
In Memoriam

COMPILED BY GEOFFREY TEMPLEMAN

The Alpine Club Obituary	Year of Election
Matthew Christopher Faulds	1994
David Stuart Brinkman	1992
John Angelo Jackson	1953
George Cubby	1967
Michael Boos	2002
Robert William Milne	1993
Michael Phelps Ward	Hon 1993 1952
Edward Hugh Jackson Smyth	1962
David Pasteur	1959
Anthony Gosselin Trower	1952
Heinrich Harrer	Hon 1999
Ian Roger Jarratt Angell	1975
Rosemary Greenwood	1985
Michael Holton	1966

After last year's remarkably short In Memoriam list, we have lost 14 members in the past year. Obituaries for just over half of these are included here. Also included is one, for John King, from a previous year, and one for Eric Langmuir, a former member of the ACG, who was known to many of us. I shall be interested to receive tributes for any who have not been included here.



Michael P Ward CBE FRCS 1925-2005

A formal portrait painted in 1995 for the Worshipful Society of Apothecaries of London. Michael was Master from 1993-1994.

Michael P Ward CBE MD (Cam) FRCS 1925–2005

Michael Ward will be remembered mainly for his being the Medical Officer on the successful British 1953 Everest Expedition though, for serious students of Everest history, his role in the 1951 reconnaissance trip will be remembered as of more significance.

Born in 1925 in London, his father was a senior civil servant in Malaya and, as was usual in those days, Mike was sent back to England for his education. He was fortunate in having a proxy family of guardians with children around his own age. His father was interned during the war and so Mike saw nothing of him for almost six years. His mother got out of Malaya just in time before the Japanese invasion. She settled into a cottage in the Cotswolds and Mike then spent his holidays there. This was in some ways more traumatic than the separation from his parents, since he was then separated from the family he had grown into. He was educated at Marlborough, where his housemaster was Edwin Kempson who had been on Everest in '35 and '36.

Mike's mountaineering began in 1939 when he was 14 with a guided ascent of the Wetterhorn with a Dutch family. In 1943 he went up to Cambridge, joined the University Mountaineering Club and met such inspirational characters as Geoffrey Winthrop Young and Wilfrid Noyce. In the next few years he developed his rock climbing, making a number of new routes in North Wales including a hard direct finish to *Longland's* on Cloggy (with Menlove Edwards as second) and the ever-popular *Wrinkle* on Carreg Wastad. In 1947 he was in the Ecrin with Bill Murray and John Barford when they were hit by stone fall. They fell 150m-180m, Barford was killed and both the other two suffered fractured skulls. He recovered from this accident and got back to climbing with trips to Harrison's Rocks.

After qualifying in medicine in 1949 and doing the statutory pre-registration year in hospital, he had to join the army for national service. As a medical officer in Woolwich he found himself with time on his hands. Spurred on by reading of a party going to reconnoitre a route to Everest from the south, he started to research such a route. Delving in the (then) chaotic archives at the Royal Geographical Society he unearthed photographs, some taken clandestinely during the war by RAF pilots, and an unpublished map. The photographs revealed key features of the Nepal side of Everest, and thus encouraged he set about organising an exploratory expedition with Murray. They had difficulty, at first, in convincing the Everest Committee of the feasibility of the project but eventually, with Shipton as the invited leader, the 1951 Reconnaissance Expedition took off.

This first expedition must have been fantastic for Mike, not only to find the route up the Khumbu glacier and icefall and to find his research vindicated, but then to go exploring with Shipton into the unknown area west of Everest, find those famous Yeti footprints and escape from the Chinese border guards. This love of exploration stayed with Mike

throughout his life. In 1964 he was able, with Fred Jackson, a cardiologist, to get into Bhutan and explore remote regions north and east towards the border with Tibet. In 1980 he got permission to reconnoitre Mount Kongur in Xinjiang, China, with Chris Bonington and Al Rouse before leading a successful expedition to climb it the following year. In 1985-6 he was on the Royal Society's expedition which made a South-North traverse of Tibet.

His interest in maps and the history of exploration of the Himalaya was also life long, from his discovery in 1949 of the Milne-Hinks map to the publication in 2003 of his scholarly book, *Everest: A Thousand Years of Exploration*. Between these dates he wrote numerous geographical, historical papers, including an article for the *Alpine Journal* on the Pundits who worked for the survey of India in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. In fact he had been asked to author a book on these Pundits, whose work is still not widely recognised, and had completed about two thirds of it when he died. Before that he had been closely collaborating with Tony Astill on a book about the 1935 Everest Expedition. Tony tells how he admired Mike's continuing wonderful enthusiasm for exploration both on the ground and in archives, especially of the RGS, of which he had an encyclopaedic knowledge.

The story of the 1953 Everest Expedition is so well known that I will not repeat it. Mike played his part both as medical officer and as a climber. The expedition's health was good, especially compared with that of the Cho Oyu expedition of the previous year, perhaps, in part, due to Mike's efforts. A story (from Mike Westmacott) from 1953 illustrates his approach to preventive medicine (or dentistry) as well as illustrating his wry sense of humour. He was giving a health talk to the team before setting out for Nepal. He impressed upon them the importance of visiting their dentist well in advance of the expedition and getting any required dental work done. 'Because,' he said, 'I *can* pull teeth – but I'm not very good at it!'

After the '53 Expedition, Mike concentrated on his surgical training which involved, in those days, swotting for post-graduate exams whilst working in very busy junior hospital jobs with plenty of night duty. He duly climbed the surgical career ladder and was appointed a consultant surgeon to St Andrew's Hospital, Bow and later at Newham District Hospital, also in the East End of London. He was highly regarded as a teacher and an all-round surgeon ready to undertake the management of injuries to head, chest, abdomen or limbs as well as the usual round of elective surgery. He was asked to stay on after the statutory retirement age of 65 for another three years, as increasing specialisation and keyhole surgery made it impossible for one surgeon to take on his work load. For mountaineers unlucky enough to get frostbite he was the first choice for referral. He never took on private practice, believing that the NHS should provide a sufficiently good service to render private practice unnecessary.

I first got to know Mike in 1960 when I was working with Griffith Pugh preparing for the Silver Hut Expedition. I was somewhat in awe of Mike,

five years my senior and already famous as an Everester. Mike was Griff's first choice for his team for the Silver Hut Expedition. They had met when Mike was preparing for the 1951 Reconnaissance Expedition. Of this meeting, Mike wrote:

The first meeting was characteristic. Griff was sitting in a free-standing Victorian bath in water with ice cubes floating on the surface in the middle of a self-imposed hypothermia experiment. He had forgotten our meeting. At the next encounter he looked at the photographs of the proposed route on Everest and said that he could ski down it and if he could do that, we could climb up it. The mountaineering difficulties were thus disposed of and we turned to the scientific problems.

These problems were the provision of a satisfactory oxygen system and the importance of adequate fluid intake for climbers high on Everest, factors which Mike later believed had been crucial to the success of the '53 expedition. Griff gathered important data on these topics in 1952 on Cho Oyu but it is interesting that he and Mike had discussed these matters even before the '51 trip.

It is clear they hit it off well. They both considered themselves outsiders and not part of the medical or mountaineering establishments. They had little time for the niceties of social conventions or small talk. Mike admired Pugh and was a great champion of his contribution to the success of Everest 1953. There is no doubt that through his writing and lecturing he helped establish Pugh's reputation.

The Silver Hut Expedition, 1960-61, was a wonderful, unique experience. Led by Sir Edmund Hillary with Pugh as the scientific leader, its aims were to study the long-term effect of really high altitude on the human physiology of acclimatisation. We were nine months out of Kathmandu, most of the time at altitude in the Everest region. The winter was spent in the Silver Hut at 5800m. We were a very mixed team of climbers and scientists drawn about equally from New Zealand, USA and UK. Mike trekked out in December with John West, each successfully carrying a Lloyd-Haldane apparatus, a delicate thing of blown glass for measuring oxygen and carbon dioxide in gas. These were crucial to many of our projects and the original ones had both been broken. Mike was official medical officer to the 22-strong team, many of whom were also medics. He was senior to most of us in both years and certainly in mountaineering experience. I think, to the New Zealanders and Americans, playing the part of 'rough Colonials', his background of public school and Cambridge and his accent suggested that he belonged to the aristocracy. Mike played up to this role and I remember him addressing them as, 'My dear chap', much to their amusement.

By late February the Silver Hut was getting crowded and so Griff was quite happy to agree that Mike, Mike Gill, Wally Romanes (New Zealanders) and Barry Bishop (USA) should go off and attempt Ama Dablam. The

ascent of this most beautiful of mountains was probably the highlight of Mike's mountaineering career. The boldness of this unassisted, technical climb was years ahead of its time. It remained unrepeated for about twenty years.

In the spring we moved over the Barun Plateau to attempt Makalu and continued our physiology at advanced base camp (6300m). Mike and John West even made a couple of measurements of VO₂ max, using the stationary bike, on Makalu Col (7400m) still, 45 years on, the record for the highest altitude at which this has been measured.

In the 1960s, Mike was appointed leader of an expedition to Shisha Pangma, the last unclimbed 8000m peak. However, there were difficulties in getting permission and before they were able to get it, the Chinese themselves made the first ascent and the expedition was cancelled. In the later 1970s, he and I planned a number of trips which failed to come off but then started a series of studies, in this country and later in Switzerland, on the effect of exercise on fluid and electrolyte balance in ourselves. These were field studies with full metabolic control on a fixed diet, the exercise being hill walking for eight hours a day for five consecutive days, bracketed by four control days. We collected a group of enthusiasts including a professor of nuclear medicine, an orthopaedic surgeon, a naval surgeon and a gynaecologist and two medical technicians, as well as we two. We called ourselves 'The Worshipful Company of Gentlemen Physiologists' but to keep us on the straight and narrow we included one card-carrying professional physiologist. Over the years we conducted four, two-week studies in North Wales, the Lakes and Switzerland and made some quite important findings that we hoped might have a bearing on high-altitude pulmonary oedema.

In 1975 Mike published *Mountain Medicine*, the first textbook of its type in the world, and probably ahead of its time; unfortunately, there were then few people interested in the subject, so sales were small. In 1984, when we were on a scientific expedition to Pikes Peak in Colorado, I asked Mike if he was thinking of a second edition of *Mountain Medicine*. He had not considered it but did so soon after and asked me to collaborate on the project. At the publisher's suggestion we asked John West to join us and so was born *High Altitude Medicine & Physiology* by Ward, Milledge and West, now the standard textbook on the subject. The third edition was published in 2000. Mike was not a technophile. He not only eschewed the computer, he hadn't even got into the typewriter age! The result was that for all his chapters, he wrote the draft in his 'doctor's' handwriting! This I reduced to a computer Word file, and posted the printout to him for correction. On its return I would e-mail a final draft to John West in California. In this way all his papers and articles were produced. He was fortunate to have Johanna Merz, former editor and now production editor of the *Alpine Journal*, to do this job for him for his many articles and his Everest exploration book.

In the latter part of his surgical career he began to take a more active part in the Worshipful Society of Apothecaries and after retirement became

Master of the Society. In this capacity, he not only attended the very numerous social functions required of the role but helped develop courses and examinations in areas such as the management of disasters.

He was justifiably proud of the house in Lurgashall that he and his wife, Jane, largely designed and built, together with the garden and grounds. He was proud too of their son Mark's achievements, gaining a music scholarship to Eton, a scholarship to Oxford and, nine years ago, presenting him and Jane with a granddaughter. His last few years were dogged by ill health, first serious kidney trouble, then a horrendous car accident and ensuing major operations. Jane nursed him back from each critical situation. It is ironic that just when he seemed to be gaining health again he should be struck down by sudden death due to a ruptured aortic aneurism.

Mike was, in many ways, a very private man – a typical English Gentleman. But he clearly was a deeper and more complicated person than appeared on the surface. He had an abiding love of mountains and landscape and would have subscribed to much of Geoffrey Winthrop Young's philosophy, I believe. He chose a quote from Young's most famous poem, 'The Cragsman', as the title of his mountain memoir *In This Short Span* (1972). In his first book, a commissioned anthology entitled *A Mountaineer's Companion* (1966), Mike included five pieces by Young. One was a poem I had not come across before. The first verse is:

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

The poem was written by Young as a comparatively young man after he lost a leg in the First World War. It could stand as a sort of epitaph for Mike.

James Milledge

Michael Westmacott writes:

I had met Mike before 1953 but hardly knew him except by reputation. Indeed, he was not very easy to get to know well until one was engaged in some joint enterprise. Then he was a splendid colleague and a true friend. Jim Milledge has mentioned his role in the 1951 reconnaissance of Everest. If it had not have been for Mike, it would never have taken place. He had spent many hours at the RGS, combing through uncatalogued material, and then had the enthusiasm to engage Bill Murray and Campbell Secord in the job of persuading a reluctant Himalayan Committee to authorise the reconnaissance in 1951 and Eric Shipton to lead it.

This trip was very much on Shipton lines – small, modestly funded, living off local food. Tom Bourdillon, quizzed subsequently on the radio about expedition food, could only say, ‘Well, there should be some.’ (Tom was not a rice eater.) The story is well known. Braving the monsoon, with the accompanying rain, mud and leeches, they trekked the unknown trail to Khumbu from the hills above Jogbani. They arrived at the foot of the icefall on 29 September. After a break of 10 days spent exploring and getting acclimatised, they climbed the icefall as far as the huge crevasse that barred the way into the Western Cwm. They hadn’t the equipment for bridging it or climbing down and across, so returned to the valley having had a closer view of much of the Lhotse Face and established that there was a possible route to the South Col.

On his return to England, Mike was ‘incandescent with rage’ to find that the Swiss had obtained permission for Everest in 1952, ahead of a tardy British application – though it was later found that the Swiss had applied for permission months before the reconnaissance had left. This proved to be a blessing in disguise, as the extra year made possible vital research, much of it on Cho Oyu, into the medical problems of high altitude. This was carried out largely by Griffith Pugh, but with Mike keenly interested. He did not go to Cho Oyu, as he was working hard on the FRCS Primary Examination.

He was an obvious choice for 1953 and was appointed medical officer and a member of the climbing team. In the event, he played a full part in the ‘build up’, in particular working on the Lhotse Face with George Lowe, but was denied the chance of going to the South Col, as John Hunt needed him as a reserve and also available in case of any medical emergency. At the same time, he attended to the numerous, luckily minor, ailments of the Sherpas and sahibs, and helped Pugh with his research – which could be somewhat unpopular. There is a scene in the 1953 film showing George Band stepping up and down on a box while wearing a face mask and having his exhaled air sampled for subsequent analysis. George was more co-operative than most of us.

In those days the training of doctors, in any specialism such as surgery, was long, arduous and poorly paid, but Mike resisted the temptation of well-paid lecture tours and concentrated on his profession. By 1960, after a year’s exchange spent at a hospital in Canada, he was a senior registrar at the London Hospital, and in touch with Griffith Pugh and Jim Milledge who were developing plans for a major medical/scientific expedition to Nepal. Jim has already described the research programme. This was combined with an expedition headed by Ed Hillary with a variety of objects – hunting the elusive yeti, building a school for the Sherpas and climbing Makalu. The medical side of this expedition was ground breaking and it was larger and better resourced than any similar venture in the past. Mountaineering objectives had generally predominated, research being sidelined whenever there was any conflict. This time the medical side was largely

independent, though its finances were greatly helped by Ed Hillary's success in getting generous financial support from World Books. But most of the doctors and their assistants were climbers too, and took the opportunity of skiing or climbing when free to do so. Indeed, their performance after prolonged exposure to altitude was one of the things to be measured, and it was important that they should stay fit.

The most notable climb was the first ascent of Ama Dablam, which was achieved in mid-March by Mike, with Barry Bishop, Mike Gill and Wally Romanes. In the days before modern ice gear, this was a considerable achievement. But then there was disaster. Descending from a high camp, Gumen Dorji fell and badly broke his leg. Mike straightened the leg and bound it to an ice-axe, cushioned by cardboard. Gumen was large for a Sherpa, and could hardly be carried by his smaller companions. The two Mikes, belayed in turn, carried him down steep ground until at last help arrived from below.

Up to this time, Mike and his companions were obviously strong and well acclimatised, but the subsequent attempt on Makalu brought further disasters, no doubt due largely to physical deterioration at altitude. The first such disaster involved Ed Hillary. He had gone back to New Zealand during the winter, and on return had to go to Kathmandu to try to pacify, and pay, the government for the 'unauthorised' ascent of Ama Dablam. Too soon after that, going up high on Makalu, he had a stroke, and had to be taken down by the Sherpas, with Mike in attendance. Ten days later, Peter Mulgrew, at 8300m above the Makalu Col, suffered a pulmonary embolism. Incapable of descending to the Col, he spent four days above 8000m, and was very badly frostbitten, subsequently losing both legs below the knee. The account of his evacuation is agonising. At the same time, four of the Sherpas lost their footing and narrowly escaped a long fall; two of them were hurt, and Ang Temba unable to walk unassisted. Then Mike himself, no doubt exhausted by his efforts above the Col and the care of the casualties, became desperately weak, and then delirious. After two days more or less unconscious on the Col, he recovered enough to stagger down with the help of John West, carrying only his diaries.

As Jim has recorded, this gruelling experience was not enough to deter Mike from further expeditions. He remained very active in his profession and in his interest in Central Asian exploration. But I end on a more personal note. I treasure the memory of a week with him in the far north of Scotland, when we had both been unable to join other friends with whom we normally climbed every year. The weather was mixed, and for some nights we bivouacked in a ruined shed, with the rain coming down a few feet away. We walked strenuously over the hills, talking on every subject under the sun, taking in summits or rock climbing en route. Then we went south, Mike insisting on driving every mile of the way – a commentary perhaps on my driving, but also on his stamina. He was totally reliable, and good company, and will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

John Jackson 1921-2005

John 'Jacko' Jackson was a member of the British expedition that in May 1955 made the first ascent of Kangchenjunga, third highest mountain in the world. His love of the Himalaya had been kindled 10 years earlier in Kashmir and was to endure for the rest of his life. He was trekking on the verdant Singalila ridge in his eighties and partying with Sherpa friends in Darjeeling only last February. When he died, some five months later, butter lamps were lit on his behalf in the gompas of the former hill station.

Born in Nelson, Lancashire, John Angelo Jackson had on his doorstep the 'Brontë' moors. He started rock climbing at the age of 12, exploring the gritstone outcrops with his older brother Ron. When Ron purchased a motorbike and sidecar for £5 – an old side-valve Ariel – the pair extended their activities to the crags of the Lake District and then in 1938 to the Isle of Skye. It was a classic apprenticeship for the all-round mountaineer that Jacko was to become.

Joining the RAF in 1940 he flew with 31 Squadron as a wireless operator and air gunner in Dakotas over Burma. In 1944, however, he got a dream posting, assisting Wilfrid Noyce, another climber in uniform, as an instructor at an Aircrew Mountain Centre in Kashmir. Rather like the institutions John would run years later, it was recreation with a purpose. Over a two-year period, he made numerous ascents of peaks in the 4500m-5300m range in Kashmir and undertook many mountain treks, including in neighbouring Ladakh.

After the war, John trained as a pharmacist, but switched to teaching, first in his home town and later in Redcar, North Yorkshire. He taught science and geography and in an extra-curricular role introduced youngsters to the hills. In 1946 while on a climbing visit to Buttermere in the Lake District, John met an army officer who questioned him extensively about his experiences in Kashmir. It was John Hunt, who would later head up the awards schemes that Jackson implemented while director of Plas y Brenin, the national mountaineering centre, from 1960 to '76.

Three post-war alpine seasons in Switzerland were followed by an RAF expedition to the Garhwal Himalaya in north-west India, including an attempt on Nilkanta (6596m), rebuffed high up by the arrival of monsoon weather. John's experience secured his selection as a reserve for the 1953 British Everest expedition and he became heavily involved in the testing of oxygen equipment, much of it carried out at Helyg, the Climbers' Club hut in the Ogwen Valley. He was elected to the AC that same year.

Disappointment at not actually getting to Everest, was fully compensated when he was invited to join the 1955 expedition to Kangchenjunga, led by Charles Evans. It was, by comparison, a modest affair, largely free of flag waving and national expectation, however in climbing terms Kangch' was a much more unknown quantity than Everest and is today regarded as one of the hardest of the 8000ers.



John Jackson (right) with his wife Eileen and Tenzing Norgay in the Onglathang valley, Sikkim, in 1986. This was a joyful chance reunion. The Jacksons were trekking with John Noble, who took the photograph, heading up towards the Goecha La when they met Tenzing returning from Kangchenjunga with his own private trek group. Tenzing had visited the National Mountaineering Centre, Plas y Brenin, on several occasions while 'Jacko' was Director, and during Noble's own time there as an instructor in the 1970s. (*John Noble/Wilderness Photographic Library*)

Jacko reached Camp V, at 7710m, the penultimate camp on the mountain, but did not see much of it due to snowblindness. For the final push he and Tom MacKinnon had been assigned the task of leading Sherpa teams carrying vital supplies. On the carry to Camp IV he rather overdid the practice of pushing up his goggles, which tended to fog up when wearing an oxygen mask.

He spent a sleepless night in agony. 'I felt as if powdered glass had got under my eyelids,' he recalled. Still in acute pain next morning, he nonetheless insisted on continuing up, roped between two Sherpas. He could barely see where they were going but encouraged the team on through deep soft snow.

Expeditions were an integral part of John's life for more than half a century, most frequently to the Himalaya. Elsewhere, he went with Hunt on expeditions concerned with the Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme to the Staunings Alps in Greenland and to the Pindus mountains of Greece. In the Staunings he and Hunt climbed a 6500ft peak, topped by a rock tower. They named the peak Beaumaris – both having adopted Wales. Approaching his 70th birthday he made an ascent of Kilimanjaro and also of Point Lenana on Mount Kenya.

John's love of mountain travel was shared by his wife Eileen whom he first met at a cricket match, another shared enthusiasm. In 1976, after retiring from Plas y Brenin, the couple drove a campervan overland to India and Nepal on a nine-month spree of trekking, climbing and skiing. They celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary four days before he died.

The National Mountaineering Centre underwent many changes during John's tenure, responding to a need articulated by Hunt for well-trained mountain leaders. There was much concern over the high percentage of mountain rescues in Snowdonia involving young people. Taking over as director in 1960, John introduced a range of leadership courses and oversaw the creation of Wales's first dry ski slope. The first Mountaineering Instructor's Certificate courses were run at the centre in 1969 and hailed as a great success, however it was not long before a row broke out within mountaineering over whether the certificates route had not gone too far and was endangering the game's freewheeling nature.

Soon after the campervan trip, the Sports Council for Wales asked John to be their consultant for a National Outdoor Centre for Wales. A site was chosen at Plas Menai, not far from his Anglesey home, and Jackson stayed on as director until 1983, seeing the centre through its formative years, the emphasis being on sailing rather than mountaineering.

Revealingly, John entitled his first book *More than Mountains*. His fascination with the Himalaya was not limited to headline summits or new routes, he wrote about the flowers, including a short essay on the breathtaking beauty of blue poppies, the birds, the geology and scenery, and about the inhabitants, including the yeti. In 1954 he had been the mountaineering leader of a yeti hunt organised by the *Daily Mail*. Thankfully none was found and Jackson came to the view that prints sighted over the years might be those of the equally elusive Tibetan blue bear.

John was a regular contributor to the *Alpine Journal* and despite failing health – he suffered from leukaemia – accepted my invitation to write an account of a 50th anniversary journey by Kanchenjunga veterans to India in February 2005. Sherpa hospitality in Darjeeling was lavish, from those

friends who subsequently would light butter lamp candles for him, and Jacko got one more chance to see Kangch'. He described it thus:

'The final morning of 13 February was clear with blue sky. Would we see the Kangchenjunga massif at last? We did! Jannu and Rathong stood out boldly, then the summits of Kabru began to show. Further east, Pandim and Tingchenkang were impressive. But the 'Five Treasures' were playing hide and seek so that only fleetingly did they show themselves. It was enough.'

Stephen Goodwin

George Band writes:

I have very warm memories of 'Jacko'. He and Tom McKinnon proposed and seconded me for membership of the Alpine Club in 1955.

One of the pleasantest diversions on the Kangchenjunga Expedition was when Jacko, Neil Mather (who also sadly died in 2005) and I undertook an 'Easter shopping trip' over the hills to the delightful village of Ghunsa, to order more potatoes and dried vegetables to augment the expedition's supplies. My diary records 'idyllic walking through pine woods banked with snow'. It was just the kind of trip Jacko loved. He had passed through that village the previous year when he made a unique journey, with just Sherpa companions, leaving the *Daily Mail* yeti hunting expedition in Solu Khumbu, and following the Himalayan chain eastward, travelling discreetly partly in Tibet until twenty days later he met up with his brother Ron, at the end of John Kempe's 1954 Kangchenjunga reconnaissance party, of which Ron was a member.

Jacko was also an excellent photographer and, with his broad interest in natural history to complement his mountaineering, he was a popular speaker and must have enthused thousands of young people to take up adventurous outdoor activities. He told me, after one presentation, that a well-heeled businessman came up and said, 'I wish I could just take off several months to travel in the Himalaya.' 'You could,' replied Jacko, 'it just depends on how determined you are to want to do it.' Throughout his life Jacko showed no lack of determination, and was fully supported and, whenever possible, accompanied by his vivacious and energetic wife Eileen.

Despite failing health, what a fantastic last six months he had: accepting the Himalayan Club's invitation to speak in Mumbai and Kolkata, including a visit to the Sherpas of Darjeeling and a last view of Kangch'; attending the team's private 50th Anniversary gathering at Pen-y-Gwryd, and joining the speakers on the platform at the public celebration arranged by the Mount Everest Foundation at the Royal Geographical Society on 7 June. He and Eileen also celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary and, as a lasting gesture to posterity, thanks to prompting from his good friends Harish and Geeta Kapadia, the Indus Publishing Company, New Delhi, produced in May his second volume of memoirs encapsulating 60 years of *Adventure Travels in the Himalaya*. These are the dreams he won.

Nigel Gates writes:

In December 1957, some two years after taking part in the successful Kangchenjunga expedition, John Jackson became Chief Instructor at Plas y Brenin under Director 'Gim' Milton. Two years later, in March 1960, he was appointed Director, a position he held until retirement 15 years later.

'Jacko' was an inspirational leader. He attracted a group of outstanding permanent instructors, such as Roger Orgill (his Chief Instructor/Deputy Director), Ray Greenall and David Humphreys, and an annual succession of one-year temporary instructors. These were supported by short-term voluntary instructors and it was in this capacity that I began working for John. Although one did not always agree with John's decisions at the time (in retrospect they were usually correct), I never saw any indication of lasting rancour. The plain fact was that John was an outstanding leader and he knew how to get the best out of those who worked for him.

Under John's leadership, Plas y Brenin became a centre of excellence, renowned for high-quality training and certification courses; its clientele ranged from those with experience undertaking assessment courses to groups of physical education students sent by institutions on a week's introduction to mountain activities. As a former teacher, John was a strong proponent of the philosophy and the value of outdoor *education* – rather than merely outdoor activities. John was, furthermore, an outstanding photographer; those who attended his illustrated lectures rarely failed to be impressed and inspired by his magnificent slides.

When John left Plas y Brenin in 1975 he did not fit into a normal retiree's pattern. Within a month he and his wife, Eileen, set off on an overland trip to India and Nepal. He continued to travel to a variety of destinations, such as the Galapagos Islands, Machu Picchu and the Himalaya, and he lectured widely.

In 1978, John was appointed consultant, on a part-time basis, to advise on the planning and construction of Plas Menai (originally named Plas y Deri) the Welsh Sports Council centre near Bangor. John's part-time commitment eventually became full-time and in July 1980 I became John's first instructor when he ran two pilot courses before the centre's full opening some months later. John retired from Plas Menai in 1983.

John influenced me in many ways. In my teaching and lecturing career I've made frequent use of class management techniques that I learnt from him – and they've always worked effectively. John guided my first faltering steps on skis, on the artificial ski slope at Plas y Brenin, and I have skied regularly ever since. John also introduced me to gluhwein – and what a mean gluhwein he made. His recipe stipulated a quarter bottle of brandy for every bottle of wine and the resultant potion had a kick like a horse!

Jacko's long-lasting and outstanding legacy is that he has inspired thousands of people – myself included – many of whom have been motivated to engage further in the mountain and other activities he introduced them to at Plas y Brenin, Plas Menai and elsewhere.

Heinrich Harrer 1912-2006

When Anderl Heckmair died, aged 98, in February 2005, I wrote to Heinrich Harrer asking if he would write a tribute to his Eiger rope mate for the *Alpine Journal*. He responded with enthusiasm, telephoning immediately then quickly turning round an affectionate piece in which he quoted Heckmair's words: 'First we were opponents, on the wall we became partners and afterwards friends for a lifetime.' It appeared in the 2005 *AJ* published just a couple of months before Harrer's own death at the age of 93.

With his passing, all four of the 'heroes' (for so they were fêted) of the first ascent of the north face of the Eiger are now gone. Harrer's partner and fellow Austrian Fritz Kasperek fell to his death in 1954 on Salacantay, Peru; Heckmair's companion Wiggerl Vörg was killed in the war, on the Eastern Front. Gone too, as if in a kind of sympathy though we know it is really a victim of global warming, is the notorious ice-field that gave Harrer the title for his second bestseller – *The White Spider* (1959). The first, of course, was *Seven Years in Tibet* (1953).

Born in Hüttenberg, Carinthia, in July 1912, Harrer had a thirst for success. With an athletic body honed from childhood running errands for his postman father around his native hills, he excelled at skiing and mountaineering. He studied geography and athletics at the University of Graz, gained a place in the Austrian ski team for the 1936 Olympics and a year later won the downhill in the World Students' Championship. Two decades on and he was still picking up medals, as the Austrian National Amateur Golf Champion.

But there are shadows in Harrer's youthful past – as there are regarding much of what happened in Austria in the 1930s – and question marks over Harrer's own closeness, or otherwise, to National Socialism. In 1997, he was forced to admit a brief membership of the SS but strenuously denied any involvement in Nazi activity. The timing was cruel. Harrer's second great adventure, his *Seven Years in Tibet*, had just been turned into a Hollywood epic with Brad Pitt as the good-looking hero who escapes from internment in British India to become a tutor to the Dalai Lama. Harrer was portrayed as a real life Indiana Jones, which in many ways he was, but for once he would have preferred anonymity.

While the film was in production, a radio journalist from Salzburg, Gerald Lehner, had obtained documents in Washington taken from the Berlin state archives after World War II. Harrer's marriage application stated he had been a member of the Sturmabteilung (SA) – Nazi thugs – from 1933 and joined the SS in 1938. Confronted, Harrer denied membership of the SA, claiming that a 'false' declaration had been made in order to speed up his marriage. His bride was Lotte Wegener, daughter of an eminent geophysicist, Alfred Wegener, and well connected to the Nazi elite. Harrer was in a hurry, not only to get married, but also to do so before rushing off to Nanga Parbat. In his 2002 autobiography *Mein Leben* he protested: 'Was it youthful

opportunism or blind determination, to subordinate oneself for sporting objectives? It was, in any case a mistake.'

Hollywood dropped the beleaguered Austrian like a hot brick and he was hurt not to be invited to the US premiere of *Seven Years*. Harrer was concerned also that the revelations should not rebound on the Tibetan cause he had espoused, and China certainly did try to exploit the disclosure to smear its exiled adversary the Dalai Lama.

The whiff of controversy was still in the air when Harrer addressed the Alpine Club as guest of honour at our dinner in the splendour of the Great Hall at St Bartholomew's Hospital in 1998. Though 86 years old, he was still an erect and imposing figure and had only recently stopped skiing in the hills of Carinthia. At Bart's he was among mountaineers with a keen appreciation of the audacity and climbing genius deployed over those four days on the *Eigerwand*. Some knew the route first hand. Mind, at the time of the first ascent the AC old guard viewed the Eiger game with Olympian distaste, decrying its high mortality rate and the use of 'cheating' aids such as pitons and crampons. In 1937, my redoubtable predecessor Colonel Strutt declared the north face to be 'an obsession for the mentally deranged'. Sixty years later, here was one of them addressing us.

Such is the classic status of *The White Spider* that the story of the climb hardly needs retelling. Four previous attempts on the face had ended with eight deaths and two climbers retreating from Death Bivouac. Early on, Harrer and Kasperek joined forces with the faster and better equipped German pair Heckmair and Vörg. Heckmair led every pitch. Harrer, who unlike the others had no crampons and was relying on nailed boots, generally brought up the rear, increasingly weighed down by retrieved pitons.

Battered by stone-fall and avalanches they reached the summit in a howling storm and shook hands without a word. Harrer and Kasperek had been on the face for 85 hours and all four had been perilously close to joining the roll of the so-called *Mordwand* victims. Harrer had felt certain that avalanches cascading over him on the Spider would hurl them all off the face. One suffocating mass followed another. "I seemed to have been standing in this crushing, sliding Hell for endless ages," he wrote.

The image of Germans and Austrians united in struggle was a gift for the Goebbel's propaganda machine, coming, as it did, just months after the *Anschluss*. The four were whisked to Breslau, now Wroclaw in Poland, and presented to Hitler at a rally where they were cheered by a crowd of 30,000. 'Boys, boys,' the Führer said to them. 'This thing you have done.' Harrer was reportedly moved to tears by Hitler's praise and told him: 'We have climbed the Eiger *Nordwand*, over the summit and beyond, to you our Führer.' He later vehemently denied saying any such thing, blaming the words on a 'total simpleton of a ghostwriter' appointed by a Nazi publishing house.

He did not dispute, however, his enlistment in the Styrian SS as an Oberscharführer, a rank equivalent to sergeant, explaining that he was

'invited' to join as a sports teacher after the Eiger ascent. 'I wore my SS uniform only once, on the day of my marriage,' he said. SS membership was an 'aberration' but he had to just 'grin and bear it'. The party card, however, was a useful passport to Nanga Parbat. He might not otherwise have been selected.

When Harrer sailed from Antwerp in spring 1939, he would not see Europe again for 13 years. Lotte was pregnant with their son Peter, though, contrary to Hollywood's version of the departure scene, Harrer was unaware of it. She gave up waiting for her missing husband. Under Peter Aufschnaiter, the expedition reconnoitred the Diamir flank of Nanga Parbat and returned to Karachi where the team was shadowed by British agents. War was looming. Harrer and two Germans made a break for Persia in a ramshackle car but were arrested for their 'personal protection'.

Harrer fretted away almost five years imprisoned at Dehra Dun (see article 'Prisoners of the Raj', page 213 of this *AJ*), in sight of the Himalaya, before, third time lucky, an escape bid succeeded and he and Aufschnaiter slipped into Tibet. It was one of the greatest adventures of the 20th Century. Fugitives without papers or money, wind and cold their 'permanent companions', they marvelled at Everest and received unexpected hospitality from nomads. After 18 months they arrived in Lhasa, two blistered vagabonds begging for food, who found favour with the Tibetans and settled into an idyllic life. Harrer became a tutor to the young Dalai Lama, instructing, as he said, 'this clever lad' in the ways and sciences of the West and arguing about religion. But with Chinese troops pressing on Lhasa, Harrer took to the road again, and with heavy heart crossed via Sikkim into India in March 1951 – shortly before the Dalai Lama himself was forced to flee.

He returned to Austria and married Margaretha Truxa but she did not see much of her wandering husband. Trips to the Andes, Alaska, and the Ruwenzori followed and the marriage was dissolved in 1958. Four years later, he married Carina Haarhaus and this time it lasted, despite almost continuous globetrotting. Harrer met the Xingu Indians of Brazil's Mato Grosso, the Bush Negroes of Surinam and the Andaman islanders; escaped death in an horrific fall over a waterfall in New Guinea and shared a near-fatal bout of malaria with his explorer friend King Leopold of the Belgians. Accolades started to flow. He was awarded the title 'Professor' by the President of Austria, the Golden Medal of the Humboldt Society and the prestigious medal of the US Explorers' Club. He was made an honorary member of the AC at the time of the Bart's dinner.

The mementoes of this adventurous life are on display at a Heinrich Harrer museum in Hüttenberg, officially opened by the Dalai Lama in 1992. When the Nazi stains began to show, the Dalai Lama remained constant and reassured his old tutor if his conscience was clear, then he need not fear. And Harrer always insisted it was. In a message of condolence to Harrer's widow, the Dalai Lama expressed deep sadness. His 'Austrian English

teacher' had been a personal friend, he said, who had, through his writings, done much to raise awareness about Tibet and the plight of its people.

Stephen Goodwin

Eric Duncan Grant Langmuir MBE 1931-2005

Eric Langmuir died, aged 74, at his home near Aviemore, on 18 September 2005. A natural but entirely unassuming leader, he inspired the respect and deep affection of both the mountaineering and wider outdoors communities of his era. A member of the Alpine Climbing Group, the Scottish Mountaineering Club, the Climbers' Club and also an Honorary Member of the Club de Montagne Canadien, Eric was probably most widely known for his book *Mountaineering and Leadership*. First published in 1969 under the title *Mountain Leadership* and thrice painstakingly revised, it is now referred to by many simply as 'Langmuir' and has for years been the indispensable bible for all who would take parties of young people into the hills, or for those simply aspiring to climb for themselves; indeed, it is a thoroughly readable and enjoyable guide to all aspects of the mountain scene.

The early war years saw Eric evacuated from his home in Glasgow to Achiltibuie on the Wester Ross coast. Later he was to move to secondary school in Callander before gaining admission to Fettes College. National Service followed with a commission in the Royal Artillery before he went up to Peterhouse, Cambridge, there to read for the Natural Sciences Tripos and join the University Mountaineering Club. The year was 1952 and the CUMC was enjoying a run of success under a line of notable presidents: Brasher, Smith, Band, and Chorley, to which in two more years, Eric's own name would be added. He was already a competent VS leader with more Scottish winter experience than most, and soon found himself climbing with, among others, Geoff Sutton, the next president, and contemporaries Bob Downes and Mike O'Hara. In that company his climbing blossomed and he went on to play a significant part in the exploration of Scottish rock, notably Trilleachan Slabs at the head of Loch Etive. In 1954 he pioneered *Spartan Slab* which still ranks as one of the most popular climbs in Britain.

At the end of his CUMC presidency in 1955 Eric joined Geoff, Bob and Alan Blackshaw for what was to be an outstanding alpine season. For Eric the plums were the République Arête of the Grands Charmoz with Alan, and, with all three, the *South Face Direct* of the Punta Gugliermina and the *Cassin route* on the north-east face of the Piz Badile, both graded ED and both first British ascents which did much to augment the post-war renaissance of British guideless alpine climbing. In his final season, 1957, before family responsibilities took over, Eric added the Roc-Grépon traverse and the Bonatti route on the east face of the Grand Capucin, climbing with George Fraser.

After Cambridge he was employed for two years as a field exploration geologist in Canada, where he also met his future wife, Maureen Lyons. Returning to England he taught briefly in Wimbledon, before taking up the post of Principal at Whitehall Centre for Open Country Pursuits, the ground-breaking initiative of Jack Longland, then Director of Education for Derbyshire. This naturally led to his next appointment as Principal at Glenmore Lodge, the National Outdoor Training Centre near Aviemore. Under his guidance, the centre was to gain an international reputation, attracting a stream of volunteer instructors. The whole question of safety in mountains concerned him deeply. As an original member of the Mountain Leadership working party under Longland in the early 1960s, then in launching a parallel scheme for Scotland in 1964 and in due course, through his book, he made an outstanding contribution to this all-important topic. His responsibilities at the Lodge also included mountain rescue, initially as leader of the Glenmore team, then as co-ordinator in the northern Cairngorms, later as a member of the Mountain Rescue Committee of Scotland and finally as its Chairman from 1968. For this voluntary service he was made MBE in 1986. It was also at Glenmore Lodge that Eric first became interested in avalanche prognosis and, working with the late André Roch at the Swiss Avalanche Research Centre in Davos, he developed ideas for setting up an avalanche forecast and warning system, the foundation for the Scottish Avalanche Information Service. Later he was to instruct SCGB reps courses in this vital subject. Many lives must have been saved as a result of this work, which was recognised in 1987 by his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Leaving Glenmore Lodge in 1969, Eric moved to Moray House in Edinburgh, there to establish and develop courses in outdoor education before becoming Assistant Director of Leisure Services in Midlothian, responsible for all 'countryside' matters including sailing and skiing at which he was much more than just proficient. Indeed, he held the highest grade as a BASI ski instructor.

After early retirement to his new home at Avielochan in 1988, Eric was soon appointed to the Countryside Commission for Scotland, later to be renamed Scottish National Heritage, and in 1991-93 was a member of its Cairngorm Working Party, courageously entering a minority report that was to play an important role in the eventual foundation of the Cairngorms National Park. At much the same time, enthusiastic and fiercely competitive as ever, he took up orienteering. What began as recreation became a passion as, almost to the end of his life, he competed successfully in events throughout the western world. And he continued hill-walking with his family and many friends. At the age of 60 he made several first ascents in the Bhutan Himalaya, including Wohney Gang (5589m). At 70, his enthusiasm for the hills undimmed, he traversed the length of the Cuillin ridge – and climbed Mont Blanc. But then in 2004, without warning, cancer struck. Yet he made a typically brave and determined recovery and, barely

three months after major surgery, climbed from Buttermere to Black Sail to join in a celebration of the life of his friend, Chris Brasher. Twelve months later, in June 2005, he was in Cambridge for the CUMC Centenary dinner. It was to be our last meeting.

Eric's wife, 'Mo', as she was always known, died from cancer in 1980. He is survived by their two sons, two daughters and eight grandchildren and by his fellow orienteer and devoted partner of recent years, Marion MacCormick.

John Peacock

David Pasteur 1931-2004

David Pasteur was born into a family of mountaineers and the mountains were always a part of his life, from the days when he accompanied his family on Alpine trips in his youth during his school holidays to the final year of his life when he climbed the Pic du Canigou in the French Pyrenees and Ben Avon in the Cairngorms.

The family link to the Alpine Club goes back to Henri Pasteur who became a member in 1873 and was vice-president from 1893-95. His son Charles joined in 1890 and also held the position of vice-president. David's father, Hugh, two uncles, a cousin and other members of the extended family were also duly elected. Several ladies were active mountaineers, including Hugh's aunts, sister and cousins Nancy Morse and Joyce Norton (married to Teddy Norton, leader of the 1922 Everest expedition). David himself joined in 1959 and two of his children have been members since 1996.

David was the eldest of Hugh and Grisell Pasteur's three children. He grew up in Kent and was educated at Winchester and King's College, Cambridge where he got a good degree in Classics. He started climbing during childhood holidays, which would usually involve climbing or walking as the family loved to be in the mountains. His first proper introduction to the Alps was a family trip in 1948, when he was 16.

Whilst at Cambridge, David climbed with the university club, and Richard Morgan became one of his principal climbing partners. He had several seasons in the Alps during the 1950s, the south-west ridge of the Wetterhorn and the Schreckhorn-Lauteraarhorn traverse being amongst the more notable routes achieved. Richard Morgan remembers:

'The Schreckhorn/Lauteraarhorn traverse was the longest day we ever had. The year was 1958, starting with a seven-hour approach from Grindelwald to the Strahlegg hut. David asked the warden what time we should get up for the traverse. His response was 'Sechs Uhr am Schreckhorn', and that was only the start of the traverse. So up at midnight, we asked? He didn't correct us. It was torchlight most of the way, up the south-west ridge (D-). We were on the summit not long after six, ready to tackle the mile-long traverse between the peaks. It was one of those alpine crests that

is vertical on one side and overhanging on the other, with wholly unstable flanks, graded D+. We got to the Lauteraarhorn summit about midday, so we had plenty of time for the descent, didn't we? The guidebook suggested avoiding the softening south face route and keeping to the shattered rock crest, then over the Strahlegg pass. Somehow, as the day moved to a close, we limped back to the Strahlegg hut by 6pm. Time for an early night, I thought. And then David produced the clinch blow: "I've got to get back tonight to meet the family. We're off to Zermatt tomorrow." I recollect nothing more. But if you'd had David as the most reliable supportive companion for such a climb, you would have refused him nothing either.'

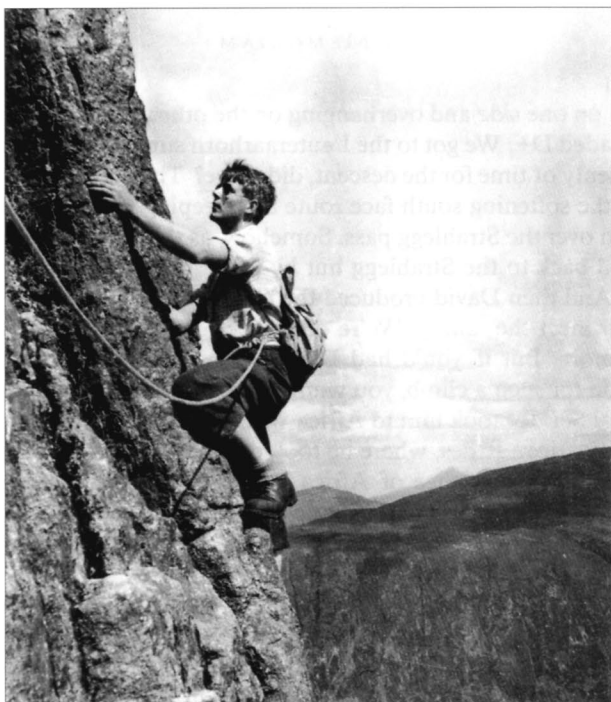
National Service took him to Africa with the 4th (Uganda) Battalion of the King's African Rifles, where he took every opportunity to explore the mountains. His experience of Africa led him to choose a career in the Overseas Civil Service where he was posted as a District Officer in Uganda. Much of his time was spent in the west, close to the beautiful and largely unexplored Ruwenzori mountain range.

David's most important contribution to mountaineering was in the Ruwenzori, where he climbed extensively between 1959 and 1967. He also climbed on other peaks in East Africa, including Mount Elgon, Kilimanjaro and Mount Kenya. He was a member of the Mountain Club of Uganda, being secretary, vice president and then president between 1959 and 1966. Another of his interests was photography, both stills and cine. Andrew Stuart, a fellow Mountain Club member, recalls:

'David always retained the ability to laugh at himself, which was why we all thought so much of him. The time I particularly remember was when we were building, (or actually rebuilding, as we moved it from one site to another) a mountain hut on Sabinio, one of the Virunga volcanoes where the gorillas are. When the hut was more or less finished, David asked us all to congregate inside and then come out of the door bearing our tools, so that he could film the completion of our work. Unbeknownst to him one of the panels at the back was not yet in place, so, as soon as they had been filmed, everyone darted round the back and reappeared through the front door to be filmed, resulting in an apparently endless stream of builders. We would not have done it to anyone for whom we had not the greatest affection.'

On trips to Ruwenzori, David gave great encouragement and training to his regular headman/guide John Matte and his porters. Matte subsequently played an important role in enabling climbing parties to continue visiting the range during the civil strife of the Amin and Obote periods. He later became the chairman of a cooperative, Ruwenzori Mountain Services, which was held up as a model in Africa.

David made a number of first ascents on Ruwenzori including the north-west rock-face of Johnston peak, the glacier route up Vittorio Emanuele and the south-west face of Kraepelin. His unrivalled knowledge bore fruit in the production of the *Mountaineering Guide to the Ruwenzori* which he co-



David Pasteur climbing *Fracture Route*, Crowberry Ridge, Buachaille Etive Mor, July 1955. (Richard Morgan)

wrote with Henry Osmaston. This was published in 1972, and although now out of print, remains the definitive guide.

In Uganda he met his future wife, Ingrid, and they were married in 1963. In 1967, they returned to the UK and David joined the Department of Local Government Studies at Birmingham University, where he worked in international urban management, devising and running training courses and conducting research, until his retirement in 1996. He continued to travel with his job, mostly in Africa and south-east Asia. Whilst working abroad, he also pursued his interest in butterfly collecting and his extensive Malaysian collection is now in the care of the Hunterian Museum in Glasgow.

In 1972, David and his family moved to Sugarbrook Manor, a 16th century farmhouse in Bromsgrove, Worcestershire. At weekends a lot of his time was spent on the renovation of the house and maintaining the large garden. Holidays usually involved mountaineering and the family regularly attended the meets of the UK branch of the Mountain Club of Uganda.

His trips to the Alps were not so frequent in later years, but he visited the Pyrenees with the family in 1985 and 2004. In 1992 he organised a family trip to Zinal with Ingrid, his five children, mother and aunt (a summiter of the Matterhorn in the 1930s). David's ascents included the Bishorn (with

all of his five children), the Pointe de Zinal and a traverse of the Grand Cornier from south-west to north-west (taking 16 hours). In 1997 he completed the Haute Route from Chamonix to Zermatt with his cousin, daughter and son-in-law. He went on an organised trek to Nepal in 1998. Another family trip to Arolla in 2002 included all of the immediate family, this time accompanied by three spouses and four grandchildren. David was out in the mountains every day in the company of various parties, climbing the Pigne d'Arolla, La Lurette and doing several valley and hut walks.

One of David's friends has said of him: 'David was one of the most focused men one could meet; to be taken on his own terms, a man of great integrity, short on prejudice, long on family commitment, intellectually bright, of a deep religious faith, totally disinterested in social trappings. It was a privilege to have known him.' David had a great love of the mountains, where it was always a pleasure to be in his company.

Wiz Pasteur and Chris Pasteur

Robert 'Rob' William Milne 1956 - 2005

On 5 June 2005, Scottish climbing lost one of its favourite adopted sons when Rob Milne suddenly collapsed and died whilst ascending the south-east ridge of Everest, some 350m short of the summit.

Rob was born in Montana, USA, in 1956 and was brought up in Colorado before moving to Edinburgh in the late '70s to complete a PhD in Artificial Intelligence. He immediately fell in love with Scottish winter climbing and developed a strong reputation as a bold ice climber. In January 1980 he teamed up with Rab Anderson for the first ascent of *The White Elephant* (VII, 6), a 300m-long ice route on Creag an Dubh Loch's Central Slabs and one of the greatest winter climbs in the Cairngorms. This was the beginning of one of the most prolific partnerships in British climbing, Anderson and Milne making more than a hundred first ascents in winter together. Notable were *West Buttress Direttissima* (VII,8) on Beinn Eighe, *Inclination* (VII,8) on Stob Coire nan Lochan and *Raven's Edge* (VII, 7) on the Buachaille. Together they pioneered modern winter climbing in the Southern Highlands, opening their account with the first winter ascent of the brilliant *Deadman's Groove* (VII, 7) on The Cobbler. They were also at the forefront of modern mixed climbing in the Northern Corries with first ascents of a string of modern classics such as *Deep Throat* (V, 6), *The Hoarmaster* (V, 6) and *The Inquisition* (VI,8).

To outsiders, the Anderson-Milne partnership looked an uneven one. The famously forceful Anderson appeared to be the driving force, but Rob was the stable backbone of the pairing. Invariably, Rob was the one who wanted to go out every weekend, and it was Rob who approached every route with an unyielding optimism that it could be climbed. This confidence was based

on a long series of major international mountain ascents. In 1975 he made the first ascent of the long north-east ridge of Mount Vancouver in the Yukon and three years later came away from the Kichatna Spires in Alaska and with a good clutch of first ascents. In 1980 he climbed the north face of the Eiger, and in 1984 he visited the Karakoram with an all-star American team including Jack Tackle, Galen Rowell and Andy Embick. Here they made the first ascent of Lukpilla Brakk, a beautiful 1100m-high rock spire across the Biafo glacier from The Ogre. This significant ascent drew attention to the potential of Karakoram granite and inspired dozens of further expeditions.

In his private and business life Rob was just as successful. He met his wife Valerie in Edinburgh. They married in 1981 and had two children, Alex and Rosemary. After he finished his PhD, he worked in the USA as Chief Artificial Intelligence Scientist at The Pentagon before returning to Edinburgh to form his own Intelligent Applications company. Rob maintained his links with academia and was made a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh (Scotland's National Academy) and was given an honorary degree by Robert Gordon's University in Aberdeen.

Rob's involvement in the Scottish Mountaineering Club's publications programme was a natural combination of his business and climbing talents. Rob masterminded the latest edition of The Corbetts guide and its accompanying CD before becoming editor of the District Guides. Together with Ken Crocket and Tom Prentice he updated the format resulting in the beautifully produced North-West Highlands District Guide, widely acclaimed as the finest book the SMC has ever produced. Rob then stepped up to become Convenor of the Club's publications. He brought a quiet and efficient tone to meetings, and somehow it never seemed out of place that the premier mountain book publisher in Scotland should be led by a climber with American roots.

When Rob, who was elected to the AC in 1993, climbed a new route on Carstenz Pyramid in Indonesia in 2001 with Steve Sustad, the idea of climbing the Seven Summits (the seven highest peaks in each continent) took hold. He had climbed Denali way back in 1980, so in 2003 and 2004 efficiently ticked off Mount Vinson, Elbrus and Aconcagua. Typically, he also climbed Mount Kosciuszko in Australia (there is sometimes debate as to whether Carstenz Pyramid is in Australasia or not), just to make sure. Everest was to be Rob's last Seventh Summit. He was also about to complete the 219 Corbetts, having already ticked all 284 Munros.

Rob was a man with unlimited energy, and was never backward in coming forward. Whenever we met he would enthusiastically tell me about his latest mountain adventure. He painted such vivid pictures that I wanted to rush out there and do the same thing. Rob always wanted to know what everyone else was up to and delighted in celebrating other people's success. You always felt good after talking to Rob. He will be sorely missed.

Simon Richardson

Anthony Gosselin Trower 1921-2005

Anthony Trower was born on 12 July 1921 and died on 5 December 2005 at the age of 84. He was known from his schooldays as Cocky, a name which stuck with him throughout his life, but there was nothing arrogant about him – quite the opposite. The word was applied following the older meaning, ‘formerly a term of endearment’ (OED). He was senior partner in the firm of solicitors Trower, Still and Keeling of Lincoln’s Inn, a family firm of which his father and grandfather had been senior partners before him.

He left Eton on the outbreak of war in 1939 and enlisted in the Hertfordshire Yeomanry. He saw service in Political Intelligence in the Middle East and in India. In 1943 he joined the SAS and in 1944 was parachuted into France behind the German lines in support of the Normandy landings. He rarely talked of his distinguished war record, which was clearly one of great courage, but he did manage to describe his parachute landing, with a jeep which got stuck in a tree. His first task was to extricate the jeep from the branches of the tree. He fought with the French Resistance and had a hand in the blowing-up of railway lines. He then moved forward with the Allied advance into Germany, where he was one of the first to relieve Belsen, an event which left him understandably traumatised. At the end of hostilities he was still to be found in Norway, rounding up pockets of enemy troops. In later years he was a stalwart of reunion trips organised by the SAS Association, and he also helped to ensure that all SAS graves had wreaths laid on them on Armistice Day.

I first met Cocky in 1949 at a height of about 12,500ft while descending the Arbengrat on the Obergabelhorn. From that meeting, where he was climbing with Charles Evans, there developed a lifelong friendship which I treasure, strongly linked to our love of mountains. In the autumn of 1951 Cocky visited Kulu with Charles Evans and E Ker, but their plans were impeded by bad weather and restrictions on movement (*AJ* 58, p270). Two peaks of 16,000ft were climbed, but the party was turned back on Deo Tibba (19,687ft).

Cocky was elected to the Alpine Club in 1952, and maintained a strong link with the mountains in later years. In 1981 he joined the AC meet in Nepal, when we completed the circuit of the Annapurna Himal, crossing the Thorung La at about 17,500ft. Cocky was the most enjoyable of companions, and the rest of the party took great delight in calling upon his skill with binoculars and bird book whenever some exotic Himalayan bird was spotted. He was invariably able to identify it. There were later walks, in the Lötschental in 1982 and a circuit of Monte Rosa in 1985. My main recollection of Cocky in all these adventures was of fun and laughter. In 1957 he married Joan Kellett – a very happy marriage which lasted nearly 50 years. He is survived by Joan and their four sons and a daughter, and by 17 grandchildren, to whom the Club extends its sympathy.

J H Emlyn Jones

Colonel Edward Smyth FRCS 1913-2005

Edward Smyth (known to many as 'Teddy Smyth'), who died on 24 October aged 91, lived a remarkably varied life that spanned most of the 20th century. A dedicated and innovative orthopaedic surgeon, he possessed a strong Christian faith which led him to take every opportunity to use his profession in mission work. On top of that his zest for life found outlets in mountaineering, skiing, sailing, trout fishing and writing.

Edward Hugh Jackson Smyth was born in Guildford in 1913, the only son of an ophthalmic surgeon. After Epsom College, he trained for medicine at St Bartholomew's Hospital. Very soon after he qualified war broke out and he enlisted in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Trained as a paratrooper, he was part of the British Expeditionary Force which crossed to France, and he was one of the last to be evacuated from the Brittany beaches with Alan Brooke nearly three weeks after Dunkirk. At the end of the war he was back in Normandy with the Allied Forces, and when France was liberated, and Germany invaded, he was one of the first medical personnel to uncover the horrors of the Nazi concentration camps. In the intervening period he served for three years in West Africa. For many years after the war he was an active member of the Territorial Army, retiring eventually with the rank of full Colonel.

No sooner had peace been declared than he answered a call to serve in the Grenfell Mission in Newfoundland. He was swiftly demobbed and set off with his wife and three young children to the remote outpost of St Anthony at the northern tip of Newfoundland. For the next year, travelling in his own yacht round the coast in the summer, and driving his own dog-team in the winter, he brought every sort of medicine to the villagers.

For the next five years he practised orthopaedics in the Canadian city of Calgary. But never one to stay in the urban areas for long he joined one of the Canadian relief organisations working in the Yukon and frequently took special leave for sorties up the Alaska highway or by small aircraft. In later life he was a splendid raconteur with his stories of children spitting out their tonsils from a makeshift operating table in the village street, or getting the float plane off too small a lake by tethering its rear to a tree and cutting the rope when the engines were flat out.

But his greatest love was the mountains, and gazing out of his Calgary window, the eastern Rockies were always on the skyline. He had climbed most of the highest peaks in Britain before the war and he now turned his attention to Banff, Lake Louise and the Jasper National Park. In the Kananaskas area he found a whole range of peaks over 3000m that had apparently never been climbed. He led a team up each one, subsequently writing up the expeditions for the Canadian Alpine Club of which he became a distinguished member.

In 1951 Smyth, with his wife and five children, returned to England and settled in the Isle of Wight. He soon attained consultant status practising



Colonel Edward Smyth FRCS, 1913-2005

orthopaedics in the Island and at Southampton for the Wessex Regional Hospital Board for the rest of his working life. It was during this period that he invented the 'Smyth triangular pinning method' for hip surgery that was widely used in Britain and adopted in the Groote Schuur Hospital in Cape Town; he wrote regularly for the *British Journal of Orthopaedics* and the *Journal of Bone and Joint Surgery* on this and other topics. He was closely associated with the Lord Mayor Treloar Orthopaedics Hospital in Alton and the Cambridge Military Hospital in Aldershot. During his years on the Island he operated on many famous patients convalescing at Osborne House, and almost as many notorious patients from Parkhurst Top Security Prison.

The Isle of Wight provided every opportunity for yachting; with his children, Edward Smyth sailed extensively in the Solent and across the Channel, owning a succession of 5-ton cruising yachts. Canada had been his introduction to skiing and every winter with his wife he would endeavour to spend two weeks in the Alps, usually at Arosa or Mürren. But climbing mountains was still his passion, and his summer holiday in the Alps usually took pride of place. With medical colleagues, old friends, and his children as they grew up, he found refreshment each year among the 4000-metre giants. The Matterhorn, Dent Blanche, Monte Rosa, Weisshorn and many more became food and drink to him. He became a well-known member of the Alpine Club (elected 1962) and for a period in retirement served as club archivist. And in his seventies he was walking in the foothills of the Himalaya up to 5000m with a group he called the Ancient Britons.

When it was time to give up the National Health Service and private practice he continued at the Cambridge Military Hospital part-time for a while. Despite a heart attack in his early 60s he went to Nigeria in 1977 to do a semester as visiting Professor at the University Medical School and to offer a helping hand wherever he could.

Edward Smyth always enjoyed a deep, but private, spiritual life. He hated being asked to wear his heart on his sleeve and for this reason found it difficult to come to terms with the Charismatic Movement which seemed to him unnecessarily ostentatious. In the last two decades of his life he found ever-increasing solace and camaraderie in the fellowship of Churt Parish Church pastored by the Reverend Colin Pontin.

Colonel Smyth, as he liked to call himself in retirement years, remained extremely active mentally to the end. He had written poetry during the war years and from time to time subsequently, and in 2003 a number of his poems were published in the anthology *Time Standing Still*. A regular column in the *Farnham Herald*, broadcasting on local radio, and letters to the Press provided an outlet for his ever-deepening Christian faith and his strong views on the moral decline of the nation.

In 1939 he married Ursula (née Ross), an extremely happy marriage that lasted until her death 44 years later. He remarried in 1989 to Bunty Keen, a widow, who died in 2001. He is survived by his three sons and two daughters, 13 grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

John Smyth

John Rawnsley King 1944-2003

When John King died in August 2003 as a result of a summer scrambling accident on the Aonach Eagach ridge, he had been out of contact with all or almost all his former climbing friends and companions for many years. As we now know, this was largely attributable to a depressive illness which dogged him for most of his adult life. He was, however, a man of resolution and purpose and he did not let his illness stand in the way of a demanding and distinguished career in the field of fiscal and development economics. Nor did it prevent him from finding solace in the hills, especially in Scotland, though it does seem to have meant that latterly these were largely solitary expeditions or family affairs.

Born the son of a school teacher and an industrial chemist who worked much of his life in the whaling industry including seasons in the Southern Ocean, John was destined after Fettes to read history at Oxford. A year between school and university spent teaching in Western Kenya, however, sparked in him a desire to change to a more practical subject which included economics so that he might make his career in economic development.

During that year in Kenya, frustrated by the cancellation of a school expedition to Mt Elgon, he made a solo ascent of Kilimanjaro. In a nicely

understated letter to his parents, he describes how, although his gym shoes came to pieces and he suffered mild frostbite, he had taken a second set of footwear and the doctor had signed him fit on his return; so all was well.

At Balliol he was an active member of OUMC and made his first forays to the Swiss Alps, establishing himself as a careful climber who was always meticulously well prepared and equipped.

During an OUMC winter meet at the CIC hut in 1967 he was a member of a party which successfully searched for and extricated an avalanche victim who had been trapped for some 12 hours after being caught out on No 4 Gully. They were just in the nick of time. Writing about it afterwards for the Proceedings of the Club's Avalanche Symposium of 1979, John included this memorable passage, 'If you get into a similar fix as casualty or rescuer, remember that there is more hope of a miracle than you will be inclined to believe – because hope itself is a useful commodity.'

Following a Master's degree at the Institute of Development Studies at Sussex University and a year teaching economics in Mauritius, he took a post at the University of Nairobi as lecturer in economics. Here he joined and rapidly became Hon Secretary of the Mountain Club of Kenya, a post which well suited the efficient but retiring person that he was. By now married, he and his wife Anne (who became the Hon. Editor of the MCK Journal) set up home in Nairobi. Many among the mountaineering fraternity enjoyed their hospitality at Arboretum Court.

John invited me to visit him in 1971. Christmas of that year found us first wandering among the satellites of Mt Kenya on peaks Delamere and Coryndon, and then climbing Batian and Nelion via the Darwin Glacier and descending and making a most satisfying circumnavigation of the mountain. John was the ideal companion, knowledgeable about the area and its history, deeply aware of its economic and political problems, uncomplaining when most of our food was stolen and surprisingly full of deep and intriguing conversation. It was as happy a trip as any I have undertaken.

While he was living in Nairobi the seeds were also sown which led to his most enduring economic publication, *Stabilisation Policy in Kenya*, a work which has had a lasting influence as an economic guide in that part of the world.

After Africa and a teaching post at Lancaster University he was offered a job as Economic Adviser to the Inland Revenue, a position which for some years he found congenial and stimulating. However, his real vocation lay with developing countries and he eventually became a consultant economist with the Fiscal Affairs Department of the International Monetary Fund. This led him to numerous developing countries including Bhutan, Nepal, Bangladesh and a spell as Resident Representative of the IMF in Albania for two years, during the most troubled period of the late 1990s. In this work his talents of patience, scholarship and economic wisdom combined to enable him to produce reports on local conditions which were of

considerable value to his employers, and to the countries he visited. The work also enabled him to reach more (and more remote) mountain ranges than is given to most people even in this era of easy travel, though he left no record of what were almost all solitary wanderings. In the Albanian context he would, I feel, have particularly savoured Richard Hargreaves' article 'Mountains for Peace in the Balkans' in *AJ* 2004.

The accident which led to his death occurred whilst he was on leave. On this occasion he was accompanied by his younger daughter Elizabeth. He had recently had two separate hip replacements, which probably rendered a minor slip much more serious than it might otherwise have been. After a sensible bivouac – for which he was characteristically well prepared – he and Elizabeth set off on the descent to Clachaig Inn, but suffered a more serious fall on the way down. Despite having sustained a badly broken ankle as well as other injuries, Elizabeth continued down to get help in an epic journey which called for determination, courage and endurance well worthy of her father. But, alas, by the time help arrived John had taken a further tumble and was dead.

Michael Baker

Rosemary Greenwood 1917-2005

To say that Rosemary Greenwood had been born into a mountaineering family would be an understatement. Among her forebears, and their close relatives, were seven AC members, of whom Francis Fox Tuckett (AC 1859), Geoffrey Howard (AC 1907) and T Howard Somervell (AC 1921) became either a President or a Vice President. On her mother's side, her great-grandfather Joseph Fox joined the Club in 1859, and his cousin, Harry Fox (AC 1885) was with Donkin when their expedition was lost in the Caucasus in 1888. Rosemary's elder sister, Jean (Kuhn), was a member of the Ladies Alpine Club during the 1930s, and her younger sister Jen (Solt), and nephew Philip Solt are currently members. Vol 99 of the *AJ* (1994) contains an article by Rosemary setting out the relationships and climbing achievements of her convoluted Quaker family, together with a family tree.

Born a Howard, Rosemary's first introduction to the Alps was through skiing. Her family home was at Loughton on the edge of Epping Forest, but the family also rented a holiday home at Grindelwald. Rosemary's mother, a Fox, was musical and saw to it that all her seven children played instruments – Rosemary studied cello at the Royal College of Music, and played chamber music until she was 85 – and there were occasional opera performances in their large garden. (Their production of Handel's *Xerxes* was the first since Handel's day.) Her father ran a factory in Ilford where he manufactured pharmaceuticals. Howard's was a byword for Aspirin during the first quarter of the 20th century, and the firm was also notable for quinine.



Rosemary Greenwood 1917-2005

The two Fox uncles were pioneer skiers, and the family chalet at Grindelwald was much used for skiing parties. Rosemary later became prominent in the Eagle Ski Club. She did not join the AC until 1984, by which time her climbing list covered seven pages.

Her earliest climbs, during the 1930s, were in Switzerland. Her very first recorded climb was with Ashley Greenwood, then a family friend. Probably the most ambitious at that period was of the Finsteraarhorn in 1939 with her sister Jen and a guide. During the war she continued with rock climbing on Skye and later in Colorado. After the war, in 1950, she returned to Switzerland and concentrated on ski mountaineering. However, in 1954 she led a Ramblers' party to the Julian Alps (having joined it as a participant the previous year) and went on to join Ashley to climb in the Bregaglia. A couple of years later, in 1956, they married.

In spite of Ashley's legal work for the Colonial Office (see obit. *AJ 109*, 2004), which involved residence in Uganda, Fiji, Gibraltar and Hong Kong, they climbed, trekked or ski toured practically every year until the mid-1990s. As well as in all areas of the Alps, they climbed in Greece, New Zealand, Norway, Peru, Nepal and India. Always ready for adventure, they returned, after several years in Fiji, by boat to Colombo (Sri Lanka) and thence by bus through India, the Middle East and Central Europe.

After Ashley retired he and Rosemary became very active on Club evenings, and arranged the food before lectures. They also became prime movers in a number of Himalayan treks, including to Lahul, Nepal (Annapurna Circuit), Sikkim and Ladakh where Ashley climbed Stok Kangri (6121m) to celebrate his 80th birthday. Rosemary, aged 77 and in bad weather, decided to call it a day after reaching a high camp at approximately 5000m.

In 1889 one Hubert Fox had initiated the sport of skiing at Grindelwald, and in 1989 Rosemary was invited to represent her family as Guest of Honour at the centenary celebrations. But it was not until she was in her eighties that she began to wind down her walking activities; even so, as recently as the summer of 2005, she proved herself indomitable, albeit on the coastal paths of Devon. She died just before her 89th birthday.

Livia Gollanz

Ian Angell 1939-2006

Ian Angell died on 14 January 2006 just four days before his 67th birthday from a head injury sustained from a fall while hillwalking on A' Chrois in Arrochar.

During his life Ian achieved innumerable ascents ranging from local outcrops close to places where he lived to Mera Peak in the Himalaya. He was generous with his time and many people benefited from being shown the ropes whether on his local crag near Largs on a summer's evening or on an expedition to the higher mountains and their ridges. Ian attained national fame in 1961 when, as 'a slim 22-year-old student', he made a solo ascent of the Hörnli ridge of the Matterhorn in 3 hours 25 minutes, a post-war record. As befitted his modesty he was astonished and suitably embarrassed when it became national news on the front page of the *Daily Sketch*. The headline read 'Mad dog Ian climbs it solo!' The report quoted the Zermatt chief guide Godlieb Perren: 'A splendid effort which only an Englishman would dare. He is a first class mountaineer.'

As with most people who spend time in the mountains, Ian's trips were not without incident. While skiing from the Valsorey Hut, up the Plateau de Couloir on the High Level Route in the mid-1970s he was avalanched and buried along with the avalanche cord he was trailing. Frantic rescue efforts by a following German team revealed his cyanosed, lifeless form; but swift, effective resuscitation restored him in what one companion described as 'the nearest thing he had seen to the resurrection'. Incredibly, Ian restarted the tour only 24 hours later, despite both the trauma and hypothermia, and successfully finished in Zermatt.

Born on 18 January 1939, he was brought up in Sheringham in Norfolk and educated at King Edward VII Grammar School in Kings Lynn. He started climbing when at school where, it is rumoured, his initials are carved at the top of the bell tower. On leaving school he went to Rugby College of Engineering and was a founder member of Rugby Mountaineering Club.

Ian was devoted to his wife Shirley, also a climber, who wrote the definitive history of the Pinnacle Club. In it she relives the first time she set eyes on her husband to be, which was up a tree outside the Vaynol Arms in Snowdonia! As she wrote in her book, 'Later he danced the polka with me up and down the road. It was love at first sight.'

When working for the UK Atomic Energy Authority (UKAEA) in Cumbria Ian established many new rock routes in the area, publishing a guidebook to St Bees Head and a number of magazine articles. Both Ian and Shirley were members of the Wyndham Mountaineering Club, and Ian was a member and later an honorary member of Wasdale Mountain Rescue Team. He became a member of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in 1972 and from 1976 until 1980 was assistant warden at Brackenclose, in Wasdale. It was in May 1975 that he was elected to the Alpine Club and helped to catalogue the Club library when it was moved to Charlotte Road in September 1991.

Ian qualified as a Mountain Guide in 1978 and served as treasurer for the British Mountain Guides in the late eighties and early nineties. In 1981, now living in south-west Scotland, he joined the Scottish Mountaineering Club serving on the committee from 1983 until 1988 and then as a Trustee of the Scottish Mountaineering Trust. In 1998 he became the SMC Honorary Club librarian a position he held until his death.

In 1992 he first visited the Staunings Alps in north-east Greenland and returned in 1994 and again in 1996, achieving first ascents and naming one Shirley's Peak after his wife. He enjoyed the Arctic and in 1996 also visited Spitsbergen, where he admitted his calm approach was somewhat ruffled by the polar bear tracks circling the camp.

Ian retired from the UKAEA in 1996 and successfully ran his own independent business working in various nuclear power stations. With more free time he climbed all of the VS rock routes on Buchaille Etive Mor and fulfilled an ambition of a winter ascent of *Orion Direct*.

In April 2005 he completed the Munros on Sgor Gaoith in Glen Feshie and was joined by a group of more than 50 family and friends. For once the weather behaved and he was cheered on to the summit as a family of golden eagles flew below over Loch Einich.

Ian cared passionately about the mountain environment and was dismayed by the recent proliferation of radio masts and wind turbines. As a man of principle, he was prepared to take a stand and speak his mind on such issues.

Ian was very involved in the local community and church though he rarely spoke about his strong Christian faith. At his death he was chairman of a group which had successfully lobbied to make his home town Largs a Fair Trade town. At his funeral on 25 January, the church and much of the churchyard were overflowing with family, friends and colleagues paying their respects to a caring, unassuming man, renowned for his youthful enthusiasm and love of the mountains.

Ian delighted in his family, especially his two granddaughters Bethany and Megan. He is survived by his wife Shirley and three sons, Timothy, Adrian and Stephen.

Colwyn M Jones