
Obituaries



Tryfan, Carnarvonshire

George Fennell Robson (1788–1833)

c1827. Watercolour, gouache and scraping out on thick, moderately textured, cream wove paper. 18¼ x 29⅞ inches.
Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection.

In Memoriam

The Alpine Club Obituary

Year of Election (including to ACG)

George Blades	1990
Nick Clinch	1959, Honorary 1999
Katharine Gebbie	LAC 1959
Ron Giddy	1981
George Lee	1960
Alan Lyall	1991
Peter Mallalieu	1992
Des Rubens	2012
Fleur Rutherford	1998
Harry Sales	1968
Mike Teague	Asp 1991, 1997
Hans Trüb	1948
Joe Walmsley	1960
Ken Wilson	1973

As usual, the editor will be pleased to receive obituaries for any of those above not included in the following pages.

George N Blades 1922 - 2016

George attended a number of schools, ending up at Felsted when war broke out. The school was evacuated to Ross-on-Wye where, on Home Guard duty as part of the Air Training Corp (ATC), he was knocked off his bicycle, badly damaging his shoulder. He was unable to join up.

He was accepted on a sandwich degree course in mining engineering at Nottingham, where he joined the ATC. In 1942, he was released from this reserved occupation and joined the RAF. As his large build prevented him from becoming a pilot, owing to getting his knees stuck under the control column, he became a navigator and bomb-aimer in Coastal Command. He survived the war and was demobbed in September 1946.

George never went back to finish his degree as by then he had married Bridget, who died in February 2016. He joined British Insulated Callender's Cables (BICC) and worked with that company until his retirement at 60, by which time he had reached the top level of management.

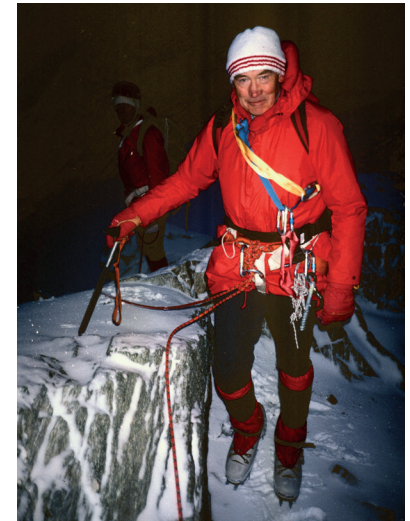
He was a keen rugby player; when the war ended, he took it up again. He played for Edinburgh Wanderers, London Scottish and was captain of the Notts, Lincs and Derby combined counties. He was also selected for three international trials for Scotland. He never forgave himself for giving away an easy penalty when playing for the 'Probables'.

Inspired by a trip to northern India in 1982 at the age of 60, George went on an Alpine course in Chamonix, where he met Roger Payne. Every year until his eventual retirement from the sport he went to the Alps with Roger, sometimes accompanied by Roger's wife Julie-Ann Clyma and his son Peter.

Peter Blades

James C Smith writes: As a young RAF Coastal Command navigator during the Second World War, George's duty was to search the north-western approaches to Britain and to report the sighted position of German U-boats.

George had studied mining engineering at Nottingham. Owing to improvements in safety in the mining industry, power cables to electrical machinery were required to be robust and well insulated. This development attracted George sufficiently to join BICC and he progressed to become the company's commercial director.



George Blades

His main sports were rugby and golf. His build made him a natural No8. When his rugby days came to an end, George's life lacked something: he filled the gap with a winter weekend in Scotland, climbing the *Central Gully* of Ben Lui, followed by nearby Ben More. George's climbing continued in Scotland, to include a winter ascent of *Tower Ridge* on Ben Nevis but his natural habitat was the Alps. The genes of the hunter-gatherer showed themselves in the way he felt at home there. He followed the classic routes in his Alpine progress, from the Chamonix Aiguilles to the lower peaks of the Eastern Alps, like the traverse of the Fletschhorn and Lagginhorn to the Weissmies hut and then to the Weissmies itself. From the Albert Premier hut, he completed the traverse of the Aiguille du Chardonnet, while from the Britannia hut he went to the Allalinhorn and enjoyed a marvellous day's climbing on the Rimpfischhorn.

For George, there was much more to mountaineering than mountains. To quote Eric Shipton: 'The ascent of a mountain, like any other human endeavour, is only to be judged by the spirit in which it is attempted.' The bustle of Chamonix, a quiet pension in Saas Almagell, or a thirst-quenching drink with friends at a village inn were all an important part of living among the mountains. Companionship and friendship were vital to him; his gift as a raconteur brought enjoyment to many a table.

Roger Payne and George became close companions, and it was Roger who led us to the summit of Mont Blanc from the Grands Mulets hut. My memory of a great day spent with them started with a night inn at the Torino hut, then an ascent of the Aiguille de Rochefort. Roger's death in an avalanche on Mont Blanc brought shock and grief to all who knew him, especially to George.

For George, there was more to life than mountaineering. His 'A' Team was his family. They are all, his three children, seven grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren, the keepers of the spirit and memory of a fulfilled man who knew how to live and enjoy life to the full.

Nicholas Clinch 1930 - 2016



Betsy and Nick Clinch (Courtesy of Mountaineers Books)

Nicholas Bayard Clinch III was born in Evanston, Illinois, and grew up mainly in Dallas, with high school years at the New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, influenced by his father's and grandfather's careers in the military. A number of Nick's preteen summers were spent at Cheley Camps near Estes Park, Colorado. There, as junior counsellors, our lives intersected and our lifelong

friendship began.

Nick received a BA in political science from Stanford University in 1952, followed by a law degree three years later. His education superseded classrooms, as his muse became the mountains that he shared with other members of the Stanford Mountaineering Club and the Sierra Club. Their playground took them from the Sierra and Yosemite to the Coast Range of British Columbia in 1954 and the Cordillera Blanca of Peru in 1955. After graduating from law school, Nick put in a stint with the US Air Force, based in Iceland; he retired to the reserves as a major in 1957, setting the stage for a future life of mountain exploration.

In 1958, Nick collected some friends and acquaintances to pull off the first ascent of Gasherbrum I (8080m), also known as Hidden Peak, in the Karakoram, the only one of the 8,000m peaks first ascended by Americans. With his appetite for expedition organising whetted, Nick was back in the Karakoram in 1960, now, 'having done the high one, to attempt the hard one.' This was Masherbrum (7821m). I was invited along as climber and doc, my first big expedition experience. With no lack of thrills and spills, Willi Unsoeld and George Bell pulled off Masherbrum's first ascent, followed a couple of days later by Nick and Pakistani teammate Jawed Akhter Khan in a 24-hour saga that tapped the depths of Nick's reserves. They topped out as the sun set on K2, then descended through a moonlit night. Nick was never a physically strong climber, but this climb is testimonial to uncommon tenacity and skill.

In 1966, the American Alpine Club asked Nick to fuse competing teams from the Pacific Northwest and the Northeast into a unified effort to attempt the first ascent of Antarctica's highest peak. The expedition not only made the first ascent of Mt Vinson (4892m), it then proceeded to top off about everything else in sight, including the committing ascent of Mt Tyree (4852) by Barry Corbet and John Evans.

Nick's expedition to Ulugh Muztagh, in 1985, was perhaps the most exotic of all his creations. He and Bob Bates consulted with Eric Shipton on the biggest unexplored blank left on Earth's maps. With Nixon's opening of communication with China, this expedition became the first joint Chinese-American mountaineering effort. Ulugh Muztagh (6973m) is a mountain in the Kunlun range, first spotted by Saint George and Teresa Littledale in 1895 during their attempt to reach Lhasa. Five young Chinese, supported from the highest camp by Schoening and me, attained the summit. They opted for a night descent, and two of the climbers fell, sustaining moderate injuries and immoderate frostbite. The Americans then gave up their own summit aspirations to rescue the two injured climbers.

With Ulugh Muztagh, Nick and team had so endeared themselves to their Chinese hosts that they were pretty much given carte blanche to return, freed from the bureaucratic hassle faced by most expeditions. Nick had found a photo in a 1926 *National Geographic* depicting an alluring peak named Kangkarpo (6740m), rising above the Mekong where it descends from the Tibetan Plateau, and in the late 1980s and early 1990s

he led four trips to the range. These were the final chapters of Nick's expedition-creating life.

Nick became a member of the American Alpine Club in 1954 and served as its president from 1968 to 1970. He was a visionary who saw the need for the AAC to transition from an exclusive club to a national organisation and voice for American mountaineering. It took a decade of patient planning to finally open membership to all comers, during the term of his partner-in-change, Jim McCarthy, as president. Nick brought not only vision but also patient backroom plotting to this evolution; he was always working on ways to effect change in a way the old guard could accept. This was a role he loved to play, not only within the AAC but also during his terms as a board member at REI, and, I suspect, during his time as executive director of the Sierra Club Foundation.

Another outcome of Nick's vision and priceless negotiating skills was the creation of the Grand Teton Climbers' Ranch in 1970. It is fitting that the club opted at its annual meeting in 2017 to name the ranch's main building the Nicholas B Clinch Historic Lodge.

Along with many expedition accounts and other writings, Nick was the author of two books, *A Walk in the Sky*, published 24 years after the ascent of Hidden Peak, and with his wife Betsy, *Through a Land of Extremes: The Littledales of Central Asia*, published in 2008, restoring the memory of two great British explorers largely forgotten in their native country. He became an honorary member of the Club in 1999.

Nick had a gift for storytelling and inexhaustible (and at times exhausting) humour, which served to shield his inner dreams and doubts. The only one I knew who could outdo Nick as a talker was Betsy. Once I was visiting their Palo Alto home when their planned book on the Littledale explorers was still gestating. Late one evening I asked a question. About an hour later, after midnight, as I snuck away to bed unnoticed, they were still totally absorbed in intense exchange with each other.

Nick died from an untreatable sarcoma of a leg. On 30 November, in full dress uniform, he was buried at Arlington National Cemetery near his father and grandfather. Nick, among many other things, was a quiet patriot who believed in his country as well as its and the world's wild places.

Tom Hornbein

Warwick Deacock OAM 1926 - 2017

Warwick Deacock died in Australia on 3 April. He was 90. A mountaineer, an adventurer, a soldier, a visionary and a successful entrepreneur, he would probably prefer to be remembered as a conservationist: a friend of the wild places. Indeed, in 1997 he was awarded the Order of Australia for his services to conservation and the environment.

British mountaineers of a certain vintage will recall his name as a lead-

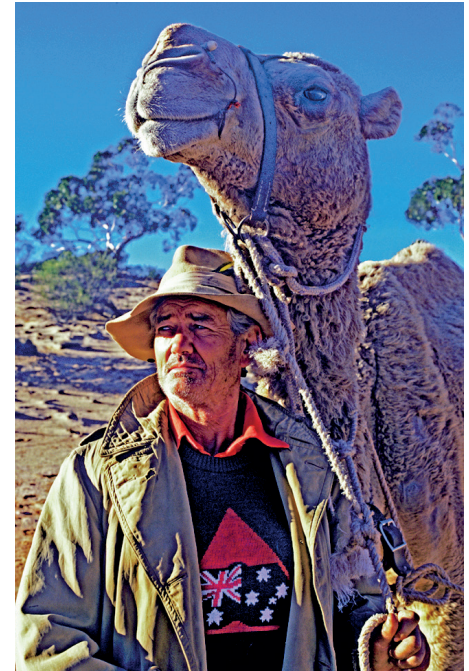
ing member of Mike Banks' joint-services expedition of 1958, which made the first ascent of Rakaposhi (7788m) in Pakistan but he had earlier bagged two virgin peaks in Alaska with Jimmy Mills' four-man Parachute Regiment team, had climbed in Japan and Indochina and was an alpinist of wide experience. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1959, proposed by Jimmy Mills and seconded by John Hunt, but resigned nearly 40 years later for 'geographical reasons'.

Deacock emigrated in 1959 to Australia with the twin briefs of starting the first Outward Bound School in Australia and introducing the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, tasks which he accomplished with great success. But mountain adventure still beckoned, so true to his personal maxim 'give it a go or you'll never know', travelling officially as assistant scientist on an

Australian Antarctic Division expedition, in 1963 he attempted with two companions to climb Big Ben (2745m), the unclimbed active volcano that tops remote and glacier-shrouded Heard Island in the Southern Ocean. The attempt was unsuccessful, and having lost all their gear and food and balking at eating raw penguin breasts, they were lucky to survive.

Nevertheless the mountain was still there, so in 1965 he organised his own expedition to climb it, persuading Ed Hillary to be patron and Bill Tilman to join as sailing master of *Patanela*, the 63ft schooner he'd chartered for the eight-week, 5,000 mile voyage. There is no landing place or anchorage on Heard Island and the weather is appalling. While the five climbers attempted to land on the open lava beach, their inflatable capsized three times in the surf, prompting the claim that this was the first mountaineering expedition to start below sea level. Tilman and the five crewmembers who remained on board then had to run 300 miles to Kerguelen for shelter.

It says much for Warwick's organisation and leadership that the summit was reached and the climbers were eventually re-embarked safely, as planned. Incidentally, Mawson Peak, the highest point on the caldera rim of Big Ben, is the highest summit on Australian Territory outside the Antarctic continent.¹



Warwick Deacock (John Cleare)

1. W Deacock, 'Spirit of the Storm', *Alpine Journal*, vol 70, 1965, pp273-80.

Although a modest man, the resultant publicity enabled Warwick to foster mountaineering in Australia. He will be remembered by many as the father of Australian mountaineering and adventure travel. There are only small mountains and no glaciers in continental Australia, and unlike in New Zealand, there was no tradition of alpinism and expeditionary mountaineering. But with a family to support, his wife as business partner and in conjunction with Mountain Travel, the firm his old friend and ex-Gurkha colonel Jimmy Roberts was creating in Nepal, he started Ausventure, the world's first specialised adventure travel agency. They had realised that the expeditionary trek to the foot of a Himalayan mountain would make a superb holiday, and Ausventure organised the first ever trek to Everest Base Camp in 1967.

The concept caught on and was widely emulated, thousands of Australians were introduced to the Himalaya and to wild places worldwide, the business prospered, and thereafter Warwick made frequent trips to Nepal, India, South America and elsewhere pioneering fresh itineraries and scouting new trekking areas, in 1988-9 spending eight months trekking the length of the Nepali and Indian Himalaya with his wife: a then ground-breaking journey yet completely unpublicised. For 10 years he served as the honorary Nepali consul-general in Australia.

In 1975, Warwick announced the time was ripe 'to expose climbers from Down Under to the needs of Up Yonder' and he organised and led the first home-grown Australian expedition to attempt a Himalayan peak: Mulkila (6517m) in Lahaul and a few years later an Australian attempt on the rather more serious Annapurna III (7555m). Australian mountaineering came of age in due course with the pioneering of a new route on the north face of Everest in 1984.

Although Ausventure itself was a commercial enterprise, Warwick always shunned extensive sponsorship for actual mountaineering, claiming it was essentially a self-indulgent holiday. 'An expedition,' he wrote, 'is when you get together with a group of chums, sell the car and go off into the unknown for a good time. No letterhead, no publicity, no free milk powder.'

Warwick Deacock was born in London in 1926 and educated at Stamford, the Lincolnshire public school. He discovered an affinity for the wilder places when the school was evacuated to Wales after the outbreak of war, but not before he had served briefly in the school holidays as a bicycle messenger boy during the Blitz. Perhaps this adventure prompted him to abscond from school in 1943 to join the Royal Marines where he gained his green beret and in due course a commission. The war was virtually over by the time he arrived in the Far East where he soon found himself OIC at Stanley Prison in Hong Kong, the interrogation centre for suspected Japanese war criminals. Then followed a more appropriate assignment hunting opium smugglers in a fast motor launch, before being demobilised in 1947: yet another young officer looking for a job.

He had learnt to climb in the Commandos and for three unsettled years he financed frequent Alpine climbing forays and sailing trips with

a variety of jobs, memorably as a long-distance truck driver in France, before he reenlisted, this time as a regular officer in the Middlesex Regiment. As a subaltern he represented the army at rugby and boxing and carried the Queen's Colour at the 1953 coronation parade. He enjoyed attachments to both the Parachute Regiment, and as a fluent French speaker, to the Foreign Legion in Indochina. He served a tour as CO of the British Forces Ski and Mountain School at Schmeltz in the Austrian Alps and was instrumental in introducing adventure training as part of the military curriculum of all three services. Then in 1956 he volunteered for the SAS.

Apart from the Rakaposhi interlude, Warwick's SAS activities are veiled, but suffice to say he undertook several deep penetration patrols in the Malayan jungle during the communist insurgency, before being sent to Oman to join the little-publicised war against Arab revolutionaries. By now promoted to major, Deacock was disgusted to discover the enemy he was fighting was being trained by the CIA and in 1959 he resigned his commission. With his South African wife Antonia, herself a pioneering Himalayan climber and author of *No Purdah in Padam*, the story of the 1958 women's expedition to Zaskar, and infant daughter Kate, he emigrated to Australia.

Having completed the Outward Bound assignment, the family, now also with baby son Nick, spent a year circumnavigating Australia in a VW van, with the purpose, Warwick said, of 'de-pommie-fying myself,' working between times as a gravedigger in Queensland, a biscuit-creamier in Melbourne and a pub bouncer. In 1963 the Deacocks purchased Chakola, an 80-acre wilderness property in scenic Kangaroo Valley some hundred miles south of Sydney, to create an experimental adventure centre for children, which they later gazetted as a wildlife refuge. Appointed secretary of the Australian Conservation Foundation and among the founders of the Australian Wilderness Society, Warwick was known to be interested and interesting besides being given to quirky aphorisms, and he soon found himself hosting a regular outdoor slot on the ABC TV show *On the Inside*, while writing frequent commissions for magazines and newspapers.

Warwick had worked briefly with camels in Oman and was fascinated by the potential of camel travel in the Australian Outback where Afghan camels had been commonly used for transport before the advent of the motor truck in the 1920s. Today thousands of feral camels roam the Outback, and in conjunction with Rex Ellis, who was re-domesticating camels, Ausventure engaged in long-distance camel treks in the deserts of the interior. In the early 1980s Warwick himself made a 31-day camel crossing of the formidable 500-mile Gibson Desert, the first since 1876, during which he conducted the initial botanical transect, earning an RGS Thompson Medal. In similar fashion he later traversed the Simpson Desert and in 1997, now in retirement, he led his old Rakaposhi comrade Mike Banks' British party on the first camel crossing of the Great Victoria Desert.

With his architect wife Antonia, Warwick moved from the Sydney area in 1989 to the innovative, environmentally friendly home she had designed at Maleny, overlooking the spectacular Glass House Mountains of southern

Queensland. Officially retiring in 1992 he was kept busy as patron of Youth Challenge Australia, council member of the Queensland RGS and charity work with Sherpas in Nepal, only returning south with Antonia in 2011 to be nearer his family. After Antonia's death in 2012 he spent time living in a yurt in the bush at Chakola then returned to Sydney. He died peacefully here after a stroke. He leaves Kate, Nick and three grandchildren.

John Cleare

Katharine Blodgett Gebbie 1932 - 2017

Katharine Gebbie, a visionary astrophysicist and senior US government research administrator who supervised and mentored four Nobel laureates in physics, died on 17 August 2016, in Bethesda, Maryland. She was 84.

Dr Gebbie worked at the National Institute for Standards and Technology (NIST) for more than 45 years, served as director of NIST's Physics Laboratory from 1990 to 2011, then of its successor, the Physical Measurement Laboratory, from 2011 to 2012. Under her leadership, NIST staff won four Nobel Prizes in Physics: William Phillips in 1997; Eric Cornell in 2001; John Hall in 2005 and David Wineland in 2012, as well as two MacArthur Fellowships (also known as 'genius grants'). The most advanced laboratory building at the NIST campus in Boulder, Colorado, the Katharine Blodgett Gebbie Laboratory, is named in her honour. At the dedication ceremony for that building, she was praised for her supportive management approach to leading a staff of creative PhD scientists. Dr Gebbie described that style as, 'plant, water and watch them grow.' At the time of her death, she was serving as a senior advisor to the current director of the PML, which includes more than 1,000 scientists, technicians, guest researchers and administrative staff.

An astrophysicist by training, she began her career at JILA (Joint Institute for Laboratory Astrophysics) in Boulder, Colorado, in 1968. JILA is a joint institute managed by NIST with the University of Colorado at Boulder.

D Anderson writes: Katharine Gebbie received many honours, including the Presidential Rank Award in 2006, the Government Women's Visionary Leadership Award in 2006, the Service to America Medal (Career Achievement Award in 2002), the US Department of Commerce Gold Medal, and election to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, among others.

She was well known worldwide in the scientific community for her leadership of NIST's many advanced physics research efforts in fields as diverse as nuclear non-proliferation, quantitative medical imaging, atomic timekeeping and quantum computing.

In addition, Dr Gebbie was a strong advocate for supporting and increasing the number of women and minorities in science, technology, engineering, and mathematics careers. For example, two world-renowned physicists at JILA who worked for and were mentored by Dr Gebbie won MacArthur

Fellowships: Deborah Jin in 2003 and Ana Maria Rey in 2013. She is also credited with helping to found NIST's Summer Undergraduate Research Fellowship programme, which employs more than 200 college students in NIST laboratories every summer.

Inspired by her famous aunt, Katharine Burr Blodgett (a distinguished American scientific researcher and the first woman to receive a PhD from Cambridge), after whom she was named, Dr Gebbie's fascination with science began at an early age. She graduated from Bryn Mawr College with a BA in Physics in 1957, and went on to earn a BSc in Astronomy and a PhD in Physics from University College London in 1964.

Katharine Gebbie was married to Hugh Alastair Gebbie, a Scottish physicist who died in 2005. She is survived by her sister Margaret B Alkema of Meredith, and her long-time friend and housemate, Sara Heap, of Bethesda, Maryland. Since 1990, Dr Gebbie had lived in both Bethesda, Maryland, and Boulder, Colorado, and worked at the NIST headquarters in Gaithersburg, Maryland.

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Pamela Holt, Catherine Moorehead and Paul R T Newby write: Katharine Gebbie joined the LAC in 1959. She became a committee member of the LAC in 1963 and treasurer in 1964. She is also mentioned in *Pinnacle Club: A History of Women Climbing* by Shirley Angell, published by the Pinnacle Club in 1988.

She became a Pinnacle Club member after climbing in Turkey with several Pinnacle Club members, and making guideless ascents in the early 1960s. She and Alastair climbed in the Atlas, Morocco, in 1966. As a member of the LAC, she and Alastair also climbed in Kashmir in 1979. She was known by that time to be 'thoroughly experienced on snow and ice'. On this trip, she and Alastair climbed two routes on Mahadev (3966m), with further peaks climbed in the Thajwas area, near Sonamarg, and between Gulmarg and Aru.

Dr Gebbie's early experience of climbing in the USA extended to the White Mountains in Washington State, a traverse of Mount Katadhin, the highest peak in Maine, and the Grand Tetons in Wyoming. Outside the USA, she made an unsuccessful attempt on Popocatepetl in 1956. In 1965, Dr Gebbie was climbing in 'Dorset, Scotland and Wales', as well as completing an extensive set of guideless climbs in the Pyrenees. In the LACJ, 1960, p46, there is an engaging account of an extended research period – *Climbing for Science* – at the Jungfrauoch Research Station.

Omer B Tüzel's guidebook, *The Ala Dag: Climbs and Treks in Turkey's Crimson Mountains* (Cicerone, 1993), mentions the 'English Ladies Expedition, August 1963' in Appendix C on p277. Margaret Darvall is listed as leader, and Alastair [sic] and Katharine Gebbie are there as members. For a full account, see LACJ, 1964, pp10-23.

Sara Heap writes: Katharine and her husband Alastair were enthusiastic climbers and trekkers from the mid 1950s to at least the mid 1960s, when they lived in London. She told me about hiking or climbing in Switzerland, the Atlas and Cappadocia. I know she had a healthy respect for mountains in Switzerland with their dangers of avalanches. (Editor's note: Dr Gebbie made at least three guided ascents of the Mönch by the *South-East Ridge*, followed by ascents of the Jungfrau, the Finsteraarhorn and the Aletschhorn, as well as unguided ascents in the Oisans and Valais mountains. In 1959, she also ascended Kebnekaise (2097m), Sweden's highest mountain.) On one occasion in Kashmir, Alastair and Katharine persuaded me to go on what they called an alpine-style 'hike', by which they meant getting up at 2.30am and doing the bulk of the hike before sunrise to avoid possible avalanches. I still remember Katharine getting excited as the sun came up so that she could get warm.

In the Boulder area, Katharine and Alastair would go on hikes in the local mountains. One time, around 1970, we hiked up Long's Peak, which had received a lot of snow the week before. It was a long slog with the ice crust hitting me in the shins at each step, and the metal safety-lines snowed over, so we had to rope up. But it was glorious at the top and a fast ride back down.

When I was living in England in the autumn of 1976, Alastair and Katharine introduced me to the Fell and Rock Club. (I took a hike with the club somewhere in the Lake District. Everyone said, 'Isn't it lovely the rain is so warm!') On earlier visits to England, a number of technical climbs had been made, including *Slingsby's Chimney*, Deep Ghyll, in 1958.

In 1979, Katharine, Alastair, and I visited Kashmir. The leader of the trip was Alwine Walford, who grew up there and did all the negotiations with porters. The home base was a houseboat in Srinagar; we would take two to three-day hikes in the mountains within a hundred miles of town. The food on the houseboat was terrible. I remember Katharine returning from lunch to my cabin, where I was lying down feeling not well enough to eat, and she said, 'Just because you didn't come to lunch, you didn't get any less chicken than the rest of us!' The chickens in Kashmir were very scrawny.

In the early 1980s, Katharine, Alastair, and I went trekking in Nepal with Ruth Gelber and Elizabeth Hall. The first trip was a trek up the Marshyangdi river, around Annapurna, over the Thorung La, and down the Kali Gandaki to Pokhara. We all agreed this was the best trip ever. I think that we went the first year that the Annapurna Circuit was open to foreigners. There was no rubbish or toilet paper from previous thoughtless hikers to be seen; the Nepalis were incredibly friendly, and the Sherpas who guided us were jovial, hard-working and caring people. Katharine, Alastair and I returned the following year, this time hiking the up-and-down route to Namche Bazaar. The following year, Katharine and Alastair hiked to Everest Base Camp.

While Katharine and Alastair were physically separated, Katharine in Bethesda, Maryland, Alastair in London, Katharine would join Alastair in June of most years for climbs in Skye. Katharine loved these trips and offered to let me join them, but Alastair was not up to strenuous hikes for the last ten or so years of his life.

Ron Giddy 1930 - 2017

Ron Giddy was born in South Africa, of British-Afrikaans parentage, and remained scathing about apartheid. He was an accountant by training, graduating from a clerkship in the Supreme Court in Cape Town to a position in the East Africa High Commission (British Colonial Service) before becoming commissioner of Inland Revenue for Hong Kong, which he thoroughly reorganised and modernised. He took early retirement from the HKIR in 1979, when for his services he was awarded the CBE in the Birthday Honours. He was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Hong Kong Mountaineering Club, which he sustained through his persistent enthusiasm.

In his teens, Ron completed numerous solo rock climbs on Table Mountain. His African mountaineering began in 1958 with an unsuccessful attempt on Mt Speke, in the Rwenzori, which he climbed successfully the following year. Three ascents of Kilimanjaro and an ascent of Mount Elgon (4321m) on the Kenya-Uganda border quickly followed. His next climbs appear to have been in the late 1960s in Hong Kong, where he led at Mild Severe and seconded to Very Severe.

In the 1970s, his principal climbing decade, Ron appears to have undertaken at least three solo treks in Nepal, assisted by a sirdar and porters. The first, in 1971, followed the Gandaki gorge to Jomsom area, returning to Pokhara via the Tilicho Pass. The second, in 1974, followed a high level route to the Barun valley and thence to Makalu before returning to Lukla. Finally, in 1979, he spent eight weeks trekking from Bhabise to the Rolwaling via the Tashi Lapsa La. Following an unsuccessful attempt on Mera Peak, abandoned at about 21,000ft, he returned to Dharan via the Hongu river then through the Arun valley to Chainpur. In 1973, Ron again travelled alone this time to the Gulmarg area of the Pir Panjal for an ascent of Apharwat Peak (4390m).

His Alpine experience was necessarily limited, being largely confined to a solo ascent of the Breithorn in 1971 and ascents of the Wetterhorn, Wildspitze, Similaun and Kreuzspitze with John Swift in 1974. He did not join the Alpine Club until 1981.

Perhaps Ron's most remarkable mountaineering occurred in 1976 on the Hong Kong Kanjiroba (6883m) expedition, with Dick Isherwood, Dave Holdroyd, sirdar Pemba Lama and Pasang. After difficult gorge walking on the way in, an advance base was established at around 17,000ft, this being Ron's highpoint. Isherwood and Pemba made a successful ascent of the peak, following approximately a previous Japanese route. Holdroyd stopped at around 19,000ft, having not acclimatised well.

Ron was a quiet and reserved person. Dick Isherwood, however, observed that Ron had done more trekking in the wild parts of Nepal than anyone else he knew, which coming from Dick was a real endorsement. While a trekker on the Kanjiroba expedition, he was clearly capable of coping with

rough going. He was very modest about his achievements, which tended only to be revealed in passing.

He and John Swift semi-joined an AC trip to the Karakoram which Steve Town helped to organise in 1985, by which time he was retired. Apart from being very active, what Steve most remembers about them was their latter-day colonial style, an extra porter or two, chairs and a table in camp, and a cook serving tea and meals: not the norm in the Karakoram.

Ron removed himself to Australia sometime in the 1990s, but for many years returned to Europe annually to walk in the Alps and to lunch with friends in his London club.

Catherine Moorehead, with Steve Town and David Balston

George M Lee 1939 - 2016

George was brought up in Ainsdale, on Merseyside. As a boy, he was known as Martin, to distinguish him from his father, also called George. When he was thirteen, Martin was left in his mother's care following his father's death. It was fortunate that a friend of his father, Harry Spilsbury, took an interest in his welfare: it was arranged that he should henceforth be educated at Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby. At some point after his father's death Martin preferred to be called George, as the earlier distinction was no longer necessary.

While still at school he was taken climbing by Hugh Banner. He also became involved with the Snowdon Scout Group, where he met Phil Gordon. Both George and Phil became good friends and began to go climbing together, hitchhiking to get to the most desirable climbing areas. When George and Phil were about 15 or 16, they did the *Girdle Traverse* of the west buttress of Clogwyn d'ur Arddu in black plimsolls. Harding's 1955 guidebook to Llanberis Pass describes the *Girdle Traverse* as Exceptionally Severe and the most arduous expedition in North Wales.

Nearer to home, George climbed on Helsby, and was part of the 'Helsby All Stars'. He introduced Roger Heywood to Helsby, persuading him to attempt *Hangover*. Hugh Banner later produced a revised version of H A Carsten's guidebook to Helsby. This was superseded by George's new guide, published by the Wayfarers' Club but under the name Martin Lee, no doubt due to Harry Spilsbury, who continued to use George's boyhood name. Harry, as a member of several mountaineering clubs, including the Wayfarers', had also influenced George's climbing so it was no surprise when George, at 18, was elected to membership of the Wayfarers' in 1957, subsequently becoming the hut secretary in place of Harry following his death in 1970.

In 1957 George also entered the faculty of law at Liverpool University. It was of course inevitable that he joined and became a leading member of the Liverpool University Mountaineering Club (LUMC). He and Roger climbed together regularly, often in Llanberis Pass but also on White Ghyll

in Langdale, where all the 'Not' routes were climbed in a day.

He continued to climb with Phil; in 1961 they went to Chamonix, where they climbed the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon and the east ridge of the Dent du Crocodile, the latter classed as TD sup with pitches of V and A2, according to the Vallot Guide of the period. When the weather turned bad at Chamonix, they moved to the Dolomites, where they camped under the Tre Cime. They climbed *Spigolo Giallo* (*Yellow Edge*) on the Cima Piccola and the even more demanding *North Face* of the Cima Grande.

The following year, 1962, George again climbed at Chamonix and for a time was joined by Mike Gee, who well remembers an ascent of the *Forbes Arête* of the Aiguille du Chardonnet, on the descent from which George, having dropped his ice-axe, produced a stream of choice words. Nevertheless, they both managed to jump across the bergschrund and arrived safely back in Chamonix. Nearer to home, George led *Gordon and Craig's* route on Dow Crag. Both George and Mike climbed a snow gully in Nethermost Cove followed by a swift descent, as a cornice gave way and hurled the two down. George's ice axe cut his leg open; Mike was uninjured but shaken.

In 1960 George graduated and became articled to a firm of solicitors in Southport. Towards the end of his period of articles he attended law school in Guildford, as did Mike Gee. Although away from the hills, they were both able to climb on sandstone at Harrison's Rocks. Finally, from this period, and most important of all, George returned from a winter ascent of Bowfell and Crinkle Crag with the news that he had met a great girl during an impromptu football match on the ice at Three Tarns. George and Ray were subsequently married, with Mike as best man.

George and Ray soon started a family and had three boys: Robert, Jonathan and William. Roger also had a family and they both often went to the Lee family caravan in Anglesey, from where George and Roger combined rock climbing with family duties. George qualified as a solicitor and became a partner in a solicitor's firm in Wigan. Family life made him eschew the more extreme and dangerous climbs. He spent as much time as he could with Ray and the family, initially using a VW campervan and later a small cottage, rented from the local landowner, by Loch Arkalg.

During the 1970s, a group of Wayfarers', mainly Bintley, Minett, Salisbury, Stroude and Stuart but joined by George and others from time to time, had become hooked on Scottish winter climbing and spent several weekends each winter based at Glen Nevis Youth Hostel. From there they climbed all the classic ridges and gullies on the Ben, including some, such as *Zero* and *Point Five*, which, in those far off days, were considered noteworthy. From this group there emerged the Merseyside Himalayan Expedition 1977, which included George and had designs on the first ascent of a shapely peak, Sattu Da Par, in the Garhwal.

On this expedition, unlike some others, friendships were cemented rather than fragmented. But the team failed to climb the mountain, partly because they had chosen the post-monsoon season of October and winter arrived early, but mainly because the serious illness of one member, Tom Wright,

had a morale-sapping effect on the rest of the group. Tom was not fit to fly home with the main party, so George and Fred Smith gallantly volunteered to stay in India, living on very little, for as long as it took – several weeks – until they could safely escort Tom back to the UK and a London hospital, an effort not forgotten by the surviving members of that trip.

Latterly, George took up climbing at a Liverpool climbing wall, as well as sport climbing with Ray and often also with Pete Burrows. In 2012 a severe stroke left him disabled but a gradual recovery allowed him to return to the climbing wall. He gave up driving, explaining that a further stroke was very possible and he could not live with being a danger to others. His fears proved all too accurate: he died on 23 July 2016, following another stroke.

Mike Gee, Ben Stroude and Roger Heywood

Roger Heywood writes: I first knew George when I joined the Liverpool University MC in 1957. I was a beginner, but George already had a reputation. Amongst other things he had done the *West Buttress Girdle* on Cloggy, and of course taken the obligatory leader fall from *Kaisergebirge Wall*. Helsby's Tennis Court Buttress had recently been found and my introduction was top-roping *Hangover*. I was impressed watching George and the others on some of the other routes there.

We became regular partners for the next year or two. During 1959 we psyched ourselves up to try some of the Brown-Whillans routes and were surprised to have some success. We always tried to pick brains to find out if the routes provided any runners, but still had some scary runouts.

We teamed up again in the late 1960s. George had a caravan on Anglesey and we both had young families. We would get up early, do a route and aim to be back at 10am as dutiful parents. I was now teaching and took small groups to the hills to climb. George was an enthusiastic part of this, but it was difficult to persuade the boys that he was a lawyer, as we often dossed in some squalor, with clothing to match.

After a break, I was persuaded to start climbing again around 1995. I went with George, and Pete Burrows, to Carreg Alltrem. They ordered me to lead *Lavaredo*. I began to tie on but they looked on in horror and asked where my harness was: I was ordered to go to Betws to buy one. By now, George was spending most of his leisure time at Loch Arkaig and I enjoyed some great times there, courtesy of Ray and George's wonderful hospitality. He was doing little climbing by then, but I was a regular at the climbing wall. George was mildly scornful about this but when he had a try he became one of its most frequent clients. This led to trips to the Costa Blanca, and we enjoyed routes on the Peñon and Puig Campana, as well as innumerable sports routes. One of the last times we climbed was at Helsby.

George of course wrote one of the early guidebooks. I remembered the fun we had with the usual grading controversies, for instance *Crack of Doom*: 'A great deal of energy gets wasted on this route. The correct method is bridging, which is not strenuous at all.' I believe he wrote this after watching my desperate struggle in the early days.

Paul Davis writes: George also made various trips to the Écrins with the Wayfarers' Club in the 1980s (me among them although I was not then an AC member) when we did such things as the traverse of the Aiguille de Sialouze and rock climbs such as the *Fissure d'Ailefroide*.

By kind permission of the Wayfarers' Club.

Alan Lyall 1932 - 2017

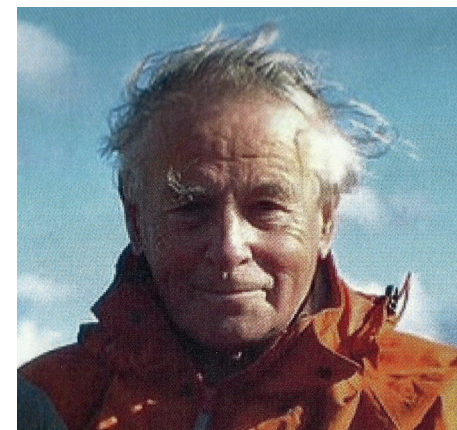
Alan Thomas Lindsay Lyall was educated at Malvern College and Cambridge. He became a solicitor in Liverpool, a job from which he took early retirement when he developed rheumatoid disease, which descended gradually on him from the age of 50.

He was a distinguished mountaineering author and bibliophile who also enjoyed marathon running: he thought this was excellent preparation for the sustained effort needed on a long mountain ridge or traverse.

He was a strong mountain walker and used to say, 'Why be here when you could be over there?' when his companion felt like slacking.

From 1961 until his accident in 1972, Alan mountaineered alone with a local Swiss guide, mainly in the Bernese Oberland. He climbed the Matterhorn in 1962, and followed this with the *bonne bouche* (Frank Smythe's term) of the ridge linking the Balmhorn to the Altels, or traversing the tremendously steep ridge linking the Zinalrothorn to the Besso. He also managed to cause and get caught in an avalanche on the north face of the Pointe de Zinal. He was sure that he was saved here from burial by his correct use of the ice axe. He had nightmares about this experience until one day he sat down and wrote a detailed account of the event, after which the nightmares ceased. So did his mountaineering, and thereafter he was a keen Swiss Alpine walker from June to September, and a skier in winter. I heard him speak of his mountaineering only when I specifically pointed to a peak or ridge and asked him about it.

Alan met the Naylor family every year in the Hotel Bella Tola at St-Luc, from 1962 to 1973, and thereafter in other valleys. He also climbed and walked with the Toms and Yates families, then with me from 1978 to 2014. The Naylor family say he took them on walks which turned out to be too long or too terrifying for their daughter Vivien, who was quite young at that time. After a particularly long and gruelling walk Vivien commented that they



Alan Lyall



Alan Lyall, left, demonstrating his ability to balance a walking stick on his boot.

should have searched his rucksack that morning for a plastic inflatable cross which would have forewarned them! Alan's favourite mountaineering centres were Zermatt, Kandersteg, Saas-Almagell, the Lötschental and the Gasterntal, although he also stayed in Soglio, Maloja, Mürren, Spiez and Gunten. He tried about 25 hotels in Zermatt before he found one he liked.

In the UK, he furthered his enjoyment of Snowdonia by buying a cottage there, near Beddgelert, which I visited only once, in about 2000. We did one walk only, up and down Cnicht. Alan was already suffering

from rheumatoid disease, and on the descent he accepted my loan of a stick, contradicting his strong strictures against walking sticks; he referred to them as 'quarter zimmers', and in an article in the *Alpine Journal*.

Alan's lasting contribution is his *The First Descent of the Matterhorn* (Gomer, 1997), a bibliographical guide to the notorious accident and its aftermath. It was the major source for most subsequent enquiries about this disaster. Being a solicitor, Alan weighed up the evidence concerning the causes of the Matterhorn accident exhaustively and objectively, and corrected errors and simplifications in earlier books.

Alan's memorable final contribution to mountaineering history came in Meiringen in September 2014. I believe he cajoled the locals into organising an event to mark the hundredth anniversary of the death of the guide Melchior Anderegg. The event started with a church service at which there were speeches by local dignitaries and choral singing by guides from the locality and from Chamonix. There was then a procession led by the guides plus members of the Alpine Club (and me), and the sculptress, to her full-sized clay model for a newly commissioned sculpture of Anderegg leading Leslie Stephen to the top of a 'Golden Age' peak. This was followed by a dinner with a top table for guides and another for the Alpine Club, represented by Alan and about five other members, plus me as Alan's guest. This was the last time I saw Alan and it was his last visit to the Alps.

Alan was a superb alpine photographer, taking Kodachromes with his Leica Rangefinder camera. These record his climbs, mountain wildlife and also Swiss customs and costumes that no longer exist. Latterly, he spent about two years digitising the best of these onto memory sticks. The whole collection has been left to the Alpine Club. He was also a lover of German wines and once discovered that a case he had bought for pleasure was now worth so much that he felt obliged to auction it for ten times what he had paid for it. Alan loved everything Swiss. He once found the top model of

Swiss Army knife on one of his walks, and on another a discarded Swiss cowbell, which decorated his home, along with an inflatable Swiss cow suspended from the kitchen ceiling. He amassed a superb collection of books on mountaineering and its history, some very rare and beautifully illustrated with lithographs.

Alan contributed three book reviews to the *Alpine Journal* and a scholarly article on the 1865 Gustave Doré Matterhorn lithographs. Stephen Goodwin favourably reviewed his book in the *AJ* 1998.

Alan was slim, lithe and tough, with striking blue eyes. After walking from St-Luc to the Meiden pass one day, he and the Naylor's picnicked beside a group of trumpet gentians; Adrien Naylor was struck by the fact that his eyes were the same deep blue as the gentians. Alan never married and had no children. His only sister predeceased him.

He bore his final illness without self-pity, although for one season it confined him to a chair in a hotel in Mürren. Methotrexate revolutionised his mobility, albeit temporarily. He then continued to walk until Parkinson's disease and old age curtailed all further activity.

Mark Boxer

John Toms writes: Alan bought Brynllinos, Nantmor, near Beddgelert, about 50 years ago, as it was in the heart of the mountains he loved. He was an indispensable guide to the mountains of Snowdonia of which he had an intimate knowledge, seemingly knowing almost every rock. I enjoyed many memorable expeditions with him, in alpine conditions, in deep snow, cutting steps up snow slopes in Welsh mountain cwms and traversing precipitous snow-covered ridges, with an ice-axe in one hand and our little dog under my other arm.

One such trip took us up the Watkin Path in knee-deep snow to the col between Snowdon and Y Lliwedd, then to the Pen y Gwryd Hotel over the rest of the Snowdon Horseshoe, without seeing a single soul. Alan made many ascents of Snowdon, some 500 or more in total. We spent many happy hours in the nearby pubs in Beddgelert. He entertained us splendidly with beautifully cooked dinners accompanied by fine German wine and his very special trifle. He had a passion for the music of Gustav Mahler; we spent many pleasant evenings in his cottage.

Stuart Leggatt writes: Alan's interest in climbing and its literature began in the late 1950s. After school and college, work in Liverpool gave him the opportunity to climb in North Wales, and in 1960 he climbed for the first time on the Continent, in Austria. The following year, he visited the Swiss Alps, and returned regularly to climb there until 1972.

Alan began collecting books in the late 1950s, his first being a copy of Geoffrey Winthrop Young's *Mountain Craft*. In a Liverpool bookshop he discovered for sale the library of William Ernest Corlett, a Liverpool-based solicitor who climbed extensively in North Wales, and was one of the originators of the Climbers' Club: his 1888 climb on Y Lliwedd is described in

George Abraham's *Rock-Climbing in North Wales*. Some of Corlett's books were purchased on publication, and for this reason Alan was only the second owner of such books as the 1902 edition of A W Moore's *The Alps in 1864*. Frederick Jacobs's copy of John Auldjo's seminal work *Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc* (Longman, 1828) also came from Corlett's library. Alan's work often took him to London, where the book-sellers, Francis Edwards, proved a rich source of mountaineering books. His visits to the so-called King of Hay, Richard Booth, were equally rewarding, Booth pricing up books that Alan plucked from the unsorted stock. Among the prizes found at Booth's shop were two copies of Charles Hudson, and the superb subscriber's copy of Marc-Théodore Bourrit's *A Relation of a Journey to the Glaciers*.

Early on, Alan began to collect books that reflected not only his interest in the topography of the Swiss Alps, but also the history of its peoples, and the exploration of its peaks and valleys. Among his collection are some important historical accounts, the earliest of which is his magnificent copy of Johann Stumpf's chronicle in its 1586 edition. Illustrators of the Alps feature prominently, with such artists as Lory *père et fils*, Brockedon, Bartlett, and Elijah Walton. The collection offers several view-books of the Bernese Oberland, and a particularly rare panorama of the Alps by Dill that once belonged to the alpinist Thomas Hinchliff. Depictions of the peoples of the Swiss cantons can be found in several volumes of costumes.

Alan's book collection also embraces the scientific endeavour of studying and describing the Alps, and his library extends to valuable contributions on their geology and glaciology by such savants as Simler, Scheuchzer, de Saussure, Charpentier, Agassiz, Forbes, and others.

Vivien Bradley, née Naylor, writes: Most of my memories of Alan are of his taking us on walks which turned out to be too long or too terrifying to people like me with no head for heights. He never learned, and probably didn't want to: he was not overly blessed with that kind of imagination. My husband and I would go for supper with him at his Welsh home. He was most hospitable. And the most notable feature was the wine: absolutely fabulous white wine, like liquid gold, with which we were plied in endless quantities. My other abiding memory of him in these latter stages of his life, and when I was adult enough to appreciate it, was his indomitable and uncomplaining courage. He had made the adaptations to his clothing and his home and his lifestyle with apparent matter-of-factness. The prognosis was never good for the conditions he had but we never heard any word of worry or of the deprivations and hardships he was enduring. He seemed to concentrate on what he *could* do: manageable trips to Switzerland, music, photos, Alpine artwork, wine, friends, memories. And he was very warmly welcoming. We enjoyed our time with him very much.

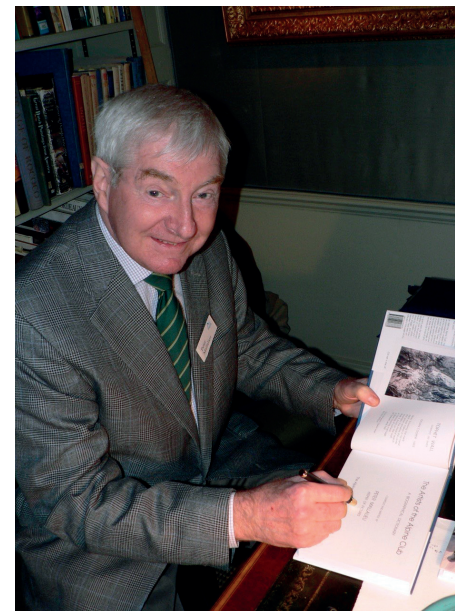
Peter Mallalieu 1937 - 2017

Peter Mallalieu, who was the honorary keeper emeritus of the Club's paintings and was known to many Alpine Club members, very sadly passed away in the Sir Michael Sobell House Hospice, Oxford, on 6 March 2017. It was much appreciated by Peter's family that several members of the Club were able to be present at Peter's funeral, in Banbury, on 17 March.

Peter was born in Stockport, then part of Cheshire, in 1937. After leaving school, he graduated with a physics degree from Durham University; he then took an MSc degree at what was then Sunderland Polytechnic. Peter went on to teach physics at Sunderland High School for Girls. His enduring knowledge and love of art demonstrated itself early in his career where he also managed an art gallery in Sunderland.

In 1967, Peter and his family moved south when he took up a post as a physics master at St Edward's School, a co-educational boarding and day school in north Oxford. And in 1980, Peter married Jenny, a union of 37 years, although they were, in fact, together for 43 years. He remained at 'Teddies' for the next 25 years, until taking early retirement. Peter was a popular master: he was well known for always being willing to help struggling boys, as letters received after his death attested. An extremely keen and very competitive sportsman, Peter played rugby, cricket and golf to a high standard and coached many St Edward's sports teams. Peter was a *bon viveur*: he had a great wealth of knowledge about wines, particularly French wines. At St Edward's, as well as becoming a resident boarding housemaster, Peter took an active role in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and also the school's Combined Cadet Force. He led expeditions to Morocco's Atlas mountains in 1967, to the Canadian Rockies in 1974 and to the Pyrenees in 1980.

I first met Peter in 1986 when we were selected as members of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines Mountaineering Clubs' 1987 expedition to East Africa (*AJ* 1989-90, pp154-161). At the pre-expedition meeting in the Peak District, and in East Africa, we found we had similar professions and interests, particularly skiing and mountaineering. We had a wonderful time



Peter Mallalieu

together on Mount Kenya and on Kilimanjaro and we quickly became firm friends. Together with our wives, we started spending our holidays together, skiing in the winter season and mountaineering in the summer months. Our first Alpine mountaineering routes together were in the Dauphiné Alps in 1987 and 1988: these included routes on Mont Pelvoux and the Barre des Écrins.

In 1989, having had enough of renting expensive apartments in the Alps in both summer and winter, four of us, Peter and Jenny, my wife Stephanie and I purchased a rather ramshackle Savoyard barn in the hamlet of Le Villard de Montagny, on the hillside directly opposite Courchevel's La Tania. We spent the following few years turning the barn into two semi-detached houses and, with a complete lack of imagination, named the building 'La Grange'. We have both always been delighted to welcome Alpine Club members to stay at La Grange. Although building work took up much of our time, we nevertheless took time off from construction to climb a number of routes, in the summers, over the next few years: the Aiguille de la Vanoise, Pigne d'Arolla, Signalkuppe, Castor, Breithorn, Allalinhorn, Weissmies and the Lagginhorn.

I was very happy to propose Peter as a full member of the Alpine Club in autumn 1992, seconded by his colleague Richard Anderson, and he was delighted when, after due process, he was elected. Peter quickly made many very good friends in the Alpine Club, such as Bob Lawford, Glyn Hughes and Jerry Lovatt. The Club recognised Peter's outstanding knowledge of art: he was appointed to the position of honorary keeper of the Club's paintings, of which he was extremely proud. Peter quickly noted that many of the paintings in the Club's unique and valuable collection were being kept in less than ideal conditions. He was instrumental in ensuring this was changed and, where necessary, he also became responsible for arranging much-needed restoration work on paintings. Together with Jenny's help, Peter organised many mountain art exhibitions at Charlotte Road and in 2011 produced the well-researched and richly illustrated 240-page book, *The Artists of the Alpine Club*, the proceeds of which went to the Club's climbing fund.

Neither of us was in the full flush of youth and time had taken its inevitable toll upon our bodies. Nevertheless, over the years, Peter and I had many great times together on the hills, linked by our umbilical rope: we completed a number of respectable routes including the Grande Casse in the Vanoise National Park and Italy's Gran Paradiso. We had also commenced ski mountaineering and, in 1996, were both delighted to ski the Haute Route from Chamonix to Zermatt. Nevertheless, we were both slowing down and, although we greatly admired the young tigers of the Alpine Club and the many incredible routes they were putting up, we were both realistic and, of necessity, had to cut our coats according to our cloth. Our days of climbing 4,000m mountains ended and we became content and very happy to climb lower, much less-frequented mountains, of which there are a considerable number in the Alps.

Following Peter's heart attack, about a decade ago, our Alpine days came

to an abrupt end. Although Peter had recovered well, we quickly recognised he was suffering badly when, in the Vanoise National Park, the four of us made the two-hour ascent from Plan Fournier to the CAF Refuge du Grand Bec (2398m). Although low by Alpine hut standards, the altitude clearly had a serious and deleterious effect upon Peter's heart and, consequently, Peter and Jenny sadly decided to sell their half of La Grange, situated at 1,120m, and relocate to the lower altitude of the Auvergne.

We kept in touch by telephone and met occasionally for a get-together. Although Peter had ceased his mountain activities, he continued with his art exhibition work at the Alpine Club until he eventually gave up this dedicated work. However, he was delighted to be given an emeritus position by the Club in recognition of his outstanding contribution.

My wife and I were greatly saddened when, last autumn, Peter rang to inform us that he had bowel cancer and that it had, unfortunately, metastasized and spread to his liver. After discussing his options with Jenny, Peter, who was also suffering from Parkinson's disease, courageously decided to forgo any chemo or radiotherapy treatment or any operation. In early December my wife and I had lunch with Peter and Jenny in their new home in Oxfordshire and, sadly, that was to be our last meeting.

Peter had a full and very happy life: he had much to celebrate. He will be sorely missed by his family and many friends. When my wife and I return to La Grange, I know that I have skied and walked with Peter over everywhere I can see. Peter and I were very close friends for over 30 years. My wife and I have wonderful memories of the many happy times we had together in the mountains. We will never forget him.

Nigel Gates

Tony Robinson writes: I first met Peter at the bar at Charlotte Road in about 1997 and we struck up an immediate friendship. Exhibiting his warmth and generosity, he had invited me to visit his Alpine home in the Vanoise before we had concluded our first conversation.

In the next few years I developed an enormous respect and admiration for him, both as a person and for the variety of talents and achievements he had fulfilled. Because we had met so relatively late in life our friendship was cut short, first by distance between our UK homes and finally by his death.

My first visit to the Mallalieu home in Montagny, overlooking the Bozel valley, and across to Courchevel, was for skiing lessons. I was over 60 and had never skied. Peter took the matter in hand and took me through to red runs. While I was practising, or climbing, he might be getting an early start to drive to Val d'Isère to ski down into Italy with local chums, to have lunch and bring back delicacies to savour at home. This was way beyond my skiing grade.

The home in Montagny, created by Peter and Jenny (and Stephanie and Nigel Gates) out of an ancient barn, was a masterpiece of creativity despite the problems of French property and inheritance laws, and relatively low capital cost. Peter, whose French seemed fluent, had many local friends, and arranged for one to accompany me up the Grande Casse, the big peak

dominating the head of the valley. On another occasion he took me to the foot of the Aiguille de la Vanoise, a dramatic local feature, which I had been fascinated by, and wanted to climb. He left me there to solo, and returned to collect me several hours later.

During long chats into the night I learned about his life of teaching at St Edward's and the nearness he got to being an international rugby referee, as well as his enthusiasm for golf and membership of Royal St George's, at Sandwich. Peter was generous, warm-hearted, talented and a great character to be with. I shall be one of the many who will miss him greatly. We shall be thinking of Jenny.

Catherine Moorehead writes: When I was writing *The K2 Man*, my biography of K2's discoverer, H H Godwin-Austen, I realised that Godwin-Austen's vast output of very accomplished watercolours, many of them the first western views of parts of Kashmir and the Karakoram, could not properly be assessed by me. I therefore turned to Peter to help me out. He immediately applied great skill and assiduousness to this task. And with his natural pleasantness of manner it quickly became a real privilege to work with him. Not only were his critical analyses of the paintings themselves much appreciated, but his scholarly research into Godwin-Austen's influences (two paintings of which were unearthed by Peter in the National Archives of Canada and are published in the book) and artistic history combined to bring a completeness and originality to the assessment which makes his chapter in this book such a gainful pleasure to read, as well as a fine piece of art history in its own right.

I am sorry we, and Jenny, have lost a man of such skill, knowledge and goodness.

Jerry Lovatt writes: Nigel Gates's obituary has captured very well the wide range of Peter's skills and interests. However, there is one additional aspect of the man that lends emphasis to all of this. Unlike many people with his breadth of abilities, Peter was self-effacing almost to a fault. However untrue it may have been, the other person in the conversation was always made to appear more knowledgeable, have climbed bigger routes or have a better collection of this, that or the other. While it is right and proper that Peter should be remembered for his achievements, he should also be remembered for the modest way in which he invariably presented them.

Des Rubens 1952 - 2016

Des Rubens was born in Perth and brought up in Carnoustie, the middle of three sons, all powerfully built. His father was a horticultural consultant in the county of Angus, and annual family holidays in Arisaig introduced the boys very early to the delights of the West Highlands. Educated at Dundee

High School, Des excelled at running and competed at county level. In his later years he attributed his sore knees to excessive road running in his youth.

Des was introduced to climbing when he began studying physics at Edinburgh University in 1970, although he had already done much hill walking while at school. Through the university mountaineering club (Edinburgh University Mountaineering Club) he met his wife and lifelong companion, Jane, and made many close, lifelong friends. As a young lecturer, my introduction to him was in the smoky recesses of Rutherford's Bar, where he was holding court as EUMC president. Soon after, however, I began to hear interesting tales. At the start of the new term, Des had taken a novice to climb *Big Top* on the west face of Aonach Dubh in Glen Coe, but the unfortunate second had swung off high up and been unable to complete the route. Undaunted, Des had soloed the top pitch (the exposed crux) and found someone at the top of the crag who was able to assist him to get down to the marooned fresher and deliver him safely. Throughout the 1970s, Des climbed frequently all over Scotland, and acquired a reputation particularly for his boldness in winter and his new routes in out of the way corners of the Highlands.

Having hitchhiked round Syria and Turkey at 18, with only a duffel bag for baggage, Des embarked on his first Asian climbing trip a couple of years later, joining Ian Rowe for a trip up the Bashgal valley in Afghanistan. In 1975 he took part in the first EUMC expedition to the Hindu Raj in Pakistan. We drove overland to Pakistan in a Ford Transit van whose registration AWG was interpreted as either 'Always Willing to Go' or 'Allah Will Guide'. Either way, we broke down in every country en route, finally arriving in Rawalpindi and enjoying the legendary hospitality of Colonel 'Buster' Goodwin, who regaled us with tales of colonial days.

After flying in to Gilgit, we eventually made it to a base camp on the Borum Bar glacier below the Thui range and made first ascents of several 6,000m peaks, one of which featured a steep rock pinnacle that Des led very smoothly. With our great friend George Gibson we attempted a peak later known as Thui III via a long couloir, which had to be climbed at night for



Des Rubens about to climb a pinnacle at the summit of an unnamed peak on the perimeter of the Borumbar glacier in the Thui range of Hindu Raj. (Geoff Cohen)

safety. By early morning, with several hundred feet still to go, George was tiring; Des bravely carried both his and George's sack to speed up our exit to safer ground. Towards the end of the expedition Des and I made a six-day attempt on Thui II (6660m), a fine peak that had repulsed several previous parties. After a long approach up an unknown glacier we spent a day of bad weather confined to a small tent on an isolated col below the final ridge. Typically, Des remained cheerful and good company the whole time. We decided to retreat next day, fearing the monsoon was approaching, only for the weather to improve again once we had committed to the descent.

After our Pakistan expedition and Des's graduation, he took a teacher-training course. Following a short period teaching physics at Craigroyston Community High School in north Edinburgh he decided on a change of direction and moved to Broxburn Academy as a teacher of outdoor activities and finally found his true vocation: he soon became a competent canoeist and skier and moved back to Craigroyston as principal teacher. The school was in a rather deprived area of Edinburgh and many of the pupils had little opportunity to develop an interest in the great outdoors. I am sure that it was entirely due to his patience, warmth and sense of humour that Des was able to successfully take even the most reluctant of kids into the local hills. Some were really enthused, and after his sudden death comments such as 'he was the best teacher I ever had' were posted on social media.

Lothian schools in the 1970s still benefited from the far-sighted policies that had been developed by Eric Langmuir, who recognised the huge value of outdoor activities for schoolchildren, and had set up a very supportive network. Unfortunately, local authority support waned over the long period in which Des dedicated himself to outdoor education, and eventually he was left as the only such teacher at this level in the whole region. Never losing his commitment and enthusiasm, Des later completed a master's course in education and wrote a dissertation developing a well-thought-out rationale for outdoor education, a thesis much appreciated by colleagues when outdoor activities began to make their way back into the tertiary curriculum.

There were two occasions when Des probably saved my life. One was in Kashmir in 1977. We had climbed an unknown mountain and were returning to a village at the end of a long, rainy day. The Himalayan torrents were quite swollen and at the last one I began to get into difficulty. Des had already crossed but immediately stepped back into the waters and helped me to safety. The other occasion was on the north face of Les Droites in March 1989. We had climbed about a third of the way up, but decided to retreat in the face of poor snow conditions. On the descent I was hit by a large rock from above which broke my shoulder and ribs. Des was able to shepherd me down, half lowering me for pitch after pitch until we reached the glacier, where I was rescued the next day.

In 1980, Des returned to Pakistan to join Dick Isherwood and me in the Karakoram. We had great ambitions in the Charakusa valley, but these were somewhat tempered by our near-minimal equipment. Our first mountain presented some quite difficult ice pitches and at times Des would fall asleep

at the belays (due to lack of acclimatisation) only to be woken to lead some really steep bit of ice.

Unfortunately he abandoned his sleeping bag at our second camp and was then forced to endure a cold night on a very exposed bivouac ledge followed by another night on his own, after he had decided to wait while Dick and I tried to complete the ascent without him. Sadly, we were unsuccessful, but when we were all reunited Des was as unflappable as ever, despite having spent the previous 24 hours alone on the tiniest of ledges in an awesomely exposed place, not knowing if or when we would return. Later, we tackled another very fine mountain, Drifika (6447m). It gave us a tremendous climb with some of the most spectacular views we had ever seen. By now Des was fit and fully acclimatised and had the honour of leading the hardest pitch of the climb, but we still reached the summit not long before dark and had to endure an extremely cold night without sleeping bags on the descent.

In 1985 Des and I organised our most ambitious expedition, to Gasherbrum III (7952m), which had only been climbed once. We were joined by Paul Nunn and Clive Rowland, but both had to go home prematurely, leaving the two of us to make a lonely attempt on a ridge which is still unclimbed. In a difficult bivouac at about 7,250m, Des was the one who contrived with great persistence to provide a brew. We turned back in strong winds at about 7,500m and after a few unpleasant nights, Des suffered frostbite, which in due course led to his losing a small portion of his big toe. When his children were young and unwilling to go to bed he might threaten to show them his toe: usually enough of a sight to send them off. His frostbite injury did not deter him from having a crack at Nanga Parbat in 1992. On this expedition Des and Ally Kellas reached 7,500m before altitude sickness and poor weather halted progress.

Des was also a key participant in the 1988 SMC centenary expedition to the Shiwakte range in Xinjiang, which he recorded in a brilliant contribution to the *SMC Journal*. While the mountaineering achievements were relatively meagre his account of our wrestling with the Chinese bureaucratic leviathan and our complex camel-assisted approach via the Karatash Pass was delightful.

Asia was not Des's only climbing destination. With Dave Broadhead he made a successful visit to the Caucasus in 1984, enjoying several fine ascents including Ushba and Elbrus and returning with copious quantities of caviar and champagne, the only commodities, along with titanium ice screws that Russian climbers could trade for much-envied western climbing gear. Also in the 1980s he had some very successful rock trips in the USA, climbing classics in Yosemite, the Californian Sierras and the Wind Rivers. In the new millennium he made new routes in Peru's Cordillera Vilcanota and Canada's Coast Range. Returning to Zanskar in 2012 he recorded his experiences in a memorable article in the *Alpine Journal*, musing on the changes that had transpired over the 35 years since his previous visit. Finally, in 2014 he fulfilled a longstanding wish to visit Kumaon, joining an expedition to the Nama glacier in the remote Adi Kailash range.

Des loved these travels not just for the mountaineering but also for the variety of peoples that he met, as well as the spectacular scenery and the adventure of untrodden ground. As an enthusiastic photographer, he always returned with three times as many pictures as anyone else.

Interspersed with his many expeditions Des enjoyed a steady Alpine career. In the 1970s and 1980s he accomplished many classics such as the *Walker Spur* and the north face of the Dru. More recently, following his retirement and now in his sixties, we joined up in a pattern of regular Alpine holidays, with a vague notion of collecting the 4,000m peaks. Route quality was always more important than just peak bagging, so we spent wonderful days on, for example, the Peuterey Ridge and the Täschhorn-Dom traverse. We made a harmonious team after so many years together, fully aware of each other's strengths and weaknesses and yet still always enjoying the banter. With his powerful chest, Des was usually faster than me going uphill, but suffered badly with his knees on the downhill, so we developed a routine where he carried the heavier sack on the way up and I took the bigger load on the way down.

In recent years Des developed a keen interest in Alpine ski mountaineering, enjoying several tours with his good friends Stan Pearson and Steve Kennedy. With his ineffable good nature he also allowed Steve to persuade him to return to Yosemite to attempt some big wall climbing. His unquenchable enthusiasm compensated for a lack of experience of the required techniques so that they returned high on their enjoyment of the ambience of the Valley and full of hopes for further explorations.

In 2009, Des was very proud to be elected president of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. Thanks to his teaching experience he was able to chair the AGMs with great skill, navigating contentious waters without upsetting too many sensibilities. His greatest contribution was reviving the SMC's Edinburgh winter lecture programme. By finding a suitable venue in Princes Street and involving the AC and JMCS, and most importantly by selecting a wonderful list of speakers including scientists, poets, historians, expeditioners and young tigers with hard new winter routes to relate, he was able to vastly increase the audiences and made this an important event in Edinburgh's climbing calendar.

Des had a certain lack of self-consciousness that had many positive aspects. Friends would rib him for his hideous snakeskin shirt or his amazing bulging rucksack but he would always just laugh and never take offence. I always felt that if he was unaware that a pitch he was about to lead was the crux he was quite likely to float up it quickly, whereas if he were told to expect difficulty he would definitely experience it.

Apart from his total commitment to climbing in its broadest sense, Des was by no means narrow in his interests. He was a keen lover of opera and theatre, so much so that after his death his wife Jane was appalled to discover how much he had spent on advance tickets for the Edinburgh Festival. Their home is full of books and original paintings, and visitors always received a warm welcome at a loaded table. He was a good cook

and had an unrestrained love of food, which might on occasion lead to consumption of all the goodies in the house. Despite his absences in the mountains, Des was a devoted family man who loved to climb with his son Andrew and was delighted when his daughter Catriona also began to take an interest in climbing. Before they had children, he and Jane had accomplished many long walks together in Scotland as well as Alpine seasons in the Ortler and the Écrins.

Des' outstanding characteristics were his warmth, his easy-going unflapability and his inimitable sense of humour. He had plenty of ambitions to achieve in the mountains but this was tempered by sound judgment and a proper prudence when necessary. His calmness in difficult situations must have helped many a beginner to overcome their trepidation. He remained always the most loyal and greathearted companion one could wish for.

Geoff Cohen

Fleur Rutherford 1948 - 2016

Fleur Rutherford was brought up in South Africa, in Cape Town, and lived there until she was 16. She was an energetic and enthusiastic child. Because of her husband's work at Faslane, the family moved to Scotland, where her earliest mountain ventures were into the hills above Loch Long. One outing included carrying her son Sam, aged three months, up a hill in a Royal Navy issue grip bag.

She was first married to Vice-Admiral Malcolm Rutherford CBE, who died in 1997, after whom she married Mike Boyce. She had two children, then became a second mother for her grandchildren, Zara, Mack and Freddie – not just during the often adventurous and difficult holidays (of which there were many), or the special events, but also through the humdrum of their daily lives in which she immersed herself with total enthusiasm and excitement: she showed how to make the mundane wonderful.

She was a huge enthusiast for the Alpine Club, not just for the climbing but for the opportunities it gave to people from all parts and levels of society. She loved the mingling of 'high' and 'low', different backgrounds joined by



Fleur Rutherford

a mutually shared passion for climbing. Her only frustration with climbing was having the view from the top obscured by cloud! She read, from cover to cover, every year's *Alpine Journal*.

Fleur took part in a variety of expeditions. A number of family climbing holidays took place in the Alps and Himalaya, the Weissmies and Island Peak being particularly remembered. Perhaps her most notable climb was with the British Services Everest Expedition of 1990. Her last climb, with mules, was with the family to Hudad (3287m), a plateau within the Ethiopian Highlands, where she spent Christmas 2015.

When not climbing, Fleur enjoyed tennis, and sailing with Mike, especially around Corsica, Greece and Turkey. Their base was on the Solent, where her parents had a boat at Beaulieu, though the family also sailed in the Bahamas. She was, throughout her career, frequently employed as a trouble-shooter, brought in to turn failing companies around. Towards the end of her life she was running Cappa, a company specialising in a new and patented valve caps for trucks and cars, a remarkable statement of her versatility.

Those who have been touched by her memory include many individuals and a myriad of organisations: village, parish, county, the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, the Drapers and other livery companies, the Cinque Ports, the Royal College of Defence Studies at Shrivenham, the Pilgrims, and many others. The hundreds of personal cards and letters received after her death included those from Her Majesty the Queen, with whom she attended many events, and Archbishop Desmond Tutu, whom she had come to know during her early years in South Africa.

Fleur was intrepid, tough, brave, as anyone who has climbed, sailed or skied with her knows well; her courage, evinced through her unflinching response to the illness which led to her premature death, was as much physical as moral, but she was always gentle and generous with all whom she met, whoever they were. That is not to say she was not also something of a disciplinarian, especially at home where Ps and Qs certainly had to be watched. Her enthusiasm for life spilled over into frustration at so many ambitions left incomplete.

Sam Rutherford

Harry B Sales MBE 1918 - 2017

Harry was born in Stockport. He attended Stockport Grammar School and qualified as a solicitor before he was 21, taking his degree at Manchester University while working as an articled clerk to his solicitor father. He eventually became town clerk of Aldershot. Later in the 1970s he became a barrister, specialising in local government law, and planning law in particular. As a barrister he freely gave advice to the British Mountaineering Council and the charity, Friends of the Lake District.

He married his first wife Elsie in 1940 and they brought up four children. After they divorced, he married Patricia, with whom he shared many adventures in the mountains.

Harry started painting in the late 1930s. He became a director of the New Ashgate Gallery in Farnham, Surrey, and the artist-led organisation Free Painters and Sculptors, with whom he exhibited regularly. When his sight began to fail he turned to sculpture, painstakingly sculpting driftwood, sometimes with the help of a chainsaw, to make human and other figures. The gift of daffodil bulbs started another enthusiasm: for years, he grew the flowers wherever he could find space, competing in shows and developing new varieties.

Harry joined the Alpine Club in 1968. He was a lifelong climber. As well as the Alpine Club he was a member, vice-president and president of the Climbers' Club.

In 1971 he joined a mini expedition to Greenland to climb in the Roscoe Bjerger in Liverpool Land. The team comprised three Englishmen and three Scots: Jack Derry, Peter Mould, Harry Sales, Peter Cromer, Stuart Kermack and Malcolm Slessor. Various peaks were climbed by this party. In 1974, Harry was part of a team that sailed to Sark and recorded a number of new routes there.

Harry and Pat made a number of visits to the Himalaya to trek through the mountains, including Kullu and Ladakh, often in the company of their good friends John and Joy Hunt and Michael and Sally Westmacott. In 1989, at the age of 70 and with one artificial hip replacement, Harry reached the summit of Mera Peak (6476m), with John Atherton, Hamish Nicol, Charlie Rose and a young lady called Beetle. This was one of the treks that Hamish used to organise from time to time for friends who had 'outgrown' serious mountains.

Harry had climbed in Cornwall many times before he and Pat came in 1997 to live in the village of Paul, near Penzance. On his 80th birthday, Ron Chambers took Harry up *Commando Ridge* at Bosigran. I occasionally climbed with him and I well remember in April 2000, with Janet and Pat, we went over to Bosigran and I led him up his last climb, *Alison's Rib*, when he was 81. He kept up his interest in the climbing scene and enjoyed visiting the Count House at Bosigran when there was a meet, so that he could catch up with old friends.



Harry Sales

Harry was enthusiastic in all he did: he had a great love of life. He relished his years in Cornwall. He and Pat made many friends among the local artists. Harry was full of fun and was up for anything. He involved himself fully in many village activities including bell ringing, which he kept up until he was 90. He was well known and well liked in the community.

We send our warmest and deepest sympathy to Pat and the family. We will miss our good friend and companion of many adventures.

John Atherton

Bob Allen writes: Harry was president of the Climbers' Club from 1975 to 1978. I had joined in 1970 and that is how I got to know him, as a mountaineer. One day, probably in 1975 or 1976, he phoned me: 'Bob, do you let out your house in the Lake District by any chance? Because a friend really needs to get away for a week and I thought of you.' I said, 'Harry, this friend wouldn't happen to be a lady, would it?' Well, of course it was, and it was Pat. I told Harry that I definitely did not let out my house, but that he was more than welcome to make use of it for a week anyway. When Marj and I returned home on Friday night for the weekend, the fire was blazing: I knew within minutes that that week had been a defining one in Harry and Pat's relationship.

I also recall Harry's highly unusual presidential speech at the Climbers' Club's annual dinner, probably in 1978. He delivered it all in trochaic tetrameter, the style in which Longfellow wrote his epic poem *Hiawatha*. Harry's version went something like this: 'By the Helyg doorway watching;/ Watching weather over Tryfan;/ Stood the climber hairy bearded;/ Draped in ropes with friendly Moacs;/ Chalk in bag and full of hoping;/ Waiting for the rain to lessen ...'

A few minutes of this was very entertaining, but Harry's speech covered every aspect of the club's activities during the year. The problem was we couldn't get him to stop. Impatient members began to heckle, but Harry ignored them and finished his recitation anyway. He showed us all why he made such a good barrister: he never gave up.

In July 1969, Harry, Pat, Nicola, Lois, a friend Diana, Lin, three months-old Jonathan and I went to the Austrian Lake District. We camped by the lake, the Hallstattersee, on the north side of the Dachstein, which Harry, Diana and I intended to climb. We found ourselves on a long rock rib at the edge of the Dachstein glacier; in places it was a bit awkward. For speed we were climbing unroped. Harry had not become CC president without some climbing ability, and maybe this was just an off day but, on this occasion, his methods seemed very odd. He had a definite tendency to grab a spike, or ledge, with his hands and then waggle both his legs around in the air until one part of either foot touched something; he would then attempt to stand on it. I watched this performance a few times and then got scared because I thought I could see an accident waiting to happen, so we roped up. That slowed us down considerably and we only made it to the lower summit before we had to retreat to the valley. We were too late for the chairlift and had a three-hour walk through dark woods, at night. Large amounts of wine

assuaged the disappointment.

Ten years later, in July 1979, we were in Kenya. We had some ambitions for the famous ice climb, the Diamond Couloir, but discovered that it had largely melted and disappeared, which caused a change of plan. Lin took Jonathan down to Mombasa while Pat, Harry and I set off to climb to Point Lenana on the mountain, which is not a technical ascent, but is still very high, only just under 5000m: it would be my own highest altitude. We had our porters carrying far too much food through the infamous 'Vertical Bog' and, apart from Harry getting dehydrated so that we had to pour two litres of water into him immediately, we got there.

Pat and Harry became regular visitors to us in Grasmere, hospitality always generously reciprocated. On the visits north the objectives always included some challenging walks or scrambles and even when his eyesight was failing Harry would insist on a walk over Scafell Pike or something equally demanding.

The Harry I knew was irrepressible, always giggling, highly intelligent, enormously charming, endlessly patient. In some ways he never grew up, which was part of his charisma. He was very artistic and the house and garden, at least in Old Woking, always had large paintings which were too abstract for me, but his sculptures always seemed to incorporate large ladies with enormous breasts, which I appreciated rather more. He adored Pat: with her he seemed complete. He certainly lived a very full and exciting life. I am privileged to have been a friend. Pat will certainly have many memories of a remarkable man.

Dave Atchison writes: It was 1974 and proved to be the last Climbers' Club Annual Dinner to be held in London. Harry was a Vice-President at this time and destined to be club president the following year.

On our table was Colonel Hugh Wright, a friend of Harry who was seeking a crew predominantly of climbers with a view to a sailing trip to Sark while doing some routes along the way. Several of us signed up straight-away. Hugh was in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and had access to a cadet training yacht complete with a fin keel and Bermudan rig. It was a 30-footer and could accommodate a crew of six.

We assembled at Gosport, boarded *Seahorse* and set out at dusk. Navigation by night was new to most of us but we made it to Yarmouth. Next day saw us cross Bournemouth Bay to Swanage. Some of us were a bit green at this stage having not yet got our sea legs, so getting ashore was some relief. We sought out a newsagent's, to look for confirmation of Harry's MBE appointment.

The next move led to Poole Harbour and upriver to Wareham. We then headed off round Peveril Point to Boulder Ruckle and Subliminal and dropped anchor just offshore. The dinghy was now used to get us to the foot of the climbs, much to the surprise and delight of others who had abseiled in. Harry climbed with Hugh; several routes were ascended.

The following day we crossed the Channel. Having arrived safely in

Cherbourg, Harry and party set about climbing the huge slab beneath the Citadel. This was probably a first ascent and was completed before dusk and followed by a celebratory meal in town.

Passage through the Race of Alderney to Sark was thankfully smooth. We explored the area and found several climbing possibilities. Near the seaward side of the Gouliot Cave, Harry and his party climbed several corner cracks. For the return trip involving a night crossing, Harry, unperturbed by the boat's motion, kept us going with food and hot drinks. A most enjoyable trip greatly enhanced by Harry's inimitable contribution.

Sally Westmacott writes: I feel as if I've known Harry forever. I think I first met him at the end of the 1950s or beginning of the 1960s when I first started climbing with the Climbers' Club. As I got to know him better, I realised what a remarkable man he was: not only was he a painter and sculptor, but he also bred daffodils.

After he retired as a solicitor he read law and became a barrister and was instrumental in getting a much needed 10mph speed limit on powerboats on Windermere. Very often he did not even charge for his services. He had a love of music, played the piano and was a bellringer at his local church. And of course he was a keen mountaineer: I have happy memories of many walks together in Surrey, the Peak, North Wales and Cornwall. And we trekked in Kullu, Lahaul and Ladakh with John and Joy Hunt, among others.

He had a wonderful sense of humour and a keen sense of mischief which included him pushing me (the smallest member of the party) through a half open window at Ynys Ettws in the middle of one night: I have no idea why! One of my fondest memories is his reaction to his remarkable 70th birthday cake, decorated with a team of ladies, totally naked except for climbing boots. John Hunt's face was a picture and even Harry almost blushed.

He made friends easily and after his move to Cornwall, the Athertons remarked that he had got to know more local people in a short space of time than they did after 30 years. He bore his increasing blindness with fortitude and humour: I never heard him complain. He was a real character; we will all miss him greatly.

Hans Trüb 1922 - 2016

Hans Trüb was born on 23 August 1922 and spent a happy childhood with his three brothers in Aarau, the canton capital of Aargau, Switzerland. His love of the mountains began when he was 15 years old: he joined the Swiss Alpine Club (SAC). Every Saturday after school he would travel to the mountains for climbing and mountaineering trips with friends.

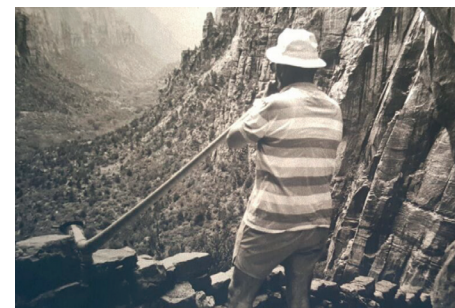
During a stay abroad in England he got to know Hilary Longley-Cook, with whom he climbed extensively in England and Switzerland.

This close friendship remained throughout his life. Hans also climbed with his wife Ciglia and later undertook several extensive hiking tours in the Alps, which included overnight stays at SAC huts, with their three children.

He was also fascinated by the national parks in America. Among other excursions, when he was 75, he made a river-rafting trip through the Grand Canyon with his youngest son, Roland, who lives in the USA. He brought with him his alphorn, a traditional Swiss instrument, and played Swiss Alpine songs in the most beautiful places in the Canyon.

Up to the age of 92 he was in the habit of visiting friends on the Beatenberg, above Interlaken, from where he could marvel at his three favourite mountains, the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau. Unfortunately he never had the opportunity to climb the Eiger, but nevertheless he knew all the interesting stories about the mountain. He did make one ascent of that other famous Swiss mountain, the Matterhorn. He used to tell the story of this climb: because of bad weather his group were forced to bivouac on the mountain. Hans wanted to climb back down on the next day, but a fellow climber stayed with him and persuaded him to climb to the top anyway. Hans was overjoyed and to the end of his life remained grateful. His love of mountains, rivers and lakes remained throughout his life, and he continued to read articles and reports in the Swiss Alpine Club magazine with great interest until his death. Hans passed away on 29 March 2016 at the ripe old age of 94, peacefully falling asleep in the close circle of his family.

Franziska Hänni, translated by Alain Trüb and Catherine Moorehead



Hans Trüb, with Alphorn, in the Grand Canyon.

Michael John Teague 1954 - 2016

I first met Mike Teague (or 'Teagie' as he was known to his friends) in the mid 1980s after I moved to Southampton. I was looking for a climbing partner; the owner of the climbing store in Shirley suggested that I meet him. That introduction started a friendship and climbing partnership that lasted for almost two decades. Our initial forays were spent on the sea cliffs of Swanage. As we became more confident with each other, our excursions gradually took us to pretty much every main climbing area in England and Wales. Soon, we were spending most weekends at one crag or another. Other than Swanage, our favourite destinations were Cornwall and the Lakes. Winter saw us making regular visits to Scotland. Our climbing bond eventually led us to making trips further afield, including Chamonix (winter

and summer), the Calanques and Mont Aiguille.

Most of the trips were planned and initiated by Mike, fuelled by his love of reading guidebooks. He was forever compiling his list of the 'Top 10' climbs that he wanted to try and then dragging me off on another adventure. At times, there was talk of a trip to the Greater Ranges, with a potential new route on Hiunchuli being an oft talked-about objective. As with many of us, career and family prevented this trip from ever materialising.

Whatever Teagie turned his hand to, he was always very competitive, whether on a crag, golf course or within the four walls of his beloved squash court. This winning attitude clearly helped to shape his approach to climbing. Mike was loath to ever acknowledge that a climb was too tough for him. This undoubtedly helped us to get up some routes that we had no business getting up!

I recall fondly our wide-ranging chats during the long night-drives back from Chamonix or Fort William. He was intelligent, articulate and had a great sense of humour. When we had driven from Southampton to Scotland and back, for two days of winter climbing, he would frequently compare the adventure that we were returning from with how the rest of his work colleagues had spent their weekend. Mike was a sales person by profession and nature. By day he very successfully sold high-end acoustic technology engineering projects, while during his non-working hours, he used his skills to sell the next route we were going to attempt.

Teagie was a self-acknowledged gear freak. He loved spending time in climbing stores looking for his next new toy. This love of gadgets extended beyond climbing, as his BMW M3 Ducati (red, of course) and high-end road and mountain bikes attest. While Mike loved to be surrounded by the better things in life, by contrast he was willing to endure all sorts of privations while he was on a climbing trip: we once spent five winter nights camped under the Aiguille du Midi with almost no food, waiting to climb the *Chère Couloir*. He would rather wait it out than give up. He was also something of a traditionalist: he loved trad climbing and was completely underwhelmed by both climbing walls and bolted routes.

Life in Mike's company was always fun and often memorable. He was naturally gregarious, always chatting to someone on his phone, even sometimes while on a route, and getting himself into and out of trouble. Even when he got into trouble, such as when he dislodged a large flake at Swanage, crushing two fingers, he remained calm and composed and was able to climb out of danger and straight off to hospital. If anyone wants to know who pulled off the large flake on *Zig-Zag* at Swanage now you do.

Sadly, our careers then took us to different parts of the world, Mike to Malaysia and me to Canada via India. Mike spent the later part of his life living in Kuala Lumpur, holding senior roles with Petronas, ABB and Shell. His life seemed to be filled with regular travel to far-flung parts of the world, based on hydrocarbons rather than peaks and crags. His final work at Shell was on a revolutionary floating liquefied natural gas project called 'Prelude', the first of its kind. He was very proud of this.

While the years passed, the memories do not. I will treasure the images of Teagie sitting at the top of Coire an t-Sneachda in a howling blizzard, sipping wine at a pavement café in Cassis, cooking a meal at the Count House and most memorably watching his feet disappearing high above me on another three-star classic at Boulder Ruckle.

While he never lost his love for climbing, during his later years, his active time was more likely to be on a squash court, on a bike, running or racing cars round a track. Mike was also a fellow of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers and was proud of his Yachtmaster certification.

In February 2014, Teagie was diagnosed with an aggressive form of prostate cancer. By the time it was discovered, it had already spread to his spine. Actually, that's how he found out: he had had back pain for ages and thought it was just a sprain from playing squash. Typically, Mike remained positive right to the end. Even two weeks before he passed away, he was still planning the next trip he was going to make.

I am so grateful that I was introduced, all those years ago, to Mike: he brought so much energy, joy and life to everyone with whom he came into contact. Teagie has gone far too soon, but his memories live on. Mike is survived by Guen Loh, his partner for the last 14 years, and his ex-wife Debbie and their son Jamie.

Ralph Newbigin

Ken Wilson 1941 - 2016

Ken was not a leading climber but his influence on British climbing and mountaineering for over 40 years was substantial. He was controversial and cantankerous: not for nothing was he known at one time as 'Citizen Ken' or even 'The Mouth', but, love him or loathe him, his heart was in the right place.

Born in Birmingham and educated at Solihull School, he initially studied architecture at Birmingham Art School before turning to photography. He moved to London to work as assistant to Henk Snoek, a leading architectural photographer of the 1960s.

He had started, aged 13, hill-walking and climbing with the Scouts, and thereafter climbing became his major motivation. He graduated to the Austrian Alps in 1960 from where,



Ken Wilson encounters Cesarino Fava at a conference discussing the controversy around the now widely discounted first ascent of Cerro Torre. Despite his sceptical expression, Wilson was momentarily swayed by Fava's charisma – but not for long. (Leo Dickinson)

after a Mountaineering Association course led by Plas y Brenin instructor Kris Paterson, he moved west and with Dave Cook, later a notable communist organiser, climbed most of the classic Arolla peaks. His Alpine record over the following decade, much of it in the Eastern Alps, included the Badile's north face, climbed in 1967 with Dick Isherwood.

He was still a student in 1961 when I first met him, a fellow guest at a Christmas house party at Paterson's Nant Peris cottage, where he accused me of prostituting my photography by working for a glossy fashion magazine, and surprised us all by refusing to join a jolly Christmas Day expedition to the Pen y Gwryd, preferring to remain at the fireside engrossed in Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. We thought this perverse: only later did we realise how it fitted. Ken was a political animal, although once he found himself in London working for Snoek, and then as an entrepreneur himself, his thinking rapidly matured to merely that of a benevolent radical.

By the mid 1960s Wilson was, not surprisingly, already known as a talented climbing photographer: one of the best. His images, powerful black and white compositions typically shot on medium format, included both dynamic action and powerful crag studies, owing much to his background in architectural photography and his strong design sense. As a discerning picture editor himself, these qualities soon proved invaluable.

In those days, besides the regular club journals, there were but two semi-commercial magazines devoted to our game: *Mountaineering*, the useful little BMC quarterly, and the more lavish but rather amateurish *Mountain Craft*, the organ of Jerry Wright's Mountaineering Association, but owned by the YHA. The ageing Wright operated from north London, not far from Wilson's flat, and was persuaded by Ken to let him redesign the magazine, and then take it over completely, producing in autumn 1968 a cracking first number, devoted entirely to Patagonia and highly priced at five shillings.

The January 1969 issue was renamed *Mountain* with the objective 'to break away from the commonplace mountain journalism that has been prevalent for so many years ... and of such high standard that it will be a must on every climber's bookshelf.' Nothing like it had been seen before. It was fully professional, avant-garde in style, visually enticing and above all authoritative, for by then Ken knew the game intimately, as well as many of its key players. That first issue became a collector's piece. Thus, Ken became a full-time editor and mountaineering journalist, staunchly supported by his wife Gloria, the London girl whom he had married in 1971. *Mountain* went from strength to strength, to international acclaim; in fact by the early 1970s the circulation figures abroad outstripped those for Britain.

Wilson was in an ideal position to crusade. While characteristically loud and outspoken, he was knowledgeable and unafraid of rocking the boat, believing passionately that the ethics of mountaineering were worth preserving. Elected to the Climbers' Club in 1965, and eventually to honorary membership, he campaigned for women's membership; he fought against the proliferation of chalk and particularly of bolts on British crags; he exposed fantasists who falsely claimed first ascents – notably that of

Cerro Torre in 1959 – and printed in-depth analyses of such things as the controversial international Everest attempt of 1971 and the Cairngorm Tragedy that autumn. Especially he deplored 'record seekers'. Despite vociferous objection from several senior members, he was elected to the AC in 1972, proposed by Mick Burke, seconded by Bonington.

His first stab at publishing was *The Black Cliff*, a definitive biography of Clogwyn du'r Arddu, written together with Pete Crew and Jack Soper, which he designed and coordinated. Published by Kaye & Ward in 1971, it was highly successful. *Hard Rock*, frequently revised since, first appeared in 1974, following an approach from Hart-Davis, MacGibbon. Compiled, designed and edited by Wilson, it is a coffee-table anthology of over 50 prime British rock routes, each described by a notable climber, profusely illustrated and presented as a glossy, large format tome.

Ten years running *Mountain* was enough, and while the magazine continued under a new editor and ownership, in 1978 Wilson started a publishing company, Diadem, together with the late Ken Vickers, the AC member who owned Cordee, the well-known book distributors. Installed in his new base on the western fringe of the Peak District, 'nearer the nerve centre of British climbing', there followed a steady trickle of memorable books. Most conspicuous were the large, full-colour volumes in *Hard Rock* style: *Classic Rock*, *Classic Walks*, *Extreme Rock*, *Cold Climbs* and others. There were anthologies of essays, notably *Games Climbers Play* (1978) and *Mirrors in the Cliffs* (1983) and Irvine Butterfield's excellent *High Mountains of Britain and Ireland* (1986). A fresh departure was publishing compendium editions of Tilman's *Seven Mountain Travel Book* (1983) and Shipton's *Six Mountain Travel Books* (1985). Some of these titles were jointly published with Mountaineers Books of Seattle for the American market. There can be few mountain aficionados who have not owned or read one or more of them.

Not surprisingly for such a small firm, cash flow was crucial, and at first each book financed the next, so it was something of a relief when Diadem was sold to Hodder & Stoughton in 1989, allowing Wilson to continue at Diadem but under the wing of a major publisher with a reputation for successful mountaineering books. Perhaps the most memorable title published under this new regime was *The High Mountains of the Alps* (1994), a lavish coffee-table volume translated, adapted and redesigned from the original German publication. Such books are expensive to produce, but although selling relatively few copies annually, are definitive and will continue to sell for many years. Always passionate about his books, Ken rang me one morning in tears: Hodder had been taken over, the accountants had moved in, the unbound pages of *High Mountains* occupied warehouse space and had therefore been pulped. (Publishers print a long run of pages but bind up volumes only as required.) Not only was the book out of print, never to appear again, Diadem itself was surplus to requirements.

Ken rose from the ashes: Bâton Wicks Publications Ltd was registered, and by 1997 he was prospering afresh, publishing titles such as Frank Smythe's *Six Climbing Books* compendium, while steadily reacquiring the

rights to, and republishing many of the titles on the Diadem list. Once again Ken Wilson had become an important creative force in mountain publishing until tragically, early in the new millennium, he developed Alzheimer's; new publishing tailed off and in 2013 the business was sold to Vertebrate Publishing as a going concern. Ken died on 11 June 2016, aged 75, but not before the Boardman Tasker had conferred on him a well-deserved lifetime achievement award. For 40 years Ken Wilson had been an integral part of the British mountain scene.

John Cleare

Ed Douglas writes: Now we email, then we talked and Ken Wilson would call at pretty much any time of day. The telephone was his window on the world and he kept the window open, broadcasting his high-voltage crackle of energy around the world. Joe Tasker told the story in his book *Savage Arena* of how, on returning to London from a new route on Dunagiri, he borrowed Ken's phone for some reason, and how agitated Ken became. 'It wasn't the cost – I was paying for the calls – he just felt out of touch with world mountaineering for as long as his phone was occupied.' At that point, in the mid 1970s, Ken was at the height of his powers, editing *Mountain* magazine, capturing the zeitgeist of world mountaineering like nothing had done before.

I remember being woken by the phone ringing early one morning when I was living in Manchester, editing a small rock-climbing magazine inspired mostly by Ken's example, like so many others following in his footsteps. This was in the late 1980s, when rock climbing was going through a seismic shift, perhaps its greatest, and Ken was arguing with characteristic passion a line that set him at odds with a large proportion of the new elite. I crawled out of bed, and picked up the receiver. It was Ken, sounding me out, trying to get to the bottom of what I believed. He did it with everyone. When he was publishing Ed Drummond's Byzantine collection of essays, *A Dream of White Horses*, Ken wrote to him asking precisely that: who exactly are you?

At first, he was just a wall of noise coming out of the earpiece, a Girolamo Savonarola of the heights, treating climbing as though it were a world religion whose fundamental precepts were under threat. This was Wilson the polemicist, spittle-flecked and somewhat disagreeable. Later, I came to appreciate and value the complexity of his character: his insatiable curiosity, his wisdom and his kindness, his surprising vulnerabilities.

Ken was not your typical binary thinker. Yes, the world could be divided into good and bad, black and white. Part of him revelled in that. He loved hierarchies. The early editions of *Mountain* magazine, the title that defined the first part of his career, were full of definitive lists, lassoing world climbing and wrangling it to the floor. Back then, in the late 1960s, no one behaved with such gleeful directness. He was Prometheus unchained, defining the world he was trying to describe. Very few editors get to do that. The side effect was a mood of competition, of taking climbers from their natural context and setting them against each other.

Yet his instincts were also profoundly libertarian, a paradox that explains how someone so opinionated could welcome such diversity. He adored the rough and tumble, and lacking self-importance took the consequences on the chin. *Mountain* thrived on a broad cross-section of voices and standpoints. He understood the complexities of teamwork, was warmly respectful to talent but would never genuflect. If *Mountain* sometimes drifted towards pomposity, there were writers like Tom Patey and Ian McNaught-Davis, two of climbing's best satirists, or the genius of cartoonist Sheridan Anderson, to dirty the tone a little, to have a laugh and let some light in. The letters pages were vibrant, critical, sometimes outraged and always manicured, like a garden, to provoke debate.

What drove Ken, I think, was his passion for the authentic. He took that very seriously. Publishing essays like Reinhold Messner's 'Murder of the Impossible' was the definition of what Ken was trying to do. What is it that makes climbing so compelling and satisfactory? It is a game with rules, but none of them written in an arena not of our own design, a competition with no clear winners, a place to impose our will and then have it ripped away. He was powerfully influenced by Lito Tejade-Flores' essay 'The Games Climbers Play', anthologising it in his classic essay collection of the same name as the lead article.

He took the more journalistic parts of the job very seriously, mounting determined investigations. He provided excellent and concise coverage of the Cairngorm Tragedy of 1971. Fraudsters were of particular interest. He was quick to expose the fantasist Duncan McCallum who was claiming routes that he clearly hadn't done. His inquiry into the claimed first ascent of Cerro Torre in 1959 was far more significant. Even after he stopped editing *Mountain*, he remained a sounding board and advisor for those like Rolo Garibotti who had the courage to keep pressing.

His books were underpinned by the same principles that *Mountain* had thrived under: scope, ambition and passion. *Hard Rock* serves as the best example, an eclectic smorgasbord of essays about British rock climbing at a particular moment that somehow contrives to give a sweeping overview, like a painting by Bruegel.

He was nervous around more literary writers. Drummond's collection was his only real attempt to bring something of such complexity to press, although he used Jim Perrin to great effect as an editor for *Mirrors in the Cliff*, his second compendium, and for new editions of H W Tilman and Eric Shipton. His great strength was in his organisational ability, his scope, his enthusiasm and his clear visual imagination. He made books to last, books that rewarded close attention, and readers responded warmly. Ken was likeable and so were his books. He was such a presence, such a commanding figure, bristling and industrious, that even though he was largely gone by the time he died, the feeling of loss was profound.