

In Memoriam

Introduction

This has been a sad year for the Club. H. E. L. Porter died in the very week he finished his obituary notice of L. G. Shadbolt, and, within a month of completing (with R. Scott Russell) his memoir of Porter, we have lost Sir Claude Elliott. All 3 of these men were close friends, staying with each other every year and linked now in a common year of death. Porter and Shadbolt had served the Club as Vice-Presidents, Sir Claude as President.

Lord Tangle (Edwin Herbert) was President in the year of Everest, and the beginnings of the Mount Everest Foundation. With him in the long sad list is N. R. Rice, the Club Archivist. We have lost an Honorary Member of importance, Karl Weber of the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research and another in Saburo Matsukata. We have lost in a nightmare descent of the Matterhorn North face, in winter, two fine young men from the Alpine Climbing Group, Bob Ainley and Peter Brook. On the day this note is being written comes news of the death on Dhaulagiri IV of Alan Dewison. He was 26.

Lord Howick of Glendale (Evelyn Baring) has gone as has one of our Norwegian members, Eilert Sundt, elected to the Club as long ago as 1918 and re-elected after 10 years absence in 1948. A Canadian member, R. F. Forster died in April, and Dennis Munns, a noted rock climber in his day, and a power in the MAM until his death, in May. Gerald Seligman, noted for his work on snow deposits and avalanches died during the year and we also lost Eric Jarvis. It is much to be feared, as this happened last year and the year before, that one or two Members may have died whose deaths have not yet been notified to the Club.

In their going these men have brought back to life and memory a cloud of famous witnesses. Longstaff and Schuster proposed and seconded Gerald Seligman; Winthrop Young, Reade, and Nettleton appear as supporters (in 1910) on Shadbolt's papers, and on Sundt's official form is (of course) the bold 'Italic' signature of William Cecil Slingsby. Reading these names, and so many others of men happily still with us and of equal fame, one sees the great company of alpinists stretching back over a century and a quarter, a band of brothers indeed, unseparated by death. One recalls the words attributed to Rubens, 'We are all going to Heaven, and Van Dyck shall be of our Company'. So it is with those listed here, mostly recalled by their personal friends in the pages which follow. In one or two cases expanded notices will appear next year.

To be the collector of obituary notices is not perhaps the most cheerful of tasks, but it can be a source of inspiration, driving one back to Saint Paul and the clear conviction that every death of every climber is swallowed up in victory. May all our members who have gone ahead of us rest in peace.

Kevin FitzGerald

Robert Ainley 1943–1973

When Bob Ainley died on the Matterhorn in February 1973, the sport lost a fine climber and many of us lost a great friend. Bob, or 'Amos' as I first knew him, was a character in the very best sense. He was a tremendous enthusiast for anything he undertook, from climbing and Rugby football to running a successful business. He could be totally relied upon in any difficulty and would go to any lengths to help a friend. Although only 29 his record of climbs was impressive, including his last—the winter ascent of the N face of the Matterhorn. There is no doubt that he had the drive, the enthusiasm and the strength to be included among the élite of mountaineers.

Death is always a shock but this big Yorkshireman seemed the type who would never go; a friend who would always be there when needed, Bob will always be missed by his friends in his home climbing club, the Phoenix, and in the ACG.

Brian Thompson

Peter Brook 1947–1973

In recent years Peter had become a popular and well-liked climber, not only for his determination to climb difficult Alpine faces (his climbs need no review), but also for his understanding and love of people as portrayed in his songs and poems. His tragic death while descending the Matterhorn after making an impressive winter ascent with his close friend and regular Alpine companion, Bob Ainley, is indeed a sad loss to all of us who met them, either as friends and companions on some Alpine adventure or as humorous entertainers. As a friend of both, I find it impossible to write of one without the other, particularly under present circumstances. Both were Yorkshiremen and extremely proud of it.

As a teacher in his home town of Huddersfield, Peter had gained a great deal of respect from 'his kids' as he called them. He often took parties to North Wales or Derbyshire, sacrificing his own weekends to introduce them to the mountains. As a young mountaineer he was outstanding; his stamina and courage, particularly in a tight situation, had to be seen to be believed. Had Peter not been swept down the Matterhorn by that totally unpredictable wind-slab avalanche he would have become in due course a truly great mountaineer. Perhaps his greatest virtues were his quest for fulfilment and his enthusiastic love of life.

Paul Braithwaite

Claude Aurelius Elliott 1888–1973

I visited Claude Elliott about 2 months before he died at the house in Buttermere which he took on from his friend the Cambridge economist A. C. Pigou. I ought to have realised that, since the death of his wife, he had been lonely and I was ashamed when he said to me, 'I take it very kindly that you should have called on me'. I was on my way to the Climbers' Club meet at the Kirkstyle Inn, but there had been too many occasions when, though somewhere in the Lake District, I had not managed to look him up at Lower Gatesgarth. I asked him if he was still climbing every morning on the crag above his garden, but he said he had fallen off it not long ago, and now at 85 had decided to confine himself to fell-walking. He had been up Scarth Gap that morning. Next morning I just about managed Fleetwith Pike by the w ridge; they were giants in those days!

Claude Elliott belonged to that dangerously effective type in which we have somehow managed to specialise—the Tory revolutionary. On one hand he believed (as was very proper for a son whose father had been Governor-General of Bengal) that the Alps are a natural extension of England, though at times uncomfortably full of foreigners—amongst whom he would not have included Franz Lochmatter or Hans Brantschen. They were honorary Englishmen. It is perhaps not irrelevant that Claude, trapped unwittingly into an argument about English literature, said 'I like novels about people who live in Parks'. On the other side he inherited the Headmastership of an Eton College which, for all its extensive property, had run down almost to bankruptcy. Elliott restored Eton to prosperity and later, as Provost, saw through the greatest programme of new building that had happened since the days of the pious founders. He wasn't any kind of educational philosopher or pundit. I remember him saying, when he left the Senior Tutorship at my college to take on the Headmastership at Eton, 'Well thank God I have no damned theories about education!' Later, he could include an Honorary Doctorate of Civil Law among his distinctions, but no one would have dreamed of referring to him as Dr Elliott, and, generally, he exemplified the Cambridge tradition which held that a PH D was a rather nasty adolescent infection, parallel with acne or German measles. I suppose that the reverse of the medal is that under his Headmastership Eton did not make any notable educational advances, and that Robin Darwin left for the Royal College of Art.

What is probably not remembered is that Claude Elliott was an outstanding member of that very close group of friends who gathered around Geoffrey Winthrop Young, and came year by year to his Easter parties at Pen y Pass. It was they who set the pace of British Alpine mountaineering before the First World War, as well as pioneering many new routes on homeland crags. Elliott himself was on the first ascents of Great Slab in Cwm Silin (which he later straightened out) and the tricky Garter Traverse on Lliwedd. Most of that very gifted group of friends died in the War, or in a few years each side of it—Hugh Pope, Siegfried Herford, Trev. Huxley, Nigel Madan, and a little later, George Mallory and Raymond Bicknell. I think that the younger veterans of the Second World War may have found it hard to understand how a complete and skilful climbing generation was wiped out in those years. If some of our earlier fumbblings in the Alps or on Everest look a bit naive, there is one sufficient reason. We had already lost most of the best, and those of us who followed on were busy trying to catch up.

In that straitened world of the 1920s Claude Elliott would have been a certain choice to join Mallory on Everest in 1921 and later, and the close observer can perhaps pinpoint the occasions on which Claude's wisdom and experience were clearly missed. But he was knocked out by an unlucky accident in Walker's Gully just before the 1914–18 War. He was leading the difficult top pitch when a cloud-burst swept him away—no slings, no runners—and he broke both kneecaps. It probably saved him from death at Ypres or Passchendaele, and opened up for him a distinguished war-time career in the Admiralty. Nevertheless, after that accident, he could never again manage an arduously continuing Alpine season without pauses for resting, and long Himalayan expeditions were henceforth precluded.

All the same—and I got to know Claude Elliott only after his injury and after the War—how good he was on the hill! I was learning my way about Lliwedd at the time, and he knew every foot of it, having been there with Archer Thomson, Pope, Mallory and Reade. Claude was alarmingly fast on rock at D or VD standard. When I was with him on Lliwedd, he used to discard the rope at the point in the upper part of the cliff at which I thought it was becoming loose and dangerous. If you were brave enough to descend a classic climb with Claude Elliott, you found that his chief aid was a walking-stick, attached to his wrist by a cord. With this third leg, he leapt downhill over climbing pitches, scree and grass. In fact I think he was the fastest-going British amateur, in the Alps and elsewhere, that I had met at that time.

Claude Elliott loved the mountains well enough to stay among them to the end of his life. But his passion was not irrational, and he had a very sane view of mountaineering. It was good in itself, but it should not make you look perpetually over your shoulder to see whether other countries or other climbers were doing better than you were. He did not think that mountaineering had much to do with national prestige, and would not much care at what rate British Mountain Consols were quoted in the markets of the world. And I remember one of the last things he said to me, speaking as a man of his time, but reaching beyond his time.

'It's extraordinary, isn't it? There are now so many very good working-class mountaineers.' The delight was as patent as the wonder, and he was charmed to get to know Joe Brown, who was almost certainly a good deal richer than he was. **Jack Longland**

Ralph Perrin Forster 1898–1972

Ralph Forster died in April 1972 at the age of 74. A native of Alberta, he was a graduate of the University of Alberta and the London School of Economics. His public service included the Army: wounded in the First World War, an Executive Officer in the Second; he also served in the Diplomatic Corps. After the wars Ralph, along with 2 others from Edmonton founded a very large and successful financial house. In addition to being a member of the Alpine Club of Canada, he was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the Alpine Club and a member of the Winston Churchill Society.

Always very interested in the conservation of wild life, he gave wide support to this cause. He travelled extensively on a world-wide basis, and will be remembered for his very fine colour pictures, and his most interesting and informative commentaries on so many out-of-the-way corners of the world. To the Edmonton Section of the Alpine Club of Canada he will be remembered for the Ralph Forster hut on Mount Robson 3954 m. This hut at the 8400 ft level on the ssw ridge of the mountain above Kinney Lake makes the difficult climb of the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies a lot more possible for a lot more people.

Ralph did not start his climbing until he was no longer a young man. However this did not prevent him from climbing extensively with the Edmonton Section and the Alpine Club of Canada. He attended a great many climbing camps and made the ascent of many of our fine Rocky Mountain peaks. Perhaps most of all Ralph will be remembered to all of us who knew him as just a great fellow to be with. His keen interest in everything and everybody around him, his enthusiasm for life, and his wonderful dry and kindly sense of humour will be missed. **Kenneth King**

Lord Howick of Glendale 1903–1973

Not only the Club but the nation have suffered a grievous blow with the premature death of Evelyn Baring. He rendered signal services, particularly in Africa as UK High Commissioner in S Africa and later as Governor of Kenya during the crucial years of the Mau Mau revolt. His steadfastness during this difficult period will be remembered with admiration by all in E Africa. Evelyn was in every sense of the word a big man, in frame, mind and body, with deep religious convictions. He had a curiously withdrawn look that sometimes gave those around him the impression that he was gazing through or beyond them to a future they could not themselves discern. Yet to those privileged to enjoy his confidence he was frank and easy; as ready to share his wisdom, as he was to profit by the experience of others.

He was an enthusiast for many outdoor pursuits, riding, tennis, swimming (he won an award for life saving at great personal risk), but it was perhaps above all the hills that drew him. His mountaineering career was not distinguished—he had little opportunity—

but it included 2 good seasons in the Valais and innumerable rock climbs in S Africa. He took advantage of every opportunity. When in Nairobi he delighted in scrambles on neighbouring crags, often with our late member Arthur Firmin. He took part in one expedition to the Ruwenzori. The altitude affected him sorely, the weather was atrocious and the party dogged by mishaps, so nothing was accomplished. Mau Mau activity prevented his climbing Mount Kenya.

It was, alas, when scrambling alone on his own fells that on a trifling crag some boulders became dislodged and carried him down. It was some hours before he was found, with only slight external injuries but a badly damaged lung. He was seriously ill for 6 weeks but seemed to be on the mend, until he contracted bronchial pneumonia. Evelyn was not a frequent visitor to the Alpine Club. His last visit was to the lecture on the 1972 Mount Everest expedition, shortly before his accident. His rare appearances brought delight to his friends in the Club and those of us who knew him and had worked or climbed with him mourn his passing and extend sympathy to Molly Howick and their children.

Douglas Busk and John Howard

Eric Charles Jarvis

E. C. L. Jarvis, a generous benefactor of the Club, was elected in the autumn of 1961 and died in the early summer of 1973. A quiet man, a bank manager, he was not well known in the Club, but his Alpine record is impressive, with 18 seasons in the Alps, Dolomites, and Corsica between 1935 and his election. He was a keen rock climber, familiar in N Wales, the Lakes and Scotland, and a serious fell walker. There is a footnote by him in *AJ* 52 274 referring to a hitherto unknown letter of Whymper's after the Matterhorn disaster. He finished an article he wrote in 1941 for the RNVJ Journal, *The Wave*, 'As a great mountaineer has reminded me, "after it is all over the Alps will still be there", a grand and comforting thought'. He was thinking, then, of the war, but he had many happy years after it of climbing and walking with his friends, and his posthumous generosity to the Club will not soon be forgotten.

Kevin FitzGerald

Saburo Matsukata 1899–1973

The Japanese mountaineering circle has lost one of its leading and most cultured figures in the modern history of the country. Gisaburo 'Saburo' Matsukata, a Fellow of the RGS and an Honorary Member of the AC and the JAC, was born in Tokyo on 1 August 1899, the 13th child of Prince Masayoshi Matsukata (1835–1924), one of the greatest figures of the developing Meiji Era (1868–1911). Saburo collapsed due to overwork in August, 1971 when the farewell party for the World Jamboree and Boy Scout Festival was being held in Tokyo. He was taken to hospital and passed away on 15 September. He is survived by 4 sons and 3 daughters.

After finishing in the former Gakushuin (a school for aristocrats), he entered Kyoto University from which he graduated in 1922. He began mountaineering in his boyhood by climbing Fujisan, which remained his favourite mountain throughout his life. Some memorable winter first ascents were done by him in the Japanese Northern Alps during his schooldays. After University he went to Europe to continue his studies and his mountaineering. Between 1925 and 1927 he climbed several major peaks in the Central and Western Alps. In 1925 with Yuko Maki and others he was with Prince Chichibu on the Matterhorn, the Finsteraarhorn and the Eiger.

He published only 3 modest books in his remarkable mountain career, for he once said—'I have no intention of being involved in work which has no merits for anyone.' With Yuko Maki he attended the Centennial Celebration of the AC in London in 1957 and was elected to Honorary Membership in 1970. Saburo was President of the JAC twice, and, when he died, was President of the Japan Mountaineering Association. Lastly he was the leader of the Japanese Mount Everest Expedition of 1970 and walked up as high as the Base Camp (5350 m). This was his first Himalayan experience and crowned his widely extended mountaineering career and distinguished services to the mountaineering world of Japan.

Ichiro Yoshizawa

Dennis Johnstone Munns 1908–1973

Dennis Munns, who died at his home near Birmingham on 11 May 1973, joined the Club in 1947. He had started climbing some 12 years earlier in the Austrian Tyrol, the Oberland and the Pennine Alps, but as with many young men of his age the war years put a brake on Alpine climbing. However many of his expeditions were carried out with-

out a guide and with Dennis himself leading the party, for he was unusually reliable at route-finding and sound on snow and rock. His Alpine experience was supplemented by summer and winter climbing on many of the traditional routes on homeland hills.

After the war Dennis returned to the Alps, but with his special interest in wild life which he shared with his wife, Eileen, it was inevitable that he should range more widely, and expeditions took him to Corsica, Swedish Lapland, the Outer Hebrides and St Kilda, Iceland and the Pyrenees and further afield to Uganda, the Galapagos Islands and the Caribbean, combining climbing with a study of birds. Apart from the work for his Church (Dennis was a practising Christadelphian), ornithology became perhaps the most important interest of his life. He was an active member of a number of societies devoted to the study and protection of birds, and this took practical form in joint editorship of the *Atlas of Breeding Birds of the West Midlands*, a work of meticulous study and record which has formed the basis for the National Atlas now in preparation.

It was not surprising that Dennis should add sailing to his other interests for he had a reliable and natural instinct for navigation, and it combined a sense of adventure with wider scope for the study of birds. For a number of years Eileen and he spent weekends and longer periods studying wild life in the Solent estuaries and the West Country and sailing farther afield to France and the Channel Islands. His expeditions were always most carefully planned and equipped for the enjoyment of his guests, and behind a dry and sometimes sardonic humour lay a sympathetic and human understanding, so that in any discourse his bright and ready wit entertained as much as the depth of his knowledge of his subject. He had a love of music and also of bridge (which he could treat as an intellectual exercise or light-heartedly as occasion required) and 4 days marooned by torrential rain in a Welsh cottage with a harmonium and marathon games of bridge, interspersed with Dennis's dry and infectious wit, equal in memory 'sunshine' days on the rocks above.

No appreciation would be complete without reference to his active membership of the Midland Association of Mountaineers. Dennis served on many committees of the Association, was Honorary Secretary for 5 years and President from 1953 to 1956.

By his death we have lost a member who, by an adventurous spirit and an awareness and deep understanding of the fundamental elements of the mountain scene, fulfilled to an unusual degree the qualities of a true mountaineer. His many friends, particularly those in the Midlands, will feel his loss deeply and we extend to Eileen, who so closely shared his pursuits, our heartfelt sympathy.

John Byam-Grounds

H. E. L. Porter 1886–1973

Harold (Ned) Porter was educated at Charterhouse where he was in the Cricket XI and played Fives for the School and at Corpus, Oxford, where he was a Scholar and gained a First in Mods. He was a master at Radley when the First World War broke out and after being commissioned in the Sappers he served on the Western Front. He was twice mentioned in Despatches and he was awarded the MC. As a boy he had been attracted to the mountains when on visits to Norway and the Alps with his parents and before the First War he had had 2 guided seasons in the Alps, and then 2 without guides, the first with George Mallory and Hugh Pope, during which they made a route up the West flank of the Dent Blanche, not previously recorded—the second with Raymond Bicknell. He was elected to the AC in 1919 on a lengthy qualifying list, his proposer and seconder being respectively Bicknell and Winthrop Young, and to the Vice-Presidency in 1953. In the summers that followed the war he climbed generally without guides in various parts of the Alps and particularly in the Zermatt and Mont Blanc districts and the Oberland. The most notable of his guideless climbs were new routes up the Grands Charmoz from the glacier de Trélaporte and the Aiguille du Midi from the Plan de l'Aiguille with Mallory in 1919, and in the following years he made, usually with Raymond Bicknell and Leslie Shadbolt, a number of noteworthy ascents, such as Mont Dolent from the Argentière glacier and the Brèche de l'Amône (first amateur traverse), the Weisshorn Schalligrat, the Meije traverse and the Col des Grandes Jorasses.

It was, however, in New Zealand that he made his unique contribution to mountaineering and at my request Scott Russell has sent me the following note on his achievement in the Southern Alps:

'The course of mountaineering history in New Zealand would not have been the same without Porter and although he made his last major climb there in 1935 his reputation

remains undimmed. Shortly before he died the name Porter Col was proposed for the unnamed col between the twin summits of Mount Cook, New Zealand's highest mountain.

'When he first went to New Zealand in 1923 the highest peaks in the Southern Alps had all been ascended, mainly by overseas visitors, but serious mountaineering was in its infancy. By his unequalled achievement in eight seasons Porter did more than anyone else to change the scene. His visit which had the greatest influence was in the summer of 1926-7 when he was accompanied by Marcel Kurz. A new traverse of Mount Tasman, an outstandingly difficult ice peak, was their most conspicuous ascent, but for New Zealand climbing there was equal importance in what they taught those who accompanied them on a number of their climbs. Some 10 years later the Head Guide at the Hermitage still reminisced of what he learnt from Porter. In turn those who learnt from that head guide were many. In a very real sense the subsequent upsurge in amateur climbing in New Zealand, which led to such great achievement on Everest and other distant ranges, owed much to Porter. He ascended almost every important peak in the Southern Alps, many of them several times and by new routes; but his friends were in no doubt that the event in New Zealand which gave him the greatest and most lasting pleasure was his marriage to Doris Barker, the sister of one of his climbing companions'.

After his marriage Porter often climbed with his wife who was a most competent mountaineer, sometimes alone with her, but as the years passed he tended more and more to take a guide, nearly always Hans Brantschen of St Nicholas with whom he continued to climb routes of quality, and in his later years he was content to make less demanding expeditions in Norway and the Tatra.

Throughout his active career he made frequent visits to our British hills and particularly to N Wales and the Lakes. Almost at once he began to tackle difficult rocks and was soon at home on climbs of great severity by the standards of the inter-war years. He was a regular member of Winthrop Young's Pen-y-Pass parties, and at the instigation of the Climbers' Club Committee he compiled an Appendix, published in 1921, to Archer-Thomson's *Climbing in the Ogwen District*. Porter was a very tall man of great muscular strength. He had a natural aptitude for rocks and he steadily trained himself on ice till he was as skilled on the latter as on the former. As a climbing companion he was unselfish, modest, quietly humorous, and never complaining however disagreeable the circumstances in which the party might find itself. He could be interesting on a wide range of subjects, botanical—he was a very expert gardener—geological, literary, political. But he also possessed the valuable gift of companionable silence, and in a hut in bad weather he would be content to sit and knit, an occupation at which he was adept. In all crises he seemed to be quite imperturbable. I have been with him on the Nantillons face of the Grands Charmoz when a largish falling rock hit his rucksack and knocked him from his holds, and again when he was carried by a snow avalanche down a deep cut rock couloir above the Argentière glacier; on each occasion he exhibited no emotion whatever and after a few minutes for minor repairs he carried on as if nothing of the smallest interest had occurred. His outlook was generally conservative. He set his face resolutely against any boots other than nailed ones, except in the Dolomites, and though he readily took to crampons he can never have hammered in a piton. He must have been among the last to wear nailed boots when leading up the highly polished footholds of the Eagle's Nest Direct in Wasdale.

When old age, and particularly arthritis in his hands, barred him from the high peaks he continued to take walking holidays in our hills or in the Alps, where he particularly enjoyed walking tours with his wife and often with Marcel Kurz. The trials of old age certainly did not prevent him from leading an obviously contented life, supremely happy in his marriage and happy in his garden and in entertaining old and young friends at his house in Sutton Courtenay and in various ways rendering unobtrusive service to his neighbourhood.

Claude Elliott and R. Scott Russell

Leslie Garnet Shadbolt 1883-1973

Leslie Garnet Shadbolt died on 21 January 1973, at the age of 90. He was elected to the Club in 1910, proposed by G. W. Young and seconded by H. V. Reade. His list of climbs comprised 4 seasons in Norway, Arolla, Chamonix and Zermatt, during which in the company of A. C. McLaren and G. P. Shadbolt he achieved some 24 peaks, of which the most notable were Skagastolstind, Dent Blanche, Rothorn, Weisshorn, Monte Rosa, Aiguilles Verte, d'Argentière, Charmoz and Grépon, a fine qualification list for a guideless party at that remote period. He served on the Committee in 1921 and

as Vice-President in 1951-2. He was a frequent and popular member of Geoffrey Young's Pen-y-Pass parties, and won some fame in 1911 by traversing the whole ridge of the Cuillin with A. C. McLaren in the then record time of 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours.

During the First War he was severely wounded in Gallipoli, but had recovered full use of the damaged arm by 1920, when he joined Raymond Bicknell and me in the Alps. Our season started well with first ascents of the year of the Ecrins and the Meije, after which we succeeded in making the first amateur traverse of Mont Dolent by the Brèche de l'Amône from France into Italy, returning to Chamonix by the Col des Grandes Jorasses of evil fame. We continued happily together for the next 3 seasons, in which our star turn was the traverse of the Jungfrau by the Guggi route. In 1925 he and I went to the Dolomites and enjoyed some climbs with the great Angelo Dibona. Thereafter his visits to the Alps were infrequent and ended in 1933.

It was unfortunate that during these years he seldom managed to stay with the party as long as he had intended. A telegram would arrive out of the blue from his firm, the Star Brush Company announcing some impending crisis, which apparently he was particularly competent to deal with, proving to our sorrow that his great qualities were as much appreciated by his business partners as by us. Another season was curtailed by the only accident that ever befell us. We were coming off the Finsteraarhorn, and were standing at ease on a perfectly level patch of snow about to unrope, when Leslie suddenly disappeared. We were on the rope at once and he only went down a few feet, but unluckily his arm became entangled in the rope as it arrested his fall in such a way as to dislocate his shoulder. It went back with an audible click as he surfaced, but not perfectly, and it troubled him for a long time.

Leslie was of spare build and always very fit. At home near Penn he and his wife made and maintained a lovely garden, which included an Alpine rock-garden full of treasurers. He was also a very keen beagler. His other great enthusiasm was for Sark and its sea cliffs, which he visited almost yearly, and on which he became the acknowledged authority. His novel contribution lay in the elaboration of complete traverses from bay to bay, the success of which depended on exact knowledge of the tides and their vagaries. The best of these was the traverse from Moie Fano to E Coupee Bay, which we first worked out in 1926. It presented a series of thrills, which continued to build up to the very last pitch. It was Leslie who invented the 'limpet' technique, whereby after a sharp tap a limpet could be relied on to provide a sure foothold for bare toe or rubber shoe.

In his later life he was grievously handicapped by hip trouble, which relentlessly reduced his activities, until in the end movement became almost impossible. He fought the disability with admirable courage, continuing for many years to be indispensable to his business colleagues, till his retirement on moving to his final home in Norfolk. He also carried on year after year as Secretary to the Alpine Dining Club, an office he filled with outstanding success.

He was a very good all-round mountaineer, an invaluable asset to any guideless party, particularly strong on ice with his super-crampons. Cool in emergency, wise in counsel, seemingly untirable, and always ready to take on the tasks which others shunned, such as party treasurer. He missed no opportunity of helping younger climbers, many of whom will have cause to remember him with gratitude and affection.

H. E. L. Porter

Eilert Sundt 1882-1973

Eilert Sundt died in April 1973 at the age of 91. At ninety years of age he wrote and published a book on ski-ing in the mountains of Norway between 1928-1948. He was a first-class skier, winning the 'Ladys' Cup for Ski Jumping at Holmenkollen in 1906. He founded the Norsk Tindeklub in 1908 and celebrated the 60th anniversary of his ascent of the Store Skagastølstind by climbing it again at the age of 77.

In 1915, with a Norwegian friend, he reached the summit ridge of Aconcagua; afterwards he stayed for a long time in South America building a large business in Buenos Aires. He was a great sportsman and a delightful companion spending much time right up to the end in the Tindeklub hut below the Store Skagastølstind. He was a happy man. Sundt worked in the Norwegian 'underground' during the Second World War, was forced out of the country, and ultimately flown from Sweden to Scotland in the icy winter of early 1945. He was welcome wherever he went.

H. C. Bugge

Lord Tangle 1899-1973

My first acquaintance with Edwin Herbert was when, acutely conscious of the significance of the occasion and of the circumstances in which I had been called upon, I made my first appearance before the Joint Himalayan Committee in October 1952. I was nervous and tensed up, aware of the expectations of this body and of the understandable reservations about myself which were entertained by some of its members. There, at the end of the table, was Edwin Herbert, presiding benignly over the proceedings and, with quiet demeanour and an economy of words, very much in charge. I was quickly at ease under this bland and superbly capable chairman who, with his committee, was to do so much by way of encouragement and support, to say nothing of the difficult task of raising the necessary funds, to launch the 1953 Everest Expedition.

How often, in the succeeding years, I was to value his wisdom and ability on committees. We sat together during the first 3 years on the Management Committee of the Mount Everest Foundation, which itself was created by Edwin, and I succeeded him in this office. I proposed his name to Prince Philip when the time came to write a constitution for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. He was one of those rare people who, despite or perhaps precisely because of the fact that their talents and other qualities place them in never-ending demand, would always find time when it was asked of him. Edwin, whom I had turned to for advice in 1955 about my own retirement from the Army to become the first Director of the Scheme and who, in 1958, was probably busier than ever before in his crowded life, readily accepted the job of drafting a constitution and negotiating its approval by the Charity Commissioners. He became one of the original Trustees and acted as deputy chairman in Prince Philip's absence. I know how much Edwin warmed to the oversight of this great and imaginative idea which, *inter alia*, has brought the opportunities of expeditions to boys and girls all over the commonwealth.

I again had the privilege of succeeding him, as President of the Alpine Club in 1956 and, like everyone else who heard him, will never forget his Valedictory Address, with its moving message of the meaning of mountains in the life of a man with many other interests and pre-occupations. Often I listened to him as a speaker at club dinners and in Parliament. He had the great virtue of unadorned speaking, not searching for the striking or alliterated phrase, but using plain, homely words. William Bright once said that oratory springs from 'the sincere love of truth' and, in this sense, Edwin was an orator.

I never climbed or walked with him, but he often used to tell me that 'V Diff.' was about his standard and he got great satisfaction from still being able to achieve this at the age of 60. But pride was not in his nature and one of his qualities was his readiness to admire the achievements of others. Like some others, he later found in sailing the same freedom and fulfilment as he had found among the hills. A great man, because he combined such outstanding ability with such simplicity. **Hunt**

R. J. Brocklehurst writes:

Edwin Herbert and I commenced climbing at about the same time. We were only once together in the Alps, a season in which, together with T. Graham Brown, we had some very satisfying expeditions in the Oberland, the Valais and on Mont Blanc; but we were for several long Easter weekends members of a climbing party at Wasdale Head. I also used to meet him frequently in London in the 1920s and got to know him very well. He was a keen climber, without obvious ambition for anything he felt would clearly be beyond him, yet enthusiastic for the work in hand and entirely modest. He was always imperturbable and utterly reliable, and I always counted myself fortunate to have such a friend.