

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM McNAUGHT

1883-1953

WILLIAM McNAUGHT, who was elected to the Club in 1926, died on June 9, 1953. He was a Londoner, having been born in Hackney, and was educated at University College School before going to Worcester College, Oxford. Apart from his Oxford days and his military service in the first World War, he had lived all his life in London. He was a bachelor, and I personally always thought he lived a lonely life, although certainly I never heard him complain of it. He liked company, when it was congenial (as it often was) but he sometimes fervently desired to get away from company. Many people would regard him as unconventional, and there were abundant instances of his lack of regard for formalities. (During the war, when bombed out from his flat in London, he turned up at my house unannounced and quite unconcerned wearing a pair of grey flannel trousers and a raincoat over his pyjamas, and with a portable typewriter in one hand and a string-bag containing vegetables in the other.) He often had to wear evening dress, but generally gave the impression that he would be glad when he could get out of it. On the mountains he would as soon wear stockings of different colours as a pair that matched, and he seemed to prefer old and nearly worn-out clothing to anything new.

He was the son of Dr. W. G. McNaught, whom he succeeded (with one remove) in the editorship of the *Musical Times*. He was engaged all his professional life in writing about music, and (apart from the *Musical Times*) worked for such daily papers as the *Morning Post*, the *Manchester Guardian* and *Glasgow Herald*, and later for the *Listener* and the *Radio Times*. He also wrote a few books and composed some musical works. Knowing but little about music myself, I speak on this topic without any authority, but I always regarded him as knowing as much about music as anybody in this country, and I believe my opinion to be shared by people who really are competent to judge. He often entertained me with his piano playing. My taste in music goes about as far as the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and he would play these for me in all sorts of odd places—Welsh inns, Alpine hotels, anywhere. He would not bother about music but would play fluently and accurately from memory. If I tried to join in the chorus and said it was too high or too low he would lower or raise the key without the slightest hesitation. I have also many times been in the company of better-informed people when he has entertained all of us with much more serious music.

His mountaineering was the one abiding passion of his life, apart from his profession. Within his limits (which were wide) he was as competent as any. He was well aware of his own limitations and never

went beyond them. He would lead 'difficult' or 'very difficult' climbs in Wales or the Lakes and did so as neatly as anybody; but when he was doing a 'severe' someone else had to lead. He was a big man physically and had a heavy weight to carry—this curbed his speed, but he never let it bother him. He was absolutely imperturbable. Once when we were doing the North Wall of the Langkofel, which is a long climb, we were on two ropes: my wife and I with a guide on one rope, and McNaught and another man and a guide on the second rope. Late in the day, when we had still to attain the summit and yet to get down again, my wife and I and our guide waited for the umpteenth time for the second rope to catch up. When they failed to do so, our guide went back to look for them and found McNaught and the other amateur solemnly filling and lighting their pipes. I shall never forget the shocked incredulity on my guide's face as he reported to me 'Mein Gott! Wir sind spät, und sie rauchen!' I think he liked the Dolomites better than anywhere (I was there with him in four different seasons) but he loved hills and mountains wherever they were, abroad or in Britain. Except during the War years he went to the Alps practically every season after his Oxford days, and had an extensive knowledge of mountains and places. I was abroad with him myself about ten or a dozen times, and wherever we went he always seemed to have been there before. He could, and did, move quickly when it was really necessary, but ordinarily he was always reluctant to come down from a mountain and usually he was the last member of the party to do so. When we stayed in cottages in Wales, with no fixed hotel meals to return to, he would stay out until sunset or later, sitting on the hillside and smoking his pipe and obviously enjoying just being there.

His humour was often apparent in conversation and in personal correspondence, although he kept it severely in check in his professional writing. As we packed our bags at the end of a short holiday at the Climbers' Club cottage in North Wales, I noticed that he rejected an Edgar Wallace novel which he had been reading and which I knew he was only half-way through. When I pointed it out, he said it did not matter, he would read the second half of another Edgar Wallace when he got back home. At the end of a tiring day, as we trudged down the Bon Pierre glacier in the Dauphiné, he said: 'This glacier gets Bon Pierre and Bon Pierre.'

He was a very kindly fellow. Children liked him, and he often liked to be in their company. He delighted to teach young children to climb, and his rucksack would always produce some toffee or titbit to reward or console them. He was always prepared to do things for others. He was one of my own early tutors in Alpinism and he organized and conducted two or three meets in the Alps for the Climbers' Club. His death came too soon, and there are very many people, in this Club and outside it, to whom mountain holidays will never be quite the same now that he is gone.

JOHN POOLE.

GEORGE TERTIUS GLOVER

1870-1953

THE passing of George Glover in his 84th year takes from us one of our veteran members and a keen mountaineer.

His first visit to Switzerland was in 1898, which was a season of bad weather, and not much was accomplished, but he was learning his job in the Lake District and the Highlands, where many of the difficult rock climbs, including the first ascent of the Engineers' Chimney were done, and some useful experience of snow and ice in the Highlands gained. In August 1899, accompanied by the writer, he went out to Zermatt for a short fortnight in good training. After a preliminary guideless ascent of the Matterhorn couloir on the Riffelhorn, we got guides and in one week climbed the Rothorn, Weisshorn from a bivouac, and traversed the Matterhorn from the Italian side.

The following year 1900 we went to Cortina in the Dolomites and climbed the Cinque Torri guideless. Next day we started for the Pelmo, but Glover was overcome by the heat, and we had to return. He was laid up for a week, after which we climbed with guides the Croda da Lago, traversed Tofana di Mezzo and Monte Cristallo. In 1901 we were out in Chamonix, and climbed the Grands Charmoz and the first ascent for the year of the Blaitière in bad condition. After I left, Glover did the Grépon traverse. He was elected a member of the Club this year.

In 1902 we were again in Chamonix and traversed the Grands Charmoz with J. Schaller and J. Ravanel. Schaller damaged a knee and had to rest for four days, but Ravanel sportingly agreed to come with us alone to the Col du Géant from which we climbed the Dent du Géant next day returning to Montanvert. An attempt on the Dent du Requin was defeated by bad weather, but the peak was successfully ascended five days later. Glover then made an attempt on the Petit Dru, but after a cold night at the Charpoua gîte was turned back at the shoulder by a severe thunderstorm. In 1903 he was climbing in the Lofoten Islands.

After this, increasing responsibilities made it difficult for him to get out to the Alps but he continued to climb in the Lakes and the Highlands, which suited him better than the Alps. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Scottish Mountaineering Club which he had joined in 1898, and attended many of their meets and also did much pioneering work in the far North, and a climb on Ben Nevis is named Glover's Chimney.

He was elected President in 1928 and kept up his interest to the last.

He was educated at Lancing, and after serving his time at the North British Loco Works as mechanical engineer, he joined the North Eastern Railway and became Manager of the Gateshead Loco Works. In 1912 he became Chief Mechanical Engineer to the Great Northern Ireland Railway.

In the first World War he saw service in France as Chief Mechanical Engineer, with the rank of Colonel and was Mentioned in Despatches.

He retired in 1933 and came to live in Cumberland.

He was a grand companion on the hills and safe and reliable both on rocks and ice, and had many first ascents to his credit.

He will be much missed by a large circle of friends.

W. N. LING.

EDWARD EDMONDSON PAGET-TOMLINSON

1882-1953

EDWARD EDMONDSON PAGET-TOMLINSON, who died on 20th January, 1953, in his 71st year, was the youngest son of Dr. Paget-Tomlinson of The Biggins, Kirkby Lonsdale. From Aldenham School he went to Trinity Hall and while at Cambridge was prominent in the athletic field. He was given his Full Blue as first string for the long jump in 1904; next year he was second string both for the long jump and for the high jump, and tied for first place in the latter event.

He took his M.D. at the London Hospital, where he was the best athlete of his time, and practised at Horncastle, Lincolnshire, and at Kirklington, Bedale, until 1938, when he settled at Summerhill, near Ulverston, where the remainder of his life was spent. He married, in 1930, Mr. J. M. Wordie's sister Alison, who survives him with one son.

Dr. Paget-Tomlinson was a man of great charm and deep sympathies and was an ideal general practitioner, winning the confidence of his patients. He was a lover of nature and fond of country life, and his knowledge of birds was extremely good. From an early age he was accustomed to climbing in the Lakeland. He made his first of many visits to the Alps in 1913; and became a member of the Club in 1926, proposed by Dr. G. T. Western and seconded by Sir William Lister. He was with G. A. Solly in 1924, but his climbing was mostly done with Western, with whom he went almost annually, generally to the Valais, down till 1934.