In Memoriam

COMPILED BY GEOFFREY TEMPLEMAN

The Alpine Club Obituary                     Year of Election
Lewis Griffith Creswell Evans Pugh        HON 1978
Albrecht Robert von Leyden                1939
Anthony David Machell Cox                1938
Eleanor Winthrop Young                    LAC 1942
James Waller                             1936
Kenneth Charles Pearson                  1965
Christopher Manfred Gravina              1960
Alastair Lorimer Cram                    1948
Roderick Syme                            1933
Stephen A. Caswell                       1993
Donald Murray                            1956
Terris Moore                             1934
Enid Susie Smith                         LAC 1929
Alexander Dougal Malcolm                 1933
John Travers Mends Gibson                1947
Paul Arthur Fletcher                     1950
Frederick Llewellyn Jenkins              1954
Richard Henry Hobhouse                   1960

In addition to the above, an obituary is included for Louis Charles Baume, who died in 1993.

One further name I would like to mention is that of Barry Bishop who tragically died in a car accident at the age of 62. Although not currently a member, he had connections with the Club and had been a member of the American Alpine Club since 1952. In 1951, with Bradford Washburn, he made the first ascent of the West Buttress of Mt McKinley and in 1961, as the glaciologist and climatologist on Sir Edmund Hillary's scientific winter expedition, he made the first ascent of Ama Dablam. He was a member of the first American team to climb Mt Everest, summiting via the South Col with Lute Jerstad on 22 May 1963.

Finally, may I put in a request here that if any members feel they could write an obituary for a friend, please do not wait to be asked. Whilst I cannot promise that every contribution will be used, they will all be very gratefully received and preserved in the archives of the Club.

Geoffrey Templeman
Lewis Griffith Cresswell Evans Pugh 1909–1994

Despite the fact that our Honorary Member, Dr Griffith Pugh, never considered himself to be a mountaineer, he made three major contributions to mountaineering and to our knowledge of the mountain environment: firstly, his solution of the problem of 'The Last Thousand Feet' of Everest leading to the successful first ascent in 1953; secondly, his organisation and leadership of the Winter Physiology Party of the Silver Hut Expedition 1960-61 that wintered at 19,000ft in the Everest Region; and thirdly, his successful investigation into the causes and prevention of deaths in the British Isles due to hypothermia.

Pugh was born on 30 November 1909, the son of a barrister. Between 1928 and 1931 he read Law at New College, Oxford but later changed to medicine and spent a further three years at Oxford before qualifying at St Thomas's Hospital in 1938. Whilst at University he raced in each of the three skiing disciplines and was chosen for the British Olympic 18km cross-country team of 1936, but because of injury could not compete. He also climbed regularly in the Mont Blanc region and the Bernese Oberland.

In 1939 he was called up to serve in the RAMC. Posted to the Middle East, he served in Greece, Palestine and Iran. In 1942 he received a telegram from W J Riddell, with whom he had been a contemporary at Harrow, asking him to join the newly formed Mountain and Snow Warfare Training School at the Cedars of Lebanon. There he spent the next two years with W J Riddell who was in overall charge of both snow and rock instruction. David Cox was Chief Instructor (Rock) and a New Zealander, John Carryer, was Chief Instructor (Snow).

This School had a number of functions: it acted as a leave centre, a training centre for mountain troops and as a survival training unit. Pugh had had no training as an exercise physiologist – a concept that did not exist at that time in the British Armed Forces. Further, there was no general awareness that different physical tasks need different physical attributes or indeed of the great diversity of human physical capability. He assessed that the instructors at the School had the most appropriate physical characteristics and so they acted as yardsticks for the selection of personnel who came to him from all over the Middle East, including the Long Range Desert Group (now the SAS). Only 25-30% qualified for training and Pugh had a special group who could be completely self-contained for up to eight days, ski-mountaineering 20 miles a day. He regularly climbed on skis for 3-4000ft during a 12-hour day and this was continued for weeks on end.

The papers that he wrote during this period were incorporated in a series of Army Training Manuals and, on discharge from the army, he joined the staff of the Post-Graduate Medical School at Hammersmith. He stayed for five years until the formation of the Medical Research Council's Unit of Environmental Physiology (known as the Department of Human Physiology) where he was head of the Laboratory of Field Physiology.
Pugh's involvement with Everest started early in 1951, some months prior to Eric Shipton's appointment as leader of the Reconnaissance Expedition and over 18 months before John Hunt was made leader of the 1953 Expedition. During this period he launched a new era of high-altitude mountain exploration by providing it with a factual, scientific basis. Mountaineers followed what I would sum up as 'Pugh's Laws' to enable the first ascent of Everest and all the other 8000m peaks to be made within the next few years.

In 1957 Pugh was asked by Nello Pace of the University of California to join a physiological team working at Scott Base and associated with the Trans-Antarctic Expedition. He visited the American Base at the South Pole a number of times and did research into the warming effect of solar radiation, into carbon monoxide poisoning in tents and into tolerance to cold. It was here that, with Edmund Hillary, he conceived the idea of the Silver Hut Expedition 1960-61, using polar techniques to spend the winter at 19,000ft examining the stress of altitude on each part of the transport system of oxygen in humans. This produced new data not only on fundamental biological mechanisms but also, more significantly, on sea-level patients with heart and lung disease. In addition, by showing that the barometric pressure in the Himalaya was higher than expected, he demonstrated in theory that Everest could be climbed without supplementary oxygen. This theory was proved on Everest in 1978 by Habeler and Messner.

Later, in the 1960s, Pugh was asked to investigate deaths in young people from hypothermia in the British Isles. Because of his knowledge of fatigue in mountains he was able to do this very rapidly in a brilliant piece of research, and so saved many young lives.

Involved in the Mexico Olympics, he predicted correctly that the distance events would be slower at altitude, whilst owing to reduced air density, sprint events would be faster. Pugh always stressed the importance of field work to supplement laboratory and climatic chamber studies. He preferred to take extreme examples at 6000m rather than 4000m and for months rather than days. He also studied Olympic rather than club athletes.

Pugh was well known internationally and the Eighth International Hypoxia Symposium in 1993 in Canada (the year of the 40th anniversary of the first ascent of Everest) was appropriately dedicated to him in recognition of his work, which has remained the 'Gold Standard' to which others are compared and on which we build.

Pugh's tall athletic figure and bright red hair matched his highly individual style that gathered a garland of legends in his lifetime. With his dry sense of humour and love of life he was always a stimulating companion. His lasting contribution was that he saved many lives and, without self-interest, enabled others to win fame and glittering prizes. He will be remembered by his friends with great affection, amusement and gratitude.

Michael Ward
W J Riddell writes:
I think it is true to say that anyone who met Griffith Pugh, even casually, was impressed by him. When we first happened to coincide, as new boys at the same House at Harrow for the same first term in 1924, the odd eccentricity or two quickly manifested itself (and was totally impervious to teasing); Griffith stood out as someone very far removed from the commonplace and he remained a 'one off' throughout his 85-year-long life. Yet with all his enthusiasms, inventions and theories, coupled with his quiet, wry sense of humour and of the ridiculous, he could always count on a lot of admiring friends.

As a schoolboy he was eager and willing to apply his strength and enthusiasm to any sport or team game. He played football with his brain, ran well with his long legs and not many boys of any size were overjoyed to find themselves facing him in the Boxing Ring. Perhaps his major triumph was to win the coveted Silver Arrow trophy for marksmanship.

Of his professional life as a Doctor and Scientist a lot has been written elsewhere but much of his success as a Boffin was influenced and formed by his so-called holiday/hobby activities. It is to these activities that I have been asked to address this obituary. He had a boat and was devoted to sailing, but most of his friends soon discovered that an invitation to accompany him for a weekend's sailing often involved a challenge to disregard every appalling condition of wind and weather and interminable hours of being cold and soaked to the skin. I quickly became adept at finding excuses for not accepting such invitations!

Griffith's main athletic ability, however, emerged when, starting with school holidays, he fell under the challenging spell of the Swiss Alps and the then fast-growing sport of Alpine skiing and ski racing. Engelberg became his favourite resort where, with his analytical brain, he taught himself to become an excellent skier. In the late twenties and thirties ski lifts were few and far between and many of the glorious and demanding slopes of the Laub and Titlis could only be enjoyed by climbing on skins — and by the few who developed sound and flowing downhill technique and understood not a little about snowcraft. The young Pugh also became a fine cross-country skier. It was only an unlucky injury that prevented him from being in the British cross-country team and taking part in the 1936 Olympic Games at Garmisch Partenkirchen.

It was during the early stages of the Second World War, when Griffith and I had not seen each other for several years, that we once again happened to coincide. I was in the Middle East at the time when suddenly, quite out of the blue, I was landed with the huge task of starting up and running a new school high up in the Lebanese mountains to teach troops to be mobile on ski and to be self-sufficient in conditions of snow and extreme cold. Not the least of my problems was to find enough reasonably qualified instructors to cope with the large numbers of trainees that would be sent up regularly by GHQ in a few months' time. By the end of the first year things were running surprisingly well and I was asked by HQ in Cairo to go through
voluminous lists of men known to be serving in the Middle East who had pre-war experience of skiing. My prize find was the name of Dr L G C Pugh, then serving in Teheran. We were both equally delighted when he was transferred and appeared at our HQ at the Cedars of Lebanon.

Captain Pugh was quickly to become a sort of ambient, free-ranging central pivot around which this physically arduous school very largely revolved for the following three years – winter and summer – during which period some 20,000 men of several nationalities underwent full training. Knowing something of his qualifications both medically and physiologically, and of his intense interest in the behaviour of the human body in all manner of difficult and unusual conditions, I am immensely proud of the fact that I was able to provide Griffith with a job for which he was ideally suited and with all the means and the power to put his many theories into practice. Working at altitudes between 6,000 and 10,000ft over some 100kms of a more or less ‘private’ mountain range, everything was there for him to use and monitor: ie suitable terrain of great variety, hundreds of volunteers, and all forms of weather and snow conditions from benign to violent.

‘Pug’, as he soon became known, tackled every single aspect of the school including methods of training on both snow and rock ... everything in fact, from tests to select suitable trainees, to diet, to physical fitness, to clothing and equipment, to load carrying, to improvements to ski bindings, to safety in general, to designing suitable lightweight tents and cooking utensils ... and so on. Everyone who crossed his path came to regard him with both respect and admiration – affection even – and yet with not a little apprehension about what tests he might next have in mind! But everyone knew full well that he never would ask for any effort he was not always ready to undertake himself.

Such were the beginnings of a distinguished career largely devoted to expert study of the manifold problems of the human body in extreme conditions of cold and altitude and effort, a career that was ultimately to lead to his important role in the 1953 conquest of Everest.

After the war Griffith was one of the main and most knowledgeable members of a committee formed by the War Office to compose the Military Training Manual entitled *Snow and Mountain Warfare*. Following this he became an active physiologist on the High Altitude Committee of the Medical Research Council in London and his wide range of experiments and knowledge led him to be chosen for the Everest team. Griffith always maintained that without his time in the Lebanon, which led to the MRC, Everest might well not have come his way; and he often told his friends that his years at the Cedars School gave him the happiest and most constructive time of his life.

Griffith’s many friends and admirers greatly mourn the passing of this tall, angular ‘one off’ figure with his gentle eccentricities, his quiet dry humour – and his flaming red hair.
Albrecht Robert von Leyden 1905-1994

Albrecht, long known to all his friends as ‘Lolly’, started climbing with his father and elder brother at the age of 15. His father had been elected to the Alpine Club in 1911, lost his membership because of the 1914-18 war and was re-elected in 1954 (Obit. AJ69, 177-180, 1964). Inflation in Germany in the twenties made it impossible for them to visit Switzerland or to employ guides. For several years they explored, unguided, the mountains of the Zillertal, Tauern, Stubai and Ötztaler Alps and other parts of Austria and Bavaria. They used to trek from one mountain hut to the next, carrying their own loads and climbing mountains on the way. In 1927 they made a short visit to the Engadine and traversed the Piz Kesch from the Needle to the summit. Albrecht climbed in the Zillertal again in 1930 with his father, sister and younger brother. He also climbed widely in the Bernina Alps before and after the Second World War with his friend and guide Kaspar Grass. Towards the end of his life he said that his favourite excursion was the Biancograt of the Piz Bernina.

I first met Lolly in 1938 when, during a week’s holiday in Zermatt, four of us, with Herman Pollinger and Raphael Lochmatter, climbed the Matterhorn by the Zmutt ridge, the Obergabelhorn and the Weisshorn. In 1939 Lolly returned to Zermatt with Grass. They repeated the Zmutt ridge, climbed the Dent Blanche and the Zinalrothorn, encountered Zurcher and Knubel on Monte Rosa and arranged with them a joint climb of the Täschhorn by the Teufelsgrat. This was thwarted by the imminent outbreak of war. Grass, who was a reserve officer, departed to his post and Lolly made tracks for England. He had been elected to the Alpine Club in June 1939, proposed by C G Bruce and seconded by T G Longstaff.

As a young man Lolly had joined the firm of Agfa and was posted to Bombay in 1928. He made many friends there, both Europeans and Indians. His relations with members of the various races, creeds and castes in India was admirable and laid the foundations for his later commercial success. He believed intensely in principles of justice and fair play and showed himself to be liberal and compassionate. In 1938 he was granted British nationality but Nazi pressure forced his dismissal from the firm. At the eleventh hour he got his parents out of Germany to Bombay where they stayed for ten years. Predictably, Lolly found it hard to get a job in wartime England. Then a chance meeting with a director of the photographic firm Johnsons of Hendon led to a contract for him to open a branch in Bombay. By the end of the war he had built up a successful business with branches in other Indian cities.

In 1942 and 1943 Lolly made two reconnaissances of Bandarpunch (20,720ft), hitherto unclimbed. In October 1944 I was granted 28 days leave and accompanied him on his third visit. Our attempt to climb the mountain was defeated by black ice about 1000ft below the summit. We then made the first recorded ascent of Hanuman Peak, 18,200ft, (AJ55, 173-186, 1945-46). It was a totally joyful month, coming directly after five years of war. He later gave a talk with slides to the Alpine Club in which
he suggested that Bandarpunch might be more readily climbed in June than in October. Bandarpunch was indeed climbed in June 1950 by Roy Greenwood, Tenzing Norgay and Tenzing's brother (AJ69, 201-210, 1964).

After his marriage in 1949 to Margit, a charming Swiss lady, a widow, Lolly devoted his life to her and the family and gave up climbing; but his love for the mountains remained undimmed. When the members of the 1953 Everest expedition arrived in Bombay, he effected swift passage through customs of the mountain of stores and baggage, with such success that two unexpected days of rest remained for the expedition. Charles Wylie later wrote to Margit, 'I think it was especially kind of you both to think of entertaining all of us like this when your husband has been working so hard for us for so long.' Wilfrid Noyce wrote of '... your super-human assistance and enormous hospitality. I really don't like to think how many days we should have been held up in Bombay but for you.'

After the war a merger with the Belgian firm Gaertner was made; in 1966 a second merger, with Agfa. Lolly continued for a year as general manager. Fate had indeed turned full circle. In 1967 he and Margit left India and lived happily in the chalet in Partenkirchen built by his father in the thirties. In 1969 Lolly was awarded the MBE for his work as Chairman of the Bombay Relief Association. After Margit's death in 1978 he moved, in 1982, to a flat in Luzern overlooking the lake and then spent the last two years of his life in a retired persons' home near Luzern.

He was a talented artist and painted hundreds of pictures in oils and water-colours, mostly of Indian, Himalayan and Alpine scenes. Some of his mountain paintings are especially evocative. He also painted numerous portraits. Perhaps the best of them is an excellent reconstruction of Graham Sutherland's controversial portrait of Winston Churchill, destroyed by order of Lady Churchill after her husband's death. Lolly, who held an intense admiration for Churchill, was deeply distressed by the picture's fate. He has described how, between 1979 and 1981, he searched for and found all the details he needed to reproduce the masterpiece. The painting took three months to complete — the same length of time that Sutherland had taken to paint the original. The portrait now hangs in the Churchill Room of the Carlton Club.

Lolly never lost his sense of fun nor his ability to raise the level of interest in those around him. Appropriately, the end of his life's journey held a moment of high enjoyment. At his funeral service in the chapel of the retirement home, his friend and neighbour, the flautist James Galway, played compositions by J S Bach, Gluck, Telemann and C P E Bach.

It may be of interest to readers of the Alpine Journal that Lolly's grandfather, Professor Ernst von Leyden, was a famous Berlin physician who attended the Emperor Frederick III, father of the Kaiser, throughout his fatal illness. A statue of the Professor still stands in Berlin and also a notable bronze memorial set up by grateful patients on the mountainside above Pontresina beside the zigzag path leading up towards the Segantini hut. Albrecht was a grandson fully worthy of such a man.

Peter Wormald
Anthony David Machell Cox 1913-1994

David Cox was a mountaineer whose love of high and rocky places lasted a lifetime. The quality of this love shaped him and, through him, many others. The vocation, for such it was, started in his early 'teens. The family home was a prep' school near Yelverton and venturing out, often alone, David would make long expeditions over Dartmoor, scrambling on all the rocky tors within range, or bird-watching with his, slightly spartan, headmaster-father. There was even an experimental abseil from the family roof. All these exploits were conscientiously written up in a growing array of diaries. In his first year at university he would record even the meteorological details, the film he had just seen and the ground he had covered reading Cicero or Homer. Gradually the record becomes more mountain-centred and less earnest. David was never pompous or self-promoting. Increasingly there enters a touch of irony to salt the enthusiasm. It was this mixture of drive and ironic detachment which made powerful aims and modest self-assessments the characteristic qualities of both his mountain craft and of his scholarship.

I got to know David at Oxford in 1934. He had won a scholarship from Clifton to Hertford College two years before. He had already done severe climbs with John Hoyland in North Wales (Clogwyn du'r Arddu and Glyder Fach). He had missed a year, having had an unpleasant fall on Pontesford Rocks. Thereafter he carried a slight scar, symmetrical between two famously blue eyes. This is the only fall that I can remember; apart from one in 1947 when we were trying to cross the wrong col on the Frontier Ridge and I pulled him off. In 1934 he became Secretary, later President, of the OUMC. For a 21-year-old he had a strong sense of responsibility and of 'tradition'. Always an avid reader, he collected mountain books whenever he could. He would quote favoured and highly flavoured passages from the Abrahams or Andrews or from the Badminton Book to add colour to our own small epics. This fitted well into the slightly surreal scenario which prevailed when such friends as Low, Pullinger or Viney were around. David was learning more serious texts too: first the grist and grain of classical history; then he plunged into the likes of Stubbs' Charters and all that passes for 'modern' history at Oxford – ie up to about the 15th century. Crusader Castles, the Orders of Chivalry and medieval domestic and parish records were areas of interest. Castles, indeed, were part of his very last family holiday in Cyprus. Pen y Pass, with all Geoffrey Young's contacts, was a place where the academic and the Alpine could mingle: a civilizing influence. We certainly felt privileged to be enjoying all this; more especially because in the 1930s the hills of Wales and Cumberland were wonderfully empty and unscarred. David climbed whenever study and money allowed, sometimes slightly against parental wishes: in Skye, in Wales, on Oxford Sundays with a hired car (not quite in line with University rules); or on the masonry bridges at Horsepath (good for fingers, risk of cow pats) or the great beech tree clump at Steeple Aston (red coats and hounds running below) or midnight

Right

82. David Cox during the Second World War, probably in the Lebanon during his Commando training period. (p332)
among the All Souls pinnacles when David and a friend escaped the excesses of a bump supper. David's rumoured second ascent of the Radcliffe Camera, with Nully Kretschmer, may or may not have contributed favourably to his All Souls Fellowship.

David took his Alpine apprenticeship seriously though he did not, like his friend Wilfrid Noyce, have the benefit of a sustained period of hard climbing with an Alpine guide. Almost consciously he developed as a mountaineer on a steady learning curve: through the thirties, through the War (see his article on mountain warfare training in the Lebanon in AJ97, 191-197, 1992/93): and well into the 1950s. Altogether, I think he had 14 summer seasons in the Alps. This rising curve of competence went right up to his high point and near miss with Wilfrid Noyce on Machapuchare in the Spring of 1957 (see 'Climbing the Fish's Tail' in AJ62, 113-120, November 1957). I don't know how far he was considered for Everest. Family 'commitments' were part of the story and certainly he worked closely with the 1953 team and became close friends with most of them afterwards.

One further pre-war memory: Summer 1937. For four days we camped by Llyn Arddu and climbed, mainly on 'Cloggy' with Clare and Berridge Mallory, sharing the cooking and the reading of *Emma* between two tents; doing many of the existing climbs on that cliff and one new one — *Sunset Crack*— which David spotted over an evening brew-up. This was a forerunner of the more complex and severe West Buttress route, *Sheaf*, which he did (with Jock Campbell) at the end of his Commando training service. During that July of 1937 he was not able to come on the Caucasus expedition because he had a *viva* examination.

David gained First Class Honours both in (classical) Greats and in Modern History. In 1937 he was elected a Fellow of All Souls and, two years later, a Fellow of University College. For more than 30 years he was a loved and valued tutor there. Generations of graduates have spoken of his probing, questioning, anecdotal style in tutorials. After being Senior Tutor he was, for a time, Vice-Master under Lord Goodman. Much of his research was into the rich deposits of medieval domestic records of the College. He translated, ordered and interpreted for the benefit of a wider community and to the enrichment of his own teaching. He was a don in that Alpine/Academic tradition of 'Sligger' Urquhart and Cyril Bailey. As a historian, he was deeply interested in the detail and colour of real people; much less in the great trends of why? and whither? He published little but left his stamp on many learned and humane minds.

When David became Editor of the *Alpine Journal* (1962-1967) he was much more in tune with the gentle and generous tradition of Hal Tyndale than with other more acerbic predecessors. He was sufficiently close to the rising generation of committed British mountaineers to welcome their writings — up to a point. He firmly resisted the linguistic anarchy which characterised the effusions of the most fiery. But I doubt if he lost a friend through using the editorial pencil. As President (1971-1974) such strengths were also evident. His term of office saw the groundwork laid for the admission of women, the merger of the AC and the Ladies Alpine Club.
and the introduction of aspirant membership. Each of these potentially divisive measures was carried through with common-sense, the utmost good humour and no rancour whatsoever. It was so difficult to quarrel when he was around. His actual and metaphorical twinkle made it hard not to feel as good after a tense meeting as after his speech at a dinner. To the younger generation, both of the Alpine Club and the OUMC, he never appeared as an authority figure but more as a knowledgeable and wise older brother.

David Cox met his future wife, Gerardine Barstow, on a ski-touring trip in the Tyrol. They were both highly competent skiers in the style of the 1930s – skins uphill and stem-Christies down. They had three daughters, one of whom died after a serious, intermittent illness, the young mother of their first grandson. There were many good holidays in the hills and a variety of country pursuits around their ‘Old Vicarage’ in rural Oxfordshire. In 1958 David contracted a severe attack of polio after a short and strenuous Alpine holiday with Wilfrid Noyce and Anthony Rawlinson. He was left with permanently weakened arms and chest and this, in the end, was a factor in his final year of respiratory failure.

In their last few years David Cox and Kevin FitzGerald became particularly close friends. At a superficial level this was to do with the Alpine Journal, with mountain narratives, personalities and gossip. But behind that, there was something else. In the 1960s Kevin had reached a low point with drink-related depression; as some of his writings suggest. The new, deepening friendship helped to give him, despite his eventual blindness, 25 years of contented old age. So if you recall their rather baroque reminiscences in the inner bar at the P-y-G or the speeches of either at a dinner, you can also recall a very special kind of warmth and friendship which sustained them through hard times; and kindled others.

Robin Hodgkin

John Hunt writes:
It is now nearly 40 years since my last climb with David, who was stricken by polio after returning from the Alps in 1958; yet my memories of mountain occasions shared with him between 1943 and 1956 have remained, in vivid detail, over all that span of time. There were some great moments; they include the failures and frustrations which form part of every mountaineer’s store of experience. There was one episode of tragedy, and one near disaster. There was also much fun. Always there was harmony between us. David was not a man of moods and I felt at ease in his company in all circumstances, from our very first meeting.

That meeting took place on a cold, wet and misty day early in 1943. I had just arrived in Braemar to join Frank Smythe’s staff at the Commando Mountain and Snow Warfare Centre as its Chief Instructor. I lost no time in heading for the mountains to make contact with the various groups who,
on that wintry afternoon, were engaged in the training programme. David, in his familiar khaki, fur-trimmed ‘Parka’ anorak, was doing his best to teach a group of dispirited soldiers the technique of stem turns on the narrow road at the Devil’s Elbow, above Glen Shee; there was no lift in those days. That meeting marked the beginning of a friendship which grew from shared experience throughout the following 13 years, and remained close and constant until his death.

Of course, we both wanted to climb; at weekends we made a number of routes on the Creag an Dubh Loch, on Lochnagar and on the splendid Mitre Ridge in the Garbh Choire of Beinn a’ Bhuird. The training courses included a period of rock climbing in Snowdonia for the eventual cliff landings of No 4 Commando at Dieppe. David and I lost no opportunities during breaks to climb together on those familiar crags. I recall a particularly fine day in the Arch Gully on Craig yr Ysfa (Spiral and Gomorrah).

After returning from Everest in 1953, my first climb, Pigott’s Climb on Clogwyn du’r Arddu, was with David and Hamish Nicol. There followed three marvellous Alpine seasons, mainly shared with Wilf Noyce and sometimes with Michael Ward; some of the climbs we did have been recorded elsewhere. They remain vivid, across the gap of more than 30 years, as much for our companionship in some bivouac or mountain hut, as for the tensions and effort of the action.

I remember David, with a group of commando soldiers, as we huddled in darkness around a blazing log fire beneath the snow-laden pines of Rothiemurchus Forest. I recall him on the Brenva Ridge, above the Col Moore, nursing a petrol Primus on a flat stone between his knees, while Wilf, Michael Ward and I waited anxiously for the temperature to drop and the mists to disperse before venturing across those steep, ice-scoured couloirs to reach the foot of the Sentinelle on the Italian face of Mont Blanc. And there was a different kind of bivouac when, wedged uncomfortably in the Cheminée Fontaine, benighted during a traverse of the Requin by its E face and the Voie Dibona, Wilf Noyce, David and I shared the comforts of our meagre rations and, more importantly, of each others’ warmth.

I recall a night on the Jungfrau when Robin Hodgkin, David and I practised prussiking off the beams of the Guggi hut after a day spent reconnoitring the hazards of the notorious Kühlaunenen icefall. Next day, descending in a whiteout from the Silbersattel, Robin and I rescued David after he had fallen 60ft down a crevasse. I treasure especially the memory of an experience shared with David and Ernst Reiss of the 1956 Swiss Everest expedition. We spent a night in a cowshed, after Ernst had lost the way, in thick mist, to do a new route which he had made on the Gspaltenhorn. We nestled snugly in the straw, enjoying the warmth — but not the noise — of the bell-ringing cows in their stalls beneath us.

It was from those experiences, in action and repose, that I grew to love David for his coolness, steadiness and skill: for his warm humanity, his modesty, his sense of humour.
Eleanor Slingsby was born in 1897 at Carleton-in-Craven. Though she lived there for only her first fourteen years, for nearly a century she remained a staunch Daleswoman, richly endowed with what she called ‘Yorkshire grit’. The course of her life was profoundly influenced by her close relationship with two legendary figures of mountaineering history, both writers of mountaineering classics – her father Cecil Slingsby and her husband Geoffrey Winthrop Young. With them she shared a devotion to the High Hills and to the Northern Playground.

In childhood her father introduced her to scrambling at Malham Cove and on neighbouring limestone crags. But it was not till 1921 that he took her to Norway, an experience which she found ‘ecstatic’. Five years later she was back there celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the first ascent of Skagastölstind, climbing it twice, once by the original route over the Slingsbybrae; then climbing other peaks with Norwegians and walking alone in the Jotunheim. She visited Norway again twice in her eighties, attending in 1976 the Skagastölstind centenary celebrations at Turtegrø, when her son Jocelin and two other Slingsby descendants repeated the ascent. She was on the committee of the Norwegian Mountaineering Club and wrote articles for their journal, as also for the Pinnacle and Fell and Rock Clubs. Len has her own special place in mountaineering history as co-founder and first president of the Pinnacle Club.

She first went to one of Geoffrey Young’s Pen-y-Pass gatherings in 1910. And in April 1918, six months before the armistice, she married him. He had lost a leg, commanding an ambulance unit in Italy after the disastrous defeat of the Italian army at Caporetto. Len immediately devoted her energies not just to the restoration of his health but to helping him, step by step, in the remarkable achievement of creating a new legend as a mountaineer. Supported by her he gradually developed the technique that enabled him to make long and difficult expeditions, such as the Grépon and the Matterhorn, balancing at every move on his complicated peg-leg. Once, when he was in great difficulty alone on the top of Snowdon, Len, as if by magic, appeared out of the clouds and was able to help him safely down to Pen-y-Pass. Another time, when his leg broke down on Sty Head, she showed great strength and endurance in aiding Jocelin to support Geoffrey as he hopped on his good leg down to Wasdale Head.

When Geoffrey had doubts about reviving the Pen-y-Pass parties after the war, it was Len who encouraged him to start them again, and on all the post-war Easter gatherings she acted as an enthusiastic hostess, helpful to all, from veteran climber to shy beginner. In the twenties, when the Youngs were living in Cambridge, the Sunday Evenings in their attractive house in Bene’t Place were memorable. It was the golden age of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club, and among those who came there to be inspired by Geoffrey and vivaciously entertained by Len, were a host of
Eleanor Winthrop Young (1897-1994), in her 80s, at the foot of the Jostedalsbreen in Norway. (p336)
budding mountaineers and explorers – Gino Watkins, Freddy Spencer Chapman, Bobby Chew, Peter Lloyd, Jack Longland, Charles Warren and many others ready to blossom in the Arctic, upon Everest and elsewhere. Here, as at Pen-y-Pass, with lively interest and friendliness Len helped us all to make the most of each other.

Her own achievement as a mountaineer was considerable. As she left no records, it is difficult to establish what she actually did. Throughout her active life she constantly enjoyed climbing on British rocks. In the Alps her activities were shaped by those of Geoffrey. Occasionally she accompanied him, notably in 1931, when a family party of Geoffrey, Len and Jocelin with Hans Brantschen as guide made a spectacular traverse of the Hohstock ridge. In the same part of the Oberland she made, without Geoffrey but again with Brantschen, the first ascent of a ridge of the southernmost of the Fusshörner. Her many climbs with guides included the Mönch. I only climbed once with her. It was in 1931 when Jack Longland and I, after following G.W.Y.’s footsteps up the Young-grat on the Breithorn, ascended the Rimpfischhorn with Len and Brantschen. Here I was able to appreciate her skill in moving on rock and ice with balance and rhythm, which she may have acquired when dancing was included in her early training for the stage at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. On one occasion, hurrying back from Wales to Cambridge for a dress-rehearsal of ‘Merrie England’, she was seen practising her dancing steps in the train wearing climbing boots.

Those who knew Len will remember her for her enchanting vivacity and her love of people. She had time for everyone, young or old; and made them feel that they were of interest and importance. She communicated with them in fascinating conversational exchanges and slightly scatty letters and cards, written in her bold, wild and almost illegible hand. As her daughter Marcia put it, ‘Len was fun’.

Peter Bicknell

James Waller 1911–1994

During his boyhood, Jimmy Waller lived in the New Forest with his mother and step-father, both of them medical practitioners. Dr and Mrs Teasdale were, by chance, neighbours of Dr Tom Longstaff and his family and I have no doubt, from my own acquaintance with both of them at that time, that Tom exerted a powerful influence on the youthful Jimmy, inspiring in him a lasting enthusiasm for mountaineering. Jimmy first climbed with a guide, during a school holiday at Arolla in 1929 when he was 17. It was from this slight experience that, following his posting to a gunner regiment in India, he headed for Kashmir in 1932 where, from a base at Sonamark in the Sind valley, he made two spirited attempts on Thajawis Peak (15,928ft). Returning the following year, he climbed Buttress Peak from
the Lidder valley and, in 1934, he attempted Nun with Jock Harrison, making the first ascent of White Needle (22,000ft).

By this time JW had raised his sights to the Karakoram giants, noting the existence of K36, later to be named Saltoro Kangri (25,400ft), in the East Karakoram. Little was known about it apart from a sighting by the Workmans which they had recorded in their tome *Two summers in the ice-wilds of eastern Karakoram*. With only a vague notion of its exact location and no knowledge of the approaches, JW set about organising his first major expedition. I was serving in Bengal on secondment to the Indian Police at that time, and was fortunate, through my contacts with the Himalayan Club, to receive an invitation to join him. The other members of the party were Rowland Brotherhood and Dr Stewart Carslaw, two RAF officers stationed at Quetta, neither of whom had any experience of mountaineering. The story is sufficiently recorded in the annals of the *Alpine Journal* and elsewhere. It was a classic example of a very lightweight expedition. We were fired by the burning enthusiasm and confidence of JW himself, and we very nearly made it to the top, with some miraculous escapes from avalanches and crevasses during a series of typical Karakoram storms. It was only 40 years later that Saltoro Kangri was climbed by a Japanese party. Among many vignettes in my memory, I retain the vision of JW’s golden retriever Tony, roped with two hapless sheep, at the tail-end of one of the Balti caravans carrying our stores up the Likah glacier.

An interesting feature of the expedition was the novelty of our equipment. Apart from skis and racquettes, we used a sledge, and carried huge loads with a harness to which both a frontal and backpack were attached. All these unusual features derived from Jimmy’s inventive genius. Our rations, devised by Jimmy’s parents, weighed only 1¼lbs per man/day.

In 1936, in company with Rowland Brotherhood, JW enjoyed a very successful guided season based on Zermatt, climbing most of the great classic routes, including the Zmutt ridge on the Matterhorn.

Next year, having returned to his unit in India, he headed once again for the Kashmir Alps in company with a team of Sherpas. This time he succeeded in climbing Thajawis Peak, but was foiled by bad weather from another attempt on Nun. It was some compensation to climb Kolahoi by its easy E ridge.

1938 marked the zenith of Waller’s climbing career: his attempt on Masherbrum (25,660ft) from the Hushe Nala. Once again I was invited to join him, but could not obtain leave from my duties in Bengal. This story, too, is well documented. It speaks much for the determination – the sheer guts – of JW and his companions (Jimmy Roberts, T Graham Brown, Robin Hodgkin and Jock Harrison) that such a lightweight expedition, slender on resources and experience, should arrive within a few hundred feet of the summit of another Karakoram giant. Moreover, they reconnoitred the southern approaches of Masherbrum fairly thoroughly and developed the ‘correct’ route which later, successful parties followed. Unfortunately their luck ran out on them, at great cost to Robin Hodgkin and Jock Harrison.
I met Jimmy only once more, briefly, during an official visit to Jersey in 1954. Though he had distinguished himself in the War and had keenly looked forward to it professionally, he was not by nature belligerent. For instance, he made several visits to Jawharlal Nehru in prison. As far as I know, he did not continue climbing. My memory of him is as a very young man, bursting with enthusiasm and ideas, strongly extrovert and self-confident, but modest about his mountaineering ability. JW was an excellent companion under the adverse circumstances we endured in 1935.

John Hunt

Louis Charles Baume 1919-1993

Louis Baume died aged 74 in Katharine House Hospice, near Banbury, after a long illness most bravely borne.

Louis, of Swiss origin, belonged to the illustrious watchmaking family who had been pioneers in the horological industry since the early 19th century and who had established a London branch in 1844. Louis’ father Alexandre Baume joined the firm from Switzerland in 1904.

Louis Baume, born in London, was educated at the Hall School, Hampstead and at Highgate School. He later graduated as Horloger Practicien at the École d’Horlogerie du Loclé in the Jura Neuchâtelois, after which he served an apprenticeship at the Longine watch factory. He joined the family firm in London in 1938.

It was during his times in Switzerland that Louis was able to extend his love of mountains, walking and skiing in the Jura and in 1939 making his first Alpine ascents: the Wetterhorn, the Mönch and the Jungfrau. The same year interrupted both his career and his further climbing when in September he volunteered for the army. After he was commissioned in the Royal Artillery he, along with his closest friend Charles Huntriss, later to become his brother-in-law, was posted to the Far East. They served both in Malaya and Singapore, suffering 3½ years as prisoners of the Japanese working on the infamous ‘Railway of Death’.

During his captivity Louis, at the risk of severe penalty, kept a diary written on tissue paper and concealed in various places. The original and a transcription of this diary, a rare and meticulous record of Japanese captivity, are now valued additions to the archives of the Imperial War Museum. Remarkably, although both the victim and witness of much brutality, Louis retained no hatred for the Japanese, amongst whom he was subsequently to have many friends and business contacts.

Louis rejoined Baume & Co in London in 1946 as a partner and later as Joint Managing Director. He was also Chairman of the Swiss Watch Importers Association and for 20 years served on the Council of the British Horological Institute, being at one time Chairman. In 1951 Baume & Co were involved in the creation of the wildly imaginative Guinness Clock, a feature of the Festival of Britain Pleasure Garden.
After the war Louis returned to the Alps annually and in 1952 was elected to the Alpine Club with some 44 major ascents to his credit. Many of these climbs were with his older brother Pierre, also a member of the Alpine Club. Pierre was tragically killed in the air disaster at Oslo in 1963. Louis was also a member of the Swiss Alpine Club, and for some years both the Climbers' Club and the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. He continued to climb in the Alps and other areas including Norway, the Julian Alps, Corsica and the Pyrenees as well as in Britain. His last overseas trip was to the Picos de Europa in northern Spain.

Louis' passion for the mountains was to extend to the polar regions when he joined the South Georgia Survey 1955-56, led by Duncan Carse. This was an unusually happy and successful expedition which, in six months of sledging and exploration, completed the survey of the island to a remarkable degree of accuracy and detail. A peak in South Georgia now bears his name, Mount Baume. It was as a fellow member of this expedition that I got to know Louis. We shared a tent on the first 60-day sledging journey. Being entombed together in an ever decreasing triangle of space in blizzards of up to seven days' duration is as good a test as any of friendship and, on his part, tolerance. Our harmony was never disturbed and Louis was then, as always, the perfect gentleman and remained a dear friend.

In 1967 Louis resigned all his directorships and changed the whole course of his life to pursue what was to become his dominating passion – books. He bought the stock of Thomas J Gaston of Chancery Lane and set up 'Gaston's Alpine Books', first in Harrow and later in Bloxham, Oxfordshire. He scoured this and other countries, haunting dealers and auction houses, adding to his stock a storehouse of treasures, unequalled in this country, the best of which he retained for his personal library. He had business dealings with collectors from 20 countries and he corresponded in five languages. He was to become one of the world’s leading authorities on the literature of mountaineering, mountain travel and polar exploration, and his own personal collection was perhaps the finest in this country.

In addition, Louis was co-partner with Robin Collomb of Gaston West-Col Productions, publishing books and maps of interest to the mountain-ee. One of their publications, researched and written by Louis, was Sivalaya, which chronicles the history of the fourteen Himalayan 8000 metre peaks. For some years he served on the Library Council of the Alpine Club, advising on the care and restoration of old and valuable books.

Louis was a man of immense integrity, both in his personal life and in his business affairs. He knew better than most the value of the books he bought and many a widow disposing of her husband's library had reason to be grateful for the scrupulous honesty of Louis Baume.

Louis was unmarried but his loss is much grieved by his sister Yvonne, his brother-in-law and his friends in many countries. My wife and I, who were near neighbours for many years, have fond memories of him; Louis' frequent company greatly enriched our lives.

George B Spenceley
Terris Moore 1908-1993

Terris Moore, who died at the age of 85 on 7 November 1993 after a massive heart attack, was the greatest American explorer/mountaineer of this century. He was also an extraordinary light plane pilot as well as Emeritus President of the University of Alaska.

Moore, Terry to his friends, was born in Haddonfield, New Jersey, on 11 April 1908 and attended schools in Philadelphia, Haddonfield and Cromwell, New York (Storm King) before entering and graduating from Williams College, where he captained the cross-country team and became an avid skier. After graduating from college he attended the Harvard Business School, from which he received two degrees: Master of Business Administration and Doctor of Commercial Science.

His mountain climbing had begun long before this time. In 1927 he had climbed Mt Chimborazo (20,702ft) in Ecuador, and then made the daring first ascent of 17,159ft Mt Sangay, an active volcano there. Three years later he joined the Harvard Mountaineering Club and also became a member of the American Alpine Club, connections which led to his making the first ascent of 16,400ft Mt Bona in Alaska with Allen Carpe, and the first unguided climb of Mt Robson, a dangerous ascent in the Canadian Rockies. These climbs led to his first ascent of 15,300ft Mt Fairweather in coastal Alaska, also with Carpe, and to his decision the following year to join an Explorers Club expedition to Minya Konka (now called Gongga Shan) in Sichuan, China, then rumoured to be the highest mountain in the world. Moore and Richard Burdsall ascended this very difficult mountain (which Burdsall and Arthur Emmons surveyed as 24,500ft high), and in so doing climbed several thousand feet higher than Americans had gone before. At the time, Moore was the outstanding American climber.

In 1933 Terry married Katrina Eaton Hinks and for two years taught at UCLA in California before settling in Boston as a financial consultant. Before the Second World War he had also become an experienced light plane pilot, but when he tried to enlist as a pilot in the Army Air Force, he was turned down as a physical risk. Instead he accepted an invitation to go to Washington as a consultant on clothing and equipment for troops experiencing arctic, winter or mountain conditions. In this capacity he tested items in various places and made the third ascent of Mt McKinley as a member of the Alaskan Test expedition in 1942.

After the war Moore became president of the New England Society of Natural History, and helped with its modernisation into the far more active Boston Museum of Science. Then, in 1939, he was asked to become the second president of the University of Alaska where he did a lot to make it a modern university. In his spare time he continued to establish world records for high-altitude landings. He also helped to establish the High Altitude Observatory on Mt Wrangel. Terry was much involved in flying rescue missions too, as I found when he gave up a trip East to search for a plane missing on a flight from the Seward glacier to Yakutat.
Terris Moore (1908-1993) at 18,000ft on Mt McKinley in 1972.

(Bradford Washburn) (p341)
In the ensuing years Terry served as a member of the US Army Scientific Advisory Panel, and he and Katrina made frequent flights throughout northern and arctic Alaska and Canada, even helping with scientific work on the extreme northern tip of Greenland.

During his lifetime, Terris Moore received many honours from the US government, the Boston Museum of Science, the University of Alaska, the Explorers Club, the American Alpine Club, the Harvard Travellers Club, the Appalachian Mountain Club, and so on. He is survived by his wife Katrina, constant companion for over 50 years, his daughter (Katrina Moore Smathers), three grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and a sister (Marilyn Roland of Sun Valley, Idaho).

Robert Bates

Donald Murray 1906–1994

Son of a country GP, Donald Murray lived in East Yorkshire all his life until a few weeks before he died in Cumbria. Educated at Uppingham School, Donald then joined the firm of J A Hewetson of Hull, hardwood dealers and manufacturers of flooring. He stayed with them throughout his working life, becoming managing director and a national expert on hardwoods.

In the early 1920s Donald began walking and climbing in the Pennines, Scotland and the Lake District and in 1928 joined the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, a club to which he devoted a tremendous amount of energy, becoming president in 1964. His presidency was marked by many changes and innovations in the organisation of club affairs, improvements which are still evident today.

An active climber all his life, Donald's experience was widespread both at home and abroad. He was particularly proud of his completion in 1929 of the ascent of the Three Peaks – Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon – within 24 hours, a feat which he repeated 50 years later in 36 hours, despite the handicap of two replacement hip joints.

Donald began climbing in the Alps in the late 1920s and accomplished many classic routes, accompanied for several seasons by the Swiss guide Alexander Pollinger of St Niklaus and later by the Austrian guide Franz Steindl, in the Dolomites, Austria and Switzerland. Donald joined the Alpine Club in 1956, the year in which he decided that, henceforth, he would explore, guideless, less frequented areas: the Julian Alps, the High Atlas, the Picos de Europa, the Encantados, and Corsica which he visited four or five times accompanied by his wife Nancy and a few Fell and Rock friends. The combination of Corsica's warm dry granite and its then uncrowded coastline was irresistible.

On retirement, Donald converted a long wheelbase Land Rover and, accompanied by Nancy, drove it to Nepal for his first trekking trip in the Himalaya. Other similar trips followed to Central America, the USA, Canada and Alaska.
Donald had a tremendous personality, bubbling with enthusiasm, energy and laughter: there was always a lot of noise whenever he was around. I have fond memories of him sandwiched between Tony Greenbank and myself and the pair of them laughing their way up a new route we discovered on the West Buttress of Sgumain during the 1958 Fell and Rock meet on Skye.

Advancing years prevented active participation on the hills but Donald still enjoyed visiting his favourite project, the Old Mill in Combe Ghyll, Borrowdale where, over the years, he had exercised his considerable craftsman's skills by converting a broken-down sheep shelter into a highly desirable private climbing hut.

Happily married for over 60 years, Donald is greatly missed by his family and many climbing friends.

I am greatly indebted to his daughter, Dr Janet O'Neill, for information on his early years.

John Wilkinson

Christopher Manfred Gravina 1934–1994

A great early influence on Christopher Gravina and his brothers Michael and Timothy was their mother, who encouraged them in outdoor activities, introducing them to the mountains of Wales, the Lake District and Switzerland, not just climbing, but also camping, canoeing, and sleeping in mountain huts or hay chalets.

At Marlborough College Chris developed an interest in running. He was in the school athletics team and won the mile in an annual athletics match. He also ran through the night the 18 miles to Stonehenge to see the sunrise on midsummer's day.

While he and his brother Michael were at school, they paddled in a canvas-covered folding canoe along the Kennet and Avon Canal and down the Thames to London. This was several years before the annual Devizes to Westminster canoe race started. Christopher went to Iceland with the British Schools Exploring Society, where he used his hobby of radio to maintain contact with the outside world. After school he went to Canada and climbed in the Rockies. During one period of leave from National Service in the Royal Signals, he went skiing with his mother. Chris had not skied before, but after three days’ instruction they went off ski touring and staying in mountain huts.

At Imperial College, London, Christopher not only obtained a degree but also spent much time with the college climbing club, climbing in Wales and the Alps. This culminated in an expedition to the Karakoram led by Eric Shipton and in 1960 Chris joined the Alpine Club. An important event for Chris at Imperial College was to meet Ann. After their marriage his work with Marconi took them both to various parts of the world including Ghana and Singapore. They finally returned and settled down in Essex, and Christopher started working for IBM computers.
A keen sailor, Chris spent much time sailing and racing in the Blackwater estuary. He enjoyed the challenge of racing, striving to get the best possible performance from his boat. Each successive boat he owned was faster and more uncomfortable than the previous one.

Several family holidays in the Lake District with Ann and their sons Robin and Richard rekindled his love of the fells. Thus in the early 1980s he started to develop a keen interest in fell running, perhaps a surprising hobby for one living in Essex! His love of mountains and general fitness made a good combination and he particularly enjoyed the challenge of the longer fell races and soon had his sights set firmly on the Bob Graham Round, which is a circular route 72 miles long over 42 of the highest peaks in the Lake District with a total ascent of 27,000ft to be completed in 24 hours. During 1984 and 1985 Chris made four unsuccessful attempts on this route. During one solo attempt, he first drove round the route leaving tins of rice pudding and apricots to be eaten on the way. He actually completed the course, but unfortunately took 25 hours, one hour over the limit.

In June 1986 he set off with two friends on yet another attempt, supported by family and friends. Each of the trio at some time had what Chris called 'a bit of a bad patch', an expression which I understand really meant total collapse. However, all three runners kept their minds fixed on the finish at Keswick, where at midnight they were welcomed into the Bob Graham Club: membership numbers 375, 376 and 377.

Chris fitted perfectly into the Bob Graham Club. At their annual dinner fantastic plans were discussed. Nothing was regarded as impossible, everything was worth trying. These ideas were, however, not just fantasies, they were usually carried out. Over the next few years Chris ran solo across Switzerland through the mountains, living on cheese and pasta. With friends from the Bob Graham Club he ran round Mont Blanc, and completed the Corsica High Route (which usually takes 14 days) in four days. Chris also ran some of the long-distance paths in the Dolomites and Pyrenees. In 1990 he ran the South Downs Way: 80 miles in 15 hours.

He ran many fell races and several times won the 50+ class. One year he came fourth in the British Fell Running Championship super-veteran class. He teamed up with several friends to take part in the Scottish Islands Race. This involved sailing from island to island and running up the highest mountain on each island. His knowledge of sailing obviously came in useful. Christopher set himself the task of climbing every hill in the Lake District over 2000ft high. He made a list of these hills and over a period of three years climbed them all.

In 1987 Chris persuaded his younger brother to partner him for the Karrimor Mountain Marathon, and this was the first of several mountain marathon events in which he took part. Those who accompanied him on Mountain Marathons soon learned that his legs were not only very fast, but also took up more than their share of a very small tent – a fact that Chris never seemed to notice! He was expert in lightweight camping,
saving weight by leaving behind anything which he considered inessential. This might include cutting tent pegs in half and reducing their number. In gale force winds and sub-zero temperatures, his companion did not always share this enthusiasm. Chris loved these mountain marathons; he liked the challenge of finding routes across unknown terrain.

Not all his fell running events were successful. In the 1990 Ordnance Survey Lakes Race, he badly twisted his leg soon after the start. This slowed him down so much that he just exceeded the time limit for the 20-mile race. An X-ray later showed that the cause of his slowness was a broken fibula!

Possibly as a result of spending time in beautiful surroundings, he developed a talent for art and painting. Characteristically he threw himself energetically into the subject and produced some excellent water-colours; the quality of his work surprised many of us, showing much potential for the future.

Our sympathies go to his wife Ann and his two sons Robin and Richard. May his spirit run free where ever he is.

Tim Gravina

M J Esten writes:
Chris was my oldest friend in the Club. We were students together, and shared those happy days in the hills which, in youth, no doubt everyone thinks will continue for ever. He was the ultimate enthusiast: no matter what the subject, if it involved a bit of adventure, he would be there. We lost touch during our late twenties, so it is good to read, in Tim’s account, of the many activities other than climbing that Chris characteristically threw himself into.

We did not meet again until some 25 years later, through the Alpine Club. Nothing had changed – there was the same Chris with all his old enthusiasms undimmed. Whatever the weather, he would want to be off, climbing, running, brisk walking – anything so long as it was done with gusto. Later we found ourselves on the AC Committee together. Chris, with his usual drive and energy, took over the running of the bar, advised the Club on computers and took on several other ad hoc jobs as well.

He was an enthusiast of so very many parts, and it is a cruel irony that he left us just as he was embarking on a planned, active retirement. As well as spending more time in the hills, he intended to paint more, and the last note that I received from him proposed that an exhibition of members’ paintings be held at the Club House. This was duly organised and a large number of works, professional and amateur, including some of Chris’s, were displayed. It is a fitting tribute to his many talents that, after a quick first look around the exhibition, I remarked to another member upon the watercolour which I thought to be the best, asking him to be so kind as to look in his catalogue and tell me something about it. It turned out to be one of Chris’s.