
In Memoriam

COMPILED BY GEOFFREY TEMPLEMAN

The Alpine Club Obituary	<i>Year of Election</i>
Dudley Frederick Oliphant Dangar	1931 (Hon 1969)
Anna Roelfsema	LAC 1938 (Hon 1970)
James Pringle Hope Hirst	1949
George McLaggan McGillivray	1962
Henry Norman Fairfield	1945
Andrew Fanshawe	ACG 1987
Tom Luis Sancha	1990
Arnold Alfred Galloway	1934
Sir William McEwan Younger	1927
Charles Eric Arnison	1943
Joyce Lancaster-Jones	LAC 1946
John Bryden Harrison	1938
Charles Selby Tilly	1944
Victor Wilkinson Dix	1940
Philip Mitchell	Asp 1992
John Bernard Meldrum	1922 (Hon 1985)
Cedric Roger Allen	1965
Mark Gambrell Miller	ACG 1989
William Leggatt Robinson	1977
Christopher Percival Baskin Briggs	1986
Theodore Nicholson	1960
John Martin Kretschmer	1957

The In Memoriam list is, regrettably, a long one again this year, the Club having lost 22 members. Whilst the majority survived to a good age – in the case of John Meldrum a very good age – there were a few tragic cases where so much was still to be achieved, and one thinks especially of Andy Fanshawe, Philip Mitchell and Mark Miller.

In a number of cases, deaths occurred too late in the previous year for obituaries to be prepared, and I am therefore pleased to be able to include tributes to John Longland, Michael Vyvyan and Stuart Hutchinson, all of whom died in 1991. I am also happy to include an appreciation of Wanda Rutkiewicz who, whilst not an AC member, was well known to many of us.

John Henderson Longland 1936–1991

John Longland's death from a brain tumour at the age of 55 on 24 December 1991 was the more poignant for the contrast between his latter life dogged by ill-health and adversity and the exceptional achievements of his early years. As the elder son of an illustrious father, John might have succumbed to the psychological handicaps sometimes attributed to that relationship. Jack and John shared many mountain adventures together but John's achievements were entirely his own and he remained quintessentially his own man. His character was complex, combining the combativeness of an alpine pugilist with an incisive intellectualism and artistic bent. He could be abrasively caustic and this, compounded by an iconoclastic insouciance, sometimes created *mauvais pas* which more guileful men might have avoided. But those who knew him admired his courage, leadership and imperturbability. More particularly we loved him for his humour, exuberance and easy gift of friendship.

Born on 21 May 1936, John was educated at the Dragon School (of fond memory) and Oundle before going up to Jesus College, Cambridge in October 1954. In this traditional and unhurried atmosphere, the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club fermented with growing confidence. Led by a line of distinguished presidents – Brasher, Smith, Band, Chorley, Sutton, Langmuir and Downes – it had become the vogue to emulate Brown and Whillans and have a go at modern alpine routes. The Club's success was reflected in its membership. In 1951 this stood at 57. Six years later, when John succeeded Bob Downes as president in 1957, it had risen to 170 – a record to that date.

John arrived on this scene as a *wunderkind* with an impeccable climbing lineage. Unconcerned with age or reputation, he already knew and was known to everyone in the climbing world. His first roped climb had been at six. At eleven he was doing routes on Lliwedd with Alf Bridge and David Cox. As an 18-year-old still to do National Service he exuded competence and confidence; was a Climbers' Club member and had twice explored Iceland in 1953 and 1954 – in the latter year with a party of five other school leavers sponsored by the National Research Council to survey Thorisjokull's glaciers.

For climbing novitiates such as myself, the event of the CUMC Helyg meet in December 1954 was Longland's pre-dawn prologue on that first wintry morning – a dip in the Nant Yr Ogof when he literally broke the ice. Bumptious perhaps but not braggadoccio for John was ever an addict of the mountain plunge at all seasons. That first novice meet he led with tact, skill and patience for he was always a sympathetic mentor happy to climb with anyone. His mountaineering credo was stated in 'The New Order' (CUMCJ 1956) in which he exhorted the young to 'find respect and gratitude for the history and traditions which surround this cliff (Lliwedd) for they are closely interwoven with us linking our predecessors and ourselves – the ways of the mountaineer'.

At Cambridge, John had a voracious climbing appetite. In the two years 1954 to 1955 alone, he recorded over 300 climbs in Britain from Bosigran to Ben Nevis with over 50 different companions. But he was first and foremost a

mountaineer who combined an elegant and economical climbing technique with the explorer's curiosity. For many undergraduates, two years of National Service had tapped springs of adventure in what was still a relatively untravelled world. The 1950s were, par excellence, the age of the university expedition. Of these, the Cambridge Pumasillo expedition 1957, led jointly by John and Simon Clarke (his CUMC successor president) was one of the most ambitious of its time. What distinguished the Cambridge Pumasillo from the 1954 Cambridge Rakaposhi and 1957 Oxford Haramosh expeditions was that Pumasillo, with an average age of 21, had no elder statesmen on board. At 20,300ft in the Cordillera Vilcambamba, Pumasillo was reckoned to be the highest virgin peak outside Asia. It had resisted several previous attempts – including that of the 1956 British Huagaruncho expedition. Its ascent by the Cambridge party was an exceptional achievement – lightly recorded in John's cable to the expedition's patron John Hunt 'All up, all down, all well. Pumasillo'.

With Pumasillo climbed, John had reached a summit of personal achievement at 21. In that same year he was elected to the Alpine Club. But while other members of the expedition returned home, John had fallen to the lure of South America and was to stay on in Peru for another two years. At Cambridge he had read Natural Sciences intending to become a doctor. Now he turned to freelance journalism with the *Andean Times*, taught English and, with his gift of tongues, became fluent in Spanish.

In 1958 John undertook a second Andean expedition to the Cordillera Blanca. His star was still in the ascendant on returning to England in 1959 when he became Senior Under Officer at Mons. During his National Service with the Royal Corps of Signals he spent much time training men in Norway. He might have stayed a soldier but instead joined Lever Brothers for whom he worked from 1962 to 1978 including six years spent in Bogota, Columbia. But his golden climbing years had been in the 1950s. Although he remained active on British crags and made an exceptional contribution to the Climbers' Club as assistant secretary, secretary, treasurer and vice-president (eventually, to become like his father, an honorary member) he effectively denied himself the presidency. In 1974 he had been appointed head of Lever Brothers Public Relations Planning but by 1978 he had left the company. Three years later his marriage was dissolved. At a time which should have seen the consolidation of a career and domestic fulfilment, he was left with neither.

John was still only 40 when in 1976 he embarked upon what proved to be his last alpine season with Charles Clarke, Peter Mould and me. He had not climbed in the Alps for some years and on the first day huffed and puffed his way up to the Vittorio Emanuele II hut. But he was always one to upset the odds and soon enough had rolled back the years. Whether on the complete Paradiso traverse or the 34-hour imbroglio on the Chardonnet, John was our imperturbable anchorman. His innate mountaineering ability, athleticism, clear-headedness and humour made him the ideal companion and this a hugely enjoyable holiday.

John's latter years were marred by ill-health and vicissitudes but his last job at the Wildfowl Trust, Slimbridge from 1985 to 1988 satisfied his love of

conservation and the outdoor life and gave further scope for his literary talents. As editor of *Wildfowl World* he transformed a pedestrian black and white periodical to a modern colour magazine with 60,000 subscribers.

When John telephoned me on 20 November 1991 I had not seen him for a while. With characteristic robustness he announced that he had a brain tumour and that radiotherapy had left him with 'recalcitrant trousers around a recently acquired two inch gap'. But he was determined to attend the 1991 Alpine Club Dinner and we planned a CUMC reunion table with the Morgans, Peacocks and Stones. Sadly, this never took place. John was too ill to travel to London and three weeks later, on Christmas Eve, he died within the bosom of his family at Bakewell. John was devoted to his two children Jack and Bridget, and beloved of his family. He leaves a host of friends with memories of a warm, multi-talented man who experienced set-backs in both his professional and domestic life that would have broken lesser spirits. He had been an outstanding mountaineer who never lost his zest or sense of humour and retained to the end a courage, dignity and life force that those who knew him will never forget.

J G R Harding

John Michael Kenneth Vyvyan 1907-1991

Michael Vyvyan came from the Cornish family who lived at Trelawarren on the southern shore of the Helford estuary. The house is a mixture of 17th century restraint and Strawberry Hill flamboyance, nestling in twisting creeks and ancient oak woods. 'How did my ancestors get all this? Well, they were pirates and politicians mainly and then became respectable.'

While he was at school at Uppingham, Michael started climbing with A E Foot, that stalwart teacher-cum-alpinist who started many young mountaineers on their path. Michael also did some good routes with guides and became a fine all-round mountaineer. He was never in a hurry, unfussed, witty and with a steady ambition to climb big mountains.

In 1931 he joined the Diplomatic Service and was in Moscow during much of the 1930s. In 1937 he was a great encouragement to us on our Caucasus trip and would have joined us if it had been possible. Moscow was a depressing place in that decade for those who kept their eyes and ears open. Three things dislodged Michael from the diplomatic ladder: his appreciation of the realities behind the communist façade and consequent disagreement with our British tendency, by the 30s, to tolerate and be soft with Stalin; his yearning to get to the high untrodden mountains of Central Asia; and the War.

In 1938 Michael resigned from the Foreign Service and was elected to a fellowship at Trinity College Cambridge to teach modern history. During that summer he and Paul Secord made the first serious reconnaissance of Rakaposhi. That year there were only four climbing expeditions in the Karakoram – one American and three British. Michael's account in *AJ51* (1939) of their exploration of the Rakaposhi-Disteghil Sar group is a period piece and suggests something of his tenacity and powerful topographic grasp. They

climbed the NW peak, 22,500ft – ‘an easy and unexacting route ... had opened itself to us’! Perhaps, but they covered a great deal of ground during a period of exceptionally fine weather.

On the outbreak of war Michael joined the army as a rifleman and was then commissioned in the Black Watch. Subsequently he served in the SAS and Commandos. After a three-year secondment back to the Foreign Office in 1944, he returned to Trinity where he remained almost until his death.

Michael was a somewhat 19th century character, combining wide scholarship, a capacity for friendship with all ages, and romantic enthusiasms. I remember a camp fire in the valley below the Bernina peaks, by the Silser See. There were ten of us, from 15-year-olds upwards. The fire was burning low and Michael stoked the conversation: Central Asia, Nietzsche (who had died on the other side of our lake), food (Michael was a good cook), communism, climbs in the Lake District, commandos, electing college Heads and the Austro-Hungarian empire. Some of those teenagers still remember that evening.

Robin Hodgkin

Stuart John Grant Hutchinson 1926–1991

Stuart Hutchinson, who died on 3 October 1991, was born in Leatherhead but had family connections with Grantown-on-Spey which led him to explore the Cairngorms from the age of ten. His school encouraged him, so he developed a strong sense of independence in the mountains at an early age. After school he started at university but broke away to volunteer for the armed forces and as a young officer went to the near and middle east. He managed to arrange to have some of his training in North Wales.

On returning to civilian life he became very active with the Midland Association of Mountaineers as well as taking up caving, pot-holing and white water canoeing (which nearly cost him his life). Much later he took up small boat sailing; then, when nearing 60, skiing and, even later, ski mountaineering. He climbed regularly in the Alps and throughout the UK, including visits to the sandstone outcrops in Kent, and Pembroke, Devon and Lundy. He made one visit to the Rockies and trekked up Kilimanjaro and Mount Kenya. He often expressed regret that his life was too full to join in our Club activities. He served on the BMC management committee at the time when he was also president of the MAM.

In his private life he was active in the solid fuel industry which led him to take a leading part in establishing a new livery company, the Worshipful Company of Fuellers.

On the Kenya trek in 1989 something seemed amiss because he allowed a porter to carry his ‘light’ day sack. Skiing at Wengen and climbing at Fort William in early 1991 were clearly a trial and he did not survive the operation which had become inevitable.

All who knew Stuart Hutchinson will remember his unique sense of time: he really had to be persuaded to return home before darkness or a calamity

followed. On Mt Edith Cavell he was quite happy to sit not far below the summit to watch the sun go down, despite anxious companions some five hours below and the prospect of an unplanned bivouac.

Let Geoffrey Winthrop Young's words end this tribute:

I have not lost the magic of long days;
I live them, dream them still;
Still am I master of the starry ways
And freeman of the hill.
Shattered my glass ere half the sands were run,
I hold the heights, I hold the heights I won.

F R Robinson

Wanda Rutkiewicz 1943–1992

In May 1992 Poland and the international mountaineering community lost one of their most outstanding climbers: Wanda Rutkiewicz. She had been taking part in a Polish-Mexican expedition attempting the N face of Kangchenjunga. Wanda was last seen at 8300m, about 250m from the summit, on 12 May by Carlos Carsolio. She never returned.

Wanda Rutkiewicz was born in Lithuania on 4 February 1943. In 1946 the family returned to Poland and lived in Wrocław and then in Warsaw. Wanda gained a degree in Science and Engineering and worked at the Institute of Mathematical Machines in Warsaw. At an early age she discovered her passion for the mountains. First she climbed on local rocks and then in the High Tatras where she did some extraordinary and extreme routes in both summer and winter. These, together with her natural ability, gave her the skills and toughness required for the superb and difficult climbs she was to achieve all over the world: in the Alps, Norway, the Pamirs, the Hindu Kush, the Andes, Patagonia, Tibet, Yosemite and, most of all, in the Karakoram and the Himalaya.

I had the good fortune of knowing Wanda from the days of her early climbs in the Polish Tatras. We used to meet at the Warsaw High Mountaineering Club and on climbs in the Tatras, particularly in winter; we became good friends. I could already see her tremendous potential ability. As a person she was a softly-spoken beautiful woman with the expressive eyes of an explorer, and very elegant. In the mountains she was strong-willed and determined, and had tremendous physical and mental endurance. She overcame bouts of pneumonia and anaemia and, after several leg operations, managed to walk 300km on crutches while leading a Polish women's expedition to K2. Though she sometimes climbed in mixed parties, she was particularly involved in women's mountaineering. She believed that women should take up the challenge, make their own decisions and take full responsibility for themselves.

Wanda's main attributes were extreme powers of endurance, intelligence, determination, ambition, and passion for the mountains. Those were the characteristics which made her such a brilliant Himalayan climber. Her

achievements were legendary: in 1975, with Alison Chadwick and a Polish team, she made the first ascent of Gasherbrum III (7952m), then the world's highest unclimbed mountain; in 1978 she became the third woman and the first Polish and European woman to climb Mount Everest; and in 1986 she was the first woman to climb K2. Over 17 years she made 22 expeditions to the Himalaya and Karakoram, and perhaps her most phenomenal achievement was to be the only woman to have climbed eight out of the fourteen 8000m peaks. As a Himalayan mountaineer she had no equal among women and few among men.

Wanda was married and divorced twice; she had no children. Her commitment to her beloved mountains was total. Her professional and private life was always linked to the mountains. Full of optimism and energy, she could never retire from climbing even though she lost nearly 30 climbing friends on the mountains.

A very creative person, Wanda made several mountain films; the best known were 'Tango Aconcagua' and 'Snow Women'. She also wrote well and gave countless slide shows and lectures both at home and abroad. She often came to the Buxton Conference and always stayed with us in London. How I treasure the memory of those visits and how much it saddens me that there will be no more of them.

On 28 February 1991 Wanda Rutkiewicz officially announced her intention of climbing all fourteen of the 8000m peaks, calling it 'A caravan to dreams'. She wanted to attempt each 8000m summit having already acclimatised on the previous one, so that her body would function well at high altitude in a continuous process of acclimatisation. She believed it would then be possible to climb the rest of the 8000m peaks in a relatively short time. But her dreams were cut short tragically on Kangchenjunga when she was reported missing on 13 May 1992. The following summary of Wanda Rutkiewicz's most important climbs is a record of her achievement.

- 1967 East Face of Aiguille du Grépon (3482m) – first women's team ascent.
- 1968 East Pillar of Trollryggen in Norway – first women's team ascent.
- 1970 Peak Lenin (7134m) in the Pamirs.
- 1972 Noshag (7480m) – first Polish women's ascent.
- 1973 North Pillar of the Eiger (3970m) by Messner's route – first women's team ascent and second overall.
- 1975 First ascent of Gasherbrum III (7952m).
- 1978 North Face of the Matterhorn (4477m) – first women's team ascent in winter.
- 1978 Everest (8848m) – first Polish and European women's ascent and third women's ascent.
- 1979 East Face of Grand Capucin (3838m) by Bonatti's route – first women's team ascent.
- 1985 Aconcagua (6960m) – South Face in alpine style.
- 1985 Nanga Parbat (8125m) by Diamir Face – first women's team ascent.
- 1986 K2 (8611m) – first female ascent.
- 1987 Shishapangma (8046m).

- 1989 Gasherbrum II (8035m) women's team ascent.
- 1990 Gasherbrum I (8068m) – first women's team ascent.
- 1991 Cho Oyu (8201m) – summit reached solo.
- 1991 Annapurna (8091m) – first woman to climb the British route on the South Face. Summit reached alone.

Wanda's family have suffered a tragic loss; the Polish and international mountaineering community have lost the greatest ever female Himalayan climber; I shall remember Wanda Rutkiewicz and miss her with much sadness as my good and reliable friend.

Ingeborga Doubrawa-Cochlin

Dudley Frederick Oliphant Dangar 1902–1992

Fred Dangar was born at Wimbledon on 19 September 1902. He was educated at Rugby School and at Jesus College Cambridge. Before he was twenty, whilst still living with his parents at Frensham House in Surrey, his lifelong interest in the Alps began with a visit in the summer of 1922 to the area around Chamonix and Finhaut. This was the first of over 30 visits extending into the early 1960s to the mountains of Switzerland France and Austria. He was initiated into alpine climbing by C H Wybergh, a member of the AC, and a former schoolmaster at his preparatory school, Lambrook Berks, with whom each year between 1923–1927 he climbed in the Bernese Oberland, Arolla and the French and Austrian Alps. He was elected to the Club in 1931 having been proposed by Claude Elliott and seconded by C H Wybergh. Fred climbed in the then traditional way with a guide, enjoying the contentment of the amateur on the uncrowded mountains of that period without being driven by any ambition to achieve feats of daring. His climbs between 1929–1936 included the Grand Combin, Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, Zinal Rothorn, Aiguilles Rouges d'Arolla, Petite Dent de Vesivi, Gspaltenhorn and Wetterhorn, as well as ascents in the Pyrenees and in the Gross Glockner group. He developed a special interest in Switzerland, getting to know practically every corner of the country, and acquiring during the course of numerous later journeys accompanied by his wife an amazing depth of knowledge about the valleys and the people of the upper mountain regions.

During the Second World War, having failed to pass his medical test for active service, he served on the general staff reaching the rank of captain and was posted at Dorchester where he acted as quartermaster.

Fred Dangar settled in Devon in 1946 and not long after he became more closely associated with the Club's activities. His major contribution to the AC was as Honorary Assistant Editor, together with Tom Blakeney, of the *Alpine Journal* from 1953–1974. His capacity for meticulous research and accuracy for detail, as well as his scholastic knowledge of alpine history and literature, ideally suited him for work in which he excelled and which he enjoyed. His many contributions to the AJ include vivid sketches of several of the earliest Alpine ascents, details from the *Fuhrerbuchs* of famous guides, and (with Tom

Blakeney) a defence of Whymper's role on the Matterhorn ascent in 1865. In addition, unspoilt areas such as Belalp and Arolla, for which he had a special affection, were made the subject of delightful articles. Besides this he was responsible for the annual Alpine Notes section, and for the production of two consolidated indexes for the AJ covering the years 1927-1968 (Vols 39-73). His election to Honorary Membership in 1969 was a recognition of the value of his work. He was a member of the Swiss and Austrian Alpine Clubs and cultivated friendships with leading international climbers, his knowledge of French and German facilitating easier personal contact with many.

Apart from his archives on the European alps, Fred Dangar built up a valuable series of classified records dealing with the greater ranges. In 1960 after the first 21 volumes of the *Himalayan Journal* had appeared the H.C. felt that the time was ripe for preparation of an index. I approached Fred hesitatingly about whether he would agree to take on this additional task and was delighted when he agreed to do so. He subsequently produced two consolidated indexes for the *Himalayan Journal* covering the years 1929-1978, (Vols 1-35) and he was elected to Honorary Membership of the Himalayan Club in 1964.

I have reason to be personally grateful to him. When Fred and his wife Barbara attended the Swiss Alpine Club Centenary celebrations in 1963 they were seated at the luncheon table opposite the young daughter and son of the then president of the SAC Basel Section, and subsequently became good friends of the family. I met that daughter a few years later at their house in Dittisham and we were married not long after.

Fred Dangar was essentially to use a now unfashionable word a gentleman of the type that has become increasingly rare today, with personal qualities that combined modesty, humility, and a strong sense of family and moral values. He was utterly reliable in whatever he undertook, and would never accept anything second-rate from himself or from others. When we last met four months before he died I found that he had lost none of the fervour with which he enjoyed discussing mountain events and people, about which he retained an amazing memory.

His marriage in 1932 to Barbara (née Massie) resulted in a perfect partnership and long years of happiness. In September 1992 Fred would have celebrated his 90th birthday and in November of the same year he and Barbara would have celebrated their diamond wedding. To Barbara, their son Richard and daughter Rosemary, and to their grandchildren and two great grandchildren we offer our deepest sympathy.

Trevor Braham

Anna Roelfsema 1909-1992

Anna Roelfsema, Holland's most prominent woman climber, died in August 1992. She started to climb at the age of 15 and, with her brother Johan, was one of the first guideless climbers in Holland at a time when climbing without

a guide was criticised by the *Dutch Alpine Journal*. Nevertheless, Anna and Johan (whose portrait is in the Alpine Museum in Zermatt) climbed many mountains together, amongst others the Breithorn Younggrat.

Working as a physiotherapist in a Hague hospital, Anna only had a fortnight's holiday, which she always spent in the Alps. She usually went to Zermatt, where she did the classic climbs including the Zmutt and Furggen-grat on the Matterhorn. To her great grief, her brother – having joined the Resistance – was shot in 1943. After the war, Anna returned to Zermatt and climbed with the well-known guides Knubel, Bernhard Biner and, later, with Bennie and Gottlieb Perren. Her climbs included the Zinal Rothorn E face and the Obergabelhorn S face. In 1969 she climbed the Riffelhorn with Tenzing Norgay.

In 1968, when she was on the Titlis in Engelberg with a group of top women climbers, *inter alia* Nea Morin, Esme Speakman and Eileen Healey, they founded, there and then, the 'Rendez-vous Hautes Montagnes' (RHM) in an attempt to open the climbers' world more to women. They also wished to seek contact with women climbers behind the Iron Curtain and invite them to the 'Free Alps'. This resulted in 24 years of meetings on rock and on ice with old and new friends, in different countries, including the former Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria. Anna never missed a meeting.

Although she also climbed in the Dolomites, Wales, Scotland and France (Mont Blanc at the age of 61), Zermatt was her 'home' – usually as a guest of Hotel Monte Rosa. The Seilers, the Biner family, Pickelschmied Taugwalder, they were all close friends of hers. In 1969, after 33 years, she returned to the Breithorn, this time to climb the N face.

In various countries and in more than one generation, Anna had a large circle of friends, and she cherished them. The Bishop of Leicester and his wife (Cicely Williams), who spent their summers in Zermatt, invited her to their home. She was a warm-hearted person, full of interest in the climbing of the younger generation, who visited her and told her of their experiences. Her favourite saying was: 'The mountains give you so much happiness.'

Bernina de Mol van Otterloo

Henry Norman Fairfield 1905–1992

Harry Fairfield was a member of an informal group of friends who climbed in the Lake District and North Wales in the 1930s. I had the good fortune to join them during two periods of furlough from India, in 1933 and 1935; indeed, I have to thank Harry and his friends, as well as Edwin ('G') Kempson, for introducing me – an Alpine climber – to British rock in those far-off years.

The group consisted of A W (Bill) Osborne, Stewart Mitchell, Donald Murray, Norman Slack, Harry Fairfield and one 'Brian', who features in my climbing diary but whom I cannot now recall. I find that (the late) Jock Harrison, who survived a terrible ordeal on Masherbrum in 1938, joined us at one stage.

The climbs themselves are of no special account today. They included *Eagle's Nest Direct*, *Jones* from Deep Ghyll, *Moss Ghyll Grooves* and sundry routes on the Napes, Pillar, Serjeant's Crag and Pike's Crag in the Lakes, as well as climbs of a comparable standard in Snowdonia. What did matter was the friendship which the climbing created within our group: we were young, enthusiastic and enjoyed one another's company enormously.

Harry was very much a part of these episodes which, though brief, I treasure in my memory of him today.

John Hunt

Andy Fanshawe 1963–1992

Andy Fanshawe was killed in a fall while climbing Eagle Ridge, Lochnagar, in the Cairngorms on 14 March. He was 28 years old. One of Britain's most outstanding mountaineers, he was universally respected and liked in the climbing community for his immense enthusiasm and essential kindness.

Born in Helsby, Cheshire, Andy was introduced to the hills at an early age by his parents who were keen walkers. He was an active member of Wilmslow Grammar School's climbing and walking club, visiting the gritstone edges of Derbyshire and Cheshire from the age of 15. He was confronted with tragedy early in his climbing career when a schoolmaster, taking him and other youngsters up Sharp Edge on Blencathra in the Lake District in snow conditions, slipped and fell to his death. But Andy's enthusiasm for climbing was not diminished. In 1980 he climbed his first extreme, characteristically going straight in at E2 on *Vector* at Tremadog, falling off three times on the awkward crux on the top pitch, before finally climbing it.

In 1981 he entered the Royal School of Mines in London, studying geology. His enthusiasm for climbing was unabated with weekend forays to Scotland. His organisational ability was shown by his becoming secretary and then vice president of the Imperial College Mountaineering Club. At this time he led his first expedition, going to Ecuador to make the first ascent of the West Ridge of El Obispo (5319m), the first solo ascent of Monja Grande (5160m) and the second ascent of Fraille Occidental (5050m), with an ascent of Chimborazo and a quick dash down to Peru with Mark Dickson to climb Huascaran, with two packets of biscuits and two tins of sardines for rations – they were so broke.

After university Andy worked for a short time in mining engineering in South Africa and then for RTZ Oil and Gas in Britain, but a life in and around climbing was becoming increasingly important to him. He had his first full season in the Alps in 1985, starting in the Dolomites with the *Preuss Crack* and *Yellow Edge* and then moving on to the Oberland to make an attempt on the *North Face Direct* of the Gspaltenhorn. He was washed off it by a violent storm but returned a few days later to climb the *North Face Direct* of the Grosshorn. He finished the season in Chamonix, forming a partnership with John Taylor and climbing the South West Pillar of the Dru and the *North Ridge Direct* on the Droites.

Andy then embarked on his most challenging project yet – an expedition to make the first traverse, alpine-style, of the magnificent twin-peaked Chogolisa (7654m) in the Karakoram. It was an ambitious venture for a first Himalayan trip but the team were determined and well organised, and they received the Nick Estcourt Memorial Award. The climb was successful, a particularly bold ascent in the best style by the five participants.

On his return to Britain Andy became National Officer of the British Mountaineering Council. His enthusiasm and openness enabled him to relate effectively to the young climbers, the older members of the climbing fraternity who sat on the committees, and officials of various government departments; he cheerfully cut through red tape and made things happen. He hosted a series of successful visits by foreign climbers and an international jamboree for young climbers from all over the world.

During this period he was caught in an avalanche when on the way down from the summit of Ben Nevis in bad weather. His partner and best friend, John Taylor, was killed and he was severely injured. Within four months he was climbing hard once again, leading rock routes of E5 standard for the first time.

In 1988 I had the good fortune to get to know him well when he came on an expedition I led to Menlungtse in Tibet. Together with Alan Hinkes he made the first ascent of the West Peak – another bold and determined piece of climbing. The following year he led an expedition to Makalu. Although heavy snows forced them to abandon their attempt to make a complete traverse of the mountain, he made the first ascent of Peak 4 (6720m) with Ulric Jessop – a push of three days' hard technical climbing up its S ridge.

Andy left the BMC in 1990 and was appointed fund raising director for the Barrow Hospital Scanner Appeal. He approached the task with characteristic energy and helped raise £1.5m. In that year he married Caroline Jerran and moved to the Eden valley in Cumbria. Although he went two years without a Himalayan expedition, he made lightning forays to the Alps in the winters of 1990 and 1991, climbing the North Face of the Eiger and the Croz Spur of the Grandes Jorasses with Ulric Jessop. His first book, *Coming Through* (1990), describes his three expeditions. He was full of plans for the future, working on an ambitious book describing the 40 best alpine-style climbs in the Himalaya and planning an alpine-style ascent of the N ridge of K2.

Andy was a brilliant and forceful climber, a talented writer and an excellent organiser. Above all, he was a person whose enthusiasm, warmth and essential kindness had earned universal affection and respect. He will be sorely missed by everyone who had the privilege of knowing him.

Chris Bonington

Alan Hinkes writes:

Andy burst into the British climbing scene as BMC National Officer, having just boldly traversed Chogolisa with a group of friends. He had an irrepressible drive and enthusiasm. I remember him with the Polish climbers in Scotland in 1987. He turned up with giant catering tins of beefburgers and

sausages and tucked into the contents with relish not even bothering to reheat them. The Poles opted for Fort William's fish and chips! Andy and I quickly formed a friendship, often inexplicably addressing each other by our surnames. On Menlungtse we teamed up and climbed the W face of the West Peak, complementing each other and working together in harmony. There is no doubt that Andy was a brave and talented climber – a shooting star that flashed through the mountaineering firmament, never to be forgotten.

Tom Luis Sancha 1947–1992

Tom joined the Alpine Club in 1990, proposed by his father, Luis, who has been a member since 1957. Tom and I met that summer in Pontresina on an AC meet and did two climbs together. Thereafter we only saw each other three times. Our friendship promised so much more than it achieved and therein, for me, lies the sadness of his death at the age of 44.

Tom had a thoroughbred AC pedigree through both his father and his maternal grandfather, T G Longstaff. Eric Shipton had also been a family friend and he, Tom and Luis made a traverse of the central section of the Cuillin Ridge during the winter of 1967/68.

Tom made his first trip to the Alps when he was six and subsequently climbed the Sparrhorn in the Oberland aged nine. He continued his apprenticeship during his teens with his father, in both the Patagonian and Chilean Andes during the time that the family home was in Argentina. While at Cambridge he led two expeditions to Ecuador, in 1967 and 1969, making ascents of Cotocachi, Illiniza, Carihuairazo, Cayambe, Cotopaxi and Chimborazo.

During the next 15 years or so Tom was heavily involved in his work but managed several mountain trips as diverse as cross-country skiing in northern Sweden to soloing Mount Rainier. He also skied the *haute route* and climbed the Matterhorn. He made a three generation ascent of the Wildspitze with Luis, aged 70, and his children Emily, 12, and William, 10.

Tom had been a whizz at computer systems and became something of a legend within his field. In 1977 he founded Cambridge Interactive Systems which was so successful that, eight years later, he sold it and 'retired'. Shortly before he became ill he underwrote a canoeing expedition for both able-bodied and physically handicapped young people to Iceland.

Then, in 1987, the cruellest of blows, he was struck down by a brain tumour. For two years he fought with incredible courage, supported by his wife Sally, to overcome this crippling handicap, undergoing major brain surgery and radio therapy. Despite this, in 1989 he enrolled at Plas y Brenin on an alpine climbing course and, later, a sea cliff course. In 1990 having, as it were, re-learned to climb, he joined the Alpine Club. In the spring of that year he and a friend, Wendy Smith, visited the mountains of Jordan and made an ascent of Jebel Rum.

A few months later my wife and I met Tom in the Alps. He spoke rather slowly and deliberately, clearly affected by his brain surgery, and was

wonderfully open and honest about his tumour. He and I, with my wife Carol and Daphne Pritchard, formed a bit of a foursome and used to eat together in camp. He was a stimulating, delightful companion. Together he and I climbed the ordinary route of Piz Morteratsch and the East Pillar on the N face of Piz Palu. He was a solid, middle grade sort of alpine climber, which was remarkable for a man who had been as ill as he had,

In the autumn of 1990 he went on his third climbing trip of the year and, with Mark Miller and Wendy Smith, made an ascent of Ramdung Go in the Rolwaling Himal of Nepal. Wendy writes: 'Tom was very fit and went strongly. He was suffering from headaches which he thought was altitude but we now know this to have been the beginning of his second brain tumour.' Not long afterwards the second tumour developed yet somehow, despite almost weekly seizures, he managed a final climb of Cader Idris in November 1991, walking slowly on his right side and using ski poles.

In spite of further surgery and chemotherapy, Tom never lost his composure and sense of humour. In his last days, at home with Sally and his family, he fed himself almost up to his final hours, and only thought of those around him. My own sense of loss has more to do with what might have been rather than what was, for the time we spent together was little enough, though precious, memorable and rewarding.

The final words should come from an old friend, Thomas Forster, who spoke movingly in Churchill College chapel on 14 April 1992: 'To me Tom was the magical older brother I never had – fabulously successful, rich, gifted, worldly, knowledgeable, funny, generous, bossy and endlessly entertaining. Although he was stubborn and often thought to be arrogant he was completely free from personal vanity. He was a total realist. He never grew bitter and impatient over his dysphasia when people tried to prompt him with words to finish his sentences. He had great natural courtesy. Finally, he was a wonderful friend and *always* such fun to be with.'

Mike Binnie

Charles Eric Arnison 1901–1992

Eric Arnison was for many years head of his family firm of solicitors, with offices in Penrith, Cumberland. He was Clerk to the Magistrates at the West Ward courts of Shap and Hackthorpe, and Secretary-Treasurer of the town's Chamber of Commerce and Trade, posts which he occupied for 23 and 33 years respectively.

Eric was educated at Penrith Queen Elizabeth Grammar School and at St Bees where he became head of School House. In 1920 he entered into Articles and served the normal five years' clerkship with his father. After qualifying in 1926 he worked for a short period in London before returning to the family firm in Penrith and subsequently becoming a partner.

His proximity to the main climbs in the Lake District gave him the opportunity to become a keen rock climber. In 1930 he joined the company of local climbers, and his first climbs were *Main Wall* on Gimmer and most of the

routes on Scout Crag. They used to meet at Keswick, Langdale or Conistone and 'tick off the climbs in the old Red Guidebook'. Eric relates in his memoirs how he climbed with the legendary George Bower, and knew the Abraham brothers, Dr Wakefield and Geoffrey Winthrop Young. The memoirs record his very full professional and sporting life and give an insight into his character.

Eric received his introduction to the Alps in 1932 when he visited St Gervais and walked round the Mont Blanc massif. He organised several trips to the Alps for his local climbing companions; in 1937 they all went to Chamonix where they 'knocked off 15 major peaks in 12 days'. During the war years Eric served in the Home Guard while on secondment to the Board of Trade. After the war he was soon back in the Alps 'sometimes with A B Hargreaves, Malcolm Milne, Hill Porter and Ewan Banner Mendus'. On this expedition he considered the Matterhorn to have been 'the plum' of several ascents, including the Nadelhorn, the traverse of the Rimfischhorn, the Aiguille de la Tsa and the Doves Blanches.

Eric was elected to the Alpine Club in 1943, proposed by P J H Unna and seconded by E Anderson. He declared in his memoirs: 'It is about the only club where you are elected on merit and not by just signing a form and paying a sub.' He returned often to the Alps and, being an adept skier, he visited all the popular Swiss and French resorts and completed the *haute route* three times in either direction.

As Chairman of the British Mountaineering Council's Lakes Committee one of Eric's duties was to check aspiring guides for their certificates. He relates, in his habitual unassuming manner: 'It was a way of having a top climb, often above my standard.' He was also a member of the Keswick Mountain Rescue team. Eric occupied numerous other posts during his long life, including the presidency of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, as well as of the Ski Club of Great Britain and the Lake District Ski Club. He was a director of the Ullswater Outward Bound School. His foreign exploits included an ascent of Mount Kenya in only 12 hours at the age of 68, and Mts Kosciuszko and Ras Dashan in Ethiopia at the ages of 72 and 73 respectively.

On a more personal note, I would add that I cannot imagine my own boyhood without 'Uncle Eric', as I have always known him, and I will for ever be grateful for the generous part he played in my formative years. Our respective families passed several long summer holidays together both in Cornwall and in Scotland, in some of the wildest parts of the Western Highlands north of Ullapool. We often met too for climbing and fishing expeditions in the Lake District where both our families lived. Indeed, I am certain that it was thanks to Uncle Eric's experience, foresight and attention to detail that we, eager and carefree youths, did not meet with trouble on our many adventures. Although happily oblivious at the time, these holidays took us through an outdoor schooling with exhilaration, while Uncle Eric had the patience and the art to transmit, without our realising it, certain of his own talents, not least his knowledge and understanding of nature, which complemented our academic education. For all that I am grateful, and will not forget Uncle Eric.

Charles Eric Arnison died peacefully on 11 March 1992. Sadly, his wife Jean died in 1982. He is survived by a daughter and two sons. The Club, and all of us who knew this gentleman of great character, mourn his loss and extend our deep sympathy to his family.

Tony Joyce

Tom Price writes:

Eric Arnison was a spare and active man, enjoying vigorous health for most of his life and blessed with a sanguine and matter-of-fact disposition. He joined the Alpine Club in 1943 and was also a long-standing member, and one time president, of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Educated at St Bees School, he spent most of his working life as a solicitor in his native Penrith and was a highly esteemed and well-loved citizen of that town. His interests and enthusiasms were many and included rugby, shooting, fishing, natural history, travel, potholing, skiing and, above all, mountaineering. He climbed in Britain, the Alps, Africa, Australia and North America. Though he liked conviviality and good living, in the mountains he was a hardy traveller and even in old age accepted spartan conditions in huts and camps, as, for example, when he made an arduous journey in the highlands of Abyssinia at the age of 73. At 68 he was the oldest man to have climbed Mount Kenya. For all his adventures on crags and mountains, he was a devoted family man. He was a good friend, unsentimental but quick to offer practical help in time of need. At his memorial service, a very large crowd paid tribute to the passing of a fine and generous spirit.

John Bryden Harrison 1908–1992

Jock Harrison was always good to be with: quiet humour, quiet courage and, seemingly, no concern about himself. By the late 1930s he was an outstanding Indian Army officer and an experienced Himalayan mountaineer. He knew Indian flowers and birds. He was a fluent Urdu speaker and his unflapping friendliness was completely colour blind. His Punjabi troops nicknamed him 'Harree Singh' and his fame as a warrior and athlete lived on long after his early retirement.

Graham Brown and I met up with him in 1938 on our way to join James Waller's expedition to explore and, perhaps, to climb Masherbrum (7821m). Young Jimmy Roberts was to join us at Srinagar. Three weeks later, the heavily goitred Balti elders who greeted us at the head of the Hushe valley said we were the first climbers to come there since the Workmans. Even in 1938 there were only two or three other parties in the Karakoram, notably Charlie Houston on K2. They too had a hard time.

One evening in 1985 Jock was reminiscing about his parents and his early days. Where, I asked him, had his almost Kiplingesque enjoyment of India and his love of adventure come from? 'I was there as a child,' he told me, 'Simla, mainly. My father was an up-from-the-ranks officer. Then I went to a minor public school, Dean Close, where there was a marvellous Christian school-

master called Hedley Warr; he was a tremendous influence. He took us fell-walking in the Lake District.' At Sandhurst Jock's athletic prowess began to show, with a blue for high jump and hockey; and he was a King's Indian Cadet. In 1928 he returned to India and the 8th Punjab regiment. There were camping holidays in Kashmir and some more serious climbing – with James Waller to Nun Kun. On another expedition, in the Kangchenjunga massif, Jock remembered meeting several notable mountaineers: Marco Pallis who would never wear a topee because it symbolised the Raj, the ICS Resident from Gangtok who would never take his off for the same reason, and Freddie Chapman who scarcely ever wore a hat at all. Jock himself, like Marco, favoured a floppy Terai.

I asked him whether he served on the North West Frontier. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'the best times were the operations against the Fakir of Ipi in 1935 and '36. It was the real thing; but a pretty phoney war nevertheless. When I tried to leave a booby trap – a hand grenade and a trip – I was told to go back and remove it. Unsporting.'

Then came our serious and nearly fatal expedition to Masherbrum which had never been explored or attempted before. We pioneered the route which led the Americans to their success in 1960. Jock and I attempted the summit from a high camp and were turned back by bad weather. The story is told in James Waller's *The Everlasting Hills* (1939). Inevitably, we had Nanga Parbat 1936 and 1937 very much in mind. But it wasn't an ice avalanche which hit us during a night of gales; just a massive snow slide. We burrowed out into the pre-dawn, swirling darkness, managed to salvage boots and an axe, and then spent 24 hours in a blizzard trying to get down. Jock, being the stronger more experienced climber, took the axe and was anchor man, which was the main reason why his fingers were more severely frostbitten than mine. We spent a night in a crevasse but next day the welcome, fickle sun was shining. It was a long limp down and home to Srinagar. Jock, unable to walk or ride, was carried on a litter. In the army hospital and on the voyage home Jock began to realise that an active military career was over. But what a career it could have been!

Back in the Millbank military hospital Jock was finally patched up and was able to be active again. In 1939 he married Mary Webb, one of his nurses, a New Zealander. There followed 20 years of happy family life, mainly in New Zealand, but she died in 1959; in 1961 Jock married a second time. During the war he served as a staff officer in Ceylon. Then, for some years, he worked on the reorganisation of the New Zealand Army and retired as Colonel and OBE. He then became Military Secretary and Controller to Lord Cobham, the Governor General. His final job, during the sixties, was as bursar-administrator to the newly founded Cobham Outward Bound School.

He and Janet retired to live near Stroud, in a house with a steep garden and distant views. In his maturity and old age Jock lost some of his youthfully sharp Christian vision; though it had never shown on his sleeve. It changed into a gentler reverence for the good and the beautiful; and there was much of that around in the life that he remembered.

Robin Hodgkin

Victor Wilkinson Dix 1899–1992

Victor Dix, who died in June aged 93, was the former Professor of Surgery at London University and was an expert in the surgery of urinary stones and cancer of the bladder. Born on 24 May 1899 in Dorset, he was educated at Newcastle Grammar School before joining the Royal Flying Corps in the First World War, ending up as a flying instructor. After the war he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, and then entered the London Hospital Medical College in 1921, qualifying in 1923 and becoming MRCP and FRCS in 1926.

During a spell in Berlin in the mid-thirties he learnt the new method of intravenous urography and brought this back to England, quickly building up a reputation in the treatment of hydronephrosis. At the outbreak of war he carried out emergency surgery during the Blitz, his house and private clinic being destroyed by bombing. He then joined the RAMC, serving in Egypt as a surgeon in a general hospital, before being posted to the Far East as a consultant surgeon to South-East Asia Land Forces.

It was in 1947 that he was appointed Professor of Surgery at the London Hospital, retiring in 1964. He was a founder member of the British Association of Urological Surgeons, becoming president in 1962.

A marvellous technical surgeon, he was quick yet unhurried and all operations looked easy in his hands. His breadth of knowledge enabled him to follow the Everest story with an understanding of both the altitude and climbing difficulties. I was very fortunate to have spent my formative years as a surgeon on his unit.

Tall, strikingly handsome and impeccably dressed, Victor Dix had many interests: photography, opera, Australian stamps (on which he was an authority) and, of course, mountaineering. He joined the Alpine Club in 1940 after several seasons climbing classic routes in the Alps, both with and without guides.

Michael Ward

C Philip Mitchell 1962–1992

Philip, who became an Aspirant Member early in 1992, died in an accident on 29 May while leading the *Regil Variant* on the NW ridge of Naranjo de Bulnes in Picos de Europa, northern Spain, with Duncan Ridley, who survived.

Born in Erith, Kent, on 12 August 1962 and brought up in Sidcup, Carshalton and Guildford, he worked in the video archives of the BBC. He was introduced to climbing about four years ago and soon relished his time on rock and in the mountains. He particularly loved the sea cliffs of Cornwall but most of all appreciated higher mountains and would set off for climbs with a beaming grin and unmitigated enthusiasm.

He had been on trips to the French Alps, Morocco and Corsica and was a recipient of the North London Climbing Club's SWAT award (Serious Weekend Ascent Team) when he climbed and descended the Italian Ridge of the Matterhorn with Duncan Hornby over a long weekend from London in 1991.

Philip's other passions in life were horse riding and Lindy Jive, a dance discipline which he performed with great expertise to the sounds of the 40s and 50s, particularly to his favourite artists Louis Jordan and Jackie Wilson.

Phil possessed an instantly amiable personality and is sadly missed by his numerous friends, particularly members of the AC, North London and Rockhopper Mountaineering Clubs, London Swing Society and the BBC. We send our condolences to his family.

Charles Clarke and John Godowski

John Bernard Meldrum 1885–1992

JB, as he had always been known to me and to other mountaineers, died in September 1992 at the age of 107. He spent his working life, when not on the hills, as an engineer in his father's firm in Manchester which made destructors specially designed for the disposal of unwanted used currency, a process which is ironic when one knew how careful JB was of his own considerable resources. He was, unsurprisingly, the oldest member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers. It was his interest in all aspects of mountains and mountaineering for which he will be best remembered. He joined the Alpine Club in 1922 and was delighted to have been elected an honorary life member on his 100th birthday. He was also a member of the Fell and Rock and Rucksack Clubs.

From the many stories one has heard he was an engaging eccentric with a sense of values firmly rooted in Victorian attitudes. He only started skiing when he was 65 but within a few years was skiing in the top classes and was always the 'last off the hill'. He remained a bachelor until he was 90, and it was only marriage which forced him to buy his first house: until then he had always led a somewhat nomadic life, taking his touring caravan for long visits to the Western Highlands in the summer, and over-wintering in his permanent caravan in Dorset.

Although he was never at the leading edge of mountaineering advances, he was never happier than when exploring and pioneering in remote mountain regions. He climbed in the Caucasus and the Alps between the wars and his last major trip was to the Atlas with Bentley Beetham when they were both over 70.

In his 20s JB was climbing with some of the leading lights of his day including George Bower, Fred Piggot, Bentley Beetham and Howard Somervell. In 1913 he made the second ascent of Central Buttress on Scafell. He was always particularly fond of Western Scotland and in this area appropriate memorials would be his first ascents of the Coire Mhic Fhearchair Buttress on Beinn Eighe and the Pinnacle Ridge on Garbh Bheinn of Ardgour. Together with my children Robin and Juliet, we have enjoyed following some of the routes he pioneered in the Lake District: without exception they demonstrate a quality of remoteness which half a century has not diminished.

JB was not a regular contributor to journals, but in 1921 he wrote about one of his early Alpine seasons based at Chamonix and Zermatt. With

Beetham, Bower and Somervell, he climbed the Chardonnet, Charmoz, and Midi and then from Zermatt, the Matterhorn traverse, the Wellenkuppe and the Dent Blanche.

He achieved national fame just after his 100th birthday when, as Britain's oldest car driver, he was involved in a minor accident; he was required to take a driving test. When questioned by the media, he made the typically pragmatic response that it might be simpler to find a new young wife to drive him about. After the death of his wife, Gladys Hurst, in 1982, he continued to live near Bournemouth where he retained an interest in mountains until he finally went into hospital for his last few weeks.

There will be few who have recollections of JB in the mountains but, like his family, the Club will reflect with sadness on the passing of a climber whose contribution to mountaineering in general has been considerable. His death marks the passage of mountaineering history as surely as the cairns of the Lakeland fells mark the passage of earlier generations.

Kim Meldrum

Cedric Roger Allen 1934–1992

Whilst descending a ridge on Trollvasstind in the Lyngsalpene of Norway, Roger was struck by a huge rock; he had no escape route open to him, and plunged 2000ft to an untimely death. Although a very experienced and careful climber he had suffered more than his share of bad luck and this was his third serious accident in the mountains. Now the mountains have extracted their settlement for the 40 years in which he enjoyed the experiences, the friendships and the fulfilment of climbing amongst them.

Born in Leeds in 1934, Roger graduated in Physical Chemistry at the University of Leeds and later gained a doctorate for his research. In 1960 he took on a lectureship at the University of Dundee to be near to the great Scottish mountains. He retired from the University in 1991.

Roger had wide-ranging interests, a sharp mind and a wry disarming wit; he could speak with knowledge and conviction on a host of subjects and was just good to be with. As president of the University Bell Club, he enjoyed the mind-stretching forum for the discussion of science and philosophy. His regular attendance at the University Chaplaincy concerts helped to fulfil his keen interest in music.

It was the mountains, however, that were to become perhaps the principal driving force in his life. He had the good fortune to have a wife who was his equal on the hills. Those of us who walked and climbed with him will know that he was never the man for a soft option; he would make his plans and would carry his companions along with him, always stretching his own and their capabilities. His knowledge and experience of the Scottish mountains were almost legendary and he must have climbed most of the Munros several times over, but I do not remember him counting them. On a day out with Roger one could be certain to take in that extra top at the end of a long hard day.

He had been an active member of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club since 1953, joining the committee briefly, and was secretary in 1956/57. He enjoyed the respect and affection of that Club and was elected vice president for 1987/89. He became a life member in 1988. The Alps had a special attraction for Roger and over the past 40 years, he had climbed in most of the centres to a good standard, with many exciting and satisfying expeditions to his credit. He joined the Alpine Club in 1965 but was rarely in a position to attend meetings, living so far north. He was, nevertheless, very proud of his membership of the Club.

Roger would never have enjoyed growing old and being unable to get out on the hills and mountains. Perhaps he would have chosen to have ended his days in the mountains he loved, but at a much later date for sure. He leaves his widow Sue, two sons and a daughter, and, with his friends and companions on the hills, very many happy memories.

David Smith

Mark Gambrell Miller 1961–1992

The tragic and untimely death of Mark Miller in the PIA Airbus which crashed as it approached Kathmandu airport at the end of September 1992 has deprived British mountaineering of one of its most talented and prolific sons.

As a pupil of Wellingborough School in Northamptonshire and then at Denstone College, Staffordshire, Mark distinguished himself as an athlete, swimming for Northamptonshire County and playing rugby for the Kettering Colts. Whilst at Sheffield Polytechnic in the early 1980s he made the most of the city's proximity to the Peak District's many gritstone and limestone outcrops, soon becoming known for his characteristically bold routes on gritstone slabs, to which he gave typically imaginative and memorable names (*Science Friction*, E4 6a, on Froggatt Edge, and *Sex Dwarf*, E3 6b, on Millstone Edge, for example). His keenness and effervescent enthusiasm for the outdoors in general and climbing in particular was inspirational, instilling his companions with new-found confidence to climb at the limits of their technical ability.

These qualities became tempered with a deep respect for and understanding of the larger mountain environment as he became increasingly interested in alpinism. The classic apprenticeship followed, with long stays in Chamonix producing a rich crop of climbs, mostly made with his fellow Sheffield-based climber Sean Smith. These years of prolific alpine activity saw Miller making the first British ascent of the Hidden Pillar of Frêne, the second ascents of the *Gabarrou-Silvey route* on the Pic Sans Nom and the *direct route* on the N face of the Leschaux, and early ascents of the *Croz Spur Direct* and the N faces of the Pèlerins and Mönch in winter. All were characterised by their seriousness and technical difficulty. One winter was spent job-sharing as a dustman in Chamonix. The Alpine Binmen, as this group and their associates became affectionately known, were notorious for their poverty and simple love of the mountains.

In the mid-1980s the Binmen went east. After a very successful spring season in Peru, Miller's first Himalayan expedition was to the Kishitwar in India in the summer of 1984, and from then on the great mountain ranges of Asia consumed most of his energy. Doug Scott invited him to Pakistan in 1985, an expedition during which Miller climbed Diran, his first 7000m peak. Attempts on Rakaposhi (7788m) and Nanga Parbat (8125m) were abandoned owing to sickness amongst the team, but the infectious spirit of those mountains and the simple, hardy folk that live amongst them captivated Miller, and his life became a passionate crusade of expedition mountaineering from then onwards.

In the tradition of British mountaineers since the very first explorers ventured forth to the Alps over a century ago, Mark Miller's love of the mountains was a multi-faceted gem. His expeditions took him to some of the most spectacular places on earth in search of a match for his incredible strength, stamina and climbing skills (Makalu, Shivling and Masherbrum, for example), whilst his insatiable curiosity and love of the wilderness took him on exploratory expeditions (Hushe and Aling in Pakistan, 1989) and treks throughout the Himalaya with his beloved girlfriend Cath Speakman.

In 1990, with Andy Broom, he founded the mountaineering and adventure travel company 'Out There Trekking' (OTT), and this venture provided him with the perfect outlet for his boundless energies. He had found his vocation at last. His wealth of experience and affable nature stood him in good stead, and those of us who shared his life came to think of him as a survivor. Leading his first commercial expedition to Peak Lenin in the Pamirs in the summer of 1990, Miller deemed one of the regular campsites to be in a particularly dangerous spot and elected to pitch his group's camp in a safer place. During that very night a terrific avalanche swept the other camp away completely, killing over 40 climbers in the worst single accident in the history of mountaineering. Throughout the night Miller and his party searched through the debris and helped rescue two frostbitten survivors.

Mark Miller lived his life with the throttle fully open – whether on an 8000m peak in the Himalaya, on the crags of his beloved Peak District, mountain-biking in the Lake District, DIY-ing at home, or raving into the early hours at clubs or parties. For all who knew and loved him there is now a vast and strange emptiness which tears and time may heal.

Jonathan Tinker and Steve Razzetti

William Leggatt Robinson 1902–1992

Robin Robinson began climbing in Britain in 1921, enthusiastically and methodically, words which characterise everything he undertook. In 1937 Dr Tom Longstaff encouraged him to take to high mountaineering. This led to his first, guided, alpine climbs in 1939, when his ascents included Mont Blanc,

Aiguille du Tacul and Aiguille de l'M. During those pre-war years, because of his abiding interest in Italian art, literature and music, he also learned the Italian language. Thus the war found him in Himachal Pradesh in charge of two thousand Italian prisoners of war. His recounting of their stories was inexhaustible.

He went mostly to Italian mountains after the war in alternate years. (In the non-climbing years he and his wife travelled extensively in Europe, 'avid for culture' he would say laughingly, especially Romanesque churches.) Between 1947 and 1962 he climbed Adamello, Presanella, Grivola, Gran Paradiso and Monte Rosa (Punta Gnifetti) as well as Wildspitze and the Breithorn, always with guides, in addition to much exploration of the Val d'Aosta and the Dolomites by himself.

Then in 1973 he started again with a guided crossing of the Nuovo Weisstor pass from Macugnaga to Gornergrat with my wife and me. He said we had inspired him to a new lease of life. In truth, of course, it was he who had inspired us. Four years later we made an easy ascent of Cevedale together.

Robin's election to the Alpine Club in 1978, largely for his long experience and continuing enthusiasm, was a source of deep satisfaction. He responded by giving what assistance he could, such as preparing indices for volumes of the Alpine Journal, helping with its editing and translating and reviewing Italian books.

For eight of the next ten seasons we spent part of our mountain holidays together. In 1978, alone on the Sentiero Roma above Val Masino, he fell while cutting steps on hard snow between the Gianetti and Allievi huts and was slightly injured. After a laborious descent to San Martino he was taken to hospital to be patched up. That experience did not put him off.

1980 saw the conclusion of his lengthy exploration of all the side valleys of the Val d'Aosta. In 1981, in the woods above St Barthelemy, north of Nus, we chanced to meet a forester, one of his prisoners of war nearly 40 years earlier. In the Graian Alps in 1984 we embarked on a walk south from Ceresole Reale across the top of the Stura valleys, but had underestimated the difficulty of the terrain. Our first night was spent in exquisite discomfort in a cowherd's stone shelter. The three quarter-bottles of champagne I was carrying helped to atone for the hardship, but we abandoned that exploration the following day. Snowstorms had frustrated our attempts on Ortles in 1978 and Pyramide Vincent in 1982, and in 1985 we failed to climb Monte Viso from the Quintino Sella Hut. That was our last expedition together. Robin's last was based on Terme di Valdieri (Alpi Marittime) in 1987, his eighty-fifth year. His 'annual reports' – discursive, informative, amusing and reflective – were a delight to read. I treasure my copies.

Robin's last visit to the Club, appropriately, was for the Italian evening in November 1991. He died on 11 October 1992 after a short illness, five days after his 90th birthday, barely four months after his wife's death. He was a generous and considerate friend, ever the gentleman.

Alan Harris

Christopher Percival Baskin Briggs 1913–1992

Chris Briggs always remained an unmistakable Yorkshireman despite the fact that he lived in North Wales for the last 45 years of his life. His arrival at Pen-y-Gwryd in 1947 marked the beginning of a new epoch in the already long and varied history of that hotel. Somehow he and his wife Jo created an atmosphere quite different from that of any other hotel in Wales or anywhere else (except possibly the Old Dungeon Ghyll in Langdale), and this special character was largely a reflection of his own personality.

The move to Wales was a bold one. He had previously been an industrial chemist and had no experience whatever of hotel management. In 1947 petrol rationing was still in force, and for two or three years the hotel was seldom overcrowded. Chris could even do some rock climbing in his spare time. In the evenings the smoke room at P-y-G was the obvious meeting place for climbers, who were often non-resident but were very welcome to stay on until long after closing time. Soon, however, the demands of actually running the hotel became enough to occupy Chris's time very fully, all the more so because of the special problems created by its exposure to gales and driving rain and its liability to being cut off from civilisation for days at a time in the winter months.

For a good many years Pen-y-Gwryd was the official Mountain Rescue Post for accidents in a large part of Snowdonia. Later this job was taken over by professional organisations based elsewhere; but originally Chris Briggs and any volunteers who happened to be in the hotel would turn out as soon as an accident was reported, whatever the hour of day or night. Such rescues often involved working in storm or blizzard conditions, and over the years they saved many lives. Chris's organisation and leadership of this work was recognised, some people thought inadequately, when he was awarded the BEM.

In his younger days, Chris Briggs's views on most matters, including colour, were decidedly reactionary. So far as Pen-y-Gwryd was concerned, anyone whose skin was even faintly off-white was quickly shown the door, if indeed he ever got inside it. These views were put under severe strain, and had to be actually modified a bit, in 1953, when the news came through that Everest had been climbed. For there was no doubt that Sherpas had played a great part in the expedition's success and that one of them had even got to the top. Henceforward Sherpas were made more than welcome at P-y-G under some unwritten new rule; and in fact this was only the thin end of the wedge, for within a few years Indians too were climbing Everest and were being received at the hotel with similar hospitality if they visited England. Not surprisingly this hospitality soon began to be reciprocated, and the wheel came full circle when Chris and Jo Briggs began to find themselves paying regular visits to Darjeeling or Nepal, generally as guests of the Indian Mountaineering Foundation. In the hotel itself there are many relics which bear witness to Pen-y-Gwryd's close association with the 1953 expedition, the members of which foregathered there annually for many years at the appropriate weekend at the end of May.

Yet although by its situation and many of its associations Pen-y-Gwryd was very much a mountain hotel, it was far from being a hotel primarily for climbers. Climbing was never the main topic of conversation in the evenings, and most of the residents were there to enjoy the mountain walking, not in order to climb the rocks. A high proportion of the guests revisited the hotel year after year, and many of them, from many different walks of life, became personal friends of the family. In his heyday, which lasted the best part of 40 years, Chris seemed to need no sleep. Armed with his modest half-pint silver tankard, he would be in the smoke-room, usually standing against the wall, from the end of dinner until the last guest went to bed in the small hours. Yet he would be up and about, apparently as fresh as a daisy, long before the gong sounded for breakfast.

A regular feature in Chris and Jo's calendar was an annual fortnight's visit to southern Spain, which was responsible for the exceptional quality of their sherry. For many years, too, Chris had a fortnight's skiing holiday, always at Kitzbühel. But, so far as sport was concerned, his main addiction was to salmon fishing and, in particular, to fishing a stretch of water on the river Lledr. In the salmon season he would disappear there for as much of the day as he could spare. He was also a devotee of rugby football. Quite a number of people have occasion to remember the England-Wales international fixture whenever it was at Twickenham; the Briggs family would be dispensing hospitality in the West Car Park from some hours before the kick-off, and the larder and cellar of P-y-G seemed to have been half-emptied for the purpose.

These notes may seem to have been almost as much about Pen-y-Gwryd as about Christopher Briggs. If so, the reason appears in the first paragraph – namely that what P-y-G stood for reflected what Chris himself stood for: such things as friendship and the straightforward enjoyment of life, which were always so important to him. He was a much liked and much respected figure in North Wales, and it was a remarkable tribute to him when, some 25 years ago, such an undisguised son of Yorkshire was chosen to serve as High Sheriff of the very Welsh county of Caernarfon.

David Cox

Theodore Nicholson 1906–1992

After ten cruelly frustrating months following a severe stroke, Theo Nicholson lost a courageously fought battle for recovery on 28 October 1992. Sadly, it has to be acknowledged that all too many of those who shared in the strenuous days he loved so well are no longer with us; those who *can* remember are grateful indeed for their rich store of memories.

Thinking of his mountain days, one would surely best describe Theo Nicholson as the complete all-rounder. His record – on foot and on ski – ranged over at least ten countries, from Scotland and Norway to the South Island of New Zealand. His ski mountaineering began at Adelboden in 1928 with E C Tuke. It was to take him back to Switzerland often, to Austria and to Norway, where spring glacier-touring was his very special delight.

The war saw his skill and experience put to notably good use: volunteering for the 5th Scots Guards (Finnish Ski Battalion) in 1940; instructing in Commando mountain warfare at Braemar and on the rocks of North Wales; in the Canadian Rockies with the Lovat Scouts – training in the Columbia Icefields, Watchtower Valley and Maligne Lake areas; finally in Greece, with Mount Olympus a recurring attraction.

In addition to his membership of the Alpine Ski Club, Theo was a member of the Alpine Club, an honorary life member of the Lake District Ski Club and, since 1948, a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. In Scotland he took immense pleasure in doing all the Munros and, for strenuously good measure, much more besides. Striving to match his pace on the hill, or watching the grace with which he would execute a telemark, was almost as thrilling as to witness his high-speed swoop from Carn Ban into Glen Feshie after a meticulously planned winter crossing of the Cairngorms.

Theo would have liked mention made of these many mountain days. Yet there is so much more besides to remember. From as far back as 1926, when he was a special constable during the general strike, public service took up much of his time: assistant county commissioner for scouts; honorary liaison officer for Duke of Edinburgh awards; after the war, characteristically, taking a sympathetic, practical part in ex-service work.

An expert in woodlands and timber, he found more than ordinary satisfaction in his lifelong business career with Southern, the timber merchants, with whom he was latterly chairman and joint managing director. Business aside, he took endless delight in walks in the Delamere Forest and, more particularly, in his own private woodland near his Kelsall, Cheshire, home.

As a close friend on and off the hills for nearly 50 years, I found that Theo was unfailingly the best of companions, always interested, always interesting, immensely good fun, never content with anything but the highest standards. This year, 1993, would have seen his diamond wedding. To Thelma, unselfish sharer of those near-sixty years, and to their children Elizabeth, David and John, and to their grandchildren, I offer these words of sympathy: wholly sincere, wholly inadequate.

Campbell R Steven