he made me sit in my climbing belt and lowered me as if he were a crane. When he climbed down that pitch I fully realized how safe a climber he was.

Crossing our last col towards the S I saw we would soon be at the end of the actual climb. There was still one of those boring and slow fields of big boulders to be crossed but below it one could see a lovely little pond with a brook bringing fresh water to it. I think we were both very glad of the rest near it. By that time I knew I had had enough and would have to cancel climbing the following day when I had intended to do a second climb.

The guide walked down from the hut to find work the next day but I decided to stay the night at the hut feeling rather tired and knowing that the last cable-car had left.

Basil Goodfellow—mountain photographer

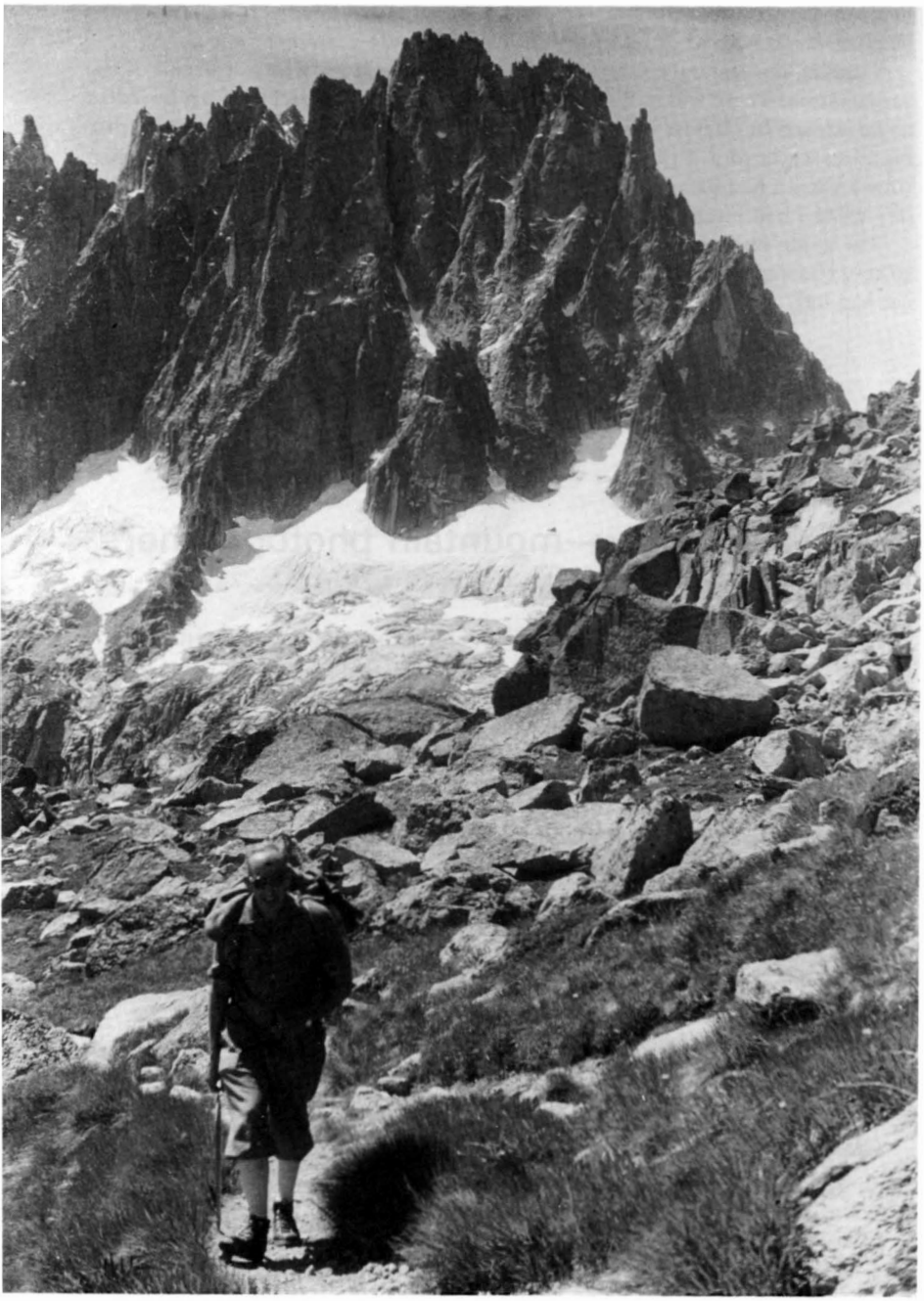
C. Douglas Milner

Basil was essentially a gentleman amateur, and if that statement doesn't raise the hackles of our vociferous egalitarians I shall be surprised. Today it is unfashionable to be a gentleman and plain foolish to be an amateur, when rich pickings are available to a minority who can climb on other people's money and, with the sponsorship of photographic manufacturers, enjoy the 'benevolent operation of the law of averages upon an almost inexhaustible supply of sensitive material'.

I do not suggest that Basil was unique; rather was he typical of the club member between the wars, and indeed still typical today. A highly qualified Chemical Engineer, his profession and his career came first, allied to his responsibilities as a family man. He found in mountaineering and photography a perfect combination of worthwhile recreations, and applied his balanced and critical mind to both. He may have climbed with guides from time to time, but his best climbing was done guideless in the company of equally competent friends. Often he was equally content with mountain travel especially in the greater ranges he was able to visit.

I think Warren Hastings . . . in a totally different context . . . said that 'when he thought of his opportunities he was surprised at his moderation'. It could fairly be said of Basil that when we consider his limited opportunities we might be surprised at his achievements. This, in the sense that he had only the limited time for travel that handicaps anyone who does not enjoy the Long Vacation . . . or a private income, or the freedom to pack up work for a few months as may be possible, let us say, to a spot-welder from Bruddersford.

On the other hand, he was fortunate in his profession which involved him in service both in India and the Far East. I think at a Rucksack Club meeting he was once introduced as the member who had done more mountaineering on expenses than any other member. *Se non e vero e molto ben trovato.*



77 André Roch coming up to the Couvercle (This and next eight photos: Basil Goodfellow)

78 Alphubel–Rotgrat

79 Piz Bernina—Biancograt

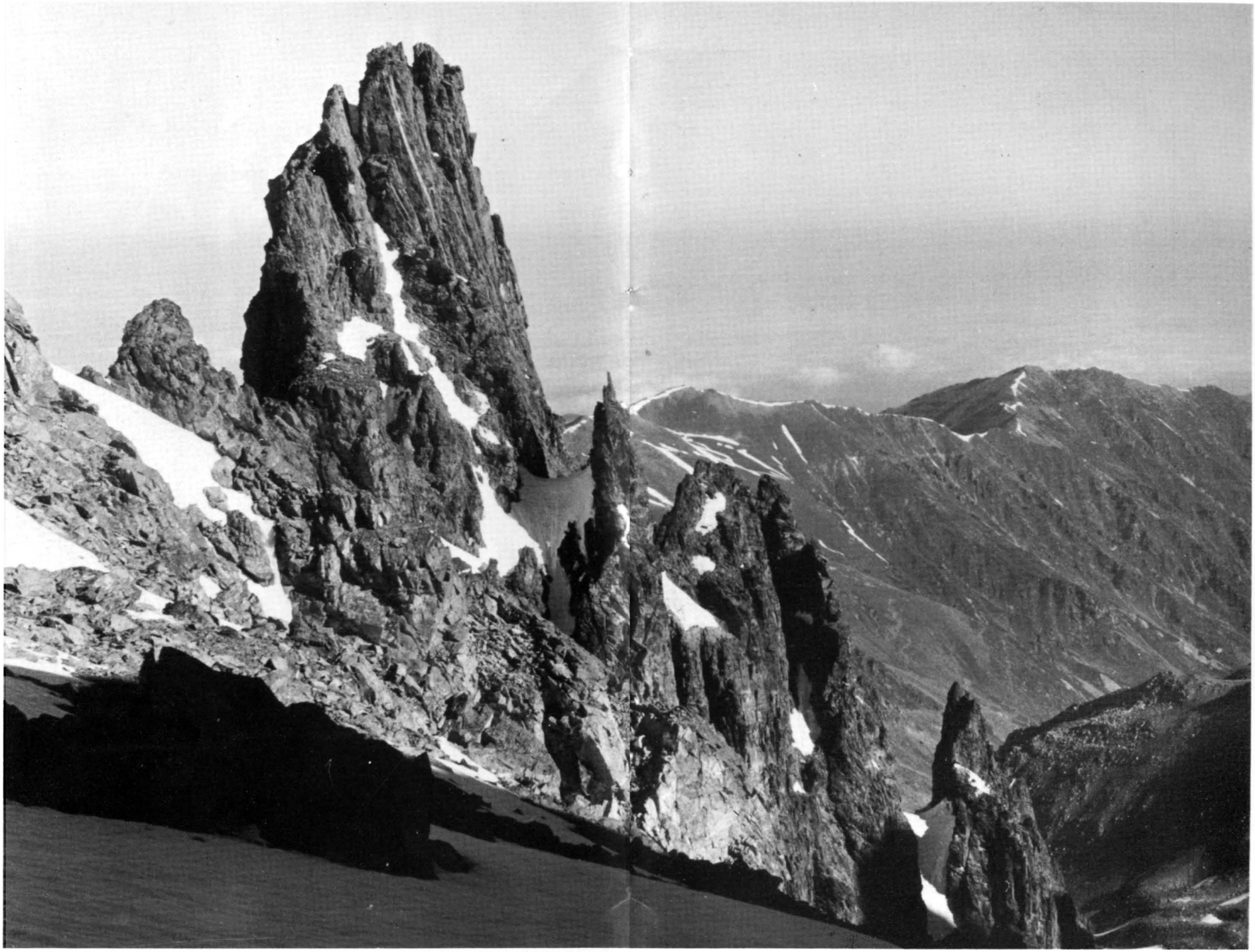
In photography he was in the true line of Club secretaries, for back in the 80s W. F. Donkin had led the field, whilst Sydney Spencer was a skilled photographer at the turn of the century. As a chemist and an engineer, Basil applied his skills to his photography. He was primarily concerned with monochrome and his well-equipped darkroom was indicative of his engineering work. He had constructed his own enlargers, and even made helical focusing mounts for some of his lenses. He naturally used a variety of cameras, mainly for plates or film packs in the earlier years. But I think his favourite instrument was a quite modestly priced 6 x 6cm reflex . . . the Korelle . . . taking roll-film but offering (since it had a focal plane shutter) the chance to use long focus lenses. Ultimately he took up 35mm machines, as we all did, mainly for colour, after the invention of Kodachrome, which completely superseded the Dufay and Agfa screen plates used before the last war.

He had a discriminating taste in both choice of subject and in establishing correct values in monochrome. Though he wrote little, his article on 'Mountain Photography' was masterly in its lucidity and succinctness (*Rucksack Club Journal* 1932). Like Geoffrey Young before him he took some interest in the arcane by-path of stereoscopy, and he contributed a valuable note on wide separation work as an aid to prospecting mountains in the 1931 *AJ*.

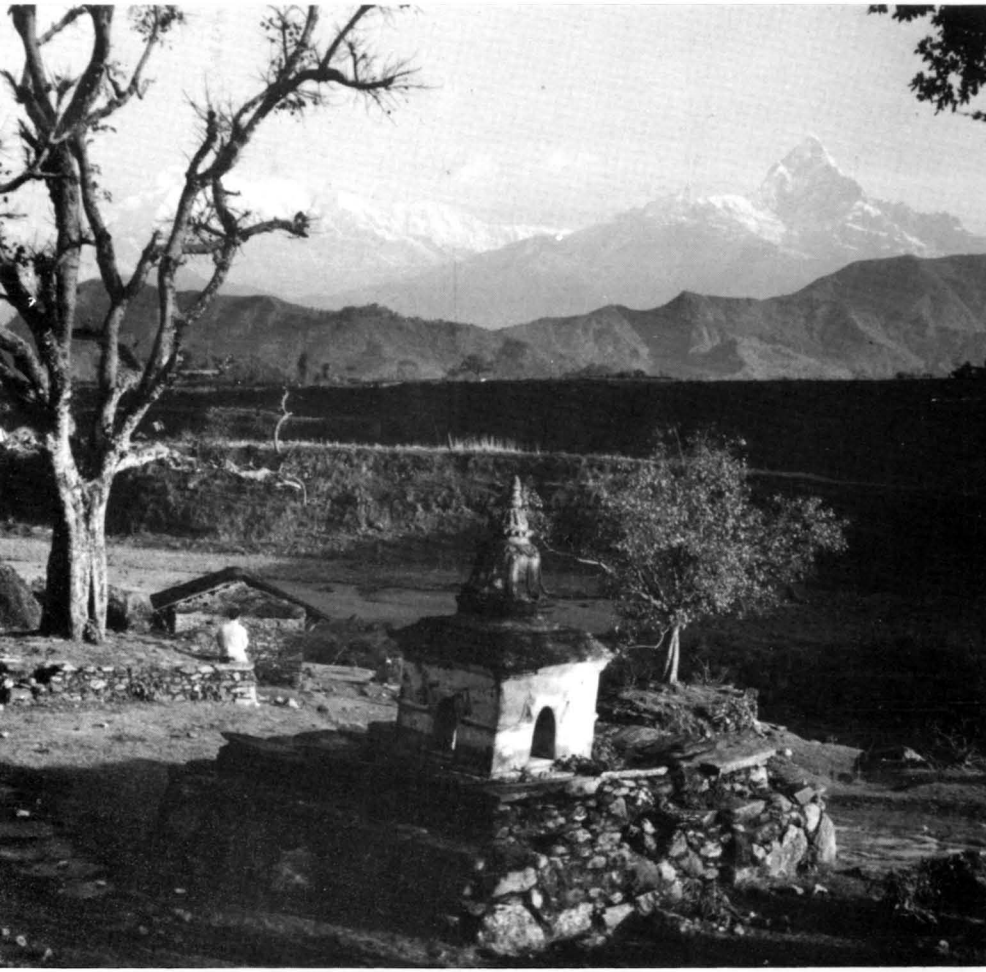
80 Obergabelhorn and Wellenkuppe

81 Mount St Helens and Mount Rainier

82 Tuftern chalets and the Weissborn



83 A pinnacle in the Kackar Dag, Turkey



84 Hindu shrine and the Himalaya

His personal collection, in many loose leaf volumes of about 8½ x 6½ size, is unique in its quality and range. Though he never sought to publish a book of his work, he contributed many illustrations to the journals of the Fell and Rock and Rucksack Clubs as well as our own.

Indeed, in the Rucksack Club he was one of an able group of mountaineer photographers including such men as Firth Burton, Robin Gray, and Harry Spilsbury all of whom were, if not my mentors, certainly my exemplars of 40 years ago. To get past the gritty and outspoken members there you had to be good. Basil was good. He was its President in 1950–51, a distinction which, to many of us who live in Indian territory, is equivalent to Presidency of the AC.

Obedient to the Editor's command I have written this short note, but the portfolio of Basil's photographs which are here printed will speak far more eloquently of the man and his work.

85 Across the Bregaglia to the Oberland