport. And this was brought about by a single feat, his dramatic discovery and ascent of the Napes Needle. It was the unique appearance of the Matterhorn, combined with the tragedy of its first ascent and Whymper's solitary return, which extended the knowledge of mountaineering, and its acknowledgment as a sport, to the whole world. In a smaller field, it was Slingsby's singlehanded first ascent of the picturesque summit of Skagastölstind which set mountaineering going as a sport in Norway. And I think we may say that it was the drama of Haskett's lonely discovery and ascent of something so fantastically shaped (for our peaceful island scenery) as the Needle, which first won public recognition for rock climbing and launched it as an established, if at first not very popular, sport among us.

He followed it up by bringing out his two little volumes, which first told us where rock climbing was to be found in our country, and acted as the first guide to our cliffs. In them, also, he was the first to dignify rock climbing with a book to itself ; and to those of us who were then young and in the first decade of the new climbing fever, the volumes came surrounded with a romantic and Sibylline nimbus of golden promise now irrecoverable and probably even unimaginable by a more sophisticated climbing age.

Haskett had a genuine love of hills ; and since life had made it easy for him to follow his inclinations, he wandered far afield, in various mountain countries. His joining with Count Russell in exploratory climbing in the Pyrenees did not a little to draw attention in England to this range, and it earned him a place among our mountain explorers and prophets. But it remains difficult to place him as a mountaineer. Genial, and with social gifts, he went gladly with friends ; but he was never associated with any mountain group, he undertook no serious exploration and he wrote no further of his experiences. With an appearance not unlike that of some Chinese philosopher—of exceptional physique—his early loss of hair, his long moustaches, and the quizzical expression he cultivated, underlined this effect, and made him seem to strangers often aloof and mocking, and almost deliberately whimsical. It was indeed the curiosities of life, the absurdities, and contrasts, the quaint origins (as of place names), verbal puns and ingeniously misapplied quotations which occupied much of his talk and charged his copious memory. In mountain climbing, I do not think he was ever much interested in the technique or craft. In the mountaineering world, he discharged his duty as a pioneer admirably, by taking his

turn in presidencies and delivering a number of humorous speeches, fireworks of anecdote and literary jesting. In the development of mountaineering, however, in the serious promotion of its social side or of its kindred activities, he took little part, and one came to accept the fact that a mountaineering notion or even a climbing feat had to present itself to him in some ingenious collocation or humorous context to earn his attention. He never lost a youthful reserve and a certain defensive detachment.

Through his long life he remained consistently loyal to his interest in rock climbing, and especially to the climbs upon his first love, the fells. With the years, of course, his ' legend ' grew, and the more so because he himself changed so little, even in appearance or mannerism, from his youthful and traditional self. Later generations came to acclaim his every reappearance generously and appropriately. His sense of humour enjoyed the fact, and his unfailing memory could support and amplify the occasion from his stores of reminiscences. A fell walk with him, even in age, when his splendid lung power enabled him still to maintain a stout pace simultaneously with a continuous flow of ludicrous anecdote and jest, such as called for continued laughter and appreciation from his companion, must be a coloured if exhausting memory for many of us.

Early in this last war, when speaking at a climbers' lunch about early climbing days, I saw him, unexpectedly, sitting near me. The recollection of all that his name, his audacity, his jokes, and his little volumes, had meant to so many of us, coming as a revelation more than half a century before in the very beginnings of climbing time, the thought of all the immense developments which had taken place in mountaineering since then, and the sight of himself sitting there so little changed and still with his quizzical smile, brought one of those moments of emotion and memory which are overwhelming. It was time playing one of the very tricks of contrast and topsy-turvydom in which he himself took such delight.

Historically, I feel that we must put Haskett-Smith by himself, apart as a climber as he himself stood apart from all mountaineering development in his long lifetime. To the end I believe that his interest in climbing remained much what it had been when as a boy he first scaled the wall at Eton : he loved it for the sheer and individual adventure which steep rocks could give his skill, his judgment and his iron nerve, and for the fun—more particularly for its fun. It is just for this reason, and because of that special, primal and perhaps unique relationship between him and our own rock cliffs, that his name will be for all time associated with the beginning of English rock climbing as a sport for its own sake. And the Napes Needle, in its own fashion unique, is the best monument to him, and to that beginning.

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

JOHN HAROLD CLAPHAM
1873–1946

JOHN HAROLD CLAPHAM was born in September 1873 and died in March 1946. He died, as he would have wished, suddenly (of a cerebral haemorrhage) without any preliminary invalidism. His mental powers were still at the full. I remember asking him a few months back whether he felt himself getting any less competent at his work. He said No. With memory unimpaired and growing experience, he thought that, if anything, he was getting better at it. This is not the place for a general account of his 'civilian,' as distinct from his mountaineering career, but a little must be said about it.

He was educated at the Leys School and then at King's College, Cambridge; a good athlete, a Scholar of his College and winner of the University Lightfoot Scholarship and Prince Consort Prize. In 1898 he was elected to a Fellowship at King's and went from there in 1902 to be Professor of Economics at Leeds University. There he was married in 1905, and also produced his book on *The Woollen and Worsted Industries*. In 1908 he returned to King's to succeed Oscar Browning as Assistant Tutor in History, and in 1913 followed W. H. Macaulay in the College Tutorship, which he held for fifteen years. In 1928 he was elected to the newly founded professorship of Economic History in the University, retiring from it under the age limit in 1938. From 1933 to 1943 he was Vice-Provost of King's.

He will, of course, be remembered longest for his work as an economic historian. His great three-volume book, *The Economic History of Modern Britain*, is, in particular, an outstanding achievement; while his *History of the Bank of England* and his *Economic Development of France and Germany* are both very considerable works. He was, too, the author of a number of articles and contributions to learned journals, always thorough and reliable, with never anything slipshod. For many years he has been recognised everywhere as the leading economic historian in this country. He was also an admirable lecturer in his subject and an excellent public speaker.

As Tutor of his College for fifteen years, he carried a heavy administrative burden, which, as he used to say, practically debarred him from historical work of his own during term time: he went for it, therefore, all the harder in vacations, and rationed very strictly his climbing, as his other, holidays. In the University too he was a very well known figure, doing a great deal of work on Boards and Syndicates. He also served during both the wars on a number of Government committees. He was good at committee work, liked it and—strange taste—liked also academic functions, historical congresses in far places, indeed, if I may use a disrespectful word, all types of learned 'beano.'

His first beginnings at rock climbing and mountaineering are described in his charming paper 'How it all began' in the ALPINE JOURNAL of May 1943 (*A.J.* 54. 1 *sqq.*). He was taken by Field in the Christmas vacation of 1898–99 up the Central Jordan Crack on the

J. H. Clapham.
1873–1946.

Pillar, and on his initiatory Alpine tour with a party organised by his tutor, Alfred Cooke, in the following summer. These were modest beginnings, not those premature rushes at the biggest things in which novices nowadays sometimes engage. But Cooke's way of approach coloured all Clapham's later climbing. In 'How it all began' he wrote: 'After we had left our first base in the Chamonix valley, where we trained, we hardly saw a soul on our cols and little peaks; and the cantines and small inns and huts where we slept were generally empty but for ourselves. I have loathed crowded mountains ever since. I have liked to drop into centres where climbers congregate, but not to stay long in them. And I am certain that the Italian slopes are grander, that the Italian valleys are more beautiful, and that the Italian summer life in the high valleys was more natural, less commercialised, than the Swiss.'

This gives the keynote of his Alpine tastes and practice. He did not care about fashionable peaks: nor was he ambitious after exceptionally difficult routes, either without or with a great guide in the lead; nor did he like 'meets' among the mountains. What he did care about were holidays with a few friends in fine country, all the better if it were new to him, cross country journeyings, *longues courses de neige*, with some good climbs—as many as would fit in with the cross country plans—thrown in as special treats.

The bulk of his Alpine mountaineering was done in the fifteen years preceding the first world war, most of it in company with C. A. Werner and C. F. Bennett and, on some occasions, a fourth companion. At first they travelled usually with Joseph Simond for guide, but, later, were for the most part a guideless party with guides taken on occasionally for bigger things—as for the traverse of Mont Blanc from the Dôme hut to the Torino in 1909 and for the traverses of Meije and Ecrins three years earlier. His activities covered most districts in the Western Alps, and some of them are described in two papers read before the Alpine Club, 'Three Weeks of the 1911 season' (*A.J.* 26. 409 *sqq.*) and 'Cross Country Gleanings in 1913' (*A.J.* 28. 145 *sqq.*). He had one season in Norway, described by him in his paper 'The Peaks about Slogen' (*A.J.* 31. 290 *sqq.*). His companion, C. F. Bennett, writes of him: 'He was a fine leader; one always felt safe with him. He knew his own mind and was generally right, but always consulted us fully in making plans, and he never took his party into unnecessary risks. It is impossible to put into a few words how much I owe to his companionship.'

After the war, when his original party was broken up, I had the good fortune to be with him for three bits of seasons in 1920, 1922 and 1924, quite enough to realise how good a man he was upon a mountain and, in particular, how skilful upon ice. He had one characteristic which, to any one who, like myself, is bad at weight carrying, was especially sympathetic. He insisted that he *liked* a heavy sack and felt unbalanced without it! Who were we to rob him of so beneficent a pleasure? He was physically very strong and quite imperturbable. One night in

particular I recall from the 1920 season—I have referred to it in the JOURNAL before. I was unfit with a sore throat and, after a long day on the Périades, was so laggard that we got caught out in a heavy snow blizzard on the Mer de Glace. Drenched through as he was, from stepping into a shallow waterlogged crevasse, he sat out on the ice all night, nursing me with perfect sang froid, utterly regardless of his own discomforts. The same year, among other things, we had a good day on the Dôme de Miage, which we climbed from the glacier in mist—under the impression that we were climbing the Béranger !—and a very good one on the Tour Noir. This we climbed from Lognan by the ordinary way and came down by a traverse of our own invention, Clapham cutting admirable steps across several ice gullies. In 1922, after I had been out for more than a month and was very fit while he was not yet in training, we two together, starting from Montenvers and leaving the third member of our party at the Torino, climbed the Dent du Géant. I can still see him on the first summit raising his hat in salute to the aluminium Madonna on the second ! That evening for the first and only time I saw a man actually fall asleep in the course of eating supper. As a training expedition the day had been long enough ! In 1924, a very wet year, he, B. L. Hallward and I started from the Refuge de la Vanoise with a very pleasant cross country journey over the Col de la Grande Casse and Col du Palet to Val d'Isère. Then boot trouble led to his taking a few days off while Hallward and I crossed the Tsanteleina and climbed the Bec de l'Invergnan from the Val de Rhèmes. We reassembled at Courmayeur aiming at the Aiguille Noire de Péteret. There was a misunderstanding with an Italian party at the hut, at which he, as our senior member and best linguist, had perforce to represent us. Good relations were quickly restored, a fortunate event which I secretly attribute, in part at least, to the very formidable physical aspect of our spokesman. In those days, in full climbing canonicals, he stood like Rustum on the Oxus plain ! That night the weather broke hopelessly ; we were forced down to Courmayeur, then to Chamonix and then, from a white world, disappointedly home. After that our ways in the Alps did not meet again. Indeed, I think he only had one more season there, in 1927, with his eldest daughter.

But to my house at Gatesgarth in the Lakes between 1911 and 1940 he paid as many as nineteen visits, all climbing visits except the last two. Indeed, he was really responsible for the existence of that house ; for it was he who first guided my tottering feet to English rocks and infected me with that *cacoëthes ascendendi*, which, strangely, can proliferate undeterred by its victim's tremblings. A year later the house was built, and, presently, he became the grandfather—I the father—of what we jestingly called among ourselves the Gatesgarth School. As a rock climber he belonged, as he used to say, to ' the great gully epoch,' revelling in wide chimneys, the wetter and greasier the better. He was less at home and less ready to lead on open slabs ; but on any expedition he was a tower of strength. Physically he was the ideal second ; for

you could walk about on his shoulders or head in perfect confidence that your stance would never shift. He climbed steadily without fuss or hurry. But once, on the only sudden emergency that we ever had to meet, he gave a masterly display of swift decisive action. We were descending the North Climb on the Pillar, which we did not then know well. The last man down, Terence Hickman, elected to negotiate the Nose by sliding down the wall to the right of it, and, for this, instead of putting the rope round the well known belay, hitched it over a rock protuberance. When he had lowered himself to the length of his arms and was about to take hold of the rope, it slipped off. To pull himself up again was impossible, because the rock bulged out over his back; and in a few moments he must inevitably have crashed. Instantly Clapham, who was standing on the grass ledge beneath, hurled himself on to the narrow shelf under the wall, jammed back and foot, told Terence to leave go with his hand, caught that hand in his and, as Terence fell below him, pivoting on one tautened leg, swung outwards, took the strain, and then with enormous strength swung back, lifting him sheer into safety. Not the best and readiest of Swiss guides could have beaten that!

At the Gatesgarth visits there were usually two or three undergraduates or B.A.s from our College. In Cambridge Clapham, with his great voice booming across the court, had been to them a rather awesome figure—a sympathetic figure, indeed, as the name for him current during his tutorship, 'Honest John,' testifies, but still an awesome one. Up in the Lakes when he was marching across the Fells, exploring the rock climbing possibilities of Birkness Combe or sharing in a 6 A.M. Alpine day for climbing on Scafell, they saw him in a new light. The halo faded, or rather gathered a more domestic tint. On one visit we had in the party the younger brother of one of our undergraduate friends, a schoolboy. At first, in the presence of a celebrated Cambridge tutor, he was a little subdued. But when, somewhere on High Stile, that tutor suddenly emerged out of a gully carrying his hat filled with snow for tea making, the ice began to melt. A few days later on Pisgah Buttress, Scafell, after he had boosted me up the awkward crack to Fives Court Ledge and was following, Honest John slipped and came on the rope—of course had he been leading he would not have slipped—to the accompaniment of an emphatic and very human 'Damn.' The schoolboy was dissolved in laughter. The last of the ice vanished. From henceforward the awesome tutor was awesome no more; he had attained with this new recruit, as he had so often done with others, the high status of an equal comrade.

These are rambling reminiscences. They are not meant for a history, but to give, if may be, vignette glimpses of the man as he was among the hills; cheerful, friendly, full of zest for the game. And as he was there, so essentially he was everywhere; for he was all in one piece. Among his colleagues, when work was over for the day, he was genial and companionable. Chiding me for 'hermitism,' he would say, 'Well frankly, *I* enjoy a good dinner.' He enjoyed too the marks

of recognition, which, in later life, came to him abundantly, his Honorary Degree at Harvard, the Honorary Degree to receive which he was to travel this summer to Montpellier, his knighthood, his Presidency of the British Academy and, not least, his Vice-Presidency of the Alpine Club. He had indeed a full, a strenuous and a happy life, to the harm of none and the great gain of many.

A. C. PIGOU.

RICHARD CAYLEY GIFFARD MOGGRIDGE

1915–1946

RICHARD MOGGRIDGE, who died with tragic suddenness while at work in his chemical laboratory in March 1946 at the age of thirty-one, was a man of outstanding ability and character, and of a personality which a love of mountains revealed very fully to all who met him. The liveliness of his mind, combined with the variety of his tastes, made him an interesting companion to many types of people. He had the happy knack of fitting acceptably with parties of all kinds, calling out the best in a climber whether experienced or novice. He always appeared to be climbing well within his powers, yet the notes of gaiety and adventure were never far absent ; and he was at his best in an emergency. He brought an equal zest to all the varied incidents of the day, whether botanising upon an alpine slope, or initiating a small boy of the family party into the joys of ridge climbing, or shepherding a bewildered trio of Italian youths down the fixed ropes during a storm on the Matterhorn. He was one of the few in whom scientific scholarship and artistic appreciation were in perfect balance. He revelled in his books and maps ; and his trained mind made him love to plan, often months in advance, the details of an expedition, while his sense of beauty made him quick to notice the loveliness of a flower, the sunset, or mountain form and colour. He had a fine tenor voice, and a heart and mind attuned to music. I recall a refreshing interlude as three of us sat high up on the slopes above Arolla, after a rock climb, when he and another of the party, discussing the vocal works of Bach and Mozart, broke into song to illustrate their favourite passages. All these qualities, combined with an equable good nature and magnificent physique, made him an ideal companion among the hills.

He was a Scholar of Winchester and Balliol, who played for his school as a fast bowler and only just missed his colours. At Oxford he took first class honours in Chemistry, and later did important research work during the war. His grandfather, Richard Lake Harrison, another cricketer and musician, had been a well known member of the Alpine Club, whose exploits were pure saga and background to the grandson's mind. At the ecstatic vision of the Jura mountains upon his first journey abroad the boy of fourteen lost his heart to the hills. They became more to him than a pleasure and a recreation : they were a passion and a joy, filling his being in those early years even more than his love of music.

R. C. G. Moggridge.
1915–1946.

Richard climbed in Switzerland, Austria, Dauphiné and the homeland. I spent two memorable seasons, those of 1934 and 1935, with him in Switzerland ; and latterly we met from time to time in Scotland or the Lakes. Besides making many shorter climbs in larger parties he accompanied me alone up the Dent Blanche—his ideal peak—in perfect weather, in traversing the Fletschhorn and Laquinhorn, and the Matterhorn, and in extended glacier tours on the Mischabel and over the summits between Orsières and Zermatt. He excelled in devising the improvisations and modifications of the route when they were forced on us by bad weather. The Matterhorn Couloir on the Riffelhorn gave scope for his skill on the rocks, when he led the crux of the climb by a delicate variation which we discovered to the left of the usual route. His last visit abroad was in 1938, a holiday of guideless climbing with his wife in the Tarentaise and Dauphiné.

During the war, when he was engaged in chemical research, he made opportunities for visits to the hills—the odd day seized between two duties for a fell walk at the end of a fifty mile bicycle ride which gave ' the true perspective ' for the ascent, or the week of climbing on the crags of Gimmer and Scafell. Two vivid traits are readily recalled, his relish for combined tactics in climbing the Gimmer Crack, and again his imperturbability at being caught in a sudden rain squall when traversing the Scafell Pinnacle face.

It was in the last six months of his life, when he was settled in London with his wife and little son, that he reached a summit which he had hitherto deemed inaccessible, in the apprehension of the Christian faith. No one who came in contact with him then could fail to see that he had indeed found his way to the true mountain tops.

H. W. TURNBULL.

When Richard Moggridge became a member of the Club, with a first class record achieved in eight visits to the Alps, he joined the very limited company of those elected at the age of twenty-one. It was the same with his work : when he was only thirty, he was directing the organic chemical section of the fundamental research laboratory of one of the largest industrial concerns in the country.

It is typical that it probably never occurred to him that there was anything remarkable in this. If anyone had suggested it he would have said that he had exceptional opportunities, that was all. But such a record is attained only by the strenuous application of exceptional abilities. He had them in plenty, physical, mental and moral, but he had very high standards, applied them ruthlessly to himself and, as a result, possessed an inherent integrity which never allowed him to rate his achievements at all highly.

As a scientist, he was marked out for great things. Had it not been for the war he would probably already have established his reputation. But his work in chemical warfare was of a kind naturally uncongenial to him. Fundamental, rather than applied, research was his *métier*.

As he himself said, he was always much more interested in 'why' than in 'how.'

I never had the good fortune to climb with him. It was a pleasure, I hoped, in store, for he must have been an excellent companion in the hills with his clear head, purposefulness and unfailing good humour. I knew him as a man of many interests: music, science, botany, art, as well as the hills. He possessed to a remarkable degree the faculty of applying himself fully to anything he took up and making a success of it. He had, indeed, an avid enthusiasm for anything that appealed to his mind and spirit. It was a wide range which widened and deepened as experience grew, at the time of his death perhaps more rapidly than ever before. He was modest to the point of diffidence about the things that touched him deeply, so that few, if any, of his friends knew all the many sides of his nature; much of him they learned about only after his death. It is deplorable that his tragic end came before he had been able to reach the full development of his powers.

G. A. DUMMETT.

ALPINE NOTES

THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY:	Year of Election.
Gouraud, General Henri, Hon. Member	1939
Calvert, E.	1897
Nelson, W.	1912
Myers, Dr. C. S.	1926
Bagwell, J.	1926
Elrington, T.	1926
Hazard, I. P.	1933
Aitchison, P. M.	1937

CONGRATULATIONS.—We congratulate our Honorary Member, M. Charles Gos, on the award of the *Prix Annuel de la langue française* by the Académie Française for the year 1946. This is the first occasion that the prize has been awarded to a Swiss writer, and to one whose subject is mountain literature.

SCHWEIZERISCHE STIFTUNG FÜR ALPINE FORSCHUNGEN.—I had the honour of being the guest of this flourishing Society for the first three weeks of May. It is quite impossible for me to return adequate thanks for the overwhelming hospitality and kindness shown to me, not only by my hosts, but by every person I met or spoke to in Switzerland. Not the least pleasant feature was the feeling one has that this welcome was accorded, not to the individual, but to the people of Great Britain as a whole.

E. L. STRUTT.