
Obituaries



Matterhorn. Edward Theodore Compton. 1880. Watercolour. 43 x 68cm.
(*Alpine Club Collection HE118P*)

In Memoriam

The Alpine Club Obituary

Year of Election (including to ACG)

Ralph Atkinson	1997
Una Bishop	1982
John Chadwick	1978
John Clegg	1955
Dennis Davis	1977
Gordon Gadsby	1985
Johannes Villiers de Graaff	1953
David Jamieson	1999
Emlyn Jones	1944
Brian 'Ned' Kelly	1968
Neil Mackenzie	Asp.2011, 2015
Richard Morgan	1960
John Peacock	1966
Bill Putnam	1972
Stephanie Roberts	2011
Les Swindin	1979
John Tyson	1952

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



Ralph Atkinson climbing on the slabs of Fournel, near Argentière, Ecrins. (Andy Clarke)

Ralph Atkinson 1952 - 2014

I met Ralph in 1989 when I moved to Wolverhampton, through our involvement with the Wolverhampton Mountaineering Club. Weekends in Wales and day trips to Matlock and the Roaches became the foundation for extended expeditions to the Alps including, in 1991, a fine six-day ski traverse of the *Haute Route*, Argentière to Zermatt, and ascents in 1993 of the Mönch and Jungfrau. Descending the Jungfrau in a storm, we could barely see each other. I slipped in the new snow and had to self-arrest, aided by the tension in the rope to Ralph. It worked, and I was soon back on the ridge, but when we dropped below the Rottalsattel and could speak to

each other again, he had no idea that anything untoward had happened.

I recall long journeys by car enlivened by his wide-ranging taste in music. The keynote of many outings was his sense of fun. There were long stories, jokes or pithy one-liners. He had an appetite for the mountains that went back to his days training as a teacher in Wales, but he was never hungry. When anyone floated a particularly gnarly plan for the day, his response in his residual 'cockney twang' was often, 'Ang on a minute, I'm on me 'olidays!', a very understandable comment in that he had a demanding and responsible job in teaching.

In later years he experienced some back problems, possibly the legacy of too much squash-playing, which led to his retirement in 2004. That and my moves to Manchester, then Bristol, meant that we met less frequently. His focus also shifted after his marriage to Sue in 2008, in that they spent a lot of time travelling together. It is sad that, after finding such happiness, the time they shared should be cut short by his sudden illness.

I last met Ralph by chance when I was dropping friends off at the AC dinner in Buxton in 2013 and, as it turned out, we had time to catch up over a couple of drinks. I was hoping to get in touch in the autumn, so when I returned from six weeks abroad in mid-September I was shocked to hear that he was terminally ill with a brain tumour. He was always so full of life. His funeral took place on 6 October. He will be much missed by family and friends.

Dave Wynne-Jones

Andy Clarke writes: Ralph was a keen and skilful rock climber, mountaineer and skier throughout his adult life. He was a long-standing member of the Alpine Club (from 1997), the Eagle Ski Club and the Climbers' Club, besides playing an active role in his local Wolverhampton MC. He combined his passion for the mountains with a career as a popular and successful secondary school teacher of geography and as Pastoral Head.

Like many of his generation, Ralph's love of adventure was ignited by taking part in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, which gave him his first taste of climbing. From his teenage years, it played a central role in his life: it was no accident that he chose Wrexham College to train as a teacher: it was the closest he could get to the mountains of North Wales.

Ralph rock climbed extensively in all the major regions of the UK. He made many summer and winter trips to the European Alps and over the years developed a particular love for the Écrins, so much so that he purchased an apartment in Puy St Vincent, down the Gyronde valley from Ailefroide. This provided an excellent base for climbing and skiing. Beyond Europe, he took part in a number of exploratory expeditions to Baffin Island, Greenland (with some eight first ascents in east Greenland) and the Karakoram, including two first ascents and a new route above the Barpu Glacier.

I first met Ralph around 15 years ago, through the local climbing club, and we became both climbing partners and close friends. Over the last few years in particular – ah, the joys of retirement and mid-week climbing! – we did hundreds of routes together, from 10m gritstone scarefests at his local crag, the Roaches, to long Alpine snow and rock routes near his home-from-home in the Gyronde valley.

Ralph remained a committed climber right until the point at which cancer robbed him of his mobility. I shall always treasure the memory of our last day out together, on the glorious gritstone of Stanage, warmed by the sun of early spring. He faced his illness with great fortitude and kept his sense of humour until the end. He died peacefully at home on 25 September 2014. He leaves a widow, Sue, stepdaughters Clare and Lisa and a sister, Pauline.

Lady Una Bishop 1918 - 2015

Una C C Padel was brought up in Carlisle, in Cumbria. Her earliest climbing memory was the ascent of Great Gable with her family at the age of 5.

Una married Sir George Bishop, who was later to be president of the Royal Geographical Society from 1983-87. In the 1960s, the couple spent time in British Guyana and Washington, because of the nature of Sir George's work with Booker McConnell. Their earliest climbs, however, were in the Alps, mainly of the classic kind: Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, the Breithorn, the Tour Ronde, the Gran Paradiso and the Grande Casse, as

well as many other lesser ascents.

Having discovered that India still lay within the sterling area, from 1967-80 Una and her husband undertook 18 expeditions to Kashmir. An early (1967) attempt on Kolahoi (5425m) was foiled just short of the summit because of a heavy fall of new snow. In 1970 they were in the Langtang, and the following year they accompanied W H Murray to Everest Base Camp (Nepal side). In 1974, they crossed the Mera La with their Sherpa, Pemba Norbu, and returned the following year to climb Gokyo Ri (5357m) in the Khumjung.

In 1976, their interest shifted to the Annapurna area, where they climbed Tharpu Chuli (Tent Peak) (5663m), returning to Pokhara via Jomsom and Muktinath. An attempt on Mera Peak (6476m) a year later ended in an epic three nights stranded on a ridge at about 4500m because of heavy new snow.

However, they returned to Mera Peak the following year for a successful ascent. Their climbing expeditions in this part of the world concluded in 1979 with an ascent of Chulu East (6200m) via the Marsyandi Valley and in 1980 the first ascent of Paldor West (5500m).

Lady Bishop joined the Alpine Club in 1982, at the same time as Sir George. During Sir George's tenure as president of the RGS, in the mid-80s, he and Una mounted a large scientific expedition to the unexplored Kimberley area of Western Australia. They made the first crossing of the King Leopold Range and visited various previously unknown sites and caves.

In later years, they were fond of returning to the Gran Paradiso area, and also particularly enjoyed walking in the Lozère part of the Cévennes, in Meyrueis.

Sir George died in 1999 and Lady Una in 2015; she died in High Wycombe, aged 96. She leaves an extensive family, but no children.

Catherine Moorehead



Una Bishop.

John Chadwick 1946 - 2015

The untimely death in February of John Chadwick, as the result of a fall above Red Tarn, Helvellyn, came as a great shock to all who knew him. It was no surprise that he was climbing alone in winter. John was at home in



John Chadwick. (Chris Woodall)

those hills; he was vastly experienced and spent as much time as possible wandering on them in all conditions. John was renowned for his immaculate, balletic climbing style; he was bold and adventurous but always careful in considering the next move. He was never hurried but always fast, a joy to watch and to be with, on rock or ice.

John was born in Ashton-under-Lyne. He became a keen student, with an appetite for learning that lasted all his life. I remember his holiday reading in later years to be huge volumes on psychology or astrophysics. While John was still at school, his father, an outdoor man, led him into the Peak District to experience its freedom, wind and heather: it was here that he was introduced to climbing on the Edges. Gritstone was an ideal medium for the enjoyment of precision and the search for perfection

which became so much a part of John's character.

He graduated to Imperial College, London, to study chemistry and quickly joined fellow students from the Mountaineering Club. Bob Peckham fondly remembers those days when they would head off to North Wales or the Lake District in an ex-laundry van affectionately named the 'steam wagon'. John was soon climbing to a high standard and became a member of an ICMC Expedition to East Greenland in 1967. The expedition pioneered a new route into the Avantgarden area near Mount Forel by using local boats to travel up the Kangerlugssuaq Fjord, and then man-hauling sledges up the Glacier de France. The team then made several first and second ascents of peaks in this remote area.

In the early 1970s, John joined Bob Peckham in what was probably the first serious attempt to free climb out of the Gaping Ghyll main chamber. They reached a height level with the roof of the chamber before being stopped by excessive water flowing down the main V-groove. The feasibility of the route had, however, been demonstrated and it was completed by another team a year or so later.

Continuing his mountaineering, John visited the Alps and Dolomites each summer to build up his experience. He was a naturally reserved character who climbed because he enjoyed the challenge and saw no reason to shout about his exploits. Coupled with this was his meticulousness in planning and execution, so that he experienced very few epics or incidents.

He had an ability to read the conditions and was never afraid to turn back.

Many bold routes were done with his friend Graham Swainson. Perhaps those which made the greatest impression were the Nant-Blanc Face of the Aiguille Verte, the North Face of Les Drus and North-east Spur of the Droites. Graham remembers some cold bivouacs, but other than that no particular problems. About this time, John tested his toughness and resilience by soloing the West Ridge of the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey.

After working as a chemist from 1967 until 1971 at the Philips research labs in Redhill, he decided upon a career change and enrolled at Heriot Watt University, Edinburgh, to study town planning. Needless to say, John also made good use of his proximity to the Highlands. As a student he won a travel scholarship which enabled him to visit the Polish Tatra.

On graduating, he found a post working for Middlesbrough Council Planning Department and became associated with the Cleveland Mountaineering Club: he was happy to find that it was easy to visit the outcrops of North Yorkshire on his way home from work. He was soon pioneering new routes and solving many technical problems with his 'fancy foot-work'. He met and married Marjorie, bought a house in Redcar and settled quickly into family life, although this change for Marjorie and her young daughter Joanne was a more radical alteration. Joanne remembers long car journeys each weekend, and even having their own flood-free hillock in the Ynys Ettws field.

With Pete Goodwin and other friends from Cleveland, John tackled high-quality rock climbs across Britain, from Cornwall to the Highlands, with routes such as *Torro*, *The Pinch*, *Carnivore*, *The Big Groove* and *Resolution* among the most memorable.

After his election as president of the Cleveland MC, John typically tackled the job in a professional manner, attending every meet, making a point of welcoming new members and sharing his knowledge and expertise with others. John was also a member of the Climbers' Club, becoming membership secretary.

In 2007, Marjorie and John moved to Gamblesby, near Penrith, where John took up fell-running. Simple jogging would never inspire John, so on his 63rd birthday he completed an unaccompanied Bob Graham round, the ever-attentive Marjorie refuelling him at every road-head. John's final achievement was a family affair: an ultimate triathlon from John O'Groats to Land's End involving cycling, running all the Scottish 4000ers and the English and Welsh 3000ers, as well as canoeing or swimming the longest lakes in each of these countries. Richard, Joanne's husband, did the cycling, Joanne and Marjorie the swimming and canoeing and, in very inclement conditions, John ran up all the hills. The whole venture took 10 days, an outstanding feat of organisation and stamina of which the whole family is justly very proud.

John was a rock climber, alpinist, skier and more recently a fell-runner of great ability, who died on the mountains he loved.

Chris Woodall



John Clegg on Kangchenjunga in 1955.
(Joe Brown coll.)

Dr E John Clegg 1925 - 2015

John Clegg was a graduate of Sheffield University Medical School where, as an undergraduate, he was a member of the Officer Training Corps and the Sheffield University Mountaineering Club (SUMC). In the late 1940s and early 1950s the SUMC was heavily involved in the exploration of local gritstone edges, leading to the publication of the *Sheffield Area* guidebook in 1953. John became a member of the Climbers' Club in 1946 and a member of the Alpine Club in 1955.

After his National Service in the Royal Army Medical Corps, John moved from Sheffield to a lectureship at Liverpool University, but maintained his service contacts through the Territorial Army, where he was attached to an airborne unit. While at Liverpool he became a member of the Wayfarers' Club and was invited to join the successful 1955 Kangchenjunga Expedition as its doctor. He returned to Sheffield shortly after this Himalayan trip before being appointed Regius Professor of Anatomy at Aberdeen University in 1977. From Aberdeen and up to the time of his retirement in 1992, he led a number of overseas expeditions to study the peoples of developing countries.

Although a mountaineer rather than a rock climber, in 1954 John organised and led the Climbers' Club Alpine meet at Blatten in the Lötschental, which was unfortunately blighted by poor conditions and frequent heavy rain. His rock climbing also had him involved in first ascents on Sheffield grit and helped open up the crags of the Grisedale Valley when the SUMC secured the lease to Ruthwaite Lodge in 1953.

Undoubtedly, the 1955 Kangchenjunga Expedition and its immediate aftermath were the highlight of John's mountaineering career. Charles Evans needed a doctor with mountain experience and John provided just that, along with being a singer with a stock of good songs, as the expedition discovered. The expedition book records the part he played in the ascent, in leading porters who were carrying loads to set up the early camps; improving the route with Streather, and his key role on the radio at base, transmitting weather reports and visual observations of summit attempts to those at high camps. The friendships formed during the expedition also led to a period of what was probably John's hardest climbing, when with Joe Brown he climbed a number of the classic routes in Wales.

He was a big, very strong man. At Liverpool, John played in the front row of the scrum for St Helens Rugby Union Football Club. His strength was also much in demand when the SUMC was rebuilding Ruthwaite Lodge in 1953, from its roofless shell; I was part of the group with John. The weather was idyllic: we all slept outside the building site, waking in still air and the sun's warmth to see it touching the summit of Place Fell beyond the bottom of the valley. Over the course of the work we became integrated with the local population, and a highlight for John was the Ullswater Foxhounds' New Year's Day Meet.

John and I shared the same sense of humour: he was a great raconteur. I look back to the many happy hours spent climbing, wandering, talking and singing in all weathers on Peak District crags, on Kinder Scout and while exploring the hills and crags of Eastern Lakeland. Memorable events range from a week of superb winter climbing based in Wasdale to a glorious late autumn day's climbing on Stanage Edge. Tired after our efforts, we sat in the late afternoon sun, idly reminiscing, waking suddenly to the realisation that the sun had set, that it was already quite dark and that we were enveloped in a thick, impenetrable mist. But we only had to get back to the road at Moscar Top and the Edge would guide us. We soon found that a compass would have been useful: when we reached the road, soaked from the knees down, we couldn't find the car! It was with much amusement that we debated how the *AJ* might have reported our predicament.

Frank Fitzgerald

Dennis Davis 1927 - 2015

Dennis Davis was a leading British mountaineer throughout the 1950s and 1960s. He achieved several outstanding winter ascents in the UK, dozens of *grandes courses* in the Alps, and highly significant climbs and expeditions in the Himalaya.

I first met Dennis in 1951 in Idwal. My older companion, Alf Beanland, and I (then aged 15) were rather in awe of him, for he was an alpinist. He had climbed in the Alps and even made some notable ascents such as the Brenva Spur, the Innominata and the Diable Ridge. Though of medium height, at that time he cut a rather dashing figure, spare, dark-haired and moustached.

Dennis was born in London. Contrary to a later image (due to a highly successful working career) he came from a working-class background. After a state-school education, he trained as a draughtsman. A crucial part of his development as a climber came when he was posted to work on Anglesey during this training, but he actually started his mountain activities on a visit to Skye in 1946.

In that year in Idwal, at the YHA, he met Ray Colledge; they agreed to climb together. Like Dennis, Ray was an ambitious mountaineer; in 1949 they set out on their first visit to the Alps. Today's climbers have little or

no idea what that entailed, for it meant overcoming rationing, travelling by train, and being limited by money-exchange controls. From the outset, though, they headed for major objectives. Like Ray, Dennis had limited holidays, usually only two or three weeks, but over the next decade and a half they notched up a truly impressive list of ascents. There were only two or three a season but even today these climbs command great respect, such as the north face of the Triolet, the *Red Sentinel* on Mont Blanc, the *Cassin Route* on the Piz Badile, the north face of the Aiguille de Bionnassay, the north face of the Dent d'Hérens, the north face of the Grosshorn in the Bernese Oberland, the Macugnaga face of Monte Rosa, and many more.

In his early years as a climber Dennis had joined the Wayfarers' Club. Later, he also joined the Rucksack and the Karabiner MC, then the Alpine Club in 1977 (although before then he had been a member of the Alpine Climbing Group). Through his membership of the AC he met Charles Evans. Dennis tried to persuade Evans to include him in the party to attempt Kangchenjunga in 1955, but Evans advised him to build up his Himalayan experience by joining Alf Gregory's party travelling out to explore the Rolwaling Himalaya. This he did, and it proved to be good advice, for this was a highly successful expedition, making 19 first ascents of peaks in the 5500m-6000m category.

In 1957, Charles Evans approached Dennis to travel with him to Nepal to attempt Annapurna II (7937m). The party was to be just the two of them, accompanied by four Sherpas. Dennis had already agreed to go later that year with Alf Gregory to Distaghil Sar, but he was persuaded by Evans to take part in both outings. Conditions on Annapurna II turned out to be too unsettled, so they switched their attention to Annapurna IV (7525m) and summited successfully. Unfortunately, the attempt on Distaghil Sar was unsuccessful, owing to very poor weather conditions.

These expeditions were significant, for they supported the trend towards lightweight, alpine-style climbing in the Himalaya. Dennis's next expedition in 1961 was to be his greatest: the groundbreaking ascent of Nuptse (7861m) when he and Sherpa Tashi led the way to the summit, to be followed the next day by Chris Bonington, Les Brown and Jim Swallow. This expedition was compromised by some personality clashes, not helped by the party driving overland to and from Nepal in two Standard Vanguard cars, which needed continual mechanical attention. Dennis, as the only member of the party with real engineering knowledge, found himself often working into the night to keep the cars on the road, while his team-mates were of little help. At that time Dennis did not suffer fools gladly and he could be acerbic if rubbed the wrong way, but he had put so much into the Nuptse adventure: it cost him his job and his first marriage. On his return, he had to start his career again, for he was living out of a suitcase. Such trials naturally bred resentment.

I did get to know Dennis well at the end of 1959 when I moved to Derby. The city was a hotbed of climbing activity at that time; one of its presiding spirits was Nat Allen, with whom I reformed the Rock and Ice Club. Dennis

attended some of our meets, and on occasion I climbed with him. In the big winter of 1962-3 we ascended *Pigott's Climb* on Clogwyn D'ur Arddu, in the coldest conditions I have ever known in the UK: the fourth member of our party, Eric Wallis, suffered frostbite to his fingers, the only case I have ever known in this country. We were staying in Idwal, but just getting to Llanberis was challenging on the icy roads. Dennis always drove as if he was in a rally, and in trying to keep up with him, Dez Hadlum crashed my vehicle into a wall. The climb was demanding: we climbed in two ropes until at the final cracks we were forced to join up in a foursome. I led the first crack, which was at my limit. Dennis joined me and as the final fissure looked desperately sheathed in ice, he climbed it in tricouni-studded boots. He traversed first out right, then attacked a thin crack in the wall above him, which he somehow managed to ascend. In following, Dez, Eric and I agreed none of us could have led this pitch in those conditions. Another memorable climb I made with Dennis at that time was the *Western Gully* of the Black Ladders. We were in the company of Ray Colledge, Derrick Burgess and Ray Handley. Dennis at that date preferred to climb such routes in his tricouni-studded boots, while the rest of us wore crampons.

Starting his working career again after Nuptse, Dennis trained as a chemical engineer, specialising in high-impact polystyrene. He became a project manager for Petro-Carbon, which was a part of the Costain group. This work took him to Romania, Finland, Poland and China. He was based in Poland in the mid-1960s and it was there that he met his second wife Renata. In every country he visited he made contact, wherever possible, with the climbing community, and in Poland he climbed nearly every weekend with climbers from Cracow. This led to one of his most outstanding climbs, the *Superdirettissima* in winter of the north face of Mieguszowicki, accompanied by the two then unknown but brilliant Polish alpinists, Voytek Kurtyka and Jacek Rusiecki. This first ascent in the Tatra mountains is still held in high regard by the local activists.

When a Polish party visited the UK in 1975, Dennis acted as one of the hosts. By then he was again well-established in his career, and in the Peak District he provided accommodation for the whole group at his house in Butterton. In Wales I have a vivid memory of this visit, particularly after climbing at Tremadog, when Zawada, the Polish leader, emerged ashen-faced out of Dennis's Lancia, to say that they had reached a speed of over 100mph on the return journey to our base at Plas y Brenin.

The Karabiner Club, based in the Manchester area, used to have a tradition of inviting non-members from the wider climbing world to be their president. The names of those who accepted this invitation are impressive: Eric Byrom, Fred Pigott, John Hunt, Nat Allen, myself and several others. Dennis accepted this invitation in 1964, and as I also found out when I took this on some years later, the KMC is one of the most active clubs in the country. One highlight of their meets list is a Fell Race. The Club has always boasted outstanding performers in this activity: members in the past have won the Karrimor Mountain Marathon. Dennis, when he

became president, set about trying to win this event, for it is a handicap race. It really is a gruelling outing. But despite spending time researching and training over the course, Dennis never won the event. When I was the KMC president he confessed he would sooner have won the KMC fell race than to climb the Eigerwand (I think this was meant as a joke!).

In later life, even after retiring, Dennis kept up with his rock climbing, regularly visiting north Pembroke over several years with Nat Allen or Claude Davies, producing several new routes. In almost his 70th year he visited the Rolwaling Himalaya again and teamed up with his old Sherpa friend from 1955, Rita. Despite the onset of arthritis he summited Lobutse East (6119m) after his British climbing partner had to cry off owing to altitude problems.

Because of difficulties with arthritis he then climbed less and less, though he kept up an interest in golf. Nat Allen ribbed him about this, dismissing him as never more than a 'hacker'. Then he developed osteoporosis and though he still appeared at climbing dinners (at the AC, Wayfarers', Rucksack and KMC) his active climbing days were over.

The last time I met him was at Ray Colledge's funeral in 2014. He still had an 'edge' about him and at this event delivered a fitting tribute about his old rope-mate. His last words to me were 'I will be next', said in a jocular manner. This, I believe, was typical of Dennis: he was harder on himself than he was on anyone else. Along with Ray Colledge, climbing together in a golden period for British alpinism, when many of today's techniques were adopted and breakthroughs made, he forged one of the strongest partnerships in the history of our sport.

Dennis Gray

Dr Johannes de Villiers Graaff 1928 - 2015

Dr Johannes de Villiers Graaff, universally known as Jannie, died in Cape Town on 6 January 2015 at the age of 86.

Jannie was an exceptionally talented man who used his talents to the full. Besides his remarkable record as a mountaineer, at the time of his death he was still regarded as a world authority on welfare economics. He combined his academic career with farming, banking and advising the South African government on tax policy.

Jannie was born in Muizenberg on 19 February 1928. He was the youngest of three brothers of whom the eldest was Sir de Villiers Graaff who inherited the baronetcy from his father and was leader of the opposition United Party during the 1960s and early 1970s. Jan Smuts was one of Jannie's godfathers.

He attended Western Province Preparatory School and Diocesan College (better known as Bishops) where he matriculated at the age of 15, obtaining the second-highest marks in the whole of South Africa. After graduating from the University of Cape Town, he lectured for a year at Wits



Jannie Graaff. (Douglas Scott)

University before going up to St John's College, Cambridge, where he completed his PhD in 1950, at the age of 22. His thesis was published as a book, *Theoretical Welfare Economics*. It was still prescribed reading for Cambridge students in the 1980s and remains a classic text in its field.

Jannie had started rock climbing on Table Mountain when he was at university in Cape Town. From then on, mountains and mountaineering became a passion which lasted for the rest of his life. He first visited the Alps while he was at Cambridge and it was on a skiing holiday that he met Clare

Thomson, of whom her aunt, Janet Adam Smith, wrote, 'I had taken my niece Clare Thomson climbing in Arran, you might say up to O-level maybe, and with the Witch's Step, A-level. But I have seldom known anyone advance more rapidly to her PhD!'

Clare is a daughter of Sir George Thomson, at that time Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. She was thus a granddaughter of the famous J J Thomson who discovered the electron. Both her father and grandfather were Nobel Laureates. Clare's family has had a long and very distinguished association with the Alpine Club, as chronicled in an article by Janet Adam Smith in the *Alpine Journal*, Volume 67. Jannie could not possibly have found a more suitable partner; they were married in 1951.

After returning to South Africa in 1953, Jannie bought a fruit farm in the Koue Bokkeveld mountains about 120 miles north of Cape Town. In due course, he became a world-renowned expert on agricultural economics, so much so that whenever he visited the USA he had an open invitation to lecture at Stanford. He was made a fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, in 1950, then Churchill College, Cambridge in 1965. He was later elected a fellow of All Souls, Oxford, which was an unusual honour for a Cambridge man. He and Clare spent several terms in Oxford during the 1980s.

Jannie was highly esteemed in the business world. He was a director of Nedbank for many years and among many other activities was the dominant intellectual figure on both the Margo Commission, which led to the introduction of VAT in South Africa, and the Katz Commission, which led to the restructuring of the Revenue Service as an independent body.

It is of course his record as a mountaineer which will be of most interest. Jannie and Clare spent their honeymoon climbing in the Dolomites, as

Janet Adam Smith puts it, '*sesto grado*'. They concentrated on the Sella Group and the Langkofel, where *inter alia* they climbed the Grohmannspitze and the difficult *Schmittkamin Route* on the Fünffingerspitze.

In January 1952 they participated in a large South African party which converged on Mount Kenya. The weather was excellent and a number of successful ascents were made.

Bob Davies, with Clare and Jannie, climbed Nelion by a route which avoided the so-called 'Rickety Cracks' section of Shipton's original route up the south-east ridge. This has become known as the *de Graaff Variation*, which is unfortunate because it should correctly be called either the *Graaff Variation* or the *de Villiers Graaff Variation*. Perhaps future compilers of guidebooks will note this.

Jannie and Clare then opened a new variation of *Mackinder's Route* up the Diamond Glacier. (It is often stated incorrectly that they merely repeated the original *Mackinder's Route* but Clare says that *Mackinder's Route* crosses the Diamond Glacier whereas their route took them directly up it to the Gate of the Mists.) It was a very fine effort in the days before modern ice-climbing equipment became available. They did not have ice-screws and of course were using long-shafted ice-axes. Typically, Jannie later told Janet Adam Smith that after cutting steps up the first rope-length on the diamond-hard glacier ice, a sudden thought came to him: 'I don't think Clare has been on ice before!'

They joined forces with Bob Davies and Pottie Thompson at the Nelion end of the Gate of the Mists. This latter pair had reached that point by the ordinary route. The two parties then combined for the ascent of Batian. After lunching on the summit they then returned to the Gate of the Mists and climbed Nelion with the aid of a fixed rope left by Davies and Thompson. They were off the rock by 18.40 and back at the Two Tarn Hut by 20.45 having left the hut at 03.30 that morning.

Jannie and Kenneth Snelson made a reconnaissance visit in 1950 to the Panch Chuli peaks without getting to the top of anything significant. In 1952, he and Clare were in Kullu and Spiti with Ken Berrill and Pasang Dawa Lama, a very highly esteemed member of the Buddhist hierarchy who greatly assisted them in their relationships with the local people. They crossed two new passes into Spiti and succeeded in finding the key to, and making the first ascent of, Deo Tibba (6001m). They also made the first ascent of Manirang (6593m), which was then the highest peak to have been climbed by a woman. They were narrowly foiled by bad weather from reaching the summit of Shilla (6132m).

A few years later they were in the Ruwenzori, and in unusually fine weather they climbed Mounts Baker, Margherita and Alexandra. Jannie and Bob Davies made a new route up the north-east face of Margherita.

Both Clare and Jannie were also very accomplished skiers. They bought an apartment in Zermatt conveniently close to the Sunnegga lift and from then on spent a month or so during the winter in Zermatt; they usually returned for a few weeks in the summer, using it as a base for downhill

skiing, ski touring and mountaineering.

Between 1946 and 1962, Jannie participated in the opening of an extraordinary number of new routes in the mountains of South Africa including what were then some of the hardest routes on Table Mountain and the Cederberg. In 1946 he was in the party that made the first ascent of the Grosse Spitzkop in what is now Namibia, while in 1949 he opened nine new rock climbs on Table Mountain.

As he got older and rock climbing became too demanding, he took up kayaking at which he became very proficient. His other great interest was ornithology.

Jannie was always something of a recluse. It was difficult to get him to participate in social occasions although he was marvellous company when one had the opportunity to draw him out on subjects which interested him, like mountaineering and ornithology. He had a very dry and witty sense of humour and delighted in turning a subject round so as to reveal an unexpectedly amusing aspect.

In his old age he continued to spend most of his days at the offices of Graaff's Trust, of which he was chairman. It was from there that he had walked over to Long Street when he was unintentionally knocked over by a pedestrian and hit his head on the pavement, fracturing his skull. Typically he didn't mention this to anyone at the office but drove himself home. It soon, however, became apparent that he was not at all well and he was admitted to hospital where he later died of complications.

He was buried with his ice-axe and rope beside him at de Grendel, the family farm which his father had established and which is now a well-known wine estate.

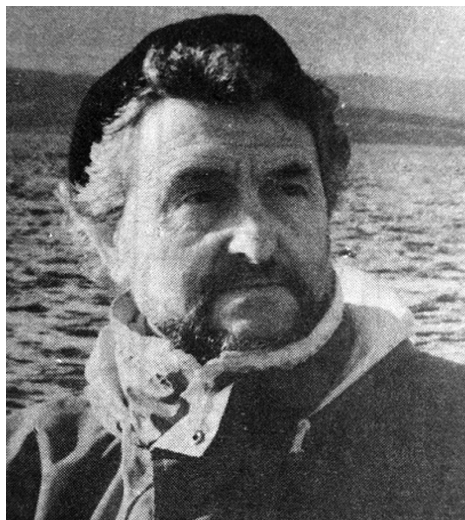
He is sorely missed by Clare, his six children and 18 grandchildren.

Robin Richards

Gordon Joseph Gadsby 1932 - 2015

Gordon Gadsby was born in 1932 and died on 13 March 2015. His hometown was Nottingham, where he was educated; he graduated from Nottingham College of Art as a qualified lithographic printer. It was an inauspicious time for young graduates seeking employment in the immediate post-war period, since employers preferred demobilised, experienced practitioners. Consequently, Gordon joined Buxton and Atwell as a decorator where he served for 44 years until he retired at 58 on medical grounds. A practical advantage from this profession, to stand him in good stead as a rock climber and mountaineer, was that he became familiar with working at heights.

National Service in the Royal Air Force gave Gordon an opportunity to bring his artistic gifts to photography. He practised professionally, and on return to civilian life he successfully embraced photography to record his climbs, using first a Leica and then a succession of Nikons. He was a stal-



Gordon Gadsby. (Bob Pettigrew coll.)

wart supporter of Kodachrome, as the shelves in his study testify, and was never persuaded to convert to digital photography.

My own association with Gordon took place in two phases, separated by my ten years' service in India. The first phase occurred when a passion for mountains and mountaineering brought us together in 1952 on a basic mountaineering course.

J E B (Jerry) Wright of the Mountaineering Association and Kenneth Wall, inspector of schools for Nottingham Local Education Authority, established a Further Education course in mountaineering, based at the Lenton Primary

School on Gregory Boulevard, and appointed me to conduct it. The first mature student to enrol was Gordon, closely followed by the 14-year-old Doug Scott, later our illustrious president. Richly endowed with the British wilderness of Bleaklow and Kinder Scout, interspersed with upflung gritstone edges, the High Peak of Derbyshire was our doorstep outdoor laboratory and gymnasium, while the old-fashioned but stout wall bars of the school gym served as an infinite variety of belaying points for the teaching of rope techniques.

Gordon graduated naturally to membership of the Oread (Greek for 'mountain nymph') Mountaineering Club, described memorably by Sir Jack Longland as, 'that delightful, disreputable and defiant club, the Oread!'

That decade was marked by the flourishing social life of the Oread MC, at which Gordon excelled since he had a natural talent for friendship and community organization, and for communicating to others his love of mountains with all the fervour of an evangelist. Kipling's memorable couplet is applicable here:

So and no otherwise – so and no otherwise – hillmen desire their Hills!

The Oread attached great importance to its annual photographic competition and ensured high standards through a standing invitation to C Douglas Milner, doyen of the AC and the best mountain photographer in Britain, to judge the entries. Before Gordon's arrival in the Oread I had enjoyed some success in the competition using a Leica M2. Gordon, once a Leica man, had converted to a Nikon SLR and henceforth dominated the competition. In the belief that 'it was the ships not the men in them' which had dictated his success, I followed suit, but to no avail; Gordon's artistic skills coupled with 'through the lens composition' outclassed all the oppo-

sition and won the unstinting praise of Douglas Milner.

In my absence abroad, Gordon made a massive voluntary contribution to the mountaineering and social success of the Oread MC. Simultaneously, throughout Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, he was in constant demand as a lecturer, recounting his mountaineering adventures illustrated by projected transparencies of the highest pictorial quality. Invariably he would be accompanied by his wife Margaret, who took the role of helpmeet, agent and secretary.

At this time he was also contributing extensively to mountaineering and outdoor journals. His majestic and evocative photograph of climbers on the summit of An Teallach in Wester Ross identified Eric Langmuir's *Mountaineering and Leadership* through a record number of print runs. His personal unpublished journals number more than 50 and would be a rich source of material for the appropriate archive.

When I returned to Derbyshire in the 1980s, I persuaded Gordon to join the Club. In my letter of proposal I described him as a fine all-round mountaineer, an outstanding mountain photographer, and a staunch companion on the hill. His application was seconded by C Douglas Milner and supported by R F Gilbert and Robin Hodgkin. Gilbert wrote, 'I have known Gordon for years and have the utmost respect for him as a person, mountaineer, and brilliant mountain photographer. He would be a valuable addition to the Club.'

Beginning in the season 1960 when I introduced Gordon to the Alps with an ascent of the Weissmies, and traverses of the Mittaghorn and Fletschhorn with Doreen Gadsby and Wally Smith, every season up to 1984 (the year of his application to the Club) produced a rich cornucopia of Alpine expeditions of the higher grade, ranging across the European Alps from Norway down to Corsica, and to the High Tatra in the east. He will be remembered by his erstwhile companions on the hill as a classical alpinist and boon companion.

Robert Pettigrew

David Jamieson 1926 - 2014

Davie Jamieson, active to the end, had a stroke while out on his bicycle and died on 14 October 2014.

Apart from a short spell in the Royal Navy when he was very young, Davie's career led to a senior position in the then Ministry of Works (now Ministry of Public Buildings and Works). He always took a great interest in nature, wildlife and mountaineering and had an extensive knowledge of the environment. He climbed in Turkey, Cyprus and Kenya, and led one expedition, in 1965, to Arctic Norway. He also made an ascent of Jebel Shams (3009m) in Oman. Through his work, he met the Royal Air Force Mountain Rescue Team (RAF MRT) at RAF Nicosia in Cyprus and became a member.

He was very popular: the team even named a practice slab 'Jamieson's Rocks' after him. Later, he went to East Africa and climbed Kilimanjaro. While there, he and another MRT member saved two climbers suffering from hypoxia. Later still, he was posted to Kenya and climbed extensively, including an ascent of Nelion, with the Kenya Climbing Club. On his return to the UK he continued close contact with the RAFMR teams at Kinloss and Leuchars. He climbed frequently in Scotland and the Lakes.

Davie was a keen exponent of mountaineering in Turkey, his first expedition to the Aladaglar mountains taking place in 1963. He and I climbed Demirkazik ('Iron Pole', 3756m), the highest mountain in the western Taurus range, as well as Emler (3723m) and Kaldi Dag (3734m). He organised three more expeditions from the UK to that area; many more peaks were climbed. Davie had many good friends in Turkey, including Omer Tuzel, who had written the *Ala Dag* guidebook.

In addition to mountaineering, Davie was an avid sailor and member of his local Aberdour Sailing Club where he kept a boat. With two others from the sailing club, he sailed to Norway and back, an epic voyage! He was also an artist and had recently given four of his paintings to the Alpine Club.

Davie was a great companion on the hill with a fine sense of humour.

Pete Addis

J H Emlyn Jones MBE, CBE 1915 - 2014

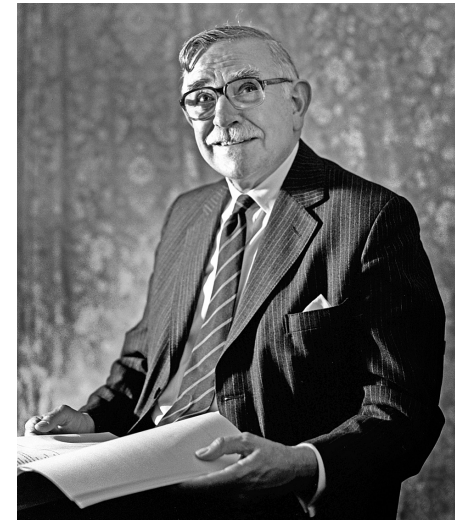
John Hubert Emlyn Jones, known to all as Emlyn Jones, was a high-achiever in many fields. He served as president of the Climbers' Club from 1966 to 1969 and as president of the Alpine Club from 1980 to 1982; he earned an MBE for conspicuous gallantry during the Second World War; he served as High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire in 1967 and, in his post-war profession of Chartered Surveying, rose to high office in the Lands Tribunal, during which he was made a CBE. He remained active to the end of his life, climbing Snowdon in his 80s and, until he was 98, travelling from his home near Leighton Buzzard twice a week to play bridge at the Garrick Club in London.

He was born in Wales, on the Gower, where his parents took their holidays. He spent his early years in Llandudno where his father was a schoolmaster who worked and occasionally climbed with J M Archer Thompson, the school headmaster. One of Emlyn's proud possessions was a copy of the original Lliwedd guidebook, given to his father by Archer Thompson and inscribed with a poem by the same, describing the joys of climbing on Lliwedd in the rain. His father's love of the mountains was the inspiration for Emlyn's own interest in mountaineering. Emlyn left Wales for school in Dulwich when he was 14 and spent the rest of his life in England. However, he was always a fiercely patriotic Welshman and in his later years taught himself to speak Welsh. On leaving school, he qualified as

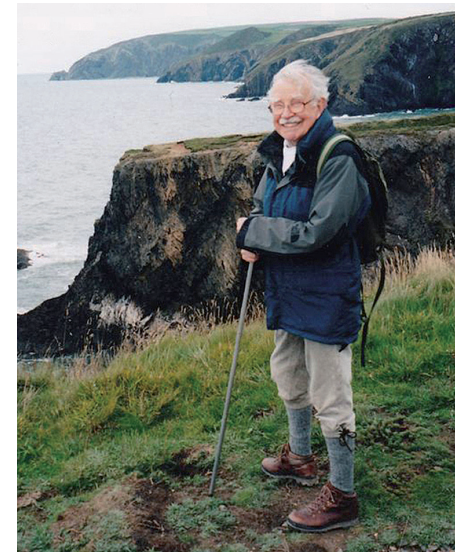
a chartered surveyor with a firm in Liverpool, spending his weekends climbing in North Wales or the Lake District and his holidays in the Alps. He joined the Climbers' Club in 1939 and the Alpine Club in 1944.

His early career was interrupted by the war. He was commissioned into the Royal Engineers in 1940 and appointed to head one of the newly-formed bomb disposal units. His engineer's knowledge of explosives quickly developed into the skills required to defuse bombs, though not without some good fortune when he unknowingly tackled a new type of fuse designed to explode when withdrawn: luckily this was a faulty unit and provided essential training in methods of combatting this threat. Emlyn's work on this and other devices earned him the MBE (Military). By the age of 28 he was a major and in command of all the bomb-disposal companies in north-west London. Then, in 1944, the V1 rockets came into use by the Germans; as Emlyn said, 'They gave us no work – they all went off!' He was posted to France after D-Day and was involved in clearing mines, booby-traps and beach obstacles. A significant operation for Emlyn and his team was the destruction of the vast underground complex that was intended for the V3 Long Range 'super-guns' that would have bombarded central London.

After being demobbed in 1946 he resumed his career, joining a chartered surveying practice in Birmingham, and also resumed his Alpine climbing. A notable season, described in the 1948 *CC Journal*, included the north ridge of the Dent Blanche and the long Moming ridge traversing over several summits from the Mountet to the Weisshorn. In 1950, he joined a surveying partnership in London, but had only been in the post for two days when H W Tilman invited him to join an exploration of the Annapurna region, a recently opened area that had been closed to West-



Emlyn Jones



Emlyn Jones on the Welsh coast.

erners since the seventeenth century. His partners agreed to him taking five months off, telling him that he would regret it forever if he didn't go. He went, enjoyed the exploration, but suffered all the depredations that legend associates with Tilman expeditions, his illness after eating a 'green' banana causing him never to eat the fruit again.

Back in the UK, his rock climbing was strong; he shared ropes with many of the leading climbers. In 1952 he went with Tony Moulam and John Churchill to climb a new route on Craig yr Ysfa. Moulam and Churchill took so long to work out the complicated line that it became too late for Emlyn to follow; instead, he went to the top of the crag in order to be able to lower a rope if required, although this proved unnecessary. The successful pair stood at the top of the climb with Emlyn, looking at the mist rolling in with the encroaching darkness, while wondering what to call their new line. Emlyn suggested a Welsh name, *Mur y Niwl* (Wall of the Mists), which the others happily accepted. He regretted not actually being on the first ascent, but was pleased to have found a classic name for a subsequently classic climb.

Around this time, John Hunt invited Emlyn to join the Everest squad for the 1953 expedition. As plans progressed, Emlyn missed the cut for the main party 'by a whisker', but he was invited to head a reserve team that would take up the challenge again in the autumn, should the spring attempt fail. Many years later at one of the Everest team reunions, he said that the Queen spoke to him about the joy of the nation at the announcement on Coronation Day of the expedition's success. He told her, 'Yes, Ma'am, but I'm afraid there were several of us whose joy was somewhat diminished!'

Emlyn Jones returned to the Himalaya in 1959, when he led his own expedition to the then unclimbed Ama Dablam, in Nepal. Emlyn had married Louise Hazell in 1954 and she was also planning to join the expedition, but became pregnant with their first child, daughter Eiluned, so stayed at home. Sadly, on what was to be the final push to the summit, George Fraser and Mike Harris (both Climbers' Club members) disappeared into clouds on the final, easier slopes. They were never seen again; their loss marked the end of Emlyn's Himalayan mountaineering.

In his later years, Emlyn developed his love of music, playing the cello, singing with the Madrigal Society and forming a 60-piece orchestra in Leighton Buzzard. In his career, through his work with the Land Tribunal, he became an authority on rating values and appeals, for which he was awarded the CBE.

I was privileged to interview Emlyn for the Climbers' Club Oral Archive in January 2011 and was impressed by his vitality, his humour and his memory. Several of his stories are touched upon in the tribute above which, though they cannot do justice to the man, hopefully give a flavour of his achievements in his long life.

He died, aged 98, in February 2014, and is survived by Louise and their three children.

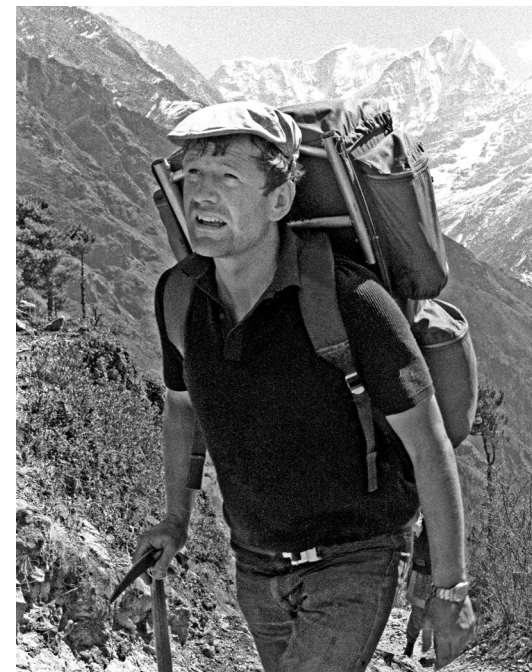
David Medcalf

Brian 'Ned' Kelly 1934 - 2014

Ned was a Londoner, born and bred. As an evacuee from the Blitz, Slough was the first 'wild place' he encountered but, soon after returning to Islington, his home was demolished by a V2 rocket – luckily while Ned was at school and his parents at work. On leaving Holloway Grammar where he boxed, played cricket and the cornet, he joined a small engineering firm but soon escaped to a stockbroker's office. By the time his call-up came for National Service, he was playing in a local silver band, acting in amateur dramatics and enjoying long rides to youth hostels with a local cycling group.

Recognising his talents, the Army posted Ned to the Intelligence Corps and sent him to Malaya where he learnt Malay before working as an intelligence analyst with Special Branch, tracking down communist terrorists in the jungle. After this a City office lost its appeal and in 1955 he managed to join the BBC as a Trainee Technical Operator in the then rapidly expanding Television Service, a job which involved rubbing shoulders with such celebrities as Gilbert Harding and Fanny Craddock, while working on such diverse programmes as *Top of the Pops* and *Zoo Quest*. Out of hours, he was cutting his teeth on Wealden sandstone with the North London MC.

In a calculated career move four years later, Ned joined TWW (Television Wales & West) in Bristol and, some way further north, the Mynydd CC as a climber. In due course, by now a producer, opportunities began to occur to merge profession and pleasure, and in the early spring of 1965 he 'set up' the first ascent, by Bonington, Cleare and Greenbank, of *Coronation Street*, that now-classic line up the impending 150m limestone wall of Cheddar Gorge. A month or two later he produced a spectacular and highly successful broadcast of the second ascent, tele-recorded the previous day (a production technique not to be confused with film or live television).



Ned Kelly approaching Namche Bazaar during the 1971 International Everest South Face Expedition. (John Cleare/Mountain Camera Picture Library)

Doors opened, of course, and the following year Ned joined Dennis Gray's expedition to the unclimbed north ridge of Alpamayo, essentially as film-maker, although he himself nevertheless climbed to the north summit of the mountain in order to shoot the exposed and dangerous final arête to the main top, such professional dedication greatly impressing his more experienced companions. Networked on ITV and abroad, *The Magnificent Mountain* won the Italian Alpine Club's Mario Bello Prize at the Trento Film Festival. The judges remained unaware of the climb's sequel: winding down in the Andean foothills after the expedition, Ned and Dennis escaped a hijacking by drug dealers.

In 1967, Ned produced another climbing broadcast, this time for ITV's *World of Sport*, with Joe Brown leading a pretty, blonde physical education student up *Vector*, Joe's Tremadoc classic. Dennis, who as safety officer organised the rigging, recalls that the climbing was so exciting that the programme overran by almost an hour.

The following year, Ned joined the already world-famous BBC Natural History Unit, also based in Bristol.

In 1970, when the BBC 'bought' Norman Dyhrenfurth's International Expedition to attempt the still virgin south face of Everest (planned for the following year), Ned was named as film producer and enlisted as a full expedition member. His meticulous organisation of the film logistics and his tireless work as a regular support climber in the Western Cwm endeared him to the 21 other members from 10 nations. Despite the failure of the climb and the 'Rebellion of the Latins', the film, *Surrender to Everest*, (directed by Anthony Thomas) was shortlisted for a BAFTA award. On returning to Everest in 1975, Ned produced *Everest the Hard Way*, the film of the successful south-west face climb by Bonington's team.

The Natural History Unit gave free rein to Ned's delight in travel and exploration, and for over 20 years he worked in many of the world's wild places, frequently as producer with David Attenborough. When in 1974 Ian Howell and I explored the little known Paldor area in the Ganesh Himal, Ned had already made a helicopter reconnaissance and provided some useful photographs; we were able, officially, to name a prominent, shapely peaklet Neddy's Thumb.

Among Ned's favourite projects were *The Living Planet* (1984), *Life in the Freezer* (1993) and the *Voyages of Charles Darwin*. Indeed, it was during the filming of the latter series in 1977-78 that he met Suzanne, from Dublin, the ship's doctor and cook, whom he was later to marry. But she was not Ned's only prize, for in 1978 he won both a BAFTA, shared with Chris Ralling and director Martyn Friend, for the best factual series, and then in 1985 an Emmy for his work on *The Living Planet: A Portrait of the Earth*, a first-ever award to a nature programme.

After 21 years and many adventures at the BBC, Ned and Suzanne 'retired' to a remote rural farmhouse on the Isle of Wight and raised a family, a boy and a girl. Suzanne, meanwhile, worked as a senior medical consultant on the island while Ned continued to work as a freelance tele-

vision producer and trek leader for Mountain Kingdoms, specialising in Nepal and Bhutan, between trips keeping fit on his mountain bike.

A man of many parts, Ned had been an actor in his youth: he played many roles as a member of the London Irish Theatre Group. He was a jazz enthusiast, a fine trumpet player and an entertaining speaker, frequently at club dinners. Indeed, with fellow member Brian Royle, he once wrote and produced an opera for the Mynydd Club's annual event. For the Everest 60th Anniversary celebrations, in aid of the MEF, Ned recorded one of his own compositions *Any Old Pitons* for Wanderlust, for the CD of climbing songs compiled by his old friend Dennis Gray and music producer Paul Cherry.

Ned, with his happy chuckle and ready wit, was great company, always enthusiastic and always ready with sound, practical advice. He kept up with the climbing world and was for some years a member of the BMC's Public Relations Committee. In retirement, Ned and Suzanne were generous hosts to climbers and old television colleagues who managed to brave the island ferry. He spent many hours carefully scanning back-numbers of the *Alpine Journal* into the digital archives, a task for which the Club is extremely grateful. His work in film and television is a worthy epitaph.

John Cleare

Dr Neil C W Mackenzie 1983 - 2015

With the untimely death of Neil Mackenzie in January 2015, British mountaineering has lost one of its most enthusiastic and adventurous characters. While Neil embodied the spirit of his beloved Scottish Highlands, his endless thirst for adventure extended far beyond. Naturally, he relished the summer and winter climbing that Scotland has to offer, with many trips to the north-west Highlands. He was also an enthusiastic fell-runner, musician, ski-mountaineer, snowboarder and surfer, while developing an accomplished academic career in biological research. His enthusiasm for life extended into any organisation that he was part of, including the Eagle Ski Club, Alpine Club and Varsity Outdoor Club (VOC), for whom he regularly led trips and training courses for younger and less experienced members.

The passion he shared for life also came through in his publications. These extended beyond his own academic research, with a scientific review published in the *Journal of the Association of Surgeons of GB and Ireland* entitled *The Molecular Mysteries of the High Mountains*. Neil also made contributions to several blogs, co-authored expedition reports for the Eagle Ski Club Alaska expedition (2013) and British Columbia expedition (2011), as well as publishing articles in the Eagle Ski Club yearbook, VOC journal and on UKClimbing.com.

Throughout his youth, Neil enjoyed many adventures in the Highlands, where he forged numerous close friendships. He made many ascents of

rock climbs up to E1 5b, such as *The Big Top*, as well as winter climbs up to IV,5 around the UK. In 2008, Neil enjoyed his first Alpine summer season with close friends Andy Main and Andrew Warren, with ascents of the *Chère Couloir*, *Midi-Plan traverse*, *Cosmiques Arête* and *Parat Seigneur* in the Aiguilles Rouges. His next adventures abroad were ski-mountaineering trips in 2010, with ascents of Mount Sir William (3200m) in the Adamant Range of British Columbia, with Ian Button, and an ascent of Piz Calderas (3397m) in Switzerland with close family friends Lewis Luyken, Reiner Luyken and Andy Main. Neil went on to make ascents of the *Hohlaubgrat* on the Allalinhorn and the *Dri Hornli Ridge* with Andy Main, Mark Jarvie and Andrew Warren.

I first met Neil in Glen Coe in June 2011. It was immediately apparent that his easy-going nature combined brilliantly with a strong drive for mountaineering, for example on the west face of Aonach Dubh. Throughout our expedition to the Northern Coast range of Alaska, Neil proved highly dependable and prepared to carry loads at any hour in any weather conditions, but he was also vital in maintaining team morale throughout some seriously soul-sapping conditions. It is a testament to his strength of character, indefatigable enthusiasm and sense of humour that we had a great time despite two weeks of gales and near constant rainfall. He also taught me the valuable lesson of how to enjoy wild environments to the full even when conditions prevent any mountaineering from taking place.

In April 2012 Neil made a ski-mountaineering ascent of the Ebnefluh (3962m) in the Bernese Oberland with Andy Main and Dave Macfie. This was to be his last ascent in the European Alps before he moved to British Columbia, where he found his ultimate land of adventures and made even more good friends. His notable ascents included the north buttress of Colchuck Peak (Cascades), east ridge of Alpha (BC), the north-east spur of Mount Matier, Stonecrop Face (BC) and the Fisher Chimneys on Mount Shuskan (Cascades). In 2012, Neil joined the Eagle Ski Club expedition to the Central Chugach range in Alaska. An aborted ski-mountaineering ascent of Mount Marcus Barker resulted in him making the likely first ascent of a peak above the Matanuska Glacier on the return journey. This expedition culminated in the first ascent of the *Wreckage of Petit Pimousse* (D, 5.10+, A0) in the Northern Cascades with Yan Pennec and Jens Von-Schmidt.

Neil's natural ability to unite and inspire people in a variety of adventures despite adverse circumstances was unique. His gift for making unlikely adventures happen despite daunting logistical challenges is a rare quality. His untimely death has curtailed years of adventures. His contributions to organisations and literature will be highly treasured for years to come. Above all, Neil was an excellent companion and his infectious smile combined with endless enthusiasm endeared him to many with whom he became close friends. They will all sorely miss him.

Adrian Dye

Elliott Skierszkan writes: I lived with Neil for the last year and a half of his life. We were fellow academics, members of the University of British Columbia's Varsity Outdoor Club, frequent trip partners and close friends. I shall miss poring over maps and guidebooks with Neil, to cook up some new adventure plans for the upcoming weekend.

The Coast Ranges of British Columbia are known for their heavily glaciated summits and deep valleys. It was in this magnificent place that Neil Mackenzie, Elena Cernicka and Stephanie Grothe lost their lives in a tragic climbing accident while attempting to summit Joffre Peak via its aesthetic Central Couloir, which splits this imposing mountain's north-east face. The three climbers were relatively recent immigrants to Vancouver: Elena, from Slovakia, Stephanie from Germany and nearing the completion of her PhD in Physics at the University of British Columbia (UBC), and Neil having arrived from Scotland for a post-doctoral fellowship in molecular biology at UBC.

Neil was raised, along with his older sister Caroline, in the village of Flichity, Inverness-shire, by their parents Angus and Margaret. Early on, he learned to love the outdoors, scrambling around the crag behind the family home. He attended primary school in Flichity and then secondary school in Fettes College, Edinburgh, where he became well-liked by his classmates for his jolly and sociable nature. He loved a drink and a laugh and was noticed for how he prioritised life above all else, although his teachers worried about his lack of interest in writing and literature. While he did not read his first book until he was 16, he soon became a very keen reader and by 19 had read *War and Peace*. An equal interest in history and sciences eventually led him to pursue the latter during his undergraduate years at Glasgow University, although he was also always fond of discussing history and politics.

His years in Glasgow were influential, as his social network expanded and diversified. He was described as having selflessly introduced an incredible number of people to each other, and having been the catalyst for many friendships and marriages. In Glasgow, Neil became enamoured with climbing after he and a few mates took up the sport. His scrawny body and hairless chin eventually morphed into a stacked climber's body with a massive beard.

Neil's natural curiosity eventually led him to complete a PhD in transgenic technologies at the University of Edinburgh. During this time, his passion for the outdoors also flourished. Within a week of having obtained his driver's licence in his late 20s, he had acquired a long-wheelbase high-top Transit van which would become an iconic fixture among Scotland's mountaineering community as it was spotted at various trailheads throughout the Highlands.

After completing his PhD, Neil struggled with the decision to pursue an academic career, or to devote himself in full to his mountaineering passion. Discussions eventually led to him accepting a post-doctoral position researching the pathways of bone and soft tissue mineralisation, on the

condition that he would have time to do a month-long mountaineering and ski-touring trip to the Canadian Rockies before starting.

His post-doctoral study ended up being tremendously successful, although Neil would have never bragged about it himself. He managed to publish an impressive 11 papers and won a number of awards, including a travelling fellowship to work at a bone lab in San Diego, as well as an invitation to speak at Hokkaido University in Japan. In 2014, he was awarded the John Haddad Young Investigator Award by the American Society for Bone and Mineral Research for his work on mineralisation in tissues. Of course, Neil always did his best to ensure that his work travels would be combined with some form of mountaineering!

A successful grant application to the Canadian Institute of Health Research brought Neil to the UBC Faculty of Medicine's Centre for Blood Research for a second post-doctoral research period. Neil was thrilled about being granted the opportunity to come to Canada once again to pursue his work, while exploring this country's endless mountains.

At UBC, Neil naturally gravitated towards the university's very active Varsity Outdoor Club (VOC), where he made many friends, including Stephanie Grothe. A soft-hearted but chiselled mountaineer, he happily embarked on trips with people of all skill levels, making them feel comfortable and patiently teaching them the ways of the hills. He volunteered on numerous instructional VOC trips, passing on the hard-earned skills he himself had learned mostly without the safety of an instructor or guide. On more challenging climbs, Neil always kept his cool and would selflessly volunteer to take the sharp end of the rope and scout a passage to safety.

While his thoughts were often consumed by the mountains, deeper inside what really counted were his friends and family, in particular those back home. He would diligently Skype with his parents in Scotland, and always loved to see his little niece and nephew, whom he cared about deeply. As much as he was happy with his life in Vancouver, he missed his mates back home dearly.

A life-loving, adventurous, and modest man with an incredibly large heart, part of his legacy is demonstrated by looking at the connections and friendships which were created in his wake: in his departing, people from all walks of life whom Neil had introduced came together and joined in mourning and in celebrating the life of this tremendous character. The community mourns the loss of a truly great man whose life was cut short, but who in his 31 years has left a deep impression that will never be forgotten.

Editor's Note: While Neil was an Aspirant Member of the Club at the time of his death, his mountaineering CV was subsequently submitted to the Membership Committee, and Neil was posthumously designated a Full Member of the Club in March 2015.

Richard Morgan 1929 - 2015

Richard grew up in Hertfordshire and Surrey. Following boarding school, he gained a scholarship to King's College, Cambridge, where he read classics then history. At university, he discovered his love for climbing, often visiting North Wales and the Peak District on a Triumph motorbike. To celebrate the Queen's coronation in 1953, he climbed the spire of King's College Chapel, planting a home-made Union Jack on the spire. The authorities were outraged; scaffolding was used to remove it.

Richard's working career began in accountancy. He also completed a law degree and had a spell in management consultancy before progressing through various jobs as finance director in companies of increasing size. He retired aged 62 after a brain haemorrhage, from which he made a near-complete recovery. Until his mid-30s, every spare weekend and holiday was spent rock or Alpine climbing. He was leading E1 in the early 1960s and took great pleasure in transferring these rock skills to bigger challenges in the Alps.

His Alpine career was extensive; he climbed major peaks from 1952 until 2004. Until I was born in 1967 he did not miss a single year of Alpine climbing. Major mountain routes in the 1950s and 1960s included the Zmutt Ridge on the Matterhorn, *Guggi* on the Jungfrau, the Schreckhorn-Lauteraarhorn traverse and Triglav's north face.

Perhaps his favourite style of climbing was multi-pitch Alpine rock, and the climb he talked of most fondly was the *Comici* on the Cime Grande. It must have been very exciting in 1963, with only a bowline round his waist. He described a fall at one point, held by a body belay; the overhang was such that he could barely make contact with the rock with the tip of his toe. Later, he persuaded my mother that this peak would make an ideal honeymoon trophy.

Richard's life was transformed when he met my mother. He chose to press 'pause' in his climbing career; for many years he devoted himself to her and to the tough job of bringing up two very demanding boys. Alpine holidays turned to beach holidays until we boys were big enough to have family camping trips in the UK, then later in the Alps. Richard and I started climbing rocks together at Windgather; I was only one year old and have no recollection of it but the picture with me in a backpack is in the family's album. He fell off only once, apparently, fortunately with no consequences for either of us.

Climbing with Dad was an apprenticeship of movement skills, classical ropework, route-finding and self-confidence. This was an extension of the era of 'the leader never falls' as Dad was not a big fan of overcomplicating things with baggage such as helmets, harnesses, belay plates and rock-protection generally. I remember us being shown round Mark Vallance's Wild Country factory in Eyam when I was 10. Mark proudly showed us brand new, state-of-the-art camming devices, which he called 'Friends'. Clearly, they revolutionised climbing safety but we did not appear to need

them. Even aged 15 on big routes in North Wales, I was still leading in classic 1960s style with only a bowline round my waist.

When I was 11, in 1978, we experienced possibly our most epic adventure together in Chamonix, doing the Charmoz-Grépon traverse. We did it all in big boots; I have strong memories of classic abseiling from the summits using only the rope. He had a thing about getting all the way down to the valley after a route; staying an extra night in the hut was never on the agenda. I was pretty exhausted walking all the way down from Plan de l'Aiguille to Chamonix in the dark. Even then, Richard was keen to drive on to Geneva. He had seemingly unstoppable energy.

I remember a conversation we had before dawn on another occasion as we set off from the Promontoire Hut to do the traverse of the Meije. 'Dad, you know we're climbing with these big, orange Eveready torches in between our teeth? You see those French guys? They've got torches on their heads. Can we get some?' So we modernised with headtorches, harnesses, rock gear and even got some 'Friends'. In my 20s and 30s, with Richard now in his 70s, we continued to enjoy Alpine adventures, now in modern style, doing numerous classic but challenging routes. Among others, we climbed the Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche, the Miroir d'Argentine and the *Triftgrat* on the Breithorn. He remained fitter than most people half his age and I remember the surprise when a rather tired-looking British mountain guide bumped into Richard and me on the summit of the Chardonnet. He was even more surprised to discover Richard had done it under guidebook time.

Richard spent many happy trips in the Alps, ski touring with his friends and contemporaries, doing numerous week-long hut-to-hut tours with other AC members. I had the pleasure of joining Mike Esten and Richard, aged 77, on his last multi-day ski tour, in central Switzerland. This was a challenging itinerary including staying in unguarded huts. On the final day we navigated to a snowy col in a whiteout, jumping off the cornice onto the glacier below before the final ski descent. His last climb, on the week he turned 80, was one of the most famous and classic UK rock routes, *Devil's Slide*, on Lundy, which we did together with my son, Sam, who was 10. We went over for the day, an uncertain procedure as on the crossing it was raining hard. But the weather was kind in the end and we managed to do perhaps the first ever three-generation ascent of that route.

Throughout his life, Richard always took great pleasure in introducing others to climbing and the great outdoors. For the last 25 years, with more time in retirement, he took on the key role of treasurer of the Mount Everest Foundation, a position which, despite lots of work, gave him great pleasure. It allowed him to keep in touch with the mountaineering community and in the process, with his financial expertise, enabled the fund to expand hugely in value to continue to support expeditions every year.

He became a member of the Climbers' Club in 1952 and was treasurer for six years. He became a member of the Alpine Club in 1960, and held over many years a number of positions such as vice-president and chairman

of the finance sub-committee. He enjoyed many happy Alpine Club meets in the summer and skiing trips with AC members in the winter. He made many lifelong friends from the Club.

Richard battled bravely with failing kidneys and dialysis for the last few years. Despite not following his own advice he told me that although he had had a great working life, he had worked too hard. I won't make the same mistake, and I hope I can embrace life with as much passion, dedication and generosity as he did. He was a great Dad, a great role model and will be missed by a great many people.

Jon Morgan

John D C Peacock 1931 - 2014

John Peacock died on 20 August, 2014, aged 83. He will be remembered as a keen and able mountaineer, a congenial expedition member and brilliant leader, a planner who could think two jumps ahead and a man with a twinkle in his eye. Almost to the end of his life he seemed to be blessed with a lucky star.

John's first experience of the hills took place on Lakeland holidays starting in 1945. It was love at first sight; in 1947 he did his first rock climbs, tied to a

hemp rope and in borrowed clinker-nailed boots, in Birkness Combe above Buttermere, most notably *Mitre Buttress* and the *Oxford and Cambridge Route*. His early years were spent in a Gloucestershire village where, influenced by a family friend who was deeply engaged in the development of naval radar, he became fascinated with electronics. In the immediate aftermath of the war his rural grammar school had neither physics nor maths teachers: John was allowed to transfer to Cheltenham Grammar School for his sixth form. At Cheltenham, his world rapidly expanded and he not only won a place at Cambridge but also was one of twenty-five schoolboys from the UK (nearly all from public schools) to be chosen by the South African Aid to Britain Fund to fly out to Nairobi in a DC3 Dakota and then spend three months travelling to Cape Town by Landrover and bus. The group sailed home on the Union Castle line's *Warwick Castle*, a ship reputed to be



John Peacock in sledging harness as leader of the Combined Services Expedition to North Peary Land 1969. (Bruce Reid/Chris Shorrocks coll.)

the only vessel that rolled in dry dock.

At that point, National Service called. John received his officer training at Eaton Hall before being commissioned into the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. He was posted to a base in Kent. As luck would have it, the area fell under the command of the youngest brigadier in the Army. For some reason he took a shine to this young subaltern and encouraged him to stay in the service. John, however, elected to go to Cambridge, in 1952, on full army pay and allowances and then went on to spend at least two years on electronic research with the General Electric Company. He returned to the Army as a captain after five years, having never worn uniform.

At Cambridge the CUMC was at one of its high points, awash with luminaries such as George Band, Roger Chorley, Geoff Sutton, Eric Langmuir and Bob Downes. They became lifelong friends and although John was never a driving leader, he was a participant in many fine ascents. I recall he was very pleased with climbing the east face of the Grépon and the complete traverse of the Meije. He also took to the river with his normal enthusiasm. Hardly of the stature of an oarsman, he filled the back seat admirably and coxed the Lady Margaret Boat Club 1st Boat (LMBC is the boat club of St John's College) to Head of the River in both the Lent and May races, as well as coxing the crew in the Ladies' Plate at Henley. He was elected to the Leander Club. Almost incidentally he was awarded his degree in Mechanical Sciences.

John loved telling jokes and seemed to have an infinite reserve, from the crude to the cultivated. On a British Association of Ski Instructors course, he insisted on each member producing a fresh joke every morning at breakfast. He also had a few party tricks: one of those was playing the spoons (two spoons back to back in one hand while rattling them over the fingers of the other). Years ago, in Glen Brittle, I asked Mrs Macdonald if she could remember my brother. A moment's thought and then in that lovely West Highland brogue, she said, 'Oh now, that will be the boy who gets the music from the spoons.'

In 1964, John was selected as a member of a Combined Services Expedition to South Georgia. The main aim was to retrace Shackleton's 1916 route from King Haakon Bay to Stromness. This was the first crossing since the original one and had to rely on Shackleton's own description and sketches. The report describes John as 'conscientious and enthusiastic'. In the latter half of the 1960s, John led three expeditions to Greenland. The first was to introduce some officer cadets at Sandhurst (where by now he was an instructor) to the delights of expeditioning. The second was with the Army Mountaineering Association to peaks in West Greenland and the third, which he led with Bruce Reid as his deputy, was a four month Joint Services expedition to Peary Land, the most northerly region of Greenland. Every member of that expedition recalls it with great pleasure: among the comments, he is remembered for having played the spoons in the northernmost land on the globe, and everyone mentions his superb leadership.

His efforts were recognised by the Royal Geographical Society with the presentation in 1971 of the Ness Award.

John Peacock was promoted to lieutenant-colonel at about that time. There were wry comments about his absence from his desk at the Ministry of Defence when he joined the party, led by Alan Blackshaw, which made the first British ski traverse of the Alps, a route of more than 500 miles from Kaprun in Austria to Gap in France. Meanwhile, he was recruited to the planning team for the 1976 Army Everest Expedition. The preparation for Everest involved preliminary expeditions to Himachal Pradesh and to Nuptse. It became apparent that John had problems at altitude and for this reason he became base camp manager on the Everest expedition. Despite health difficulties, he was proud to have reached c6700m in the Western Cwm and thrilled that Brummie Stokes and Bronco Lane gained the summit. It should be added that when Harold Wilson announced the British withdrawal from East of Suez a committee was formed at the MOD to consider the personnel repercussions of that policy. John became a member and pushed strongly for the development of Adventurous Training in all branches of the forces, a policy which continues to this day.

Everest seemed a good point to have a change of course (he was 45 by then) and one fair wind blew him towards sailing. Another blew Sheila Ralph in his direction. Sheila had been John Hunt's PA at the Duke of Edinburgh's Award office. She says she and John had had each other in their sights for years. At the time they were married, Sheila was an editor at Heinemann and overnight became the 'Colonel's wife' at Rheindahlen, a remarkable feat in anyone's book. She tells the tale of a visit to the dentist in Germany and discovered that she was down as, 'Colonel Peacock – wife of'!

Sailing was his next interest; he went about it with his customary thoroughness, helped by Sheila's background. While in Germany he raced and cruised in the Baltic and when posted back to the UK he became commodore of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (REME) Yacht Club; they sailed round Brittany, Ireland, Spain and the Mediterranean. In 1992 he was mate on REME's yacht *Master Craftsman* on a voyage across the Atlantic from Canada in which he qualified as an RYA Yachtmaster, Ocean.

By now a full colonel, John's penultimate posting with the army was as Commandant of the Princess Marina College for REME apprentices. He brought discipline and enthusiasm and self-confidence into the lives of many young men who had never experienced such things before. He told me it was the most satisfying job he had in his army career and he was delighted when Prince Philip accepted his invitation to take the salute at one of his passing-out parades.

John retired early from the army and, after a brief period as a bursar of a public school, became Director of the RYA Seamanship Foundation, a charity providing sailing opportunities for blind and handicapped sailors. Here, he was once again in his element, working actively with young

people and, often with the skilled help of Sheila, taking blind crews across the Channel. On his final retirement from the Seamanship Foundation, the Peacocks moved to the village of Lustleigh in Devon. There, they threw themselves into village life with John becoming chairman of the Lustleigh Society, a role involving hosting many memorable parties.

John was elected to the Alpine Club in 1966 and served two terms on the committee, 1974-6 and 1984-6. He was also a member of Library Council from 1992 to 1999.

Ten months before his death, John went into hospital for a knee replacement. A day later he suffered a stroke from which he never recovered. He knew he was dying and had no fear of that. We talked of the old days, of the high hills and our shared love of Arthur Ransome's books. John's favourite was *We Didn't Mean To Go To Sea* and, struggling to speak, he quoted the words on the title page: 'Grab a chance and you won't be sorry for a might-have-been.'

Nigel Peacock

John Cleare writes: John Peacock in Last Blue Mountain.

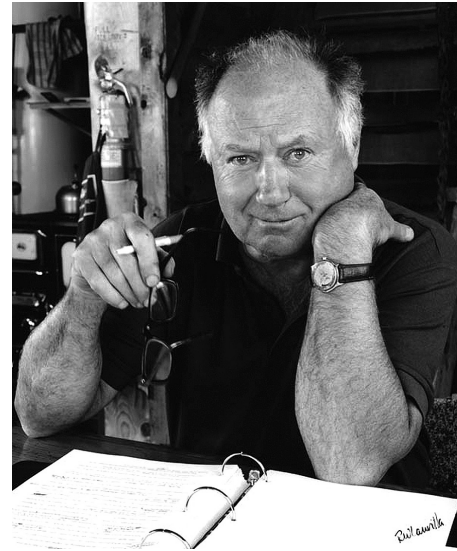
I've often regretted that, apart from once in 1970, our paths crossed only socially, never long enough for further adventures – unless one considers working together, in which case running the Alpine Ski Club from 1993-6 was one such. John served as the power behind my presidential throne and was the most able and efficient hon secretary for which any organisation could have wished.

But few know that John was also a film star. Early in 1970 the BBC decided to re-tell the 1957 Haramosh epic, *Last Blue Mountain*, as a film 'reconstruction'. The crew was to be minimal: a courageous BBC Producer/Fixer, myself as Cameraman/Director, Colonel Tony Streather in person to ensure accuracy and boost morale, and two climbing ski-bums from ISM as porters. The treatment was to be silent but with commentary and sound effects. Tony procured three experienced Army alpinists to act the parts of Emery, Culbert and Jillott, while Glenmore Lodge loaned us Bill March, their leading ice-climber, to take the heroic part of the young Streather. John Peacock was to be Emery, the survivor, with Jon Fleming and Brian Martindale the two tragic casualties.

On an aerial reconnaissance we selected the Zermatt Breithorn and its north-west coire as the main location. It possessed all the necessary Haramosh features: a 'Cardinal's Hat', a corniced ridge, a steep ice wall and a snow basin, albeit in miniature and mirror image. Meanwhile a nest of séracs on the Plateau Rosa would suffice for shooting falls and close-ups. We had the Theodule Hut opened up for us from where, for over two weeks in early March, we skied to work before dawn every day.

It snowed and blew hard when necessary, so conditions were almost authentic, apart from nights in the freezing hut. John and Bill built us an igloo on location to store equipment. John's part required some serious acting. Filming is a frustrating business, especially in such conditions, and

he was tireless, always practical, always jolly, always patient, and always ready to climb up the slope again for yet another take. Off-set, John was ever ready to do more than his share of work and I couldn't help thinking what a brilliant chap he'd be to expedition with... and so it proved, but never with me.



Bill Putnam

William Lowell (Bill) Putnam III 1924 - 2014

In 2002, the Alpine Club of Canada (ACC) proposed that William L Putnam be elected an honorary member of the International Mountaineering and Climbing Federation (UIAA). This motion was seconded by the German, Japanese and South African Alpine Clubs. Bill's election added to the many other honours bestowed on him by the world's climbing community. These included: honorary memberships of the Appalachian Mountain Club (1976), the Alpine Club of Canada (1989), the Association of Canadian Mountain Guides (1990) and the American Alpine Club (1993).

Bill Putnam was born in New England in 1924. While studying geology at Harvard University during World War Two, he volunteered for service in the US Armed Forces. He saw combat in Italy as an officer with the 85th Mountain Infantry (part of the 10th Mountain Division). Wounded in combat, he was awarded the Purple Heart, the Silver Star and the Bronze Star medals. During his service, he made the ascent of various Apennine peaks, and in his own words, 'was shot at, too!'

In 1942 Bill, travelling by train to the old Glacier Station at Rogers Pass along with members of the Harvard Mountaineering Club, made his first visit to the Selkirk Mountains in western Canada. The result of this trip was, for Bill, the beginning of a love for the Canadian mountains that would last a lifetime.

This passion (he would make more than 62 first ascents in the Selkirks) made him, in 1957, the natural choice as editor of the American Alpine Club's Canadian guidebooks. His experience of the Selkirks, the American Rockies and the Canadian Rockies was extended in 1950 to an expedition

to Alaska, making several first ascents in the Juneau Icefield group.

His mountaineering career had begun much earlier, however, with an ascent in 1934 of the Marmolata with his father. As he declared at the time, 'I have never climbed with a guide, unless I was one.' He occasionally returned to the Alps, perforce when on war service, but also in 1950 for an ascent of the Grossglockner by the *Hoffmannsweg*, laconically described as 'a drag'.

In 1946, as President of the Harvard Mountaineering Club, Bill led the first American ascent of Mount St Elias (5489m) in the Yukon Territory. Unfortunately, Bill's war injuries (shrapnel damage to his lungs) prevented him from going higher than about 5000m. Consequently, his formidable energies were turned towards revising and editing James Monroe Thornton's *Guide to the Interior Ranges of British Columbia*, a task which saw three updates and revisions, the last being in 1971. In addition to editing guidebooks for the AAC, Bill also authored over 20 books on a variety of historical and scientific subjects.

He was elected to the American Alpine Club's Board of Directors in 1969 and served in various capacities for 30 years, including president from 1974 to 1976 and honorary president from 2010-14. Bill represented both the Canadian and American Alpine Clubs on the Council of the UIAA from 1974 until he was elected vice-president of the UIAA, in which capacity he served from 1992 until 1996. During his period in office he was responsible, in 1982, for drafting one of the most visible acts of the UIAA, the Declaration of Kathmandu, calling for vigorous measures to protect the flora and fauna of the alpine environment worldwide, long one of his principal preoccupations.

In his business life, Bill was a successful TV broadcaster and the originator of the broadcast editorial (he was later elected to the Broadcasters' Hall of Fame). He also served as the sole trustee of the Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona, the largest private astronomical observatory in the world. During his tenure as sole trustee (1987-2013) Bill was responsible for developing and funding the \$4.3m Discovery Channel Telescope.

In 1965, Bill became responsible for constructing the first hut at the Fairy Meadows, a Panabode cabin, foreshadowed by his having worked on the Refugio Corsi in Italy during the war. In 1973, one year after becoming a member of the Alpine Club, he was instrumental in the building of the current structure. In the autumn of 2002, the Alpine Club of Canada approved that the Fairy Meadow Hut be renamed the Bill Putnam (Fairy Meadows) Hut in recognition of Bill's contribution to both the Alpine Club of Canada and Canadian mountaineering.

Bill's wife Kitty died in January 2014, followed by his own death in December of the same year. He is survived by his three children, Kathleen, Lowell and Erica.

Mike Mortimer

Dennis Gray writes: I first met Bill in the autumn of 1974 at a UIAA Executive meeting. He was representing the American Alpine Club and I had

been similarly appointed to that role by the BMC. We immediately hit it off, as we had similar views about standing up for 'The Freedom of the Hills'.

Bill was a big man physically, and a typical Yankee, forthright and at times impatient at the slow and tortuous ways of the world body of mountaineering. In 1974, the UIAA was dominated by the representatives of the 'old established' European alpine clubs, the Swiss, the German, Austrian and French. Their very hierarchical way of working often had Bill chafing at the bit.

For the next 15 years until my retirement from the BMC in 1989, I met Bill in many locations at the UIAA Executive and General Assemblies. On several occasions we made common cause over such UIAA developments as the need to make the organisation truly international, to do which needed a future policy review (chaired by an Alpine Club member, Robert Leopold, from the Netherlands), leading to a new constitution, as well as such innovations as reciprocal rights in members' alpine huts. We also worked on the Kathmandu Declaration, with its great emphasis on conservation, as well as the beefing up of the work of the specialist committees, and many others.

Bill was a larger than life character. He had close contact with the Canadian Alpine Club, and often represented that body at the UIAA. Socially, Bill was good to be with: my keenest memory of him was of a night in Mexico City while we were both attending a UIAA meeting. The official of the Mexican mountaineering organisation who was supposed to be organising the event had run away with the funds; the country's government had needed to step in to take over the organisation at the last moment.

Bill and I were sharing a room. A government official arrived on our first evening to show us around the city. But instead of taking us downtown to see the tourist sites such as the Mariachi bands or a Hili game, he bundled us into a taxi and headed for a distant suburb. Our first port of call was a huge broken-down dance-hall, full of over-made-up portly middle-aged ladies slowly gyrating to beat music. Our next destination was a seedy bar full of ladies of the night; finally we reached another hostelry where a gaggle of transvestites were for some reason keen to make friends with my Yankee companion. We waited until the government man went to the toilet and made a run for it. We had no idea where we were, but Bill collared a local with a car, and after loading him with greenbacks, persuaded him to drive us back to our hotel. As we were staying in the only Hilton in Mexico City, we found our way back despite our halting Spanish. The government worker must have believed that Americans were more interested in the low-life of his city rather than high culture. But once back in our hotel room, Putnam made me swear to keep quiet about our adventures that night, for it would look bad for him in waspish Springfield, Massachusetts (Bill's home city), if stories surfaced!

Bill was a dynamic, progressive individual who gave so much of his time and own money to support the sport he loved. He made friends easily and

everywhere, from Nepal to South Korea and beyond. I am sure he will be widely missed and I am happy and proud to have known him as a good friend.

Stephanie Roberts (previously Allan Yeend) 1952 - 2015

Stephanie, and those who knew her as Allan, remember her as full of the sense of adventure, instilling confidence wherever she went, always with humility and unpretentiousness. Though determined, she would always work at the pace of the weakest, and ensure everyone was looked after. Anyone who climbed with her knew they could trust her not only to be safe, but to have good judgment, and work in partnership.

Stephanie was born in 1952 in Christchurch, Dorset, as Allan Yeend, and grew up there in modest circumstances. Allan's father died when he was about nine, and this left a lasting impression on him. He was highly intelligent and entirely self-educated, having left school at 16, with a remarkable memory and interest in history, nature, philosophy and of course the mountains.

Moving out of home with characteristic determination, he quietly sorted everything out in advance, and simply announced it to an astonished and protesting mum as he packed his bag. This approach revealed his trademarks: a kind modesty and calm confidence.

He would often joke about his GCSE in gardening, his 'highest' educational qualification. In fact he was an extremely skilled boatbuilder, not just in his craftsmanship of cabinet-maker standard but also through a strong understanding of design and engineering. There is not a single Sadler sailing boat which does not bear some of his handiwork. When Sadler's closed, Allan carried on working in the industry at Sunseekers. On becoming Stephanie after her gender change in 2005, this work was continued after a brief period of trying out other occupations, including nursing the elderly.

Joining the Wessex Mountaineering Club in 1974, Allan quickly became respected as a very competent and safe climber and one of the club's best all-round mountaineers. By then he was already a regular at Swanage, making forays into the intimidating Boulder Ruckle. Nigel Coe found him playing frisbee at the castle with Richard Crewe and Dave Kyle; regular climbing partnerships were formed with Tim Dunsby, Steve and Pat Portnoi, Robin Wilson, John and Alan Walmsley and many others.

He would proudly show his new routes – in the sea! The fun of Swanage is a continuous supply of new routes, as the previous day's route would often have disintegrated. Always up to something, Allan recruited an unusual climbing partner – Sooty – in one of the Swanage quarries during filming of the TV series.

Not only into the hills, Allan was a top grade whitewater canoeist. He helped all his friends build canoes: these are still being used 35 years later.

On my only foray canoeing out to sea with Allan, we 'bumped' into a basking shark in Poole Bay. He remained totally calm, as if this was an everyday occurrence, but stayed between me and the big shark. He had a knack of finding the spectacular anywhere.

Every weekend saw Allan and the rest of us off to all parts of the UK to get to the crags. The driving took place at speed, with precision overtaking and micrometre clearance in the lanes of Cornwall. Superb at everything he did, his driving was exemplary even if at times on the far side of the law. Once, the police pulled him over, presumably expecting to fail his faded purple Cortina for some or other roadworthiness defect. After half an hour of inspection the police failed to find anything wrong, and with infallible aplomb Allan thanked them for this 'free MOT'. So the trusted Cortina with Allan at the wheel carried us all into the hills for many more years.

When the weather caved in, so did Allan. Many autumns were spent underground, crawling and grappling in South Wales, the Mendips, Peak and Yorkshire. Duck-diving through the sumps in Swildon's Hole tempted him fully into cave diving, and some pretty bold wreck diving as well. He cave dived with the likes of Rob Palmer. Perhaps the mountaineer in Allan kept him alive, unlike so many of his cave diver buddies. He did what every SCUBA diver dreams of, bringing up a ship's bell, this one from the *Waitara* off the south coast.

I met him in 1981, when I joined the Wessex MC. The Club had just bought a hut in Betws y Coed. Every fortnight we were up at the hut, rebuilding, carrying up materials. Allan built alpine-style bunk beds (which most of us had never even seen); we carried them up like meccano pieces, for assembly at the hut. They are still there 33 years later, yet another testament to Allan's skill and quality of workmanship. We would take a break from the hut and do a climb or go up a mountain. The sack was always ready to go on the hill, including the 'emergency rations' that had been in there since 1975, as old as the sack.

Rapidly, Allan became my partner and my climbing partner. When not in North Wales at the hut, we were climbing or caving in some other corner of Britain. We climbed the railway arches in Dorset before climbing walls were invented; we spent evenings after work at Swanage or on the Agglestone Rock. The Wessex was an active and vibrant club, and there was a



Allan Yeend on Fletschorn – Lagginhorn traverse, Saas Fee, 1988. (John Walmsley)

core which built up into a happy climbing fraternity largely due to Allan's enthusiasm.

At times we practised sea-cliff rescue. Allan managed a rescue for real, when Paul Wallace, one of the Wessex elders, fell off, broke his hip and tumbled into a turbulent sea while soloing at Cattle Troughs. Allan thought things through, checked that a harness would not aggravate the injury, instructed us in how to make a rope stretcher, and supervised the haul to the top of the cliff as well as the subsequent smooth carry towards the ambulance. Paul recovered to carry on climbing.

Every summer meant a trip or two to the Alps. An embarrassing epic on what was to be a short training route, the Leiterspitzen, saw us benighted. A sudden thunderstorm swept over us. We were on a ridge near the summit, and with almost nowhere to hide. I kept the wet rope snaked and curled so it looked a bit less like a lightning conductor. Just by the summit Allan found a steep, seemingly bottomless gully off the ridge which looked far from ideal, but it did have a small ledge with an overhang above it, which kept some of the rain off. Allan had struck gold again: we sat on our ledge watching the pre-lightning strike up the gully before meeting the down stroke, mesmerized by this spectacular show within feet of us, while actually feeling quite safe. Having made the summit, the weather turned worse and, after descending for hours, snow and darkness forced us to bivvy. When the mist cleared next morning we were 50 metres above a road. Years later, I discovered books and files that Allan had studied, with comprehensive notes about the nature of thunderstorms in the mountains. This thoroughness in being prepared, learning and understanding everything in detail, was the case in whatever enterprise he took on, and kept him and the rest of us safe and alive on many occasions.

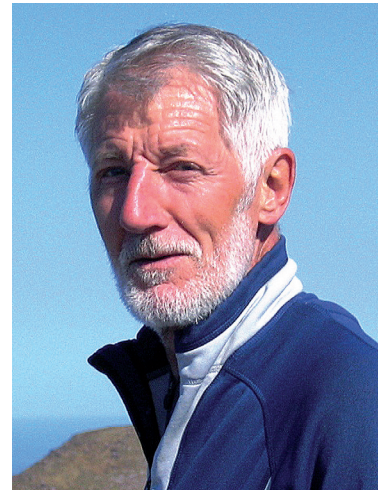
As Allan, his application for Full Member to the Alpine Club was accepted in 2000, and was active on UK and Alpine meets. She rejoined as Stephanie, her passion for the mountains still alive, becoming a Full Member in 2011. She had climbed most of the 4000m peaks in the Alps, but no-one would have known this, and wasn't anything she counted herself. Her achievements were about the adventures she shared with her friends.

As Stephanie she also realised another ambition, and developed her interest in Egyptology into a programme of study and research, for which she received a degree. She published two books, one revealing the real origins of Tahemaa, the mummy at the Bournemouth Natural Science Society. Her research took her and her partner Tony to Egypt many times. On one occasion they spied a forbidden entrance at a pyramid, and when the coast was clear Tony slid Indiana Jones style down the chute, with Stephanie close on his heels. They found rooms full of mummies standing around, looking surprised at these new visitors. Of course they were in big trouble, but got away with a fine and an incredible adventure.

The diagnosis of cancer was a hard one to accept. In the mountains she would figure out the geology to plan a safe escape route; when canoeing, she would know how the sea moved to avoid being crushed against rocks.

Though she said she did not want to go like this, the mountains and seas would never have claimed her. She was in harmony with the natural environment, her apparently uncanny judgment actually based on painstaking diligence and learning, and the ability to use a lifetime of experience. No wonder 'Allan was good to have in an emergency'.

Toto Gronlund



Les Swindin. (*Barbara Swindin*)

Les Swindin 1938 - 2015

Les Swindin was born in the London area, but at the outbreak of the Second World War went to West Yorkshire with his mother, whose family lived in Pudsey. His formative years were much influenced by his father, a professional footballer who had been goalkeeper for Arsenal Football Club in the 1930s and continued his career with Arsenal after spending the war years in the Army. When Les was 16, he and his parents moved to Peterborough, where he immediately started work in a chemical laboratory and studied part-time at the local technical college, graduating in 1963

with an external degree from the University of London.

During his time in Peterborough, Les played football and cricket as an amateur, and took an avid interest in jazz and folk music. Sport remained of great importance to Les throughout his life, although once he discovered mountaineering, around the time of his graduation, he became mainly a spectator. In 1965, having discovered it was not too late to train as a teacher, Les studied in Huddersfield for a PGCE in technical education. From 1966 until he retired 30 years later, he was a chemistry lecturer at Gloucester Technical College.

It was during his first year there that I met Les. We had separately joined the Gloucestershire Mountaineering Club within a month of each other. Our friendship and love of the mountains led us to marry in 1969, and over the next three decades we continued mountain climbing together on most weekends and for a large part of our lengthy college holidays. Les had a naturally athletic physique which was ideal for fast walking and fell-running. In his 40s, he took up orienteering, eventually winning national championships. With mountaineering friends, he ran in many fell races and mountain marathons, the Lowe Alpine Mountain Marathon probably being his favourite. At the age of 60, Les successfully completed the Joss Naylor Lakeland Challenge in 14 hours 30 minutes.

Les was introduced to climbing on the Isle of Skye in 1963 and returned there over and over again, traversing the Cuillin Ridge on several occasions, including the Greater Traverse and even the 'Greater Greater Traverse', encompassing not only Clach Glas and Blaven, but also the crossing of the Dubhs Ridge and back down to Glen Brittle in one continuous outing. Les also climbed all the Munros, saving the last few to do with me in 2000, thus ensuring that we 'compleated' together. Despite him being able to walk probably twice as fast as me, he patiently waited at intervals so that I could be with him on all the summits.

As a rock climber, Les was a traditionalist. He loved climbing on mountain crags all over the UK, especially in Snowdonia and the Lake District. It was always satisfying to climb with Les, as he instinctively knew how to climb swiftly and competently up the routes he chose. We never queued in those days, and I rarely spent too long at a belay point wondering when it would be my turn to follow. He encouraged me (and others) to climb up to (though within) our limits, while he himself often climbed more serious and more technical routes with other friends of similar ability to his own. The social life of the mountaineering world was always a joy to Les; he had a good sense of humour. Above all, he loved to chat about his climbing experiences, share his knowledge and encourage others.

These aspects of his personality were all the more apparent in his career as an alpinist. His first climbing holiday in the Alps was based at Zermatt, in 1965. There, as a complete novice, he climbed the Rimpfischhorn, Zinalrothorn and Matterhorn. In 1970, he introduced me to Alpine climbing, and from then on we climbed together in France, Italy and Switzerland for 25 years until I had to quit because of ill health. Climbing all the 4000m peaks was one achievement, but he rarely climbed to an Alpine summit simply in order to tick it off a list. Mostly, he chose particular routes for their apparent merits and sometimes climbed the same peak by two or more different ridges or, occasionally, faces. He was a natural leader and always climbed guideless. From 1980 onwards, he and I teamed up on many occasions with the late Pete Fleming. It was with Pete that Les climbed the Aiguille Blanche de Peuterey when, despite a sunny forecast, their outing turned into a three-day epic with 15cm of snowfall and many hours of constant thunder and lightning as they sat in an emergency bivouac on the south-east summit. It is testament to their skills that they escaped unharmed.

The number of Alpine routes that Les enjoyed is too large to count, but they all feature in the Alpine Club guidebooks that he edited. During his later visits to the Alps, active climbing was gradually replaced by many serious long walks and scrambles in order to take photographs to illustrate these guides. Les was determined to give other alpinists the best chance of finding the routes described.

In addition to summer climbing, Les also led approximately 20 ski tours in the Alps from the south-east of France to Austria. I accompanied him on half of these. Our friends and I all benefitted from his understanding of

snow conditions and ability to find a safe way through complicated terrain, whatever the weather threw at us. Probably the greatest ski tour of all was for him, as well as for me, our traverse in 1981 through the Bernese Oberland from the Grimsel Pass to Stechelberg near Lauterbrunnen, accompanied by Alpine Club member Jay Turner and two other friends. In perfect weather, we stayed high for 10 days.

Sadly, Les's last decade was marred by the onset of Parkinson's Disease; his activities were prematurely curtailed despite his efforts to keep as fit as possible. Even at the end he could still walk faster than me, albeit only for a short distance. Les will be greatly missed by all his many friends, and especially by me. He was my loyal and loving husband as well as my climbing partner and 'unofficial mountain guide'.

Barbara Swindin

Lindsay Griffin writes: I'm not sure when I first met Les, though it would have been before the mid-1980s, when we first started working together on Alpine Club guidebooks. It may even have been in the early 1970s, when I first met Barbara, although I actually was not aware of that meeting until relatively recently, when I read her book. I was a young whippersnapper, camped in Chamonix, and like most other climbers there had no command of French at all, which meant that whatever information we could get on weather forecasts in those days – and it was little – we couldn't understand anyway. Similarly, the available guidebooks in English were often rudimentary in their descriptions. Then word began to spread through the encampment that Snell Sports, the main climbing shop in Chamonix, to where a lot of the British drifted on wet days, was employing an English girl who spoke fluent French. So Barbara became the centre of attention for a lot of British climbers, trying to find out what the weather really would be doing in three days' time.

In 1985, Les completed all the 4000m peaks on Robin Collomb's list, a lot of these with Barbara, who as we know eventually completed all but one. A year or so later, the Alpine Club decided to prepare a completely new series of guidebooks to the major European Alpine regions. These were to contain a wide selection of routes, across the grades, to cater for all abilities, the innovation being that they would be published by the Alpine Club itself. It was entirely appropriate that Les, who had been a member of the Club since 1979, spearheaded this initiative by taking on the important role of general editor: he continued in this office for the next 20 years. It was a time-consuming and often thankless job, yet one to which his determined approach and vast wealth of Alpine experience made him ideally suited. The first of these guides, in 1987, was John Brailsford's *Ecrins Massif*, closely followed by Ron James's single volume guide to the Dolomites. In the end, Les was responsible for the production of all Alpine Club guides from the mid-1980s onwards. He convinced a traditional club of the need for clear topo-diagrams, good photo-diagrams, moving to colour, and so on. And when he was unable to find or cajole authors into writing on

a particular area, he simply wrote them himself. I know he really enjoyed producing two editions of the *Bernese Oberland and Valais Alps East*, the latter with his long-time climbing partner, Peter Fleming.

Most of these guides were written at a time where there was really no other viable English language alternative. That now has all changed, thanks to the vast increase in small European publishing firms which have realised that to be commercially successful with a diverse international mountaineering community, they had to include some sort of English version. In the middle of the last decade the AC realized it simply did not have the resources or drive to compete. Many of the guides, notably two that I wrote with considerable help from Les, *The Mont Blanc Massif* and the *The Bregaglia*, are seriously out of date, but in areas such as the Valais and Bernese Oberland where, despite climatic change, fashions have not much altered, those guides are still genuinely useful for the budding Alpinist.

This was an interesting era in the shaping of British Alpine climbing; these guidebooks determined the routes that were followed. Les made a significant contribution to this, and for that he gets my personal thanks, as well as a large thank you from the Alpine Club, in bringing its name to the fore not only in the UK but also throughout Europe.

I never got to climb with Les but I well remember walking as a foursome into a remote Welsh crag to tackle a couple of ice routes. We struggled to keep up on the approach and eventually gave up as he disappeared into the distance; we only met again back at the car, where he and his partner seemed to have been waiting for several hours. And that is how I'd like to remember him: super-fit, enthusiastic, and with that little smile at the end of the day suggesting that we relative youngsters still needed to put in a bit more work.



John Tyson. (Tyson archive)

John Tyson MC 1928 - 2014

John Baird Tyson was born in Partick, Scotland, and brought up in London, where his father was Surmaster (deputy headmaster) of St Paul's School. He acquired a passion for climbing during family holidays in Scotland, France and Switzerland.

I first met John when, as a schoolboy, I spent a month at the Outward Bound Mountain School in Eskdale, where John was an instructor and Eric Shipton was Warden. It was evident even from this first contact that he was a very determined character who, once he had decided on a course of action, would see it through to the end in an almost obsessive way.

In his National Service during the Malayan Emergency, he won the Military Cross for leading his platoon with great determination against a group of guerillas, who were eliminated. While not unique, such medals were few and far between.

After demobilisation, John went to read Geography at Magdalen College, Oxford, and in 1952 led the first-ever Oxford University Scientific Expedition to the Himalaya. In addition to work on several high-altitude projects in the Tehri-Garhwal region, the team made first ascents of Gangotri I and Gangotri III, both above 6500m.

In the Alps, he had done such routes as the *Marinelli Couloir*, the Zmutt Ridge and the *Younggrat*. As a housemaster at Rugby School, over several seasons he introduced boys to guideless climbing in the Swiss and French Alps. His enthusiasm over the years led to many worthwhile routes being completed, many along the Haute Route.

In 1953, he and Bill Murray had made an exploratory journey to the Api and Nampa region in the far north-west of Nepal where they made the first ascent of several peaks in the 5500m-6000m range.

Around this time, he bought a house in Eskdale. There, he and his wife Phebe offered renowned hospitality to visiting mountaineers and other friends.

Then, in 1961, began John's obsession with Kanjiroba (6880m). This massif in west Nepal had become his blank on the map. Over the next nine years, he led expeditions through very rough country but, in spite of sustained efforts, he never reached the summit.

In 1964, I joined him in west Nepal. After a wonderful few weeks of surveying and climbing several peaks of around 5500m-6000m, we forced a route along the Langu Khola, the gorge of the Langu river, but turned off too early to get to the peak of Kanjiroba – no GPS at that time. The 1969 expedition learned from this and reached the mountain, but dangerous snow conditions precluded a successful attempt. John's final visit took place in 1998 when he had great pleasure in being reunited with Sherpas from the 1964 and 1969 expeditions. Kanjiroba had become 'John Tyson's mountain' to the extent that, when it was eventually climbed by a Japanese team, its leader sent a telegram to John to apologise; 'with your permission, we have climbed your mountain.' John was said to have been delighted.

Meanwhile, he was offered the headship of a school to be funded by the British government in Nepal, but political differences between the British and Indian governments prevented this coming to fruition immediately. Instead, he was appointed headmaster of another British-funded school in Bhutan, where he spent three years before being invited by the Nepalese government to run its school in Budhanilkantha, where he spent six happy years. Perhaps it was having done the Zmutt Ridge and *Younggrat* from a base in Zermatt but, in his later years, year after year, he returned to Zermatt to be among and to look at the mountains of his youth.

He is survived by his wife Phebe Pope, and their daughter and two sons.

John Cole