
In Memoriam

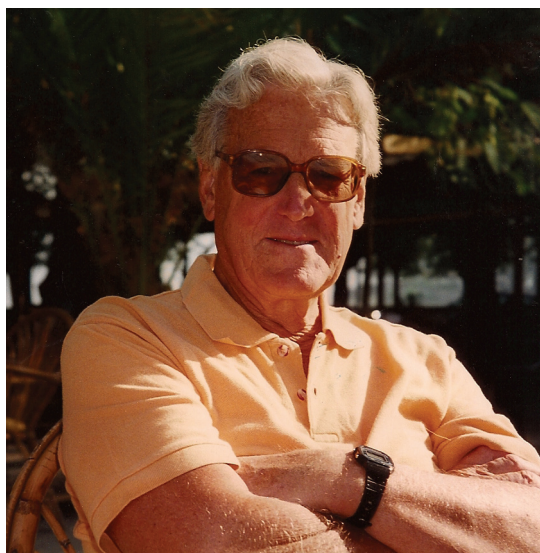
The Alpine Club Obituary	Year of Election
John Blacker	1964
Riccardo Cassin	Hon 2009
John D Evans	1986
Terry Hartley	1970
Charles Houston	1935
Robert (Bob) Lawford	1967
Arne Naess	Hon 1991
John Noble	1972
Peter Owen	1965
Bill Packard	1951
Reginald Parker	1952
Sir Edward Peck	1944
DG (David) Smith	1960
FD (David) Smith	1961
Johannes Somerwil	1965
Elizabeth (Jen) Solt	1987
Trevor Southall	1983
John Stanton	1974
Arthur Wadsworth	1944
George Watkins	1990
Eileen Wilks	LAC 1949
John Wilks	1950
Edward Wrangham	1955

As usual, the Editor will be pleased to receive tributes for any of those not included in the following pages.

Dr John George Carlos Blacker 1929-2008

John Blacker, who died on 28 September 2008 aged 78, was a distinguished demographer whose many interests included mountaineering, sailing, music, scholarship and gastronomy. Above all, he had a genius for friendship combined with an innate modesty that contrasted somewhat with the exuberance that characterised the more exotic members of his highly gifted family. His great-grandfather had married a Spanish Peruvian grandee, though not before siring a strain of Peruvian Blackers whose unexpected continuation of the family line gave John particular satisfaction. His grandfather Carlos, a dashing gentleman of independent means and brilliant gifts had, for many years, been Oscar Wilde's closest friend until Wilde irresponsibly breached Blacker's strictest confidences about the notorious Dreyfus case. John's father, Dr CP Blacker who won both an MC and a GM, was an eminent psychiatrist, a pioneer of family planning and a friend of the Bloomsbury literati. His elder sister, Carmen, was a Professor of Japanese at Cambridge, and his second sister, Thetis, the outstanding British batik artist of her generation.

John followed in his father's footsteps to Eton and Balliol, where he switched from physics to modern history. He had boxed at school but at Oxford his main sporting pre-occupation was rowing as a member of the Leander crew that won the Grand at Henley in 1949 and in the winning Oxford boat in 1950. He continued to scull well into his 70s. After Oxford, he took a PhD in demographic history at the LSE which well suited his multi-disciplined, independent mind. A thirst for adventure and a commitment to public service led him to take up his first professional demographic appointment in 1958 with the East African High Commission in Nairobi, which became his spiritual home and professional base for the next 18 years. During this time, John's demographic work for 16 different countries produced population censuses and surveys that changed the face of African demography. After various assignments for the United Nations and other international agencies, he joined the permanent staff of the Centre for Population Studies at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine in 1976 where he worked for the next 15 years, making further important contributions to demographic research in Pakistan, Bangladesh, Indonesia, Bahrain and Central Asia. He retired in 1992, but remained very active professionally, producing many internationally acclaimed studies including those on child mortality after the First Gulf War; a re-appraisal of Kikuyu mortality after Mau Mau; and a seminal contribution to the demography of AIDS, which was cited by Nelson Mandela. A gratifying conclusion of John's 1990s demographic survey of AC members was that our life expectancies were six years above the average. Apart from a massive corpus of demographic literature, John meticulously edited *Have You Forgotten Yet?*, his father's First World War memoirs, and made an important contribution to Mark Hichens' *Oscar Wilde's Last Chance* describing his grandfather's pivotal role in the Dreyfus Affair.



John Blacker 1929-2008

John's serious mountaineering career began at Oxford and, between 1951 and 1955, his four guideless Alpine seasons accounted for well over 20 classic routes in the Tarentaise, Oberland, Pennine Alps and Mont Blanc massif. His main companions at this time were Sandy Cavenagh, David Pasteur, Peter Cox and, particularly, Nicholas Woolaston and JGD Warburton with whom, during their 1953 season, he climbed the Allalinhorn, Fletschhorn, Lagginhorn, Weissmies (north ridge), Rimpfischhorn (north ridge), Zinalrothorn, Ober Gabelhorn and Dent Blanche. In 1958, John joined the Mountain Club of Kenya (MCK), a time of renaissance following the recently resolved Mau Mau emergency, when old huts were refurbished, new ones built and new routes put up. As the MCK's Hut Bookings Secretary, he became heavily involved in the club's climbing and social life, and in 1962/3 served as Vice-President.

A mandatory ascent of Kilimanjaro was followed by numerous trips to Mount Elgon and Meru, the Aberdares, and the MCK's rock climbing playground at Lukenia. But Mount Kenya itself was ever the lure. On his first expedition in 1958, he climbed its satellite peaks Lenana, Thomson, John and Pigott, and also made the first crossing of the challenging Firmin Col. A second venture in 1960 was abandoned on the mountain due to what John described as his companions' 'indisposition'. Two years later, he climbed Nelion and Batian via the Gate of the Mists in a party of four, with John and Geoff Newham on one rope, and Robert Chambers and Ulrich Middleboe on the other. Disaster struck on descent when a large chunk of rock broke off. Newham was badly injured after falling 20ft. In the dramatic rescue that followed over several days, John made a break-

neck descent of Nelion with Chambers, before racing down the Naro Moru track to raise the alarm with the owner of the first farm he came to – Beryl Markham the famous aviator.

In 1964 John and Charles Richards organised an expedition to the Ruwenzori which I was lucky enough to join. In uncharacteristically good weather, we climbed Speke; did the traverse of Moebius, Alexandra and Margherita on Stanley from the Elena hut to the Irene Lakes in less than 10 hours; climbed Semper via Edward on Baker; and put up a new route on Philip via the Savoia Glacier. Later that year, John was elected to the Alpine Club, and served on the committee in 1981.

John climbed regularly on homeland hills, and particularly relished New Year reunions at the PYG. However, his penchant was for the less frequented ranges, particularly if mountaineering could be combined with his other passion, sailing. While in Africa, he had traversed the length of Lake Victoria in a tiny boat. On return to England, he embarked on a succession of adventurous cruises in his beloved 25' Vertue class yacht, *Foresight*, usually accompanied by adoring ladies. *Foresight* became his base from which to climb along the west coasts of Scotland and Ireland, the Norwegian fiords and Lofoten. In 1979 he sailed her to Iceland and back, via Shetland and the Faroes, with Basia Zaba and Guy Howard. The wind was against them most of the way; navigation was by dead reckoning and they climbed Iceland's highest mountain Snæfell (1833m) in thick fog. Thereafter, he sailed *Foresight* south to the warmer waters of the Mediterranean, stopping off at Corsica, Malta, Crete, Turkey, Greece, and finally Croatia, where he shared a new boat with Rob Hale.

John's mountaineering ranged from the Americas, the Alps, both polar regions, the Pyrenees, the Ala Dağ and Lycian Alps of Turkey, Mt Olympus and the Pindus in Greece, the Julian Alps, and the Himalaya. We trekked together *en famille* in Bhutan and Sikkim, and he particularly cherished his ascent of the previously unclimbed Wohney Gang (5589m), as a member of the Alpine Club's 1991 Bhutan expedition. John particularly delighted in a mountain's historical associations and literature, quoting effortlessly passages from Whymper, Tilman or whoever else took his fancy. In 1994 he returned to the Vignemale, whose Arête de Gaube he had climbed 20 years earlier, with Peter Lowes, Bob Maguire, Baroness Simone De Lassus and others, to commemorate a memorable ascent by Baron Bertrand De Lassus (a forebear of the Baroness's late husband) with the famous Pyrenean pioneer Count Henri Russell.

John was an accomplished viola player and had legendary culinary skills. His friends Elizabeth David and Claudia Roden might have demurred at some of the imaginative 'Catering on Mountains' recipes he wrote for the MCK Bulletin and Mount Kenya guidebook, but never his gourmet dinner party creations. During the last decade of his life, John fought a tenacious and unflinching battle against cancer. When he attended the Alpine Club's 150th anniversary celebrations at Zermatt, his pace might have been slower, but his spirit and good humour were undimmed. He faced adversity with

never a murmur of self-pity, and his willingness to be used as a guinea pig for experimental cures in the cause of medical science was typical of a man whose courage, generosity and integrity were an inspiration to his innumerable friends and colleagues. John's reliability, sound judgement and unflappability made him an incomparable climbing companion. He never married, but his girl friends were legion.

John Harding

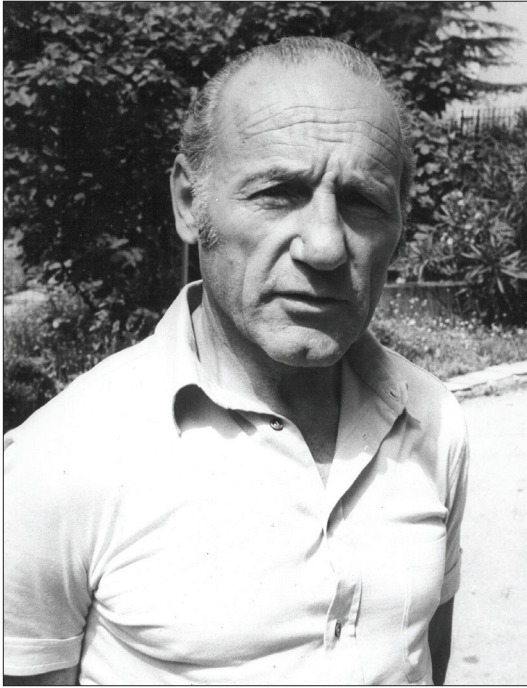
Riccardo Cassin 1909 - 2009

Riccardo Cassin died at his home at Piani Resinelli, near Lecco on 6 August 2009. In January he had celebrated his 100th birthday and in May he had been made an honorary member of the Alpine Club. It was an accolade bestowed decades too late. Cassin had long since attained an almost god-like status in the climbing world. His greatest routes, the Walker Spur on the Grandes Jorasses, done in 1938, and the Cassin Ridge on Mt McKinley, remain among alpinisms most coveted prizes.

Cassin's stock was not always so high, at least not in the eyes of the British mountaineering establishment. The old guard of the Alpine Club regarded the methods used in the 1930s by Cassin and a new wave of continental climbers to scale the vertical walls of the Dolomites and the great north faces of Alps as cheating. This disdain may also have had a cultural undertone. Cassin, like many of his contemporaries, was a working class lad at time when alpinism, from a British perspective, was still the preserve of gentlemen. The social revolution that saw northern tradesmen such as Whillans and Brown lead a surge in domestic climbing standards did not occur for another 20 years. Though this quickly extended to the Alps, by then the ambitious Italian was leaving his mark in the Himalaya.

Riccardo Cassin was born in San Vito al Tagliamento, lower Friuli. His parents were peasants and Riccardo started work at age 12 as a bellows-boy in a blacksmith's shop. He had no memory of his father. Cassin senior went to America when Riccardo was age two and was killed in an accident at work. Looking to better himself, the young Cassin moved to Lecco in northern Italy and took a job as a mechanic. On his first Sunday there, he went with friends up Punta Cermenati, the main peak of the Resegone, and two weeks later he discovered the Grigna. This popular climbing area north of city was to become Cassin's training ground and the scene of string of first ascents in the early 1930s. First was the east face of the Guglia Angelina, climbed with Mary Varale who later introduced Cassin to Emilio Comici. The master from Trieste tutored the Lecco boys in the use of pitons, double roping, and *etriers* – the methods of 'steeple-jacks' on factory chimneys according to Col Strutt, editor of the *Alpine Journal*.

Cassin acknowledged the purity of the free-climbing ethic and claimed to keep his home-made pitons to a minimum. 'On routes where I had



Riccardo Cassin 1909-2009
(Ken Wilson)

used 50 pitons, other people used 70. So I climbed with less aid than other climbers,' he said. He admired the audacious Austrian Paul Preuss, a great advocate of free climbing, but when Preuss fell to his death, aged only 27, while attempting a solo first ascent in the Gosaukamm, Cassin observed dryly that he had become 'a victim of his own theories'.

After their Grigna apprenticeship, Cassin and his Lecco friends in the Nuova Italia Club moved on to the Dolomites. In 1935, he and Vittorio Ratti authored a masterpiece on the gigantic Torre Trieste, a 50-hour climb up the tower's exposed south-east ridge. The beauty of the Cassin/Ratti line was reflected in the comment of one observer who told them: 'On those 700m of rock you wrote a poem.'

Lecco was a nursery of talented rock climbers, whose skills combined with Cassin's power and determination (he was a boxer as a youth) spelt success where others quailed. This was strikingly evident in what he called his 'Alpine Triad' – first ascents of three major north faces, battered by storms on each occasion. First, in 1935, came the north face of the Cima Ovest di Lavaredo, a 60-hour epic, enduring lightning, hail and snow. Always highly competitive, Cassin had raced to the Dolomites on hearing that two Germans were encamped below the face waiting for the weather to clear. On returning victorious to Lecco, he and Ratti were welcomed by

the town band.

Next in the Triad, in 1937, was the north-east face of Piz Badile. Cassin and Ratti were joined by Gino Esposito. Success, however, was marred by the death of two Como climbers who asked to join forces with the Lecco trio at the first bivouac. Cassin could hardly refuse, but the pair proved unprepared for a 52-hour ordeal on such a face and died on the descent from cold and exhaustion. These were the only deaths associated with a Cassin climb, a remarkable record given the seriousness of his routes over such a long career.

All eyes were now on the north face of the Eiger. Climbers were literally dying in the race to be first up the *Nordwand*. Hitler was offering medals for valour – presuming it would be climbed first by Germans – while the gentleman of the AC regarded it all as ‘an obsession for the deranged’. Cassin, Esposito and Ugo Tizzoni arrived at Kliene Scheidegg just in time to watch Germans Heckmair and Vörg and Austrians Kasperek and Harrer take the prize.

Cassin thought hard for alternative and week later, with Esposito and Tizzoni set out for the Mont Blanc range, intent on a *dirrettissima* on the north face of the Grandes Jorasses, the Walker Spur. This was wonderfully audacious. None of the trio had ever visited the Mont Blanc group and they had to get directions to the face from a hut warden, dumbfounded at their naivety. The Walker was to be Cassin’s greatest climb, completed over 82 hours with, as ever, a lashing from the elements. He led throughout, penduluming beneath the most awkward overhang and hammering in a total of 50 pitons – ‘not that many’ over such a distance in the opinion of Chris Bonington.

War put climbing on hold. Cassin joined the partisans, but kept his job in a factory producing military equipment – a reserved occupation – to avoid suspicion. He became the leader of a rock climbers’ section, liaising with partisans in the mountains and hiding arms and ammunition in his house. Lecco was strategically important and the scene of fierce street fighting in April 1945. Cassin’s close friend Vittorio Ratti was shot dead at his side in one exchange while Cassin himself was injured in the arm and face.

After the war, Cassin’s life as an alpinist matured. He turned more to the greater ranges for adventure and adopted a father role to the next generation of Italian climbers. In 1946 he was asked to be the leader of the newly-formed *Ragni della Grignetta* (Lecco Spiders). More first ascents and some notable repeats followed. Today, when so many top climbers turn professional, it is interesting to note that Cassin crammed his routes into holidays and weekends, and was always back at his bench on Monday morning. Later it was a desk, as he rose from shop floor to manager and then founded his own company manufacturing ice-axes and so forth.

In 1953, came his first trip to the great peaks of Asia, and with it the seeds of bitterness. Ardito Desio was organising a major expedition to K2, then unclimbed, intent on planting the Italian flag on the world’s second highest summit. Cassin escorted Desio on a reconnaissance up the Baltoro

glacier, spending 32 days on the march. But to his intense disappointment and anger, he was excluded from the main expedition the following year.

Purportedly, Cassin was dropped on health grounds, but he believed Prof Desio was afraid being overshadowed by a 'simple' climber who was a sporting hero to Italians. Both men regarded themselves as leaders, and the autocratic scientist was unlikely to have taken kindly to advice from a former bellows-boy. Cassin's retort came in the autumn of 1957 when he returned to the Baltoro as leader of an expedition to Gasherbrum IV. Walter Bonatti and Carlo Mauri reached the 7925m-summit after some of the hardest technical climbing then accomplished at altitude.

Cassin's reputation as an indomitable alpinist was sealed in 1961 with success on Mt McKinley (6194m) in Alaska, the highest mountain in North America. With five of his "boys" from the Lecco Spiders, he made a first ascent of McKinley's south face by an elegant spur that bears his name – the Cassin Ridge. It was a post-war equivalent of the Walker Spur, a line of steep ice and rock that remains an absolute classic. The climbers endured violent storms and extreme cold, several suffering frostbite on the descent as snow fell continuously for 75 hours. Cassin called it 'a superb victory for Lecco' and the expedition received congratulatory telegrams from the presidents of the USA (Kennedy) and Italy (Gronchi).

Expeditions followed to the Caucasus (1966) and the Andes, where in 1969 he led the first ascent of the west face of Jirishanca (6126m). All six team members reached the summit, with its cornice of fragile ice. Cassin was indescribably happy. 'With 60 years behind me, and those good lads beside me, I looked at the world from that peak: my mind seemed drugged by infinite silence.'

Most mountaineers would be powering down by this stage in life, but Cassin was still hungry. In 1975 he returned to the Himalaya as leader of a CAI attempt on the south face of Lhotse (8501m). The precipitous 3000m wall had 'last great problem' status stamped all over it, but though the team made good progress and reached 7500m, the elements proved too severe. After a second avalanche smashed through base camp, Cassin reluctantly conceded defeat.

Lhotse was Cassin's last big trip, though he continued to climb rock at a high standard. With three sons and a clutch of grandchildren, he devoted himself to family life, the Cassin factory and his role as an elder statesman of alpinism. In 1987, on the 50th anniversary of his first ascent of the north-east face of the Badile, the Lecco legend turned in a bravura performance, climbing the route twice in one week – the second time for the benefit for the late arriving Press. He was 78 years old, on a route still beyond most recreational climbers despite all the advances in risk-reducing equipment.

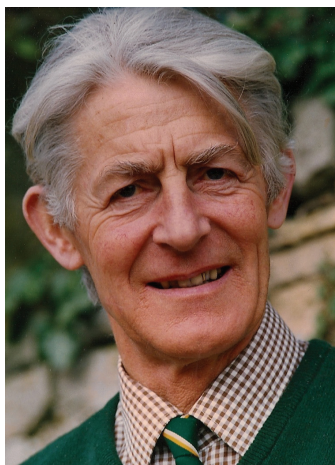
The certificate according Cassin honorary AC membership was accepted by one of his sons, Guido, at a dinner in Chamonix during the Piolets d'Or festivities last May. By then Riccardo was too frail to travel, but he wrote a gracious letter to the Club wishing 'good climbing to everybody'.

Stephen Goodwin

Ernest Terence Hartley 1924 – 2009

Terry Hartley, who died in March 2009 after a long illness, was one of the outstanding British ski mountaineers of his generation as the organiser and leader of numerous tours and expeditions, and as an administrator who served as President of the Alpine Ski Club, the Eagle Ski Club and the Ski Club of Great Britain.

Born on 18 April 1924 at Upper Milton, Oxfordshire, of an old farming family, he was educated at Daunceys School. After the war, having married Rachel Wilson at the tender age of 22, he took over the family's farming operation in Oxfordshire which was to occupy his working life. Both



Terry Hartley 1924-2009

Terry and Rachel became skiing addicts, and Grindelwald, with its close Alpine fraternity, was adopted as their second family home. The Bernese Oberland was Terry's first mountain love, and it was from this base, during the 1960s, that he was particularly active as an innovative ski mountaineer at a time when British ski mountaineering, under the overall leadership of Neil Hogg, was at last beginning to emerge from near obsolescence.

During that decade, Terry organised and led a series of guided Eagle Ski Club parties repeating classic, but what were then relatively rarely attempted, ski mountaineering traverses including the High Level Route in both directions, and both the Bernina and Bernese Oberland. En route, his parties climbed many peaks including the Dufourspitze, Morteratsch, Piz Palù, Piz Bernina, Wildhorn, Wildstrubel, Balmhorn, Mönch, Grosse Wannenhorn, and Finsteraarhorn. Other ski ascents over this time included the Grosses Fiescherhorn, Äbeni Fluh, Mont Blanc, Mt Vêlan, Grand Combin, Aletschhorn, and Schinhorn. In 1967, to celebrate Arnold Lunn's 80th birthday and the Golden Anniversary of his first ever ski ascent of the Dom (4545m), Terry led a small party to emulate Lunn's historic feat.

Outside the Alps, Terry led one of the earlier British ski expeditions into the High Atlas in 1965, when his party climbed four 4000m peaks, Toubkal, Buguinoussiene, Ras N'ouanoukrim and W'ouanoukrim. In 1966 he was active in the Pyrenees, and in 1969 led an Eagle Ski Club expedition to Iran's Elburz mountains, climbing Demavend and Touchal on ski. In 1970, he was elected to the Alpine Club.

Thereafter, bowing to the demands of family and farming, the tempo of Terry's ski mountaineering activities abated somewhat. He continued to climb and ski regularly, and was such a familiar and popular figure in Grindelwald that he was made a Freeman of that town. He also undertook ski tours in Norway and trekked in the Himalaya, but as Rachel's health deteriorated, the family's holiday focus switched more to long distance walking, sailing, and travel in further flung places including Canada, the Indian Ocean, and later, Antarctica. Terry's other activities and interests were many and varied. He played hockey for both Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire; was a member of the MCC and helped establish the Shipton Cricket Club, subsequently becoming both its Captain and President. He worked tirelessly for the local community and was a popular after-dinner speaker, blessed with a prodigious memory for people and places.

Two years after Rachel's death in 1993, Terry embarked on his second very happy marriage, at the ripe age of 71, to Catherine Tudor-Evans, a family friend of many years. Catherine's selfless love and care gave Terry boundless support during the difficult closing years of his life, when his health sadly deteriorated. He was ever a most devoted husband and father who will be remembered with the greatest affection by all who knew him as a charming, courteous and generous gentleman, and one of the most inspiring ski mountaineer leaders of his time.

J G R Harding

Dr Charles Snead Houston 1913 - 2009

Charlie Houston's territory was the "thinne aire" of big mountains. He almost gasped his last of it in 1953 during an epic retreat on K2 and later immersed himself in the study of why we get sick at high altitude, and sometimes die there.

The archaic quote was a favourite of Houston's, from Father Jose Acosta, a Jesuit missionary who vividly described his symptoms on crossing the Andes in the late 16th century. Acosta attributed his retching and vomiting to air so "delicate as it is not proportionable with the breathing of man".

The priest was on the right track, but it was not until the publication of Houston's *Going Higher: Oxygen, Man, and Mountains* in 1980 that climbers and medics were offered a clear understanding of the cause and effect of the main types of altitude sickness, together with sound advice on staying healthy.

Charles Snead Houston was born in New York in 1913 and brought up



Charlie Houston at the Kendal Mountain Film Festival 2004.
(Bernard Newman)

in East Coast privilege. At the age of 12 he walked with his parents from Geneva to Chamonix, reading Geoffrey Winthrop Young's classic *On High Hills* along the way. The die was cast. While a medical student, he joined the Harvard Mountaineering Club, teaming up with four other putative big names in US climbing – Bob Bates, Bradford Washburn, H Adams Carter and Terris Moore – to form the so-called 'Harvard Five'.

In 1933 he was invited by the more experienced Washburn to climb on Mount Crillon (a near miss) and a year later returned to Alaska on an expedition led by his father, Oscar Houston, to make the first ascent of Mount Foraker. Also on Foraker was T Graham Brown, with whom Houston climbed in the Alps and, in 1936, co-led an expedition to Nanda Devi. The party was an intriguing mix - four cocky Americans, all members of the fledgling Harvard MC - and four veteran Brits, including Bill Tilman and Noel Odell who together reached the 7816m summit on 29 July. Houston seemed set for the first ascent, but at the last camp fell ill with food poisoning - a treacherous tin of meat - and descended to enable Tilman to take his place alongside Odell. Tilman recalled: 'Bad as he (Houston) was, his generous determination to go down was of a piece with the rest of his actions.'

Houston and Tilman teamed up again when in 1950 Oscar Houston unexpectedly obtained permission to explore the Khumbu valley towards the Nepal flank of Everest. Enthralled, the party hiked into Namche Bazar and on up the Imja Khola river valley to Thyangboche monastery. Houston and Tilman prospected further, camping on the Khumbu glacier

and wondering at the great icefall obstructing the Western Cwm. Both thought it too hazardous for laden porters and doubted that Everest could be climbed by this route. History proved them wrong.

Charlie Houston, however, is most famously associated with K2 to which he led two expeditions; the first, in 1938, an acclaimed 'reconnaissance' when he and Paul Petzoldt became the first to reach the Shoulder at almost 8000m on the Abruzzi Spur. It had required a supreme effort, wading in deep powder snow. 'I felt that all my previous life had reached a climax in these last hours of intense struggle,' wrote Houston. This paved the way for another American attempt on K2 a year later, a messy affair that gained another 400 metres but ended with the death of its sponsor, Dudley Wolfe, and three Sherpas.

War service over, Houston returned to K2 in 1953 with a strong team, including his close friend and companion from the 1938 trip, Bob Bates. Storm and struggle accompanied the team up the Abruzzi Spur; even so by the beginning of August they were encamped just below the Shoulder and optimistic the summit was within grasping distance. Just three good days were needed. But foul weather again confined them to battered tents - the flimsy nylon shelter occupied by Houston and George Bell was torn away completely. In retrospect, Houston was philosophical about their 10-day battering at Camp VIII. 'Perhaps it is this conquest, conquest of one's self through survival of such an ordeal, that brings a man back to frontiers again and again,' he said.

On 7 August as the cloud lifted and the climbers crawled out of their tents, the young geologist Art Gilkey collapsed unconscious in the snow. He had developed phlebitis, with blood clots in his left leg. As both a doctor, Houston knew there was little chance of getting Gilkey back to Base Camp alive, but there was no question the team would not try to save him. Avalanche risk and pitiless weather delayed them for another three days, until, as Gilkey's condition worsened with clots carried to his lungs, descent became imperative.

With Gilkey wrapped in a sleeping bag and the smashed tent, the team began inching him down the mountain in a blizzard. All were near exhausted and encrusted in ice. The sick man had just been lowered over a cliff when George Bell, who had frostbitten feet, slipped, dragging his rope mate, Tony Streater, with him and dislodging others. Amazingly the five hurtling climbers were halted on the lip of the abyss by the strength and superb belaying technique of Pete Schoening, who also held the weight of the suspended Gilkey.

How they had survived was doubly a mystery to Houston who lay unconscious on a narrow shelf until urged back to life by Bates, who recalled it thus: "‘Charlie,’ I said with the greatest of intensity, looking directly into his eyes, ‘if you ever want to see Dorcas and Penny again (his wife and daughter) climb up there *right now*’. Somehow this demand penetrated to his brain, for with a frightened look and without a word, he turned...and fairly swarmed up the snowy rocks of the cliff.’"

Battered and bleeding the party struggled to the nearby Camp VII, then three of them went to fetch Gilkey who had been left anchored by two ice-axes. He had vanished, together with the anchors. It was presumed Gilkey had swept been away by another avalanche, though in recent years Houston became convinced that Gilkey had 'wiggled himself loose' in order to save the lives of his friends. The close team was shocked by the loss of Gilkey, but as Kenneth Mason observed in *Abode of Snow*, perhaps the mountain had been merciful. Gilkey's seven companions would never have abandoned him, nor in their exhausted state could they have brought him down alive.

It was another four days of nightmare descent before the team stumbled gaunt and hollow-eyed into the embrace of their tearfully relieved Hunza porters. Houston was at times delirious. At a reunion 25 years later he revealed how close he had come to ending it all above the tricky House's Chimney, descended in darkness. He feared he would knock his friends off the mountain if he fell. 'Better jump off to one side and get it over with,' he'd thought. 'I knelt in the snow and said the Lord's Prayer. Next thing I can remember is being grasped by strong arms and helped into Camp IV.'

It had, as Mason said, been an 'Homeric struggle'. Houston was deeply affected by the loss of Gilkey and also, quite unreasonably, by a sense of failure. Though he gave up climbing almost completely, the conversion was not quite so Pauline as often presented. His first thought was to have another shot at K2 a year later and he was stunned to find it already booked by the Italian explorer-geographer Ardito Desio. The news, when Compagnoni and Lacedelli reached the summit, came as a heavy blow to his spirit. However on the dictum that 'style is everything' Houston's men win hands down in the story of K2. Theirs had been a bold, lightish-weight push to within an ace of the summit - in a manner still regarded as the finest of mountaineering styles. Desio, on the other hand, laid siege to K2, employing military tactics, 500 porters, and bottled oxygen for his top climbers.

Houston had permission for an attempt on K2 in 1955 but did not take it up. A growing family and rural medical practice increasingly filled his time. Five years - 1957-62 - were spent in Aspen, Colorado, working at the Aspen Institute and walking and fishing in the surrounding mountain country. Then came a big change as director of the US Peace Corps for India, an ideal post for someone so devoted to the wellbeing of his fellow human beings. Houston loved it, visiting almost every corner of India, plus Nepal and Afghanistan. He was called to Washington to develop the worldwide doctor Peace Corps but his internationalist dreams were snuffed out by the Vietnam War and the doctor draft.

In his last decade, Houston's liberalism reasserted itself and he would stand on a soapbox in Burlington city park railing against the warmongering of George W Bush and the shameful absence of universal medicare in the US. He was a man of complex emotions, as revealed in a fine biography by Bernadette McDonald, *Brotherhood of the Rope* (Bâton Wicks, 2007), with

an abrasive, critical streak that caused difficulty in his professional life. He suffered periods of depression and, in his self-criticism, unjustifiably underrated his achievements.

Houston may have quit serious climbing early, but he did not turn his back on one of the great perils of high mountains. In the second half of his life, settled into teaching medicine at the University of Vermont, he became one of the great authorities on altitude sickness. He had made earlier studies of 'thin air' during World War II. Entering the Navy as lieutenant in 1941, after interning at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, he trained pilots in the effects of *hypoxia* at combat altitudes. Pilots had died as a lack of oxygen caused them to black out or make fatal errors. Immediately after the war Houston persuaded the Navy to let him do further research on volunteers in a decompression chamber. Called Operation Everest, the tests were ostensibly about gaining air combat superiority, though more interestingly to mountaineers they showed that, with acclimatisation, humans would be able to survive briefly at the top of the world. Twenty years later, Houston returned to the subject, directing physiology studies at a laboratory at 5300m on Mount Logan, in the Yukon, each year from 1967 to 1975 and rerunning a more ambitious version of Operation Everest in 1985. He was also the co-organiser, with John Sutton, of the biannual Hypoxia Symposia in Banff or Lake Louise, which began in 1979 and provides a stimulating get-together for mountain medicine specialists.

Most relevant to the growing numbers of climbers and trekkers heading for the greater ranges however, was the publication in 1980 of *Going Higher: Oxygen, Man and Mountains*, most recently updated in 2005. Houston explained why the majority of us suffer headaches on our first days above three or four thousand metres and detailed the more serious forms of altitude sickness, notably High Altitude Cerebral Edema (HACE), a swelling of the brain, and High Altitude Pulmonary Edema (HAPE) a build-up of fluid in the lungs. Each year these sicknesses continue to kill those who rush to altitude or do not acknowledge the symptoms, but after Houston there is not much excuse for ignorance. *Going Higher* is no dry tome.

Houston was a moral mountaineer. The loss of life on Everest in the highly publicised tragedies of 1996 and 2006 appalled him even though the victims were on the kind of big money peak-bagging trips he deplored. Commercialism wasn't evil, he said, 'but somehow it is unseemly for mountaineering.' He believed that on Everest and elsewhere *hypoxia* had eroded not only climbers' judgement but also their ethics and morality. Erstwhile strangers on a commercial trip did not have the 'sense of brotherhood' essential to pull through in extreme situations. That 'brotherhood of the rope' was at the core of his philosophy. And while he had not been able to save Art Gilkey on K2, Houston's own survival and subsequent work on mountain sickness surely saved the lives of many more.

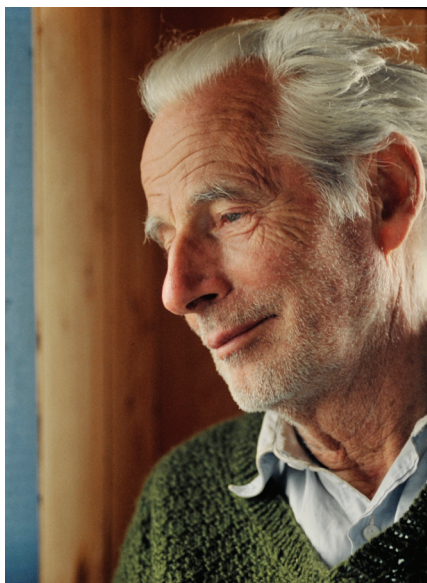
Stephen Goodwin

Arne Naess 1912-2009

When Arne Naess addressed the Alpine Club on 4 December 1950, describing the first ascent of Tirich Mir, he concluded by affirming something with which he presumed all his listeners would agree, namely:

...that large scale mountain exploits are not of value to us climbers primarily for the opportunities of conquering great obstacles which they offer, but for those of arousing genuine enthusiasm for mountains, their grandeur and their beauty.

Whether all his listeners actually did 'agree' with the statement is a moot point, even in the AC. Naess certainly came to recognise baser motives among others, particularly those who climbed mountains to enhance their reputation. 'They want all the name, fame and cake for themselves, often at the expense of others,' he said. It was the cult of 'self-seeking', whereas at the heart of Naess's philosophy was the very different notion of 'self-realisation'.



Arne Naess 1912-2009
(Johan Brun)

For most of us, the physical terrain of Tirich Mir is easier to comprehend than the Norwegian philosopher's concept of deep ecology and the expansion of self to embrace the whole planetary ecosystem. But to label him simply as the genial leader of the first ascent of Tirich Mir would be to ignore most of his full life's work. He was the author of more than 30 books and hundreds of essays and articles. Very few of them were on climbing *per se*, but one in *Mountain* in September 1971 touched a few nerves as he argued against conventional notions of measuring 'success' as a climber.

Only a minority of climbers experienced mountains as he did, Naess wrote, but he went on: 'there are more of us than is generally assumed. Our numbers are distorted by the pressure towards conformity, and the need of young climbers to secure reputations in order to be voted on to expeditions by their fiercely competitive and status seeking elders.'

Arne Dekke Eide Naess was born in 1912 and was brought up at the family home at Vettakollen, near Oslo. His elder brother, Erling, became a shipping magnate. Nephew of both was that other Arne Naess, leader of the Norwegian 1985 Everest expedition (which put 17 climbers including Chris Bonington on the summit) and sometime husband of Diana Ross.

After graduating from the University of Oslo in 1933, Naess continued his education in Paris and then Vienna – where, naturally, he underwent psychoanalysis and also acquired a talent for 'pitonry'. An attempt on the test piece of the day, the Comici route on the Cima Grande north face, ended when his rope mate took a serious fall. Returning to Norway, Naess practised this dark art in the Jotunheimen and on Stetind, much to the distaste of the establishment of Norsk Tindeklub who took the same dim view of pitons as the gentleman of the AC.

In 1939, at the remarkably young age of 27, Naess was appointed professor of philosophy at the University of Oslo and continued teaching there until 1970. Within Norway, he was renowned for his face climb to the seventh floor of the university building where he had his office at the Institute of Philosophy. But if the university was his academic home, his spiritual, and very real home, was Tvergastein, the cabin Naess built above the treeline on the flank of his beloved Hallingskarvet mountain in southern Norway.

Naess's friend Nils Faarlund says visiting colleagues and mountaineers were told that a year with less than 90 days at Tvergastein was counted as a year of 'dissatisfaction':

'From this simple dwelling he had the option of leaving for varied (mountain!) face climbs, kilometres of solo traverses on the lower reaches of Hallingskarvet, ski mountaineering in the steep gullies, long cross country ski excursions, canalising spring melt water, visits to his nearest neighbours – the tiny, alpine plants and flowers, reinforcing the solid rock wall around the cottage to protect it from the often ferocious winds – and so forth, and so forth...

'But did he do any *useful* work here? His numerous publications testify to his hard working life style. In the *Festschrift* edited on the occasion of his 85th birthday, Arne leaves no doubt that a normal working day was at least 10 hours. Only then might he allow for a couple of hours of mountain recreation. Arne was 'bouldering' a generation before the word was coined.

'The library at Tvergastein is vivid proof of the breadth of his intellectual inquiry. It surpasses any normal expectation of a private library. Arrayed on self-constructed bookshelves in all rooms are books, every one of them carried in a rucksack for hours to the cabin at 1503m: generous coverage of philosophy world wide – of course – but also dictionaries *en masse* (Latin,

Greek, Sanskrit...) textbooks and biographies covering the social sciences, psychoanalysis and an impressive collection of literature covering the natural sciences as well as technology.

'Of course he also had literature on mountaineering at Tvergastein, even including Japanese texts. But in his life as a mountaineer he was a do-er and not a reader of fireside books.'

In 1950 Naess led the Norwegian expedition to Tirich Mir (King Tirich) at 7706m, the highest summit in the Hindu Kush. They approached by the south face. Per Kvernberg reached the summit on 21 July after a 10 hour push and the following morning Naess, with Henry Berg and Tony Streather, set out from their small snow cave on the summit ridge, reaching the top at 6pm (*AJLVIII*, 6-15). Naess recalled it thus:

We were not far from getting frostbitten, a fact we only discovered later, as for some weeks thereafter we did not walk well, but otherwise we experienced no mishap. At 25,000ft we enjoyed immensely – in spite of our fatigue – the wide views given by our outstanding position of our mountain.

Even at such a moment, Naess subtly gives credit for the view not to the expedition's weeks of toil but as a gift from the mountain. And by the time he returned to the Hindu Kush in 1964 with an expedition from the technical university in Trondheim to attempt Tirich Mir East (7692m), Naess's reverential approach to mountaineering had evolved further.

Nils Faarlund takes up the story again:

'Arne set out to renew the philosophy of high altitude mountaineering, introducing the key concepts of *Thriving* and *Zest*. Thanks to his leadership, a team of youngsters from the university mountaineering club reached the summit of Tirich Mir East *thriving*. The motto for this first great face climb in Himalayan mountaineering to reach the summit of an untrodden peak was: 'A toe is more important than reaching the top.' Still in his analytical mode, Arne set up an algorithm for high altitude expeditions:

$T = Z \text{ divided by } (P_{\text{physical}} + P_{\text{mental}})$

(T: Thriving, Z: Zest, P: Pain)

'Continuing his dialogue with the technical university mountaineers, who were the age of his sons, Arne's most radical move came 1971: An *anti*-expedition to Tseringma (7134m) on the Tibet-Nepal border, holy to Buddhists and Hindus. The concept had been thoroughly worked out at Tvergastein over more than 30 years. It was then adapted for 'expedition' use for a light-weight, three-man group who would live for weeks in high camps, making acquaintance with high altitude Nature and climbing Alpine style at between 5000m and 6000m using nature-friendly equipment – certainly no pitons on rock.

'By inviting two Sherpas to join us as ropemates and staying over in a nearby Sherpa village, an acquaintanceship with the local culture was also assured. Based on this example, the Tseringma *Faerd* (a journey cum pilgrimage) members appealed to the Nepali authorities to protect the summits of holy mountains against being 'conquered' by groups with an army-like approach. It was an appeal for an approach to mountaineering as

if the mountain matters, as too does the local culture.

'The eco-philosophy concept for the 1971 Tseringma *Faerd* had been developed during the 1966 Stetind 'colloquium'. As the 'foreman' of the Alpine group of the TU at Trondheim, I had invited Arne to pitch his tent for a fortnight under the south wall to continue his explorations with us in this paradise of granite. He came with his second wife Siri, daughter Lotte and assistant Sigmund Kvaløey (later Setreng) – and a rucksack full of books. Roping up with 'the local' Arne, we made a total traverse, 'circumambulating' the eagle's wings and head of the 3km-wide, 1000m-high face. Enjoying the midnight sun we climbed continuously for 24 hours.

'At such a weather-exposed corner of the world sunny days do not occur often. Arne knew this well, yet still refused to climb on two consecutive days, commenting: 'I am a professional philosopher – I have to keep in shape for thinking.' I had already had many conversations with Arne on the demanding question of *why?* Here under Stetind the situation was ideal for working in depth on this important question, for though we lived in a country with more mountains than inhabitants, we were heavily attacked for risking our life for the 'useless pastime' of mountaineering.

'After an 'introductory course' in symbolic logics (Arne was still in his positivistic mode) we were soon deeply immersed in Spinoza's philosophy of self and Self. We took advantage of the professor's profound and recent studies of the master from Delft. Thus we found the best support for our mountaineering ventures. But Sigmund and I were also eager to work out ways of protecting our beloved mountains against aggressive engineers. Again we were lucky, as Arne, during a post-war UN-project on handling conflicts, had studied the philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi: Harmonize ends and means and if necessary, go for non-violent action. But would this suffice to change the pragmatic policies of a technocratic society united in rebuilding the country after the Second World War? Hardly!

'Fortunately the answer was at hand – ecology. During a year's alpine apprenticeship in Germany 1958-59, enjoying a fellowship at the Technical University of Hannover, I had, by chance, come upon this, at the time, rather unknown subject among the natural sciences. We set out to merge descriptive ecology with normative philosophy. *Eco-philosophy* was born.

'Sigmund (becoming a non-violent activist) and I (establishing The Norwegian School of Mountaineering/*Friluftsliv*) chose to follow Gandhi's approach right away. Arne, being an established professional philosopher, took six years to work out his philosophy for the Deep Ecology movement. Since 1972 the Deep Ecology has caught on internationally, finding its strongest support in North America and Australia. Arne would have loved to have read a statement of the French government in a 2009 spring issue of *Le Monde*, where the new green politics are presented as a follow up of Professor Naess's concept of 'deep ecology'.

'During the 1970s and 80s, Arne concentrated more and more on his personal *oikos*-wisdom: *EcosophyT* (T refers to Tvergastein).

His mountaineering life was certainly a foundation for his work as a philosopher. From the 1980s the mountaineer and the philosopher merged, leaving us with a thoroughly worked out concept for a nature friendly future. Identification with nature is not the goal, it is the way!

Arne Naess was made an honorary member of the AC in 1991. He died on 12 January 2009, aged 96. He was married three times, first to Else Hertzberg with whom he had two children, later to Siri with whom he had a daughter, Lotte, and lastly to Kit Fai, a Chinese student many years his junior.

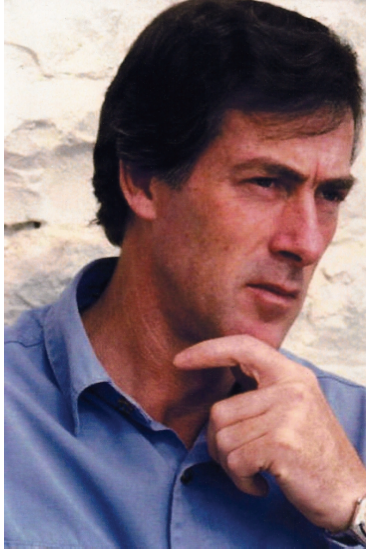
Stephen Goodwin and Nils Faarlund

John Noble 1942 - 2008

John Noble was born in Edgbaston in 1942 and died of cancer in St John's Hospice, Lancaster on 31 October 2008. His mother died when he was a small boy and he was brought up by his Aunt Eileen. Dick Stroud and I have been close friends of John's since the late 1960s and he was in effect a member of both our families. He was at first an uncle and later a friend to our children, always showing an interest in their welfare, and we were all very fond of him.

While at school, the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme stirred his interest in the outdoors and he was selected, as one of a group of six Gold Award holders, to be flown to Australia by the RAF to help promote the Scheme there. He started climbing and by his late teens had hitched to the Dolomites and climbed a number of classic routes, including the Dibona on the Cima Grande. He went on to climb in the Valais and Chamonix areas, the Himalaya, Colorado and the UK.

John was employed by the British Antarctic Survey from late 1963 to early 1968, including three winters and two return voyages aboard the *RRS Shackleton*. He first of all accepted a vacancy as cook at Signy Station in the South Orkney Islands, arriving in December 1963. When the promised move to a sledging base did not materialize he returned to the UK early in 1965 and, with characteristic determination, reapplied. The same year he returned south arriving in January 1966 at Stonington Island Station, the main sledging base in Marguerite Bay. Here John was employed as a general assistant, a man experienced in field craft who supported scientists involved in exploration and mapping. Each field worker had a team of nine dogs and John's were called the Vikings. During two years he spent 318 days in the field and sledged 1560 miles. As part of a four-man team, his main journey was to extend the topographic and geological survey of an area east of the Eternity Range to include the Bingham Glacier and as far as 71 degrees S. Having laid depots, they set out on 12 September 1966 and returned on 19 January 1967 after 130 continuous days in the field. He told me of a memorable winter journey he made to an emperor penguin rookery on the Dion Islands, some 60 miles NW of Stonington, across the



John Noble 1942 - 2008

notoriously unpredictable sea ice in that area. As well as making ascents of peaks during the course of his work, when time allowed, he climbed with friends in the mountains within reach of Base. John was in his element and these were truly formative years.

Soon after returning from the Antarctic in 1968, he went to work for the Colorado Outward Bound School, where he was involved in leading groups on extended backpacking courses in the serious alpine terrain of the Collegiate and Elk mountains, often being away from base for a month at a time. In his free time, as well as leading climbs himself, he gained valuable experience by partnering other notable climbers who were working there at that time, including Des Hadlum, Bob Godfrey, Howie Richardson and Rusty Baillie, on what were then high-grade climbs in Eldorado and Boulder Canyons and the Tetons. In 1969 he did similar work at Prescott College, Arizona, before returning home in September 1970 to enrol on a course in Youth Work at Leicester Polytechnic.

John was an instructor at Plas y Brenin from 1971 to 78, during which time he added to his professional qualifications in mountaineering, skiing and canoeing. He was a valued member of staff and benefited from the family atmosphere of the place at that time under the inspirational leadership of John Jackson and later Bill March. John led some of the first alpine ski-mountaineering courses for PyB and the two of us, with Fred Harper and Peter Cliff, made up the 1976 Deo Tiba expedition. It was organised and led by Peter and was one of the earliest Himalayan expeditions dedicated to ski-mountaineering. John was elected to the Alpine Club in 1972.

He married Sheila in 1976 and that year they bought a VW campervan

in New York and drove it to Vancouver where John worked at Lester Pearson United World College. On their return the following year they started two complementary companies, Travellers and Wilderness Photographic Library. The former, in the years to come, involved John in leading ski-mountaineering groups, sledging journeys in Sweden and Greenland, voyages to the Arctic and travel in Australia, Africa and South America. His hallmark in this work was to provide personally vetted, environmentally sensitive adventure holidays for small groups. Testimony to the quality of the product was that so many of his clients became friends. During this time he also led treks in Nepal and, in May 1979, with Dick Isherwood, led a Mountain Travel climbing group on the first ascent of the north-east ridge of 6200m Chulu East, now a notable 'trekking peak'. For five years, from 1984 to their divorce in '89, he and Sheila ran Moor and Mountain, an outdoor shop in Kendal. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society in 1981.

Dick Stroud and I have fond memories of the times we spent on the hill with John. Highlights were ski-tours in the Alps and arctic Sweden. Also, for a number of Whitsun holidays we cruised the single malts on the west coast of Scotland, enjoying the spectacular sailing and beautiful remote anchorages. John and I, and another mutual friend, Ernie Phillips (first ascent of *Spectre* on Clogwyn y Grochan with Peter Harding), were keen sea canoeists and on one occasion, John capsized and came out of his boat in rough water near the Longships lighthouse off Lands End. Ernie still finds it amusing, claiming that 'Noble was treading water so fast that his waist was well above the waterline'. There was often mischief in John's humour too; on one occasion when walking over Dow Crag, we saw in the distance a long line of people coming towards us and he set himself up, very convincingly and much to their puzzlement, as a ticket collector. He was also a magician as I witnessed when, on the Haute Route and delayed by bad weather in the Vignettes hut, we were getting seriously hungry. John took our remaining food, a packet of thin spring vegetable soup, to the guardian at the crowded kitchen counter and, to our amazement and gratitude, was able to return with three bowls of very wholesome meat stew that carried us through to Zermatt. Our adventures were always a healthy balance of purpose, a lively sense of humour and rewarding companionship that made reminiscence almost as much fun as the actual events.

John was a good friend, a kind and gentle man, with not an ounce of malice. I never saw him outwardly angry. In later life he lived alone but had a wide circle of friends around the world who will remember him with affection. He was discreetly religious and if there is a path to a good place he will surely be on it, travelling, as he would so often say, 'Onwards and Upwards'.

Dave Penlington

William 'Bill' Percival Packard 1925 - 2009

Bill Packard was born in April 1925 at Palmerston North, New Zealand. His father owned a small newspaper and later was employed by the Christchurch Press as business editor. Bill's association with mountains began while he was studying for a degree at Canterbury University College in Christchurch. Very soon his enthusiasm and leadership ability emerged and he became involved with two local mountaineering clubs. In the latter stages of World War II he was lecturing in geography and working on his Master's thesis.

Bill graduated MA with first class honours in late 1948. This, combined with his fine sporting record in cross-country running and mountaineering, earned him a Rhodes Scholarship. He worked his passage to England shoveling coal in a very sluggish ship. (He once remarked to the current *AJ* editor: 'I was the only undergraduate to arrive at Oxford with coal dust in his hair.') He joined the OUMC and was soon on that Club's committee. Bill Tilman lectured there one evening and afterwards he was introduced to the committee. When Tilman was told that Packard was a New Zealander, he asked, 'Do you know Dan Bryant?' Bill answered, 'Yes.'

'Can you use a photo-theodolite?' The answer was, 'Yes.'

A week later Packard received a telegram inviting him to attempt Annapurna IV. This was in 1950, the first year Nepal partially opened access for western climbers. Dan Bryant had been a much admired member of the 1935 Mount Everest expedition and Packard, when a teacher trainee, had once heard Bryant, an accomplished schoolmaster, lecturing to admiring students.

Bill had watched me operating a theodolite while mapping his thesis country but he had never used one. At Oxford he had some brief tuition on an instrument, then just prior to embarking on the ship Tilman was told that the only theodolite owned by the RGS was away already with another party.

Some 150m below the summit of Annapurna IV, Packard's companion, Charles Evans, became too ill to continue and Bill was unwilling to try the steep ice ridge alone. The other climbers were also unwell. Bill's opinion was that the minimal food on the expedition contributed greatly to the poor performances.

The party separated for the return journey. Bill became infected with poliomyelitis soon after the walk-out had begun. His one Sherpa carried him all the way to Kathmandu and escorted him by train to Bombay where the ship's doctor refused to accept him. The New Zealand trade commissioner rang the Rhodes authorities in England and they agreed to fly him back.

Bill had many months of quality physiotherapy and made a gradual partial recovery, but with the time lost on treatment and on the expedition he abandoned his studies for a doctorate. He married Geraldine Ulrich, a New Zealand geography graduate. By this time I too was living in England.

For two years my wife and I rented a large, cold Georgian house near Bromley, Kent, and we invited the Packards to share it with us.

It had six bedrooms and an acre of bomb-damaged land. Bill was wasted in his arms and could not raise them above his shoulders. He was unable to assist me in outside work, however he was a brilliant and imaginative cook. In spite of the rationing we were soon entertaining numerous visitors, frequently on a residential basis. Among the mountaineers, I recall Evans, Noyce, the Hunts, Bourdillon, Westmacott, Viney, Rawlinson and of course the main New Zealanders.

Bill took a lecturing appointment at University College London and he was soon on the committee of the Alpine Club. This lasted until 1955 when he was offered a desirable lecturing position back in New Zealand. Soon he was on the New Zealand Alpine Club committee and the Mount Cook National Park Board. Along with all these commitments and a young family he also became the warden of Rolleston House. This was an all-male students' boarding establishment that had an unruly reputation. He brought some order into the hostel and found this type of work quite suited him.

In 1961 Bill was appointed as warden to the new, mixed, senior students' hostel, Bruce Hall, in Canberra, along with part-time lecturing in geography at the university. He occupied these positions until his retirement in 1987. He was involved with many voluntary groups in conservation and hospice work and was awarded the Order of Australia medal in 1987.

In retirement, Bill continued his voluntary work but also went on about eight treks. Although weak in the arms and no longer a mountaineer, he was still a very fit walker. He went back to Annapurna and other parts of Nepal, then to Tibet and Russia. In 1995 I invited him to join me on the Kangchenjunga 40th anniversary trek to the two base camps and in 2000 he came on the Silver Hut forty years reunion in Sikkim. Both occasions were enriched by Bill's wit and wisdom on mountain history as we talked for hours about those early expeditions and the affairs of the Alpine Club.

At the Rhodes Scholars' centennial dinner, Bill, being the oldest, was placed at the head table. Beside him was Bob Hawke, the ex prime minister of Australia, and also at the table was another illustrious Bill – Clinton.

Had Bill not become limited by polio, I believe he could have been among the New Zealanders invited to join British Himalayan expeditions in the 1952 to 1955 period. His friendship, particularly with Charles Evans, eased the way for some who were invited and was a big factor in my inclusion as Evans' deputy in the 1955 Kangchenjunga expedition.

When I e-mailed George Band that Bill had died, George replied, 'No longer will he turn up on the doorstep, even though it might be freezing weather, wearing his very brief shorts and humping a large rucksack. He will be sorely missed.'

Norman Hardie

Sir Edward Heywood Peck GCMG 1915-2009

Throughout a distinguished diplomatic career, which often placed him at the turbulent centre of European and world events, Edward Peck confessed an abiding passion for mountains. Memories of past expeditions and relishing the prospect of explorations still to come were keystones to a life spent in the lofty corridors of power. Although always modest about his abilities as a mountaineer, he was a sound navigator and stalwart partner on a climb and few would derive more pleasure from simply being among mountains.

'Ted' Peck died on 24 July 2009, aged 93. He was one of the AC's longest surviving members, having been elected in 1944. He served on the Club committee in the early 1970s and was a regular and valued contributor to the *Alpine Journal*. He also devoted much time to the Mount Everest Foundation, serving on the management committee from 1974 to 1980 and also for a time on the screening committee.

Peck was born in Hove on 5 October 1915, the son of a doctor in the Indian medical service, and spent summer holidays with his family in Switzerland. Aged nine he was taken to the summit of the Haute Cime of the Dents du Midi where he encountered General Bruce, at the time leader of British assaults on Everest and an heroic figure in the eyes of a boy who was already showing a strong enthusiasm for climbing. Peck described the meeting as inspirational. He was not, however, a natural sportsman. When he was sent aged 14 to the 'cold misery' of Clifton College, Bristol, the public school where Pecks had been educated since 1868, he judged his own efforts to play the game as deplorable. Deep fold on the cricket field was cover to read a book, on the ruggier field major efforts were made to avoid any contact with the ball, his first and only boxing bout was mercifully stopped by the house master and on the shooting range he nearly shot the sergeant major.

His introduction to the Devon and Somerset Staghounds was equally unsuccessful. 'I have never been more than a passenger on a horse' he dryly recalled, whilst the tyranny of two full-scale compulsory Anglican services on Sundays, reinforced by the penalty of four to six strokes of the cane for non-attendance, gave him a life-long aversion to all forms of organised religion. He was even penalised for trying to improve his German during the tedious service by reading Luther's bible in the original. Holidays with his parents in Switzerland were a blessed relief, allowing him escape to the mountains to walk or ski and at an early age make a solo ascent of the Weissmies (4023m) by its south-west rock ridge.

In 1934 Peck went up to The Queen's College, Oxford, where he won a first in German and French. He was also awarded a travelling fellowship that took him to Vienna, coinciding with the time of the *Anschluss* and Adolph Hitler's triumphal drive down the Mariahilferstrasse. A career in diplomacy was already being forged but because the Diplomatic Service at the time required a private income of £400 a year, Peck was obliged to sit



Ted Peck on Ben Nevis in 1990

for the humbler Consular Service.

At Oxford he climbed in the Alps with the university mountaineering club and after acceptance into the Consular Service he was posted to Spain, where he watched Franco's troops march into Barcelona. As H M vice-consul, he was involved in helping British volunteers of the International Brigade to escape but the experience of twice being present in major European cities as they yielded to pressure from fascist forces gave Peck a profound abhorrence of fascism, whose influence he was to spend the war years combating.

The consular service was classed as a reserved occupation and Peck fought his diplomatic war in a short consular posting in Bulgaria and long ones in Turkey, where he served as private secretary to an ambassador who won notoriety after incautiously employing the German spy 'Cicero'.

Peck's early exploration of the Turkish hills, ostensibly to spot possible spies who had been parachuted in, led to more major accomplishments in the little known Ala Dağ region. He made the second ascent of Demirkazık (3756m) with Robin Hodgkin via what became known as the Hodgkin-Peck couloir. Reaching the summit they removed a swastika

flag left by German climbers, replacing it with a sedate calling card. The descent ended with a full speed 400m glissade during which Hodgkin's ancient boots started to disintegrate. Peck acknowledged Hodgkin to be the bolder, more skilled rock climber – even though Hodgkin had lost all his toes and fingers, save his right thumb and forefinger, to frostbite in the Karakoram – but after two hours of hobbling, Peck exchanged boots with his companion and completed the 16-hour day 'more or less on tiptoe'. The following year Peck returned to the Ala Dağ and spent 10 days adding yet more first ascents.

At the end of the war Peck was transferred to Salonika as vice-consul and was soon engaged in combating another totalitarian menace, serving with distinction on a United Nations committee reporting on guerrilla infiltration into the country from its communist neighbours. By 1948 he was due for another move and the Foreign Office destined him for Moscow, an appointment resisted by the KGB who had found Peck a thorn in their side in the Greek mountains. They accused him of involvement in 'falsified elections' in Greece and blocked the appointment.

Peck was dispatched to Delhi instead and by now attitudes had changed within the foreign service as men like Peck had shown that the consular arm could hold its own in every way intellectually and socially. Throughout his middle years he continued to build his reputation and a well-rounded career. By the time he was 40, with the world engaged in Cold War and nuclear menace, Peck became the civilian deputy to the British general commanding in Berlin, and six years later he became, via a posting to the staff of the British Commissioner General in South-East Asia, the assistant under-secretary in the Foreign Office in London dealing with that corner of the globe. He served there until 1965, preoccupied on the one hand with developments in Vietnam, over which Anglo-US relations were becoming often embittered, and on the other with Malaysia's confrontation with Indonesia.

This conflict absorbed much of Britain's diplomatic authority and military strength amid accusations of 'post-imperial overstretch' but Peck's successful handling of so delicate an issue crowned his reputation in military, political and diplomatic circles. In 1965 Peck was knighted and sent as High Commissioner to Kenya where he added to his formal duties mountaineering ambitions on Kilimanjaro, Ol Doinyo Lengai, Mount Kenya itself and the distant Ruwenzori on the Uganda-Congo border. Three years later he was back in London on further promotion as deputy under-secretary of state dealing in the Foreign and Commonwealth Office with military and intelligence matters. Attached to this job was the chairmanship of the Joint Intelligence Committee, again a position requiring a delicate touch in dealing with the various military and political views and demands.

Peck moved to his last Diplomatic Service appointment in 1970 as the British representative to NATO in Brussels as Cold War warriors were still regarding one another with suspicion and politicians on both sides

were seeking ways to reduce East-West tensions. Once more Peck's calm negotiating skills were invaluable in the search for a safe transition from nuclear confrontation. He devoted five years to the job, respected both by foreign colleagues and by British ministers, generals, air marshals and his own diplomatic staff. His work was rewarded by promotion to GCMG – which he wryly translated as 'God calls me God'.

In his early thirties Peck had met Alison Mary MacInnes, an administrative-grade member of the Colonial Service and they were married in 1948. When Peck's 60th birthday brought retirement they converted a steading in the Cairngorms into a permanent home and they spent the next 25 years there or travelling the world, often to places with mountains to explore. He wrote two well-received guides to the area as well as a carefully researched monograph on the 16th century battle of Glenlivet. He involved himself in the work of the National Trust for Scotland and the University of Aberdeen as a visiting fellow. Alison Peck died early this year and they are survived by two daughters and a son. Another daughter died young.

Ronald Faux

Bill Ruthven adds: My first meeting with Ted – as he preferred to be known – was some 25 years ago when I attended my very first meeting of the Mount Everest Foundation Screening Committee. The interviewees applying for grants were a typical bunch, mostly young 'hards' who thought that they knew it all. I remember one of them in particular, who after outlining his plans to visit some extremely remote area, was brought up short when the bespectacled gentleman sitting at the end of the table innocently asked where he intended to place his base camp. In a rather off-hand manner the leader trotted out the name of a village (probably the only one marked on any local maps) but was somewhat taken aback when Ted – for that is who the questioner was – warned him that the water supply in that village tended to be suspect, and suggested that he should trek a couple of miles further up the valley. By doing so he would find a spot where not only was the water safe, but a level patch of grass provided an ideal campsite. It was a somewhat chastened expeditioner who left the interview. Maybe he wasn't going where no man had been before! As well as many years' invaluable service on the Screening Committee, up until 1993 Ted also produced the MEF's annual summary of expedition results for the *Alpine Journal*.

For many years I always spent Christmas week in Nethy Bridge with a group of mountaineering friends, and although Ted and Alison usually travelled to Oxford for the festive period, one year, when they stayed at home, after a good day on the hill I took up Ted's long standing invitation to visit him at his remote home above Tomintoul. As we sat in his study drinking tea, he showed me wonderful aerial pictures of Mount Kenya, a peak that I had climbed a few years earlier, and which was one of Ted's favourites from the days when he had been High Commissioner to Kenya. He was proud of his claim to have climbed the highest mountain in each of the countries to which his diplomatic career had taken him.

Elizabeth Jennifer 'Jen' Solt (née Howard) 1921 - 2009

Jen's love of mountain sports was inherited from her grandfather Joseph Fox and her great-uncle F F Tuckett, pioneer alpinists in the Alps in the 1850s. (By coincidence the Swiss celebrated the 150th anniversary of Tuckett's first ascent of the Aletschhorn this July). Since that time, her family has had uninterrupted membership in the Alpine Club.

No surprise, then, that Jen started skiing and mountaineering in about 1934. After that she climbed in the summer and skied in the winter every year until the war and in the years following it. Mostly from her



Jen Solt 1921-2009

family's chalet in Grindelwald, she climbed many of the Bernese Oberland peaks – the list includes the Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Mönch, Jungfrau, Finsteraarhorn, Hinter and Kleines Fiescherhorn, Eiger (Mittelegi Ridge), and Tschingelhorn. Probably her finest climbs were made in the Pennine Alps in 1938, which included the Zinalrothorn and the traverse of the Dom and Täschhorn. (At that time she was a semi-professional photographer and has left a particularly fine picture of the Zinalrothorn.) Unfortunately she suffered from altitude sickness even at these relatively low levels, so there was no prospect of her trying anything like the Himalaya. At this time she was a member of the LAC.

In between visits to the Alps she climbed regularly in North Wales, and when the war restricted travel, she also turned to climbing in Skye.

Marriage in 1953 and then raising a family caused a second interruption, but she returned to the high Alps in 1974 (with her husband and her brother-in-law Ashley Greenwood AC) to climb Mont Blanc. She then climbed one 4000m peak in the Alps every summer, as well as many lesser mountains. The list of these 4000m mountains includes the Dôme de Neige des Ecrins, the Gran Paradiso, the Matterhorn, the Alphubel (by the Rotgrat), Piz Bernina, the Finsteraarhorn (again) and finally another return visit in 1991, to the Mönch to celebrate her 70th birthday. With the exception of the Finsteraarhorn, these were all unguided. She ended her mountaineering career on the Via Ferrata of the Brenta Dolomites in 2001 when she spent her 80th birthday in the Rifugio Tuckett.

She was also a passionate skier, and had been selected for the British Olympic Team for the 1947/48 games, but an accident (concussion and broken nose) kept her out of the games. That was one of 10 bone-breaking accidents, all suffered in climbing and winter sports. Ski tours included ascent of the Grossvenediger, Grosser Geiger, Östlicher Simonyspitz and Mönchjoch. She continued to ski regularly until the age of 84, often ski touring with the Eagles Ski Club. Lesser mountaineering and skiing events included the hills of Norway, the Caucasus (Georgia), Mt Etna, the Rockies (both in Canada and the USA), the Southern Alps, Mount Olympus, the mountains of the Sinai Desert, and Finnish Lapland.

Jen passed on the love of mountains to her three children, one of whom is an AC member. She had an ambition that her family should achieve 200 years' uninterrupted membership of the Club, which at present looks entirely possible.

George Solt

George Watkins 1926 - 2008

George Watkins who died on 22 September 2008 at the age of 82 will be remembered for his scholarly demeanour, his courtesy and his impish humour. He made a significant contribution in several areas, notably the affairs of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

George grew up in St Helens where he attended Cowley Grammar School. He won a scholarship to Cambridge but delayed his entrance to Gonville and Caius for about 12 months in order to join the RAF as a Communications Officer. After taking his degree in English Literature he taught in Liverpool before becoming English Master at Lancaster Royal Grammar School. For some time he was House Master for the boys who boarded at the school but later, after the death of his father, he made a home for his elderly mother and his niece, who was then a child of five.

He became Head of the English Department but he never sought a Headship as he preferred to stay at the 'chalk face' with the pupils whose interests he had very much at heart. Throughout his teaching career he involved himself in all aspects of school life and even postponed his

retirement by two years to design and implement the new school library.

He was a skilful oarsman, was Master of the LRGS Boat Club from 1953 to 1962 and continued to coach for the Club for the next 20 years or so. Until the age of 70 he was Senior Umpire at the Chester, Liverpool and Shrewsbury Regattas. In 1970 he was invited by St Johns College Cambridge to undertake a six-month research project and while there he involved himself in College activities and coached its crews to great success in the 'Bumps' races.

A Freemason for almost 35 years, George was provincial Grand Master on two occasions. He became a member of the Manchester Masonic Research Lodge and in 2007 became the Worshipful Master and President of the Association. Unfortunately the research he was undertaking on Scottish poetry was never completed due to his illness and quick death.

George loved the mountains. He joined the FRCC in 1961 and played a prominent part in all aspects of the life of the Club. In addition to the days he spent on the crags and fells he was involved in the conversion of Beetham Cottage in 1965 and served jointly as Club Librarian and Archivist from 1988 to '98. He became Vice-President in 2000 and was elected President in 2002. He was always ready to don overalls for maintenance meets, while social occasions were much enhanced by his readings of prose and poetry, some of it his own composition. He was concerned that young people should be introduced sensibly to the hills and any he accompanied on the fells were certain of sound training in mountain craft and hut behaviour.

He was a keen alpinist and in 1963 joined ABMSAC where he was a popular and long-standing member. He attended virtually every Alpine Meet over many years, often assisting his alpine companion Harry Archer in the organisation of the meet. It was entertaining to listen to them reminiscing about their mountain adventures and occasional misadventures. With Harry he trekked and climbed in New Zealand. Later, after Harry's accident, they enjoyed a lively Quad Biking holiday around Aviemore. He was a good speaker too and gave some interesting talks to the club, particularly about the Abraham brothers.

George joined the Alpine Club in 1990 and valued his membership. When he attended the 150th Anniversary celebrations in Zermatt he was clearly reliving memories of past climbs as well as appreciating the actual occasion. He also very much enjoyed renewing acquaintance with other members at the Lincoln's Inn dinner later in 2007.

When George was told the prognosis of his illness he remarked to a friend 'Well never mind, it could be worse. I've had a good life.' He was a quietly courageous man who will be remembered with both affection and respect.

Maureen Linton

John Wilks 1922-2007, Eileen Wilks 1921-2008

John Wilks was an eminent low temperature physicist who also studied the First World War Dolomites campaign and was a campaigner for the preservation of footpaths in the Lake District.

He was one of the group of eminent Oxford physicists who, during the 1950s and '60s, worked on the properties of matter at low temperatures. He performed experiments to investigate liquid and solid helium, experiments which were very difficult in view of the low temperatures required. Most textbooks on solid-state physics will show his results for the thermal resistivity of helium demonstrating the mechanism of heat conduction in solids. His important measurements on liquid helium involved its sound absorption and viscosity. He wrote the authoritative textbook on the properties of helium at low temperatures (*The Properties of Liquid and Solid Helium*, 1967), another on the third law of thermodynamics (*The Third Law of Thermodynamics*, 1961) and a textbook (*Introduction to Liquid Helium*, with D Betts, 1987).

In the late 1960s he changed his field of interest and then, until his retirement, worked with his wife, Eileen, on the mechanical properties of diamonds. This work, together with the general properties of diamonds, was described in their book (*Properties and Applications of Diamonds, with E Wilks*, 1991). The excellence of all of his scientific achievements was recognised when Oxford awarded him the degree of D.Sc.

John's interests extended beyond the field of physics. He and Eileen wrote two books on the largely forgotten, but substantial, World War I campaign in the Dolomites involving the armies of Britain, Italy and Germany (*The British Army in Italy, 1917-1918*, with E Wilks, 1998: *Rommel and Caporetto*, with E Wilks, 2001).

Born on 21 June 1922 in Levenshulme, Manchester, he gained a scholarship to William Hulme Grammar School and then studied Natural Science at Brasenose College, Oxford with a State Scholarship. The War interrupted his undergraduate studies when he was seconded to Farnborough, possibly working on radar, although he took the Official Secrets Act so seriously that his friends and family were never told. Returning to Oxford, he graduated in 1948 with a first class degree. After taking his doctorate, he worked at the Clarendon Laboratory in Oxford until his retirement in 1989.

He was elected a Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford in 1956. He was regarded as a good tutor and students soon learned that he was highly intolerant of slackness. Although reluctant to take College posts because he regarded himself first and foremost as a scientist, he campaigned for more scientists to be appointed and to take responsibilities in College. He was particularly pleased when a scientist, Sir George Pickering, was appointed Master of Pembroke.

John was an able and enthusiastic mountaineer. Elected to the Alpine



John Wilks 1922-2007

Club in 1950, he climbed throughout the Alps and the UK with many colleagues some of whom went to join John Hunt's successful expedition to Everest. His climbing friends included Anthony Rawlinson, who was his best man, Dick Viney, John Hartog and Tom Bourdillon.

He met his wife to be, Eileen Austin, also an eminent physicist and enthusiastic mountaineer, while climbing on the Cuillin Hills of Skye and together they spent their holidays climbing and later walking on the mountains of Europe. A year older than John, Eileen was an active member of the Midlands Association of Mountaineers and was elected to the Ladies' Alpine Club in 1949. Climbs together included La Lurette, a traverse of the Pigne d'Arolla, Monte Rosa, the Jägigrat, Weissmies by the north ridge, and the Nadelhorn-Lenzspitze.

On an unguided ascent of the Matterhorn, John and Eileen saw two people fall to their death, an incident that persuaded them that with a young family they should stick to walking rather than more demanding climbs. High on the Dolomites they came across evidence of the World War I campaign there and this led to their books on this topic.

John and Eileen had one daughter and three sons, one of whom, Bernard, was born with Down's Syndrome. As a consequence of the lack of help and advice they received, they felt that they should write a book (*Bernard*, with E Wilks, 1974) to help other parents in similar circumstances.

John's main love in the UK was the Lake District, substantial parts of which are owned by the National Trust. In the 1980s John was concerned at the Trust's lack of effort to control erosion. He engaged in a long campaign to persuade the Trust to raise funds to reconstruct footpaths and

to regenerate fell sides. The campaign took years and included motions at AGMs, articles in newspapers and visits to workers mending paths high up in the hills but it led to success. Wilks received a generous acknowledgement of his campaigning from Dame Jennifer Jenkins in her book telling the history of the National Trust. If you walk in the Lake District today, you should see the maintained paths and fells, in part at least, as a memorial to John Wilks.

John died on 27 September 2007 and Eileen a year later on 20 September 2008.

Ray Rook

Edward Addison Wrangham OBE 1928-2009

I first met Ted Wrangham at Cambridge where he was an undergraduate at Magdalene. His memories were of a very sybaritic three years, ostensibly reading English. He attended all the relevant lectures he could in the first two weeks, but never attended another, finding them a waste of time; other aspects of university life were too entrancing. He discovered mountaineering and made life-long friends in both the CUMC and OUMC, keeping fit by playing squash and real tennis.

He was born on 6 February 1928 under the sign of Aquarius and grew up mostly in Yorkshire but sadly lost his mother when only five, whereupon he inherited a 12,000 acre estate with five farms.

His father, Sir Geoffrey Wrangham QC, who later became a County Court Judge, signed on when war broke out in 1939 and was sent to India serving in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. So his Aunt Theresa looked after Ted, his elder sister Frances and two cousins, together with three babies of her own. This varied upbringing without too much cosseting gave him financial sufficiency and, by the time I met him, an acquired confidence, an independent spirit, and a love of fast cars. After Eton, in 1946 he did National Service, joining his father's regiment. While serving in the Mediterranean he taught himself to drive, writing his own driving licence, but rectified this later by passing the Advanced Driving Test.

In the early 1950s he climbed on CUMC Meets in Britain and the Alps, and made several first ascents on an enterprising Christmas visit to the sandstone monoliths of the Hoggar in the Sahara. By now he was one of the group of Oxbridge climbers, inspired by Tom Bourdillon and Hamish Nicol, who helped to raise the standard of British post-war climbing in the Alps. He was interviewed for the 1953 Everest Expedition but, not being chosen, had an excellent alpine season instead with quality routes like the Grandes Jorasses by the Tronchey ridge, the Charmoz north-west ridge (*Allain-Schatz* route), the Gugliermina south face, the Géant south face, and Mont Blanc by *Route Major*, these last four routes with Hamish Nicol. Another good route was the Peuterey ridge of Mont Blanc climbed with Roger Chorley in 1955. Ted was a founding member of the Alpine Climbing Group, becoming Secretary and Editor of their Bulletin



Ted Wrangham on Rakaposhi in 1954
(George Band)

and, most importantly, of the guidebooks of selected climbs from the French Vallot guides, but translated into English for the benefit of those with a less than classical education. This brought the Oxbridge dominance in the Alps to an abrupt end.

Back in the UK, there were occasional expeditions of note, for example, the first ascent of *Bloody Slab* on the West Buttress of Clogwyn D'ur Arddu in 1952 by John Streetly where Ted acquired the reputation of being a forceful second. When Streetly was poised *in extremis* on the first crux section, Wrangham shouted, 'Foot out to the left!' and sure enough there was a miniscule foothold which allowed John a moment's respite, and eventually

to complete the climb solo after he had run out all the brand new 200-foot rope. I should have been in the party, but was delayed by a broken chain on my motorcycle. This was perhaps just as well because, had I been there, I would surely have tried to dissuade John from even starting such a demanding climb with the very inadequate safety gear they had with them.

Another time, in 1953, a party of six squeezed into Ted's spacious Jaguar. From Helyg they drove to Fort William, climbed Ben Nevis, back to the Lakes, climbed Scafell, enjoyed dinner in Lancaster, then on to Pen y Pass and up Snowdon comfortably within 24 hours from departing Ben Nevis, the first party to achieve this. As a keen driver Ted competed twice in the Monte Carlo Rally, the second time with Chris Brasher in a works car.

Ted also enjoyed long traverses: the Welsh and Lakeland three thousanders and the Scottish four thousanders, all in winter conditions. Perhaps the most notable was a solo traverse of the Greater Cuillin Ridge from Gars-bheinn to Bla Bheinn in May 1953, a feat first accomplished by the redoubtable J Menlove Edwards in June 1944.

After Cambridge, the Greater Ranges beckoned and six of us formed the 1954 CUMC Karakoram Expedition to Rakaposhi. We were lucky to get the very first grant from the newly formed Mount Everest Foundation. To make the trip more interesting, Ted agreed to purchase a new Bedford Dormobile so that three of us could drive overland to Pakistan and the other three drive back. The vehicle, more suited as a baker's delivery van, was not sufficiently robust to handle both the outward and return journey



Ted Wrangham jumping a crevasse on the Täschorn, 1952.
(Roger Chorley)

over the unmetalled, washboard roads of Pakistan and Iran so we had several serious breakdowns on the return, eventually shipping it from Beirut to Genoa. While we were away, the UK government had slapped an extra £200 purchase tax on that model, so Ted was able to sell it at a modest profit. For the buyer it seemed a snip: under six months old with only 14,000 miles on the clock, but he never knew what kind of miles!

On Rakaposhi, we had a lucky escape while traversing the heavily corniced south-west spur. A large section collapsed, precipitating Ted and one porter plus tons of snow into the void, leaving them dangling on the rope with their waists taking the strain, in the days before climbing harnesses. I was roped next to Ted and intuitively plunged down the opposite slope to try to counterbalance their fall. Fortunately, the rope bit into the crest and held, so we were eventually able to extricate ourselves, but Ted wisely descended for a medical check-up which, happily, he passed.

The Rakaposhi adventure concluded Wrangham's excellent list of expeditions in his application form to join the Alpine Club in 1955, in which he recorded his profession simply as 'Landlord'. Two other

mountaineering expeditions followed: to Ama Dablam in 1959, and with the Russians to the Pamirs in 1961. Sadly two friends died on each of these: Mike Harris and George Fraser, then Wilfrid Noyce and Robin Smith. He became concerned that the Himalaya was too risky for a family man. He had married Anne Jackson in 1955 and an occupation became essential, for eventually they were to have four children, Mary, John, Geoffrey and Carole.

Ted turned to agriculture and, after a year at Cirencester, came north to Harehope Hall, which he had inherited, to help develop the farms on his Northumberland estate. With good farm managers, he was able to take on additional voluntary tasks as District Commissioner for Scouts and Assistant Liaison Officer for the North-East of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme. He joined the Glendale District Council and the Northumberland River Authority where he was designated Chairman of Water Resources and Land Drainage. After numerous planning meetings, the concept of Kielder Water was invented. It took 23 years from 1959 to 1982, involving a special Parliamentary Bill and two public enquiries before the dream was realised. 'Kielder Water and Forest Park' became northern Europe's largest man-made lake within England's largest forest, the Park's remoteness and clean air and water offering a fresh outdoor experience. In 1988 he served as High Sheriff of Northumberland and in 1995 his work in the water industry and for outdoor activities was deservedly recognised with an OBE.

In mature years, despite increasing weight, Ted continued playing squash, both lawn and real tennis, and was a devil at croquet. He enjoyed country pursuits and spent many happy days with Anne on the grouse moors, becoming a good shot. A further interest in which he became internationally known was as a scholar of Japanese art. He started as a boy of eight, getting a netsuke from his grandfather, Stephen Winkworth. His Uncle Willie Winkworth, also a scholar in the Oriental field, guided him as an adult. He collected first netsuke, then sword furniture, followed by Inro and Lacquer work. (Inro are beautifully crafted stacks of tiny nested boxes held together by a cord secured by a netsuke to hang, in lieu of pockets, from the wearer's obi or sash. They were most popular during the Edo period in Japan, around 1615 -1868.) He compiled a much needed book, *An Index of Inro Artists*, copies of which have entered libraries all over the world, and contributed many articles to art magazines and mountaineering journals. These foreign connections brought many friends and visitors, including two from Japan, two Germans, and two from France in the month before he died on 23 June. He gave freely of his time with no financial recompense.

Having not seen Ted myself for several years, my wife Susan and I had the good fortune to spend a delightful evening with Ted and Anne, and daughter Mary, at his London Club just seven weeks before he died. Although no longer sylphlike and moving slowly, he was the same Ted I remembered as an undergraduate, enjoying good conversation, fine wine, and still liberally sprinkling salt all over his main course, in defiance of well meant medical advice!

George Band