In Memoriam

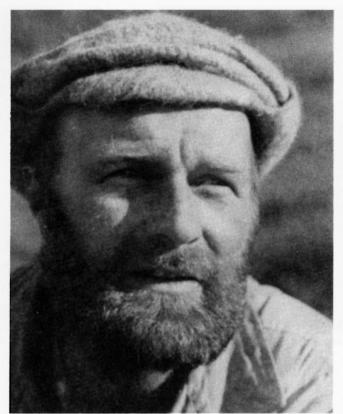
Compiled by Geoffrey Templeman

The Alpine Club Obituary		Year of Election
Robert Lyell Mitchell		1953
Dora H. de Beer	LAC	1935
Harold Richardson Herbert		1930
Frederick Ernest Smith		1959
Laurence Reginald Pepper		1956
Marten Cornelis Teves		1930
Robert Lawrie		1976
Margery Broadbent	LAC	1952
Peter David Boardman	ACG	1972
Joseph Thomas Tasker	ACG	1973
Eric Dudley Ward		1944
Ronald William Rodwell		1936
William Geoffrey Worthington		1960
Alexander MacIntyre	ACG	1976
James Arthur Herbert Bell		1922
Derek Gordon Lambley		1952
Charles Raymond Greene		1924
Christopher J. Davis		1982
Dorothy Irene Lee	LAC	1948

Since publication of the last Journal, a total of 19 members have died, the highest number for several years. Whilst many of those named above lived a full and long life, the year has been an especially sad one for both the Club and for the whole climbing fraternity in the loss of three people who were in the forefront of world mountaineering—Peter Boardman, Joe Tasker and Alex MacIntyre.

Following on from last year's AJ, I am including a photo of Tom MacKinnon which we were unable to use in that issue, and also a tribute to Faye Kerr who died in 1980. I am also pleased to have an obituary notice for the Hon. Eveleigh Leith, who was a member of the Club until recently.

The majority of those members listed above have full tributes printed below and I thank all those who have taken the time and trouble to prepare these. For the remainder, either shortage of time available or the



79 Tom MacKinnon in Garhwal 1950

Photo: Doug Scott



Eveleigh Leith ski-ing above Argentière 1956

difficulty of finding someone who knew the person concerned sufficiently well, means that my own short notes must suffice. I hope that someone will come forward to rectify the omission for next year's issue.

- L. R. Pepper died early in 1982 at the age of 75. He was elected to the Club in 1956 and had by that time been going to the Alps for 10 years, climbing both guideless and with Felix Julen, and often accompanied by his wife. He had been climbing and fell walking in the Lakes, North Wales and Scotland since 1939 and was a member of both the ABMSAC and the Fell and Rock.
- M. C. Teves was a Dutch member, a physicist by profession, who joined the Club in 1930 at the age of 32, having started climbing in the Alps in 1916 and accumulating quite an impressive list of ascents by the time his application for membership was considered.
- **E. D. Ward** started climbing with his father and guides in the early 1920s and then joined several of the meets of the CUMC between 1925 and 1928. He continued climbing, mostly with guides, until the outbreak of war, joining the Club in 1943. He was a medical practitioner in Surrey and was also a member of the Climbers' Club and Swiss Alpine Club.
- **W. G. Worthington** was 74 when he died last year, but had only been a member since 1960. He had, however, been a member of the Wayfarers' Club since 1932 and had done much rock-climbing in the Lake District, as well as a number of guided Alpine climbs.
- Rev. J. A. H. Bell died in June, 1982 at the age of 92, having been a member of the Club for 60 years. He started his Alpine climbing with Rev. Valentine Richards, Dean of Christ's College, who proposed him for membership, and kept his interest in mountains throughout his life. A book of his poems, a number of which reflect his interest, was at proof stage when he died, and an article 'A Winter Diary 1925/26' appears on p 37.
- C. J. Davis was one of the Club's newest members, only joining in 1982 at the age of 40.

Dorothy Lee. Just as we were about to go to press came news of the sudden death of Dorothy Lee, after a short illness. Elected to the LAC in 1948, Dorothy became Treasurer the year after and, following amalgamation with the AC, was elected onto the Committee in 1979, serving on the House Committee and as Assistant Honorary Secretary responsible for the Annual Winter Dinner. Others who knew her well will be able to write in detail for the next Journal, but I am grateful to Dorothy for the help she always gave me in anything connected with former LAC members.

Robert Lyell Mitchell, PhD, C.Chem, FRSC, FRSE 1910-1982

Bob Mitchell was born in Edinburgh and educated at Bathgate Academy, the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen and the Technische Hochschule in Zurich. His working life was spent at the Macaulay Institute for Soil Science, Aberdeen, where he made major contributions in the analysis of trace elements in soils and their effects on the health of plants and grazing animals, and became Director in 1968. His work yielded some 90 scientific publications, brought him invitations to lecture in many parts of the world, and earned him the Research Medal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the Gold Medal of the Society for Analytical Chemistry, and the Fellowship of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

His Alpine experience began while he was in Zurich in 1934 and he had one further season in the Alps in 1938. After the war he climbed in the Alps annually until failing health intervened. Many of his climbs were with the late Hamish McArthur and his wife Millicent and other members of the Cairngorm Club which he served in several capacities. A strong, vigorous, determined but always cheerful climber, his taste in the Alps was for the classic routes on which his technique and judgment were very sound. He was equally at home in the Cairngorms, summer and winter. The list of his climbs in his application for membership of the Alpine Club was more than ample for his election in 1953. After his climbing days were over he still returned to Switzerland to be among the Alps and to renew the friendships he had made there. He was a lively, cultivated and good-humoured companion, on and off a mountain. His death in February 1982 was a deep loss to those who were privileged to have enjoyed his company. He was unmarried.

Frank Solari

Dora H. de Beer 1891-1982

Many of her friends would like to write a note of appreciation to Dora de Beer who died in January 1982 aged 90, and who was one of the most remarkable and colourful personalities to grace the Ladies' Alpine Club. As a climber and explorer her record in her earlier years was distinguished enough. To herself she was an unprivileged private individual, while to all who knew her she was a true professional in all she did, as her book—'Yunnan, 1938 an account of a journey in S.W. China' bears fruit.

Her philosophy was a masterpiece of understatement, firstly 'Aeroplanes and motorcars undoubtedly save time, but one learns far more about a country on foot or on horseback and what a mule caravan lacks in comfort it makes up in interest', and again 'our mule took forty two days and crossed some of the greatest rivers in Asia, the Irawaddy, the Salween, the MeKong and the Yangtze,—we did nothing remarkable'.

But it was in her warmth and capable thoughtfulness that her strength



81 Dora de Beer in Val Gardena 1931

Photo: Una Cameron



82 L. R. Pepper

lay, and how she could stop anywhere and brew up a billy.

She climbed in both Europe and New Zealand, her home until 1931. She knew Mount Cook in the old days, bivouacking under Douglas Rock on the west side of Copland pass, now replaced by a hut of the same name.

Her widely varied Alpine climbs included traverses of Mont Blanc by the Peuterey ridge and Glacier du Dome in 1935 and the Brenva and Mont Maudit traverse the following year.

We first met in Rome where Dora joined the Italian Alpine Club and climbed in the Abruzzi and the Dolomites, but she always preferred the Alps.

Dora became President of the Ladies' Alpine Club and to this appointment she brought her usual meticulous attention and wisdom, and guided the club in these formative years.

She will be missed by her many friends and comrades, not least of the Ladies' Alpine Club, who will always remember her unfailing kindness, hospitality and friendship. Truly a mountaineer, mens sana in corpore sano, we will all miss her.

Una Cameron

Mary Glynne writes:

I first met her in 1929 in New Zealand (first at the University of Dunedin) then setting off for one of her mountain excursions—and then on the Franz Joseph glacier when I was going up, and she with her friends were coming down. I had just found the largest quartz crystal I had (and have) ever seen and wanted to bring it home, it weighs $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. She spontaneously offered to carry it down for me, an act of unselfish kindness which I learnt later was characteristic of her. We enjoyed having her as President; not only did she do it, as we knew she would, very well indeed, but also because she had endeared herself to us by many kindly acts and by her constant gentle courtesy.

Harold Richardson Herbert 1907-1981

Harold Herbert was the youngest of four brothers, three of whom were members of the Club, the eldest (later Lord Tangley) becoming honorary secretary and president. He was educated at Reading School and St John's College, Oxford. While at school he had visited the Alps with his family and as secretary he was a prominent member of the Oxford University Mountaineering Club. This was at a period when the club officers regarded it as part of their duties to organise Alpine meets for novices. In 1927 he was at Arolla at a meet with Alexander Lagger as guide, and the following year at a guideless meet in the Grand Paradiso district. Thereafter, until the outbreak of the second war, he visited the Alps every summer with the exception of 1932 and 1937 (AJ 51, 43) when he was in Norway and 1938 when he was training with his antiaircraft battery. He was elected to the Club in 1930 and to the

Committee in 1950.

For the whole of the war he served in the Mediterranean theatre and took part in the landing at Salerno for which he was awarded the Military Cross. To this period belong recondite ascents of Mt Olympus (Cyprus) and Djebel Maghouan (Tunisia). With the return of peace he resumed his holidays in the Alps and made a substantial number of ascents until 1965. With few repetitions they added up to a very large total indeed. Many were in the company of G. F. Smith-Barry, who provided a car and put his immense knowledge of the range at the party's disposal. In his way good use was made of limited time, for Herbert was a busy City solicitor with many important irons in the fire. He was an excellent mountaineer and a cheerful companion whose equanimity in trying situations was much to be envied.

In 1961 he married Jean Haswell who survives him with a son and a daughter.

A. M. Binnie

Paul Herbert writes:

Harold was also active in introducing the younger Herbert generation to the mountains. Before his marriage there were family skiing holidays with nephews and nieces in Grindelwald and St Anton including the late Lord Tangley and Prof. W. E. Herbert. In the summer of 1959 I was privileged to join a climbing party including Harold, David Herbert and A. M. Binnie making ascents in Austria and also the Bernese Oberland where we took advantage of steps laboriously cut by the Swiss Army up the N ridge of the Finsteraarhorn.

His two children have also become keen skiers. It is hard to lose an Uncle who was such a guide, mentor and friend.

Frederick Ernest Smith 1912-1982

Freddie Smith always insisted that the fact that his initials were 'F.E.' had nothing to do with his deciding to read for the bar when he left the Army after the Second World War. After being called, however, he did not practise at the bar but during the remainder of his career was engaged in law reporting and legal education. Freddie was for some years Assistant Secretary to the Council of Law Reporting and subsequently was a lecturer at the Holborn Law College.

Small of stature and light of build, Freddie gave the impression of floating up the mountainside, somewhat to the envy of some of us of heavier build who plodded up behind him. He was a very neat mover on rock although generally he preferred to follow rather than lead.

Freddie joined the Alpine Club in 1959, having been a member of the Swiss Alpine Club and the ABMSAC since 1954. He was for many years a regular attender at the Easter meets in the UK and the Alpine summer meets of the ABMSAC. He was always at home with

mountaineers and in all kinds of mountain country. Freddie was a steady companion in the hills; he had considerable stamina and remained unruffled at all times. His quiet and unassuming manner was frequently leavened by a puckish sense of humour.

In addition to participating in the mountaineering activities of the ABMSAC, Freddie also played a leading part in its administration. He was a Committee member for many years, an Hon. Secretary from 1958 to 1962 and a Vice-President from 1976 to 1978.

Freddie had a strong interest in the arts, with a particular slant towards music. Although reticent about his own accomplishments, he studied the organ seriously and became an accomplished player. He was also a keep collector of watercolours.

Maurice Bennett

Robert Lawrie 1902-1982

In Robert Lawrie, 'Rob' to all his many friends, the Club has lost a most unusual member. Even his election to the AC was a little unusual because it was based mainly upon his contributions to mountaineering as a business man; but not entirely so. His record of Alpine ascents alone would have qualified him; climbs in Switzerland, Austria and France. It is a somewhat sobering thought to think that if he had been put up for membership in the days when I first joined the Club and ballot boxes were still in use at Savile Row, he would almost certainly have been black-balled, like Arnold Lunn, because he was in 'trade' and had a professional interest in mountaineering.

Rob was a man of parts. But above all he was a mountaineering boot maker extraordinary! He had learnt the craft of boot and shoe making from his father in Burnley when he worked in his shop there before moving to London in the twenties to set up on his own as a specialist boot maker: and it was in that trade that he first made his name. And what marvellous boots he did make for some of the most famous mountaineers, walkers and explorers from all over the world! I, myself, am still wearing a pair of Lawrie boots which he made for me when I went to Mount Everest in 1938; and when I go out in them on SMC meets fellow members admire them with astonishment. (SMC Journal 1982, p 293.) Rob designed the original mountaineering boots he made himself, and a pair of Lawrie boots was instantly recognisable. When in 1935 I found the body of Maurice Wilson, near Camp 3 on Everest, I wrote in my diary of that time (now in the AC's archives): 'I saw a boot, one of Lawrie's, lying in the snow and a little ahead was a green mass'. (The body of Wilson.)

Soon after he had set up in London, Rob expanded his business as a specialist boot maker to take in the provision of mountaineering equipment of all kinds for walkers, mountaineers and explorers and so by the 'thirties' the firm of Robert Lawrie, Ltd, had become the principal supplier of such equipment in this country. The first major



83 Robert Lawrie being congratulated by President Aurial, le Mans, 1949

Himalayan expedition to be supplied with climbing boots by his firm was Frank Smythe's successful one to Kamet in 1931. Thereafter, over a period of some 50 years, almost every important British expedition was supplied with specialist equipment by him. For his services to polar exploration he had a newly discovered glacier in the Antarctic named after him.

But, as I said before, Rob was a man of parts. One of his ambitions over a number of years had been to compete in the Le Mans 24 hour motor race and this he achieved when in the first post war revival of that event he entered the race driving an Aston Martin and obtained a finishing place. He competed twice more at Le Mans but with less success. He was a member of the racing drivers' club there and used to pay regular visits to watch the race. His pit manager the first time he raced at Le Mans was our member Ivan Waller who had himself been a racing driver in his day. What a heady occasion it was when we and some of his other friends dashed over to France to watch that first race!

Rob was also interested in fire-arms and was a keen revolver shot. I can remember an excursion with him to a gravel pit near Newark during the war for some pistol practice at which, to my relief, I acquitted myself quite well having been taught as a boy not to snatch at the trigger but to squeeze it.

Sadly, Rob's health deteriorated over the last few years of his life following a serious motor accident on the Continent in which he was concussed and suffered injuries to his knee and back from which he never completely recovered.

Of a most friendly and outgoing personality, Rob had friends all over the world. In its hey-day there never was another establishment quite like that of Robert Lawrie, Ltd. There you received personal advice and attention from Rob himself and his two faithful and charming partners; and would invariably meet some famous personality of the mountaineering world.

But let me end on a personal note. I got to know Rob soon after he came to London; and when I went to Everest in 1936 I sub-let my flat to him. Later on he moved into another flat in the same house and so for several years we saw a lot of each other until on the outbreak of war in 1939 we became separated. During the war he moved his business to Newark and supplied equipment for the services and I visited him there.

Rob always remained a very dear friend of mine. But, alas, after his accident his character changed and he was never again quite the same person.

Charles Warren

Margery Broadbent d. 1982

The death of Margery Broadbent in 1982 is a great and very sad loss to many in different walks of life. I personally have known her since the early 1950s, when we met at the Ladies' Alpine Club and then found we

lived only a few minutes apart.

Her husband, John (Jack) Broadbent, was a member of the Alpine Club. They climbed much together, chiefly in Switzerland, and their climbs were noted in the journals of both clubs. Margery had always loved walking, but never seriously climbed until she was nearly 50. She had trained to teach physical culture and later in life Swiss guides remarked on her unusual stamina.

Art, and painting in particular, became perhaps her greatest love, and she further studied drawing to improve her painting. From then on, she went from strength to strength,—and still climbing. One never thought of age with Margery; she never seemed to change. I said to a man who had travelled the world,—'She must have been very pretty as a girl', and he said at once,—'She still is'. Elsewhere another man said exactly the same thing when she was in her late 60s.

Before her marriage, she too had travelled round the world, by ship, and had adventures. In New Zealand, at a lonely sheep station, a half-crazed man was about to attack her with a long knife. She smiled at him, and talked, and 'he dropped the knife' she told me. She had courage and humour and a great sense of fun. At a gathering to meet Lord Hailsham, before we joined the Common Market, she asked him if it was a good idea. He said slowly, 'In the long run . . .' and she said to him, 'But I want to know if that means a short step—or a marathon?!' She was interested in politics. She had little use for many 'improvements' of these days, and she did not suffer fools gladly. With Jack, in their pleasant St John's Wood garden, there were happy, friendly parties, with their two cats usually in attendance. Loving all animals, she hated the cruelties they suffered.

Her paintings sold well in many places—she was very versatile in style and ideas and organised art exhibitions for charities and, interestingly, in London Post Offices. She never spared herself. After Jack's sudden death she still climbed, painted and organised art exhibitions. The day before she went into hospital, I saw her walking with her usual swiftness. She did not see me as I watched from a bus: my very last sight of her.

In her later 80s, she was returning to some literary work and beginning a book on her war-time experiences, chiefly with evacuees, some of it very amusing. Her work is missed in many a gallery. She had great faith and rare gifts: fortunate were those who knew her.

Eleanor Baillie

The Loss of Peter Boardman and Joe Tasker

We last saw Pete Boardman and Joe Tasker at around 9 pm on the evening of 17 May high on the NE ridge of Mount Everest. One figure was silhouetted against the darkening sky just short of the feature we called the Second Pinnacle (8250m) and the other was slowly working his way just below the crest of the ridge, towards a notch. It had been a long day for they must have left the shelter of the Third Snow Cave (7850m)

before dawn to have reached the point, just above our previous high point on the First Pinnacle, when we first saw them through our telescope at Advanced Base, that morning.

We watched throughout the day and could see the two red-clad figures very clearly as they moved slowly, one at a time, just below the crest of the ridge. Presumably they were leaving a line of fixed rope behind them since there were 300m of rope at the previous high point. The intention was to leave this in position to make it easier to return.

They had left Advanced Base on the 15th, and had moved straight through to our Second Snow Cave at 6812m that day; on the 16th they had climbed to the third Cave, which was stocked with food and fuel. We had last spoken to them there at 6 pm. They sounded optimistic and said they were going well. They had certainly moved up in very reasonable time. We had by then been in the Everest area for 2 months and in sieging the NE ridge had been becoming progressively acclimatised, with a series of 3 forays onto the ridge, each time reaching a higher point; on the first foray reaching 7250m, on the second 7700m and on the third around 8100m.

Dick Renshaw had been forced to withdraw from the expedition because of a mild stroke, and I had dropped out of the summit push because I was going so much slower than Pete and Joe who were fit and well acclimatised. They hoped to cross the Pinnacles on the 17th to reach the upper part of the NE ridge where it was joined by the original N ridge route at a height of around 8380m. They could not afford to spend more than 2 nights above 8000m if they were to have much hope of reaching the summit.

To safeguard their descent Adrian Gordon and I planned to make a route up to the North Col and await them there. This meant they would be able to descend the N ridge, thus avoiding a possibly hazardous retreat over The Pinnacles. We had arranged to call them on the afternoon of 17 May at 3 o'clock, but they did not reply. This could either have been due to radio failure or perhaps because they were too engrossed in the climbing. We continued to call them on the hour through the rest of the day but without success.

After good progress to the previous high point, they slowed down, a combination, no doubt, of the difficulty of the climbing and the altitude. We presumed that they camped on the night of the 17th, just out of sight over the crest of the ridge at the foot of the Second Pinnacle. They had a tent with them, so they might either have dug out a platform for the tent or could conceivably have dug a snow hole, though this seems unlikely in view of the amount of work involved.

They had had a long hard day of around 14 hours and had not made as much progress as they had probably hoped, with several rope lengths still to go to the end of the ridge. They needed at least one more night before they could hope to make a bid for the summit.

The following morning there was no sign of them. Adrian and I set

out for the North Col and throughout that day kept the NE side of the ridge under observation. We knew they had to come into sight before the Final Pinnacle since on the other side was a sheer rock buttress, whilst on the NE side a line of ledges led onto the N face. We saw nothing that day and camped about 100m below the North Col.

We reached the North Col on the morning of 19 May. It was an excellent viewpoint for the exit out of the NE ridge and I am certain that Pete and Joe could not have reached the N ridge or face without us seeing them through our binoculars. We examined the ridge throughout the 19th and 20th, becoming increasingly worried. On the evening of the 20th we knew a brief but false feeling of hope when Adrian noticed a small, square-shaped orange blob on the N face just below the ridge. Next morning, we realised that it was the wrong colour and shape to be their dome tent. It was probably a box tent abandoned by the French expedition of the previous year. By midday of the 21st we were convinced that there had been some kind of accident.

The distance that the pair had to cover out of our sight was so short (around 100m) that there seemed no other explanation. Had one of them fallen ill or been injured, it would have been a very short distance for the other member of the team to come back to signal us, even if their radio had failed. It seemed likely that they had left a line of fixed rope behind them, which would have made such a move comparatively easy. It seemed most unlikely that both would have fallen sick at the same time and would therefore have been unable to move.

Adrian and I descended to Advanced Base where Charlie Clarke was awaiting us having returned from escorting Dick Renshaw as far as Chengdu. He had reached Advanced Base on 20 May. The natural inclination to climb the ridge to see what had happened to them was impractical, since neither Charlie nor Adrian had the experience to venture on such difficult ground. In addition, we should have had to get all the way up to their high point to see anything useful. Knowing the outline of the ridge so well and in clear weather we would have seen the other pair if they had managed to retreat back down over The Pinnacles to one of the snow caves and, had they done this, at least one of them would have made his presence known to us. We therefore resolved that Charlie and I should go round to the Kangshung valley, to get a clear view of the other side of the ridge and just in case they had managed to descend on that side. Adrian remained at Advanced Base to keep the N side under observation.

We reached the head of the Kangshung valley on 28 May and had a good view of the SE side of the ridge. We saw no sign of them but the configuration of the upper part of the ridge confirmed our fears that they had both had a fall, most probably because of a collapse of one of the snow flutings. Looking up at the SE face, the most obvious route for them to have taken was up an open depression that led straight to the top of the Second Pinnacle (though from this side it looked more like a

shoulder), since the ground on the SE side of the ridge was obviously very steep and we knew from our previous sortie that it was also formed of soft, unstable snow.

Had they taken this route they would have had barely more than 2 rope lengths before coming back into sight on the crest of the ridge. The fact that they did not suggests that an accident occurred either on the evening of the 17th or on the 18th, since they certainly should have come into sight that day. Had they retreated we should also have seen them when they came into sight below the Second Pinnacle. The weather and visibility was good throughout this period, with only a little passing cloud in the evenings.

This then is the interpretation that Adrian, Charlie and I made of what happened. Quite apart from the immense sorrow of losing 2 good friends and superb climbers, there must be the inevitable questions of whether the accident could have been avoided in any way and whether the strategy employed was the best in the circumstances. We were a small team, going for a big objective, but we had all chosen it that way, feeling that we wanted to be a 4-man team on the mountain. We did gain a great deal from this for until the very end, it was the happiest expedition that any of us had ever been on.

A larger team would, perhaps, have enabled a support team to follow up the ridge to try to ascertain what had happened, but they might well not have discovered any more than we were able to by walking round to the Kangshung valley. But this 'what if' avoids the real issue which is the justification of the small expedition which, through its very nature, compels the climbers involved on the mountain to be self-sufficient in an emergency. To me this self-sufficiency and level of commitment is the very essence of the mountaineering experience, representing a natural evolutionary development away from the large, structured expedition to a more flexible, challenging and, at the same time, more enjoyable approach to the mountains. If we are to talk about safety, I suspect that the small expedition is no more dangerous, as such, than the large one. The risks are simply different, but are more within the control of the individuals concerned.

Pete Boardman and Joe Tasker lost their lives on a climb that they were superbly qualified to attempt and which they both deeply and maturely wanted to achieve.

Christian Bonington

Peter D. Boardman 1950-1982

Peter David Boardman was born on Christmas Day 1950, the younger son of Alan and Dorothy Boardman of Bramhall, Stockport. He first went to Nevill Road County Primary School and then on to Stockport Grammar School in 1956. While there he began climbing, visiting the mountains of Corsica in 1964 and 1965. Here he first enjoyed the flavour of the wilderness, 'the freedom of moving, lightweight, through

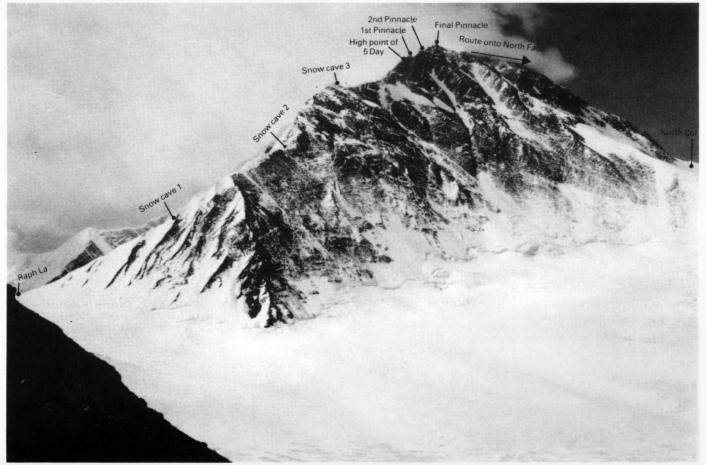


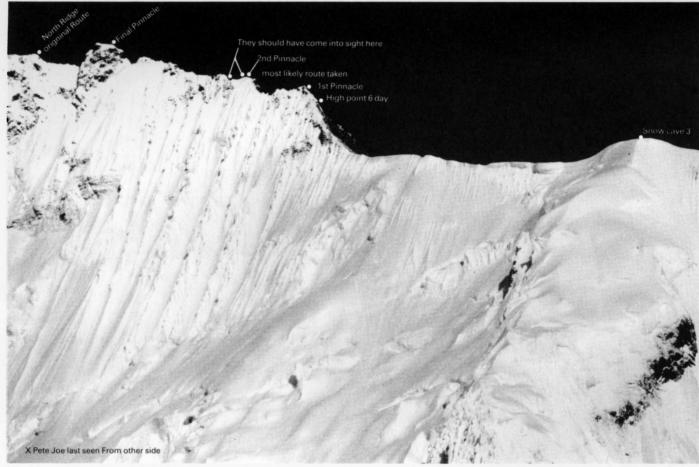
Photo: Andrzej Kuš 84 Peter Boardman with John Porter (left) and Josef Nyka, editor of 'Taternik', in Warsaw 1976



85 Joe Tasker on W face of the Dru

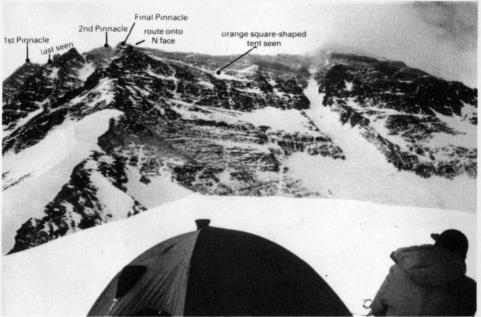
Photo: Dick Renshaw







88 Mount Everest: The Pinnacles on 17 May 1982 with a figure clearly silhouetted Photo: Chris Bonington against the sky at the foot of the Second Pinnacle



89 View from the North Col on the morning of 21 May showing the route from the Photo: Chris Bonington NE ridge onto the N face and the spot where we saw the tent

mountain country, carrying shelter, warmth, food and fuel on my back'. In 1966 he joined the Mynydd Climbing Club which then met in the Manchester Arms, Stockport. He began climbing seriously with Barry Monkman, a friend from school and later with Dave Pownall. Once enrolled in the Mynydd he quickly became a highly competent rock climber leading VS routes within a year on gritstone and Welsh and Lakeland crags.

He first visited the Pennine Alps in 1968 and graduated quickly through the Alpine classics to become a leading British Alpine mountaineer. He made the first British ascents of the North Face Direct of the Olan, the North Face of the Nesthorn and the North Face Direct of the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn.

From Stockport Grammar School, with interests on the literary side, he went to the University of Nottingham where he became president of the University Mountaineering Club. He took a degree in English followed by a teaching diploma at University College of North Wales, Bangor in 1973 where for a time he learnt Welsh. He was never to teach in any formal sense of the word but he joined Glenmore Lodge, Aviemore in 1973 as an Instructor and gained The Mountain Guide Carnet in September 1977. He joined the British Mountaineering Council as National Officer in 1975 and despite little experience in the world of committees, he quickly mastered this demanding post, adding greatly to the BMC's contact with young climbers and climbing clubs, experience which would stand him in good stead when he was elected President of the Association of British Mountain Guides in 1979.

His negotiating skill and his knowledge of international mountaineering politics facilitated the entry of the ABMG into the UIGM

In January 1978, following the death of Dougal Haston in an avalanche, he was invited to take over the International School of Mountaineering in Leysin. As Director he helped continue the tradition of the school and found his métier as a guide and teacher of the sport he loved so much. Instructing climbing for Peter was never a necessary chore but a positive pleasure; he allowed his knowledge and affection to diffuse freely to those around him.

His first expedition was to Afghanistan in 1972 on the University of Nottingham Hindu Kush Expedition with Martin Wragg, Chris FitzHugh, Bill Church, Margaret and (the late) Oliver Stansfield, their baby, Esther and Bob Watson. On this trip he demonstrated something of his own power — he was immensely strong and skilful, a man who valued speed as a means of safety. As a training climb his small party chose the North Face of Koh-i-Khaaik and followed this with the first ascent of Koh-i-Mondi, a great achievement for a first expedition.

In 1974 he visited Alaska and with Roger O'Donovan made the first ascent of the S face of Mount Dan Beard. Earlier in 1975 he went to the Caucasus and in July, left to go to the SW face of Everest, the youngest

member of the team and in many ways, the least known. It was here that I first met him. Large expeditions were also a novel experience for him as an extract from his diary on the approach march shows: 'We round a corner and there is the British Raj in all its glory, neatly lined up erected tents, crowds kept at a distance, and we sit down at tables in the mess tent and are brought steaming kettles full of tea. For a mountaineer surely a Bonington Everest Expedition is one of the last great Imperial experiences that life can offer.' Peter was a diligent, disciplined member of the team, a little retiring on a sociable expedition. He was certainly one of the strongest members and this led to his selection for the second ascent of the South West Face, following Dougal Haston and Doug Scott. Peter was paired with the expedition Sirdar, Sherpa Pertemba and set off from Camp VI in front of a second pair - Mick Burke and Martin Boysen. Martin turned back after a short distance with faulty oxygen equipment while Mick continued alone. Peter and Pertemba reached the summit of Everest in deteriorating weather at 1.40 p.m. on 26 September 1975. Peter was loyally wearing a Mynydd T-shirt for the summit photograph. With the conditions worsening rapidly they returned along the South East Ridge and to their amazement met Mick Burke ascending the ridge alone, a few hundred metres below the summit. They exchanged a few words and agreed to meet up at the South Summit. Peter, despite deteriorating weather and poor visibility insisted on waiting for over an hour and a half below the South Summit: in the storm that was to follow they were struck twice by avalanches while crossing the exposed slopes of the South West Face and struggled into Camp VI in the dusk. Mick was never to be seen again.

In the months that followed it fell to Peter to record those moments many times, at lectures and at interviews. He did so with frankness and great sympathy although it was obviously painful to him to recall what had been the most momentous hours of his life.

After Everest '75, expeditions followed with frightening speed. Early in 1976 he visited the Polish High Tatra and later that year joined Joe Tasker for the West Wall of Changabang, the legendary climb which followed the lead of Joe and Dick Renshaw on Dunagiri a year earlier. Changabang was an example of meticulous forethought — for example the sleeve hammocks which were to dangle precariously on the face — and much of the special equipment was designed and made by Mynydd members. This expedition too, gave Peter a further share of tragedy as Joe and he buried the bodies of four members of the American Dunagiri Expedition.

Peter had a companion as constant as his travels would permit for the last 6 years of his life. Hilary Collins, who later became his wife, first met him as she took part in a course in Aviemore in 1974. In 1976, after Changabang she organised his first lecture, at Belper High School where she ran the School's Outdoor Activities Department. They climbed together shortly afterwards at The Torrs in New Mills (where Peter fell

but was held by Hilary) and later in the winter of '76-'77 in Torridon. There they planned a visit to New Guinea, Hilary leaving for a post in Switzerland to teach in a private school. In '77, unable to visit New Guinea, they climbed together on Mount Kenya (the second winter ascent of the Diamond Couloir) and Kilimanjaro. Peter was soon to follow Hilary to Switzerland, to Leysin in 1978 when he took over the International School of Mountaineering. They were married in August 1980.

In 1978, by now firmly one of the most respected high altitude mountaineers, he took part in the K2 Expedition led by Chris Bonington. Little was achieved; Nick Estcourt died in an avalanche early on the trip and the expedition was abandoned.

The following year was as full a climbing year as is possible. He spent Christmas 1978 in the Snow Mountains of New Guinea with Hilary, climbing the Carstenz Pyramid and Dugundugu. Peter spoke little about this small expedition, preferring perhaps to keep this tender memory to himself, 'Back from the Stone Age' in the New Year, he was ready to leave for Kangchenjunga in March with Joe, Doug Scott and Georges Bettembourg. They climbed the North Ridge of Kangch, reaching the summit without oxygen on 15 May. Returning for the Alpine summer season and guiding from Leysin, a further expedition was in preparation. Again a trip that was wholly in Peter's style small, forceful and elegant to a mountain of mystery. This time it was Gaurisankar in Nepal. Peter was openly disappointed that an American/Nepalese expedition, led by Al Read, had made the first ascent of the North Summit. The West Ridge, to the virgin South Summit, looked hard and committing and with John Barry, Tim Leach and Guy Neidhardt (from Leysin), Peter left in September on the third extraordinary expedition of the year. This was as long, fine and intricate a ridge climb as has ever been done in the Himalayas, exposed for long sections and demanding sustained care. Despite John Barry's fall from the crest injuring his arm the others reached the summit with Pemba Lama on 8 November.

For 1980, the unsettled score, K2, remained. It was not in Peter's nature to try to recreate a large expedition in the style of 1978. This trip was to be a foursome with Joe, Dick Renshaw and Doug Scott. Having attempted the West Ridge they moved to the Abruzzi, but once again the Savage Mountain struck, all but sweeping the expedition from the Abruzzi Spur in a succession of avalanches. They survived, reaching 7800m, but poor weather and exhaustion prevented a further attempt on the summit.

Kongur followed in 1981, a large expedition by Peter's standards but one which satisfied his keen interest in mountain exploration. He researched in great detail the history of climbing in Xinjiang and contributed important material to the expedition book¹. He reached the summit on 12 July with Chris Bonington, Al Rouse and Joe Tasker and

narrowly escaped serious injury during an abseil near the top. A stone dislodged by his own abseil rope knocked him unconscious and he slid almost to the free end until, by chance, his thumb jammed in the descendeur.

Everest followed in March '82 and on this, our third expedition together, I sensed more of his feelings. Outwardly he was placid, apparently relaxed among high mountains with high risks. Growing to know him better I realised how aware he was of the dangers of his existence. He wore no blinkers about immortality and had no sense of fatalism—he wished to make sure he stayed alive. I thought he felt fear deeply but was somehow able to overcome it to achieve his extravagant climbing ambitions.

A further talent emerged through his climbing career—writing. He spoke and wrote well about Everest² in 1975 but could not avoid the label of a successful new boy. Changabang, his first shared experience with Joe, seemed to me to be an event of such magnitude that "The Shining Mountain" leapt from him as part of all his inner experience, an outstanding document of endurance, pain, pleasure and a closeness to another human being. The success of the book was immediate in the climbing world and won him wider acclaim with the John Llewelyn Rhys Memorial Prize for literature in 1979.

Sacred Summits⁴ published shortly after his death described his climbing year of 1979, the trips to New Guinea, Kangchenjunga and Gaurisankar. A book which captured both the variety and intensity of three very different expeditions and which will, I believe, be held in years to come, among the greatest of climbing literature, for its merit rather than for its author's untimely end.

Although Peter's achievements with his partners will be recorded in the archives of mountaineering, it is his warmth, humanity and wisdom which will be so sorely missed by those of us who loved him. He did not agree with Howard Somervell's epitaph⁵...'there are few better deaths than to die in high endeavour'—nor did Joe—and as I carved a headstone for their memorial in the Rongbuk Valley my only wish was for the last few moments of their lives to be unravelled and re-enacted with a different finale.

Charles Clarke

- (1) Kongur, China's Elusive Summit by Chris Bonington. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1982.
- (2) Everest the Hard Way by Chris Bonington. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1976.
- (3) The Shining Mountain by Peter Boardman. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1978.
- (4) Sacred Summits by Peter Boardman. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1982.
- (5) In After Everest: The Experiences of a Mountaineer and Medical Missionary by T. Howard Somervell. London, 1936.

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Joseph Thomas Tasker 1948 - 1982

Joe was born in Hull in 1948 and five years later moved to Teesside where his father worked as a school janitor until his retirement. He was one of 10 children in a very close-knit family from which a strong sense of consideration and thoughtfulness for others seemed to develop. Several members of his family were usually at the airport when Joe left on an expedition or returned. Just before leaving on this last expedition to Everest, Pete wondered whether Joe, noted for turning up at the last minute, would be on time to meet the press. 'He will be', said someone else, 'Joe might keep the press of the world waiting, but never his family.'

As the oldest son of a strongly Catholic family, Joe was sent to Ushaw College, a Jesuit seminary, at the age of 13. His 7 years there were to have a lasting effect on him in many ways. It was there that he started climbing, when he was 15, in a quarry behind the college, with the encouragement of Father Barker, one of the priests, and in the well-stocked library his imagination was fired by tales of epic adventures in the mountains. He was always grateful for the excellent education he had received, and his amazing will-power and stoicism may perhaps have been partly due to the somewhat spartan way of life and to the Jesuit ideals of spiritual development through self-denial. He started his training as a priest, but at 20 realised that he did not have the vocation and decided to leave — the hardest decision of his life.

In complete contrast to his life at Ushaw was his first job, as a dustman. He enjoyed the hard physical labour and the friendly banter with his workmates, and his forthright nature and ability to communicate with people from all walks of life broke down any barriers. He then went on to work in a quarry in the Lake District, where he was near to the crags, for by now climbing had become a major part of his life. Feeling the lack of the intellectual stimulation to which he had become accustomed at Ushaw, he decided to go to Manchester University to take a degree in sociology. The thin, fresh-faced youth looked the most unlikely of climbers, but he soon made a big impression in the University Climbing Club with his keenness and drive, doing hard routes and often climbing solo. His climbing career almost came to an early end whilst he was soloing Three Pebble Slab at Froggatt. His ancient pair of worn Kletterschuhe were not up to the thin friction and he fell, breaking his wrist so seriously that the specialist said that flexibility would be permanently impaired, curtailing his climbing. Never one to accept the hallowed words of the experts without testing their veracity. Joe regarded this as a challenge, and within a year was back climbing again with renewed enthusiasm, and a brand new pair of E.B.'s.

Whilst at university he was still finding his feet after so many years at the seminary, and, although he was conscientious and absorbed by his studies, it was a time of experimentation and exploration. He was fascinated by the people living on the fringes of society, and met people among down-and-outs, alcoholics and gypsies who were going to the extreme in their own way. He had a deep concern for others and his understanding and genuine, warm nature made him a very good friend, but this side of him was not easily discernible as it was often hidden by an abrasive, hard shell. Despite his gregariousness and his ability as a raconteur, he was also in many ways a very private person, sometimes appearing quite secretive and even enjoying creating a sense of mystery by making partial disclosures. During decision-making, whether personal or at a group level, he would not air his thoughts until he had fully mulled over the problem within himself, often preferring to do so in solitude.

Although we were at the same university, we never climbed together during that period. Our first real encounter was in Chamonix in 1970 when on a wet, dreary day Joe's curly red head appeared through the door of my tent and he asked me if I fancied doing the North Face of the Dru. Having overcome his initial awe of the Alps, it being his second season, he seemed ready to tackle anything. It being my first, however, I was not and I demurred. The ice had been broken, and we spent our first Alpine season together the following summer, climbing some of the classic routes. The following season we again teamed up and developed a taste for North Faces. Joe really took to the mixed Alpine routes, relishing the insecure, delicate climbing. We were very different in personality and two seasons seemed enough, but none the less we ended up climbing together again in 1973 after a chance meeting in Chamonix. We were both very ambitious and that season we climbed the Walker Spur, The Bonatti-Gobbi Route on the Eckpfeiler Buttress, the N face of The Nesthorn. The N face of the Dent Blanche and the N face of the Eiger.

Joe had got a good degree earlier that year, but had decided not to settle into a career in order to be free to climb. At the end of the season all his money had gone and he decided to stay on in the Alps and find work in the Swiss vineyards in the autumn. He said that the penniless period between the end of the climbing season and starting work was one of the happiest times of his life. He survived on the refunds from empty wine bottles and on tins and packets of food left by departing climbers. He was able to relax and enjoy the mountains totally free from any cares about work, study or even climbing. After working in the vineyards, he worked with a group of young people at an archaeological site at Beaume in Switzerland, and later on we had an abortive attempt at winter climbing in the Alps.

In the summer of 1974 we met in Chamonix or, as Joe put it: 'There was the unplanned but inevitable encounter with Dick, alone and looking for a partner. It doesn't do to fight one's fate, and we arranged to climb together'. We did what Joe thought was one of his most memorable Alpine climbs—the E face of the Grandes Jorasses, an intricate and

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demanding route. Joe had been stretched intellectually by academic life, but the mountains provided the challenge to stretch mind and body to the full, although I was continually amazed that someone who was so attached to his creature comforts should become involved in a sport which entailed so much physical hardship. At home he loved warmth and comfort: it was as though in times of plenty he was storing up an excess to help him through leaner times on the mountains. Frequently it seemed as though only his will-power and determination drove his body on, and it was not unusual to see him bent double over his iceaxe at altitude, racked by fits of coughing and spitting blood. The vast physical effort needed for mountaineering did not come easily, but here, as in all his other activities, he had a powerful drive and restless energy.

Our ascent of the N face of the Eiger in the winter of 1974/5 was a landmark in Joe's climbing. It was an exhilarating climb and provided a stepping stone to the Himalaya, giving us the necessary confidence to tackle a Himalayan peak as a 2 man team. In 1975 we left Manchester in an overloaded Ford Escort van, our destination Dunagiri, a 6900m peak in northern India. It was an adventure from the start, fraught with problems and difficulties, but Joe seemed very much in control and methodically overcame one obstacle after another. He had the uncommon knack of going straight to the heart of a problem and solving it in the most expedient way. By September we were at 6300m on the S ridge, but were insufficiently acclimatised, tired and with few supplies and little fuel left and should have retreated. We both suppressed our doubts and fears, however, and this almost cost us our lives. We struggled on to the summit, leaving no resources for the descent, which evolved into a 4 day epic and left me with badly frost bitten fingers. Joe was becoming more at ease and more appreciative of the mountain environment. Having a natural eye for photography, he was rapidly developing this talent and was able to record the mountains' changing moods. He was later to give a vivid description of the whole trip in his book 'Savage Arena'. In it he also describes the impression made on him by Changabang.'...the days on Dunagiri were days of continual exposure to the subliminal presence of Changabang, that stupendous mountain. It had been a thing of beauty beyond our reach, a wall of difficulty beyond our capabilities, it had been the obstacle which blocked the sun's warming rays in the early morning and the silent witness to my delirious wanderings.'

He conceived the audacious idea of climbing the awesome W wall as a 2 man team. In Pete Boardman, Joe sensed a kindred spirit, and the 2 of them combined to make a formidable driving force. Their success was a source of great delight to Joe, particularly as a number of established climbers had deemed the climb impossible, and it was the start of a brilliant partnership and a firm friendship. The rivalry between them was often evident, both of them setting very high standards in their goals which the other felt he had to attain or to better. There was continual

banter between them, which seemed to open up the chinks in each other's armour and Pete's presence seemed to induce in Joe a show of hardness and outrageous behaviour. They sometimes seemed like an old married couple, but their banter would not have existed without a deep mutual respect and a strong affection.

In 1977 he attempted, without success, the N ridge of Nuptse with Mike Covington and Doug Scott. That summer he went to the Alps but found that their allure was no more, and thereafter he applied himself wholeheartedly to Himalayan expeditions. In 1978 he went with Chris Bonington's team to attempt the W ridge of K2 and he witnessed the huge avalanche which swept his friend Nick Estcourt to his death, after which the expedition was abandoned. The following year, 1979, he went to Nepal with Doug Scott, Pete Boardman and Georges Bettembourg to attempt the N ridge of Kanchenjunga (8598m) without oxygen. Until then. Joe's highest climb had been to 7000m, and to try to climb the third highest mountain in the world aroused in him many doubts about his ability to perform at altitude. Beneath Joe's appearance of confidence was a vulnerability which was very rarely expressed and which was counteracted by his ability to detach himself from his emotions. He proved himself capable of coping with the altitude and this exciting and successful ascent was for Joe an important personal achievement.

Frequent expeditions were taking their toll on his private life and his long absences and total involvement with mountaineering were too much for his personal relationships to withstand. In 1979 he began to organise an expedition to attempt once again the W ridge of K2. At about this time he met Maria Coffey, who was to become a constant companion and a great source of strength to him. I had not climbed with Joe since 1975, but we kept in touch and he had always been ready with his kind support. Valuing his friendships highly, he made great efforts to keep in touch with his many friends. Joe, Pete and myself reached a height of 7900m on the Abruzzi Spur in very unsettled weather. It was one day's climbing to the summit from our tent perched in a precarious position on a small ledge hacked out from a steep snow slope. During the night, after many hours of snowfall, an avalanche thundered down the slope, engulfing the tent, but miraculously not knocking it off the ledge. Joe was completely buried, Pete managed to extricate himself, dragged me out and we both dug out Joe. We had escaped death from the avalanche, but there were a further three days of harrowing descent down slopes which after continual snowfall had become extremely avalanche-prone, with annihilation seeming imminent at each step. Back at Base Camp each of us individually decided to go back up for another try, and it was this decision which made Joe realise the depth of his commitment to mountaineering. It was an experience which had a profound effect.

Shortly after coming back from K2, Joe went off to attempt a winter

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ascent of the W ridge of Everest. Despite being still very weak and not having fully regained his weight, it was an example of his incredible will-power that he was able to find the strength to apply himself fully to the task in hand. This expedition was the theme for Joe's first book—'Everest The Cruel Way'. It was an exciting account and revealed Joe's talent for writing. He wrote it in a very short time and under great pressure as he was also running a climbing shop and preparing for yet another expedition. He was also becoming more involved with filming, and this was probably more suited to his gregarious nature. In 1981 Pete and Joe were again together, with Chris Bonington and Alan Rouse, on an expedition to Mount Kongur (7719m). It was by no means an easy climb and success came only through persistent efforts.

The ENE ridge of Everest offered a double challenge for Joe-not only to climb it, but to film the entire expedition. He seemed to be living life at a cracking pace and sometimes felt frustration that there was not enough time to do all the things he wanted. He had just finished 'Savage Arena' before leaving for Everest, and he completed his chapter for the Kongur book just before we flew to Lhasa. There didn't seem to be enough hours in the day to pack everything in, but it was evident that he was totally happy in what he was doing. At Base Camp there was the time and space to relax more fully and Joe amused us with funny stories and by appearing in the most bizarre clothes we had ever seen on an expedition. Life was never dull with him around, and the constant banter between him and Pete kept them on their toes and us entertained. I was very happy climbing with Joe: he had a fine judgement and I felt totally safe with him. He impressed us all with his professional attitude to filming and with his dedication, persevering in the foullest conditions. It was a bitter blow to me to have to leave the expedition after suffering a mild stroke, and the night before I left Base Camp, everyone went off to their own tents after an early supper to write letters to be sent the following day. Joe had a heavy work-load to get through, completing his film reports as well as writing letters but he must have sensed my desolation and, although it meant him working through most of the night, he stayed chatting with me and keeping me company for a couple of hours.

This thoughtfulness was typical of Joe and through his sometimes frenetic lifestyle there shone a very special warmth and vitality. He was an outstanding mountaineer and a very good friend, much missed by those who knew him.

Dick Renshaw

Editor's Note

A unique literary prize, The Boardman Tasker Award, has been established as a permanent tribute to Peter and Joe. The award has been

set up to encourage new literary works on mountaineering, a winner being selected from candidates for an outstanding contribution, in the English language, to mountain literature.

The Award will be made available from the investment proceeds of the Boardman Tasker Memorial Appeal Fund, its value depending on the success of the Appeal. Donations c/o Matheson & Co. Ltd., 130, The Minories, London, EC3 1QL.

Ronald William Rodwell 1902 - 1982

It is many years since I last saw Ronald Rodwell, but during the 1930s we did a lot of climbing together in this country, in the Alps and elsewhere. After his marriage in 1942 he gave up mountaineering and confined his outdoor activities to golf and tennis and we gradually lost touch and I am indebted to one of his former partners for the next three paragraphs.

He died in Norfolk on 14 March 1982 having spent most of his working life in the accountancy profession. After qualifying as a chartered accountant in 1927, he became a partner in Wykes and Co. of Leicester. He was senior partner from 1942 and after the firm's amalgamation with Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Co. in 1954, continued as senior local partner until his retirement in 1967.

He spent the early part of the 1939-45 War in the Army, having been commissioned in the Territorials not long before war broke out but, following the deaths in quick succession of 2 partners in Wykes and Co., he was released to head the firm's practice.

Conservative in outlook and courteous in manner he represented the archetypal family practitioner and was greatly trusted and respected. For many years he served as treasurer of Leicester University and was a director of Leicester Permanent Building Society. Outside his very full business life his main interest was in his home and family and he is survived by a son, 2 daughters and 6 grandchildren, his wife having predeceased him.

Ronald was a great lover of the mountains and a competent, if somewhat cautious, climber and usually joined the small parties which we made up about once a month for North Wales, staying at the then Milestone Cottage (now Glan Dena, the Midland Association of Mountaineers' Hut) and he must have been on almost all the standard routes opened up at that time, although we only occasionally ventured on a 'severe'.

He also regularly turned up at meets of other clubs in Wales, the Lakes and Scotland and I remember one Christmas Eve of iron-hard frost when he and I climbed the great corrie on the face of Ben Lui, reaching the top at sunset after a whole afternoon's step cutting and narrowly escaping a night out.

At the time he joined the Club in 1936 his membership application shows a well distributed selection of first class peaks and passes in Switzerland, mostly with guides, and a number of guideless expeditions in Austria and the Tarantaise. On many of these I was with him but we did not have another season together in the Alps and I cannot recollect his subsequent climbs there.

However, in 1938, during one of our Welsh week-ends, Rodwell, who had spent most of the evening poring over an atlas, announced that he had found in Swedish Lapland a peak with a name of 22 letters and proposed to climb it. Two of us agreed to join him and that autumn we made a mini-expedition of it, camping for some weeks out on the Tundra. Lapland was little known then to British mountaineers and we were captivated by that remote and beautiful area to which, indeed, I have since returned, many times. Our visit most interestingly coincided with one of the 11 yearly migrations of the lemmings and we achieved a number of peaks and glacier passes, including our objective KÅTOKJOKOTJKASKATJÅKKO which proved to be easy but of dangerously rotten rock. Recorded as first climbed by Axel Hamburg in 1911, his card was the only one we found in a mouldering tin on the top.

I have always been grateful to Ronald for introducing me to Lapland and wish that I could have had his companionship again after the war. He was a kind and gentle person.

A. A. Galloway

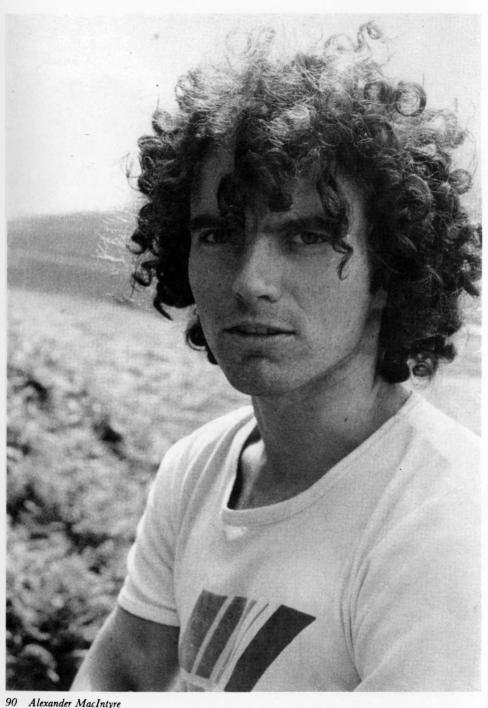
Alex MacIntyre d.1982

'The fact that many a man who goes his own way ends in ruin means nothing. The only meaningful life is a life that strives for the individual realisation — absolute and unconditional — of its own particular law.'

Carl Jung

In the first years that I knew Alex, there were always battered Ford Escort vans parked out in front of the hovels we inhabited in Leeds 6, or parked as near as possible to the bottom of the crag so we could hear the music, turned to maximum volume, always loud music wherever we went, and we spent a lot of time in those vans, adding new dents as the weekends went by. Hair was long in those days and our selection of clothes minimal, but Alex's was always the longest and his clothes the dirtiest. I was doing post grad while he was struggling to start, first Economics and, after a year off, Law. It was during the year off that Alex discovered what he wanted to do. He wanted to go climbing.

We were incredibly incompetent at everything we did, bankrupting the climbing club, getting ourselves and the few women who hung around with the Leeds scene into outrageous and hilarious situations, but always getting out of real trouble and managing somehow to make it seem we'd done well in the end, producing The Journal with Bernard, flogging vans in France to get back to university after a season in the Alps, scraping through to get good degrees. On our first Alpine route



Alexander MacIntyre

together, Alex climbed in boots of two different sizes. We created our own epic, complete with horrendous storm, Alex dropping all his gear like a moulting shaggy dog, our worst bivi ever, and endless descent in a white-out, but managing to get back to the Nash to the realisation that we'd learned something. They were years of desperation and charm.

In 1977, Alex had just completed his exams and had a summer in the Alps ahead of him when I phoned to ask him to go to Afghanistan with the Poles. It had been a couple of years since we'd climbed together seriously. He'd done some major Alpine routes by then; the Bonatti Zapelli, the Droites, the Jorasses, and had definitely made his mark in Scotland. In two weeks, he found the money and then we were off by train across the Soviet Union into a series of adventures culminating in 6 major new routes and 7 peaks of more than 6000m climbed between the eleven of us. When Voytek asked in broken English in the train, 'Would you like Bandaka?', Alex answered, 'Sure, do we eat it hot or cold.' But instead, we discovered a 2400m, NE face, a real monstrosity up crumbling walls and steep ice to a summit as peaceful as the Ben on a good day. Despite the dangers of the face, everything fell into place, the vibes were good, and as a team, we were in love with each other's company. I remember Alex on the final pitch, tunnelling through the massive cornice, whispering down to us, 'I think it's talking to me.'

The next year was Changabang, again with Voytek and joined by Krystof Zurek. We spent 8 wonderful days on a superbly steep wall, following the only possible route up the centre of the face, like solving a logics problem — the way had been created just for us. We were more adept than in our early years, and Alex's inventiveness was beginning to show in the nature of the gear; his hammock design, lightweight sleeping bags, modified ruck-sacks, and a just adequate amount of food. But we were also learning the anomaly of the lightweight concept, hauling huge sacks of gear, having to abandon spare ropes and pegs on the summit, knowing the formula could be improved. And once, Alex fell a long way, abseiling on the wrong end of the rope in a blizzard and falling the full distance until the rope came onto the peg. I thought for a while we'd lost him, but when I abseiled down, he was waiting, shrouded in snow, a bit shaken, and he smiled, 'I don't want to play this game just to have a rucksack named after me.'

1979 in South America, Alex and I got in wrong in more ways than one. Some spark had gone from our banter. We made some big mistakes, underestimating the seriousness of routes, going ultra light without sleeping bags or stoves, suffering, muddling through somehow, but feeling the dangers of the sport too close. We argued about stupid things, politics, the ways of the world, the things we would never be able to change. We even got our nights in the bars out of sync so that one or the other of us would be suffering when we set out on the next climb. Looking back, our first unhappy trip together I put down to me getting older and following a more conventional path while Alex by this time

was totally committed to the world he could make for himself climbing. While I became more conservative, he was becoming ever more deeply involved in his radical approach to climbing and life.

Apart from the occasional weekend climbing or boozing, I saw little of Alex for the next 3 years. He invited me on both the Makalu and Dhaulagiri trips, but they did not fit in with my plans or my job. He tried to talk me out of the winter Everest trip, and nearly succeeded, but I went, while he went off to experiment with new ideas on bigger faces. I began to admire him not only for his big climbs but also for his lucid life style. Unconventional and trimmed of pretence, he lived as he felt was best for him, and knew that in the end, that was also best for everyone else, being himself. It was take him or leave him, but he did not necessarily judge people on their reaction to him. Most took to him, accepting his honesty of character. Diplomacy was no replacement for the truth in Alex's eyes. For this reason he made an effective National Officer during his years with the BMC. Yet he admired people who stuck to their own arguments, as long as their thinking was clear and their case recognizable as an alternative. On the other hand, he hated banding together or acceptance of ideas without mental conviction.

We had talked about Annapurna for some time. For Alex, it was another date in his calendar of big climbs, a filler-in between Xixabangma pre-monsoon 82 and his plans for four 8000'ers in 1983. Neither of us were able to spend much time organising the trip. He was writing his book while I was scrambling at work to get everything in some sort of order before I left. We had an inevitable last minute rush to sort out details, wondering if René would ever contact us from France with news of the equipment he was slated to provide. We booked a flight only 3 days before departure. We were in our element, confusion followed by laughter, knowing it didn't matter how you got there as long as you did. We had a theory that plans are made only to be unmade. That way, we always felt immune to Murphy's law, fate was not for us. As we settled back with a drink somewhere over Turkey, Alex brought out his folder on Annapurna and we studied the innocuous looking ramp that cut through the vertical lower half of the face and left us focused at half height beneath a tiny dollop of rock, the only major problem before the massive ice slopes beneath the East Peak.

'We should be able to climb the route in 3 or 4 days, and we'll leave Base Camp not later than the 13th of October, after we acclimatize.' Alex knew the face as if he had climbed all over it in his dreams. He knew the weather, the walk in, what to expect at Base Camp, and the peaks we would climb to acclimatize. He explained it carefully and in detail. As I looked and listened, I knew that I was merely an apprentice of the kid I had once looked after like a younger brother. I made a note in my diary, and felt sad for reasons I could not explain.

Alex died on 17 October. I was not with him. I watched through binoculars from Base Camp as two tiny dots appeared at the bottom of that innocuous ramp that in September had been like Niagara Falls with boulders tumbling down instead of barrels. We'd prepared well for the face, 14 days of climbing in the first 18 in Base Camp. Alex consoled me in my exhaustion and sickness with the words: 'Well, it was a heavy-duty acclimatization programme'. I was more than sick when they set off for the face on the 13th. I watched them reach that insignificant dollop of rock and fail to get through, the way to the summit only a few feet above them. I followed their thoughts through my binoculars as they descended that night to a bivouac at the top of the ramp. In a break in the clouds, the lens suddenly seemed to fill with blood. I looked closer in disbelief and realised I had only witnessed the bright red bivi sack being pulled from the sack, shaken out and hung up.

On that morning of the 17th, I lowered the binoculars to clean them and when I looked back, there was only one climber. I instinctively knew it was René. Alex had fallen. I searched for another 10 minutes, then hastily filled two rucksacks with medical and emergency equipment and set off for the face with our sirdar. We met René coming down alone at about 5000m. He stopped 30m above us and waved his iceaxe above his head, then stumbled down to where we stood frozen to our souls. Alex had been killed by a single stone falling from unknown heights. His time had come and had rushed him upward to meet his fate. Little was said as we returned to Base. René had lost his closest climbing partner. I had lost a friend who was also my link to the freedom of years gone by. 'We must not think about it but we must not forget' said René, 'If we do either, we may not climb again'.

John Porter

Derek G. Lambley 1918 - 1982

Derek Lambley, who became a member of the Alpine Club in 1952, died suddenly in December, 1982. Although ill-health forced him to be more circumspect in recent years, he had since shortly before the Second World War been an enthusiastic and energetic climber and hill walker.

Derek was a surgeon of distinction. He held a senior post at Northampton General Hospital and travelled and lectured widely. Much of his overseas lecturing was done in North and South America and in 1954 he achieved the rare distinction of being made a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. One of his sons, Julian, who followed him into the medical profession, also became a keen climber and a member of the Alpine Club.

Preferring snow routes to rock, Derek made many ascents in the Alps, particularly in the Bernese Oberland. Many of his climbs were made with Oskar Ogi, the well-known Kandersteg guide, with whom he formed a long-standing friendship.

Maurice Bennett

Charles Raymond Greene d.1982

I would like to write something about our distinguished member and my friend Raymond Greene, of whose death I first learned when I read the obituary notices in the national newspapers and a day or two later was informed of it in a letter from his son, in which he said that his father had specifically instructed him that I was to be informed in the event. Raymond's death at the age of 81 cannot come altogether as a surprise; but even so his numerous friends in the Club will be saddened at his passing.

Raymond was an Oxford graduate and when an undergraduate at the University he was an active member of the O.U.M.C. After qualifying in Medicine, he went into general practice in Oxford for a number of years and that was where I first met him in 1935 when I went to pick his brains on medical matters in connection with a forthcoming expedition to Mount Everest that I was going on as a climber and doctor. Thereafter we remained in regular correspondence over medical and mountaineering matters, particularly in connection with high altitude physiology — a subject on which he was, at that time, the leading authority in the field, as opposed to the laboratory where Douglas at Oxford and Borcroft at Cambridge reigned supreme and were in friendly dispute with one another over the vital question as to how oxygen in the air we breathe is passed from the lungs into the blood.

After that my wife and I used to meet him at the Dungeon Ghyll hotel in Langdale, whence we enjoyed many an excursion, 'over the hills and far away', to quote from Beatrix Potter, an author mentioned in his book. I remember particularly one glorious day when we walked with him and his daughter Annabel round the eastern shores of Ullswater.

Raymond was a devotee of the Lake District and had been so ever since childhood. But eventually, with increasing age, he found that he could no longer walk far even on level ground and so then we began to find ourselves, and his other friends up in Langdale and Eskdale, deprived of his company. But whenever we went up there we made a point of sending him a carefully chosen post-card 'for auld lang syne'. Raymond had done quite a lot of climbing in the Alps, particularly in Bavaria, before he made his real mountaineering debut with a first ascent of Kamet, at that time the highest mountain in the world to have been climbed. That was with Frank Smythe's team in 1931 and it was certainly a major achievement. It was that exploit which gained him his place on Hugh Ruttledge's expedition to Everest in 1933, on which he did so well. How important Raymond's contributions were on that occasion is brought out well in Walt Unsworth's magnificent book Everest. After Kamet and Everest he remained a life-long friend of Frank Smythe. For evidence of this, see a letter which Frank sent him from Everest in 1936 and which is now in the Club's archives.

Apart from his mountaineering prowess, Raymond became a Consultant Physician of great distinction practising in London and

specialising in endocrinology, in which subject he made important contributions to our understanding of thyroid disease in particular. For many years he and the late Sir Geoffrey Keynes worked together on this subject at their famous clinic at New End Hospital. Apart from this, he had already advanced our knowledge of high altitude physiology with a series of important papers before he was moved to London. But let me first describe his rise to medical fame, as it is revealing of the character of the man.

From being a G.P. in Oxford, Raymond moved to London in the late 'thirties' and took rooms in Wimpole Street (which I shared with him for a time) and proceeded to get himself elected to the Consultant staff at both the Metropolitan and then the Royal Northern hospitals, such appointments being quite a sine qua non for consultant practice in London, because they give access to hospital beds. And perhaps the story of his appointment to the Consultant post at the Royal Northern Hospital is worth recounting. It so happens that I know about it because I was working with his rival for the post at another hospital at the time. Now Raymond, a tall man with an impressive personality, was in competition with a candidate who had been working at the hospital for some years as a Registrar and had given satisfaction to his medical colleagues, who were supporting him for the post. But it was the practice at the hospital for appointments to the senior staff to be made by the committee, after the medical appointments committee had put forward the names of two candidates in order of preference. Raymond's name went forward to the lay committee in second place. But after they had interviewed the two candidates, they wisely reversed the order and appointed Raymond.

In 'Moments of Being' we have been given a short autobiography by Raymond, but I don't really like the book. In an important obituary notice in *The Times* it was said that he was supercilious and I can see what the reviewer was getting at, but it's not the right word. He loved shooting a bit of a line and was quite good at it, but he did this with tongue in cheek. One can see that in chapter 10 of 'Moments of Being'. Once when he was doing this without getting away with it, my wife said to him, 'A bit laboured, Raymond' to which he replied, 'Sorry, Dorothy' with a grin and that familiar twinkle in his piercing blue eyes. He knew exactly what he had been doing and was getting his fun out of it

But how nice Raymond was underneath that public façade, which it sometimes amused him to put on for effect. He was one of those delightful people who could laugh at himself when amongst real friends and become serious about the things that are nice and that really matter in life.

It is nice to remember that he was with us at the Club's exhibition just before he had his fatal heart attack.

Faye Kerr d.1980

If you ask anyone what they remember best about being with Faye, it will be something about the feelings that she engendered of peace, of completeness, of being at one with the outdoor surroundings.

She was born and brought up in an outback sheep station on the Wakool River in New South Wales, and something of that wide outdoors became an essential part of her.

It was when studying Geology at Melbourne University part time, and training as a Kindergarten teacher, that she first came in contact with the climbing fraternity. She joined the rock-climbing club there, climbing in many local areas plus the Warrenbungles and Tasmania.

Her training completed, she and a girl friend set off to work on backcountry stations in Queensland, with Faye as governess and the friend as cook. The same team moved to sheep stations in the North Island of New Zealand, and it was here, in the mid 1950s that she first made her mark in the alpine climbing world. With an Australian companion, Max Cutcliffe, she literally climbed her way all over the Southern Alps. Included in those climbs was a very near miss on a 1st ascent of Coxcomb Ridge of Mt Aspiring.

Then it was back to Australia before going to Europe for 8 years. She worked both in the UK, where she joined the Ladies' Alpine Club and was actively climbing with them, and then for 5 years, in Switzerland. Faye and her friend Dorothea Borys caused quite a stir by putting up many first 'unguided, all women's' climbs in the Alps.

Back in the UK, Faye became very interested and involved with the outdoor adventure aspects of the Duke of Edinburgh Award scheme, in Wales. When she returned to Australia in the mid 1960s she directed her energies to helping set up an Australian equivalent outside Adelaide, which included running adventure trips to the McDonell Ranges, as well as a ski-centre for children at Falls Creek in Victoria.

Then it was back to New Zealand for another couple of years' climbing before moving to Canada at the end of 1967. Between spells of work she fitted in three expeditions; twice to S. America and also to Alaska with the Women's McKinley Expedition.

In late 1971 she returned, to New Zealand. From a work base at Mt Cook National Park she continued to explore and climb her way around the mountains and we began planning for our Himalayan Expedition in 1974.

The Himalaya (the mountains, the tragedy of lives lost, and the love of the local people) changed our lives. Back in New Zealand; still climbing, still living in the mountains, Faye spent much of her free time developing, in the company of Helen Irwin, her new-found skill of painting in oil pastels. Work as a Park Assistant and Ski Patroller gave her opportunities for climbing in the summer and ski-ing in the winter, but she worked as hard on her days off, climbing to vantage points to paint — it was difficult to see where work finished and recreation began.

In a joint exhibition with Helen she displayed her Himalayan and New Zealand paintings. A further trip to Alaska in 1978 resulted in another crop of paintings; lyrical studies of glaciers, clouds, and iceberg lakes, and another painting exhibition followed.

A summer as hut warden at Routeburn Falls allowed Faye to wander around in the Aspiring National Park, then it was back to Mt Cook as Ski Patroller and Park Assistant until early 1980.

Faye's last climbing trip in New Zealand was a sojourn in the Wilkin-Siberia region. It was new to all 4 of us, mid-February, warm, with the upland basins awash with alpine flowers. Our last climb was to the Volta via Ruth Ridge, where we gazed on the other face of the Coxcomb Ridge. Funny, said Faye, to think she had come full circle after all those years, to look at the route she had very nearly climbed back in 1953, but there was neither time nor desire to attempt it again just then. Faye was on her way back to the Himalaya, as part of the Australian Annapurna expedition, to be followed by a trekking and painting sojourn in the Garhwal with John Herbison.

And paint they both did, as they wandered up the valleys and mountains, but she became progressively weaker with a bug she couldn't throw off, and which claimed her finally in Madras.

So where is our friend, our companion of the high hills? She is everywhere we have shared with her, taking pleasure in the simple gifts of nature. To paraphrase an unknown author in a Himalayan hut book:

'There were no jewels buried in the sand, The treasure that she sought was little worth. She went, but oh so few will understand, To tread some unknown carpet of the earth'.

Margaret Clark

The Hon. Eveleigh Leith d.1983

Eveleigh Leith came late to climbing, though not to mountains. Her family's home, Glenkindie on the Don, was near the Cairngorms; and she had been an enterprising high-level skier. She started to climb in her 40s making up for the lost years by her determination and enthusiasm. She joined the Ladies' Alpine Club in 1951 as a graduating member, becoming a full member in 1955, with a record of guided climbs in the Mont Blanc region, and guideless ones in the Tarentaise and Maurienne. She enjoyed all the Club's activities; she was a regular at meetings and dinners and a keen member of LAC meets on the Dorset cliffs, in the Engadine, at Zinal, Valsavaranche, Zermatt, Saas-Fee and — in her 69th year — in the Dolomites. Perhaps her greatest contribution to the Club was her editorship of the Journal from 1959 to 1966. She introduced two lively features — a series of 'Graduating Impressions' by beginners, and another, 'Looking Back', where

veterans recalled their outstanding climbs (among these was Freya Stark's account of her great 1924 climb up the east face of Monte Rosa). She was a thoroughly professional editor — all names of mountains and routes were carefully checked — with that mixture of wheedling and bullying so essential to anyone who has to produce a club journal.

Eveleigh was the daughter of the fifth Lord Burgh. She went to school in Aberdeen and at Sherborne. Her first jobs were in journalism; then she joined the staff of the Sadler's Wells Ballet (now the Royal Ballet) and was with them on their first adventurous return to Europe in the winter of 1944-45; then went on to manage their second company. Later she was Secretary of the Royal Ballet School. After an interlude with Crawford's advertising agency, she became, in 1964, Treasurer of St Anne's College, Oxford, till her retirement.

Eveleigh joined several of my family parties in the Alps, Skye and the Lakes. She was at ease with the young, though she never modified her strict standards, nor her sharp tongue, to suit other tastes. She was strong-minded, competitive, and could be exasperating; but all was forgotten and forgiven when put against her sympathy, her generosity, and her true passion for the mountains.

Janet Carleton