
In Memoriam

COMPILED BY GEOFFREY TEMPLEMAN

(Plates 87-90)

The Alpine Club Obituary

Year of Election

Aritsune 'Yuko' Maki	1926 (Hon 1970)
J Monroe Thorington	1927 (Hon 1946)
John Armstrong Fergusson Watson	1954
Eleanor Baillie	LAC 1952
Andrew Paul Diamond	1989
Eric Bentley Beauman	1920
Peter Cresswell	ACG 1976
Marjorie B Heys-Jones	LAC 1935
Julian Vincent Anthoine	1969
Soli S Mehta	1974
Julian David Layton	1933
Alison M Barton	LAC 1956
Sir John Hamilton Wedgwood	1939

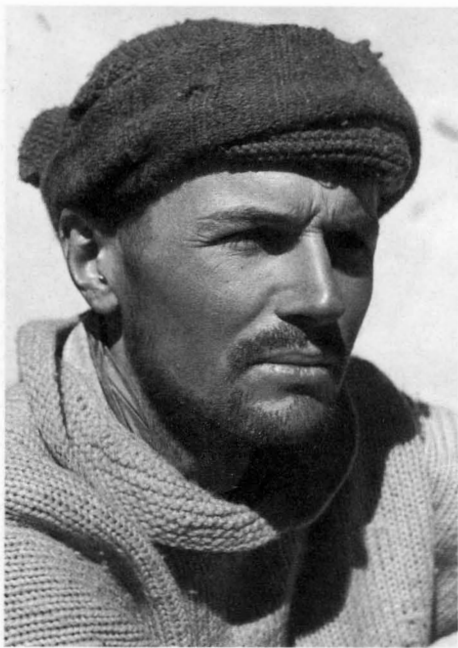
I am pleased to be able to start this year with tributes to five of our members who appeared in last year's Alpine Club Obituary, and to end with two for well-known climbers who were members for only a short time.

Erwin Schneider 1906-1987

An unusual life, unconventionally led, has ended. It was marked by outstanding achievements in the mountains of his home and of the world. We should remember it; it should be an example to fill the young with enthusiasm.

Erwin Schneider was born on 13 April 1906 in Joachimstal in Bohemia; he attended the modern secondary school in Salzburg, passed the school-leaving examination in 1924 and then began to study mining at the Technische Hochschule in Berlin. He graduated in 1934 as a qualified engineer.

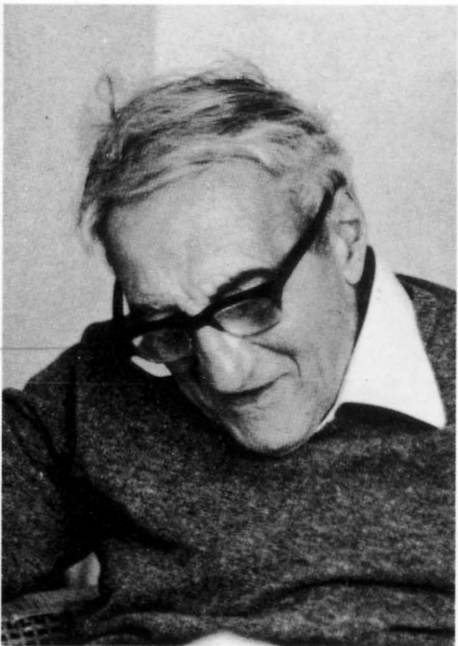
While still at school he had carried out (from Salzburg) sensational climbs on the Untersberg, on the Bischofsmütze and in the Tennengebirge. He called them 'sins of his youth', but very likely these early exploits were already marked by the characteristics which enabled him to grow famous and old as a mountaineer: he was quick, incredibly tough and strong in performance, he was good in assessing risks, using his head and his intuition, and he had the necessary pocketful of luck.



87. *John Howard (1917–1988)* (p 295)



88. *Guido Monzino (1928–1988)* (p 295)



89. *Marco Pallis (1894–1988)* (by courtesy of Richard Nicholson) (p 295)



90. *Erwin Schneider (1906–1987)* during the 1955 *International Himalayan Expedition*. (Norman G Dyhrenfurth) (p 295)

While still a student, Schneider participated in three big expeditions: in 1928, 22 years old, to the Pamir, where he climbed eight peaks of over 6000m, finishing with the first ascent, together with E Allwein and K Wien, of Pik Lenin (7135m); in 1930, under G Dyhrenfurth, to Kangchenjunga, when he made the first ascent of four 7000ers and, with Jongsong Peak (7449m), the ascent of the highest peak climbed at that date; and, in 1932, in the Cordillera Blanca, he made the first ascents of seven peaks, including Huascaran (6768m), the highest mountain of Peru. In 1934, on Nanga Parbat, he was extremely fit and performed outstandingly with Peter Aschenbrenner, but the summit was denied him. After his return from this tragic expedition (three climbers and six porters lost their lives), he was treated with great injustice. He never recovered from this treatment, but maintained an iron silence. In all these expeditions he was present first of all as a climber, but in addition as assistant surveyor to help with the survey activities. In 1936, in the Cordillera Huayhuash (Peru), in addition to five first ascents, he carried out for the first time independent survey measurements and their evaluation.

In 1939, when Schneider was 33, he made a winter ascent of the Biancograt and suffered such severe frøst damage to both feet (already damaged by frost on Pik Lenin) that all the toes and the bones of the middle foot had to be amputated. The doctors prophesied he would be limping on crutches for the rest of his life. Schneider answered with a 'tired smile' and embarked upon his great period as daring skier and mountain surveyor.

During the Second World War, and the years immediately following it, he created the basis for the Alpenverein-Maps of the Ötztal Alps and the Arlberg region; and the photography of the Everest region in 1955 was his greatest achievement up to that time; the Everest map has become world-famous. Only he himself exceeded this achievement through his work as Director of the Survey Team of the German Research Enterprise Nepal-Himalaya (1959–1974), when about 11,000km² of mainly severe high-mountain country in E Nepal was photographed and measured out for maps. The same period also saw his photographic and evaluation work for the three Alpenverein-Maps of the Wetterstein mountains, for the map of Mt Kenya (1963) and of Huascaran in the Cordillera Blanca (1964). His last project was put into practice in 1983 on the Lewis Glacier (Mt Kenya); this gave him the greatest pleasure on the occasion of his 77th birthday.

Erwin Schneider was a great all-round mountaineer, always according to the motto: 'the longer, the steeper, the better', which led to his exceptional achievements as a mountain surveyor. His maps formed the principal basis for the work of aeroplanes and satellites in the field today, not only for mountaineers but also for earth scientists of all kinds. This was his central aim: to contribute – through the combination of sports and survey activity – to the exploration of mountains, of the 'uneven territory'. That is what he lived for. He was unstintingly generous in handing on the benefit of his experience and, without reservation, he passed on his store of pictures and maps to anyone interested. He always generously supported the young, and often took them along to the greater ranges at his own cost. This sparked off the careers of many young mountaineers and explorers. With his style of life it was not always easy

to live with him; he could be demanding, and it required skill and stubbornness to oppose his ideas and his iron will.

He refused all honours and invitations to make public appearances; but he appears to have accepted (as a recognition of his achievements) the designation *excellenti in litteris* granted by Innsbruck University (1959), and the title of professor (1975) bestowed by the Federal President on the basis of a unanimous proposal from the Faculty of Philosophy. He retained his style of life to the end and in December 1986 had his 'last fling', making extensive surveying trips in Nepal. Although he was not supposed to go above 3000m, on this occasion he flew with an Indian pilot, in an open plane without oxygen mask, up to over 7000m towards Kangchengjunga. After 56 years he was delighted and moved to be able to see once more the camp-sites, routes and summits which had been the scene of his first arrival in Nepal in 1930: the country which had become his second home. On his return he immediately made plans for a new flight to the Cordillera Blanca; but this was not to happen.

Erwin Schneider was granted a life that was fulfilled, enviably without routine and active to the end, a life which allowed him to pursue his interests and desires single-minded. His wife Adelheid made this possible. He died in Lech on 18 August 1987, in his 82nd year. 'Forget me' was one of his favourite leave-takings. Sorry, Erwin – that's not possible. 'End of the message' – that's better.

Dr Gernot Patzelt

(Translation of a biographical notice kindly communicated by Norman Dyhrenfurth.)

Guido Monzino 1928–1988

Guido Monzino was born in Milan on 2 March 1928. At a very early age he joined the firm *La Standa Grandi Magazzini* which his father had established throughout Italy. After a hard apprenticeship, which started at the bottom of the ladder, by 1953 he found himself in charge of the business. His rise demonstrated early and exceptional organizing ability coupled with outstanding drive.

At that stage of his life – 1955 – his passion for mountaineering began. His bold, restless spirit displayed itself in ever-changing enterprises: alpine raids, expeditions to Africa, Patagonia, the Karakoram and the Arctic. The means employed varied, but his expeditions always included numerous alpine guides from the Aosta valley.

Early on, Guido Monzino had become aware of the intellectual and physical potential of this new generation of alpinists, distinguished by their passion for mountaineering – a potential which only required a co-ordinator in order to be realized, allowing these men to put themselves to the test in major new undertakings.

Under Monzino's influence the expeditions had an exploratory and scientific character, besides having formative and cultural value for the guides and the various companions whom he selected on different occasions.

A modern explorer whose qualities rested on his overpowering

enthusiasm and his capacity for meticulous organization, he had a personal authority which allowed him to obtain optimum results from all who were pledged to his enterprises.

He had the strongest human interest in the people of the countries he visited, and thus his work was one of loyalty, education and proselytism which left a lasting mark.

Monzino had the character of a man of the Italian Renaissance, partaking of the austerity, pragmatism and daring of the great British navigators and explorers. Without any doubt he was one of the elect amongst explorers.

His successes at the North Pole in 1971 and on Everest in 1973, after 10 Arctic expeditions and nine to the Italian Alps, Africa, South America and the Himalaya, bear ample witness to his worldwide designs and his determination in carrying them out. In some cases his exploits were set within the cultural frame, in others the scientific, but always within the human context. Personal honours he spurned, carrying ahead that tradition of courage, professionalism and dedication characteristic of the mountain men chosen by him so as to set an example to all.

In Italy, as sometimes happens, Guido Monzino's achievements received little recognition. Indeed, there was criticism of the large scale of the means employed on the Italian Everest expedition, the critics overlooking the spirit which infused Monzino's ventures.

There is a secure place in the history of exploration and mountaineering for this man, who generously gave all he had – his inspiration, skill and personal qualities – for a goal which served both to raise the human spirit and to offer eternal challenge to nature.

Laurent Ferretti

(Translation of a biographical notice kindly communicated by Efsio Noussan.)

Guido Monzino's Expeditions
Gradatim conscenditur ad alta (Monzino's motto)

1. West Africa (1955)
2. Grandes Murailles (1956)
3. Cerro Paine and Torri del Paine (1957–58)
4. Kanjut Sar (1959)
5. Kilimanjaro (1959–60)
6. West Greenland (66°) (1960)
7. Mount Kenya (1960–61)
8. West Greenland (74°) (1961)
9. Ruwenzori (1961–62)
10. West Greenland (72°, with sledges) (1962)
11. West Greenland (70°) (1962)
12. Staunings Alps (East Greenland) (two expeditions, 1963 and 1964)
13. Tibesti (1963–64)
14. Hoggar (1964–65)
15. West Greenland (nautical) (two expeditions, 1968 and 1970)
16. Jacobshavn-Kanak (with sledges) (1969)

17. Kanak-Cape Columbia (with sledges) (1970)
18. Cape Columbia-North Pole (with sledges) (1971)
19. Everest (1973)

John William Howard 1917-1988

John Howard's climbing career spanned over half a century, from the first entry in his 'Record of Ascents and Passes Crossed' - 'walked up Slieve Donard (Mourne Mountains), August 1929' - to the last record of a walking holiday in the Engadine in June 1986. There were interruptions in the war years but even then, when he was able to get a couple of weeks' leave in 1940, he used it to climb Kilimanjaro, and in 1943 he made two short trips to Mt Kenya.

His abiding love for mountains and mountaineering developed in the university long summer vacations which he spent with a Swiss family in the Val d'Hérens. Officially he was improving his French, but he managed to kill two birds with one stone by learning mountaineering with the local guides as well. He recorded Alpine seasons in 1935, 1936, 1937 and 1938, and lists the Dent Blanche, Zinalrothorn and Matterhorn among his peaks and passes.

When Howard left Cambridge his degree and personality met the high standards set by the British Colonial Service, and 1939 found him in Kenya as an administrative cadet. This apprenticeship in the art of government was cut short by call-up to the army and posting to the 5th Battalion The King's African Rifles, with whom he served as Intelligence Officer; in Abyssinia against the Italians, where he distinguished himself at the crossing of the Awash River Gorge, and in Madagascar against the Vichy French.

In 1944 the Colonial Government claimed his services once again, and he resumed his career in the Kenya administration. By then too, he had accumulated sufficient expeditions to be elected to the Alpine Club.

1945 saw his third visit to Mt Kenya (*AJ* 55, 284-287, 1945-46). In the following year he made his fourth visit there, this time in the company of Arthur Firmin, when this formidable partnership made the first ascent of the S face and SW ridge of Batian. Also in 1946, he was able to return to the Swiss Alps, his first love, where he added the Mittaghorn, the Südlenzspitze-Dom, the Evêque and the Dent de Zailion to his list. During the same leave from Kenya he renewed his acquaintance with the Lake District.

In 1947, 1948 and 1949 Howard made more ascents on Mt Kenya, including the second ascent of the W ridge of Batian and the SE face of Nelion. In those days a visit to these peaks had almost the glamour of exploration, and few of the present well-trodden routes had been done. He was one of the élite few who helped to change all that. Drawing on his European experience, he took the full gamut of alpinism to colonial Africa. His climbs on Mt Kenya, many with his friend Arthur Firmin, are recorded in *AJ* 60, 270-275, 1955. He would be the first to agree that the achievements of some of the 'hard men' of recent years are in a different league from his pioneering climbs. Nonetheless, today's climbers on Mt Kenya are climbing on foundations he helped to lay.

A keen member of the Mountain Club of Kenya, Howard gave unstinting help and encouragement to many. In 1959, with Fullerton, he took Kiso

Munyao up Shipton's route to become the first African to reach the summit of Mt Kenya.

Then, of course, there was Himal Chuli. The 1955 Kenya Expedition to this 7864m peak grew out of the long and fruitful partnership between Howard and Firmin, who both dreamed of achieving something bigger and higher than anything in Africa or Europe. They were the inspiration and joint leaders of the enterprise.

There were many occasions when Howard's administrative training stood the party in good stead – in encounters with the local administration *en route* to the mountain, but most importantly when the expedition ran into the snowline well below the normal summer level, and many miles from the intended Base Camp. The 70 porters, most of them clad only in thin cotton clothing and without shoes, said they weren't employed to carry over snow – and they certainly weren't equipped to sleep on it. Howard, wearing his 'Bombay bowler' and looking the part, held a good old-fashioned *baraza*, as practised by all proper District Commissioners in Colonial Africa in those days, and remained calm and dignified. After patient negotiations, lasting nearly all day, the porters agreed that several of them would do a carry over the snow the next day, drop their loads and return to sleep – not enough to save the situation, but much better than nothing.

The story of the rest of the expedition, and the tragic death of Arthur Firmin after breaking a leg on easy boulder scree just above Base Camp, has been told by Howard in this journal (*AJ60 et seq*). Firmin's death within a few hours' carry of the 'Shining Hospital' in Pokhara, after the epic struggle to get him off the mountain, was an immensely traumatic experience for Howard which left a lasting effect.

All this took place as Howard was steadily climbing the ladder in the Colonial Service; in 1950 he was selected to run a three-year course in colonial administration at Cambridge University. He spent some time as a District Commissioner, did a spell with the African Land Development Board, and became acting Provincial Commissioner before returning to Britain in 1962.

The following year saw him back in Kenya undertaking a special assignment on boundary demarcation at the time of independence. This was followed by an assignment with the Overseas Development Administration in West Africa. Later he was recalled from retirement to join the cadre of distinguished colonial officials who went to the newly independent Zimbabwe to observe the first general election.

In 1965 he was elected a member of the committee of the Alpine Club, and he continued to make regular trips to the Alps, Wales, Scotland and the Lakes – sometimes just with his family, sometimes with fellow members of the Alpine Club and the Mountain Club of Kenya on their end-of-the-year meet. He was always ready for a walk on the North and South Downs, and he continued with excursions of this kind right up to his death.

All who were privileged to know Howard say that they remember him as much for his outstanding personal qualities as for his climbing capabilities. His life was governed throughout by the strength of his Christian principles which even seemed to manifest themselves at his funeral, described by some who were

there as being infused with a happy and quiet confidence. On rock he also had the power to inspire total confidence in those climbing with him: one knew for sure that everything was firmly under control.

John Howard died at the age of 71 after a fall, in no way a climbing accident, while camping in the south of France. He leaves his wife Elizabeth, a member of a well-known Kenya farming family, a son Jonathon who is a regular Army officer and two daughters – one of whom, Sarah, he imbued with his own love of mountains and mountaineering.

*John Hull, John Blacker, Charles Richards,
Bob Caukwell, David Wilson
and Sarah Howard*

Alexander Harrison 1890–1988

Alexander (Sandy) Harrison, who died in December 1988 in his 99th year, was a remarkable man who – despite being handicapped by blindness in his later years – continued to take a keen interest in current affairs and, particularly, in mountaineering.

Sandy was a grandson of Sir George Harrison, a former Provost of Edinburgh who is remembered for his energy and wide and varied interests, many of which Sandy himself developed in turn. His keen intellect showed at school (Merchiston); afterwards he studied to become a chartered accountant, winning the gold medal of the Scottish Institute for the best candidate.

His career was interrupted by the First World War, in which he was commissioned first in the Royal Scots and then in the Machine Gun Corps (The Suicide Corps); he was one of very few officers in the latter to survive the war. Although listed to travel on the troop train involved in the Gretna disaster, a fortunate last-minute change of plan prevented him from boarding the train.

In professional life Sandy set and maintained a high standard of excellence. His merit and sound judgement were reflected in his appointments which included the Chairmanship of the Standard Life Assurance, of the Edinburgh Investment Trust, of Cowans of Penicuik and of the Edinburgh Savings Bank, and Vice-Chairmanship of the British Linen Bank.

A distinguished mountaineer and a proficient skier, Sandy was elected to the Scottish Mountaineering Club in 1918 and the Alpine Club in 1939. In the 1920s his skill and experience were recognized by an invitation to join one of the expeditions to Mount Everest, which very reluctantly he had to decline due to other commitments. He was one of the first British mountaineers to climb guideless in the Alps, where his companions included Frank Smythe. In 1938 R L G Irving published an anthology which included an article by Smythe graphically portraying how Sandy's endurance and skill enabled the party to descend safely from high on the Schreckhorn in a prolonged storm.

In 1926 Sandy's love of the countryside led him, along with a like-minded group of friends, to found the Association for the Preservation of Rural Scotland. He also played a dominant role in the formation of the National Trust for Scotland in 1931, and he served on various committees of the Trust for

many years. As might be expected, he played a very important part in the acquisition of the Trust's mountain properties.

Although latterly handicapped by blindness, Sandy continued to enjoy country walking – with a friend's hand under his elbow when the ground became rough. Always friendly, Sandy is missed not only by his wife Jean and close family, but also by a wide circle of friends.

Bill Wallace

Kenneth Neville Irvine 1906–1988

Kenneth Irvine, who died at Henley-on-Thames on 16 November 1988 aged 82, was the middle of five brothers all at Shrewsbury, most of them notable oarsmen. The one just above him in age was Sandy who, after proving himself a pillar of Shrewsbury and Oxford crews, lost his life on Everest in 1924. Kenneth himself was no mean oarsman at Magdalen in the 1920s. I have happy memories of him at school and at the Oxford of those days. I am sad that I saw less of him in later days, when my spare time went to the world of cricket and his to rowing, but no one could fail to hear of the legendary hospitality which he and his wife Phyl extended to young oarsmen at their home in Henley, particularly to young Salopians.

For many years Kenneth was a popular and trusted doctor at Henley. He had won a Travelling Fellowship to New York after Oxford and became a specialist in tuberculosis vaccine, on which he wrote a number of papers and for which he was awarded an OBE. In the Second World War he served as a Major in the RAMC in Iraq and Belgium.

Kenneth was elected a member of the AC in 1929. His record of climbs when applying for membership shows that he did many of the standard climbs in the Mont Blanc range in the mid-1920s, mostly in guideless parties led by Herbert Carr, but occasionally with such well-known guides as Joseph Knubel and Armand Charlet. In 1929 he was filming with George Finch in the Bernina.

I have one vivid memory of Kenneth in later years. Like myself, he could come only seldom to events at the Club, but we met on that memorable evening when we welcomed back the conquerors of Everest in summer 1953. He and I were standing in a corner, talking of old times, when an official of the Club brought Tenzing and Hillary to introduce to Kenneth. At this stage I modestly bowed out, and have always regretted since that I did not stay on, as a silent fourth, to listen to what must have been an historic conversation – the two men who got to the top talking with the younger brother of the man who may possibly have done so.

Rupert Martin

Aritsune 'Yuko' Maki 1894–1989

Yuko Maki was the first Japanese to climb extensively overseas, and the first to introduce Alpine climbing techniques to Japan. Born in 1894 in Sendai, northern Japan, he climbed Japan's highest peak, Mt Fuji (3720m), at the age of 10. In his early teens he climbed many of the major peaks in Japan, from Goat's

Foot Peak in Hokkaido to the world's largest volcano, Mt Aso, on the southern island of Kyushu. In 1915 he established a mountaineering club at his school, the prestigious Keio University in Tokyo. This was to become one of the 'Big Three' university climbing clubs in Japan, together with those at Kyoto University and at Waseda. After graduating from Keio in 1919 and brief graduate studies in the US and the UK, Maki moved to Switzerland and spent the following two years climbing in the Alps, culminating in the first ascent of the Mittellegi ridge of the Eiger. It was during this apprenticeship in the Alps that Maki, 'that small, short, friendly man from the distant country', became a popular figure amongst the European climbing fraternity.

In 1922 Maki returned to Japan and made the climb for which he became famous in his home country, the first winter ascent of Yarigadake (3180m), the second highest peak in the Northern Alps, the most technically challenging range in Japan. The following January he and two friends attempted Tateyama, the most northerly 3000m peak in Japan, but both friends were injured, one fatally, in the winter ascent. Then, in 1925, Maki led the first Japanese expedition overseas, achieving the first ascent of Mt Alberta (3619m) in the Canadian Rockies.

At this point Maki began entertaining the notion of organizing the first Japanese expedition to the Himalaya and, in order to train and test equipment, he made a number of extreme winter ascents, including Fuji in 1932 and, in 1935, Paektu-san (2744m), the highest peak on the Korean peninsula which sits on what is now the border between North Korea and Chinese Manchuria, overlooking the Siberian plain.

In 1936 a group from Rikyo University technically won the race to the Himalaya by successfully climbing Nanda Kot (6860m). In 1937 war broke out between China and Japan, and Japanese participation in international climbing was suspended until the end of the Second World War. Maki was then placed at the forefront of Japan's post-war alpine re-emergence, as Chairman of the Japanese Mountaineering Association in 1944-45 (and again, from 1951 to 1955). Nepal opened its borders and a new race was on, to climb the giants. The French went for Annapurna, the Swiss and British for Everest, and the Japanese for Manaslu. The first two Japanese expeditions to Manaslu, in 1953 and 1955, both ended in failure but in 1956 Yuko Maki, at the age of 62, led the third Japanese expedition to the world's seventh highest peak. This time they were successful. On 9 May Manaslu became the eighth 8000m peak to be conquered and the Japanese had climbed their first 8000er. For Maki this was the crowning achievement in a lifetime of alpine pioneering. In 1965 he was awarded the Emperor's Prize for Cultural Achievement.

Michael Jardine

John Armstrong Fergusson Watson 1904-1989

John Watson died in 1989 at the age of 84. He had been a member of the Alpine Club for nearly 35 years, but his climbing started in the 1920s when he first began walking and scrambling in the British hills. He was a long-standing member of the Climbers' Club, the Wayfarers and the Rucksack Club.

Throughout the period after the Second World War he was engaged in manufacturing industry in the Midlands, finally running his own company. This facilitated his access to the hills of North Wales and the Lake District, where he was a frequent weekend visitor throughout the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s. During this time he was a dedicated supporter of the Climbers' Club and served almost continuously from 1945 onwards either on the northern subcommittee, the main committee, or as hut custodian.

His first Alpine season was in 1947, when I climbed with him for a fortnight of perfect weather. He climbed the Besso, the Tête Blanche, the Zinalrothorn and the Grand Cornier, as well as the Col Durand and the Pointe de Zinal. Most of his subsequent Alpine climbing was in the Valais. In later years his active climbing was severely curtailed by hip trouble, but he continued to walk in the hills, and he was a regular attender at Alpine Club meetings until well past his 80th birthday.

John was proposed for election to the Alpine Club by Dick Viney, who wrote:

He is a man of considerable strength of character, of great independence of mind and very strong loyalties. But in spite of being an individualist to the very core of his nature, he devoted great time and trouble to those institutions of which he is a member.

John Watson was a good companion in the hills – a strong, steady and reliable climber who made no claims to be a virtuoso. My most vivid memory of him is of his descent through the night from a point just below the summit of the Täschhorn where, having more or less completed the ascent of the Teufelsgrat, he was struck by falling rocks and suffered a broken shoulder-blade and a dislocated shoulder. His gallant descent is described in *AJ* 57, 172–180, 1949–50.

J H Emlyn Jones

Eleanor Baillie d 1989

Eleanor Baillie joined the Ladies' Alpine Club in 1952. She climbed, as most of us did, in the Alps, but it was in more distant lands and in a spirit of exploration that most of her climbing was done, sometimes with other LAC members, sometimes alone. She always showed a tremendous interest not only in the country but also in the people she met, and in their lives and work.

In 1953 she went to Iceland, her 'chief desire being to see the greatest glacier in Europe – the Vatnajökul'. She stayed with Icelandic families, in the towns and on the farms, and so entered into the ordinary life of the Icelandic people and realized the importance to them of their fishing. She travelled widely and, as she says, the natural wonders of Iceland and their variety left her amazed. She climbed Esja, 'the thousand-coloured mountain', and the Hengill mountain and the Tindafjalla.

In 1955 Eleanor, in company with Dorothy Lee and Dorothy Arning, went to Morocco and climbed in the Atlas Mountains. Enquiries made

beforehand from the vice-consul in Casablanca gave warning of unrest, but they met with no trouble and received much kindness from both Arabs and French. They climbed Toubkal and Tizi n'Ouagane. Eleanor says of their leader, Aomai, 'he was a born mountaineer, but not a guide.' He climbed the peaks and waited for his clients on the summits.

In 1958 Eleanor again visited Norway and climbed in the Lofoten Islands. The next year she went alone to Crete, climbing, walking and exploring. She had introductions from the Greek Embassy in London and great help locally from the army and the Chief of Police. She says: 'For the mountain lover and the mountaineer, there is the joy of mountains from end to end of the island.' She climbed Mt Ida and also in the Lasithi Mountains and the White Mountains.

In 1960 Eleanor, with Joyce Dunsheath, planned to take a party to the Pamir. This expedition did not materialize quite as planned, through cost and injuries, but the result was that two peaks were climbed – Demavend in Iran and Mir Samir in Afghanistan.

Professionally, Eleanor was a musician, both a teacher and a performer. She was a Fellow of Trinity College and a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.

Mary Starkey

Eric Bentley Beauman 1891–1989

Eric Bentley Beauman was born on 7 February 1891. A six-year-old Victorian at the time of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, he was to live on as a man of the twentieth century for over 80 years, playing an essential if modest role in the period spanning two world wars. He chose the path of support and informed, intelligent comment, with consideration and understanding for others. I had the privilege of knowing him when he was 59 and a retired RAF Wing Commander, and I was a young member of the newly-formed RAF Mountaineering Association.

A treasured family photograph of a very youthful Bentley has a note dated 5 March 1978, written in his own hand: 'Self in 25 HP Deperdussin Monoplane in which I took Royal Aero Club Flying Certificate June 1913.' This early involvement with aviation was preceded by a period at Geneva University where he went to learn French after being introduced to the hills as a schoolboy at Malvern College. He came back to England as an alpine mountaineer and skier, with an interest which remained with him throughout his life.

Soon after returning from Switzerland he learned to fly at Hendon, flew in several air displays, then went to France to train under Blériot. His Royal Aero Club Certificate was No 510.

Called up on 3 August 1914 into the Royal Naval Air Service, he reported at Eastchurch and Hendon before being told at the Air Division of the Admiralty that he was now the 'sole air defence of London'. He had neither observer nor armaments and, as he wrote later, 'fortunately no Zeppelin came over the city while I was defending it in this way.' He then served in anti-submarine patrols at home and in the Aegean as well as commanding seaplane

stations at Dundee and Newhaven. In 1917 he was mentioned in dispatches.

In 1918 Bentley transferred to the Royal Air Force as a founder member. Two years later he joined the Alpine Club. His application, dated 3 February 1920, proposed by Dennis Murray, and seconded by J C Muir, was made as a Flight Lieutenant Regular G D Royal Air Force Officer and Flying Instructor from No 10 Group, Warmash, Hants.

In 1922 he was selected for the first RAF Staff College course held at Bracknell under the direction of Brooke Popham, thereafter a lifelong friend. Here Bentley's literary talent soon emerged; he wrote a play in which several future high-flyers in the RAF took part and Portal was cast as Cromwell. Among other young mountaineers on that first course were R Cochrane and P Drummond.

1926 saw Bentley serving as private secretary to Lord Trenchard, Chief of the Air Staff, and from 1932 to 1933 he was an Instructor at the RAF Staff College. Later on there were other sympathetic people, such as Leo Amery, in high places when extended periods of leave were needed for an RAF officer to take part in the Kamet and Canadian Coast Range expeditions of 1931 and 1934.

Bentley's application for Alpine Club membership, still to be found in the Club records, is an interesting record of the climbs he made between 1909 and 1919, with the omission of the war period 1914-1918. They include in 1910 the third traverse of the entire arête of the Dents Blanches de Champéry, and in 1914 a winter first ascent of the Gross Spannort with the guide Josef Kuster, together with a guideless ascent of the Weisshorn with K de Walteville SAC, his Geneva University climbing companion. Captain Crowe, J W Wyatt AC, G F Whidborne, A J Warner, R B Robertson and T Barstow are also listed as climbing companions.

In Bentley's 1951 *Field* article, 'First Time Up', readers learned that his Lake District climbs before the First World War started like this: 'In the spring of 1914 Dennis Murray and I, after taking flying certificates were waiting to be called up for training in the military and naval wings of the Royal Flying Corps. We had both done a certain amount of climbing in the Alps, and Murray, who also knew some of the Lakeland climbs, was anxious to try out the "very severes"; we had never climbed together before but we were both enthusiastic mountaineers.' Running into difficulties in Oppenheimer's Chimney they found, out to the right, a blind corner which had most satisfactory unseen holds behind it. Later they simply stated: 'The variation of the climb that day saved us from a night near the top of Pillar Mountain and an ignominious rescue next day. It must be unusual for a new route to be made unintentionally.' It often happens that firsts are made out of sheer necessity and the heat of the moment; so was born the 'Alternative finish - D G Murray and E B Beuman' as listed in the contemporary climbing periodicals. The article concludes: 'The excitements of that day were by no means over, for on our way home we were privileged to watch at close quarters one of the most notable feats of British mountaineering - the first ascent of the Central Buttress of Scafell by that brilliant pair S W Herford and G S Sansom.' This is typical of Bentley Beuman's view of his own achievements.

The 25,447ft Kamet in 1931 must have been Bentley's most exciting and at the same time most disappointing experience. The group led by F S Smythe also included E St J Birnie, E E Shipton, C R Greene and R L Holdsworth. Kamet was the first 25,000ft peak to be climbed, and as late as 1942 only Nanda Devi and Kamet had been claimed; Everest, Kangchenjunga, K2 and Nanga Parbat remained inviolate despite the endeavours of British, American, German, Austrian and French mountaineers. Many of the peaks up to 20,000ft had been climbed 50 years earlier, so the success on Kamet on the India-Tibet border in 1931 was a triumph indeed.

Frank Smythe in his account (*Kamet Conquered*, p34) simply describes Wing Commander Beauman of the RAF as 'a mountaineer of many years' standing. He has a large number of first-class Alpine climbs and ski expeditions to his credit.' On page 213 Smythe refers to Bentley's disappointment: '... Beauman decided [at Camp 5, 23,500ft] that he would not accompany the second [summit] party. Unselfishly, therefore, he decided not to imperil the safety or success of his companions by risking exhaustion or collapse. It was a wise decision, and one made in accordance with the best traditions of mountaineering.' It should be mentioned that Greene had administered ammonium chloride to himself and Beauman to counteract the lack of oxygen at high altitude; clearly it did not work for Bentley. Years later, in November 1956, Bentley – when noting that the ski record of 23,500ft on Kamet was still held by the Ski Club of Great Britain – typically omitted the small detail that the skier was himself.

During the Kamet march-out to Badrinath he and Greene came across footprints which their porter identified as those of the yeti. In July 1937 Guy Dollman of the British Museum of Natural History wrote in a letter to *The Times*: 'Wing Commander E B Beauman once again revives the rumours of the existence of the "Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas".' Bentley's own scrapbook continues until 1955 with letters on the subject from F S Smythe, H W Tilman, E E Shipton and many others, together with those from the Natural History Museum. I suspect that he had an open mind but enjoyed the whole idea of such a creature; his short article dated 22 September 1955, entitled 'On the trail of the Snowman', written while reviewing Ralph Izzard's book *Abominable Snowman Expedition of 1950*, concludes with the statement of fact: 'So this remarkable mystery still remains to be solved.' Today in 1990 the mystery persists, and I hope for Bentley's sake that this is how it will remain.

Regret that Bentley was not included in the 1933 Everest expedition, two years after Kamet, has recently been expressed by Sir Jack Longland: 'Bentley was a very competent, reliable and safe climber. I still believe we ought to have had him with us on Everest in 1933, but the rules on upper age limits then were pretty strict even if mistakenly so. Apart from the Leader and the Transport Officer, we were all in our twenties or early thirties, and Bentley Beauman would have been 42. All the same I am sure he would have improved our efficiency and enlivened our evenings together.'

As an expert skier Bentley was a natural choice for Sir Norman Watson's pioneer crossing of the Coast Range in British Columbia in 1934. His account was read before the Alpine Club on 30 October 1934 and reported in *AJ*47,

75–86, 1935; he also lectured to the Royal Geographical Society. The crossing was completed by way of the Homathko Valley and river, Lake Twist, Scimitar valley, Scimitar canyon, the 2600m Col Fury Gap and the Franklin glacier down to Knight Inlet, where a Norwegian with his boat waited five days for their safe arrival. To recall a snippet from the second day in the Homathko valley: 'It was necessary for three men with woodman's axes and shovels to go ahead to hack and dig a way for the pony train to cross and recross the river. The trees were the real enemy, old trees, young trees, rotten and burnt trees, Douglas Firs, Jack Pines, Spruce, Poplar and Birch; they formed a tangled mass barring our path forward.' Five days of blizzard with two feet of fresh snow in Scimitar canyon prevented the ponies from making further progress, and the stores had to be manhandled up to Fury Gap and the Col. It appeared that Watson had sought the advice of very few people who knew anything about the district. Those he did ask had not approached it in the winter or spring, and they advised that the attempt should be abandoned. The success of the attempt says much of the team of E J King, Clifford White (Canadian), Camille Couttet (Chamonix guide), Beauman and Pete McCormick, trapper and Yukon 'old-timer', and his 21 mountain ponies pack-train with 150lb loads per pony. Bentley's chapter on the expedition in *Living Dangerously* ends: 'As the little motor boat chugged its way placidly down the great Inlet we turned to take one last farewell of our Valley of Adventure. While we gazed the giant trees guarding its entrance seemed to press more closely together, and once again Mystery Mountain was left in peace to brood over its wild ice kingdom, inhabited only by the wolves and bears.' Today Mystery Mountain is known as Mount Waddington.

Wing Commander E B Beauman was President of the Alpine Ski Club from 1932 to 1935, and an honorary member from 1978. He was made a Vice-President of the newly-formed RAF Mountaineering Association in 1951, having been a stalwart supporter during its formation period in 1947; he could well have been its first Chairman. From 1952 to 1954 he was Chairman of the Touring and Mountaineering Committee of the Ski Club of Great Britain, and from 1947 to 1958 Honorary Librarian of the Alpine Club.

In 1938 Bentley resigned from the RAF to take a permanent post at the Air Ministry, and in June 1940 he married the Public Relations Flight Officer in the WAAF Directorate. In the Second World War, as Taste and Suitability Censor for the RAF, he soon extended his vetting responsibilities by encouraging pilots, at first on a question-and-answer basis, to broadcast after air battles over this country and abroad. He was permitted still to wear uniform and, when he was RAF Liaison Officer with the BBC, a statement that 'here is the Wing Commander as usual' introduced several of the early talks. In 1941 these were published as *Winged Words*, a Book Society choice, with similar acclaim in the USA during 1943 as *We Speak from the Air*. He subsequently wrote for many national newspapers and other publications including *The National Review* and *The Boys' Country Book*, and he was involved in the Kamet film.

From 1952 to 1957 Bentley was Librarian at the Royal United Services Institution. He was on his way to an RUSI window overlooking Whitehall on Coronation Day in 1953 when he heard of the conquest of Everest. His final job, lasting over 20 years, was as Mountaineering Correspondent for *The Field*.

Books then arrived for review, while summer holidays abroad included the Whymper Centenary celebrations at Zermatt and other memory-stirring events.

In December 1951, writing in *The Field* about the eighth expedition to Everest, the first since the Second World War, he had pointed out several interesting features:

- a. The approach to the peak was entirely different from that through Tibet.
- b. Its lateness, i.e. after the monsoon and not before it, would serve to find out whether autumn conditions were more favourable than the spring.
- c. The aim was to force a way into the Western Cwm.

He emphasized that this reconnaissance was led by the experienced and competent Himalayan explorer Eric Shipton, and no better leader could have been found. It was Shipton's judgement and conviction – that a practical route existed from the Western Cwm up to the South Col and thence to the summit itself – that paved the way for success in 1953. But in 1951 Bentley asked the following questions:

- a. Should the climbers use oxygen and would the weight outweigh any gains?
- b. How big should the party be?

He said that Shipton and Tilman favoured a handier and mobile party of about six climbers with a consequent reduction of stores; comments and observations from a very well-informed, competent and experienced mountaineer which did not fall on deaf ears, although different views prevailed in the end.

One further quote, from his writing of July 1951, concerns the Italian proposal for a Matterhorn railway. In 1907 popular outcry had culminated in a petition from far and wide against the earlier Swiss proposal for a funicular up the mountain, rising 2400m in three stages starting from Zermatt. The Swiss Federal Government withdrew its sanction and the Matterhorn was reprieved from such vandalism. The 1951 proposal was for the cable railway for skiers, which runs from the village of Breuil to the Furggrat, to be extended to the Italian summit. Between 1920 and 1931 Bentley had climbed the Matterhorn on five occasions, each time by a different route, and he made the following plea: 'Let us hope that the noble sentiments expressed during the previous threat of 1907 will again prevail. The high summits of the Alps are the property of the whole people and a symbol of liberty. They are not for sale.'

Without Map or Compass, written in 1957, describes a skiing trip on the Pischahorn with his companion A P Ledger, a member of the RAF Staff College course at Bracknell and later Air Vice-Marshal Ledger of the RAF Mountaineering Association. Bentley tells of a run from the Weissfluhjoch down the Dorftäli valley on a direct run to Davos, in a blizzard, finishing up near Langwies on the way to Arosa. He recalls his shame at '... finding ourselves in entirely the wrong valley and horror in crossing the avalanche slopes under difficult conditions'. They had broken the golden rule which lays down the necessity for at least one member of the party to carry a map and compass. But, he concluded, '... to expect ski runners to observe every safety precaution all the time is, I suppose, too much.'

In 1975 one of his last articles in *The Field* speaks of Hillary, a man who stood on the summit of Everest and who also stood at the South Pole. Bentley's own achievements some 20 or 30 years earlier in the Himalaya and British Columbia were no less remarkable.

Beauman died on 26 July 1989. The Presidents of both the Alpine Club and the Alpine Ski Club, the latter himself a distinguished aviator, attended the funeral service at St Michael's, Chester Square. They heard his son Christopher read an aviation story and then an extract from his father's favourite written work, 'A night in the Matterhorn Couloir'. Some weeks later this essay (published in the *National Review*, March 1930) was read again in the more relaxed atmosphere of the Alpine Club where its self-deprecating, dry humour roused much laughter.

Such was the man, mountaineer, writer and aviator who lived through most of the twentieth century. I am sure that we would all wish to thank him for the part that he played.

D le R Bird

Marjorie Heys-Jones d 1989

Marjorie was already a member of the Pinnacle Club when she joined the Ladies' Alpine Club in 1935, and she was on the second Pinnacle Club Alpine meet in 1930. She climbed often and to a good standard in Britain, Switzerland, France, Corsica, the Dolomites, Austria and the High Tatra. After the Second World War she had a particularly good season in 1947 in the Bregaglia and Bernina, and she was again climbing in 1948 and 1949. She climbed with Joseph Georges, and guideless with Jo Marples.

After 1949 she gave most of her time and energy to an exacting job as headmistress of a new school. My only close contact with her was on the LAC Turkish expedition in 1963, when she had hoped to make a climbing comeback after her retirement. The trip was a disappointment for her as she found (not surprisingly after such a long gap) that she could no longer rock-climb, though she was still a strong walker.

Marjorie was Hon Auditor of the LAC from 1950 until 1975, when the AC and LAC amalgamated, and she served on the LAC committee. For several years she was the Pinnacle Club representative on the BMC in its early days. She was active in the negotiations with the University Women's Club (of which she was a member) when the LAC migrated there from the National Book League.

Soon after the AC/LAC amalgamation Marjorie moved to a nursing home – up to that time she had been alert and competent and always good company, and that is the impression I have of her. But she soon lost contact with the Club, and I don't think she ever came to an AC meeting or dinner, though she remained a member until she died – an inactive spell almost as long as her active years in the mountains.

Margaret Darvall

Julian Vincent Anthoine 1939–1989

It was an unusually bright, clear day in North Wales when Julian (Mo) Anthoine was buried in Nant Peris cemetery. The little stone church, across the road from the house he had built and lived in for most of his life, was packed with 350 or so of Mo's friends and family. Outside, lining the path from the church to the grave, were over a hundred more. Most of them were weeping.

As the coffin was lowered into the ground, a lonely figure could be seen with his arms above his head outlined against the clear blue sky near the top of Y Garn. It could almost have been Mo, wondering what all these climbers were doing in the bottom of the valley on a day when they should have been climbing on the crags. But it wasn't Mo: that extraordinary personality of the British climbing world had died of a brain tumour the previous weekend.

Mo had lived a life of freedom – free to travel, to climb, to carouse, to adventure, to bring up a family and to behave just as he liked. He ran a business making climbing helmets, ice-axes and outdoor clothing, but this seemed to have more to do with dissatisfaction with the quality and performance of existing gear than with a drive to make money. Despite all the hard work he put into these enterprises, he never seemed to allow them to interfere with or limit his freedom to go on 'trips', as he called them.

The first time I came across Mo was in 1961 when Jim Swallow and I heard that some instructors from Ogwen Cottage had spent several days putting up a new, hard route on Llech Ddu in North Wales. At the time we believed anyone from 'Og Cot' earned their meagre keep pulling beginners up easy slabs. But the next day we made what was probably the second ascent of the route, and realized that the guy with the French-sounding name, with his pal Cam, were a climbing force to be reckoned with. He had an epic three-year trip, raising hell across the Far East with his boxing pal Fox, ending up by having to be rescued from some dreadful asbestos mine in Australia. The stories of this 'trip' alone would have been worth a book but Mo, one of the great humorist raconteurs, was too keen on planning his next adventure and recounting stories of the last one over pints of beer to settle down to the tedium of writing.

During the sixties his climbing was mainly in the Alps, where one well-documented adventure on the N face of the Cima Grande di Lavaredo showed his capacity for survival. Leave late, under-equipped, ignore weather forecasts, bivouac half-way up in a storm inadequately clad, survive the night half-frozen with your companion half-dead, climb to the summit and emerge triumphant. The impact this had on Al Alvarez, who was with him, was the cornerstone story of Mo's biography that Al wrote. The seventies saw the start of Mo's expeditions. El Toro, Fitzroy, Trango Tower, Gasherbrum IV, Brammah II and the Ogre where, with Clive Rowland, he accomplished an incredible rescue of Doug Scott, who had broken his legs just below the summit, and Chris Bonington who smashed his ribs on the descent. Mo, typically, took no credit for this epic.

All of these were small expeditions where Mo took a major role in leading and organizing. His outspokenness, with a few well-chosen words and a scornful smile, could deflate and discredit the inflation and exaggeration that

were synonymous with the large, well-financed Himalayan expeditions of that time. Mo's non-conformity and outrageous behaviour were simply unacceptable to conformist expedition leaders, and these attitudes probably reached an all-time low when he was blackballed from the Climbers' Club during one of its more intolerant and parochial periods. To Mo's delight he was made a member of the Alpine Club in 1969 and he remained a member for the rest of his life.

The eighties saw even more expeditions which gave a better insight into Mo's character. His stubborn determination showed when he attempted to climb Thalay Sagar in the Garhwal during four consecutive years; and his firm belief that climbing a mountain was never worth the sacrifice of a human life – however much effort and expense had been put into the attempt – was demonstrated when he turned back just below the summit rather than risk an accident induced by exhaustion. As he put it: 'when Joe fell off and didn't know why, I became safety conscious.' He climbed Mt Kenya and Mt McKinley and made two attempts on Everest, the last one after having the first operation on the tumour which killed him. He will be remembered by many for his hospitality, and by even more for his waspish repartee. He firmly believed that his constant climbing partner Joe Brown had invented the handjam. Whenever they climbed together on some gritstone outcrop, Mo's fun was to try to extract royalties from anyone using a handjam within sight of the Master.

As a friend he was more generous than anyone I have met in giving real help and caring when most needed. With him as a climbing companion you knew you were totally safe wherever you were, and he seemed to have the magic of being able to fix protection above his head before he did any hard move. To go out with Mo for an evening was full of unpredictable consequences. If there was fighting, it always seemed to be others doing it, but somehow you had the idea that in some mysterious way Mo had triggered it off. His verbal assaults were against the pompous, the bullshitters, and his weapon was humour wielded like a deadly rapier. As a family man he was fortunate in finding and marrying Jackie Philippe, who has endured and enjoyed his eccentric lifestyle for many years. He was proud of his two children and, when one of them couldn't read at the age of two, he said: 'he is so backward that all he can look forward to is being the head of an outdoor pursuits centre' – several of these, of course, being amongst his best friends.

And so, finally, amongst the sad slate tombstones of Nant Peris his friends and family came to mourn him. A climber who valued the traditions of climbing, who set an example of what can be done if the energy, the love and the enthusiasm are there. A rich, generous and unpredictable character. We all miss him.

Ian McNaught-Davis

(Shortened version of an obituary in *Mountain* 130. Reprinted by permission.)

Soli Mehta 1927–1989

I came to know Soli Mehta rather late in his life. It was in 1978 that Jagdish Nanavati quietly broached the subject of my helping with the *Himalayan*

Journal as Soli, editor for the past eight issues, was leaving for Nigeria. I had no editorial experience – not even on a college magazine. My reaction was, of course, to say no, but Jagdish knows his job and I was persuaded. I was assured that R E Hawkins would lend a keen eye to it.

When I first met Soli and Hawkins, their expertise and experience were evident. After explaining the current issue (the Golden Jubilee issue, Vol 35) over a few meetings, Soli handed over files and left for Nigeria, leaving his beloved ‘baby’ in my care. We kept in regular touch – great correspondent as he was.

For seven years Hawkins and I edited the journal, bringing out seven issues. During all these years we kept in contact with Soli in Nigeria. He procured articles with his contacts, suggested subjects and enquired. Once there was a poem on the mountaineer’s world at high altitude (*HJ*36), called ‘Ballad of Bethertoli’. It naturally included four-letter words which mountaineers use at high altitude. I was at a loss whether to include these in the journal or not; Jagdish Nanavati strongly objected to such ‘filth’ in our respected journal. Hawkins came with *Oxford Dictionary* to analyse each word, to determine whether it could be classified as ‘dirty’. He eventually ‘cleared’ all except two words. Finally all the material was forwarded to Soli in Nigeria for a final verdict. ‘Keep every word of it. We don’t want to be left behind in these days of permissiveness’ – came a curt telex that settled it.

Soli returned to India in 1985 and I was glad to hand over his ‘baby’ to him. Policies of editing remained the same, but the modes changed totally. Now you go to Soli’s house, there is always *pakora* and tea, side-tracking to various subjects and lots of laughter. Soli’s Parsee humour regaled all of us. He liked to laugh at everything, including himself. He once passed me a letter from a Polish climber, Voytek Kurtyka, at a meeting. Soli had asked him for an article which had already been printed in a past *Himalayan Journal*. Kurtyka wrote: ‘Don’t you read your own *Journal*?’ Soli added with a grin: ‘Look, I messed up.’ Every time I would ring him up there would be a strong welcoming voice: ‘*Bol Dikra*’ (‘Yes, son’) and we started shooting. Exchanging editorial notes in the margins was also fun with Soli. Once, after striking out an utter nonsense, he wrote: ‘Shit.’ I wrote there: ‘Soli, be careful, we preserve these papers on file for posterity, and people will refer to them after many years.’ Papers came back with Soli’s curt writing below mine: ‘Sorry, in that case I’ll use stronger words next time.’ He was irrepensible.

From 1964 to 1979 Soli produced 12 issues of the *Himalayan Club Newsletter* which painstakingly covered all the details. He was editor of the *Himalayan Journal* from 1967 to 1978. His achievement was phenomenal, in face of extinct finances, with absolutely no one to help him and no organization of any kind. He left for Nigeria in 1979 and on his return he resumed the editorship from 1985 until he died, producing three issues. All this puts him in the ranks of the senior editors of the mountaineering world. Only the great Kenneth Mason, the first editor of the *Himalayan Journal*, has produced more than Soli.

Soli had a long and distinguished association with the Himalayan Club. He was a Life Member from 1955, and served on the Managing Committee

from 1964 to 1973; he was Vice-President of the Club in 1974, and again from 1986 to 1989; he also acted as the Hon Secretary in 1970. Earlier, he was Hon Local Secretary for Bombay from 1962, when he took over from R E Hawkins. In fact, in 1970 he was instrumental in shifting the Club to Bombay with him. He became a member of the Alpine Club in 1974.

Apart from editing, Soli was an excellent pianist and cellist, who regularly played in the Bombay Chamber Orchestra. He worked for ICI (India) from 1950 to 1985, when he retired, serving in various senior positions in Bombay, London, Rishra (Bengal), Sudan and Nigeria. He had a degree from the University of Cambridge. He travelled a lot and met many editors, trekkers and mountaineers, world over. Also he trekked regularly in the Himalaya and talked about it with excellent slides.

In 1988 The Himalayan Club celebrated its Diamond Jubilee. To commemorate the event it was proposed to publish *Exploring the Hidden Himalaya* (Hodder and Stoughton), jointly written by Soli and myself. At once Soli flung himself into the project with great energy. We collected slides and material and wrote all the chapters. It was great fun, with Soli's lunches and humour. Alas, he will not be around to see the book. He looked forward to retired life, enjoying music, editing, writing further books and producing *HJs*. Death came suddenly: a heart attack snatched him away on 4 November 1989. He leaves behind his wife Meheru and daughters Naushad and Yasmen.

When the name of the famous hill-station Simla was changed to Shimla, and this was mentioned in an article in the *Himalayan Journal*, Soli, not to be outdone, added a footnote: 'There is no truth in the rumour that the editor is about to change the spelling of his name to Sholi. Beware, when you are requested by the *Survey of India* spelling experts to sit. — Ed'.

Many of us will miss his assuring presence, devotion to mountaineering and humour. Rest In Peace, Sholi.

Harish Kapadia

Alison Barton d 1989

Alison Barton joined the Ladies' Alpine Club in 1956. She was the wife of Dr Arthur Barton AC, who died in 1976.

Until 1975 Alison and her husband climbed extensively in the Alps, almost exclusively in Switzerland. Dr Barton was a headmaster, so they were able to take advantage of long school holidays. Many Alpine Club members will remember seeing their party, which usually included two or three young climbers — nephews whom they were introducing to the mountains.

For many years, Alison and Arthur attended the Easter Meets of the ABMSAC in Scotland and Wales, and took a full part in all the climbing. Alison was a very lively person and added greatly to the social enjoyment of any party of which she was a member.

Mary Starkey

John Baptist Lucien Noel 1890–1989

(Captain John Noel was the third son of Lieut-Col the Hon Edward Noel, and a grandson of the second Earl of Gainsborough. He was educated in Switzerland and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, whence in 1908 he was commissioned into the East Yorkshire Regiment. While serving with his regiment in India in 1913, he took local leave to visit the Mount Everest region and to come within 40 miles of the mountain. After serving throughout the First World War, he resigned his commission in 1922, prior to joining the Everest expedition of that year. He was elected to the Alpine Club in the same year, being proposed by Dr T G Longstaff and seconded by George Leigh-Mallory, but he resigned his membership in 1925. The following is the text of the address delivered at the Requiem Mass held for him in St Mary's Church, Cadogan Street, on 24 April 1989; it is reproduced here with the approval of his daughter Miss Sandra Noel, and of his cousin the Earl of Gainsborough, who arranged the service.)

We remember today John Noel – soldier and revolver expert, mountaineer and photographer, author, lecturer, artist and master craftsman. We cannot mourn his passing as we would the passing of a younger man, for our sadness is tempered by gladness for the fullness of his years and of his achievements. As a pioneer to the region in 1913 and as expedition photographer in 1922 and 1924, he will ever be associated with Mount Everest, as of course are his friends George Leigh-Mallory and Andrew Irvine, who from the 1924 expedition did not return. John Noel was the last living participant in those imperishable enterprises, so beautifully enshrined in the films and slides that he had widely shown. Sir Francis Younghusband wrote of him that 'he was a man of deep intensity of nature and of fine feeling for mountain beauty', and of his part on the expeditions he went on to say that, whatever the occasion, 'when most wanted Noel would be there. Every member . . . said on his return that Noel worked harder than anyone.' A fine tribute indeed from a former President of the Royal Geographical Society.

Some of you joined in the quiet dignity of his funeral service at Charing and may remember that the Irish priest referred to John Noel grappling with high and lonely places; he said that there 'he may have touched the face of God'. It was indeed in this sense, more than in a formal sense, that John Noel appeared to me as a religious man. The priest's words echoed those written about Captain Scott: '*Quaesivit arcana poli, videt dei,*' freely translated as: 'He sought the secrets of the Pole, he sees the hidden face of God.' For 'the Pole' we can read 'Everest'. And it is interesting here to recall that Scott's photographer, Herbert Ponting, was the close friend and mentor of John Noel, thus linking two of the most epic and moving stories in the history of exploration.

It was John Noel's particular pride that he had – as he put it – come through unscathed from fighting the greatest army in the world, and had then gone on to tackle the highest mountain in the world. In the horrors of the retreat from Mons and later in the trenches, as an officer in the East Yorkshire

Regiment and with the Machine Gun Corps, he knew war as few men living knew it. Yet he did not lose his faith in humanity; rather the faith was strengthened of one who could later write: 'This world is owned by man. Man has infinite capacity within himself.'

Thus he saw the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, but beyond that he saw in 'mysteries' – a favourite word – or 'as through a glass darkly' the glimmer of what might lie beyond. Take the 'mystery' of Mallory and Irvine. Firm in his belief in the survival of the spirit, he convinced himself – he knew – by no ordinary means that they had reached the summit of Everest – and so to the ultimate heights where all was well with them, among the very brave, the very true.

The members of these early expeditions to Everest were greatly encouraged in the field by messages of goodwill and blessing from His Holiness Pope Pius XI, himself a distinguished alpinist who could write of the view from the summit of a mountain that it 'raises the spirit to the Divine Author and Sovereign of Nature'. This association of His Holiness leads me on to the next thing I want to say.

The religious side of John Noel was shown in his absorption with the 'mystery' of St Bernadette, who as a girl saw visions of the Virgin Mary in the grotto at Lourdes. In 1933 he was present at her canonization by the same Pope Pius XI in St Peter's, Rome; by reason of his uncle's service as Chamberlain to the three previous Popes, he was privileged to sit near the High Altar. For the long service he provisioned himself with two – as it turned out – lightly boiled eggs, secreted in his coat-tails, but they were sat on and squashed as he took his pew. From there, equipped with a miniature camera disguised as a prayer-book, he secured the only photographs taken of the service. He later lectured widely on St Bernadette's story, and there can be no doubt that he saw in her experience a Divine revelation.

Other 'mysteries' absorbed him. When I saw him for the last time on his 99th birthday, he was in excellent form – full of anecdotes from his unclouded memories of the past. Then his mind turned to the 'mystery' of the Universe and the vast distances of interstellar space, measured in light-years. 'It is all beyond our imagination,' he said, and I sensed his accord with the words of the beautiful 18th-century hymn by Joseph Addison:

The spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great original proclaim . . .

And it goes on and ends:

The hand that made us is Divine.

John Noel was a man of vision but also – and in rare combination – an intensely practical and inventive man. He was as superbly capable in the restoration of an ancient Kentish house or the reconditioning of an old clock, as in the technicalities of expedition photography. His clear insight into practical problems was wonderfully demonstrated in signal but barely recognized service to his country in the Second World War.

As an officer in Military Intelligence, it was *he* who prescribed the best supply route from India to the Allied armies in Burma – he as might none other, for it was based on his own detailed ground observations of the region before the war. His exact route was later chosen and called for a few months the ‘Noel Road’, but was later and unfairly known by another name. This was an oversight of which he never spoke – at least, not to me. He preferred to show his pride as a soldier in letters of greeting from his Colonel-in-Chief, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the second letter – shortly before he died – expressing Her Majesty’s pleasure in receiving a reprint of his Everest book, first published in 1927.

In remembering John Noel, we think especially of his Edwardian charm, courtesy and sense of values, his gentle humour, his keen interest in the younger generation and his love of animals. He outlived two very happy marriages, as he outlived nearly all his contemporaries. Our sympathy goes out to his devoted daughter Sandra, proud in the memory of her illustrious father and consoled perhaps by the knowledge of our esteem and affection for him shown by our presence here this evening. *Requiescat in pace*. May the earth rest lightly on the bones of a soldier.

Geoffrey Hattersley-Smith

Marco Pallis 1894–1988

Although Marco Pallis was born in Liverpool of Greek parents, it was perhaps Indian influences that first shaped his imagination. For his father Alexander combined business life in the largely eastern trading firm of Ralli Brothers with scholarship and poetry, and the family home contained a variety of oriental artefacts.

Marco survived Harrow with musical and botanical interests intact and, accompanied by his brother and sister, did ambulance work in the Balkan War of 1912–13. In the First World War he joined the Grenadier Guards and, after he was wounded in France, good use was found in censorship for his unusual command of languages.

It was after a period at Liverpool University that the three major strands of his life started to reveal themselves – music, mountaineering and metaphysics. Pre-war visits to Vevey and admiration for the work of Wagner had kindled his interest in music. This was now to develop into active enthusiasm for Bach which in turn led to participation in the revival of early music. He became a pupil of Arnold Dolmetsch in 1925 and met Richard Nicholson, thereafter his devoted and lifelong friend, when the latter was still at Oxford University. Together they studied the viola da gamba and harpsichord and collected a group of players around them – it was the brother of one of these musicians who introduced Marco to mountaineering which was to result in contact with Tibetans and with Buddhism.

Musical and mountaineering projects became more adventurous as time passed, and in the 1930s the English Consort of Viols was formed in Liverpool.

There were visits to the Alps, and in 1933 and 1936 Marco organized two expeditions to the Himalaya. During this period he fell under the spell of

Gandhi and also absorbed the teachings of René Guenon; these helped to prepare his mind for the first-hand meeting with Tibetan Buddhism, which he adopted himself in 1936.

Experiences and thoughts on these travels are recorded in *Peaks and Lamas* (1939), a travel book which combines a lucid exposition of leading aspects of Tibetan Buddhism with graphic descriptions of the mountaineering expeditions themselves. It is not too fanciful to suggest that it was at this time in Marco's life that the impulse to climb started to focus at a higher and more spiritual level. But mysticism (a word that he seldom used and perhaps disliked), as with Meister Eckhart, was always tempered with realism and practicality so that, for example, in the Second World War he devoted himself to social work in Liverpool and to study of the Tibetan language.

By the end of the war he was fully prepared for the return to Sikkim in 1947, with permission to visit Gyantse and Shigatse in Tibet. This trip was undertaken with Richard Nicholson alone, and was followed by a prolonged stay in India, during which Marco continued to make contact with Tibetans and even wrote a book in the Tibetan tongue describing the dangers soon to beset their culture and their religion.

After the invasion of Tibet by China he returned to England. The English Consort of Viols was reconstituted in London and continued to rediscover and perform relatively unknown sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English chamber music.

Musical composition and performance now went hand-in-hand with essays on metaphysics and with practical assistance to Tibetan refugees in Great Britain. That Marco became not only their friend but also adviser is acknowledged today by Lamas both here and along the length of the Himalaya.

Music from this period included a set of part-songs, pieces for viola da gamba, a cantata-like work for solo baritone and orchestra, a string quartet and many essays published in the form of books – *The Way and the Mountain* and *A Buddhist Spectrum* – as well as in collections of essays such as *Studies in Comparative Religion* and *The Sword of Gnosis*, the latter edited by Jacob Needleman. His last years were devoted to writing a full-length opera about the Tibetan sage Mila Repa.

Finally I risk a brief comment: that he was and remains a great teacher – one might also say a prophet – who made sense of life and of the life to come; in whose presence insuperable difficulties became less daunting; who took endless trouble to help those who brought their problems to him; someone to whom the spiritual quest in prayer was the one thing needful, who by his own life demonstrated the validity and truth of traditional teachings and showed that, however emasculated by modernism, these remain the only valid criteria for those who, as he would put it, have ears to hear. His life was a celebration of 'The Marriage of Wisdom and Method'; it is the title of one of his essays.

Peter Talbot

Charles Warren writes:

Marco Pallis, the well-known mountaineer, Himalayan traveller and Tibetan scholar, was a member of the Alpine Club from 1936 to 1939. In *Peaks and Lamas* he wrote one of the most fascinating books on Himalayan travel there has ever been, with its deeply considered observations on Tibetan life, religion and culture. From the mountaineering point of view, his pioneering expedition to the Gangotri region of Garhwal in 1933 should be recalled as one of the earlier 'alpine-style' expeditions in the Himalaya. It was then that we all did our own carrying on the mountains in the old Longstaff manner.

Marco was a man of varied talents. He was a musician and a student of old music which he and his fellow-musicians, of the same ilk, used to play at the Wigmore Hall in London, on contemporary instruments like the harpsichord and the viols. But perhaps Marco will be missed most of all for his Tibetan studies and contacts. These were so important both to him and to us in 1933 when we made the first ascent of Leo Pargial together. Well-known throughout the mountaineering world in the thirties, Marco Pallis, with his first ascent of Mickledore Grooves with Colin Kirkus and Ivan Waller, and other pioneering climbs at home and abroad, deserves to be remembered. He was one of the nicest and gentlest of men. I shall think of him always as 'a veray parfit gentil knight'.