
In Memoriam

COMPILED BY GEOFFREY TEMPLEMAN

The Alpine Club Obituary

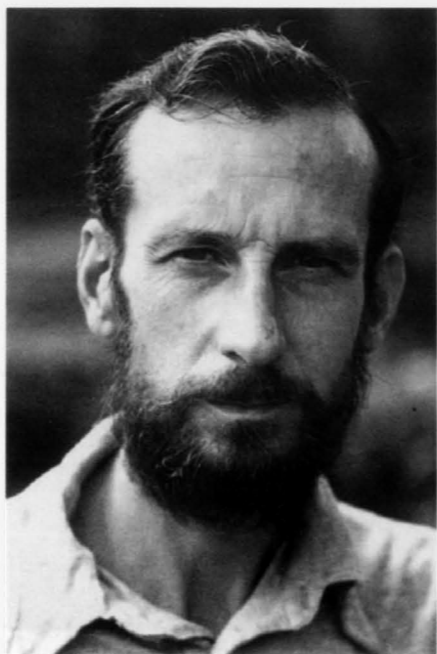
Year of Election

Margaret Patricia Darvall	LAC	1956
Conrad Reginald Cooke		1939, 1946
John Baines		1974
William Hutchison Murray		1949
Frank Solari		1955 (Hon 1984)
Ivan Mark Waller		1933
Charles Trevor Jones	ACG	1960
Alan Bennet Hargreaves		1960
Roger Graham Green		1992
Vilhelm Schjelderup Risoe		1962
Joseph Robert Files		1950
Edith Joan Busby	LAC	1960
Eric Loewy		1991
Thomas Arthur Hardy Peacock		1932
Alan Harvey Booth		1976
Louis Sancha		1957
Mary Kathleen Burton	LAC	1936
Charles Conacher Gorrie		1960

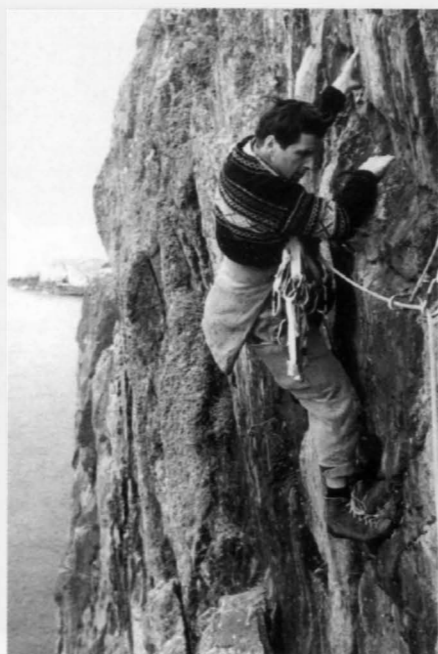
Included here are an obituary and tributes to Sir Charles Evans, who died in 1995, and an obituary for Professor Robert Brocklehurst. Also included is a poem in memory of Paul Nunn.

The In Memoriam list for the year once again contains many notable names, and I will be pleased to include tributes in next year's *Alpine Journal* for any that are not covered in the following pages.

Geoffrey Templeman



93. W H Murray, 1913–1996. (*Douglas Scott*)
(p347)



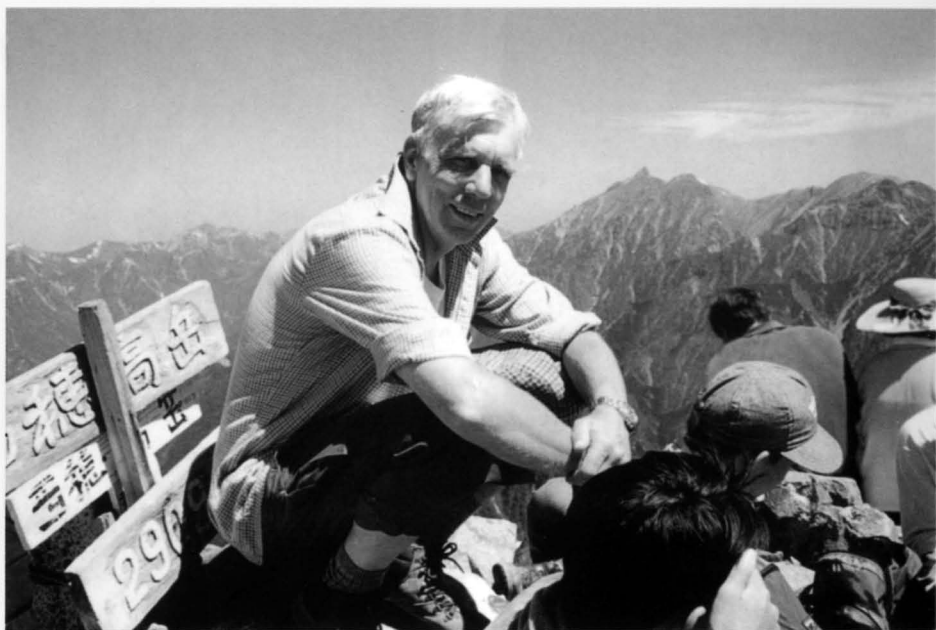
94. Trevor Jones, 1930–1996. (*Bob Allen*)
(p354)



95. Charles Evans, 1918–1995, after Kangchenjunga in 1955 with (*from L*) Tony Streater, Dawa Tenzing and a Sherpani. (*Denise Evans collection*) (p334)

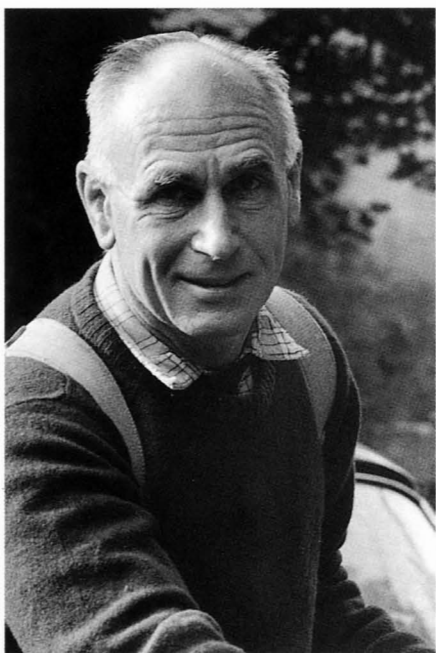
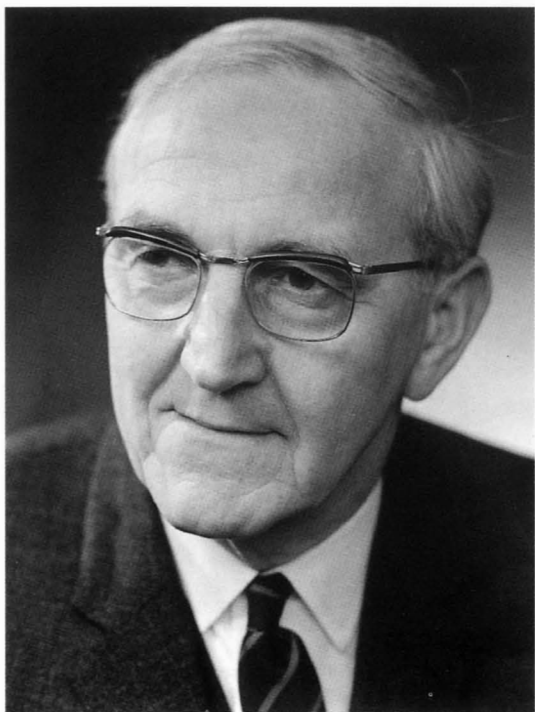


96. Reggie Cooke, 1901–1996, seen at Base Camp, Zemu Glacier, November 1937.
From left: Dawa Thondup, Reggie Cooke, Hawang Sherpa, Ang Kitar, Joy Hunt, Pasang Dawa Lama, John Hunt, Pasang Kikuli. (John Hunt collection) (p343)



97. Jack Baines, 1938–1996. *(Dick Isherwood) (p345)*

98. Frank Solari, 1912–1996
(*Alpine Club Library Collection*)
(p350)



99. Ivan Waller, 1906–1996
(*Ken Wilson*) (p352)



100. Margaret Darvall, 1911–1996
(*Ken Wilson*) (p341)

Sir Charles Evans 1918-1995

Robert Charles Evans was born on 19 October 1918 and died on 6 December 1995. He was one of the most outstanding mountaineers of this century, yet his climbing career was cruelly cut short by illness, and was virtually over by the time he was forty. Although born in Liverpool, Charles was of North Wales stock. His father had been killed in France shortly before his birth, and he was brought up in Derwen, Denbighshire. He spoke no English before he went to school. His totally Welsh and Welsh-speaking background is ironic in view of his later academic experiences.

To an extent unusual in its clear-cut demarcations, his life falls into three successive phases: medical and military, mountaineering and academic. Yet despite their apparent differences, each phase was intimately connected with the others. After school at Shrewsbury, Charles went up to Oxford in 1936, eventually reading medicine. He chose to remain in Oxford for his clinical training, in those days a rather unusual step. He was a prominent member of the Oxford University Mountaineering Club and had his first Alpine season in 1939, climbing *inter alia* the Aiguille de la Tsa, Dent Blanche (South Ridge), Dent du Requin and Les Droites. At home, he climbed extensively in Wales, the Lake District and Scotland. In Wales, Lliwedd was a favourite crag.

Charles qualified in December 1942, and after the customary six months' hospital appointment joined the RAMC in 1943. Post-war mountaineering can regard itself as fortunate that the vagaries of military postings sent him to the Far East rather than to the Mediterranean or European theatres of war. After a long and frustrating sea journey Charles arrived in India. His experiences there, and especially in Burma, changed the direction of his life. He served as a Regimental Medical Officer to artillery and infantry units, was mentioned in despatches for his bravery at the crossing of the Irrawaddy in the spring of 1945, and had two brief treks in the Himalayan foothills – along the Singalila Ridge, where the sight of Kangchenjunga entranced him, and in Kumaon. Above all, he was learning about himself. Fifty years later he was to write: 'I found that in tight places I could think fairly calmly and that others would do as I told them. I hated telling men to go where it would frighten me to go, but they had their job and I had mine; often I evaded that problem by going with them.'

His military service ended in Saigon and Borneo, where he climbed Kinabalu, and in 1946 he returned to Britain and began his surgical training in Liverpool.

In 1947 Charles had his second Alpine season, climbing with, amongst others, Richard Hull, Roger Hartog and Tony Trower. Peaks ascended included the Dent Blanche, traverses of the Allalinhorn, Täschhorn and Dom, and the Matterhorn via the Zmutt ridge. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1948.

His season in the Alps in 1949 was marred by the tragic fatal accident to Richard Hull on the Brouillard Ridge of Mont Blanc. Hull, who was leading, fell about 60ft when a handhold broke away. His head struck the rock twice before Charles, with a severely bruised shoulder and fingers nearly cut to the bone, was able to stop the fall. After moving Hull's body to a safe ledge, he made an arduous solo descent to Courmayeur in ten hours. Hull's body was recovered the following day by local guides, in very bad conditions, and he was buried in the Courmayeur cemetery.

The following year began what for most of the next decade was an annual pilgrimage to the Himalaya, beginning with an abortive attempt on Annapurna II in a party led by H W Tilman. By this time Charles was a Registrar in neurosurgery, with a promising career ahead. His climbing had adverse effects on that career, though, and he was to remark later (with his usual quiet wit) that he thought he was the oldest middle-grade Registrar in the NHS!

1951 was the year of the Everest Reconnaissance Expedition, which established the possibility of a route through the Khumbu Icefall to the South Col. A pre-existing arrangement with Tony Trower to climb in Kulu – where they attempted Deo Tibba – prevented him from taking part.

By now, Charles was becoming regarded as a highly competent, imperturbable mountaineer, with exceptional organising skills and a happy knack of enthusing people and putting them at their ease. In 1952 he was deputy leader, under Eric Shipton, of the expedition to Cho Oyu, and stayed on, mostly with Dawa Tenzing and Annullu, but also with Shipton, Edmund Hillary and George Lowe, to explore the Upper Barun Valley. The aftermath of Cho Oyu was that Shipton was replaced as leader of the 1953 Everest expedition by John Hunt. Charles, whom Shipton had appointed deputy leader, felt that he had to withdraw from the expedition, but was persuaded to reconsider. John Hunt later appointed him deputy leader.

The first ascent of Everest by Ed Hillary and Tenzing Norgay has been extensively chronicled, but it is all too easy to forget that Charles and Tom Bourdillon, three days earlier, had made the first ascent of the South Summit, using closed-circuit oxygen. Unfortunately, Charles's oxygen set gave trouble and they had a difficult return to the South Col. One might speculate what would have been the outcome had they succeeded. Charles would certainly not have appreciated much of the public enthusiasm which greeted the news of the expedition's success. In any case he had already arranged to stay on in Nepal after the expedition, and it is difficult to see him giving that up for what he usually regarded as trivial matters.

The next season was also spent in Nepal, east of Everest. By now Charles was by far the most experienced Himalayan mountaineer and explorer, certainly in Europe and probably in the world. The invitation to him to lead the 1955 Reconnaissance Expedition to the SW face of Kangchenjunga seemed then, and seems now, to be absolutely right.

The first ascent of Kangchenjunga was his greatest achievement, involving a little-known but difficult-looking face and the necessity to change radically the lower part of the route. The ascent to within five feet of the top by two summit parties, George Band and Joe Brown, Norman Hardie and Tony Streather, on successive days made this expedition a model of its kind. Charles could easily have chosen to be in one of the summit parties, but his rigorous approach, putting the proper people in the proper places, made him decide to lead the support party to the top camp. One could observe, at first hand, his uncanny knack of encouraging people willingly to do their best, a result of the unique combination of an extremely forceful yet informal and unassuming personality and a sober assessment of each man's capacities. Kangchenjunga showed him to be a great leader.

Charles published three books: *Kangchenjunga – the Untrodden Peak* his classic account of the first ascent, *Eye on Everest* a delightful sketchbook, and *On Climbing* a mixture of personal recollection and practical advice. In 1956 he was awarded the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. In 1957 he returned, with Dennis Davis, to the scene of his first Himalayan expedition, Annapurna. Annapurna II was too much for a light party in such bad weather conditions, so they climbed Annapurna IV instead.

The same year he married Denise Morin, herself a notable climber and, like him, a future President of the Club. They had three sons, all of whom have inherited their parents' love of mountaineering and exploration: the eldest, Chuck, is an ex-Treasurer of the Alpine Club. With Denise and others, notably Joe Brown, Charles began to climb at a high standard on Welsh rock. Unfortunately this new development of his climbing career was not to last.

Charles had already been awarded an honorary Doctorate by the University of Wales, but it was a considerable surprise when he was appointed Principal of University College of North Wales at Bangor. Even in view of his later tribulations there, it was the best possible move for him as, within a short time, he began to experience bizarre neurological symptoms and signs which were later – quite a long time later – diagnosed as being due to multiple sclerosis. In such circumstances a continuing surgical career would have been impossible. At first he could still climb – he claimed to be the only person climbing in Wales with a positive Babinski response (referring to a physical sign in the foot characteristic of spinal cord damage). But the disease progressed, with few remissions, and within a few years he was largely confined to a wheel-chair.

Charles had been a small-boat sailor for some years, and in the late 1950s he bought a 37-foot ocean racer *Triune of Troy*. By any standards his sailing was adventurous – to St Kilda, the Shetlands, Norway, the west coast of Ireland. Many of his crews were fellow-climbers whose responses to adverse conditions were sometimes surprising. As one hardened mountaineer put it in dirty weather in the Minch: 'The difference between climbing and sailing is that in sailing you can't abseil off!' But eventually sailing had to

come to an end. He bore the loss of virtually all enjoyable physical activity, and his increasing dependence upon others, with good-humoured stoicism.

To his own problems were added those at his College. The 1960s saw a great increase in nationalist feeling in Welsh higher education. At Bangor there were severe disagreements on whether it was a 'Welsh' or a 'British' institution. Charles held strongly that it was the latter, and that a sizeable proportion of his opponents were motivated by political rather than academic considerations. With these he refused to compromise. Despite these difficulties, Bangor underwent a great expansion during his tenure of office.

Charles retired in 1984, having been knighted in 1970, and he and Denise moved permanently to their house in Capel Curig. Visiting him there was both a depressing and an elevating experience. One was depressed by his continuing physical deterioration, but was elevated by the way he made light of his problems. He wrote extensively, mostly about his war experiences. He was visited by many friends. He took great pleasure in helping to organise Denise's long yacht voyages, including the circumnavigation of South America, and kept up-to-date with developments in the Himalaya.

Eventually, though, his physical state made it impossible for him to be cared for at home and he moved to a nursing home in Deganwy. From his window he could just see the top of Moel Siabod. He died there, peacefully.

Charles Evans possessed most of the desirable human qualities – integrity, intelligence, determination, modesty, physical strength. But the greatest – and the one which eventually he needed most – was fortitude. We who knew him are grateful that we did so. We gained so much from him.

He held the heights he won.

John Clegg

John Hunt writes:

On an early morning in mid-October 1952 I was relaxing in the bunk of a sleeper coach which had been 'slipped' into a siding from the overnight express to Glasgow. There was a knock on the door and I was greeted by two smiling faces. To my great surprise, Charles Evans and Alfred Gregory had taken the trouble to meet me at that early hour to discuss the Everest expedition and its membership. That was my first meeting with Charles, and one which I will never forget.

The first few weeks of planning and preparation were a difficult time for me. I needed, as a first priority, to choose a group of congenial companions, with appropriate experience, who would work together as a team. The change in leadership had created understandable conflicts in loyalty, and not everyone whom I hoped to persuade to join me was entirely happy about it. One of those whom I was most anxious to enlist was Charles, possessed as he was of considerable Himalayan experience and strongly recommended by Eric Shipton. The warmth of that smile, as I hastily dressed to join him and Greg, was an immense relief.

The question of who might take over if I were to fall by the wayside was not addressed until much later on. It was only at the beginning of May in the following year, when we started the 'lift' of stores up the mountain from Base Camp, that I asked Charles to be deputy leader. I had delayed making that appointment, wishing to avoid any sense of a hierarchy in the party. However, at that stage, with the serious climbing about to begin, an eventual replacement for myself had become necessary; Charles was an obvious choice. I could not have wished for more capable and loyal support than his throughout the following, critical weeks.

I recall a strenuous day with Charles, and Tom Bourdillon, when we made a first reconnaissance of the Lhotse Face, climbing to about 24,000ft and, in doing so, testing Tom's experimental closed-circuit oxygen apparatus. At that time, each upward step towards the summit was perceived as a minor triumph, and this was one such occasion.

I recall our struggle to put up two tents on the South Col, in the teeth of a westerly gale, on the evening of 24th May during the first 'Assault'. I shall never forget our feelings of euphoria, two days later, after we three had climbed up the SE ridge and, later, when Charles and Tom came down from the South Summit. That was, indeed, an heroic moment for those two, which gave to all their companions on the South Col an immense sense of uplift and confidence about the eventual outcome.

I recall Charles's steadiness during the descent from the South Col on 27th May, as we supported an exhausted Tom down the Lhotse Face. I remember his joyous welcome, three days later, to the triumphant 'summiters', ignoring his own high hopes, as they returned from an achievement which he and Tom had done so much to make possible.

In the following years we met regularly in North Wales, as members of the management committee of the newly-established National Mountaineering Centre at Plas y Brenin, on which he succeeded me as Chairman after the first ten years. It was during one of those visits to Snowdonia that we spent a pleasant day climbing on some minor crags at the head of the Nant Ffrancon. Later, we walked over Bwlch Tryfan to have tea at Pen-y-Gwryd. It was then that Charles complained of feeling a lack of balance as we came down off the flanks of the Glyder Fach. This was the first indication of his illness, which he survived for nearly forty years.

Charles Evans, by his modesty, his common sense, his quiet humour, his extraordinary courage in adversity, won the admiration and affection of all who knew him.

George Band writes:

Charles Evans first saw the Himalaya on the last day of 1944. He was on a short leave at Darjeeling, walking in a chilling mist, when suddenly the cloud parted and through a jagged hole the entire Kangchenjunga massif was revealed. The sight of those gigantic mountains, dazzling white in

bright sunshine, and seen through a frame of dark cloud, was like a physical blow which he never forgot.

Charles Evans's key role on the 1953 Everest Expedition as deputy leader to John Hunt has been well documented, but even so several national newspaper obituaries, after his death on 5 December 1995, were confused in their account of his reaching the South Summit of Everest with Tom Bourdillon on 26 May 1953. Using closed-circuit oxygen equipment directly from Camp 8 on the South Col at 26,000ft, they had further to go on their assault than Hillary and Tenzing on the second assault who would be using open-circuit sets and starting from Camp 9 at some 27,900ft, well up the SE ridge. So John Hunt was very careful in briefing Evans and Bourdillon to make the South Summit their first objective and only continue to the Main Summit if three factors held true: the weather was reasonable, their oxygen was working satisfactorily and they were feeling in good shape. In fact, Charles had trouble with his oxygen set; as a result of limited supply he was not feeling too good. When they reached the South Summit at 27,700ft at 1.30pm – higher than man had ever been before – the weather was not very encouraging either. By the standards of their day, they made the correct and courageous decision to turn back from that point, leaving some oxygen which was now spare for the benefit of Hillary and Tenzing later on. It must have been very tempting, particularly for Bourdillon, to press on regardless, but had they continued and got into difficulties, they could have prejudiced the successful outcome of the whole expedition.

Sir Edmund Hillary paid a generous tribute: 'No member of the 1953 Everest Expedition was held in greater respect than Charles Evans. It wasn't so much his formidable determination in the mountains – we all shared that – but Charles had an understanding and warmth of feeling that made him something special to us. I accepted that his advice would always be sound, and his gentle smile made even the greatest difficulty seem much less important. Charles gave the expedition a quiet confidence that helped us deal effectively with the many challenges.'

Although in the public eye, Evans's role on Everest may be deemed his major achievement, to his close friends and to the mountaineering fraternity, his inspiring leadership of the successful expedition to the SW face of Kangchenjunga two years later was a much greater endeavour. Apart from the last thousand feet, the slopes of Everest were well trodden, whereas three major expeditions to Kangchenjunga in 1929-31 had been totally repulsed and on the SW face nobody had been above 6100m. John Hunt, who had reconnoitred the east side in the 1930s had stated: 'Those who first climb Kangchenjunga will achieve the greatest feat in mountaineering. It is a mountain that combines in its defences not only the severe handicaps of wind, weather and very high altitude but technical climbing problems and objective dangers of an even higher order than those we encountered on Everest.'

Success on Kangchenjunga was truly a team effort, with two pairs reaching a point just short of the summit on 25 and 26 May (the top being left untrodden by a prior agreement with the rulers of Sikkim who held the mountain sacred). As Michael Westmacott, writing as AC President to *The Times* stated: 'Charles Evans's leadership was unassuming but masterly. Like John Hunt on Everest, he carried a load to the top camp himself, helping to pave the way for the first ascent next day and continuing to remain high in support. With the agreement of those concerned, Evans's cable reporting success deliberately emphasised the team effort by withholding the names of the summiters. This was in marked contrast to James Morris's initial brief coded message from Everest, revealing Hillary and Tenzing's successful partnership before the full story was published.'

Those of us who were with him on Kangchenjunga were delighted that he was well enough to attend our 40th anniversary reunion at Pen-y-Gwryd in May 1995. It was a very special occasion for all of us. The twinkle in his eye was inextinguishable, but we sensed that it was probably the last time that we would all be together with him. We felt very privileged to have been in that select group led by him and to have shared with him 'the wild and lonely places' of which he spoke in his Valedictory Address to the Alpine Club. Our respect and admiration for him came very close to love. In his own words from *On Climbing*: 'It is a long way from the Berwyn to the Himalaya, where you can enjoy the finest mountain adventure of all. The mountains and hills are there to be discovered; and whether they are the boy's crags of heather, or the great ranges untrodden since they were made, always they entice us to know them, to master all that bars the way; to them a part of us belongs. Always they speak to us of what is beyond them, and beyond the grasp of our minds; and once we have seriously played with them we can never let them be.'

Dennis Davis writes:

Charles and I were both members of the Wayfarers' Club, a Liverpool based group. In 1950 Charles had been on Annapurna II with Tilman. In 1952 his Cho Oyu trip took him through the Rolwaling. The stories he related of those visits were worth a book or two in their own right. In the early Fifties people like him were looked up to and respected by those of us who had only a few years' climbing experience. 1953 saw Charles on Everest. He did not rush home to seek the glory of the event, but stayed on to explore further unknown valleys.

In 1955 a small group of us who climbed together every weekend in North Wales decided we would like to go to the Himalaya. This was to be a visit to the Rolwaling. However, I had always wanted to be on a major expedition so I approached Charles about Kangchenjunga. We met and talked. 'But you are already planning to go out, so go and enjoy the opportunity', he advised. He was right, of course, and both expeditions were successful.

In 1957 we planned to go to Distaghil Sar in late May. I received a call from Liverpool from Charles saying he would like to talk Himalayas, could I visit him in Liverpool, suggesting the Basnett Bar for a meal. We met up there and had our steaks and a few pints of draught Bass. We talked about everything else but the Himalaya. Then at last the subject came up. He was considering a small team of 3 or 4 people to attempt Annapurna II. He brought out a photo of the ridge towards A II:

'You could drive a bus along it.' It sounded good, but I had to point out that I was already committed to Distaghil Sar.

'Yes, but a small group of 2 or 3 people could do Annapurna before the Karakoram season began.' It was then that he got to the point. 'Our small party of you and me would be back in Kathmandu in time for you to join the others in Lahore.'

There were just two of us and four Sherpas. We failed on Annapurna II due to horrific weather conditions, but we climbed Annapurna IV instead. That was a real expedition in the old tradition.

It all brings to mind many characteristic incidents on some of Charles's expeditions. Here is just one of them. When Charles and Alf Gregory flew out in '53 they put down briefly at a Middle East airport. They were leaning on the railings overlooking their plane when two passengers came up to them, somewhat excitedly, and said:

'I believe there are two members of the Everest team on board! You haven't seen them, have you?'

Charles replied softly, 'No, but I expect they will be very tall and strong.'

I feel one of the most privileged people to have shared so much time with one of the finest characters of the climbing world. Charles was such an example to us, he is sorely missed and will never be forgotten.

Margaret Darvall 1911-1996

Margaret grew up near Reading but spent all her childhood holidays at her family's cottage in Dorset. Here she walked and scrambled on the limestone with one of her brothers, of whom she had several. She was the only girl in a large family, and the youngest by quite a long way. After school she went to Somerville College, Oxford, at a time when only the very brightest young women went to university. Some time in the 1930s she took a job as secretary to a secretarial school in Hampstead. As the years passed the principal of the school retired and Margaret was able to buy into the business and succeed her. Here she remained until 1967 when, a few years short of her 60th birthday, she too retired. Later she worked for a while, part time, for the Fawcett Library and for the College of Heralds. Finally, in her 80th year, she was appointed Assistant Archivist to the Alpine Club.

There were three other strands to Margaret's life, all more important to her than her work. The first of these was mountains. As a young woman

none of her friends shared this passion, so she went walking – in Wales and the Lakes – on her own. She knew nothing about equipment: for instance, she climbed Helvellyn, by Striding Edge, with some difficulty in skirt and sandals. But during 1950, already in early middle age, she joined a commercial party walking and climbing in Austria and again a few years later in the Dolomites. Meanwhile she had heard about Scotty Dwyer's Welsh climbing courses and enrolled on several of these, staying at Capel Curig. One Easter she met Nancy Smith and her aunt Mary Glynne, who had a cottage nearby, and who suggested she join the London section of the Fell and Rock. Through friends in this she was introduced to the Pinnacle Club and, after attending a joint meet, to the Ladies Alpine Club. At last she had found her way into the magic circle. She joined the Pinnacle Club in 1955, became a graduating member of the Ladies Alpine Club in 1956 and, in 1959, qualified as a full member and was very soon voted on to the committee.

Then, for twenty years, she gave her life to climbing. Her warm and witty personality, and her enthusiasm, made her immediately popular. She not only climbed on British hills almost every weekend and attended all available Alpine meets for her holidays, but took a central and active part in running the clubs themselves. From 1960 to 1970 she was Honorary Secretary of the LAC and later she served both clubs as President. It was as President of the LAC that she saw the club through the troubled waters of its merger with the Alpine Club – indeed, the merger might well not have taken place but for the brilliant strategies of Margaret, together with Janet Carleton, and the LAC might have been allowed just to wither away. It says much for her lively personality and efficient approach to problems that, in 1976, soon after the merger, she was voted on to the committee of the Alpine Club.

During this whole period she was amazingly active as a climber and organised many meets and expeditions. She took over much of the preliminary work for her first Himalayan visit – the ill-fated International Women's Expedition to Cho Oyu in 1959, when the French leader, Claude Kogan, was killed in an avalanche. With her from Britain were Dorothea Gravina and Eileen Healey. The other big trip she organised, and the one of which she was most proud, was to Turkey in 1963. There were no maps, and the country was blessedly empty apart from Kurdish brigands who attacked and robbed the party. But she revelled in the remoteness and considered her lead on the peak of Ercyas as probably the hardest she had done. The party then went on to climb Demirkasik by the SE ridge. Further expeditions in her heyday took her to, among other places, the Atlas, Greenland, Corsica, the Pyrenees, the Dolomites, three more times to the Himalaya, and every year to the Alps. Her final journey was to Nepal, to the Annapurna region in her 80th year, and was organised by her colleague in the Alpine Club archive room, Edward Smyth.

I myself joined many meets and climbing parties with her. Indeed, my

own last rock climb was seconding her up a route on the Dewerstone, a crag on the south-west edge of Dartmoor – and we frequently went to Wales with Ann Littlejohn, bumping around in the back of Ann's small van. Margaret was a good, efficient, if not brilliant, rock climber (she rarely led above severe standard) but it was her sunny and amiable personality that made her the focus of her circle. She was described by a veteran LAC member as having been a 'sparkling President'.

And so to her other main interests. All her life she had worked for the Liberal Party, and this continued until only a few months before her death. Her third great love was art. No mean painter herself, she attended classes for most of her life, and her artistic feeling was obvious in the way she dressed and in the appearance of her home. She had a wonderful sense of colour, and her paintings have given pleasure to many of her friends.

Many Club members will remember her indomitable figure, rather bent and walking with a stick, the rucksack (which did duty as a handbag) on her back accentuating her hunched appearance, making her way determinedly down Old Street to the tube station – this, at 9.30 at night, after an Alpine Club lecture, and knowing that she would probably not reach home until after midnight. Her work in the AC archives – and particularly with the archives of the LAC – became increasingly valuable with the passing of time, thanks to her remarkable memory. But in recent years her value to the Club was reciprocated when her own horizons began to draw in; it was then that her weekly visits to the Club came to mean such a very great deal to her.

Livia Gollancz

Lt Col Conrad Reginald Cooke OBE 1901–1996

Reggie Cooke was a man of many parts. A civil engineer who specialised in communications, he played an important part with the Indian Posts and Telegraphs in developing telephone and radio links throughout northern India, Assam and Burma. In 1940 he joined up and served in the Indian Army for two years, in Headquarters XV Corps in Burma and later as Officer Commanding a battalion of the Indian Signals Corps. He retired after 25 years' service in India, following a brief assignment as Chief Engineer in the new Pakistan Government.

In his leisure time, Reggie took advantage of his family's long-standing links with India, where he was born in Missouri in 1901, enjoying those generous periods of furlough between the wars to roam in the forests and hill country of Kashmir, Assam and Sikkim. Big game hunting was a conventional sport for privileged Europeans, and Reggie duly bagged two tigers (which he later regretted). A keen motor-cyclist, he displayed his spirit of daring by driving his machine in the hair-raising 'Wall of Death' at a local fair while on leave in the UK. Acting as a member of the crew in his

uncle's yacht in the annual Round-the-Island race from Cowes, he dived overboard during a storm when the boat sprang a leak (and eventually sank) to investigate damage to the hull. The crew were rescued by the local lifeboat in dramatic circumstances.

Reggie learned to fly light aircraft when stationed in Calcutta; while on home leave he bought a DH Gypsy Moth plane and shipped it to India after some hazardous flights in England with his wife Margaret as his passenger. Such was the young Reggie: enterprising, adventurous and fearless.

But there were other sides to this talented man. He shared with my wife and myself a fascination with the numerous and varied bird and butterfly populations in SE Asia. Unknown to each other, he and I had made large collections of butterflies which, after the war, were set out for us in display cabinets. Reggie was inventive, resourceful and clever with his hands. Using his wife's sewing machine, he made various articles of clothing for his expeditions. He designed cylindrical aluminium shields to conserve the heat in Primus stoves: a design which he supplied for the 1953 Everest Expedition.

It was Cooke's adventurous spirit which led him, despite a lack of previous experience in mountaineering, to team up with a young gunner officer, Wigram Mattys, to attempt the ascent of Kolahoi (5425m) in the Kashmir Alps in 1926. They followed the route pioneered by Neve and Mason 15 years earlier, along the easy East Ridge; it was typical of Reggie's enthusiasm to have a go at another 'risk' sport.

His ambition to reach for greater heights was fired by that first experience; a trek in Sikkim opened his eyes to the magnificent massif of Kangchenjunga. The twin summits of Kabru, in particular, caught his eye. 'Was this first view of eternal snows a vision into the future?' he wrote. It seems to have been the case for, in 1935, he climbed the north summit of Kabru solo, his Swiss companion Gustav Schoberth succumbing to altitude sickness at their top camp. His team of Sherpas included the famed Angharkay with whom Cooke formed an abiding friendship. It has been claimed that W W Graham may have first climbed Kabru (7338m) in 1883, but Cooke is generally credited with the first ascent. He was wrong, however, in claiming that he had established a height record which stood for 18 years. Kamet (7756m) had already been climbed in 1931, and three other peaks higher than Kabru were climbed before 1953: Nanda Devi (7816m) in 1936, Tent Peak (7365m) in 1939, and Annapurna (8091m) in 1950. After this achievement, Reggie's ambitions soared even higher. Despite his limited mountaineering experience he turned his attention to Kangchenjunga itself. It was at this stage that he and I met, through the good offices of Joan Townend, honorary secretary of the Himalayan Club in Calcutta. We had both been attracted by the southern buttresses of Kangchenjunga's Peak I, which presents an obvious challenge to climbers who view the great peak from Darjeeling. But I considered that the sheer

scale of the mountain wall which rises from the Talung Glacier would be too great an undertaking for so small an expedition as ours. On reflection, we preferred to prospect the approach to the North Col of Kangchenjunga from the upper reaches of the Zemu Glacier; this would provide a greater choice of other climbs and would, incidentally, be a more appropriate area for my wife who was a novice at the time.

It was undoubtedly Cooke's greatest mountaineering feat when he, with Pasang Kikuli and Dawa Thondup, climbed the formidable wall leading to the North Col to within 2-300ft of its crest. He was only deterred from completing the climb by the bombardment of loose lumps of ice and stones which were swept down the final ice slope, propelled by the west wind.

A no less daring, if different exploit was Reggie's return to Darjeeling over the Simvu La with three of our Sherpas. They forced their way down the Passanram Gorge to reach the river Teesta, after a week's desperate struggle through dense jungle. The party was probably saved from starvation by the fortuitous discovery of a dead wild pig which had recently fallen from a crag.

In his book *Dust and Snow*, Cooke made no mention of our last expedition, early in 1940, when he and I, with our wives Margaret and Joy, set up camp in the Parek Chu, planning to climb Forked Peak and Pandim. We had already carried stores for a bivouac to within 1000ft of the summit of the former mountain, and viewed a promising route on Pandim, when I received a peremptory summons to return to Darjeeling for a posting to Europe. This was Cooke's last expedition and, so far as I am aware, he never climbed again. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1939, allowed his membership to lapse in 1941; but he rejoined in 1946.

John Hunt

Jack Baines 1938-1996

I went to work in Hong Kong in the autumn of 1971, and set about finding the climbers. On my first weekend I rode pillion on a motorbike to an outcrop below Lion Rock where a stocky individual with a strong Lancashire accent was instructing a group of would-be mountain rescuers. When he was through we did a couple of modest climbs, then sat in the sun and talked. By the end of the afternoon Jack, Leo Murray (the owner of the bike) and I had an expedition planned to West Irian. The remarkable thing was that it happened just as we planned it that day.

Jack was then in his second posting in Hong Kong with the RAF. One of his duties was training the Civil Aid Services volunteer mountain rescue groups who were taking over the fielding of stranded hikers, etc, from the Air Force. He had other job responsibilities but clearly wasn't overstretched, and he took up the expedition preparation with a will. Every other day I would get a phone call, 'I've met this bloke and he thinks he can give us ...'

In those days the Crown Colony was virgin territory for expedition fundraising, and we seemed to be an interesting novelty. Food, clothing, medicines, Rolex watches, even hard cash came in so easily compared with the UK. Our rations included tinned Camembert cheese – powerful stuff after a week in the sun – and some very good Scotch and cognac. Jack knew the back lanes of Kowloon pretty well and we shopped for plastic beads and brightly-coloured nylon anoraks for the porters. He became obsessively interested in the early exploration of West Irian and particularly in our former member A F R Wollaston who had spent several months in the southern forests without reaching the snowline. He followed Wollaston's trail to the Antarctic and elsewhere through old journals, and this may have been the start of his interest in old climbing books.

We had a great time in West Irian, making an early ascent of Carstenz Pyramid by a new route, very direct up the limestone slabs of its northern face, and bivouacked on top, unprepared, three of us sharing a single space blanket and a bag of boiled sweets. We visited the huge Freeport copper mine on the south side of the range; and nearly got wiped out walking right below the bulldozer which was levelling the top of the big copper mountain. Dealings with our almost-naked porters were alternately fascinating and frustrating, but gave us plenty to talk about afterwards. The last time I saw Jack, less than a year before his death, he held an audience of middle-class Americans spellbound with tales of bargaining for stone axes and *kepewaks*, cowrie shell currency and dripping jungles.

Jack and I had two years together in Hong Kong and spent many weekends exploring the hill crags and sea cliffs. We found some good stuff, including an impressively holdless crack with a tree root buried in earth running right down it. We dug thirty feet of it out, and thought we were onto something good. Next weekend we went back, pulled hard on the root before committing ourselves to it, and brought it all down onto us. We caught the ferry home looking like miners. We found some fine lines on the sea cliffs around Clearwater Bay and never recorded them, so years later someone else had the satisfaction of a 'first ascent' too. We stole a day from work to climb a great steep crack on Kowloon Peak where I took so long to lead it that Jack pleaded sunstroke and a desperate need for rehydration back in the city.

Jack was born in Preston and did his early climbing in the Lakes and Scotland. He joined the RAF in 1956 and was prominent in the Leuchars and Kinloss mountain rescue teams before becoming leader of the team at Valley. The mountain rescue work got him to Hong Kong for the first time in the Sixties, and he had a good story of an expedition to the Japanese Alps. 'We thought we were exploring the unknown, and we couldn't believe it when we saw how many people there were on the hills.'

Jack retired from the RAF in 1978 and was awarded the British Empire Medal in the next year for services to mountain rescue. He and his wife Pat (from Fort William) had made their home in Anglesey, and they began

their climbing book business, initially from home. I could never see how he made any money (perhaps he didn't) as he spent hours on end reading the books himself – still following Wollaston. He clearly loved the literature of climbing and exploration, and the progression to the Ernest Press with Peter Hodgkiss was a natural one for him. Their contribution in reprinting out-of-print books, and sponsoring new titles too specialised for the mainstream publishers, is well known. In eleven years the Ernest Press has published three winners of the Boardman Tasker Memorial Award.

In his last years Jack was cruelly affected by rheumatoid arthritis and this limited his outdoor life. I last saw him in New England in the summer of 1995 and got him fired up about a canoe camping trip, but sadly we never made it. Many of us will miss him.

Dick Isherwood

Peter Hodgkiss writes:

Jack had the ability – drawn from palpable honesty and infectious enthusiasm – to inspire trust and commitment from others: he was also a good judge of character. So it came as no surprise to read above that he, Dick Isherwood and Leo Murray started a serious enterprise on the strength of one meeting, for that is exactly how the Ernest Press started.

Many people misjudged Jack. His broad, unapologetic accent and blunt manner hid a surprising level of erudition – the result of a keen intelligence and voracious reading.

Some aspects of a person's life don't become common knowledge until they've gone. In Jack's case Mountain Rescue colleagues told me that unlike many who tended to hang back at the sight of the more distressing injuries, he was never over-sensitive; his aim always was to save life. Also I discovered that as a junior cyclist, his time for the Preston to Kendal run stood as a record for many years.

I was privileged to share a 12-year partnership with him, and miss him sorely.

William Hutchison Murray OBE 1913-1996

Bill Murray was a key member of a group of climbers, mostly Glasgow-based, who resuscitated Scottish rock and ice climbing from a more or less moribund state in the period between the two World Wars. The deeds of this group were stirringly recorded by him in his book *Mountaineering in Scotland*, mostly written while a prisoner of war and eventually published by Dent in 1947. The climbs themselves were unremarkable, amounting to little more than the recovery of the technical standards achieved a generation before by John Bell, Willie Naismith, Harold Raeburn and other pioneers. However, besides the handicap of having to set their own standards, Murray's group enjoyed much more limited means and less

leisure than the Victorians: perhaps because of this, their pioneering efforts were concentrated in the Glencoe district, with only occasional forays to Ben Nevis and elsewhere. The principal new climbs achieved by Murray were Clachaig Gully (with Archie MacAlpine, Kenneth Dunn and George Marskell) and winter ascents of Garrick's Shelf (Buachaille Etive Mor) and Deep-Cut Chimney (Stob Coire nam Beith), both with Bill Mackenzie; after the war, his fine routes on the pleasant East Face of Aonach Dubh (with Donald McIntyre and Trevor Ransley) were a significant discovery. His thorough knowledge of Glencoe climbing made him a natural choice as author of the first SMC Climber's Guide to Glencoe & Ardgour in 1949. However, although Murray's climbing contribution was modest in scope, his influence on Scottish climbing was fundamental. His first book and its sequel *Undiscovered Scotland* (Dent, 1951) are inspirational writings – the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Scottish mountain writing. It is impossible for any young person to read them without experiencing strong exploratory urges. Climbing is depicted as an endless joyous round of invigorating battles with the high crags, moonlit escapades on iron-hard névé, bold unprotected leads by tight-lipped strongmen and good-humoured camaraderie at the belays and campsites. The mountains themselves are characterised in a way which makes them seem even more bewitching than we know them to be. The emphasis on snow and ice climbing was a Scottish tradition originally born of necessity (because of landowner attitudes), but it was transformed by Murray into a characteristic and distinctive virtue. So Murray's books led hundreds of climbers in the fifties on to the crags, told them how to behave when they got there and explained to them why they liked it so much.

It was this latter aspect of Murray's writing which attracted attention outside mountaineering circles and which formed the basis of a second more substantial and lasting influence. While his prose style was very effective and finely wrought, what was truly remarkable about it was a rare and peculiar talent for capturing mountain landscape in a way that compellingly exposed its character and beauty. This talent was seized on by the National Trust for Scotland, who appointed Murray as their Mountain Properties Advisor and commissioned a survey of *Highland Landscape*, published in 1962, and by the Countryside Commission for Scotland, who appointed him as a Commissioner for three successive terms from 1968 to 1980. As well as these posts, Murray held the offices of SMC President (1962-64), Ramblers Association Scotland President (1966-82), Scottish Countryside Activities Council Chairman (1967-82), Vice-President of the Alpine Club (1971-72), Mountaineering Council of Scotland President (1972-75) and SMC Honorary President (from 1989).

This was a long and gruelling period of voluntary work, entailing heroically many taxing journeys from his remote heronry at Lochgoilhead, endured without complaint or adequate recompense. Throughout it, Murray used his best efforts to persuade others that the character and beauty

of mountain landscape was a thing well worth preserving and, while he would use almost any instrument available in a cause he thought sufficiently worthy, his most effective instrument was always the unique talent he possessed for the delineation of mountain character and beauty. That instrument, preserved in his writings, survives his death and will be a mainstay of mountain conservation for the foreseeable future. Indeed, so powerful was Murray's eye and pen, that – much as a lucid and authoritative art historian can add or remove value from a painting – he could increase the aesthetic value of a landscape by writing about it. Sometimes this power must have dismayed him: as it did, for example, when the world beat a nasty path to Coire Gabhail – the 'Lost Valley of Bidean nam Bian' of his books, assisted, of course, by the National Trust for Scotland's controversial access bridge. However, Murray's integrity was so absolute that the validity of his mountain testimony was never doubted.

This aspect of Murray's life and work has been described and praised at greater length by Robert Aitken in the 1996 SMC Journal (pp 155-8). Aitken's tribute could hardly be improved in short compass, and deserves close study. Nor could his claim be reasonably disputed that 'Bill Murray stands alongside James Bryce and Frank Fraser Darling in the pantheon of Scottish conservation', although some might wish to include Percy Unna in this very short list of gods. No one has done more than Murray to expose and preserve what is truly valuable in our mountain landscapes; and while there are many now to offer leadership in the fiefdoms of Bryce, Darling and Unna – access, wildlife conservation and mountain management – there is no one who approaches Murray's authority in discerning and delineating value. We flounder in the wake of a loss which seems irreplaceable.

Robin N Campbell

Michael Ward writes:

Bill Murray's classic account of pre-Second World War climbing, *Mountaineering in Scotland*, made him the doyen of Scottish winter climbing. The book introduced this exhilarating sport to mountaineers hungry for action after years overwhelmed by the war. The fact that Murray wrote it on scraps of paper whilst a prisoner of war in Germany added poignancy to his account. The events that he described were a lifeline of sanity and hope that helped him endure the days of boredom and terror in camp, on the run during his escapes, and when his fellow prisoners were 'brought back in a box', murdered by the Gestapo on their way to a neutral border.

After the war, in the late 1940s, Bill introduced me to Scottish winter ice climbing, and armed with a slater's pick but neither pitons nor crampons (for we had to give the mountain a chance!) we attempted a number of routes, many of them unclimbed. Sometimes we were successful, sometimes not, but bad weather was never regarded as a valid excuse for failure, for without it there could be neither snow nor ice – nor fun!

In 1947, in the Dauphiné, Bill saved my life. With John Barford, we had just completed the Coste-Rouge Arête on the Ailefroide. Next day at dawn, while descending to the Glacier Blanc, the three of us were swept down nearly a thousand feet by a stone avalanche. Sadly, John Barford was killed. I fell into the bergschrund where I was wedged like a cork in a bottle by my rucksack, with my legs dangling free, unconscious, with a fractured skull and multiple lacerations. Luckily Bill was thrown clear and when we both regained consciousness (though I have no memory of the 36 hours surrounding these events), by a superhuman effort he managed to haul and help me extract myself from this icy coffin and then down many hours to a hut. It was a remarkable rescue.

In 1950, with three Scottish companions, Bill went to the mountains north of Nanda Devi on the Tibetan border. They climbed a number of peaks and forced a route through the Girthi Gorge from Malari on the Dhaulī to Milam on the Gori, thus linking two of the great trade routes across the Himalaya to Central Asia.

When, early in 1951, it was suggested that the Nepalese side of Everest should be explored, it was Bill who did the organising, successfully obtaining permission from the Nepalese Government and negotiating with newspapers for funds. In the summer, we invited Eric Shipton to lead the expedition, but he took some time to make up his mind and, in the meantime, Bill continued with the minutiae of organisation.

After the exploration of the Khumbu Icefall, Bill took part in some exploration to the west of Everest and joined us in our attempt to reach the Nup La. Then, with Tom Bourdillon, he visited the Nangpa La before crossing into the Menlung Basin where he joined up again with Shipton, Sen Tensing and myself. By now we were well inside Tibet and, descending the Rongshar Gorge, were captured by Tibetan levies. Angharkay, our sirdar, managed to bargain us free for a remarkably small sum of Nepalese rupees, which delighted Bill.

Bill Murray was highly regarded both as a climber and as a writer, and was awarded Honorary Doctorates by both Stirling and Strathclyde Universities. He was totally happy and at one in both body and spirit with the hills, lochs, islands and coastline of his beloved Highlands; they gave him a feeling of rightness, of belonging. He used to say that leaving the Highlands, where he lived on the shores of Loch Goil, even for the Himalaya, was like leaving a slice of paradise. Bill was one of my earliest climbing companions, an honest and gentle person. I associate him with many of my happiest and most important memories of the mountains.

Frank Solari 1912-1996

Frank Solari was born in 1912 at Kingswinford near Birmingham and educated at King Edward VIth School, Stourbridge, subsequently taking a Physics degree at Birmingham University. He started climbing in 1932 and was a founder member of the University of Birmingham Mountaineering Club, becoming its president from 1933 to 1934. In 1934 he joined the Midland Association of Mountaineers and in 1936, introduced by John Jenkins who was a fellow student at Birmingham, he also joined the Rucksack Club. He remained a member of both clubs until his death.

After university Frank joined Lucas Ltd but after some time with them he moved on to the Civil Service, joining the then Aeronautical Inspection Department, whose work continued under a succession of different departmental names. Frank continued making his professional contribution in the same broad field until his retirement. Soon after war broke out he was sent to the USA as a roving progress-chaser and trouble-shooter on UK government defence contracts, where he remained until peace returned. Soon after his arrival in New York Frank had joined the Appalachian Mountain Club and was a frequent attender at their weekend walks. It was during one of these that he first met Babs, whom he later married. Babs used to say that Frank had some binoculars and she had a bird book, so it seemed a logical union. Towards the end of his professional career Frank's work was recognised with the award of the Imperial Service Order.

On his return to the UK in 1947 Frank resumed his active involvement with the Rucksack Club. The BMC had been formed a few years earlier on the initiative of the principal national climbing clubs and soon after his return from the USA Frank started assisting in BMC affairs. Working with Dr Bill Ward and Dr Joe Griffiths of the National Physical Laboratory, Frank utilised his professional experience of equipment testing to formulate new specifications and practical recommendations on the use of climbing ropes and karabiners. The interest that this work aroused led to the involvement of the British Standards Institute, with Frank being appointed as convenor of the BSI subcommittee on mountaineering ropes and, in 1955, as vice-chairman of the BMC equipment subcommittee. International co-operation on these technical matters soon grew up, and Frank served as UK representative on equipment testing and specification committees of the UIAA. This appointment had its side benefits because of the requirement to attend its meetings in various countries, often using venues in the mountains. This enabled Frank to see something of the mountain areas of Eastern Europe at a time when access was rarely possible for most Western climbers. For more than 25 years Frank was involved with these equipment matters on behalf of the BMC, and he served as its Vice-President from 1968 to 1970.

Frank was elected to the Alpine Club in 1955, becoming its Librarian in

1963, a Vice-President in 1973 and an Honorary Member in 1984. His application form shows that he had made good use of his free time whilst in the USA during the war, as a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club from 1942 to 1947, with ascents in the Tetons in Wyoming in 1946 and in the Wind River range in 1947. The year 1955 saw Frank's first foray into the Himalaya when he joined Hamish MacArthur, who had proposed Frank for membership of the Alpine Club, and their respective wives for a small private expedition to Central Lahoul. The trip was very successful and in addition to making the first ascent of South Kunzan peak (18,050ft) two previously unnamed and unclimbed peaks were ascended. These were named by Hamish as Tapugiri (19,000ft) and Tara Pahar (20,430ft). Time was still found to undertake some plane-table surveying of the area which revealed considerable errors in the maps of the day. Encouraged by these successes, MacArthur led the same group to Western Lahoul in 1958 to explore the head of the Thirot Nala. Sadly, during an attempt on an unnamed peak of about 20,000ft, Hamish was taken ill at 19,000ft and died the next day.

Frank joined the Swiss Alpine Club Monte Rosa section in 1954, and for many years, as a member of the ABMSAC, he regularly attended its annual meets in Switzerland, as well as being President from 1969 to 1971.

Although mountaineering always occupied a central position in Frank's activities it did not do so to the exclusion of other interests. Three, in particular, were important to him: music, botany and photography. He came from a family who were musically gifted, and he was himself an accomplished cello player, playing in chamber music and performing with the Slough Philharmonic Society for many years. His second musical love was opera, a passion which he shared with his wife Babs and which took them regularly to Covent Garden and Glyndebourne. This was one of the few areas where their views diverged, because Frank was quite unable to share with Babs her love of Wagner.

Part of Frank's professional life had been concerned with aerial photography and photogrammetry, so it is not surprising that he was a very skilled photographer, a skill that was put to good use not only in producing superb lecture slides from his various expeditions but as a complement to his interest in botany. He had an encyclopaedic knowledge of alpine flora and over the years he accumulated an outstanding collection of photographs of alpinists in their natural habitats. It is good to know that the Alpine Garden Society has accepted with enthusiasm this collection to add to its library, so that Frank's years of work assembling it will be available to a wider audience. In his later years the Alpine Club benefited greatly from Frank's photographic skills, and he was constantly in demand to copy old photographs of historical importance for exhibitions and publications. Perhaps only one or two of us who have actually worked with Frank in his darkroom realise the lengths to which he was prepared to go to achieve a satisfactory result from an old and heavily faded original, sometimes

making multiple intermediate copy negatives and prints to gradually build up contrast from an original that was almost unprintable. The more difficult the original, the greater the challenge. This perhaps epitomises Frank's character and life. He was a perfectionist with endless patience to achieve the best result from the task in hand, never seeking the limelight but always ready to help. He lived a long and very full life which enriched the lives of all who knew him, and his passing leaves us all the poorer.

J S Whyte

Ivan M Waller 1906-1996

Ivan Mark Waller was born in Lancing, Sussex on 27 December 1906; he led a full and eventful life as a mountaineer, rock climber and skier, racing motorist and automobile engineer. It was while studying for his degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, that his passion for these activities blossomed. He became highly skilled in all of them.

Initially it was in rock climbing that he excelled, making a first ascent of *Belle Vue Bastion* on Tryfan's east face in 1927. Ivan then underlined his ability by doing it again – solo this time, and to musical accompaniment from a gramophone pre-placed on Belle Vue Terrace above. The climbing establishment of the day was amazed, critical perhaps, but inwardly filled with admiration for such talent and daring. But Ivan's subsequent performance of a celebratory handstand atop one of Tryfan's summit blocks was even more shocking. Rock gymnastics had arrived – born of a cheeky humour that irritated a few, yet delighted many. It was present in almost everything Ivan Waller did or said. Other new routes followed: *Fallen Block Crack* on Clogwyn-y-Ddisgl, a virtual solo, for his second did not follow. *Lone Tree Groove* on Derbyshire's Black Rocks – still hard enough to stop many a modern hard man. A number of first ascents led by well-known climbers in the late twenties and early thirties owe their instigation to IMW's participation.

He was also active in the Alps at this time, on one occasion in 1928 leading such mountaineering notables as T Graham Brown and Frank Smythe up the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon. In the fullness of time Ivan's knowledge of Alpine peaks, passes and glaciers became quite extensive. However, those other interests of his demanded fulfilment and, in the thirties, he became one of our most promising racing drivers, competing regularly at Brooklands and other circuits. He even tried rally driving and started from Athens to compete in the 1932 Monte Carlo Rally. After setting a new record for the final Mont des Meiles hill climb, which would have won him the event, Ivan's car was disqualified for arriving in Monaco just five minutes too early! After that it was all circuit racing and later that year he won the Irish Motor Club's premier event at Dublin's Phoenix Park.

In the mid-thirties he joined Rolls-Royce as a chassis and engine development engineer. When war broke out in 1939, after volunteering for the armed forces, Ivan was persuaded to stay at Rolls-Royce and train as a flight test engineer. Duly learning to fly, he soon became involved in tests on a top-secret prototype sea-plane, the Blackburn B.20. Designed to be the fastest military sea-plane ever made, it was vital to determine its true maximum speed. During the final test, off Scotland's west coast, when doing 300 knots (340 mph) a wing aileron failure caused it to become uncontrollable and eventually crash into the sea. Out of its crew of five, Ivan was one of only two survivors who managed to escape by parachute and were rescued by a nearby warship on anti-submarine patrol.

After the war IMW returned to automobile engineering, and intensive work on vehicle brakes resulted in the publication of a technical paper which won him the prestigious George Stephenson Medal of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. By this time in his 46th year he was nevertheless invited to drive an XK 120 Jaguar in the 1952 Le Mans 24-hour race and did well enough to ensure it was the first privately entered car to finish, behind the winning works team cars.

That same year Ivan became the first person to ski down the precipitous east face of Helvellyn to Red Tarn (a feat he repeated some years later with his youngest son Tim).

On retirement Ivan and his wife Helen went to live in Cumbria and there he started regular rock climbing again, repeating some of his earlier adventures aided by the magic of modern gear. One such climb was Scafell's *Mickledore Grooves*, on which he had seconded Colin Kirkus's first ascent lead in 1931. He also tackled a number of long-distance walks, commencing with the Pennine Way – in both directions. Then those Scottish Munros became Ivan's objective, with the help of Helen as custodian, cook and co-driver of their transportable climbing hut – a VW Combi. Eventually his Grand Slam was completed by visiting Ireland's 3000ft tops.

At the age of 70 Ivan led an older friend from Cambridge days on a continuous traverse of the Cuillin Ridge – Charles Warren was 71! And to be certain that CBMW's day would not be spoiled by bad route-finding, IMW did it two weeks before. Almost 79, Ivan re-climbed his *Belle Vue Bastion* with a large party of Climbers' Club members, celebrating the diamond jubilee of the opening of Helyg, their first hut. Nearer to his home, on 27 December 1986 (his 80th birthday) he led a young friend up the first winter ascent of *Goat Scar Gully* in Long Sleddale. Of course, throughout his retirement Ivan still managed to ski whenever he could. He had skied the Haute Route, from Chamonix to Saas Fée as a senior citizen and continued to instruct on beginners' ski courses until well over 80. Sadly, at the age of 87, when still adding Corbetts to his Munros, his hill activities were halted by a stroke. He never fully recovered and died at his home in Kendal on 2 October 1996.

Peter Harding

Charles Trevor Jones 1930-1996

It had been a perfect day. At our third attempt we had completed the striking 750 metre ridge on the Jebel el Khest in the Anti Atlas of Morocco. To his great delight Trevor had found the entry point to the final delectable arête. At 65 years of age, with over four decades of prolific climbing activity behind him, he was as infectiously enthusiastic as ever. On the long, tortuous descent, grimacing from painful knees, he declared the route had provided probably the best day's climbing of his life. A year later, in the same area, he took part in the ascents of five more new routes, even though by then he was seriously debilitated by what turned out to be a terminal illness. His powerful physique, resilience and determination enabled him, as he would have wished, to be active to the last.

In his youth, Trevor's first love had been cycling. He admired his elder brother who rode at international standard. Alpine walking holidays, started in 1947, led him on the path to serious alpinism and rock climbing. He made many classic Alpine ascents culminating in 1958 in the third complete ascent of the Brown Whillans route with Robin Smith, Trevor leading the notorious *Fissure Brown*.

I joined forces with him in 1960 to climb in the Dolomites, little realising that it was the beginning of many years of friendship with one of the most unconventional and funny personalities on the climbing scene. Our ascents of the Comici on the Cima Grande and the *Pilastro des Rozes* on the Tofana were started late and completed in storms and semi-darkness. As we struggled with cascades of hail I became aware of his ability to see the comic possibilities of any predicament. His humour was all the more engaging by being largely self-deprecatory. He had a fund of stories based on his legendary absent-mindedness and cavalier approach to preparation. One of his favourites related to the day he was gearing up for a route on the Wenallt. Joe Brown arrived, eyed him quizzically for a moment, grinned and said: 'Trevor, how have you survived climbing for forty years? Not only is your harness on back to front, it's upside down as well!'

In 1960 we were together again on the successful Nuptse expedition. He became ill very early in the climb, describing his 'mild' stroke characteristically: 'I lay on the glacier for two hours listening to a heavenly choir and seeing coloured lights.' Nevertheless, in the closing stages of the expedition, by sheer will power, he made it to 23,000ft.

However, the trip for him had other compensations. The overland journey from Manchester to Kathmandu in standard estate cars was an adventure in itself and the journey across Iran and the deserts of Baluchistan so intrigued him that he was to return to Iran shortly after to lead an attempt on the North Face of Alam Kou in the Elburz mountains.

He returned to twenty years of regular Alpine holidays. His successes included such fine routes as the Cassin on the Badile, the North Ridge of the Cengalo, the Solleder Route on the Civetta NW Face, the first British

ascent of the Gervasutti Route up Pic Gaspard, the *Grauwand* on the Gletscherhorn, a new route on the Aiguille Dibona and the traverse of the Meije.

In the UK few crags escaped his attention. Strong and tenacious, he climbed 'E' grade routes as routine until late in life. Many of his first ascents at Tremadog in the 1950s have become classics, *One Step in the Clouds* giving him particular satisfaction. In his last year he was ebullient after climbing the Old Man of Hoy and *Minus One Direct* on Ben Nevis.

His activities from the age of 50 were remarkable. Setting his sights further afield, he made a new route on the Diamond Buttress of Mount Kenya and the third ascent of the *Scott Braithwaite* on the same mountain. Yosemite, Spanish and French limestone, and Colorado provided him with new challenges. He returned to the Dolomites to climb the Cassin Route on the Cima Oveste. His greatest thrill, however, was his return to exploratory climbing in Morocco with our discovery of the Jebel el Khest. He loved desert scenery, the wild arid landscape broken by green oases, and the endless adventure climbing possibilities of the bastions of red and ochre quartzite.

Climbing, its history, personalities and controversies helped to keep his restless mind active. He enjoyed club life and joined the CC in 1958, the ACG in 1960 and the FRCC a few years ago. His election as President of the Climbers' Club gave him great satisfaction and he was instrumental in the timely acquisition of May Cottage in Pembroke. His books on the history of rock climbing in North Wales and the Lake District, written with Geoff Milburn, were meticulously researched. He enjoyed immensely interviewing the great pioneers or their friends who were still alive. Climbs were often enlivened by quotes from the first ascensionists.

His professional career was as varied as his climbing. During his national service he was commissioned to Flying Officer. Surprisingly, he enjoyed the parade ground, although it was never likely that he would conform to military conventions sufficiently to make it a career. He worked for Ferranti as an electronic engineer for many years, developing early integrated circuits; and then, quite late in life, he made a bold switch to advertising and built up his own small business.

He was immensely proud of his family and was delighted when his two daughters accompanied him to his beloved hills. He enthused about his wife Anna's long-distance Alpine walks, albeit ruefully when eventually she could outdistance him. His wide circle of friends miss him greatly. We are left with treasured memories of great days shared, madcap scrapes and adventures, and hours of laughter.

Les Brown

Robert James Brocklehurst 1899-1995

Professor Robert Brocklehurst was born in Liverpool in 1899. After attending Harrow School and obtaining a First Class Honours degree in Physiology at University College Oxford he graduated in medicine at St Bartholomew's Hospital in 1924. Two years in the United States on a travelling fellowship and lectureships at University College London were followed by his appointment, at the early age of 31, to the Chair of Physiology at the University of Bristol. Here he was responsible for the teaching of medical and dental students, and soon he became Dean of the Medical Faculty, remaining there until 1965. During these years 'Prof' Brocklehurst was on numerous committees of the General Medical Council and on the Education Committees of the Dental Board and General Dental Council. He was a very efficient administrator who spent a lot of time building up his department from comparatively small and under-resourced beginnings, but he still managed to fit in numerous first-year lectures, and was much loved by his students.

From 1936 until his retirement Robert Brocklehurst lived in Stoke Bishop, Bristol, where he was a churchwarden at St Mary's church for 21 years. He was elected to the Board of Finance for the Bristol Diocese, soon becoming Chairman, and represented the diocese at the Church Assembly for many years.

After the Second World War he became interested in bell-ringing and this was an interest which continued throughout his life. After his retirement Robert moved to Newton Ferrers, near Plymouth, where he continued his church activities and enjoyed gardening which, as with everything else he did, he tackled on a very thorough and scientific basis.

Robert Brocklehurst's interest in mountains started in the early 1920s, and in his first Alpine season, in 1922, he climbed Lo Besso, the Bishorn, Grand Cornier and Zinalrothorn, amongst others. The following year he spent the whole of July in the Alps and made the first ascent of the season of the Aletschhorn, and a new route up the SW face of the Finsteraarhorn. All these climbs were guideless, with companions such as R P Verschoyle, M De Selincourt and A E Barker. In 1926 he had a tremendous season, climbing many of the major Alpine peaks. His companion in July was T S Blakeney but the next month he teamed up with T Graham Brown who wrote about their traverse of Mont Blanc in the first pages of his book *Brenva*. During all this time, and up until 1934, he was also climbing in the Lakes, usually attending Easter meets at Wasdale Head, but details of any climbs after that date have not been found. His application for AC membership in 1926 was proposed by A E Barker and supported by ten members.

'Robin' Brocklehurst has been described as a 'gentleman of his time with a full measure of old-fashioned virtues', who was modest, kind, courteous and reliable.

*Geoffrey Templeman
with thanks to Jim Brocklehurst*

Alan Bennet Hargreaves 1904-1996

AB, who joined the Alpine Club in 1960, has died peacefully at the age of 92. Despite the handicaps of arthritis, near blindness and diseased legs, he managed to live by himself and keep up a keen interest in climbing club doings, and conservation in the Lakes and Wales until the end.

He was born on 22 April 1904 in Blackburn and in 1913 went to Denstone School, which he loathed. In 1919 he moved on to HMS Conway, a training ship moored in the Mersey, where he was much happier but in the end was unable to join the Merchant Navy. After attending an engineering course at Blackburn Technical College he left home in 1923 and became articled to a firm of chartered accountants in Liverpool.

During a mountain cycling holiday in Langdale in about 1925 he discovered climbing, and quickly joined the Wayfarers' Club where he met such eminent members as W R Reade, J M Davidson, M G Bradley and Marco Pallis. He became a member of the Climbers' Club in 1927 and then the Fell and Rock. In 1928 he started to climb with Colin Kirkus, and a little later met Menlove Edwards and went on to share some great climbs with him. With this grounding, AB's main interest was always in the hills and rocks of the British Isles, but he did occasionally climb in the Alps with Charles Warren and Jack Longland.

Having qualified as an accountant in 1929 AB joined Lakeland Laundries in 1931, and considering his interests in the Lake District it is perhaps not surprising that he stayed there for nearly 50 years, working his way up to the position of Chairman, before retiring in 1973 but staying on as a part-time director until 1980.

AB was very active on the hills, and usually on the rocks, until he was about 30, when he had a five-year break from climbing caused by the growing demands of his new job, marriage in 1935 to Maud Gordon (granddaughter of W C Slingsby and niece of Geoffrey Winthrop Young) and starting a family. The marriage was dissolved in 1954. He leaves a son, three daughters, and eight grandchildren.

When I first met AB in 1945, near the end of the war, I was sitting at the foot of *Hawk Route* on Dow Crag with Peter Harding. AB and two companions grunted greetings at us and passed on up *D Buttress Ordinary*. I remember being impressed with his precise placing of tiny tricounied boots as the party disappeared up into the mist. After that we climbed together many times and even managed two modest Alpine seasons, when Jack Longland joined us.

In 1963 we went to the Haute Maurienne, and on our second excursion AB secretly carried an enormous melon up to the Evettes hut. He triumphantly produced it as we flopped down, dehydrated by an enervating walk. The next day we climbed the Alberon, involving complicated route-finding up the glacier and a rock and snow ridge of some dilapidation. We moved on to Termignon and the chalet hotel Entre Deux Eaux. From there

we climbed the Grande Motte and sat on the summit by a row of (empty) champagne bottles which we later, to AB's glee, found had been left on the line of a crevasse.

Later, in La Bérarde, we were joined by Mark Vallance and Martin Sinker, and Jack led us to the foot of the Grande Aiguille de La Bérarde. This was not the proper place to start and, some hours later, we arrived at the foot of the climb, having toiled up steep vegetation and broken rocks on the way. Once on the NW ridge the climbing was pleasant but we were very late in the day. By a cunning diversion across the W face we reached the summit from the south, and were able to descend the NNE ridge to the tree line before dark. Here AB drew from his rucksack his notorious 'goody bag', containing five boiled sweets and some dried fruit, as well as cold bacon and chocolate, and distributed this amongst us. A miniature bottle of brandy was even more welcome and saw us through the night.

In 1965 we went for an Austrian holiday and climbed several little peaks, one of the most notable being the Lansenspitze by its NE ridge. The descent by the Turner Bergsteiger Rinne brought us to the Lamskar, from where we traversed to the Lamstunnel, blocked by a snow 'cork'. Jack and AB allowed me to abseil down this hole in the ice to descend easily to the valley before they chickened out and returned by the long way, when they had to cut steps with AB's Swiss Army Knife.

Always an enterprising, thoughtful and enjoyable companion, AB also gave years of service to those who love the hills. He was a founder member and stayed on the executive committee of the Friends of the Lake District for 50 years. He was a keen supporter of the National Park when it was set up and also served for 15 years or more as government appointee to the Lake District Planning Board. This work was rewarded by The Queen's Medal in the early '70s. The Outward Bound School in Eskdale also benefited from his membership of its advisory board for many years.

AB's lifelong enthusiasm would be hard to beat. As late as his 60s and 70s he set about climbing the Irish 2000ft peaks and had completed most of them before his legs let him down. Only weeks before he died I was able to take him onto Birkrigg Common where he struggled to a boulder about 100 yards from the road. He could go no further but remembered the many times he had walked there through the years, and urged me to visit the summit while he waited, and then struggled back to the car. His funeral and wake were attended by many friends. We will all miss him.

Tony Moulam

Roger Graham Green 1937-1996

Nobody, least of all Roger himself, would have described him as a great mountaineer, but he was a great mountain enthusiast. He was happiest wandering on his own around the mountains and glaciers of Switzerland

and France, and from 1985 onwards he completed the Tour du Mont Blanc (twice), the high level route from Chamonix to Zermatt via the Pas de Chèvres, the Alpine Pass Route by the Gemmi, the Col du Géant, and many, many more. Most years since, and often two or three times a year, he would trek around Courmayeur, Zermatt, Saas Fée, Grindelwald, Pontresina, and through the Vanoise, Gran Paradiso, Lötschental and the Pre-Alps. Invariably he was on his own, but would rope up with casual acquaintances if the going got tough.

Roger Green was born in 1937 and, after a period on an Israeli kibbutz, he qualified as a quantity surveyor, ending up on the staff of Boyden & Co. His work occasionally took him abroad, and he took advantage of these trips to tour bookshops and increase his collection of mountain books. From 1986 onwards he was a keen purchaser from Bob Lawford's lists of surplus library books, and his collection grew to well over 1000 volumes. It was his love of mountain books which first brought him into contact with the Alpine Club and, more particularly, with the Alpine Club Library.

At this time negotiations were in hand for the Club's move from South Audley Street and during the latter part of 1988 Roger spent many hours at the Club packing up thousands of library volumes. When the decision was finally taken to acquire 55 Charlotte Road, Roger was co-opted onto the New Premises Working Party. Through his firm, he produced a Bill of Quantities for the scheme of alterations proposed by the Club's architect, which undoubtedly saved the Club many thousands of pounds. All this time, Roger was not an AC member, but this was rectified in 1992.

In 1995 Roger had to retire from his job as a quantity surveyor on medical grounds, and from then on he spent two days every week helping Bob Lawford with library work and the organisation of exhibitions. One particular project with which he was involved was the assembling of information and photographs, from the Club's archives, on the guides of St Niklaus for the new museum there. Roger subsequently represented the AC at its official inauguration. All this activity resulted in his appointment as Honorary Assistant Librarian in 1995 but, sadly, he did not occupy this position for long. He died after an operation in hospital in March 1996.

The Club has lost a popular and exceptionally hardworking member and his death has left a big gap in the work connected with the Library.

Geoffrey Templeman

Vilhelm Schjelderup Risoe MBE 1912-1996

Bill Risoe died suddenly at his home in Surrey on 2 February last year. He was at heart, I believe, an explorer enjoying nothing more keenly than, as he put it himself, just scrambling in the hills whether in Norway or Wales, or in India. I am sure that it was this innate love of the mountains that led him to devote so much of his enthusiasm and energies first and foremost to

the Himalayan Club and later, when he had retired from India, to the Alpine Club as well. To both of these clubs Bill gave unstinting service.

Bill was born of Norwegian parents in Singapore on 19 September 1912 and was sent home to school in Bangor, North Wales. Here he began walking and climbing in Snowdonia over a period of some ten years from 1928 onwards. During the school holidays he loved to visit Norway for fishing and climbing among the fjords, mountains and glaciers, particularly in the Jotunheimen region of Oppland which he visited again in 1947.

He obtained a degree in Power Engineering in 1933 and after an apprenticeship with BTH at Rugby joined AEI and in 1937 was posted to Madras, as he thought then for three years. But the war came, and by 1941 he was in Calcutta seconded to the Directorate General of Munitions Production as Deputy Director. There he joined the Himalayan Club in 1943. Bill served this club enthusiastically as committee member, Honorary Librarian and as President in 1956. He returned to England later that year.

He made several enjoyable and interesting mountain trips at a time when there was little Himalayan activity. In 1939 he trekked and camped across the Palni Hills in Tamil Nadu, South India; in 1942 he made the round trip from Lachen to Lachung over the Sebu La in Sikkim, and then in 1948 followed the Singalila Ridge towards Kabru as far as Jongri on the western Sikkim border. After the war, in 1947, the Himalayan Club's headquarters had to be transferred at very short notice from Delhi to Calcutta. This meant that the club had virtually to be restarted and Bill and others played a very active part in this. Of chief concern was the tracing of 'lost members' who, after more than six years of war, had died or were scattered to various different parts of the world. This job was not completed until 1950.

When Bill finally left India in 1956 he was able to assist H W Tobin, who had edited the *Himalayan Journal* for ten years, in the production of Vol XIX for 1955/56. He further retained his ties with the club by becoming Honorary UK Secretary, remaining closely involved in its fortunes until his death last year. He continued to work for AEI until 1968 when he became Deputy Secretary of the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

Others can speak better than I can about his work for the Alpine Club. He served on the Committee in 1979 and 1980 and was Honorary Archivist for the years 1973 to 1985, collecting together and sorting many Everest papers and becoming quite an authority on pre-war Everest expeditions. Bob Lawford has written to me about this active period: 'Bill had a very tidy mind which meant that information could always be found easily. He was a person always ready to lend a hand no matter how many other tasks he was involved with. This was the case in 1973 when we were searching for an Honorary Archivist. He agreed to take the job on until another volunteer could be found. Twelve years later we found someone!'

In addition to spending many hours on Alpine Club matters in South Audley Street, Bill put in two spells from 1968/74 and 1982/88 as AC representative at the Mount Everest Foundation

I knew Bill well from 1943, when we first met in Calcutta, until his death, though in later years we were only able to meet occasionally. He was a good man, a man of no guile, always willing to help and give of his best. He was a dear friend and I know he will be missed by many. He is survived by his wife Rosa, whom he married in Bombay in 1943, a son and a daughter and three grandchildren.

Charles Crawford

Joseph Robert Files 1906-1996

During his life of almost 90 years, Bobby Files, accompanied by his wife Muriel (*née* Dick), whom he married in 1935, made 31 visits to the Alps or other European ranges. Sometimes he climbed with guides, as was the custom in his day, but he often enjoyed the freedom of guideless alpinism. Long-limbed, authoritatively spectacled, with a raking stride, on big snow mountains he liked to move fast, hour after hour, on the better sort of standard routes. On rock he was rather more ambitious, and just as fast. He loved the steepness of Dolomite climbing. Living and working in the north of England he could rarely attend meetings of the Alpine Club (elected 1950) but studiously read the *Alpine Journal*, of which he had a complete set, and treasured his membership.

His principal contribution to British mountaineering was through the Fell & Rock Climbing Club, in which he and Muriel together held office during 43 years, and whose totem, Napes Needle, he ascended 215 times. He was the thrifty, ingenious warden of Raw Head who established the barn conversion, like the cottage, as a popular and civilised base for climbers. He was President 1966-68. Preferring quality to novelty, he enjoyed over and over again a repertoire of about fifty choice rock routes in the Lake District.

Born at Kearsley, a pit village near Bolton, and graduating MSc from Manchester University, Bobby followed a family tradition of school-teaching and climbing. He was influential as senior Chemistry master at Lancaster RGS, where his nickname was Jasper. Oarsman, geologist, photographer, handyman, sharing Muriel's interest in music, ballet, books, pictures, and the United Reformed Church, he was an all-rounder, and the archetype of a club climber. The Fell and Rock library is enriched by the bequest of their notable collection of books on mountaineering.

George Watkins

The Single Falling Stone

In memory of Paul Nunn

Whenever I take the longest drive north
and west at Whitsun I think of Nunn other
than a name that echoes through the guidebook
like his laugh, the indoor bagpipes
of the climbing village, slightly embarrassing,
needing all the space of Peakland moors,
Sutherland, the Karakoram: 'as the mountain valleys
open up one feels that one is coming home.'

Outlandish, like those obscure scraps
of facts he'd pin you down with while
he built a theory between one pint and the next
he'd always offer anyone at hand. Such hands
you'd think grasped summits annually, yet
how often he'd return empty-handed home
from home. 'We had no commitments, except
to ourselves, and they were satisfied.'

He'd lost friends to the single falling stone,
the sudden moment of snow slide, sérac crack
we must struggle to accept. 'Some day soon
some must fall. It was a case of grinning
and ignoring them.' Out here, where sea
and mountains meet, where the sky's big-hearted,
something is missing and present between sun
and showers in his 'far far away land'.

Terry Gifford