

In Memoriam

Introduction

Geoffrey Templeman

Since the last Journal was published, 9 of our members have died, the list being as follows: Donald Mill; Marjorie Garrod; Charles John Morris; Mark Pasteur; Reginald Mountain; Thomas MacKinnon; Arnold Pines; Richard Grant and Archibald Scott. It also appears that no mention was made in the Journal of the death of our distinguished Honorary Member Henry de Ségogne in 1979:—if anyone would like to write a tribute, I will be very pleased to print it next year. My request for any further tributes for Lucien Devies last year was promptly answered and they are included here. Also included from previous years are full obituaries of Sir Percy Wyn Harris, Dr John Lewis and Nicolas Jaeger, whilst mention should also be made here of the recent death of Sir Michael Postan, a former member of the club. I would once again like to express my sincere thanks to all who have helped in producing the tributes that follow—without their help, the Journal would be the poorer. It has not been possible to obtain obituaries for one or two members and my own short notes must suffice for the following.

Reginald William Mountain, who joined the club in 1941, died last year at the age of 81. His application for membership shows that he started climbing in the Alps in 1924 and completed a number of standard courses in the Bernese Oberland and Mont Blanc region, mostly with guides.

Archibald James Scott died in October, 1981, aged 79, having been a member of the club for 46 years. A New Zealander, his application for membership was supported by almost everyone having anything to do with climbing in New Zealand at the time and listed numerous expeditions in the Southern Alps. He was a prominent member of the New Zealand Alpine Club.

Mark Pasteur, who joined the club in 1958 at the age of 54, came of a mountaineering family and walked and climbed with his father and brothers in many areas of Great Britain and the Alps from 1920 onwards.

Hugh Pasteur writes: Further in regard to my brother Mark, I have found amongst some papers of his that he was in the Engadine in 1951 and 1953 and was in Arolla district in 1954. He was mostly col walking, sometimes with my father, but he also had an Italian friend he joined forces with. We were together in the Belalp area in 1932. He loved the low alps and visited the Jura area last summer on his own. He never climbed the high mountains but loved to spend holidays in the low alps. He spent one holiday col walking with our cousin Nancy Aldous, daughter of Sir George Morse, one-time AC President.

Lucien Devies (1910-1980)

Lucien Devies is dead. It is an irreparable loss for all alpinism. Others have spoken of the work he carried out in our assemblies, in the clubs and the federations to which he gave so much help; tasks which he carried out with an exemplary conscience. It is to him that French alpinism owes the eminent place that it occupies in the great ranges of the world and throughout the Himalaya. Here I will talk only of his career as an alpinist.

It was the classic beginning at the end of the 20s, climbing with professionals, but, very soon during the 30s our friend was limiting himself solely to guideless climbs. He looked around for a companion who would at the same time be a friend holding similar views on the sport. From the beginning, with Jacques Lagarde, he climbed the great classic arêtes of the Mont Blanc massif and the Valais. Lagarde, who, with

Jacques de Lepiney, was one of the fathers of guideless French alpinism, was his first companion. With him Lucien climbed the *Voie des Français*, the hardest route on the E face of Monte Rosa (1931). In the Zermatt region also he climbed a direct route on a face that had remained untouched at that time in such a popular area—the N face of the Grand Cornier.

Unfortunately Lagarde was out of action after the mid-30s, but Lucien met Giusto Gervasutti while on holiday in the Dolomites. They became friends and, as he himself said in the obituary he wrote for his friend: 'Je crois que nous formions une bonne cordée'. But war and sickness intervened and then when Giusto fell on Mont Blanc du Tacul it seemed as if this death had shattered the alpine career of our friend. Two more exceptional climbs must be mentioned in the Oisans: the N face of the Olan (1934) and the W face direct of the Ailefroide Occidentale (1936). These 2 great firsts, with the E face of Monte Rosa, have stood the test of time and remain 'très grandes courses'.

Without actually using modern techniques himself, Lucien Devies was interested in the use of pitons and the grading of climbs. He was a complete climber, equally at home on ice or rock. Everyone who came to know him recognized his intelligence, integrity and uprightness. I was privileged to know him—he remains imperishable in my memory.

'C'était un ami droit et incorruptible, fidèle dans ses affections, sincère de coeur et d'esprit'.

Alain de Chatellus

Alain de Chatellus has voiced the sentiments all of us have held for more than half a century. I will not add any further details of the early years of Lucien Devies.

If his Alpine career serves to illustrate how alpinists were 'coming out' in the 30s, his progress after that was far from ordinary. The list of his grandes courses passed 110, with a dozen before he was 18. At 20 he climbed, among many others, the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon, and at 21 the Macugnaga face of Monte Rosa. He followed this with the traverse of the Aiguilles du Diable, Mont Blanc by the Innominata and then by the Sentinelle Rouge, the S arête of the Peuterey, the Cordier Couloir of the Aiguille Verte, the N face of the Drus, the SSE arête of Pic Gaspard.

This brief list illustrates the career which formed the background to his activities which made him a supporting pillar of French alpinism, reflected all over the world, partly through the UIAA. Because of his capacity for work, amongst other qualities, he was chosen for the Presidency of the CAF, the GHM and the FF de la M. He was active in all aspects of conservation in the mountains, in mountain rescue and among the Guides de Montagne. Another subject which he took particularly to heart was that of expeditions to the greater ranges; Hidden Peak in 1933 (at 23!) for instance, and he worked tirelessly in later years to promote the expeditions which led to so many French victories.

It is a little sad for me, so long at the centre of all these activities, to have to condense my thoughts into a few lines. I only hope they will help to keep alive in the spirit and the heart the memories of him I have known.

Pierre Henry

Marjorie Garrod (1894-1980)

Marjorie Garrod died on 22 November 1980. She became an Associate Member of the Ladies' Alpine Club in 1926, qualifying the following year with a long list of classic Alpine climbs. She and her husband, Paul, continued climbing and walking in the Alps together and later with their children until 1957. She had joined the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in 1920, paid frequent visits to the Lake District and became especially active in the London section. To both clubs she gave

characteristically practical and imaginative service, on the Committee of the LAC (1930) and as its Treasurer (1931-1935). It was as Secretary and Treasurer of the FRCC that she organized the Appeal which enabled the London section to buy the freehold of the barn at Raw Head as a memorial to G. R. Speaker in 1947. Many will recall the generous hospitality and sumptuous teas with which she and Paul entertained members of both clubs when we arrived at their home, often wet and muddy, after one of our Sunday walks.

Marjorie was born at The Retreat in York where her father, Dr Bedford Pierce was the enlightened Superintendent of that Quaker Hospital, opened in 1796, probably the first to recognize mental affliction as an illness to be treated with understanding care. Marjorie and her younger brother Edmund played happily in the spacious grounds, making friends with the patients, some being merely senile or confused. Her parents took them for mountain holidays in Britain, and later in the Swiss Alps and Germany. From her father Marjorie acquired her deep love of mountains, her joy in painting, reflected in her delicate water colours of mountain flowers, her lifelong sympathy with mental illness, and loyalty to the Quaker 'Society of Friends'.

It seemed natural that Marjorie, with her father's warm approval, should study Medicine. She qualified at the Royal Free Hospital for Women in 1921 and the following year married Dr Paul Garrod, who had been a fellow pupil at the Quaker co-educational school at Sidcot. He was to become Professor of Bacteriology at St Bartholomew's Hospital, a world authority and author of the standard book on Antibiotics.

Before marriage Marjorie had spent 3 months working at The Retreat with her father. She became a lifelong Governor and continued to work for the relief of mental illness all her life. In London she worked at the Tavistock clinic, and after her move to Harpenden in 1930 became Governor of the Shenley and Napsbury Mental Hospitals.

I knew her best in her hospitable Harpenden home made lively by her young family, one daughter and 3 sons, 2 now doctors; by her beautiful Siamese cats; and by the constant flow of business visitors and of friends seeking her wise and helpful advice. During the war she was Medical Officer for Evacuees, worked for the Red Cross and provided shelter for friends made temporarily homeless including a family of 5. In every crisis Marjorie remained unperturbed and competent with her gentle touch of humour.

Paul and Marjorie celebrated their Golden Wedding in their new home at Wokingham, adjacent to that of their eldest son David. Surrounded by their children and grandchildren it seemed an affirmation of the value of Family Life. For them and for their first great granddaughter Marjorie wrote a fascinating Family History going back some 200 years, recording the career of her distinguished father and of his and her travels and adventures. After Paul's death her health declined and she survived little more than a year. Marjorie leaves an inspiring memory of a great woman, warm and kind, fulfilled in her professional and private lives, above all in her greatest joy and delight, her family.

Mary D. Glynne

Lt. Col. Richard Henry Grant, MC, RM (1927-1981)

Dicky Grant's death in October 1981, at the early age of 53, came as a surprise and shock to his many friends who, until his final debilitating illness, had seen him as a powerhouse of energy, zest and life.

Dicky joined the Royal Marines towards the end of the war and became a regular officer. Early on he specialized as a cliff climbing instructor in the Commando Chief Assault Centre based at St Ives in Cornwall. This was a wonderfully off-beat little Commando Unit, full of *elan*, which specialized in the technique of small raids,

made by landing on a rocky foreshore and scaling the cliffs. Here he found full scope for his natural strength and ability as a rock climber. He soon widened his experience by mountaineering in the British hills and the Mont Blanc range. He also became adept in the skills of snow warfare with visits to Norway and Canada. It was an excellent apprenticeship for the expeditions to follow. Dicky's military leadership was demonstrated when he was awarded the MC for operations in Cyprus.

Dicky's first big opportunity came in 1958 when he was selected for the Joint Services expedition to Rakaposhi in the Karakoram. He quickly showed himself to be a powerful climber at altitude without oxygen. He carried to the top camp at 24,000 ft and was then well poised one camp below, with Richard Brooke, to follow the summit pair. Their summit hopes were dashed when their tent was blown to ribbons in a storm. Not only did Dicky make a major contribution to the success of the expedition but his buoyant good humour added significantly to the genial atmosphere which prevailed.

In 1960 he joined another Joint Services expedition, this time to Annapurna II (26,041 ft) in the Nepal Himalaya. When Jimmy Roberts became ill the leadership was assumed by Dicky; it could not have fallen into more competent hands. Together with Chris Bonington and Ang Nyima, he climbed to the summit. The remarkable thing was that, on the final climb, Dicky's oxygen set failed. Amazingly, he managed to keep up, and occasionally to lead, despite the fact that the other 2 were on oxygen. This was a measure of the physical and mental power of the man. Jimmy Roberts paid fulsome praise to Dicky's leadership and mountaineering ability. Chris Bonington, in his early autobiography *I Chose to Climb*, looked back on Annapurna II as one of the most harmonious and well run expeditions he had ever taken part in.

When he retired from the Royal Marines Dicky became the warden of the Lochiel outdoor pursuits centre in Lochaber which, until a couple of years ago, he ran with his customary professional skill and understanding.

Mike Banks

Nicolas Jaeger (1946-1980)

Whilst climbing to the South Col on Everest in October 1978, Nicolas Jaeger carefully studied the formidable S face of Lhotse, high, steep, exposed to avalanches which rushed down the couloirs. He hoped meanwhile to find a way on this S face—an objective for the year 2000.

Gifted with an iron constitution, an excellent technician, he had behind him a marvellous list of expeditions; to begin with the Alps and only mention the most notable, often first solo ascents:

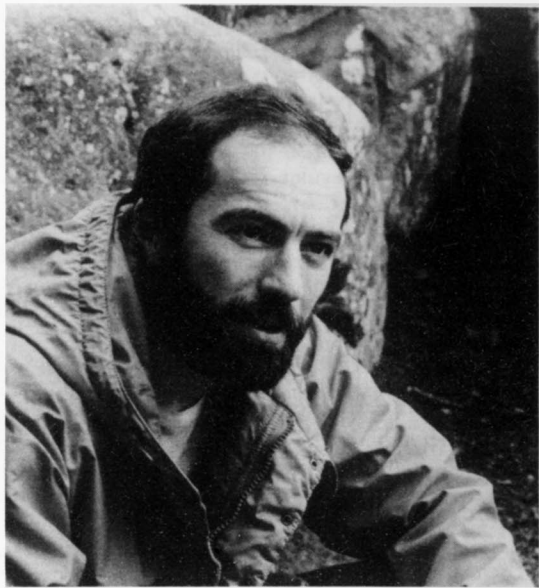
Aiguille Verte, by the arête Sans-nom, in 5½ h and by the Nant-Blanc in 5 h; Droites by the Éperon Nord in 7½ h and by the N face (voie Davaille-Cornuau) in 7½ h; Traverse Tronchey-Grandes Jorasses-Rochefort-Géant in 14 h; Mont-Blanc du Tacul, Pilier Gervasutti, in 5 h; Aig. Noire de Peuterey, S arête in 6 h; Mont Blanc, Route Major, in 4 h and particularly putting together the routes Bonatti-Gobbi on the Pilier d'Angle and Pilier du Freney in 17 h (one bivouac).

After these climbs and many others in the Alps, Nicolas went to the Andes for a long stay, during which he successfully made a number of solo and first ascents. Among others: In 1977; N Alpamayo by the SW face; N Santa-Cruz by the N arête integrale; N Ranrapalca by the SE face; N Palcaraju by the SE arête; Huascaran by the NE arête. In 1978; Taulliraju by the SSE arête; Abasraju by the E face; N Huandoy W by the S face and Chacaraju E by the S face direct.

The same year, in the autumn, Nicolas went to Everest; he was the doctor of the expedition, for after a degree in economic science, he studied medicine and specialized in high altitude physiology. In 1979, he went back to Peru and his activities were in two parts: first, a certain number of climbs, Ninashanca by the W



81 *The party for Jannu, Lucien Devies lower right (Photo: M. Ichac)*



82 *Nicolas Jaeger (Photo: Niépce-Rapho)*

shoulder; Yerupaya by the W face and S arête; Trapicio, traverse by the SW shoulder and N face, and the complete traverse of the summits of Rasac; second, survival alone on Huascarán: studies on the resistance of human organisms at very high altitude, in the course of a stay of two months at 6700m close to the highest summit of the Peruvian Andes. He told this story in his interesting book *Carnet de Solitude*.

At last in the Spring of 1981 he felt ready for his grand project—the S face of Lhotse. On 19, 20 and 21 April he made a tentative attack, after 3 days on this gigantic face reaching a height of 6500m, but giving up in the face of 'les risques énormes dûs aux avalanches fréquentes et qu'on ne voit pas arriver', as he wrote in his journal.

He renewed his efforts on the S face of Lhotse Shar. Very well acclimatized, he climbed rapidly. On the 25th he bivouacked at about 8000m. Looking through a 1000mm telephoto lens, he was seen by a cameraman of an Anglo-American TV team as a tiny dot. The next day he was seen once more at about 8200m. On the 27th the weather was again fine, but rapidly deteriorated and 2 days later there was a considerable amount of fresh snow on Everest and Lhotse. His friends waited at Everest Base Camp from which he had set out, but in vain. They watched for some sign; Nicolas did not return. Where and when had he disappeared?—no one will ever know.

With Nicolas Jaeger there disappeared a passionate man, who was at the same time lucid and stable, having great experience of mountains and also of his own strengths, a man looking to the future.

Gaston Rébuffat

John Evan Lloyd Lewis (1897-1980)

John Lloyd Lewis, who was a member of the Club from 1954, was killed in a car accident on 17 July with his wife Kathleen. A schoolmaster by profession, he spent

his early years in Ireland at Bishop Foy School, Waterford, and the school holidays allowed time for fairly extensive climbing in the Alps in the late 1920s and the 1930s. During these years many of his climbs among the high peaks were done guideless, and though he was exceedingly modest about his achievements his knowledge of mountains was very great.

His climbing career included Mount Olympus from Katerini in 1918 and there then followed regular visits to the Pyrenees and then the Alps until the war intervened. 1945 saw him move home from Waterford to Tiverton, where he became a Master at Blundell's School, and his climbing career recommenced in 1950 when he took School parties to Grindelwald. Evan's son Richard accompanied him on many long expeditions in the Alps when aged 14 years, before his father finally decided to 'hang up his boots' in 1953, although he continued to do a good deal of Alpine walking until 1960.

As well as being a keen climber Evan Lewis was a keen photographer as proved by the photographs of Alpine panoramas on his study walls. Distance from London prevented his regular appearance at the Alpine Club, but he took a keen interest in its activities and his Christmas cards could easily be detected on the mantelpiece! I came to know Evan Lewis not only through the Alpine Club but as the Housemaster of my two sons who were at Blundell's in his charge. My father, J. O. Walker of the AC, and I had many pleasant evenings of climbing talk with him on our visits to the school in Devon, and also when he came to see us in Surrey.

Evan Lloyd Lewis and his wife will be very sadly missed by their many friends all over the country.

Nancy S. Richardson and Richard Lewis

Thomas D. Mackinnon (1914-1981)

Tom Mackinnon died at the end of September 1981, victim of a stroke, which 2 years earlier had caused partial paralysis. He is survived by his wife Rowena and his daughter Charlotte

Tom was born and brought up in Glasgow. On leaving Glasgow High School, he trained as a pharmacist and succeeded as a young man to his father's business, a chain of chemist's shops. He began climbing in his teens with his school's mountaineering club, then joined the JMCS in 1933 and the SMC in 1936. His most frequent climbing companions in the 1930s were John Brown and Bill Mackenzie. I first met Tom in 1935. I was then a beginner and privileged to climb with him only occasionally, for although my friends were his we climbed with different groups, and there was this gulf in experience. He led me up Agag's Groove on the Buachaille in 1936, a month after its 1st ascent. He had already begun to climb in Norway (1935 and 1936), and from then onwards went to the Alps every summer.

Tom was a big man (6 feet and 14 stone) and unusually strong. His climbing talents at this time exceeded his full realization of them, for he was diffident about his skills (unless in action) and respectful of a hard route's reputation. He led no new climbs but became a top class, all-round mountaineer. Outstanding in his character was an abounding good-nature. It positively overflowed to benefit all in his company, this too at every level of circumstance. For example, I never knew him lose his temper (something I can say of no other sorely-tried friend), not even during the weeks and months of a Himalayan expedition, when minor causes build up, and everyone gets tired or stretched. On the higher, emergency levels, he became totally self-forgetful. Once, when the river Falloch was in full autumn spate, we made a visit to admire the falls. I fell in while jumping a greasy rock gut and was swept down into a deep caudron, undercut all round, where I looked like drowning under the fall. Tom dived in fully clothed (not pausing to remove his hat). Even to me, with a bias to rescue, it seemed a madness. Powerful swimmer though he was, the

back-eddy from the waterfall spun him out like a twig and luckily cast him up at the low end. But the act was typical of the man.

Tom joined the AC in 1948. He had then had 4 or 5 alpine seasons. In 1950, he accompanied Douglas Scott, Tom Weir, and me in exploratory journeys through Garhwal and Almora, when he climbed several lesser peaks, notably Uja Tirche, 20,350 ft. In 1952, he went with Scott, Weir, and George Roger to the Rolwaling Khola of Nepal, where he climbed 3 mountains of 19-22,000 ft near the Tesi Lapcha pass. He had shown himself to be a fast acclimatizer, and proved that again on Kangchenjunga in 1955, when he twice went to Camp 5 at 25,300 ft. The sirdar on these last 2 expeditions had been Dawa Tenzing, for whom Tom had a very high regard. He brought Dawa to the SMC Easter Meet at Glenfinnan in 1965. Twice after that, when I was revisiting Sola Khumbu, Tom gave me money to pass on to Dawa 'for the repair of his roof'.

Tom was elected president of the SMC in 1958-60. In his latter years he became an enthusiastic yachtsman. His death has desolated his friends.

W. H. Murray

Donald Norman Mill (1931-1981)

In May a strange assortment of people gathered at Sourlies bothy at the head of Loch Nevis. Few of the group knew each other before they arrived but they had all been drawn to this remote place in remembrance of Donald Mill. Wandering up the glen from the bothy, the track is crossed by Allt Coire na Ciche; such a quiet stream on that pleasant day in May, there was difficulty in believing this was the very spot where Donald had been swept away 5 months previously.

Donald, whose father had been a procurator fiscal of Edinburgh, was educated at the city's Merchant Company School and the George Watson College. Later he studied architecture at the Edinburgh Arts School and after qualifying at the early age of 22, did 3 years national service. Most of this time was spent in Malaya as an architect in the Army. Even here, the enthusiasm he now had for climbing saw him searching out unwitting partners and places to climb.

Before discovering the pleasures of the mountains he was a keen canoeist. Indeed his first encounter with the mountains, with an Edinburgh Sea Scout Group, was a not altogether pleasurable affair after which he resolved that it would be the last. Uncharacteristically, however, his mind was changed and by the age of 20 he had made the first of what were to become almost annual visits to the Alps. These visits were only interrupted by national service and trips to other mountain areas such as the Polish Tatras, Atlas mountains and Indian Himalaya.

In the 50s he was very active in Scotland and with Dan Stewart made several first ascents. This level of activity was somewhat diminished when he moved to London to work as an architect. He joined Sir Denys Lasdun in 1962, becoming a junior partner in 1975. He worked on such projects as the National Theatre, IBM building, European Investment Bank in Luxembourg, and University of East Anglia and he also designed one of the early climbing walls for the new sports hall at Liverpool University. Donald also had a reputation as an outstanding architectural photographer.

His other interests were wide ranging but two are pre-eminent. One was pottery which was of a very high standard, the other being mountaineering history in which pursuit he accumulated a fine collection of books. From the latter, and from his travels, he acquired an extensive knowledge of many mountain areas and was always producing original ideas for ventures to the hills; whether it be a weekend in Britain or a peak to attempt in the Himalaya. It was a pleasure to share the hills with Donald, climbing or ski-ing, and there was the bonus of his good route finding and judgement.

Donald was a very determined man and had an immense appetite for the mountains which, since his move to London, involved frequent weekend visits to

North Wales and the Lake District. Even with the arrival of a son to his young wife, Christine, the only noticeable change was the line of nappies outside the tent. Donald completed the Munro's in 1980 when he climbed Ben More on Mull carrying 2-year-old Jamie up his first Munro.

The front to strangers was often cold but underneath this shell was a sensitive and somewhat shy person. Friendship with Donald was not a shallow, quick affair but firm and lasting, despite the occasional heated discussions, often giving a misleading impression to observers. At nearly 50 he displayed the energy and spirit of a man half this age but beneath was a complex person. Indeed it was several years before I heard of a grown up family from an earlier marriage. This was Donald, always rewarding, never dull.

Peter Stokes

John Morris (1896-1981)

John Morris who died in his 86th year, was an unusual person. Successively soldier, anthropologist and university teacher of English, I got to know him when we met on the expedition to Mount Everest in 1936 on which he was transport officer and interpreter. Of a generation a decade senior to mine, he had been to Everest before with Bruce in 1922; and before that had been involved in the 1914-18 Great War at a time when I was at prep-school in Eastbourne. That was a grim experience indeed, and one from which no sensitive participant could have escaped psychologically unscathed as John Morris makes clear for us in his autobiographical book *Hired to Kill*.

To get back to 1936 however, John and I struck up a friendship through our mutual interest in literary matters. This stood us in good stead during many a dull moment sitting about in camp that year waiting for things to happen on the mountain, which they never did because of the monsoon. But the real fascination of those early expeditions to Everest was always the journey through Tibet, a country which at that period still remained an example of a social order surviving from mediaeval times; and possibly none the worse for that. My guess is that the Tibetans were happier then than they are today. What better companion could I have had in John Morris, with his love of Eastern ethnology and languages, for such a journey?

John and I shared a lean little pony which we rode, from time to time, across Tibet when it was not too cold for us to do so. We nearly always preferred to walk in order to keep warm. We christened him Rosinante after that nag of immortal memory who carried the Knight of the Doleful Countenance. As a creature of transport he was a poor little beast. But we had a soft spot for him and treated him gently.

But what an interesting personality John Morris had. He was one of those intellectuals who are cast up by the Army from time to time of whom perhaps Sir Richard Burton was the classical example. He was naturally an introspective and reticent person, but during our journey he let his hair down a little and told me something of his story. He would have liked to have been a musician, having had some talent as a pianist. But after leaving school he was put into banking which he hated. From this uncongenial occupation he was unexpectedly released by the advent of the war, to become a soldier. When the war ended in 1918, he would have liked to have gone into the medical profession but eventually decided to become a regular soldier in the Indian Army. Here he served with the Gurkha Rifles first in Palestine and then on the NW Frontier. And while still in the army he travelled in Nepal, Sikkim and Tibet. At the instigation of Sir Aurel Stein he took a pioneer surveying expedition into Chinese Turkestan. Soon after that he was found to have TB and was invalided out of the Army. He then went up to Cambridge where, at King's College, he studied social anthropology.

After the 1936 expedition to Everest I lost touch with Morris simply because we both became deeply involved with our professional lives and our paths only crossed



83 *John Morris (Drawn by P. Oliver; picture by Frank Solari)*



84 *Sir Percy Wyn-Harris (Photo: M. Murray)*

once more when we met at an Everest first ascent celebration. But my memories of him from that short acquaintance of 1936, in fairly intimate circumstances, left a deep impression the details of which I remember to this day. One knows about how, after that, he went to Japan to teach English at Tokyo University where, even during the last war, he was held in such esteem that he was simply kept under house-arrest until repatriated. And one knows that he eventually became Director of the BBC's Third Programme.

But coming back to John Morris as a real person and not just a BBC personality, I would like to comment on his book *Hired to Kill*, because I do not think that what he has written there reveals him in his true light. John was really a much nicer person than he would have you believe from what he says in that book. In saying this, I am not implying that *Hired to Kill* is a bad book; it is not. It is interesting, but from the way it is written I think it gives a false impression of the author's character. Morris was, in fact, a charming, very gentle and distinguished member of our club. He was also a founder member of the Himalayan Club and, for a time, was Assistant Editor of the *Himalayan Journal*.

The obituary column of our *Journal* not infrequently turns out to be almost the most interesting record of mountaineering events over the years. This, if well done, is history; and it is well worth while. Thereby the Club's personalities are brought back to life for the delectation of posterity.

John Morris was certainly one such personality who should be remembered in this way.

Charles Warren

Arnold Pines (1928-1981)

Dr Arnold Pines was tragically killed on 15 November 1981 while scrambling on Tryfan in North Wales. He was with a small group on Y Gully when he apparently lost his balance and fell about 300 ft. He started climbing at the age of 39 with solo

ascents of a dozen 3000m peaks in Carinthia and the Uri Alps. An ascent of Mount Fuji and other peaks followed while lecturing in Japan in 1969, and the following summer Arnold's appetite for mountaineering was further whetted in the course of a very full holiday when he climbed over 30 Austrian peaks. I met him in 1971 when he joined John Millar and myself for a traverse of the Haute Route from Zermatt to Chamonix, with a number of climbs en route, and this proved to be a kind of launch pad for numerous expeditions further afield. In the next 6 years Arnold climbed in Kulu, the Hindu Kush, the Ruwenzori and Mount Kenya, the Dauphiné and Chamonix again, on Nanda Devi, in the Cordillera Blanca of Peru, in the Sierra Nevada in Spain, on Mexican volcanoes, and in Eritrea, Sinai, Sardinia, Greece and Portugal, as well as regular rock climbing in Britain up to VS standard. At an age when many climbers find excuses for reduced activity Arnold discovered in mountaineering a new lease of life, and his tremendous enthusiasm and optimism was an inspiration and delight to all who met him.

His professional life, as a distinguished consultant specializing in Respiratory Medicine at Ware Park Hospital, he tended to keep separate from his climbing, although he brought a critical eye to bear on the problems of Mountain Medicine, with contributions to the *Himalayan Journal*, the *British Journal of Diseases of the Chest*, the *British Medical Journal* and the *Lancet*.

Arnold's small craggy figure, quiet voice, ready smile and modest manner concealed considerable determination and strength of character. He was one of the most thoughtful, cultured and agreeable companions, and his election to the AC two years before his death was a source of great joy to him. His many friends will want to join me in extending heartfelt sympathy to his wife Jose and family in their sad loss.

Tony Smythe

Sir Percy Wyn-Harris (1904-1979)

Wyn, who hated his first name and never used it, began to learn about mountains as a boy when his family holidayed near Criccieth, and with his brother he wandered and scrambled, in sometimes hazardous ventures, on and around Snowdon. Soon after he went up to Cambridge he joined the university mountaineering club, and was its secretary when I arrived there. Wishing to join the club I first met him and the President, Van Noorden, about eight feet above floor level, chimneying along the passage between his keeping-room and bedroom at Caius. I joined in, and was accepted for membership. Wyn was already well known as a cross-country runner, and captained the university Hare and Hounds team. For a man apparently so tough and obviously enduring, he was often prey to self doubt: he sacked himself from the team to run against Oxford, because he thought he had lost his form. Later, he confessed to his grand-children that quite often he had suffered from vertigo on steep climbs, though I well remember his complete composure when the whole side of a chimney down which he was abseiling on the Grépon Mer de Glace face fell away in ruins, and he managed surprisingly to bounce better than the boulders did.

He was not an intellectual and told us he couldn't think how he had managed to get a degree, but he read discriminatingly as well as widely, and wrote to me to say how lucky I was to be *paid* to teach undergraduates about the poems and authors he loved. And though he published nothing, except I suppose official reports, he wrote vividly and with wry humour.

Wyn first aroused the attention of the climbing world when in 1925 he and Van Noorden made the second ascent (and first guideless) of the Brouillard Ridge on Mont Blanc. In the war-stricken poverty of our fumbling rediscovery of the Alps in the early 1920s, this was a great achievement, and he and Van Noorden would

certainly have gone on to do bigger things. It was not to be—V.N. was killed in Wales later that summer, before the partnership had fully blossomed. And Wyn played an agonizing part in the search for his lost companion.

Apart from climbs with him in this country, I had only part of the 1929 season in the Alps with him. He was the best climbing companion I ever had, not even excluding his Everest colleague, Lawrence Wager. But Wager, with whom I had climbed in the Alps for the previous three seasons, had his thoughts already fastened on Arctic exploration, and on those geological discoveries of his there, which were to underpin the then infant theory of continental drift. I could not have been luckier in my first two climbing mentors and companions. It was in 1929 too that Wyn, by then already a junior officer in the Colonial Service, had his fortunate meeting with Eric Shipton, and together they made another great second ascent, climbing Mount Kenya, and making the first traverse of its two peaks. After that year Wyn Harris was never again to climb in the Alps, though he wrote to say how much he felt he was missing.

Still, his next assignment was Everest. Our 1933 party was built round the nucleus of those who had climbed Kamet but, had I had any voice in it, Wyn would have been my own first choice. Wyn himself was very surprised at being chosen.

On Everest Wyn Harris had to fight illness and some acclimatization lag. Eventually he was going more strongly than anyone. When he came back to Camp IV after his record-equalling climb with Wager to 8565m, he told me that, but for the bad state of the snow around the Great Couloir, he thought he could have gone on for at least another hour, oxygenless. Had he managed that last traverse up out of the couloir I think Wyn would probably have reached the top—the remaining ground having been shown, years later, to be relatively easy.

Wyn was also involved in what many of us believe to have been the turning point of the 1933 expedition, the attempt on 20 May to establish Camp V at 7835m. Unfortunately he was not that day in charge of the team of porters picked to do this job, and those we called the soldiery (Wyn added a 4-letter-type adjective) who *were* in charge, did not know enough about big mountaineering nor even about the site chosen for Camp V. They broke off the climb, fearing the effect of the cold on the porters, and Wyn came down to IV almost—though not quite—speechless about the lost opportunity. The next two days were fine, and even on 23 May the high wind would probably not have stopped a summit party descending. We never again saw Everest so clear of snow, and Wyn's own later summit attempt was wrecked by the snow conditions.

I was not on Everest in 1936, when Wyn was again given leave (at his own expense) to join the party. The expedition, dogged by bad weather, never had a chance, but Wyn and Shipton were lucky to come back from it alive. Frank Smythe, his own ambitions bitterly frustrated, taunted them with cowardice, so that they attempted the North Col in avalanche conditions and were very nearly killed. Wyn never forgave him.

Perhaps that was the end of Wyn's mountain dreams. I think I had shared with him his romantic vision of impossible mountain goals, which gave us a partnership in endeavour that I never quite found again. I remember his cheerful sangfroid among the beastly séracs of the Fresnay glacier which we crossed or descended three times in as many days in our attempts on the Peuteret ridge: his concerned amusement when he slid down the slushy snow of the Dames Anglaises couloir, and registered half a dozen dartboard scores with his crampons on my hands, desperately holding on to the head of my anchored ice axe; the cold bivouac near the top of the Aiguille Blanche, where we watched the frosty lights of Courmayeur 3000m below; or stepcutting across the undercut ice runnels below the Grépon Mer de Glace face, where Wyn, unbelayed, told me his thoughts had been quite remarkably profound! They were as good times as I have ever spent among the mountains, and I was lucky to be with him.

I think it is fair to say (and Wyn himself has acknowledged this) that from the early 1930s onwards, the responsibilities, opportunities and occasional dramas of colonial service largely took the place of the mountains in his imagination and his endeavours. He had a deep affection for the inhabitants of Kenya and later of the Gambia, and became wholly devoted to their welfare and to the progress of those onetime colonies. His value was soon recognized, and he became Kenya's chief native commissioner and a chief law officer who knew well how to recognize when the law was an ass. When he was appointed Governor of the Gambia, he found himself able to combine dedicated but quirkily amused absorption in his job with perfectly proper pursuit of his new hobby of messing about in boats. No Gambia Governor can ever have spent so much time visiting his more jungly friends on the upper reaches of the river in the Governor's launch. He was very fitly dubbed KCMG in 1952, and was later chosen to sit with Lord Devlin on the Commission of enquiry on Nyasaland, when he spent sleepless nights wrestling with his conscience as to whether the Commission's recommendations might not be unfair to his old friends in African service.

In retirement, sailing became the chief of his interests, much as happened with Bill Tilman, another climber turned sailor. Wyn sailed round the world long before this became a sponsored and publicized stunt, often took his boat to New Zealand and back on visits to his family, and, single-handed, made a triumphant return by sail to the Gambia in 1965, making his landfall at Bathurst harbour, to join as honoured guest in the celebration of the independence of the Gambia, which as Governor he had served so well and faithfully.

He was caught up by ill-health in his last years, but was devotedly loved and cared for by his widow, Julie, and his stepdaughter. We don't seem to breed them much like Wyn any longer.

Jack Longland