IN MEMORIAM

GEORGE EDWARD MANNERING
1862–1947

GEORGE EDWARD MANNERING died in Christchurch, New Zealand, on October 29, 1947, in his eighty-sixth year. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1891, and made Honorary Member in 1935. In 1891 he wrote his book *With Axe and Rope in the New Zealand Alps*, and in 1943 his book *Eighty Years in New Zealand* was published. He was one of the founders in 1891 of the New Zealand Alpine Club, was the first editor of its Journal, Secretary in 1895, President in 1932-34 and was made an Honorary Member in 1935.

He was born in New Zealand, the son of Theophilus Samuel Mannering, who had come from England in 1852. In 1876 the family visited Britain and Mannering was a pupil at King's College, Taunton. Before returning to New Zealand at the end of 1877 he visited the Continent, and from Geneva had his first view of the Swiss Alps. Always fond of the open air life, although he followed the calling of a banker, he became interested in the mountains of his native country.

The visit to New Zealand of the Rev. W. S. Green with his Swiss guides in 1882, and his attempt to climb Mt. Cook, attracted Mannering's attention, and although he had, up to that time, been climbing only the front hills and lower peaks in different parts of the Southern Alps, he determined to attempt the ascent of this, the highest mountain in New Zealand.

In the years from early in 1886 to 1890 he made five attempts on Mt. Cook, generally with his friend Marmaduke Dixon. On the last occasion they reached the foot of the ice cap about 140 ft. from the summit when time and weather forced them to turn back. In spite of difficulty of transport in those early days and very short holidays, he made other exploratory visits to glaciers and valleys of the Southern Alps, but in 1897 a change of residence to the North Island prevented him from doing any active Alpine work. However, in 1922, he was in England and crossed to Switzerland, where he spent a very enjoyable six weeks.

In his book *Eighty Years in New Zealand* (pages 102 to 135) he gives a most interesting and descriptive account of his walks and climbs in the Alps. Although he was then 60 years of age, he was able to make the ascent of some of the lesser peaks and climbed Mt. Dolent and the Matterhorn.

Mannering was always interested in the phenomena of glaciers and in his later years made the study of glacial movement his particular hobby. In his last book he devoted a chapter to his observations. He led a very full life and in his younger days took part in bicycle racing

on the old high bicycle, played golf and tennis, but in his later years his greatest hobby was trout fishing.

By his writings and lantern lectures in the early nineties he brought to the notice of New Zealanders the fact that they had a glorious heritage in their mountains and glaciers. Climbers of the present day will remember with gratitude his interest, and the encouragement he gave to them, when after the First World War mountain climbing became a very active sport in New Zealand.

C. BUCHANAN.

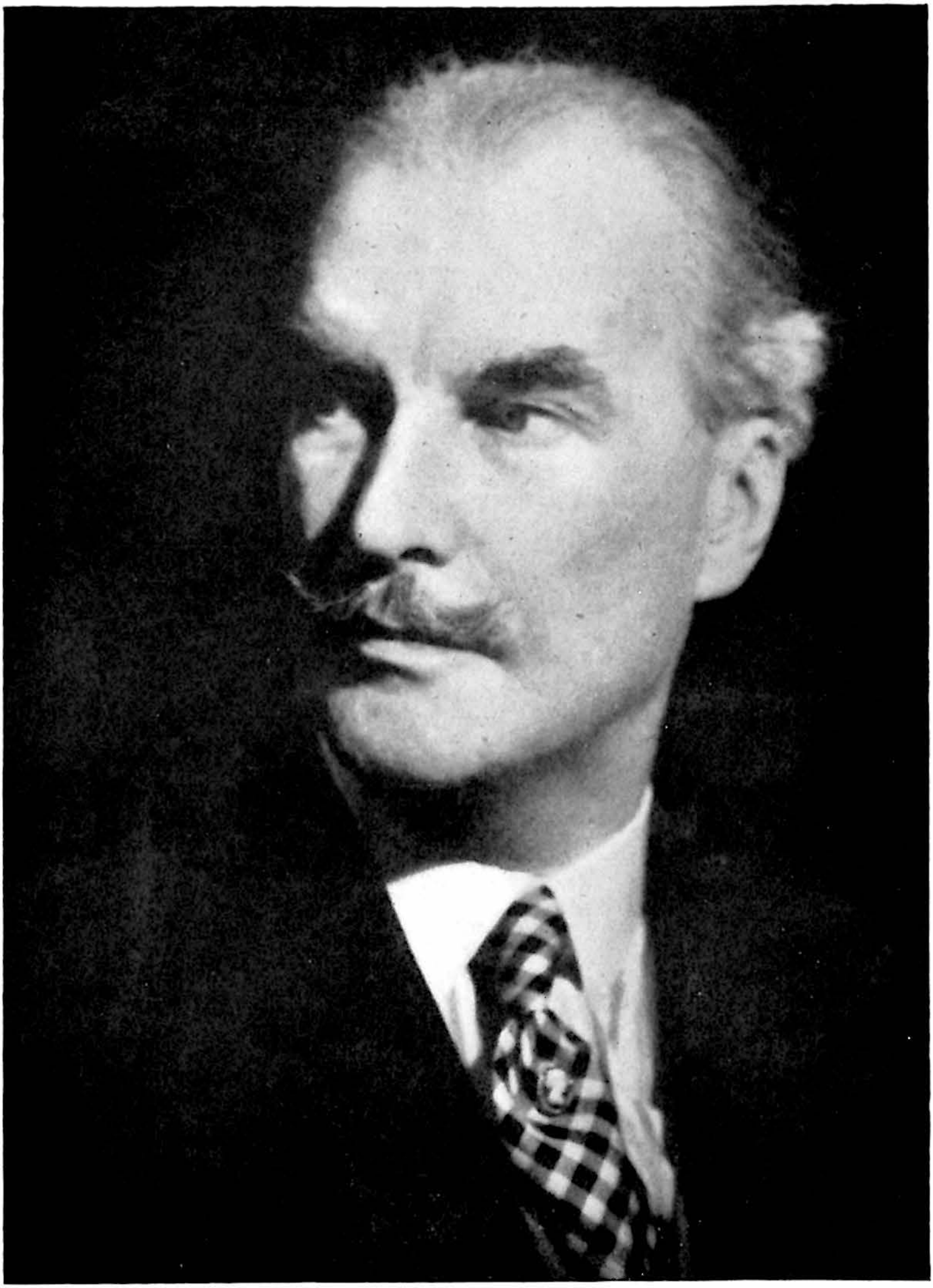
CHARLES RUDOLF PARAVICINI

1872–1947

CHARLES PARAVICINI died at Oberhofen, Lake of Thun, on November 5, 1947. In his passing this country loses one of its most devoted friends, and the Alpine Club perhaps its most popular member.

'Para,' as his friends called him, was a member of an old Basle family which had migrated originally from Como. Before joining the Swiss Diplomatic Service, he had studied law in Basle, Lausanne and Paris. He served in the Legations of Rome, Paris and St. Petersburg, and was Head of the Foreign Affairs Department, Berne, during the First World War, 1917–19. In 1920 he was transferred as Swiss Minister to London where he continued until his final retirement in 1939. During those twenty years Paravicini rendered inestimable services both to this country and to his own. Tall and remarkably distinguished looking, possessing in the fullest measure good looks, dignity and geniality as well as a great charm of conversation, he speedily became one of the best respected and most popular of diplomats in London. To many Britons and especially to those ignorant of Switzerland, Para may be said to have put the Swiss nation 'on the map.' He was, I think, the *doyen* of the foreign Diplomatic Corps when he left London after the outbreak of the late war. His charming wife, Lilian, daughter of Monsieur E. L. de Watteville—one of the most ancient of Swiss families—shared in the fullest measure in her husband's successes. She endeared herself especially to many, hitherto unknown to her in this country, by her remarkable achievements in tracing, *alone* and by her personality, a large number of British officers and men missing in France in 1940, as also by trying to help British prisoners of war in Germany. It is no secret to their friends what sacrifices she and her husband have made in this selfless cause. Their only son, who adopted British nationality, served as an officer in the war and is now head of the British Liaison in the French zone of Germany.

I do not think that Para ever found much leisure for serious mountaineering, but like all Swiss he took the greatest interest in it, while the Alpine Club was proud of his acceptance of Honorary



C. R. PARAVICINI.
1872–1947.

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Membership in 1925. He attended the Annual Dinner, as well as many meetings, with the greatest regularity, speaking on several occasions with all his attractive, versatile fluency and wit.

It is impossible to avoid the personal side in writing an obituary, especially when the subject happens to be truly that of a great friend. I first met Para in March, 1919, when I was escorting the Imperial Family out of Austria, on behalf of the Allied Command. Para sent to meet us, first at Feldkirch and then accompanying us to Buchs, his own personal representative, M. Borsinger de Baden. The Swiss (6th) Division's commander and staff together with a large guard were drawn up on Buchs platform, while the permanent way was lined by troops for a mile and more. All this was achieved at a few hours' notice of a secret and hurried departure. This quiet, well ordered and almost *intime* reception was a vivid contrast with the chaos we had left. A few days later having called officially on M. Paravicini as head of the Foreign Division of the Political Department at Berne, I proceeded to lunch with him and his wife. I came to them as a total stranger but left them as a friend. I had the good fortune to see them last in May, 1946, at their villa at Oberhofen, Thun. Charles Paravicini was then a very sick man, but surrounded by his many treasures and with the windows open on the sunlit lake, it seemed between us three almost as gay a reunion as the very many we have had in the past.

To Madame Paravicini and her family I would convey my heartfelt sorrow and that of all his friends in the Club.

E. L. STRUTT.

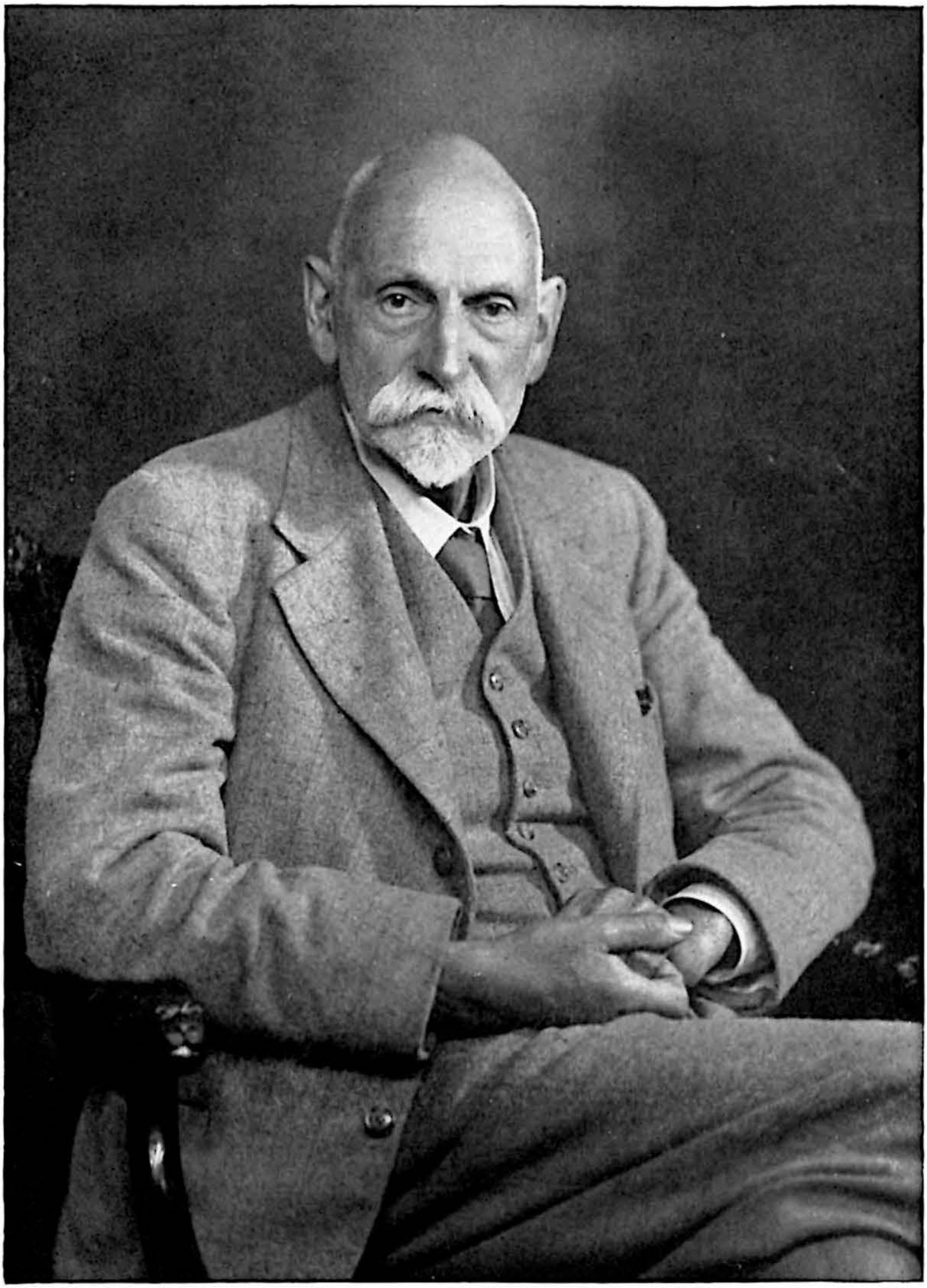
There is little, I think, that any one could add to Colonel Strutt's appreciation both of the public work and of the personality of one who was a great servant of his own country and yet became by his sympathy and understanding of our ways and by his sharing in all our interests an essentially British institution. He certainly became an essential and almost indispensable element in the life of the Alpine Club and his speeches at many Winter Dinners always delighted his hearers and, with his distinguished presence, have remained a happy memory. Few have had the gift of friendship in greater measure.

L. S. AMERY.

LEGH SYLVESTER POWELL

1855–1947

WHEN he died on December 2 last, in his ninety-third year, LEGH SYLVESTER POWELL was the senior member of the Club, having been elected in February 1882, and his long life was one of great happiness and intense interest. He was born at Versailles on August 8, 1855, son of Captain William Wellington Powell of the 9th Foot. His two



L. S. Powell.
1855–1947.

brothers, William Walter Richmond Powell and Major-General Sir Charles Herbert Powell, K.C.B., shared his love for the mountains and were also members of the Club.

Owing to delicate health in childhood he was educated at home, and while travelling with his family abroad he had an early introduction to the mountains. He finished his education at the Royal School of Mines after which he spent some years in the laboratory of Dr. J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S., working as a chemist, and this led him to take up chemistry as his career. This contact with Dr. Gladstone had a great influence on his life, and it was during this time that his simple faith and kindly consideration for his fellow men began to find their natural expression. As the years went by, many were to enjoy his genius for making friends, wherever he went. Later, he became Superintendent of the Incandescent Lamp Department of the Brush Electric Company and originated a process for manufacturing a homogeneous thread for carbon filaments. He can, in fact, be regarded as one of the pioneers of the rayon industry, having subsequently been associated with Sir Joseph Swan, C. H. Stearn and F. Topham, and the ultimate process resulting from their work having been acquired by Courtaulds. From 1893 he was a Member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

From early days until the very end of his life his love for the Alps was intense and he was never happier than when among the mountains. His climbing record was distinguished and his special delight was the exploration of unfrequented valleys, passes and peaks with guideless parties consisting of J. A. Hutchinson, W. C. Slingsby, Walter Larden and others. He carried out a number of first ascents and passages in the Oberland and described some of these in papers he contributed to the ALPINE JOURNAL: 'The Meiental,' *A.J.* 22. 20, 'Some Passes from the Göschener Alp and from the Windegg Hut,' *A.J.* 22. 425, 'Two Remarkable Unscaled Rocks in Savoy,' *A.J.* 34. 258, and numerous short notices, all of which display his interest in the topography, geology and mineralogy of the Alps. To an advanced old age he retained his curiosity about possible new routes from one out of the way valley to another and would exhort his younger friends to explore them.

He married, in 1900, Ethel Anne, daughter of William Henry Kent, M.D., of the County Cork, and for many subsequent years spent summer holidays in Switzerland, Northern Italy, Austria and Savoy, taking out small parties of his family and young friends, camping in hay chalets and undertaking climbs and walking tours, always keen on exploring new districts and introducing young people to the joys of the mountains. As late as 1938 he was still climbing and wandering in Savoy. In 1939 he set off for Canada, equipped with rucksack, climbing boots, ice-axe and a small hand case, staying with cousins in Vancouver and making visits to the redwoods of California, to Alaska and the mountains of British Columbia, and joining the Canadian Alpine Club. During this time, at the age of eighty-seven, he would undertake solitary expeditions, complete with sleeping bag. In 1944,

under wartime conditions of travel, he returned alone to England and spent the last years of his life near Dorking with his daughter, to whom the writer is indebted for much of this memoir, fully occupied with his garden and livestock and delighting in the exploits of his grandchildren and their young friends. He wished to visit Switzerland once more in 1947 but it was considered unwise to allow him to make the journey.

One of his many enthusiasms was for trees, and he was one of the oldest members of the 'Men of the Trees,' in which connexion he took an active interest in the inauguration of tree planting in Palestine and, quite recently, in the preservation of the redwoods of Northern California. Wild flowers and music were very dear to him. He will be affectionately remembered by many who, as children, were conducted by him on country walks and fascinated by his whimsical stories and observations of nature; to them he was something of a beneficent Pied Piper. A rare and lovable person, content in mind and simple in living, and to the last a true pilgrim.

J. E. MONTGOMREY.

ROBERT AUGUSTUS ROBERTSON

1850–1948

ROBERT AUGUSTUS ROBERTSON, D.L., Solicitor Supreme Courts of Scotland, was born on December 12, 1850, and died on January 29, 1948, in his ninety-eighth year.

He had always been exceptionally strong and vigorous and was about six feet three inches tall, with a marked personality and charm of manner. He had had a long and active business career, succeeding on his father's death in 1876 to the family business of solicitors in Edinburgh, a business which he developed greatly during his life, and from which indeed he never retired, remaining as senior partner of the firm till the day of his death. He was a director of a number of companies of widely varying interests, and in the course of a long business career there was perhaps no one who was more respected or whose advice carried more weight in his own profession.

An ardent mountaineer in his early life, he belonged more to the school of older climbers whose affections were more inclined towards the long walks and tests of physical endurance of pioneering days rather than to those who devoted their energies to new routes or variations of existing climbs. In the midst of a busy life he always found time to spend a short period of each year among the mountains he loved and which meant so much to him. As a young man he travelled extensively in Switzerland and remained faithful to holidays in Switzerland to the end of his days, the only exception so far as is known being

one or two summer holidays in Tyrol between 1900 and 1910. I think he had climbed all the big peaks at some time or other, and he took part in the first ascent of L'Evêque in 1894. He seemed always to know any place in Switzerland one happened to mention in course of conversation. He was elected a member of the Club in 1887 and served on the Committee in 1906.

After the First World War, when he was no longer of an age to undertake long expeditions, he selected the Riffelalp as an ideal spot for a summer vacation and usually went there in the month of August accompanied by one or other members of his family and often by friends or relatives whom he persuaded to come out to Switzerland with him for their holidays. The procedure on these occasions was always to spend about three weeks at the Riffelalp and end up with a few days at the Italian Lakes or on the Riviera before returning home. I can recollect many expeditions up the Gorner Glacier or across to the Bétemps hut at the foot of Monte Rosa and to the Findelen Glacier. He continued these visits to the Riffelalp till he was nearly eighty years of age.

As he got older, he liked to avail himself of the privileges accorded to seniority, and I well remember his great delight when on one occasion he introduced to his family—who had arrived at the Riffelalp a day or two before him—a charming English lady whom he had met in the train coming up from Visp and whom he had dissuaded from stopping at such a stuffy and overcrowded place as Zermatt. He had succeeded in getting over the difficulty of name by an inspection of her belongings in the guard's van of the Gornergrat train where he was discovered by the lady in question examining the labels on her luggage. In later years he also developed the embarrassing habit, when he was having a meal in a restaurant abroad, of suddenly insisting that he recognised somebody whom he had previously met in Switzerland many years before. When this happened, out would come a little card which he gave to the waiter and on which he scribbled, 'I am sure you are Mr. or Mrs. . . . whom I met at . . . in the year . . .' Invariably there was no result at all, or he merely received a stony stare, but he took these little setbacks with great good humour and as part of the regular holiday routine which had to be gone through.

He was a member of the Climbers' Club, and an original member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club in which he always took a great interest, and he was their President from 1897 to 1899.

In his young days he was acquainted with Robert Louis Stevenson, who was godfather to one of his family, and he could remember having seen Charles Dickens during one of the latter's visits to Edinburgh. At the age of 78, when he felt he was getting too old to go abroad he took up golf and for some years after that he played regularly on his home course every Sunday morning.

E. B. ROBERTSON.

EDWARD HUGH FOLKWINE BRADBY
1866–1947

EDWARD HUGH FOLKWINE BRADBY, who died on November 7, 1947, was a distinguished mountaineer, one of the great pioneers of guideless climbing.

Bradby was born on November 8, 1866, his father being head master of Haileybury. He was educated at Rugby, where he was in the cricket eleven for three years. From there he went up to Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his degree and gained a double blue, for running and boxing. He chose the law as a career and qualified as a solicitor in 1891. His whole professional life was spent with the firm of Bircham & Co. in London, first as an articled clerk, subsequently as managing clerk and then, for many years, as a partner. He was a wise and hard working lawyer. In 1919 he married Sarah Ann Greenway, of Warwickshire, whose devoted care for him should be placed on record. Some years later, at the age of seventy, he became dangerously ill with double pneumonia and empyema, but a strong constitution pulled him through and brought him complete recovery. Towards the outbreak of the Second World War he was beginning to think of retiring; instead of doing so, he gallantly carried on right through the war, regarding this continued assistance to his firm and clients as his war work. When he did finally retire at the end of 1946, he was definitely a tired man. After living on quietly for nearly a year, he died very suddenly from heart failure, the day before his eighty-first birthday.

As Bradby worked hard, so did he climb hard; for the hills called to the deeps of his nature, and climbing was his passion. Almost every year from 1884 to 1914 he visited the Alps, Dauphiné or Dolomites, and again from 1920 until shortly before his illness. Beginning with an ascent of Titlis, as one of an inadequately equipped party with guides who got drunk on the way down, he quickly passed to more serious expeditions, learning the art behind guides in the traditional manner, but mostly without other companions, as throughout those early years he only met one other English climber, Captain Farrar. Then, in 1896, he had the good fortune to meet, at Montenvers, Dr. Claude Wilson and J. H. Wicks, with whom he formed an immediate friendship. From 1897 to 1914 Wilson and he were constant climbing companions, generally with Wicks or Dr. W. A. Wills or both, though in 1907 they climbed *à deux*. During that period they made together no less than 157 expeditions, the majority guideless, though occasionally they engaged Henri Rey or Ulrich Almer for part of a season. Many new routes in various districts were accomplished, at a time when guideless climbing was in its infancy, until by their proved skill and striking successes the party acquired a reputation second to none in Alpine circles.

With such a record, a list of Bradby's expeditions, even the major

E. H. F. BRADBY.
1866–1947.

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ones, would be merely tedious, but one great climb, described by Wilson as their longest and hardest, deserves special mention. This was the Brenva route on Mont Blanc, climbed in 1904 direct from Courmayeur, with descent by the Corridor route to the Grands Mulets. The party, Wilson, Wicks and Bradby, had perfect weather, but their difficulties lay in the extreme hardness of the ice and in the fact that, at the critical spot, no flaw was to be found in the ice rampart at the top of the direct ascent, necessitating a long and excessively severe ice traverse. Their times were Courmayeur 20.20, Col de la Brenva 20.10, Grands Mulets 22.30. Of such stuff were those men made.

As befitted so great a climber, Bradby held high office in the Alpine Club. Joining in 1897, he was elected to the Committee in 1904, was Secretary from 1906 to 1908 and Vice-President in 1928 and 1929. In the year 1928 he was in the running for the Presidency, but he elected to stand down, out of loyalty to Wilson. When the matter was under informal discussion, Wilson's name was mentioned, then his own; he immediately said, with charming spontaneity, that he would never stand in rivalry with Wilson, 'who taught me all the climbing I ever knew.'

That renunciation of the Presidency was characteristic of Bradby. Modest, unselfish and kindly, he was, literally, a lovable man. In his early years in London he lived in the East End, helping nightly with the running of the Rugby Mission; it is not difficult to imagine his influence for good there. He never subscribed to public charities, being of opinion that too much of their funds are absorbed in overhead expenses; instead, he had his own private charities, lending a helping hand where he found help to be needed. The number and nature of these secret acts of kindness were probably known only to himself, but there is reason to believe that they were many. And with his selflessness there ran a sense of fun, changing to dry humour with advancing years. He liked to tell the story of how he and another articled clerk, being detailed to serve an Order of Court, of a purely routine nature, against the Bank of England, decided to serve it, not on the Bank's Solicitors in accordance with the normal practice, but on the Bank itself, to whom it was addressed; this led to their interviewing a series of officials of increasing importance and perplexity, until finally a very high ranking and indignant gentleman accepted service from the two seemingly innocent, but inwardly hilarious clerks. Probably that escapade, like one or two of his mountain expeditions, has never been repeated.

My own connection with Bradby was primarily professional. For twenty-seven years we were in the same firm, from 1926 onwards as partners, and I was thus privileged to see those human qualities, to which I have referred, in action. It was a warming experience, ripening into close friendship. Throughout our long association I never heard him say a harsh thing of anyone and, though he might sometimes grumble at persons or things, he invariably finished up with a laugh. As an articled clerk I was placed under him and, in addition to legal

training and advice, I largely owe my own climbing to him; for frequently, after explaining some point of law, he would break off and talk of the mountains, thus inspiring me with a desire to climb. For that, as for much else, I owe him gratitude.

W. B. CARSLAKE.

JAMES HENRY DONCASTER

1873–1948

JAMES HENRY DONCASTER, who was of Quaker parentage, was the great-grandson of Daniel Doncaster, the founder of the firm of Sheffield steel manufacturers which bears the family name. He was educated at Oliver's Mount School, Scarborough and at King's College, Cambridge, of which College he was an Exhibitioner and Prizeman. In 1894 he took an Honours degree in History. A year later, when other callings were open to him, he decided to accept the offer of a post in the family firm, starting at the bottom rung as a junior clerk. His advance was rapid: he was soon made a partner in the firm, held for twenty years the position of Secretary and Director and in 1931 became the Chairman. Doncaster held a number of other offices within and outside the business world. He had a very strong sense of local patriotism. He was always ready to accept responsibilities as they came along and to forward any good cause; but he never sought for office, still less did he seek for those rewards which office sometimes brings. Besides being President of two important steel associations, he was a magistrate and a Town Trustee and a member of the Board of the Sheffield Hospital. He was also much concerned with education. Though he withdrew from membership of the Society of Friends during the First World War, he continued his strong support of the Adult Schools movement and thought nothing of getting up at 6.30 each Sunday morning to attend his class in Sheffield. He was also much interested in University affairs, was for some years Treasurer of the University and later Junior Pro-Chancellor. To all these different activities he brought an unquestioned integrity, a shrewd understanding of those with whom he had to deal and a saving sense of humour, a 'very present help' in life's difficulties, which commended him to his fellow men.

Doncaster's love of mountains and mountaineering had its origin in his habit, formed in early youth, of taking long walks in all weathers over the Derbyshire moors. A further impulse in the same direction was given by a walking tour in the Jotunheim in 1894. Climbing, of which we had no experience, was no part of our programme. But with the help of a local guide who possessed an ice-axe (a clothes line serving as a rope) we crossed the Lundeskar, descending by a long and steep snow couloir, and felt we had had a glorious day. A few days later we ascended Galdhöppig. The conclusion was obvious. We must as soon as possible learn to climb—in the Alps. From 1896 to 1910

Doncaster spent all his summer holidays in the Alps, sometimes alone, at other times with friends, among them Arthur Whitting and his wife, Alfred Booth, J. E. C. Eaton, J. Robinson (the wellknown Lakeland climber) and myself. He climbed with guides, preferably in districts with which the guides were unacquainted. For several years his guides were Maurice and Joseph Gaspoz of Evolena, who became his firm friends. Perhaps his best year from a climbing point of view was 1898, when, with J. Robinson, his party climbed six peaks from Arolla, crossed the Col d'Hérens to Zermatt and finished up with the Dent Blanche, Matterhorn and Gabelhorn, all in nineteen days. In 1899 he was elected a member of the Alpine Club. His 1898 season was not, however, typical. He was surefooted both on rocks and snow and the best of good company on a climb, but he was not out to bag peaks. What he liked best was cross country travel, taking peaks and passes as they came. If the climbing was good, that of course added greatly to the day's enjoyment; and the more strenuous days, especially those when conditions were adverse, were those best worth remembering. But he was not of the school for whom mountaineering is primarily a contest; still less did he hold with those who think of it as a religion. For him it was the best of all forms of recreation, and there was no need to say more.

In 1910 he spent three weeks in the Adula district and contributed a delightful paper to the ALPINE JOURNAL (*A.J.* 21. 155 *sqq.*) describing his experiences. Entries in his diaries, unfortunately incomplete, show that by 1914 there were few districts in the Alps from the Dauphiné to Tyrol which he had not visited and the Ecrins, Grand Paradis, traverses of Mt. Pourri and the Charmoz, and the ascent of the Bietschhorn are among the expeditions there recorded. In 1910 we did a trek from Gastein to Klosters, climbing the Ankogel, Sonnblick, Gross Venediger, Hochfeiler (in a snowstorm), Wilder Freiger, Wilder Pfaff, Wildspitze, and finally Piz Linard. There followed three fishing holidays in Scotland, for he was a keen fisherman, and a return to the Alps in 1914, which came to an unlooked-for end. After a fortnight in the Oberland he joined the Whittings and went to the Baths of Masino. On August 3 he and Whitting climbed the Disgrazia and learnt the same evening that France and Germany were at war.

After their marriage, in 1919, Doncaster and his wife, who shared his love for the Alps and had had experience of climbing before the war, paid several visits to Switzerland and one to Skye. Then, when he was sixty and at the height of his powers, he was overtaken by a sudden illness which put an end to his physical activities. He bore his disabilities with wonderful patience and fortitude, and never lost his interest in mountaineering and the activities of the Alpine Club. A man of sterling character, and one who had done notable work in his time, he was held in high regard by his many friends in all classes of society for and with whom he had worked.

F. B. STEAD.

A. ERNEST MAYLARD
1855–1947

By the death of A. E. Maylard, M.B., B.S., the Scottish Mountaineering Club has lost the last of its three founders. The three were W. W. Naismith, Gilbert Thomson and A. E. Maylard. The story of how the club came into being is graphically told by the late Professor Ramsay in an article in Vol. 4 of the *S.M.C. Journal*, entitled ' The Formation of the Club.' But, as the early volumes are not now easily accessible it may be well to recall the facts related in the said article. It all started with a letter in the *Glasgow Herald* on January 10, 1889, written by W. W. Naismith and headed ' Proposal for a Scottish Alpine Club.' This was replied to by Gilbert Thomson, welcoming the idea, and in the *Herald* of the 19th Maylard came on the scene. He, too, warmly espoused the idea, and suggested the name of ' The Scottish Mountaineering Club,' pointing out strong objections to the introduction of the word ' Alpine.' Maylard then called on Professor Ramsay, who, of course, was enthusiastic about the proposal. A public meeting was called and was held in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, on February 11, Ramsay being in the chair.

The club was formed, and from that day to this has gone on from strength to strength with a success that the original founders probably never dreamed of. Maylard was appointed the first Secretary of the club, which post he held quietly and efficiently from 1889 to 1896. He served on the Committee in 1897, from 1906 to 1909 and from 1915 to 1919. He was Vice-President from 1898 to 1899 and President from 1899 to 1902. He was a Trustee of the club from 1906 to 1947. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1901.

I was closely associated with Maylard from 1893 onwards. He was quiet and somewhat reserved in his manner, not particularly genial to those he did not know well ; but when you did penetrate that seemingly aloof manner he was a real friend and a good companion, and always alert to promote the prestige and well being of the club.

I well remember how considerate and helpful he was to me on one of my first serious winter climbs. It was on the Cobbler at New Year, 1895. The party was Naismith and Gilbert Thomson, Maylard and myself. We traversed the ridge, beginning with the South Peak, Naismith leading, Thomson next on the rope, then myself, with Maylard as sheet anchor at the rear. Coming off ' Jean,' the conditions were difficult with much ice and loose snow. I shall never forget how Maylard shepherded me down those icy rocks, telling me what to do and generally instructing me in the way that I should go.

Maylard wrote many delightful articles in the *S.M.C. Journal*. He had a clear, interesting and attractive style. Two articles which appeared in Vols. 4 and 5, entitled ' Climbing Considered in its Physiological Aspects,' are well worthy of especial note. There he expounds the benefits that come from climbing to the nervous system

and to the senses of hearing, sight and smell. Written as they are by one who well knew what he was talking about from a medical point of view, and expressed in terms that are easily understood, they are well worthy of attention.

Maylard as President of the S.M.C. fulfilled the duties of his office in a very satisfactory way. He spoke well, and he and Mrs. Maylard were most hospitable and kind at the receptions they gave. When he retired from his post of surgeon in the Victoria Infirmary, Glasgow, he went to live in Peebles, but almost to the last he attended the Dinners and Annual Meetings of the club. And so we say farewell to this old and ever helpful friend of the S.M.C. He did much to guide the club along the lines that have made it the outstanding success it is. He was a great gentleman of the old school, and the club does well to honour and revere his memory.

A. E. ROBERTSON.

STANDEN LEONARD PEARCE

1873–1947

SIR STANDEN LEONARD PEARCE, C.B.E., D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., M.I.Mech.E., M.I.E.E., died on October 20, 1947, after a few days' illness at the age of 74.

No better tribute could be paid to S. L. P. than that written by Mr. L. Pendred in *The Engineer*, where he pointed out there are few eminent men like Sir Leonard Pearce that owed their position and reputation wholly to the unsought recognition of their merits. Men without a particle of aggressiveness in their nature, men who are never tempted by ' vaulting ambition ' and yet possess profound knowledge are not only respected but loved : so it was with S. L. P.

He was a great designer and builder of electricity power stations and his finest example was Battersea power station, which for some years was the most efficient thermodynamically of any in the country. He appreciated the honour of knighthood in 1935 solely because he felt it was a recognition of the faculty of applied science in engineering as represented by the economic generation of electricity. He also appreciated especially the award of the Faraday Medal from the Institution of Electrical Engineers, the Honorary Membership of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers when he declined nomination as President of that body, and the Honorary Membership of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Now all the above has to do with his lifelong work, illustrated chiefly by his having been Chief Electrical Engineer to the Manchester Corporation, Engineer-in-Chief to the London Power Company and for some time an Electricity Commissioner. It is natural that this work should predominate in his life. Yet many of us who knew him and understood his character realise that his whole recreational pleasures

Photo, Swaine.]

S. L. PEARCE.
1873–1947.

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were got from his wanderings in the mountains of the Alps and in the hills and dales of Great Britain.

He began his more serious expeditions, both at home and abroad, shortly after the beginning of this century, and his records show that from then onwards he was regularly in the Alps each summer, and also in the winter seasons, except during the war years. It is computed that he made altogether over one hundred and fifty first class ascents in the Alps during some forty visits covering both winter and summer. He was also an excellent skater. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1922 and served on the Committee during 1936–38. He was also a member of the Alpine Ski Club and served as Chairman of this club when it was reconstructed after the First World War. He was a member of the Rucksack Club and of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

As a keen mountain skier he helped largely to bring about a closer relationship between summer and winter mountaineering. He was very grieved at the publication given in the daily press to his winter ascent of the Mönch and the Jungfrau in February 1938, which he did with his daughter Mrs. E. Forrester and with two Grindelwald guides in perfect weather. He said at that time when he came home: 'I could not see what the journalistic fuss was about, it was a mere nothing but just a pleasant morning's walk in beautiful weather.' They did the climb in record time and he was then 64 years of age.

H. E. Scott, formerly a member of the Alpine Club, who accompanied S. L. P. for many seasons up to 1924, describes some of the climbs with him from 1910 to 1924 and says: 'As befits a scientist he was very methodical, always had a planned programme typed out to the last detail. After many seasons he succeeded in carrying through his programme for the first (and I think the only) time in 1936. He preferred to follow a good guide and was an excellent second, very careful in watching his leader and in bringing up his follower. He had an immense love for the mountains throughout the whole of his life and I never knew any man who got as much real pleasure out of climbing.' Another companion was M. G. S. Swallow who writes: 'He was a first class climber, very safe, and when well over sixty years old was able to tackle difficult and long climbs with enthusiasm and success. As a companion he was ideal, so unselfish and cheerful, considerate of his guides who both loved and admired him. He was most modest about his achievements, the extent of which he either concealed or minimised.'

His favourite guides were Fritz Steuri of Grindelwald, Josef Pollinger, his son, Adolf, and Alexander Lagger of St. Niklaus. S. L. P.'s favourite playground was the Bernese Oberland, and in the summer of 1935 he accompanied Sir William Ellis on the ascent of the Jungfrau when the latter celebrated his 75th birthday. His daughter describes how S. L. P. hoped he would be able himself to celebrate his 75th year in the same manner. When over 60 years of age he was able to make expeditions such as the Aletschhorn, Bietschhorn, Grand Combin and Dent d'Hérens.

Despite symptoms of neuritis and lumbago during the later war years S. L. P. visited the Alps in 1946 and accomplished some less tiring ascents, whilst in August 1947, determined to traverse passes and take a less strenuous holiday at the age of 73, he gloried in accomplishing some twenty high passes and one ascent of the Cima di Jazzi from the Monte Rosa hut.

We, and many other of his companions both technical and Alpine, will sorely miss his kindly, gentle, unassuming and generous character.

S. B. DONKIN.
E. FORRESTER.

Few members of the Club have shown a more continuous and single-minded devotion to the Alps than Sir Leonard Pearce. For him mountaineering, and the love of the mountains, were more than a recreation, they were an integral part of his life. He lived at home, and worked in his office, surrounded by pictures of his beloved mountains. Many a time, at the end of a difficult and exacting business meeting, he would turn to his pictures with evident relief and refreshment. During the war, when he was carrying the double burden of his work with the London Power Company and his work with the Electricity Commission, he pined for the Alps. As soon as he was able to get back to them again, as he did for two seasons, his pleasure was a delight to see. It broke through his habitual reserve. Equally deep was his disappointment when, in the Oberland in August 1947, he heard the news that reimposed currency restrictions might prevent his returning again. His last few days in the Alps were passed in a spirit of ' Look your last on all things lovely.' For him, a world in which access to the Alps is barred would have been a very empty world.

E. S. HERBERT.

PAUL LEON GIUSEPPI

1881–1947

IN the death of Dr. P. L. GIUSEPPI on November 13, 1947, the Alpine Garden Society has suffered the severe loss of a most efficient President, and the horticultural world generally an indefatigable explorer of the remoter regions of Europe and Asia, who has added greatly to the adornment of our gardens by the introduction of a great many new plants ; and the medical profession is the poorer for the passing of a very efficient and reliable surgeon.

Dr. Giuseppi was not a climber from the Alpine Club point of view : he did not climb for the love of the sport, but solely as a means of discovering ' the little children of the hills,' which were his passion and hobby. He was elected a member of the Club in 1933, his qualifications being those of an explorer amongst little known mountain regions

Photo, Vandyk.]

P. L. GIUSEPPI.
1881–1947.

and of a discoverer of previously unknown plants. His wanderings took him to Spain and Portugal, both of which he visited several times, chiefly in quest of the small bulbous plants in which these countries abound, his latest expedition to them being in June last, when he flew there and back. He visited Greece several times and climbed Mt. Olympus, where he discovered the rare *Jankea Heldreichii*, which grows nowhere else, and introduced it for the first time into cultivation. He also scaled Mt. Pindus and Smolika, bringing home new plants from there. All the Balkan countries he explored very thoroughly and reaped a rich harvest of new plants from that district. He also spent some time in Crete and climbed in the Caucasus. Perhaps his most ambitious expedition was driving his car to Damascus and thence across the desert to Baghdad and so to Persia, which he crossed and reached the Afghan frontier. In Persia he climbed Sabst i Baschom, Kuh i Bamu and Kuh Ajub near Shiraz, Kuh i Jupar near Kirman and Schir Kuh near Yezd, and from these really strenuous climbs he brought back six species of *Dionysia*, plants of great beauty and unknown in this country before.

All these excursions were planned in the greatest detail and nothing was left to chance. I had the privilege of joining him in a trip to Jugoslavia and had the opportunity of observing his untiring energy in the pursuit of his beloved plants. His car presented an extraordinary spectacle : it was packed inside and festooned outside with every conceivable object that he might require. He carried a tent, sleeping bags, spare clothes, boots, etc., and on the floor of the car a Wardian frame, really a tiny greenhouse for specially precious plants. This allowed very little room for travellers' legs, but in this overcrowded car he drove from Calais to Belgrade in three days. One of our expeditions was the climb of Korab, a 9000-ft. peak on the Serbo-Albanian frontier. We had got within a hundred feet of the summit, where we were looking forward to good hunting as the mountain was almost virgin land botanically, when we were met by a gendarme who said they had received a message from headquarters that the Englishmen must return at once as they were expecting a raid by Albanian brigands that night on the gendarmerie post where we were to have pitched our tent. This was, of course, very disappointing. Giuseppi said there and then that he would go next year to Albania and climb Korab with Albanian guides. He secured an Albanian teacher and worked hard at the language during the following months, and next year, as proposed, climbed Korab from the Albanian side and was rewarded by a good haul of plants : a good example of his capacity for hard work and determination. While in Albania he was invited to join a feast given by a Mohammedan chief in celebration of the circumcision of his son, and his Albanian studies had been to such good purpose that at the close of dinner he made a speech in Albanian and finished by proposing the health of King Zog, a thing of course never done in Mohammedan communities. However, the guests rose to the occasion and drank the toast with gusto.

On almost all his journeys he was accompanied by his wife, who was

a sound botanist and faced all the rather acute discomforts of travel in out of the way places, without a murmur and with a limitless fund of humour.

Dr. Giuseppi had one of the finest collections of alpines in the country. No new plant escaped his notice, whether it came from Japan, the Himalaya, Chile or Guatemala, and the cream of this great collection he was in the habit of exhibiting at the Alpine Garden Society's shows, held in the Royal Horticultural Society's halls; and very many were the awards that fell to his plants on these occasions. He was a charming host and entertained many of his fellow enthusiasts in his pleasant house and garden at Felixstowe. Although he was a very busy man with an enormous practice, he generally found time to guide his guests through his alpine house and rock garden, where almost every plant awoke memories of interesting exploring experiences.

Dr. Guiseppi received his medical education at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he held several house appointments before settling in Felixstowe as a general practitioner, where he soon acquired a very extensive practice. He was on the staff of the local hospital, where he did excellent work and became senior surgeon, being recognised as one of the most able operators in the district. In spite of the unending calls of his medical work and his absorbing hobby of collecting and growing plants, he was able to put in a lot of hard work for the town of Felixstowe. He was a member of the Town Council for many years and was Chairman at the time of his death. The Alpine Club has lost a very charming personality and a man of much distinction in his own line of work.

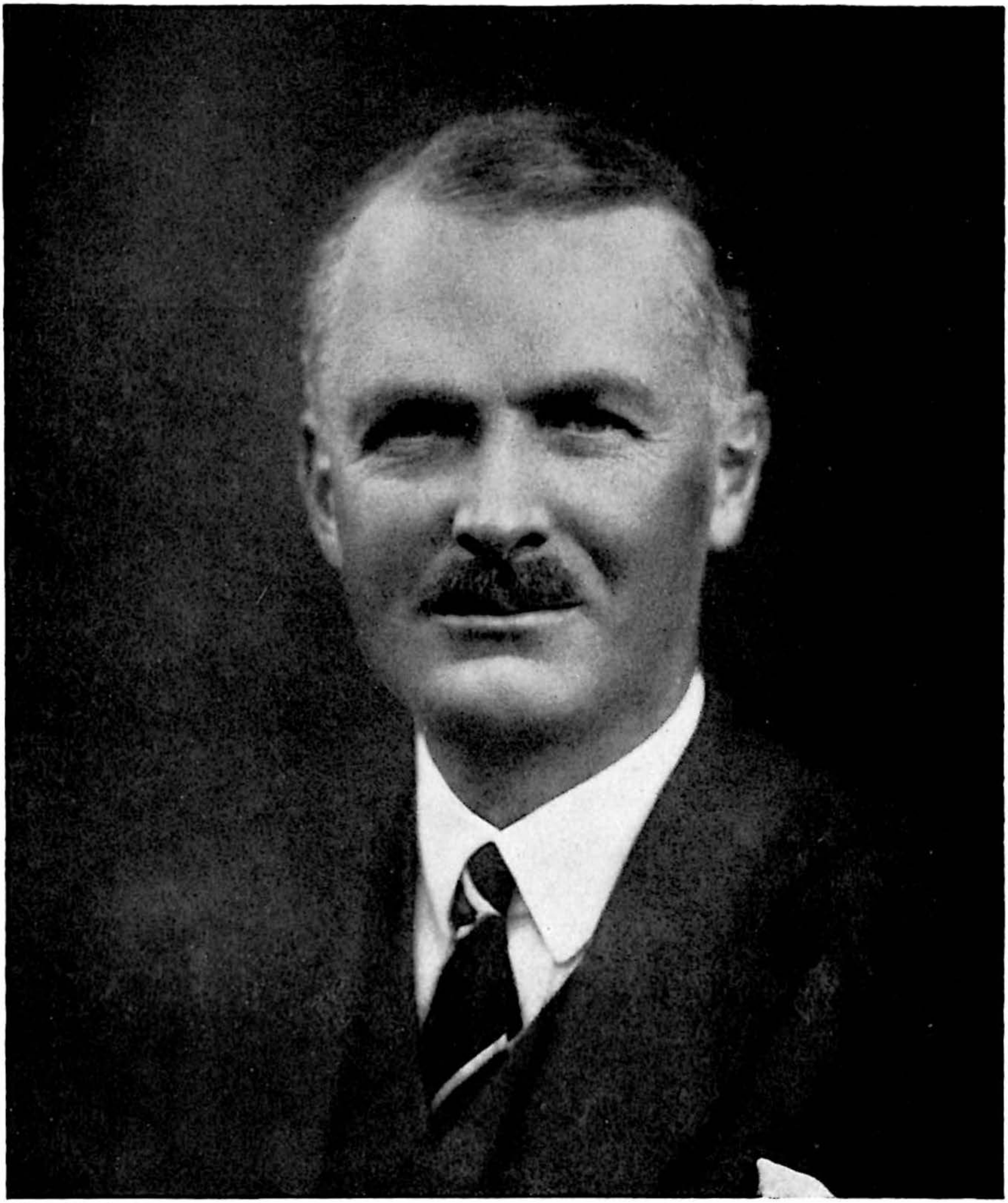
H. R. Roger-Smith.

MARCUS BERESFORD HEYWOOD

1886–1947

Major Marcus Beresford Heywood, M.V.O., D.S.O., only joined the Club during the recent war, when his work as head of a department of M.I.5 brought him near London and his support could be of encouragement to the few who then carried on the Club. But ever since he first went to the Alps as a young Etonian in the winter of 1903, he had remained a wholehearted mountaineer and a keen and powerful climber. Skiing had not then taken hold; but we skated on all the small lakes up the snowy Rhone valley, sleighed and clambered about the Oberland, and came to rest among the guide families of St. Niklaus: Pollingers, Lochmatters, Imbodens, Brantschens, Knubels, all then in their prime or their remarkable promise.

From south Germany, where he was training as an electrical engineer, he joined us on the early Man Hunts, and on pioneer climbs in the Lakes. He attended the climbing parties at Pen y Pass during the



Photo, Vandyck.]

MARCUS BERESFORD HEYWOOD.
1886–1947.

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halcyon years before the first war, and made close friends among others with Percy Farrar. From 1907 onward he was with Knubel and myself for a number of seasons in the Alps, sharing in some interesting new ascents, notably the W. wall of the Dent Blanche and of the Rothorn, and the N.W. facet, up and down, of the Dent d'Hérens. A fine swimmer and diver, this last ascent stays in mind for the sight of him in the afternoon light swan-diving in magnificent flights off the sloping glacier ice into the blue ice lake under the Stockje.

When he returned to England to work at Newcastle, he set out to explore thoroughly all the Northumbrian crags and Border cliffs With Frank Don (later Air Commodore), with Raymond Bicknell, George Trevelyan or myself, he was the first to discover and to climb a number of routes on the Craig Lough, Sewingshields and Simonside crags. Of these he sent an interesting note to an early number of the *Climbers' Club Journal*. A voyage to India, with unforgettable Himalayan views, crowned the years of adventure. After his marriage he discontinued climbing in the strict sense while his children grew up. But he continued to walk far and wide over hills and mountains, and if life grew monotonous he ran through his mountain slides on the screen or studied his mountain photos or worked in his alpine garden, for refreshment.

After twenty-five years of renunciation, he organised a revivalist Alpine campaign with Knubel and myself. And since neither he nor Knubel had altered anything of their youthful fitness and gaiety of heart, it was a singularly happy comeback, enterprising and full of fun. To his agility and exceptional strength time had only added a greater measure of mountaineering judgment. During one day of blizzard on the Matterhorn, he and Knubel laboured for hours helping and encouraging frozen and paralysed parties down to safety on the Shoulder. I had taken him up his first mountain, and he now took me up my last, the Rothorn ; and after my accident he led us down through the none too easy cliffs and glaciers before dark with unerring skill and inexhaustible reserves of energy. He continued to climb with Knubel among his favourite Pennine summits until the recent war.

During the war of 1914 he served throughout as G.S.O. to Lord Plumer and General Harington on the Fifth Army Staff, earning distinction in the battles of Ypres and Messines in Flanders, in the arrest of the Italian collapse after Caporetto on the Italian front, and in the final advance into Germany. In the war of 1939 he held onerous positions in Intelligence, involving heavy responsibility and continuous nerve strain. In his life he had never been ill, and he showed no lessening of vigour on his second return to civil life ; but the effects must have been there.

By nature and heredity he belonged to the order of great country gentlemen and sportsmen. He blended the strains of a long English and a long Irish ancestry with unusual success. His mother was the last direct descendant of the Loyal Lanes who secured Charles II's escape in romantic fashion after Worcester ; and from the Beresfords

may have come his charm of manner and voice, his persuasive wit and initiative, and his dignified masculine good looks. It was an unusual combination, when associated with sound common and business sense, a high standard of human and moral values, strong British prejudices, and a tremendous power of work. But above all he lived for the open air and for wild nature. He knew all the lore of wild birds and of fishes, of trees and flowers. He was a notable angler, deer stalker, game shot, and a good gardener, forester and horseman. To his inherited tastes and skills he added his own deep love of mountains and glaciers, and of the art of climbing them.

After a long office day he would drive himself back over the moors to his home on the Coquet, and set out up the river reaches, with or without a rod, noting with abnormally keen sight every movement of bird or field animal or fish. Or he would tramp out over his beloved moors on Simonside, with or without a gun, equally happy alone or in long confabulation with his keeper. In the morning he would be up at sunrise gardening, wood chopping or constructing, in restless and vital health out of doors, until he drove in again to the day's work.

All his life he seemed to move in his own patch of sunlight; it radiated from him. His coming heralded pleasure, or a sense of ease and a lightening of the atmosphere even in the darkest hours. His friendships were innumerable, alike among Northumbrian farmers, Scottish keepers and gillies, Irish cottagers, among the military leaders of two wars; in the City, in Clubland and the squirearchy of three countries; and with each friend it was a special relationship. By years he was sixty-one when he died, and a grandfather; but he was never anything but a young man. Every sense was as alert, every muscle of steel. He enjoyed with the same gleaming reserve, or the same devastating humour and expletive, every severity and every absurdity of life as it passed; and his delight was as active and sunny as it had been when as a boy he first went to the Alps, in the changing seasons and the changing surface and the changing lights of the open country, from the hour of the morning mists down the curves of the long river valley below his home, to the uprush behind it of the heather moorland to the grey crags under sunset.

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

JOSEPH HENRY

1870–1947

THE part played by the clergy in Alpine history is too little known. How many mountain priests there are who have quietly made first ascents or taken part in big expeditions! Add to this the scientific nature of their feats, and one will have a true portrait of the mountain priest with his passionate love of the beauty of the high places and,

through their medium, of the beauty of God. This note is struck [1] by François de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, when, during a pastoral visit to Chamonix in 1606, he exclaims in the presence of Mont Blanc: 'I have found the grace and gentleness of God even amidst our high, rugged mountains.' It is true that mountaineering had not then been born, and we must wait nearly two hundred years to greet the true climber mountain priest in the person of Canon L. J. Murith, conqueror of the Velan, friend of Saussure and Bourrit. After Murith comes a whole line of churchmen pioneers of the Alps, whose names are recorded in Alpine chronicles: the famous Curé Imseng of Saas, zum Taugwald, the Abbés Gérard and Gorret, Canon G. Carrel, called 'the Englishman's friend,' and others. Abbé Henry, curé of Valpelline, who died on November 26, 1947, continued this splendid tradition.

Born at Courmayeur on March 10, 1870, Joseph Henry inherited, as he said himself, 'le microbe de l'alpinisme.' His father, Gratien Henry, a good guide of his time, was one of five Courmayeur men who made the second ascent of the Grandes Jorasses four days after Whymper's ascent. Brought up in this atmosphere of climbing stories and guides' talk, the child would certainly have become a guide in his turn had not his remarkable gift of study attracted the attention of family friends, including the well known mountaineer Gonella. These friends contributed to the young man's education at the *Maîtrise* of Aosta cathedral, the nursery of Val d'Aostan priests before the foundation of the seminary. His father gave a grudging assent to his son's devotion to the priesthood. The Abbé himself related with humorous memory: 'My father spent a day many years ago with the Curé Girodo at Oyace, as he could not find accommodation elsewhere for his employer. He told him that if his son, who was then beginning his theological studies, was destined to land up one day in such a miserable parish, he would have preferred to make a guide of him instead of a priest.'

He was ordained priest in 1892 and served in seven parishes of the Aostan valleys, among them Cogne, before he was appointed curé of Valpelline in 1903. With his love of mountains and climbing, he profited by his various posts and travels from end to end of the beautiful Aosta valley to devote himself to the many scientific problems set by Alpine nature. There was no more conscientious student of geology, botany, and the movement of glaciers. In 1898 he founded the botanical garden of Plan-Gorret above Courmayeur, and from that time he corresponded with many learned societies. Together with his scientific activities he gave all the time he could spare from the conduct of his parish to climbing peaks. His pen also was active: nothing escaped his notice, the history as well as the narrative of a climb, scientific observations and legends, the most varied knowledge and interest, were gathered within the compass of his spirit. He dived into the past, revealing the origin of old local names, with a passion for folk lore and philology; he revived the traditions of his valley, took

[1] Letter to Mme de Chantal.

JOSEPH HENRY.
1870–1947.

part in scientific or literary publications, collecting documents and issuing studies of the greatest interest, and granting interviews whose renown continued to spread through Italy. Thus, some of his writings quickly acquired fame, notably his narrative of the mass celebrated on the summit of Mont Blanc in 1893. Another of his essays, *Cagliostro*, is proof of his humour, in which, mocking the crowd of pseudo-climbers who invade and desecrate the mountains, his imagination hauls an ass to the summit of the Grand Paradis.

But, together with such relaxations of spirit, he devoted himself to history and his name will remain linked with his vast, amazing master-piece, the 'History of the Aosta Valley.' In 1935 the *Editions Montes* of Turin published his fine volume *Le Raye di Solei*, which met with great success and will be published in French next year by the *Collection Montagne* of Neuchâtel.

Abbé Henry's originality of outlook, his character, his simplicity and gentleness, his immense knowledge and his reputation as a climber attracted to him all the distinguished mountaineers of our time. He became their friend, and the humble curé of Valpelline saw a procession not only of eminent climbers but also of princes of the blood and royal highnesses, one and all drawn to him by the charm of his welcome. A delightful story is told of him. Abbé Henry was an enthusiastic beekeeper. One day, while he was busy with the hives, his servant appeared with every sign of agitation : ' Monsieur le curé ! Monsieur le curé ! Her Majesty Queen Margherita is in the study and wants to see you.' Without losing his Olympian calm, the good abbé answered : ' All right, tell Her Majesty to wait a minute—my bees can't.' So the Queen of Italy took second place to gentle Virgil's *apes parcae*. One more story (out of how many !) is worth recording. It was in the dark days of 1944. After a fight at Valpelline between the resistance movement and German or Austrian soldiers, Abbé Henry was arrested, taken prisoner with the leading villagers and condemned to death. On his table lay Kugy's last book, *Aus vergangener Zeit*, which had arrived on the previous day ; this book, by an Honorary Member of the Alpine Club, saved him from a firing party.

Nothing was more enjoyable than to stroll with Abbé Henry in the vicarage garden among the mountain flowers which he had planted himself and cultivated with pious care. These charming, simple talks in a mountain setting had an imperishable air of poetry, like an idyll of Theocritus. Abbé Henry's death was felt as a national calamity in Val d'Aosta : from every distant village men came in crowds, guides from Courmayeur or Valtournanche, mountaineers from Turin and Milan, all the prominent ecclesiastical and civil authorities of Aosta, to pay their last dues to him who for nearly half a century had been the incarnation of the spirit of that countryside. The supreme wish of Abbé Henry was fulfilled : he was buried with his breviary and his ice-axe.

CHARLES GOS.

T. C. FYFE

Tom Fyfe, who died on August 3, 1947, was a typical instance of a born mountaineer. As the employee of a Timaru firm, he was sent up to the old Hermitage in 1891 or '92 to do a plumbing job. While there he spent his spare time scrambling in the neighbourhood and rapidly became a first rate climber. In the summers of 1893/4 and '94/5 he climbed with George Graham, N.Z.A.C., and made the first ascents of the Footstool,[1] De la Beche, Darby, Montgomery, the middle peak of Mt. Cook, Graham's Saddle and Fyfe's Pass. These two with Jack Clark (afterwards the well known guide) made the first ascent of Mt. Cook on Christmas Day 1894.[2] Up to this he climbed as an amateur, except for the first ascent of Darwin with Dr. Kronecker, for which I believe he was paid. A year or two later he acted as guide to Malcolm Ross for the first ascent of the Minarets, the north peak of Haidinger, and the first crossing of Lendenfeld Saddle to the West Coast, a very fine piece of work. Unfortunately he injured his leg and the rough two days in the descent of the river made it worse. This prevented any serious work till 1906 when he acted as guide with Peter Graham to Turner and Ross on their great traverse of Mt. Cook.[3]

Fyfe was a very sound leader on any climb, though he preferred rocks to snow. He was outstanding as a rock climber, making the first ascent of Malte Brun[4] alone. Nothing seemed to daunt him and he seemed tireless. All who climbed with him spoke of the confidence he inspired especially as anchor man in descending iced rocks. He never was a Government guide at the Hermitage as he preferred to be independent.

I never climbed with Fyfe, as at that time I was engaged in the exploration of the Westland glaciers, but I knew him as a cheerful, good fellow, full of love of mountains and mountaineering. Though his climbing career was comparatively short owing to the years he lost through injury to his leg, Fyfe will always stand out to us in New Zealand as our most attractive and ' colourful ' pioneer climber.

Arthur P. Harper.

[1] *N.Z.A.J.* 1. 269, 275.
[2] *A.J.* 17. 588.
[3] *A.J.* 23. 124, *sqq.*
[4] *N.Z.A.J.* 1. 258.