In Memoriam

Compiled by Geoffrey Templeman

Plates 90–93

The Alpine Club Obituary

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<td>Vitaliy Abalakov</td>
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<td>Sir Joseph William Lennox Napier</td>
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The 1986 In Memoriam list is, sadly, the longest for many years. Whilst the majority of the names appearing there are of members who have easily reached and passed their ‘three-score years and ten’, there is the usual sad sprinkling of younger, very active members who have died in the mountains, and one thinks particularly of Al Rouse on K2. The very beginning of the year saw the death of the President, Anthony Rawlinson, whose obituary we were just able to include in the 1986 Journal.

As invariably happens, a number of notifications were received right at the end of the year and will have to wait until next year for inclusion. But, in the
same way, I am able to include here tributes to ‘Charles’ Marriott, John Case, Richard Cook, Noel Peskett and a further note on Mike Harber from last year, plus a brief note on John Hart, an American member for many years who had recently resigned.

Once again, my sincere thanks to all who have helped in this compilation.

Michael Harber

Dave Parsons writes:

Mike Harber was killed in July 1985 whilst attempting the first ascent of Lukpe Lawo Brakk in the Karakoram. He disappeared with Mike Morris when both climbers attempted a lone ascent of the 6590m peak which is situated at a remote corner of the Snow Lake Basin near the junction of the Hispar and Biafo glaciers.

Mike was a post-doctoral research worker at the Kidney Research Unit Foundation in Cardiff where he will be sorely missed.

His contribution to mountaineering over the last seventeen years was considerable. He was a member of the South Wales Mountaineering Club, of which he was a past Chairman, and was always an activist when it came to developing new climbs and new cliffs in South and West Wales. He was also a member of the Climbers’ Club, and a joint author of the Pembroke Climbing Guides, the new guide in itself being a fitting tribute to the time and energy that Mike spent in the development of climbing in Pembrokeshire over the last eight years.

Mike was an accomplished alpinist and an experienced expeditioner, with first ascents in both the Indian Himalaya and the Peruvian Andes to his credit. The route that gave him the greatest satisfaction was the first British (and alpine-style) ascent of the SW ridge of Huascaran Sur which he linked with the first complete traverse of the mountain via the SW and SE ridges.

Mike will be greatly missed particularly by family friends and climbers in South Wales, where his good humour and boundless enthusiasm have been so much a part of the mountaineering world for the last 17 years.

Evelyn Carr

Tom Peacocke writes:

I did not know Evelyn Carr well, but met her in La Bérarde in 1934 when she was with Herbert, Geoffrey Barrett, Miss Barrett and Brenda Ritchie, and I was with George Meade-King, David Hodgkinson and Tom Reed. We were all on the traverse of the Meije together. A violent thunderstorm the night before iced up the Grande Muraille and put fresh snow on the upper parts of the mountain. A guided party in the hut wisely said no, but it was our last two days and it was now or never.

We were much delayed by the conditions and were out 20½ hours. The three girls went first, led by Brenda. Our descent into the Brèche Zsigmondy almost resulted in a tragedy. We were roping down owing to the conditions and the girls had reached the Brèche when a rock, the size of a door, was loosened near the summit by one member of our party. I was ‘sheet anchor’ on the top and
had a full view of everything. My heart stood still as I saw this rock pursuing its mad career straight for the three girls. It could not have been falling for more than five seconds, but to me it was an eternity. I had time to ponder the possible consequences. It seemed that it must hit them. I thought 'If they are not killed how can we get an injured climber down from the Brèche?' At that time no one had ever ascended or descended either side. And then a miracle happened. The rock hit another even larger rock and burst into fragments passing harmlessly over their heads!

After this the rest of the expedition was comparatively uneventful. We climbed out of the Brèche up an icy chimney, traversed the arête and abseiled down a 60m ice-slope on the eastern side of the Pic Centrale by the light of a full moon, reaching the Refuge d’Aigle at 1am.

**Edward Hamilton Marriott 1906-1985**

Charles (as he was known to his climbing friends) died unexpectedly after a short illness on 20 October 1985. He was 79. He had returned just a few weeks earlier from the Himalaya, where he had succeeded in completing the Annapurna circuit as far as Jomosom. His suitcase and tent were packed ready for an extended visit to Australia and New Zealand.

Charles joined the Royal Artillery in 1924 and spent some years in India. He retired soon after the war with the rank of Major, eventually ‘settling’ in Cornwall in 1958.

At 16 Charles was introduced to the Swiss Alps by his father, and was hooked on mountaineering for life. Four years later, at Easter 1926, he made his first ascent on British rock, sandwiched between Nea Morin (then Barnard) and her brother. The climb was Kern Knotts Chimney. Other companions in those early years included Eric Shipton, Gilbert Peaker and Douglas Milner.

He continued to visit the Alps regularly, climbing in the summer and skiing in the winter. He was a member of the New Zealand Alpine Club, Swiss Alpine Club and the Himalayan Club. His years in India gave him opportunities for trekking and exploring in Kashmir, and the Himalaya remained his first love.

During the war he was an instructor in mountaineering at the Commando Mountain Warfare School and later at the mountaineering wing in Lebanon. On leaving the army he travelled in Africa, where he climbed in the Drakensberg. He spent two seasons in the New Zealand Alps where he climbed with Graham Brooke.

Charles stoutly resisted advances in climbing equipment. On our local club meets in the early seventies he wore a hemp waist-line and was scathing of the trend towards racks of chocks. Waterproof gear was for lesser mortals, and his home-made rucksack still had the hole gnawed by a rat in Tasmania years before. It didn’t matter, as it usually contained little except a canvas anorak (also home-made) and a couple of bottles of beer.

Charles loved the sea. His most noteworthy voyages were those he made with Bill Tilman in ‘Mischief’. He sailed with Tilman four times. The first voyage was to Patagonia in 1955. Even then his unique belongings and gear were a source of wonder and interest to the crew. Charles was blessed with exceptionally good sight, and saved the day on the return crossing of the Patagonian
ice-cap when, during a blizzard, he spotted an all-important food-dump which was almost buried under fresh snow.

He proved himself a capable sea-cook on his next voyage, to Greenland in 1961, and he returned to Greenland three years later. Charles last sailed with Tilman in 1968 on the ill-fated voyage to Jan Mayen Island which ended with the loss of ‘Mischief’.

As he reached his mid-seventies Charles spent even less time at home, travelling extensively to many parts of the world. In between travels he worked diligently, representing the south-west on the British Mountaineering Council for many years, including a period as Chairman for the area.

Charles had a certain élan which ensured that he could walk into the smoothest hotel lounge in black beret, holey sweater and muddy boots and be treated with deference. The effect was heightened when he dressed for the occasion. Tilman describes his arrival in Greenland, still nursing a bad foot: ‘... In yachting cap and gumboots, his beard a sable silver, monocle in eye and supported by an ice-axe, Charles stepped ashore like a slimmer edition of King Edward landing at Cowes from the Royal Yacht. The crowd were speechless with delight. At last, they thought, the captain of “Mischief” had condescended to visit them.’ (Mischief in Greenland, 1964.)

Those who were privileged to visit Charles at home in Cornwall will know that to enter his cottage was an experience. Often the visitor had to pick a wary path between the piles of papers, books and boxes which covered every available space. But it would be wrong to assume that this was so much clutter. It was a huge, ordered filing system—and if Tilman planned his expeditions on the back of envelopes, we suspect he learned the trick from Charles!

Charles lived in conditions which many would consider spartan. He had his own priorities and preferred travelling to home comforts. But the welcome at Bosullow was always hospitable. There was a comprehensive range of liquid refreshment; this was only offered if the sun was over the yardarm. Afternoon tea was a daily ritual whether or not there were visitors—who might stay for a few minutes, or a few weeks for that matter. Charles would put you up or lend you his car if you needed it. His generosity came from his concern for others, and he was a true friend in need. He had a respect for people as individuals, regardless of age or sex. Though not one to suffer fools gladly, he was a very kind and most considerate man.

Among many memories two are particularly vivid.

The hurricane which hit Cornwall in December 1979, demolishing the chimney and caravan at Bosigran, also left a gaping hole in Charles’s cottage roof. Temporary repairs were urgently required, and a group of us were trying to position a tarpaulin over the hole with the aid of old climbing ropes. Charles organized us with great efficiency and enthusiasm as we struggled in gale-force winds. In the end he climbed up through the hole in his bedroom ceiling and emerged on the roof to put the final touches to the operation by hand. To him, the inconvenience, discomfort and sheer mess of the situation were nothing compared to the fun of working out the logistics of the problem. He enjoyed himself immensely. When all was under control he appeared with a dusty bottle in his hand and a twinkle in his eye. ‘I’ve been saving this for a suitable
occasion, and I think this is it! It was champagne, and, of course, excellent.

The second is on what we believe was his last rock-climb. The date was 26 July 1983 at Carn les Boel near Land's End. Charles, in old grey flannels, tatty sweater and the inevitable black beret, was whistling his way upwards. The whistling, as always, was quite tuneless, and a sign of deep concentration. An accident to one eye had left him with difficulty in judging the distances between holds, and this limited his rock-climbing in later years—but the style was still there.

Charles was very much his own man, an individualist, true to his own beliefs and values. He rests in the place he chose himself, by the little Cornish church where he worshipped. It is a slightly overgrown place, not too tidy but very beautiful, and it looks towards Bosigran and the sea. It is just right.

John and Janet Atherton

John Crowther Case 1892-1985

John Crowther Case was born in Rochester, New York, on 29 January 1892. Before the turn of the century his father, Howard Case, became the representative in England of the Vacuum Oil Company, and the family settled near Ascot. John attended Marlborough and in early 1911 enrolled in the Institut Minerva, in Zürich, to prepare for entrance to the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule where he planned to study civil engineering.

Upon arrival in Zürich he joined the Anglo-American Club and quickly found friends. Although he had no previous mountaineering experience he remembered having been taken as a child to Lucerne, and soon after arriving in Switzerland he made a weekend trip there by train and walked back to Zug, traversing the Rigi en route.

During the Easter recess in 1911 John was invited to an open-house which the Akademische Alpen Club of Zürich held at their hut near Glarus. At that time the President of the AACZ was George Finch. Years later John told of his meeting with George as follows: Near the AACZ hut was a felsblock which George Finch maintained as his private domain by the simple procedure of chopping off an essential handhold or foothold whenever any other club member succeeded in climbing it. John, ignorant of this history, was not only audacious enough to attempt George's personal rock, but skilful enough to climb it, which led to a lifelong friendship between the two. Finch took John under his wing, and during the following 12 months John spent all of his holidays, winter and summer, climbing in the Alps with George and Maxwell Finch and other talented climbers from the AACZ. John did not join the AACZ at that time, possibly because, as he had not yet matriculated at the ETH, he may not have met the club's eligibility requirements.

Not long before his death, while reminiscing about those days, John conceded that he returned to England at Christmas 1911 only because his family insisted that he do so. He went reluctantly, because he was missing a good climbing trip.

His passionate involvement with mountaineering was abruptly cut short just a year after it began when his father was lost on the Titanic. On that fatal day in 1912 John and his friends were on an extended trip in the Berner Oberland, and
Pigott and Wood in combination are as unscrupulous as they are invincible. Nothing stops them, and they stop at nothing, not excluding pitons and fixed ropes. If the threatened onslaught takes place on the West Buttress, I shall not be surprised to see either of them turning up with the latest Sassolungo rock-drill and a whole belt full of pitons

—and sometimes against each other:

The important thing was that Crew had well and truly beaten Drummond by his psychological tactics . . .

Yes, this is very much a ‘modern’ history book, or perhaps ‘drama’ would be a better description, as it is more a study of the ‘actors’ themselves than their climbs; it takes a contemporary view of the early historical record, and offers a sometimes controversial account of more recent events. The authors, on occasion, seem to go out of their way to stir the pot of controversy, and to highlight inter-personal rivalry, and whilst this is a good technique for creating and sustaining interest, it is perhaps unfair at times on the characters in the play, suggesting, as it does, that competition has been the single most important force behind the development of climbing in Wales. Or perhaps it has?

The Crew era comes in for some pretty rough handling in this respect:

Open competition flourished between climbers on these cliffs. Subterfuge in passing on information, laying false trails, inventing non-existent routes on horrible pieces of rock, were common ploys pressed into service by rival parties.

It may be that Crew upset Trevor Jones by suggesting the demolition of Tremadog, a crag with which Jones has had a long and happy association, but whatever it was, the Alpha Club is unstintingly portrayed as the villain of the piece!

Whilst using characters as a framework for the story certainly brings the book alive, it also has the unfortunate effect of producing a seemingly insoluble dichotomy over continuity. As there is an inevitable overlap between each biographical ‘Act’, we either meet the actors in the wings before they’ve made their entry, or we have Scenes appearing in the wrong Act. Both happen, and it can be a little disconcerting at times; but it is a problem with which every great historian will have wrestled, unsuccessfully, at some time, so our humble ‘playwrights’ will be forgiven, I hope, for not making a significant breakthrough on this front.

The format of the book is one of its strongest features. Each double page comprises one full-page photograph (or collage), and one page of text, and this makes it extremely attractive, both to read and to skim through. And the photographs, of which about a third are in colour (I haven’t counted!), are really excellent. The old black-and-whites (of which the ones of Chris Preston on the first ascent of Suicide Wall, Pete Crew on Erosion Groove Direct, two anonymous gentlemen on Lliwedd’s Red Wall, and Dave Potts setting off up Troach with about four krabs and a few yards of tat, gave me most cause to be grateful for the age into which I was born) really bring alive the anecdotes quoted in the text. It is perhaps ungenerous, and unappreciative of the
In his early climbing life he suffered an illness which prevented him from climbing for a period, but on recovery he took up all forms of mountaineering with renewed vigour, and, being in a position to do so, retired at 50 to Windermere to devote his time to mountaineering and gardening.

He was always happy to introduce others to climbing and readily communicated his own enjoyment to his companions. As a rock-climber he was skilled and safe, still happily leading the Crack on Gimmer and Eagle's Nest Direct on Great Gable in his 60s. As a fell-walker he appeared to be completely tireless.

He walked and climbed extensively in Scotland, completing the Munros and 'tops', many for a second time. He had considerable experience in the Alps, the Pyrenees and Corsica and, on the invitation of Alf Gregory, joined the British Italian Expedition to Ama Dablam in 1958. He also ski'd with enthusiasm and completed the High-Level Route from Argentière to Saas Fee in 1957.

A necessarily brief account of Dick's mountaineering would be incomplete without reference to Mountain Rescue. In 1960 a Search Panel was formed in the Lake District to co-ordinate searches involving several teams. Dick was appointed secretary with the duty of collating all relevant information and recording search activities. His intimate knowledge of the district and secretarial ability proved of great use during his ten years of devoted work. He became a member of the Langdale MR Team and was appointed Treasurer. To quote Sid Cross, in 1970, 'The present sound financial position of the team is due in no small measure to the untiring efforts of the retiring Treasurer—Dick Cook'.

Dick was fortunate in being able to devote so much time to his beloved fells, crags and mountains and to gain so much enjoyment from his opportunities. In return he freely shared that enjoyment with others and generously gave his time to help those, less fortunate, who had come to grief in the hills.

Robert Files

Noel Peskett 1904-1985

Noel, who joined the Club in 1960, started climbing in the Alps in 1931. With the exception of the war years, he visited the Alps nearly every year until 1970. His wife, Phyllis, was also a member of the Club, having previously been a member of the Ladies' Alpine Club.

For some 25 years after the war Noel was a member of the Swiss Alpine Club and the ABMSAC. During that period he and Phyllis were regular supporters of the climbing meets and other functions of that Association.

Most of Noel's alpine climbs were done with a guide but on occasion he led a guideless rope in company with a guided rope at climbing meets. He mainly kept to standard routes, and among those he particularly enjoyed were the Balmhorn by the N ridge, the traverse of the Portjengrat and Piz Roseg.

Noel had a great interest in alpine flora and was very knowledgeable on the subject. His pleasure in Alpine holidays came almost as much from the flowers as from the climbing and walking. He was also something of a gourmet and enjoyed cooking in his own home. One of his pet hates was soup which was not sufficiently hot. Many years ago, at the Annual Dinner of the Club, the soup served at our table was far from hot. The rest of us ate it with resignation but Noel sent his back. Nothing happened for five minutes and then the waiter
returned with a large plate of smoked salmon. Noel remarked that presumably the waiter assumed that he did not take soup for religious reasons!

The sudden and unexpected death of Phyllis in 1977 was a great blow to Noel, but he still retained his interest in the outdoor life. He had a cheerful disposition with a considerable sense of humour. He was a steady companion on a rope, and his occasional merry quips helped to make climbs relaxed and enjoyable.

Maurice Bennett

Tenzing Norgay c. 1915-1986
Tenzing was born in the village of Thami, probably in 1915. Like a number of Sherpas at that time he moved to Darjeeling as a young man, and it was there that he was chosen as a member of the team of Sherpa porters for the 1933 British Expedition to Everest. He took part in further attempts from the Tibetan side in pre-war years and in 1949, when Nepal opened its frontiers to foreigners, he was engaged by several other expeditions, including reconnaissance of Everest by its southern approaches. He was sirdar to Eric Shipton’s team on Everest in 1951 and Cho Oyu in 1952. With such a record, Tenzing was my obvious choice as Sherpa leader for the 1953 Everest expedition.

We first met in Kathmandu in March 1953. I immediately liked the man, his enthusiasm was infectious and it became apparent during our trek that he was personally keen to reach the summit; he had climbed to over 8500m with Lambert the previous spring. Our friendship grew in the following weeks, and the choice of himself and Hillary to make the main attempt on the peak was a foregone conclusion before we set up our Base Camp; it was also appropriate that a Sherpa should be included in the attempt. I will never forget our emotional embrace when he and Hillary returned on 30 May after reaching the top.

There was a storm of enthusiasm on Tenzing’s return, but there were also difficult questions from the press—who had reached the top first?—was he Indian or Nepalese?—and so on. It was his first taste of a world hitherto unknown to him, but he weathered it all. Nehru was concerned lest Tenzing might be subjected to undesirable political influences, and therefore arranged for him to be appointed Chief Instructor to the Mountain School in Darjeeling, created to mark our achievements. For the next 20 years he played there a notable part in introducing young Indians to the mountains. And it was from there that he made his many visits to other countries. He had received only an elementary education, but apart from being fluent in Tibetan, Sherpa, Nepal and Hindi languages, he picked up a smattering of other languages during his travels. He made up for his deficiencies in literacy with his infectious laugh and his famous smile, making friends everywhere he travelled as India’s ambassador-at-large. He also founded a seminary at Thyangboche monastery for boys entering the priesthood.

In later years, Tenzing was a tour leader for American travellers to Lhasa, and on one occasion to Antarctica. Our last meeting three years ago was by chance in Chengdu in Central China, when I was with a parliamentary delegation. In such an improbable setting we found ourselves joined in another
long embrace, to the astonishment and delight of my colleagues and the hotel guests.

Tenzing’s second wife Daku, an attractive, intelligent, sound business woman who managed his household and trekking agency, became a dear friend of our family, as were his two daughters by his first marriage. As a small boy his eldest son, Norbu, was cared for by one of my daughters, who was matron of his school at the time. A lover of animals, Tenzing became a successful breeder of Tibetan terriers. A visit to his house in Darjeeling was a daunting experience because of his four fierce hounds straining at their leashes to demolish his many visitors!

Although Tenzing was an immediate friend to everyone, I like to think that his special affections and loyalty were reserved for his companions in 1953. He joined some of our periodic reunions, hosted a 25th anniversary party at his home in 1978 and, on each occasion, it was as though the years had rolled back to those unforgettable weeks we spent together on Everest in 1953.

John Hunt

Charles Warren writes:

May I write something about my old friend of former years, Tenzing Norgay? Not about him as the hero of Everest, as he became, but as the chap that I knew on Everest in the thirties.

Tenzing came to Everest with us for the first time in 1935, when Eric Shipton selected him as a porter on his Reconnaissance Expedition of that year and, at the age of 21, he was our youngest porter.

Now in those days it was the custom for each Sahib to have a specifically named porter attached to him as his personal batman and helper, and in that capacity Tenzing was allocated to me, not only in 1935 but also on the two subsequent expeditions in 1936 and 1938, during which he assisted me with the medical equipment and oxygen.

I can remember how once I was called into medical consultation by the Dzongpen of Shekar and went along to see him, with Tenzing carrying the medical case. While I was in consultation Tenzing was given a meal and a tip. After that I rose considerably in reputation with him as his Doctor Sahib.

At first, in those days, we couldn’t talk to each other easily because of language difficulties. But usually a laugh, a smile and a gesture were enough for both of us to know what was wanted. I used dearly to love seeing Tenzing’s cheerful face at the entrance to my tent nearly every morning. He did not read or write, but he was a good linguist. Already by 1938, when he did so well above the North Col with Tilman, he could converse in English quite well. And by 1957, when he visited me here in Felsted, he spoke the language very well indeed.

Here, for a day or two, he enjoyed the peace of the countryside as a break from his lionization in London. A countryman at heart, what he enjoyed being shown here was our pretty village and the lovely Felsted school gardens, and their farmyard. An ex-yak-herdsman in youth, he remained a lover of animals at heart. At home he bred Lhasa terriers. When staying with us here he was much interested in our pedigree silver tabby cats. Charmingly, he made great
friends with my aged mother-in-law. They got on famously and, much to her delight, he wrote us a letter from India in which was the memorable enquiry: 'and now, dear Dr Warren, how is your cats and your mother-in-law?'

The hero of Everest, yes. But not the conqueror. I don’t accept that expression about any mountaineer. But Tenzing, above all, what a nice person! He had the same kind of integrity of outlook in mountaineering matters as his old climbing companion of the thirties, Eric Shipton.

**Vitaliy Mikhailovich Abalakov**

Soviet sport has lost one of the pioneers of recreational and scientific mountaineering, a pioneer of new paths to the summits, many times champion of his country, and a distinguished designer of sport-measuring apparatus, Vitaliy Mikhailovich Abalakov. Born in the city of Yeniseisk in Krasnoyarsk territory, he absorbed from his childhood onwards the glorious tradition of the Cossack Family, and its descendants, who opened up the boundless expanses of Siberia. On the paths of the taiga, the torrential rivers, the ‘climbs’ of the Krasnoyarsk Columns, was formed the character of the future conqueror of the summits.

In 1931 the brothers Vitaliy and Yevgeniy Abalakov with their fellow-countrywoman Valentina Cheredova gave a splendid account of themselves in the world of mountaineering. Their ‘start’ was the five-thousander Dykh-Tau, but that was only the beginning of the conquest of the heights. A year later, Abalakov climbed the Bezingi wall; in 1933 he was in the Altai, where for the first time he successfully carried out a traverse of Belukha.

Taking part in the combined Tadzhik-Pamir expeditions which were carried out in the 1930s and where sport and science went hand-in-hand, Abalakov was the first Soviet man in 1934 to step on the summit in the Pamirs which bears the name of V I Lenin. In the same year he also carried out successful prospecting of ore deposits in the Turkestan range.

At the head of the team founded by him of the Moscow ‘Spartak’, he more than once won victories in the mountaineering championship. His ascents ranged from the Caucasus to the Pamir and Tien-Shan, concluding with a brilliant assault on peak Victory.

V M Abalakov devoted his talent and great skill as a designer to the service of other types of sport: about 100 control instruments were created by him for the assistance of trainers and sportsmen. Thousands of leading experts at mountaineering were pupils at schools and meetings which he conducted. To his pen belong textbooks, articles in the ‘Yearbook of Soviet Mountaineering’ and a basic textbook, ‘Foundation of Mountaineering’.

The Soviet government valued his services highly, conferring on him the Orders of Lenin and of the Friendship of Peoples, the ‘Badge of Honour’ and some medals. In 1935 he was among the first to receive the honorary title ‘Honoured Master of Mountaineering’, and subsequently ‘Honoured Master of Sport’ (1941), ‘Honoured Trainer of the USSR’ (1961).

His memory burns bright among all who today go out to conquer the heights, who set out on the path of the climber.

A group of comrades

(Abridged from the official obituary in Soviet Sport)
John Hunt adds a personal reminiscence:
I first met Vitaliy at a meeting in the Journalists’ Club in Moscow in June 1958, attended by the Minister of Soviet Sport, to greet the group of British mountaineers (of whom I was a member) on our way to the Caucasus. This was seen by the Russians as an important occasion, for no British climbing group had been granted permission to climb in the Soviet Union since the 1930s. Abalakov was, even then, regarded as Russia’s leading mountaineer; a remarkable figure with finely chiselled features which were enhanced by his completely bald head.

In 1962 we met again; he as leader of a Russian group attempting the S face of the Peak of Communism (7460m), highest mountain in the USSR. I was leader of a British group, to which six leading Soviet climbers were added; it became known as the Soviet-British Pamirs Expedition. Our encounter on this second occasion was a less happy one. One group suffered a tragic accident on Peak Garmo, when we lost two British climbers: Wilfrid Noyce and Robin Smith. It was decided among the British members that some of us should return to the UK and I, as leader, felt in duty bound to join that party in order to offer comfort to Wilfrid’s widow (he was my closest climbing friend), and Robin’s mother. Abalakov took it upon himself to protest in strong terms about this decision. He was doubtless voicing an official Soviet view, which held that climbing groups carried on regardless of accidents. The incident was a painful one, to add to our deep sense of sorrow. However, at a discussion that evening in our mess tent, Abalakov attended and was his usual charming self; he may have wished to make up for his hard words earlier which had been recorded on film for official record.

No one was more delighted than myself when the Alpine Club elected Vitaliy Abalakov to Honorary Membership.

Nea Morin 1905-1986
Nea Barnard’s first climbs were on the Wellington Rocks on Tunbridge Wells Common: once, the screaming child had to be rescued from the top of a sandstone pinnacle by an elderly gentleman, an early lesson in the greater difficulty of climbing down. Never again did she have to call on a male for such assistance. Her father had been a parson who had lost his faith while trying to restore his wife’s. The agnostic family were not well regarded by the respectable of Tunbridge Wells, which bothered Nea and her brothers not at all—‘we were outlaws and rebels and gloried in it’. What did social disapproval matter when there was a father (a member of the Alpine Club) who offered sixpences for the first to solve some boulder problem, and when the family doctor was Claude Wilson? He encouraged Nea’s climbing ambitions, and in his house she met Raymond Bicknell, who told her he would be good for a loan if she ever needed cash for an Alpine season.

By this time, on family holidays in the Tyrol (where her guide was the future famous skier Hannes Schneider) and at Diablerets, Nea had discovered that climbing was something she could do really well. When she was 20, the two
91 Nea Morin on the Schalligrat of the Weisshorn, 1953.

92 Ivor and Dorothea Richards at a meet of the Canadian Alpine Club, Dawson City, Yukon, August 1971.
IN MEMORIAM

men with her funked the Napes Needle, and she nipped up alone. If something had been climbed, she could climb it: it never occurred to her that she might fall off.

Her first independent holiday in the Alps—saved for by working in her father's antiquarian book business—was in the Dauphiné in 1925, when with guides she traversed the Ecrins, was frustrated of the Meije, and met a shy schoolboy, Eric Shipton, who became a lifelong friend. That year she was accepted by the LAC as a graduating member: there was no doubt about full membership after her next season, when she was in Chamonix with Jo Marples. They climbed the Mummery and Ravanel, the Requin, and the Géant; there was a fateful meeting with members of the GHM, among them Jean Morin, with whom Nea did boulder problems outside the Requin hut. She was invited to visit the Morins in Paris, was charmed by their passion for music as well as mountains, and was introduced to the rocks at Fontainebleau. In return she invited GHM friends for weekends at Harrison's Rocks, a childhood picnic spot she had rediscovered as a Kentish counterpart to Bleau. At each visit more and more climbs were unearthed.

Henceforth the Alps meant the GHM, and particularly Jean and Micheline Morin. With Jean in 1927 she made the first guideless ascent of the Aiguille de Roc on the Grépon, and their partnership quickly led to their engagement and marriage in 1928. With Micheline and Alice Damesme she discovered the pleasures of the corde féminine: the three, escaping from anxious husbands and brothers, traversed the Meije in 1933 and the Blaitiere in 1934. Though she and Jean could not afford the Alps every summer, weekends at Fontainebleau kept them in trim, and in 1937 Nea had her first taste of the Dolomites with GHM friends, her initiation being the Guglia de Amicis.

In the summer of 1939 it seemed sensible that Nea with the two children—Denise, born in 1931, Ian in 1935—should stay in Tunbridge Wells with her mother, while Jean remained in Paris at the Ministry of Armaments. After the fall of France he made his way to England to join de Gaulle and—haunted by the memory of the refugees he had seen on French roads—insisted on his family moving away from invasion-threatened Kent. So Nea spent the war years in North Wales; with John Barford and Menlove Edwards she was soon attacking all the hardest routes of the day: Longland's and Curving Crack on Clogwyn du'r Arddu, and the Three Cliffs, where she pioneered the route that bears her name.

There were no more climbs with Jean: the plane in which he was returning from a special mission in 1943 was shot down. In 1947—by now President of the LAC—Nea was back in France with GHM friends at the International Meet at Chamonix, when with Micheline and two Austrians she traversed the Aiguilles du Diable. Her climbing was now very varied: there were Pinnacle Club meets—she was President of the Club in 1954—courses for beginners at Plas-y-Brenin, climbing with her own family, and still some major expeditions. Perhaps the hardest was the Pilier Sud of the Ecrins in 1955, with Denise and Georges Lambert.

Nea had already translated two French climbing books when she was asked to undertake Maurice Herzog's Annapurna. She invited me to collaborate—and
for me that was the beginning of a very happy partnership in further translations (Bernard Pierre's Nun Kun book, and Gervasutti's Climbs) and on the hills. With some of our Annapurna fee we took Bernard Perren for the Schalligrat of the Weisshorn (1953), the most entirely enjoyable grande course I have ever made. When she and Denise climbed the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon—probably the first cordee féminine, certainly the first mother-and-daughter rope to do so—I was on another rope with a peculiar guide from Courmayeur. And in 1958 she led me over the Meije—the first British feminine party—25 years after the cordee féminine of 1933. Micheline was again there, this time partnered by a French schoolboy of 18. We three were well into our fifties.

It was a privilege to climb with Nea. She was thoroughly competent on snow and ice, but on rock she was beautiful, flowing up with the apparent effortless-ness that came from knowing exactly how to use her body, how to plan the moves ahead. She inspired total confidence in her second: behind her, one could tackle climbs one had thought well beyond one's reach. She knew how good she was, but no top climber was ever less of a prima donna. She wanted to make better climbers of those she led and instructed, and gave them time and energy that could have gone to building up her own reputation.

In 1959, Emlyn Jones invited her to join his party for Ama Dablam. The walk-in was a misery, because of a recent injury to her chronically weak left knee. She played her part in establishing camps, and in the search for George Fraser and Mike Harris, but the return journey was even more painful than the outward—'it seemed as though my bones were grinding in their sockets'—and she arrived back in Kathmandu two stone lighter and with a badly damaged hip.

After that there were no more big mountains; but there was her record of them in A Woman's Reach, the book of a climber who has thought a great deal about her craft, and has analysed her own technique and temperament. After an operation on her hip she was able to climb rocks again, in Wales, Cornwall and the Dorset cliffs; but she found that mind and body were no longer in perfect harmony, and that not leading was harder for her than leading. In 1968 and 1969 she attended the Rendezvous Haute Montagne at Engelberg and Zermatt, for women climbers of many nations. In 1972 she was with the LAC Meet in the Dolomites and climbed the Sella Towers and traversed the Fünffingerspitze.

Since the war she had continued to live in Tunbridge Wells, in the family home in Church Road. After Denise's marriage to Charles Evans in 1957 she spent much time with them and their three sons at Bangor and Capel Curig. It was here that she had her stroke, in December 1981. The last years in a nursing-home were indeed sad; though she had been just able to appreciate her own election to Honorary Membership of the Club in 1981, she could not take in the news that her daughter, and climbing partner, had become the first woman President last year. Now we can look back beyond the painful last phase to the Nea of her great days: a brilliant climber and a rare person.

Janet Adam Smith
(Janet Carleton)
Michael Henry Wilson 1901-1985
Michael Wilson was one of a large Quaker family in Birmingham. The Wilson clan had their roots in Kendal and Little Langdale; a 17th century ancestor on his return from Ireland only just survived a snow blizzard on Langstrath. Michael's mother was partly from the Loweswater-Cockermouth area—Fletchers, who had, back in the 18th century, farmed Wasdale Head. Some of my own early memories were of Christmas at Wood House and of that grandmother going up Grassmoor and Great Gable and of Uncle Michael, talking about the wonderful Fell and Rock Club and about a man called Pallis who slept on Ben Nevis in a tent made (why?) of tape. Then would come—in the evening—more of Michael's conjuring or gymnastic tricks.

He was educated at Bootham and at the Royal College of Music. In the 1920s he was showing great promise as a violinist and also in other fields: as a mountaineer, in inventive photography and in stage lighting. He was a close friend of Adrian Boult and by 1929 had worked his way up to be sub-leader of the British National Opera Orchestra under John Barbirolli.

Serious climbing started in 1922 with R B Graham and R S T Chorley. There is a delightful account by Chorley in the 1922 Fell and Rock Journal of their strenuous short season with Joseph Georges (le Skieur): 'Eight Days'. They started from Arolla: first to the Bouquetins, then they traversed the Dent d'Hérens, then the Matterhorn from Breuil and then the Dent Blanche by the Viereselgrat. On the Matterhorn, after a hungry and stormy 36 hours in the hut, Chorley recounts how Joseph reconnoitred the icy tower ahead and came back to say that it would go. It was all 'icicle bedeckt', but the 'three Lakeland climbers were only too pleased to put their pride in their pockets, and pull themselves up like tourists.'

The day was one of those very clear ones which often follow a storm . . . and the view from the top which we reached after about five hours struggle was one of great panoramic magnificence—in range stretching from Tyrol to Dauphiné, from Monte Viso to the dull Mediterranean line—I swear it was—to the Oberland with its forest of snowy heights. What a rich casket . . .

. . . We were alone on that great mountain, thanks to the difficulty of the conditions, and for once the subject of almost universal interest. The telescopists of Breuil and Zermatt had to be content with our short appearance . . . Breuil indeed turned its flashing mirrors upon us and Wilson answered back by means of his binoculars. What a glorious feeling to be on top of this manacled giant . . . (1922, p 75)

One doubts whether the Breuilers got the message, but the attempt to send it was characteristic. Michael used to recall how, next day, they seriously discussed with Joseph Georges the possibility of doing the N ridge of the Dent Blanche, which was still unclimbed. What they did, however, was the Viereselgrat—a first for any Arolla guide; or so at least Joseph assured them.

Several seasons of enterprising, mainly guideless, climbing followed—in the Valais, the Oberland, Dauphiné. Much of this was in the company of Dick Graham and Basil Goodfellow. My brother, Alan, and I learnt our rock climbing from all three of them and well remember the serious fun of it all. If you watched Michael climbing or playing the violin or using tools or making corks disappear you would probably have noticed the remarkable speed and assurance of his hands. There was, somewhat mysteriously, a special kind of humour and wisdom in almost everything he said and did.
In 1929 came big changes. Michael gave up professional music and—to a large extent—mountaineering and dedicated himself thenceforward to work for mentally handicapped children. To many of his friends and relatives this seemed a very odd move. The inspiration for the change was the teaching of Rudolf Steiner and the anthroposophical movement in Germany. Michael Wilson and Fried Geuter founded the Sunfield Children’s Home in Selly Oak. Despite difficulties it prospered and grew, and eventually moved to a large house on the edge of the Clent Hills. Here a community of teachers, nurses, doctors, farmers, artists and musicians worked together, with payment only for their basic needs. To an outsider it would sometimes seem strange that the central concern of this gifted, cosmopolitan community should be to offer music, art, drama and colour to severely handicapped children—to enrich their spiritual lives. Thousands of parents, over the following 50 years, came to learn otherwise. They saw children who had seemed ‘hopeless’ enjoying beauty and friendship and a pattern of life which had seemed far beyond them. During the post-war years Michael with his wife Betty raised large sums for research and for the development of Sunfield.

Michael Wilson possessed and cultivated an exceptional range of gifts. He became an accomplished water-colour painter. He devoted much of his time in later years to research on colour—following Goethe’s theory, rather than Newton’s. Many of his findings paralleled and preceded those of Edwin Land in the United States. He contributed papers on colour to the Physical Society and later became Chairman of the, by then autonomous, Colour Group of Great Britain. His writings on colour and his translation of Rudolf Steiner’s *The Philosophy of Freedom* were marked by a lucidity and depth which is not common among the enthusiasts of new movements.

In the 1950s and 60s Michael Wilson took up rock-climbing again and then, over several years, he learnt gliding. He taught and lectured widely in the United States and Europe on colour and on anthroposophy. In Britain he came to assume the mantle of elder statesman in the movement, while gradually withdrawing from work in Sunfield Home. He would often return, with his family, to the hills of N Wales, sometimes for music, sometimes for climbing. In his 83rd year he completed—with some effort and great joy—the circuit of the Snowdon Horseshoe.

In the Prelude to his book, *What is Colour? The Goethean approach to a fundamental problem*, Michael Wilson paints a word picture of the mountains which conveys something of their beauty and of his own artist’s sensibility:

> The mountains have emerged from the night fresh and clean in the mantle of their deep violet blue, and a liquid light pours across the land calling forth colour as it goes. As the sun climbs and warms the earth, the mountain slopes disclose their form in a play of pink light and purple shadow, while beyond them the distant ranges lie serene and still, cool blue beneath the pale transparent turquoise of the rain-washed sky—a colour changing with infinite smoothness to the deep cobalt overhead. In front of us the wind-swept autumn grass and the dying bracken glow gold and orange brown in the morning light and even the outcrops of cold grey rock have joined in the scheme of things and show their sunlit faces against shadows of soft violet grey...  

Robin Hodgkin
Robert Stephen Dadson 1908-1986
I would like to contribute a word or two about my old friend Robert Dadson. From my contacts with him, I gathered that he worked at the National Physical Laboratory as a specialist on Sound and that, as a result of that, he had contacts with my own profession, medicine, in hearing matters.

But I know Robert as a mountaineer and he was a competent one, not a confident one. More competent, really, than he thought he was. Although I climbed with him both at home and abroad, he never seemed really happy unless with a guided party.

I climbed with him in the Dolomites where we did two nice routes at San Martino on the Cima Rossa and the Pala di San Martino, both of which he ascended with éclat. And many years ago we were in the Julian Alps together, where we ascended Triglav.

Robert was a great friend of the late Bryan Donkin, our sometime splendid Hon Secretary. The two of them were great continental travellers and used to motor out to all parts of the Alps year after year, where my wife and I would sometimes join them; and what good company they were! But Robert, often distrustful of himself, would leave me to go off with Bryan with whom, on one such occasion, I did a traverse of the Piz Palü and ascended the Piz Bernina.

Occasionally we would pull Robert’s leg when travelling with him because he took his car, a magnificent old Sunbeam-Talbot, rather seriously. And once we broke down on the Kirkstone Pass and while he was fiddling about under the bonnet, Bryan naughtily turned to us and said ‘now watch him give himself a shock’. But it was all good clean fun.

Those were days when we all enjoyed our trips to the Alps, even though not always doing the very big things. Robert Dadson was certainly a devotee of the alpine scene and a constant traveller therein. Many a pleasant moment have I spent with him on his summer-time alpine travels.

Charles Warren

Frederic Roy Crepin 1903-1986
Roy Crepin’s first climbs were in the Lake District with his great friend Douglas Elphinstone, who was a member of the ‘Fell and Rock’. In 1930 he made his first alpine ascent and for many years he had a spring holiday in the Lake District and a summer holiday climbing in Switzerland. He became a member of the Club in 1942.

Roy gave outstanding service to the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club during the period when it was numerically very large and relied entirely on its honorary officers to carry the burden of administration. He was one of the Joint Honorary Secretaries 1945–53, President 1954–6 and Honorary Treasurer 1957–69, making 25 years continuously in office.

Roy Crepin was a delightful companion and he will be remembered with affection by all those fortunate enough to have enjoyed his company.

Bryan Richards
Nicolas Alexander Tombazi 1894-1986
Nicolas Tombazi died early in 1986 on his 92nd birthday. He became a member of the Club in 1926, his proposer being Douglas Freshfield. He was born at the Greek Embassy in St Petersburg, but officially registered at the family’s home island of Hydra. From an early age, sightseeing and mountains in particular attracted his attention, and his first camera, a box Brownie No 2, accompanied him everywhere on his trips round the archaeological sites and mountains of Greece, many of which he had climbed by the age of 16. Two years later he joined the Greek firm of Ralli Brothers in India. For the next 30 years, photography followed his interests in life—mountaineering, big-game fishing and dog breeding—but mountaineering far outshadowed the rest, for, apart from the Himalaya, most of which he visited from end to end, every home leave was spent in the Swiss Alps. He made a number of expeditions into Sikkim and, after his 1925 trip, published privately an ‘Account of a Photographic Expedition in Sikkim’, a copy of which he presented to the Club. It was on this journey that he caught sight of a ‘yeti’, and always hoped that he would live to see the solution of the mystery.

After his return to Greece, he took up photography professionally and, for the rest of his life, toured extensively visiting scenic and archaeological sites. He amassed a collection of almost 50,000 photographs and held numerous exhibitions. He was a member of the Royal Photographic Society, Treasurer of the Photographic Society of India, and had been honoured with the distinction of Member of the Fédération Internationale de l’Art Photographique of Switzerland.

GWT (with thanks to Joanna Christopoulos)

Hans Horn Røer 1910-1986
Hans Røer joined the Alpine Club in 1960 after 25 years of walking and climbing in the mountains of Norway. He did not, apparently, climb outside Norway to any extent, but made numerous ascents of peaks such as the Romsdalshorn and Store Skagastølstind.

Røer had a super brain and, after having finished his law studies at Oslo University, he soon moved into Norwegian industry where he got several top jobs and had a very rich and satisfying life. But Røer never became a great mountaineer. He climbed for relatively few years and always concentrated so much on safety first that he preferred rather modest climbing routes and walking in the Norwegian mountains which he loved so much.

He was a first-class and charming friend, with a super personality. He was a very valuable member of Den Norske Túristforening. Røer's strong side was administration, talent and leadership, and with these qualities he served from 1958 to 1962 as President of Norsk Tindeklub. During these years he was a very valuable member of our Club, taking great care of our values, first of all in our three huts, and steering the Club, and Norwegian mountaineering, in full accordance with our best traditions.

Hans Chr Bugge
Herbert Reginald Culling Carr 1896-1986

I was surprised early last year to receive a message from Herbert Carr saying he wished to see me. We had never met before, although over the years I had received a number of letters from him: some of the early ones, to be honest, quite peppery. All that was long forgotten, and I wasted no time in making the trip to Cheltenham to visit him. He was approaching 90, and I knew from David Cox that he had already looked frighteningly old and frail the year before, when he had been guest of honour at the Helyg Diamond Jubilee celebrations in N Wales. Nevertheless, he had delivered a spirited speech and enjoyed himself so much that he made the long journey north again a month later so that he could spend his birthday at Pen-y-Gwryd.

Herbert was propped up in a chair when I arrived, several books and papers on a nearby table. The midday sun was streaming into the room and his lunch, he said, would be brought in at any minute. Had I remembered to bring some sandwiches? I had? Good. We shared a bottle of wine as we talked.

Conversation was obviously a strain; sentences would hang half-finished in the air while he regrouped his thoughts, and he wasted no time getting to the point. ‘I want you’, he said, ‘to write my obituary for the Alpine Journal’. True, I had been very curious to know why he had summoned me, but somehow this reason had not occurred to me. I protested. There were others, I said, who knew him and his climbing career far better than I.

He waved a transparent hand. ‘No matter’, he said, ‘I’ll send you what notes you need.’

So that was decided. We talked a little more over coffee; then it was time for his nap and I was shown out. It was the only time I saw him. Over the following weeks, there were a number of telephone calls and a few short notes arrived for the Carr-box he had instructed me to buy, plus an invitation to attend his 90th birthday party in July, when, to satisfy an old man’s vanity, would I mind writing a brief report for the local newspaper? Sadly, it was not to be. On 23 April, Herbert Carr died.

What, then, to do? I had been right first time: from a bald list of facts and dates, there was no way I could contrive a reasoned assessment of Carr the mountaineer, even though his name had been familiar to me for as long as I had been interested in climbing. One of the first books I discovered in my early days of enthusiasm, when each week I rapaciously scoured the library for climbing books, was The Mountains of Snowdonia, which he had written with G A Lister in 1924. It was not long, either, before I heard the story of his accident in Cwm Glas in 1925 when his companion Stanley Van Noorden was killed. Herbert was severely injured, but, with no one to raise the alarm, he lay for two days and two nights out in the open before being discovered, quite by chance, by a local shepherd. Almost 40 years later, when I began coming to Wales, Herbert’s ordeal was still one of the legendary horror stories, frequently retailed.

Later, I learned of the leading part he had played in rebuilding the Oxford University Mountaineering Club after the First World War; and how, by virtue of his success, he was promptly co-opted into the Climbers’ Club to perform a similar miracle there. One of his first acts was to discover a near-derelict cottage, Helyg, and to persuade his fellow members of its potential. It became the first club hut in Wales. Raymond Greene told of alpine adventures with
Herbert; Herbert himself related how he helped put together the first Oxford University arctic expedition—to Spitsbergen in 1922—but how he relinquished his own place on it to Noel Odell, in order to accompany his father to the Alps.

What became obvious, the more I learned, was that, whatever his climbing achievements, Herbert’s greatest gift to the mountain world was as a social ‘fixer’. He could come up with bright ideas and see them through to success on the strength of his talent for creating an atmosphere of comradeship and enthusiasm. He enjoyed organizing and was generous with his time and affections. His devotion to his family, too, was unstinted: he shared several alpine seasons with his father, who had taken up climbing in his retirement, and together they were elected to the Alpine Club in 1922. Herbert told of an epic traverse of the Matterhorn he and his father had made with the young Chamonix guide, Alfred Couttet, in 1924. Surprised by storm, he feared for his father’s safety. The old man was utterly exhausted when finally shepherded into the Solvay Hut. It was on one of the alpine meets he organised for the CC that Herbert met his future wife—Evelyn. They, too, shared many climbs together in a 58-year marriage.

Herbert’s energy persisted into old age. When he was 82 he set about editing the diaries of Andrew Irvine, who had died with Mallory on Everest in 1924 (see the review in *AJ8S*, 249, 1980).

But in 1984 Evelyn Carr died, and Herbert sank into ill-health and depression. It was then, fortuitously, that he received the invitation to take part in the Helyg celebrations. With a renewal of his characteristic vigour, he plunged into preparations and came up with the idea that a book be published to commemorate the occasion. After Herbert’s death, his daughter confirmed that this last renewing of links with the climbing world, and all the many projects and enthusiasms it engendered, contributed enormously to the happiness of his last two years. Besides reviving old friendships, he had been able to make new friends among younger climbers, and he was inspired, largely by their interest, to start on an autobiographical work *The Halcyon Days*. It covered his early climbing years, up to the time of the Cwm Glas accident, after which, he said, his beloved mountains never seemed quite so halcyon again.

Audrey Salkeld

Mary Elizabeth Solari 1914-1986
Babs Solari was a mathematician who began teaching at Barnard College and climbing with the Appalachian Mountain Club. During the War she did cryptographic work for the US Navy and she met Frank Solari when he was posted to New York. Their long and successful partnership began auspiciously with a honeymoon in the Wind River Range. Thereafter, they visited many ranges and Babs remained active in the hills until a long illness intervened.

Their Zermatt visit in 1950 introduced Babs to the Alps and the Rucksack Club—that male bastion which she impressed as much as her friends expected. Meets with the LAC and ABMSAC took her to Turkey and regularly to the Alps, whilst winter meets with the Cairngorm Club enlarged an already considerable circle of friends.
In high country she was limited by acclimatization difficulties, but with
Frank and the McArthurs she proved a resourceful traveller in an unknown
area. They filled a blank in the map of Lahoul in 1955 when they were accorded
the unusual support of a Liaison Officer complete with wife—who proved to be
a competent expedition member. A return with the McArthurs in 1958 was
abbreviated unhappily when Hamish died on a climb from the Thirot Nulla.
Treks in Kashmir were interspersed with visits to the Canadian and American
Rockies, Assiniboine, the Wind Rivers, both Mts Olympus (Washington and
Greece), New Zealand, or just the two of them in the Alps, as when they did the
High Level Route.

As an outgoing and active Club member, Babs provided one of the benefits of
LAC/AC amalgamation and reorganized the refreshments at meetings. On the
hills she will be remembered best as a good companion with imperturbable
good humour. Her observations on wide-ranging subjects and lively anecdotes
were matched happily by Frank’s unquenchable flow, but tempered by some­
what Scottish dryness. Maybe this derived from her ancestor Robert Stuart,
who made the first West to East crossing of America through 1811–12,
discovering what became the Oregon Trail.

Chelsea Polytechnic benefited from a Statistics course started by Babs in
which teaching ability and dedication to students’ progress were greatly
appreciated. She retired as Senior Lecturer in 1974 but continued to publish, as
well as giving Open University tutorials and screening examination papers.

We extend our sympathy to Frank Solari in recollection of a notably happy
and effective husband-and-wife partnership in the mountain scene.

Kenneth Pearson

Andrew Brazier 1953-1986

Andrew Brazier grew up in Bristol. A teacher at the Grammar School intro­
duced him to rock-climbing in the Avon Gorge, and by the time he left school
he knew every move on Central Buttress by heart. I met him in 1972 when we
both went up to Oxford. I read English, while he took on the more austere
discipline of Modern Greats, and I remember well one afternoon when he
dropped in to berate me for enjoying the romantic excess of Wuthering
Heights. He joined the OUMC in his first term and remained one of its most
active and enthusiastic members throughout his time at Oxford—a period
when the club was flourishing: Dave Ivory was putting up one of the hardest
routes in the Avon Gorge, Roger Everett was making early ascents of some of
the great Alpine routes like the Brouillard Right-Hand Pillar and Phil Bartlett
and Steve Parr were pioneering new routes in Baffin Island. Andy was not
climbing at quite that level, but he was regularly leading ‘extremes’, as we
reverently called the ‘E’ climbs in those days, and climbing some of the great
Chamonix classics like the Gervasutti Pillar on Mt Blanc du Tacul. In his third
year he was President of the Club and Editor of the Journal—a job which he
invested with characteristic hard work and thoroughness.

After Oxford he moved to London for a postgraduate librarian’s course at the
University. However, he decided that a librarian’s career was not for him and
switched to computer programming, where his classics training in logical
thinking was a great asset. He climbed less after Oxford, but there were spells of intense activity with the ULMC and times when he would suddenly appear after a long lay-off and surprise everyone by doing something like soloing ‘Suicide Wall’ at Ogwen. He had always been a keen photographer, and in the early 1980s he produced some extremely fine rock-climbing action photos — pictures which won prizes at the Kendal Festival and which were published, for instance, in the N Wales Limestone and Tremadoc guidebooks.

I never knew Andy very well, finding him quite shy, and I am probably not the best person to be writing this obituary. However, I was never in any doubt about the friendliness beneath the reserve and the unpretentious enthusiasm of his climbing and photography. He was also very tolerant: Roger Everett recalls an occasion in the Avon Gorge when, bringing Andy up a hard pitch, there was some misunderstanding with the ropes and he accidentally dropped Andy about 15m. Andy just climbed back up again without a word of reproach.

Andy had recently almost given up climbing and was devoting most of his free time to marathon running. No one had seen him for ages. Then one day last May he suddenly appeared at Tremadoc, fit and healthy, cheerfully saying hello to old Oxford and London acquaintances. A few weeks later he was out running and collapsed with a heart attack. It seems a cruel and unfair blow, particularly to his family, to whom our sympathies must go.

Stephen Venables

Roger Everett writes:
Andy Brazier was an important figure in the OUMC of the early to mid 70’s, a period during which the Club enjoyed considerable social and climbing success. This was in no small way due to the efforts of Andy, who was a well-liked character central to the OUMC scene. After periods of office in various committee posts, he was elected President and edited the Journal in 1974–75. In those days there was a large nucleus of keen climbers at Oxford, and Andy enjoyed being part of the group that climbed together in Scotland in winter, rock-climbed throughout the British Isles and went to the Alps in summer. He was a genuine all-round mountaineer, leading extreme in the days before ‘E’ grades, climbing grade IV ice and doing many of the classic Chamonix climbs such as the Gervasutti Pillar, the Swiss route on Les Courtes and the Route Major. He was very good-natured and not prone to the image-building from which some of us suffered in the Club. I remember one occasion when, due to excessive rope-drag, I unwittingly hauled in the rope too vigorously while he was seconding a pitch in the Avon Gorge, which resulted in him unintentionally leaving the rock. Out of sight and hearing, I finally realized that there was some weight on the rope and I let out some slack. As he was now dangling clear of the rock, I had to lower him all the way to the foot of the climb. The only criticism I received after this dreadful display of my incompetence was a cryptic note in the following year’s Journal! Andy was also an extremely good photographer, and many of his action shots have appeared in the climbing magazines. The picture on the back-cover of the most recent Tremadoc Guide is one of his, and it shows the quality of his work. He was always so fit and enthusiastic that it is hard to believe that he could die of a heart attack at such an early age.
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John Marion Hartog 1922-1986

John Hartog died suddenly of a heart attack last July in his 64th year. He will be remembered chiefly as the conceiver, organizer and leader of the British expedition which made the first ascent of the Muztagh Tower in 1956, but he also led several polar expeditions. His complex character meant that he was not an easy person to know. He could at times be engagingly good company and could show great thoughtfulness and generosity. But equally at other times he could be unnecessarily stubborn with irritatingly strong opinions. His was not an easy personality and I don’t think he made any close friends.

He was born in February 1922, the younger son of Sir Philip Hartog, the educationist and first Vice-Chancellor of Dacca University. He was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, where he read Natural Sciences. His university studies were interrupted by the war in which he served in the Indian sub-continent, reached the rank of major and was mentioned in despatches. From 1951 he worked as a senior chemist with the National Research and Development Corporation, and from 1957 until his retirement with the Atomic Energy Authority (later British Nuclear Fuels) at Warrington.

Hartog was elected to the Club in 1951, having been proposed by John Hunt with whom he had climbed in the Dauphiné and at Chamonix, and seconded by Bryan Donkin. His application form for membership of the Club is a typical record of the time: rock-climbing in England and Wales, winter climbing in Scotland, a season in Norway in 1948, climbs around Arolla, and a successful season in 1950 with the Hunts. In 1949 he led an Oxford expedition to the North-East land, Spitsbergen, whose chief purpose was to investigate a large new glacier which had formed on the south coast. The expedition was a joint one with Cambridge (led by Dr Brian Harland), although the two groups worked independently after they had been landed from HMS Cook. This expedition was followed by a larger joint Oxford and Cambridge expedition in 1951.

In 1959 came the expedition to the Muztagh Tower. For most of us at that time, because of the famous photograph by Sella, it epitomized, in the words of R L G Irving, ‘Nature’s last stronghold’. So far as I know Hartog was the first person to challenge this. He had noted that Conway, who discovered it in 1892, had thought that the SW arête appeared quite accessible, and close inspection of available photographs tended to confirm this in his mind. At any rate, Hartog put together a small and extremely strong party, consisting of lan McNaught-Davis, Joe Brown, Tom Patey and himself. It is no criticism of Hartog to say that in climbing ability he was not in the same class as the others: having conceived the idea, he had equally appreciated that it required a party of great competence; the planning and choice of route was his. Hartog and Patey reached the true summit the day after Brown and McNaught-Davis had reached the three-metre-lower W summit. It had been a great effort, and both parties had had to bivouac on the descent. Unfortunately for John his toes were severely frost-bitten. The subsequent descent must have been a nightmare, and he received great help from a French party which had coincidentally climbed the mountain by the SE ridge a few days later. John records how ‘the kindness, gentleness and care of the whole French expedition were beyond words’.

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The first ascent of the Tower was one of the most notable mountaineering achievements of the 1950s, and an outstanding example of a lightweight expedition. For John it marked the end of serious mountaineering; on his return to England he was hospitalized and in due course lost most of his toes. He nevertheless remained devoted to the mountains, and to Scotland in particular, being a frequent attender of Scottish Mountaineering Club meets. He remained a bachelor throughout his life, not I think through choice. That was a pity, because a successful marriage would, I am sure, have made for a more rounded and approachable person.

Roger Chorley

Henning Tønsberg 1907-1986

Henning Tønsberg died in May 1986. He had at that time retired after many active years, having started his professional career as a pharmacist and become a leader of one of Norway’s largest pharmaceutical companies.

His father, also named Henning Tønsberg, was one of the six founders of Norsk Tindeklub (the Norwegian Alpine Club) in 1908. He was an eminent climber and had great experience of the Norwegian mountains. Henning Tønsberg jr was brought up in close contact with the leading Norwegian mountaineers, travelling already at the age of 14 with his father and other leading Norwegian climbers to Northern Norway, where he made many fine climbs. His climbing activities lasted until just a few years before he died.

During his youth his family lived for six years in Kongsberg, west of Oslo, and there Henning grew up with the Ruud brothers, Sigmund, Birger and Asbjørn. These became some of the world’s leading ski jumpers, and Henning also soon changed his interests from hockey and soccer to skiing. He was extremely successful as a ski-jumper, being for a period equal to the Ruud brothers, and winning many large jumping contests—among them the famous Holmenkollen. He was also one of Norway’s best downhill skiers. In 1934 he won the Galdhøpigognrennet, which was the most demanding contest of its kind in Norway.

Norsk Tindeklub will remember Henning Tønsberg as a great climber. With his strength and flexibility he became one of their leading mountaineers, both in summer and winter, his playground being first of all the mountains of western Jotunheimen.

Henning was a charming man and had many friends, but not only other climbers enjoyed being in his team—he was a good friend of the people living among the Norwegian mountains. In many ways he represented a link between the locals of the high mountain valleys and the city people.

On 26 July 1926 it was 50 years since William Cecil Slingsby reached the summit of Norway’s famous mountain Store Skagastølstind. In celebrating the achievement Slingsby’s daughter, Eleanor Winthrop Young, came to Norway, and, together with Henning Tønsberg sr and jr, she climbed to the summit of ‘Storen’ and could see the cairn that her father had built in 1876. The climb was, of course, a great experience for Henning.

In 1936 Henning received the medal of Nobel achievement together with another great climber, Boye Schlytter. An aeroplane had crashed against a steep
mountain on the west coast, and the two climbers found the wreck and were able to get all the dead bodies off the steep cliff. This was a mountaineering feat and a difficult psychological experience.

Henning Tønsberg was President of Norsk Tindeklub between 1948 and 1952, during which period he was also in charge of the preparations for the successful Norwegian Tirich Mir expedition. He was later made an honorary member, and was elected to the Alpine Club in 1977.

Hans Chr Bugge

Edith Agnes Murray 1898-1986
Edith Murray was born in Glasgow in 1898, the daughter of W D Cairney, a chartered accountant. After attending Girls' Park School, she studied piano at the Royal Academy of Music in London, where she qualified as LRAM in 1919. As a young woman she started climbing with her sister Maude Cairney (obituary in LAC Journal 1940), beginning with an ascent of the Jungfrau in 1922, undertaken (in her own words) 'to see if we liked climbing'. They obviously did, and only two years later were elected members of the Ladies' Alpine Club, having that summer climbed the Rimpfischhorn, Riffelhorn (twice), Theodulhorn, Stockhorn, Besso, Monte Rosa, Zinal Rothorn (twice) and attempted the Finsteraarhorn. They also climbed the Aiguille de la Tsa by the face and, on reaching the summit, met George Murray (obituary: AJ71, 348, 1966) and his sister. Edith married 'Joe', as he was always called, the next year and they climbed the Matterhorn on their honeymoon. From then until the outbreak of war almost every year shows an energetic alpine season, and in the LAC Journal for 1974 she looks back 40 years on interesting ascents of the Dom and the Eiger, in two well-written articles.

Joe Murray had joined the Survey of Egypt in 1907 and, in 1932, was appointed Director of Desert Surveys. In a long, interesting article 'Egyptian Mountains' (AJ42, 226–235, 1930), he pointed out that 'the grand Sinai mountains, rising abruptly from sea level to over 8000ft are in Egyptian territory, while an equally fine chain . . . forms the watershed between the Nile and the Red Sea'. He had been climbing these mountains for years and now, with Edith as his companion, tackled them again, making a number of first ascents. Her first article, 'Six Weeks' Wanderings in the Wilderness', in the LAC Journal 1930, was illustrated by her own photographs; she was an excellent photographer. Many of her expeditions read like holiday outings, for they took their dogs (shod in special boots when the going got rough), and the music of Bach and Scarlatti echoed over the desert from her dulcitone. For her share in her husband's work she was later awarded a life fellowship of the RGS.

During the war, Edith was for a time in King Farouk's household, teaching his daughters the piano; she then moved to the Censorship Department and, finally, on to the staff of the Higher Institute of Music in Cairo. But, in 1951, political upheavals forced their departure from Egypt, and they retired to Scotland, to Rimhan, the house on Deeside which was to be their home for the rest of their lives. Edith took a post as music teacher at Aberdeen High School for Girls, and after retirement never lacked private pupils. The Murrays
continued to enjoy climbing, in the Alps as well as in Scotland, Joe having 75 Munros to his credit when he was over 70. Her husband died in 1966, but Edith was a great walker to the end of her days.

As a partnership, and as individuals, Edith and Joe Murray were beloved wherever they went, giving as much to life as they took from it, and more.

GWT

Alan Paul Rouse 1951-1986
On the 11th day of August 1986 Al Rouse died on the descent from the summit of K2. When news of it broke, hundreds of people around the world who knew Al paused at their work and thought fondly of the good times they had spent in his company.

For eight or nine years Al’s life and my life were deeply entwined as we wended our way through the growing-up process of climbing. And in that time a love and understanding grew between us so that at times we seemed to be able to read each other’s minds.

Predictably enough, it was at the Padarn in Llanberis that I first met Al, propped up against the bar, long hair and orange loons. He was on a flying visit from Liverpool and he had a ‘plan’ for a new route. Our day on Cloggy is as clear to me today as it was then—Octo—Aries—a failed attempt on the new route, then on to do E Gully Wall Direct and finally W Buttress Eliminate. Instantaneously a deep friendship welled up, intuitive knowledge of strengths and weaknesses revealed. For years after that first day I was afraid to climb on Cloggy, lest subsequent visits might tarnish the glorious memory of that day.

Al was brought up in the Wirral; a scholarship took him to Wallasey Grammar where he excelled and further scholarship took him on to Emmanuel College Cambridge to study Pure Maths. His climbing started whilst still at school on the Breck, a sandstone wall but a stone’s throw from his house. Here he found an outlet for his adventurous nature and also a sport at which he could excel. Pete Minks and Brian Molyneaux took him under their wing where his climbing skills and ability grew, in spite of their beer-swilling excesses.

Al’s natural flair and drive gave him early ascents of Wee Doris, Our Father and the Beatnik at Helsby and the first ascent of the wonderful Positron on Anglesey. Minks and Phillips gave him soloing which he pursued audaciously till he was caught on the hop on the S face of the Fou, and ended up with a broken ankle.

Minks introduced Al to the Alps, and here Al was in his spiritual home. Chamonix kindled a flame in Al, and it was here he wanted to live. The secrets of the mountains could be found in the Alps and in Chamonix, the close company of friends in the bars and the cafés. Al loved it here and made friends readily, friendships which could last over a year of neglect, yet be rekindled over a glass of wine in the Bar Nac or a brew on Snell’s Field. Mick Geddes gave Al Scotland: the subtlety and desperation of Ben Nevis in winter, long weekend hitches from Cambridge to Fort William, and the thought of a long difficult day on the hill in winter brought a particular gleam to Al’s eye.

Al Rouse gave me the world to climb in.
Alan Rouse leading on Lobsang Spire in bad weather.

Photo: A.D. Parkin
In 1972, after an excellent season in the Alps, Al convinced me that we should conquer Yosemite. It was now that I discovered the finer details of Al’s organizational skills. Over breakfast, on the day of departure, he drew from his pocket a tatty piece of paper covered all over with his spidery writing and a myriad of long multiplication sums. Heading the paper in bold capitals and underlined to ensure its importance: Things to Do

1) Get gear from Brighams 8.55
2) Opticians, get eyes tested and new glasses 9.10
3) Banks and organize travellers’ cheques 9.30
4) Pack gear 10.00
5) Train to London 11.20

Needless to say, Brighams didn’t open till 9.30, we had a brew, then a butty, the optician was forgotten, the banking never mentioned, but we did get to Yosemite.

From then on the trip abroad was an annual event, with Al generally choosing the venue. A disastrous trip to Patagonia, where we almost failed to reach the mountains, was followed in ’74 by a winter season in Chamonix with Brian Hall, John Whittle and a cast of thousands. Al was in his element: posh apartment in Argentière (not so posh when we left it), skiing on the doorstep, parties almost every night and the new experience of alpine winter climbing. The irony of making a two-day ascent of a certain col in the Argentière basin, only for someone to ski down it in 20 minutes several years later. But also the first ascent of the N face of the Pélérins, which has since become a winter classic.

I once remember chatting to Al and saying how glad I was that we were lucky enough to go to places like Yosemite, the Alps in winter, before the masses got there: what I failed to realize then was that it was Al’s vision that took us to those places, not luck.

The heady summers of ’75 and ’76 brought with them endless sunny days, routes on Cloggy, Sheard’s transit van and parties at Harris’s, the Piranha Club with its twin mottoes so close to Al’s heart: ‘Never let the truth get in the way of a good story’ and ‘More than enough is quite sufficient’. At the end of ’76, the Burgesses, Brian Hall, John Whittle, Al and myself all set off on our Super Trip to S America. This was the best trip ever: plenty of climbing, lots of close friends and new places to visit.

Memories flood back: Christmas at Piedra del Fraile, success on Poincenot, but yet another failure on the W face of Fitzroy with Al. The Paine in the pouring rain, La Paz Hotel, and the saga of Al’s boots stolen. Then the Cordillera Huayhuash in Peru and Al banning all conversation of pubs lest we become too homesick and have to leave before all the routes had been done; finally Rondoy and fear and complete trust in each other’s capabilities.

And so to the Himalaya, it had to be the next step: Jannu alpine-style with Roger Baxter-Jones and Brian was a long, hard, exhausting climb and perhaps verging on the necky.

Finally, ’79 on Kang Taiga, tearfully realizing that Al and I had at last come to the end of the line in the mountains. Al’s ambition led him on, mine to compromise. Perhaps we had been together too close, too long. Sorrowfully we
parted—Al’s path led him on to Nuptse and Everest, mine to Kunjung and the plains of Nepal.

We remained friends after that, but never climbed together again.

Al asked me to go on K2 with them this year; I turned it down and he added, almost as a postscript (and thinking of his imminent fatherhood) that he would probably be joining us next spring for our family weekends away—I was looking forward to that. Don’t anybody leave here sad—Al wouldn’t have wanted that: but just, when you are sat down in a pub or round a camp-fire, remember the good times you had together and smile at the memory.

Thank you.

Rab Carrington
(Address given at the memorial service for Al Rouse)

Ian Malcolm Haig 1941-1986
I first met Ian Haig on an Easter weekend meet to Arran in 1969. We were both mountaineering novices—Ian was really an absolute beginner at this stage, although his knowledge from reading the subject and eloquence would almost make one imagine he had experience already. He and I got on well together and we were soon planning a holiday in the Pennine Alps for the summer, Ian’s first season and my first as leader. This tour was a great success—the weather helped us—and about a dozen classic peaks were ascended by the ordinary routes. It was followed every summer by others in the same style, with various people.

Ian was interested in politics and was already quite active in the Labour Party at this time. He had further ambitions and in 1974 he was the candidate for South Oxfordshire, Michael Heseltine’s constituency. His deep commitment to socialism kindled my own interest, and political issues were a frequent topic for discussion between us.

Ian had started his working career as a physics teacher, though when we first met I remember that he was already considering a new challenge. When he asked me what I thought, I encouraged him to go ahead. Shortly after this he became the first executive secretary of the World Development Movement, a pressure group campaigning for equitable development of the third world. Under Ian’s leadership this group came to play a significant role in bringing this fundamental issue more to the fore in the public consciousness. From 1975 onwards he worked for the Commission for Racial Equality—first at Redbridge, then at Hackney in the East End. To most people, working in one of the poorest parts of London with racial minorities under constant threat of attack would probably seem soul-destroying. However, Ian enjoyed this challenge, at least most of the time, and devoted almost all his resources to it. His life often seemed chaotic, with very little time spent on ordinary personal affairs.

There was one great exception to his intense work activities. Each summer a full month or longer was spent in the mountains. Since 1979 this would be trekking in the Himalaya, including some quite ambitious treks. The two of us went together to Garhwal in 1979, but not since then. Ian came to love these mountains and, if he couldn’t find people to go with, he would go alone with a
local guide. The main thing was to go. His last journey in August 1986 to the Karakoram was such an expedition, in which he aimed to cross the Khurdopin col. It ended tragically on the descent after crossing the col—a slip combined with illness disorientated the tiny party. Ian remained in his tent hoping to be rescued, but an avalanche killed him nine days later on the same spot.

Paul Krebs

Cecil Raymond Nicholls 1911-1986

Cecil Raymond Nicholls (or Charles, as he was known to his friends) was a regular officer in the Royal Engineers who entered the Corps with a civil engineering qualification, having graduated at Birmingham University. He began rock-climbing while in his teens, and soon became a member of the Midland Association of Mountaineers. In the mid-1930s he began his alpine career, and in 1935 was among those in Zermatt who were under scrutiny by Frank Smythe for inclusion in the team for the 1936 Everest expedition. Among the climbs he did in that summer were the Dent Blanche by the Viereselsgrat, the traverse from the Margherita hut on Monte Rosa to Zermatt by the Liskamm, Castor, Pollux and the Breithorn, the Swiss-Italian traverse of the Matterhorn, the Mönch by the Nollen, and the Jungfrau which he descended by the Guggi route. Though already a competent climber and an ideal member of any climbing party through his quiet imperturbability, cheerfulness and helpfulness, he was not chosen for the Everest expedition. Probably he was considered to be still too inexperienced.

In 1937 he was in Chamonix, and there he suffered the injury which was soon to put an all too early end to his climbing career. He was one of a party of five traversing the Drus when, at a place on the Grand Dru called 'La Pendule', a holdless slab which was crossed with the aid of a piton, he fell and dislocated his shoulder. Fortunately there were two doctors in the party and his shoulder was quickly put back. As it was still early in the day the rest of the party climbed to the top of the Grand Dru and returned to get him down the mountain, an operation greatly assisted by Charles's uncomplaining fortitude in spite of the considerable pain he must have been enduring.

Next year he was climbing again in the Alps and did the Rochefort ridge, the frontier ridge of Mont Blanc, and the descent of the Brenva ridge.

In 1938 he was elected to the Alpine Club, and in early 1940 he temporarily resigned his captaincy in the Royal Engineers to become a sergeant in the Fifth Scots Guards, a skiing unit destined for Scandinavia which never got there, owing to the swift occupation of Norway by the Germans. It was at this time that he put his shoulder out again when an Army truck which he was mounting suddenly started off, and thereafter his sporting activities were devoted mainly to mountain walking, shooting and fishing.

During the war Charles commanded a Field Company in northern Europe after D-day, and his subsequent career in the Army took him, among other places, to Quetta and Malaya and to Gibraltar, where he was Chief Engineer. He leaves a widow and a son.

Ashley Greenwood
Dorothea Richards 1894-1986

Dorothea Richards's love-affair with the mountains started in her teens, with a reading of A E W Mason's *Running Water*; and after a family holiday in North Wales, culminating in an ascent of Snowdon, she knew that her greatest pleasure in life was to be among the hills. And so, when long after they could be climbed in memory only, 'my own fanatic passion' still burned bright.

Dorothy Pilley was born in 1894, daughter of an industrial chemist. She early made it clear that her energies and ambitions were not to be confined by the conventions of a comfortable middle-class home in Blackheath. She did various kinds of war-work, then turned to journalism, first as a reporter for the *Daily Express* (resigning in 1922 after a clash over the paper's line on the Irish troubles), then as a free-lance. She had scant formal education; her university, she said, was the Cliffs of Wales. There—in thick tweed knickerbockers, under a full tweed skirt put in the sack at the foot of the climb—she learned to test and stretch herself, to face danger and discomfort; and there she made friendships that lasted a lifetime. In 1917 and 1918 with Herbert Carr, R A Frazer, I A Richards (and his spaniel Sancho Panza), C F Holland and others, she explored Tryfan, Lliwedd, the Devil's Kitchen, Cwm Idwal—and was one of the first party up Holly Tree Wall. Then came the Lakes (with Eagle's Nest Direct) and the Cuillin (a new climb on the West Wall of the Cioch); and in 1920 her first Alpine season, under the wing of the Carr family. Ascents of Charmoz, Grépon (in a snowstorm), Géant, the traverse of the Drus, led to membership of the LAC (because of the last war years, one alpine season backed by a notable list of British climbs was enough to qualify). These climbs were guided; she had also led the Aiguille de l’M and the Petit Charmoz. Her conviction that women must learn to lead if they were to become true mountaineers led her and like-minded friends—Pat Kelly, Len Winthrop Young, Lilian Bray, the three Wells sisters—to form the Pinnacle Club in 1921; for 20 years she edited the Club's Journal. Her second alpine season started with a guideless party of women at Saas Fee, who traversed the Egginnergrat and the Portjengrat. Then came the Zmutt Ridge of the Matterhorn, climbs round Arolla with I A Richards, and their fortunate meeting with Joseph Georges *le Skieur*: a guide whose enthusiasm matched their own. This happy partnership over many years included the second ascent of the NE ridge of the Jungfrau (1923), the N ridge of the Grivola (1924, where Joseph cut steps for six hours) and—a long-cherished ambition—the first ascent of the N ridge of the Dent Blanche (1928). This was perhaps the high point of her climbing career, and it is fittingly the climax of her splendid *Climbing Days*. There, helped by the diaries which she kept from girlhood till her death, she recorded, along with the rocks and ridges, summits gained and new routes made, the climber's sensations and emotions: the miseries, discomforts and apprehensions, as well as the exhilarations and delights. Lively, laced with apt quotations (IAR helping?), *Climbing Days* remains one of the very best of mountain books.

Two years before the Dent Blanche climb, Dorothy Pilley had become Dorothea Richards. She had been in Canada, IAR in the States; they met again and married, improbably in Honolulu. Henceforth, with Ivor's appointments
at Peking (1929 and 1936–8) and at Harvard (from 1939), they spent most of their days outside Europe. Wherever they went they found something to climb—the Great Wall of China, the peaks of Yunnan, the Japanese Alps, the Diamond Mountains of Korea, the Selkirs and Bugaboos of the Canadian Rockies—where, in the war, Ivor did some training of commando troops. Whenever possible, they were back in the Alps in the summer—always preferring to cross a peak or pass and come down into another valley, always ingenious at finding good climbs that the crowd had passed by.

In their Harvard years they were off to the White Mountains most weekends—snow-shoeing and ‘lighting fires in snow’ as Ivor described in a poem of that title. At the end of one such weekend in 1958 they were involved in a car crash which left Dorothea with a badly damaged hip. Lameness severely restricted her mountain activity, but by no means ended it. Télétériques and chair-lifts helped with high-level walks in the Alps and hut-to-hut wanderings in Austria; a donkey and driver made possible a camping holiday in Peru; a helicopter took the Richards to the Cabane Rossier in 1966 to celebrate the centenary of the ascent of the Dent Blanche (and correct some myths about their N ridge ascent!); a snow-mobile on the lower slopes allowed Dorothea to climb Mount Hood in Oregon in 1968, her last big mountain.

In 1974 the Richards moved back from the American Cambridge to the English, and were soon again in the swim of Alpine Club affairs. After the merger with the LAC Dorothea became the first woman Vice-President of the Club, in 1975. After Ivor died in 1979—taken ill during a heroic educational mission to China at the age of 86—Dorothea gave £4000 in his memory to the Alpine Club Library. She loved the meetings and dinners, the sociabilities of club life—at the Alpine, Fell and Rock, Pinnacle—and was a tireless recruiting sergeant for them. She was avid for the latest climbing news, as eager to hear of the doings of her contemporaries’ children and grandchildren as to recall her own golden days.

After IAR’s death she lived on in the house which Magdalene College had made available for them, next to the Fellows’ Garden, and looking down to the Cam. There she welcomed friends, and sallied forth to lectures, concerts, plays, exhibitions, dinners—‘an excuse for a splendid party was irresistible’, as Henry Chadwick said at her funeral. She resented growing old, and worried her friends by behaving as if she were not: trains and buses when she could well afford taxis, rucksack for her luggage, a liking for very late nights, a reluctance to abandon ‘my gipsy ways’. It was no use arguing with her on grounds of comfort, common-sense—or the convenience of others. Like her friend T S Eliot’s Rum-Tum Tugger she would do as she did do, ‘and there’s no doing anything about it’.

‘I never guessed age might keep me sur place’ she complained to me in 1984, after poor health forced her to cancel her cherished annual holiday in New England. But it didn’t! In the early 20s she and Ivor had seen the New Year in on the top of Snowdon. In 1986 she saw in her last New Year at the climbers’ hut in Glen Brittle where she sat up happily with a party of Scottish climbers till 3am, drinking whisky and talking mountains. In June she joined in the celebration of the centenary of Haskett-Smith’s ascent of the Needle. One
climber remembers her holding court in front of the Wastwater Hotel, arrestingly handsome in a green dress of Chinese silk, black hair centre-parted like raven's wings, youthfully alert despite her sticks. My last sight of her was on the afternoon of Prince Andrew's wedding which (despite her disapproval of TV) she had watched on a friend's set. What she'd most enjoyed were the shots at the Palace: 'You know that Victoria Memorial in front of it—I climbed it on Armistice Day in 1918 with the help of a soldier and a sailor'. There was no one like her.

Let IAR's lines be her epitaph, written to cheer her after the hip accident, recalling a late descent from the Epicoun:

'Leaping crevasses in the dark,
That's how to live!' you said

Janet Adam Smith (Janet Carleton)

Katharine, Lady Chorley 1898-1986

Katharine's place in the climbing world is set in the right perspective when we remember that she was offered the FRCC Presidency in 1958—28 years before the FRCC or the AC elected their first woman President. The FRCC chose her to open their first hut, Brackenclose, in 1937, and she and Len Winthrop Young were joint guests of the FRCC in 1980, as representatives of pioneering families in mountaineering. Katharine met her husband Theo through the FRCC, and her marriage in 1925 strengthened her devotion to the Lake District and to mountaineering. She was elected President of the LAC and Vice President of the FRCC in 1953, and Theo was President of the BMC and Roger of the CUMC in the same year. She was Editor of the FRCC Journal, 1928–32 and 1942–45. She and Theo between them edited the Journal for 18 years.

Katharine served as a VAD in the First World War and afterwards worked as her father's secretary and later for the Liberal Party. She had two special ambitions, to learn to write English prose and to become a good mountaineer. With typical modesty she felt unsure of achieving them, but she did so, triumphantly. As Katharine Hopkinson she was born into a dedicated and distinguished mountaineering family, related to the Slingsbys and a close neighbour and friend of the Pilkingtons. The friendship with the Pilkingtons began when Katharine's father and uncles carried Lawrence Pilkington (one of the first guideless parties to climb the Meije) down to Wasdale Head after an accident in Piers Ghyll. This ideal background was shadowed by a family tragedy, when her uncle John Hopkinson with one son and two daughters was killed on the Petite Dent de Veisivi in 1898. Her father never climbed seriously again, and Katharine found that the tragedy marked her generation too. But she enjoyed and led good climbs in the Lakes, the Alps and Norway. Sid Cross describes her as 'a very strong mountaineer' and mentions how, with her children Gillian and Patrick, 'she walked round Mont Blanc after the war, long before the days of a guidebook to the walk'—it had been described in an 1886 Baedeker. Articles about her climbs include a delightful description of Pike's Crag on a rare holiday in 1941, and an ascent of the Whymper Couloir on the Aiguille Verte. In 1935 Katharine and Theo, with Dorothea and Ivor Richards, the Bowdens and Paul Sinker did a glacier tour of the Ötztal. Katharine in her
obituary of Ivor recalls that trip and the happy evenings of wide ranging ‘real talk’ in Austrian huts. It must have been a splendid party.

In ‘Manchester Made Them’, an account of her early life, and in ‘Hills and Highways’ Katharine shows a gift for the precise and striking phrase that reminds me of another north country writer and mountaineer, C E Montague. She shared his fascination with the shape of the country, dodging happily from an eagle’s eye view to the ground beneath your boot. She edited a pamphlet, ‘Lakeland—a Playground for Britain’, and was a strong supporter of the establishment of the Lake District National Park. Other books were *Armies and the Art of Revolution* and a biography of Arthur Hugh Clough.

Katharine had the satisfaction of seeing her son Roger continue the family tradition with notable climbs in Britain, the Alps and Himalaya, and become President of the AC in 1983. She visited the Lakes with Ann in 1986, did some walks and was delighted to find that the country she felt half her home—she spent the war years there—had not lost its magic for her.

Katharine shared with Dorothea Richards a memorial meeting of their friends at the Alpine Club. They also shared an indestructible quality. Their commitment to the world of mountains and mountaineering, and their wide interests and sympathies, were undefeated by age and illness, and continued to enrich their clubs and friends.

*Margaret Darvall*

**Herbert Kent Hartley 1908-1986**

Herbert Hartley was early attracted to his native Pennine moors and crags where he was an active climber by the age of 13. Two years later he made his first, modest, guided alpine climb from Grindelwald where he returned in ’25 and ’27. While a student at Manchester University he was a founder-member of the MUMC (of which he became successively Editor and President), and joined forces with fellow-student Maurice Linnell in many rock-climbs at home and in his first guideless alpine season in 1929, when he led six major climbs in the Chamonix Aiguilles. He returned to the Aiguilles in 1930 and led G S Bower and H S Gross in further major climbs. Family and professional commitments and the war kept him from the Alps (but not from British rock) until his first visit to Zermatt in 1949, where he climbed the Rothorn by the Rothorngrat, Matterhorn by the Zmuttgrat and Allalinhorn. Successive summers saw him in the Valais, Tyrol, Norway and Graians, sometimes leading his wife, daughter and son on standard climbs on major peaks. With the death of his wife and retirement from work his energies took him to wider horizons, and in 1974 at the age of 66 he made the first of several extended post-monsoon treks in Nepal with one or two companions and with but a single Sherpa. He crossed Tilman’s Col and climbed a peak on the shoulder of Machapuchare. He also climbed in the Atlas, the Southern Alps in New Zealand including Malte Brun, and the Tetons and Wind River Range in Wyoming. His long-held ambition to visit the Karakoram led to him joining the AC Meet in 1985, but sickness forced him to leave the main party and make more modest expeditions from Gilgit. He was deeply disappointed and felt frustrated that he had not been able to get to the Concordia, but it was evident that age (now 77) was telling and that he was
93 Herbert Hartley (Stowaledale Meet 1977).
slowing and needed help. It is remarkable that he was able to do so much so late in life.

But it is not for his climbing alone that he should be remembered. One of the gifted band that Fred Pigott drafted with such distinction into the Mountain Rescue Committee, for 30 years he made, annually, statistical analyses of all mountain rescues in Britain and of the events and circumstances that necessitated the rescues. For 25 years he was Joint Hon Secretary of the MRC. Characteristically, his service to the MRC was unstinted, highly competent and entirely without personal publicity.

He was President of the Rucksack Club, 1954–55.

Professionally he was a distinguished industrial chemist. He introduced polyurethane to this country and spent most of his working life in developing its manufacture and use in many forms; in 1977 he was awarded a Gold Medal of the Plastics and Rubber Institute. During the past war he developed and manufactured the adhesive used on the ‘sticky bomb’, for which he received an inventor’s award at the end of the war.

His personal qualities were of the highest. Able to converse on many subjects, he knew when to appreciate silence. Under intolerable weather conditions he never lost his head or temper. His natural courtesy avoided offence when his intellect forced him to disagree with others. On rock he was determined with an elegant, almost dainty, technique which served him well on the gritstone climbs that he pioneered.

He is survived by a son and a daughter to whom we extend our sympathy.

Frank Solari

David William Robbins 1946-1986

Dave succeeded on the first ascent of the Shimshal Weisshorn in North Pakistan, at the end of August last year. After four days of climbing in a bold lightweight style with Chris Clark, Paul Allison, Paul Metcalfe, and John Burslem, they reached the summit of this unclimbed mountain (6400m) by its N face. A great achievement and so much in tune with current trends in Himalayan climbing. Tragically, during the descent, with the view of the glacier and safety in sight, an abseil anchor failed, Dave and also Chris fell about 200m. Dave was killed instantly. Miraculously, Chris survived this fall, although seriously injured.

How can I start to explain how Dave really was? How can I portray his enthusiasm for mountaineering and the experiences, both on and off the routes, that I have shared with Dave over more than 20 years? I first met Dave at Manchester University as an undergraduate contemporary in 1964. In the very active environment of the Manchester University Mountaineering Club, our abilities and also ambitions developed quite rapidly. Although I only climbed with Dave occasionally at that time, David was widely known as a person of amazing wit and talent as a raconteur. Had there been a University Trophy for ‘Raconteur Personship’, he would have undoubtedly won it by a large margin! It was in the 1970s that my major climbing trips with Dave really started.

Dave’s main climbing interests were of a mountaineering nature. It was on snow and ice in Scotland, and particularly in the Alps, that he was really at
On his first alpine season in 1965, he managed an ascent of the S ridge of the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey, and then rapidly developed into a very competent alpinist. It was in the early 1970s that I started to climb with Dave (and often with John Burslem) on quite a regular basis, in Scotland in winter and particularly in the Alps.

I have shared some of my most memorable climbing experiences with Dave. Bivouacked high on the Lauper Route on the Eiger in 1975 in a most appalling storm, when things really didn’t look good, Dave still had a few words that encapsulated the worst outcomes, but also raised the hopes of getting to the top the following day. I am sure that quiet encouragement enabled us to leech strength from that appalling situation and to finish the route. In more favourable conditions, we managed a good number of routes, the first British ascent of the Welzenbach Route on the Zermatt Breithorn and the Cordier Pillar on the W face of the Aiguille des Grands Charmoz, to mention just two. David was a master of the anecdote, and his humour entertained John Burslem and me during five alpine seasons, both on and off the routes. He was an enthusiastic member of the Alpine Climbing Group, and had climbed widely over all the Alps. In Scotland in winter, one of David’s favourite areas, he had made ascents of the modern classics, such as Zero Gully, Point-Five Gully and Hadrian’s Wall.

Dave’s deep love and excitement for climbing were so obvious from a letter I received from him early in 1976. ‘Do you fancy doing the Route Major on Mont Blanc this winter?’ With no winter alpine experience at that time, I could only agree—trusting that Dave’s expertise and enthusiasm would see us through; it certainly did. Although weather prevented a serious attempt at the Major, we did two nice routes, the N face of the Tour Ronde and the Gervasutti Couloir on Mont Blanc du Tacul (modest climbs by today’s standards, of course), but a good taste of winter alpinism. I feel indebted to Dave’s inspiration for that trip; it formed the basis for my more recent climbing around Chamonix in winter.

David’s Himalayan climbing track-record was quite impressive. Back in 1969, he was making an attempt on Thui 11 in the Hindu Kush, and then succeeded on the first ascent of Pupherash in Pakistan in 1977. In 1980, I climbed with Dave on Sickle Moon in the Kishtwar in India. He had an intuitive eye for a line on complex snow and ice-faces. Within an hour or so of arriving at Advance Base Camp, Dave had chosen the line to climb. It took the rest of us a day or so to see the strength of that vision. Bad weather prevented us from reaching the summit, but it was a very valuable introduction to Himalayan climbing for me.

David had a varied and successful academic career. From a background of a doctorate in Chemistry, he developed his work to the sociology of science, and from 1977 he was a Lecturer in Sociology at the University College of Aberystwyth. He developed a new circle of climbing friends around the University Mountaineering Club, of which he was President from 1984–86. It was with the expedition of mainly Aberystwyth friends that Dave met such a tragic death on the Shimshal Weisshorn.

I have lost a very close friend with whom I have shared so many wonderful experiences. We cannot start to understand the grief felt by Suzie Adams with...
whom David lived. Their house in the hills behind Tal-y-Bont reflected so much of David's deep love for the mountains. We shall miss you.

Alistair Morgan

John L J Hart
A brief note should be made of the death last year of John Hart in California at the age of 81. Hart was a former civic leader of Denver, Colorado, and a prominent attorney and mountaineer. He joined the Alpine Club originally in 1930 and, after a break in membership, again in 1955, but had resigned within the past two years. He was President of the American Alpine Club from 1970 to 1973, during which period he negotiated with the Russians for permission for American expeditions to climb in the USSR. From this period on, he travelled extensively in Russia with his wife to further mountaineering interests and increase understanding between the two countries. In his early years, he climbed a great deal in Colorado and the Alps.

(With thanks for information from Bruce T Buell)