

IN MEMORIAM

E TENEBRIS

I SHALL not see those heights again,
 Those heights I knew of old ;
 For me shall sunrise spread in vain
 Its amethyst and gold.

I shall not wander through the glades
 In valleys dim withdrawn,
 Nor breathless gaze while Sirius fades
 Into the pearl of dawn.

Yet they are mine, for ever mine,
 While thoughts and dreams recall
 The splendour of the gleaming line
 That crests the shattered wall.

Aflame with youth and joy and hope
 High o'er the pineclad hill
 My comrades of the axe and rope
 Gather around me still,

And far aloft on tower and spire
 By visions led I go,
 Lord of the land of heart's desire,
 The kingdom of the snow.

So in my darkness memory brings
 My sunlit hours to me,
 Thankful that I have known these things . . .
 Sint Deo gratiae.

G. D. R. TUCKER.

 SAMUEL BARKER PEECH

1869—1947

By the death of SAMUEL BARKER PEECH on May 18 last the Alpine Club has lost another member of over fifty years standing, and during the whole of that long period his interest in the Alps and in the doings of the Club never flagged.

Peech was born in 1869, the son of W. H. Peech of Fernbank, Roehampton. After spending some time at a preparatory school he



S. B. PEECH. 1869-1947.
At Saas Fee, 1903, with Clemenz Perren.

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was sent to Sillig's, at Vevey on the Lake of Geneva, a school run on the lines of an English public school. It was there that he first learnt to climb and developed that love of the Alps which he retained to the end of his life. For this he was indebted to the Sillig brothers, who took those boys who did not return home for the holidays for expeditions in the neighbouring mountains and gave them a chance of learning and appreciating mountain craft at an early age. Football must also have been well taught, for the grounding that he got there enabled him later to become captain of Surrey and of the Harlequins.

He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1895 and climbed regularly for many seasons. His ascents included all the larger peaks in the better known centres and many smaller peaks and passes in the less frequented districts. He had a remarkable knowledge of the general lay out of the Alps and of the relationship of the various ranges to one another. He was a good and safe climber, and with his great strength and steadiness he would have made an invaluable No. 2 in a guideless party; but he preferred to climb with guides, always the same two, Clemenzen and Fridolin Perren. His climbing companions in his early days were F. B. Stead, J. Pank and J. S. D. Holloway.

In 1896 he married Sybil Nicholson, daughter of James Nicholson of Salmon's Cross, Reigate, who joined him on many of his expeditions.

I never climbed with him in his earlier days but we were out together on several occasions when we were beyond the age of serious climbing and we enjoyed many small climbs and good walks together. He was a delightful companion, enjoying every minute of the day and appreciating to the full the beauties of the Alps.

He was an active member of Lloyds for many years. When he retired in 1920 he settled at Twyford Lodge near Winchester, a most attractive place with the Itchen running through the garden, where he and his wife were ideal hosts to their many friends. There his chief relaxations were shooting, fishing and golf, at all of which he was more than proficient. To me, as to many others, his death is a very real loss. He was reserved by nature, but when he once accepted you as a friend he gave you a true and loyal friendship such as is seldom met with. May he rest in peace.

C. H. PASTEUR.

ROBERT JOHN GROTE MAYOR

1869—1947

ROBERT JOHN GROTE MAYOR, 'Robin' to all his friends, was born on August 20, 1869. The love of scholarship and of the things of the mind was in his blood, for his father was the Rev. J. B. Mayor, Professor of Classics at King's College, London, and his mother was the niece of George Grote, the historian, and of John Grote, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge. It was natural, therefore, that he should be



Photo, Peter Rush.]

R. J. G. MAYOR.

1869-1947.

in College at Eton, win the Newcastle and be elected to a scholarship at King's, Cambridge; and natural also that he should be placed in the first class in both parts of the Classical Tripos, win the Craven, be *proxime accessit* to the Chancellor's Medals and gain a Research Fellowship at his College. Perhaps it is even more relevant, in this JOURNAL, to record that he was captain of the Cambridge University Hare and Hounds Club, and that he won the Inter-Varsity Cross Country Championship in 1891.

In 1896 Robin joined the Education Department as a Junior Examiner. The Department was still a place suitable for a scholar and a gentleman. The shade of Matthew Arnold haunted its somewhat dingy passages. J. W. Mackail, Herbert Trench and Edmund Chambers were among its officials. But changes were impending. The Department was soon to become a Board. Then were to follow the Education Act, 1902, and the immense and vivifying presence of Robert Morant. Robin was one of those who caught the new spirit and flung himself with zest at the new task. The early years of the century were a time of adventure and of great toil. Robin was an admirable official, devoting his distinguished mind and his physical energy to the work, untiring, always cheerful. He became an Assistant Secretary in 1907, and Principal Assistant Secretary in 1919, in which year he was created a Companion of the Bath. In 1926 he retired, a very great loss to his Department and to the public service. He had been called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn in 1899. In 1912 he married Beatrix Meinertzhagen, who survives him.

After his retirement Robin devoted himself to the composition of a book on Philosophy. He had completed it, and had sent the last sheets to the typist in June of this year. On the same day he was attacked by an illness requiring an operation, and on the following day, June 19, he died.

Robin kept a careful list of his Alpine expeditions, though unfortunately he did not, in his early years, record the names of his companions or guides. In his first season (1896), after an unsuccessful attempt on the Galenstock, he went to Chanrion and made his way thence to Montenvers, by the Pointe d'Otemma, the Col du Mont Rouge, the Col des Maisons Blanches, Fenêtre de Saleinaz and Col du Chardonnet and the Aiguille du Midi, taking Mont Gelé and Combin de Corbassière on the way. In 1897 he ascended the Diablerets and Wildhorn, the Dom, Wellenkuppe and Nesthorn; and 1898, the Finsteraarhorn, Zinal Rothorn, Rimpfischhorn (from the Adler Pass), the Central Aiguille of the Aiguilles Rouges d'Arolla and the Dent Blanche. He seems to have missed 1900. He spent 1901 in the Lower Engadine, helping J. J. (afterwards Sir John) Withers to prepare notes for the revision of Ball's Alpine Guide, and accomplishing some seven or eight peaks, and on this qualification he was elected to the Alpine Club, being proposed by G. W. (afterwards Sir George) Prothero and seconded by Withers, in February, 1902. The season of 1902 was again given to 'Ball.' In 1903 he redeemed his early failure on the

Galenstock and, revisiting Zermatt, had ten successful days on Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, Obergabelhorn, Weisshorn and Matterhorn (traverse). 1904 was distinguished by a first ascent of the Thieregghorn with G. W. Young and a porter (see *On High Hills*, p. 107), a first ascent of the Schweinberg, with Withers, Adolf Andenmatten and Andreas Anthamatten (*A. J.* 22. 326), and ascents of the Bietschhorn, Ruinette and Grand Combin, the last named of which is described in a paper read to the Club by Withers (*A. J.* 22. 520). 1905 was a short season, rendered memorable by a traverse of the Charmoz and Grépon in company of Young, Raphael Lochmatter and Joseph Knubel, and of the Requin with Young, Slingsby and Josef Knubel (*On High Hills*, pp. 154 and 163). 1906 was perhaps the climax of Robin's mountaineering career. His ascents included the Moine, Requin, Blaitière, Dru, Zumstein and Dufourspitze, Zinal Rothorn (traverse), Gabelhorn (traverse), Breithorn by the E. ridge on the N. face (after an unsuccessful attack on the previous day), Weisshorn by the ridge in centre of the N. face), a traverse of the Matterhorn by the Zmutt ridge and down to Breuil, and the Dom, first ascent by the S. face. His companions on these expeditions were sometimes Young, sometimes Donald Robertson, and the guides employed were Gabriel Lochmatter, Josef Knubel, Moritz Ruppen, Leo Truffer, and Josef Chanton. References to the climbs in which Young participated will be found in *On High Hills*, pp. 158, 202, 203, 139, 116 and 200. In 1907, Robin began a climbing partnership which lasted for five years, and was to those who travelled with him peculiarly delightful, though more modest in aim and in accomplishment than that of 1906. In the former year we visited Cogne with Charles Wollaston, A. Gentinetta and Josef Biner, and snatched the Grivola, Herbetet and Grand Paradis from the jaws of bad weather, returning to Zermatt by train through the heat of the Italian plains. Robin then put in a few days at Saas Fee, and secured the Nadelhorn and Ulrichshorn. In 1908 we began in Dauphiné, with Joseph Turc and Casimir Gaspard, and after some minor climbs, crossed the Ecrins and the Meije and ascended the South Aiguille d'Arves. We then hurried off to Chamonix, and, having been driven back from the Dent du Géant by storm, I deserted him, and he went off to the Simplon and ascended Monte Leone. In 1909 we set out from Chamonix, in a great company, with Withers and his ladies, riding on mules, for Courmayeur, where we parted from Withers and met our Dauphiné guides. We crossed the Tsanteleina to Val d'Isère, were beaten by rain on Mont Pourri, and took the Rutor on the way back to Courmayeur. We crossed Mont Blanc by the Col du Midi to Chamonix (Robin has left a vivid account of his sensations as we toiled up the slopes above the Col de la Brenva in a blizzard, see *A. J.* 54. 133). We ascended hopefully to the Géant hut to avenge our defeat of the previous year, and again returning in drenching rain and wind, consoled ourselves with a charming day on Mont Dolent, paid yet another fruitless visit to the Géant hut, and that was the end.

In 1911 our party was augmented by the adherence of George Fletcher. We began at Pralognan, and, in not very favourable weather, climbed the Grande Casse and Dent Parrachée, crossed the grass passes to Val d'Isère, ascended the Grande Sassièrè, succeeded on the Pourri, and made our way to Courmayeur. Here we, at last, secured the Dent du Géant, and then crossed Mont Blanc from the Quintino Sella hut by the Rochers du Mont Blanc.

1911 was our last year together. The prison house was closing on me, and strikes and rumours of war cut short our season. Still, with the same party and the same guides we crossed the Diablerets, Wildhorn and Wildstrubel and the Jungfrau from the Rottal and traversed the Bietschhorn.

Robin had a short season at Zermatt and Saas in 1912. That was the year of his marriage, and he did not climb again until 1921, when, with Withers, he climbed the Badile, Cengalo and Disgrazia; an account of this journey will be found in the paper already mentioned. In 1923 he had a short season in the Engadine, in the course of which he ascended Piz Bernina by the Scharte route, and in 1924 he was again at Saas and Zermatt, ascending the Fletschhorn and Laquinhorn and Castor, and in 1925 he revisited Dauphiné, and though he did little there, had the supreme felicity of climbing Monte Viso. On most of these expeditions in the 'twenties, his companions were Withers, Adolf Andenmatten and Alois Anthamatten. In 1927 Robin paid a flying visit to Tyrol, failing on the Habicht and crossing the Wilde Pfaff and the Wilde Freiger. This was his last Alpine journey.

As will be seen, Robin had, in an Alpine experience extending over more than 30 years, ranged over most of the Western Alps, with occasional visits to the Central and Eastern part of the chain. Some of his climbs with Geoffrey Young were formidable; but his taste turned rather to wandering in regions still unspoilt and to the joy of discovering for himself peaks and valleys which still had for him and his companions the charm of something strange and novel. He was the ideal companion on the mountains, always keen, never depressed by failure or ruffled by fatigue, physically strong, accomplished in technique, with perfect control both of body and mind. He may have felt, on the Mur de la Côte, that 'the spark of life was gradually withdrawing inwards' (*A.J.* 54. 134); but none of his companions would have guessed it at the time. As Geoffrey Young wrote, 'Robin Mayor's happy mountaineering habit was to make every party, plan, pace, length of expedition and degree of difficulty seem to his friends exactly the one which suited him best.'

Robin's contribution to Alpine literature was scanty, consisting solely of the paper already cited.¹ It was, however, enough to cause great regret that there was not much more of it.

SCHUSTER.

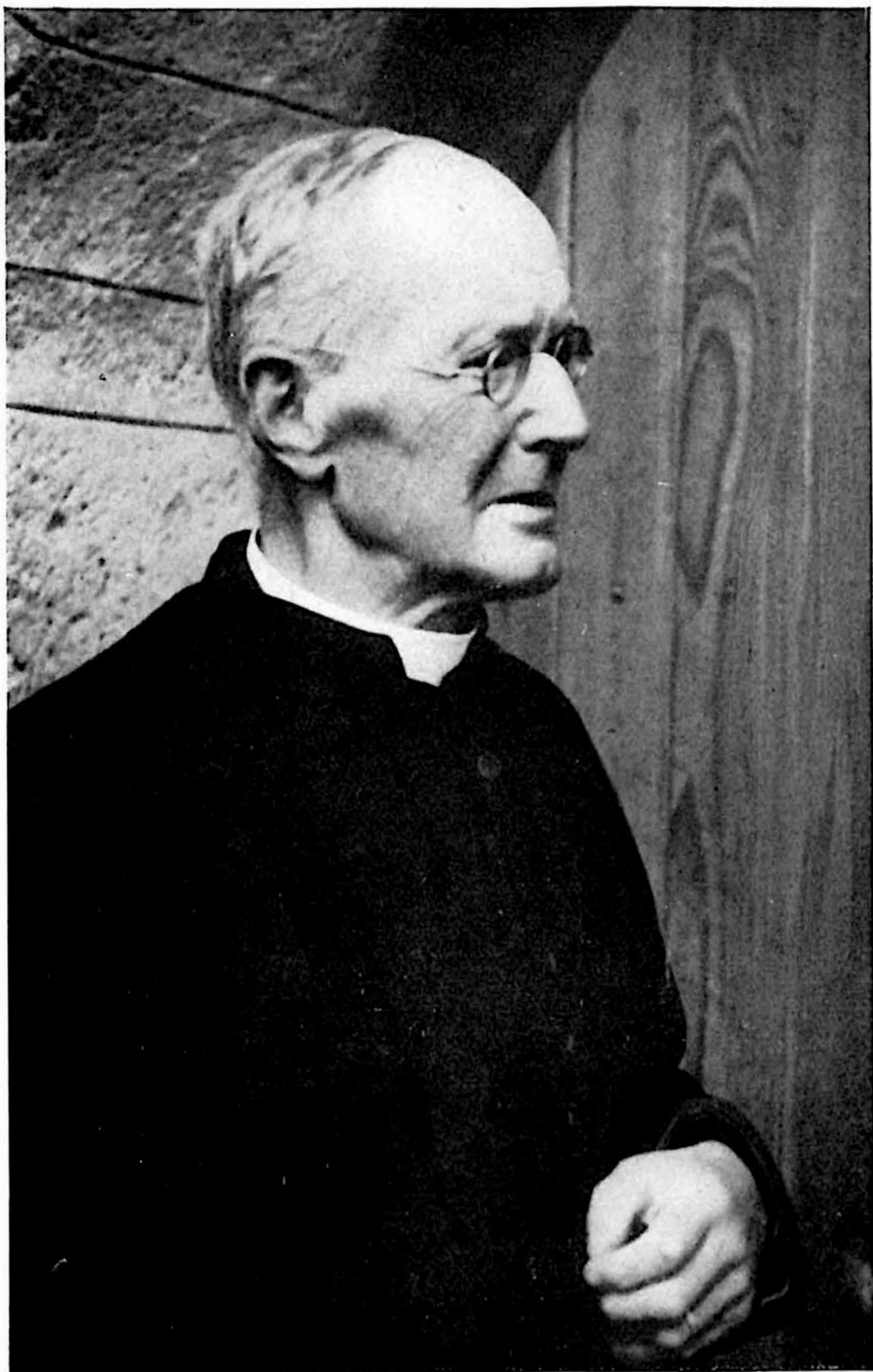
¹ *Some Alpine Recollections*. Read before the Alpine Club, May 4, 1943. *A.J.* 54. 132 sqq.

GEORGE MILNER BELL

1872-1947

CANON G. M. BELL, who died on March 9, 1947, at the age of 74, was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1922, having been proposed by G. Winthrop Young and seconded by R. L. G. Irving. He had had fourteen seasons in the Alps, Norway and Tyrol before this. His first visit to Saas Fee was in 1897, and he made numerous expeditions from different centres. The list of his climbs included Matterhorn from N.E., Grand Cornier traverse, with descent of N.W. arête, Dent Blanche by S. ridge. The Petite Dent de Veisivi was a favourite climb and was first done in 1901, and his traverses over passes gave him a great knowledge of the Alps for which he had already an immense love. It is perhaps not to be regretted that he hardly ever felt himself justified either in incurring the expense involved in employing a guide or in making difficult guideless expeditions which were new to him, so as to add, as he otherwise might have done, to his list of ascents. He made in consequence some original experiments; during one holiday he bicycled over Alpine passes and ended one trip downhill by arriving in Venice. Between the two wars he went increasingly to Arolla, as chaplain to the English church there, to which he became very much attached. He was among the first of his countrymen to visit the Alps after each war. In 1919 he was in Arolla, and also in 1945 and 1946. The official reason for his latter journeys in appalling travelling conditions was the need to inspect the twenty-one English churches in Switzerland, but one suspects that another very real reason was his love of the Alps and everybody and everything connected with them. He wrote: 'Thus I visited Arolla (four days and a Victory Service which I constructed in French, including sermon—only two English from Montreux—sixty others); Zermatt—Victory Service for American soldiers; Saas Fee, Grindelwald, Interlaken, Adelboden, Berne. It was all very wonderful. The Matterhorn appeared out of the mist, glorious in fresh snow.' Amongst the 'sixty others' who attended the Victory Service held by him in the English church at Arolla were not only the landlord of the Mont Collon hotel, a practising Roman Catholic, but also the Franciscan friar who was taking the services at the little village church. Both these two were amongst Canon Bell's friends.

His tremendous courage enabled him to retain his humour and zest in the difficulties and sorrows of his later years. His son in the Royal Air Force was killed while flying over the coast of Norway; this was a sad blow to him and to his wife. In 1941, on one of his bicycling trips from his Shropshire parish of Worthen to the Welsh hills, he had an accident on an icy road and broke his hip, an injury which kept him in hospital for months. Yet as soon as he was able he went quietly to the hills to try himself out and his expeditions continued; but latterly his spirit drove him to overtax his strength, which he did joyfully and never regretted. He had a great capacity for enjoying difficulties.



G. M. BELL. 1872-1947.
Outside the English Church at Arolla, 1945.

[To face p. 173.]

His sense of humour and fun was evident in his writings, in the postcards and letters, often in verse, which punctuated his travels, and in his more formal articles. He contributed to this JOURNAL 'An Adventure on the Dent Blanche' and a paper on 'Mountain Inns,'² and was engaged in writing a book of his mountain experiences when he died.

He was Vicar of Romford in Essex for a number of years, and was made a Canon of Chelmsford. Then he became Rector of Worthen in Shropshire, and it was due to his efforts that this fine parish church was restored. He took a great interest in educational work. He will be remembered, too, for his great knowledge and love of music.

F. L. JENKINS.

CHARLES JAMES STEVENSON-MOORE

1866—1947

SIR CHARLES STEVENSON-MOORE, who was killed while mountaineering alone in Switzerland at the age of 81, had a long and distinguished career in Bengal, where he served for the full period of thirty-five years allowed to a member of the Indian Civil Service. Known throughout the Services in Bengal as 'Stuffy' Moore, the nickname was merely a convenient abbreviation, for there was nothing in the least 'stuffy' about him. Invariably calm and dignified, he was yet accessible to all. A keen and competent sportsman, mountaineering was his joy, and it is fitting that his life should be brought to a close among the surroundings he loved so well. He will long be remembered by the older generation of civil servants in Bengal.

In addition to being a member of the Alpine and Alpine Ski Clubs he was a keen supporter of the late Mountain Club of India and of its successor the Himalayan Club, in their earlier days.³

H. J. TWYNAM.

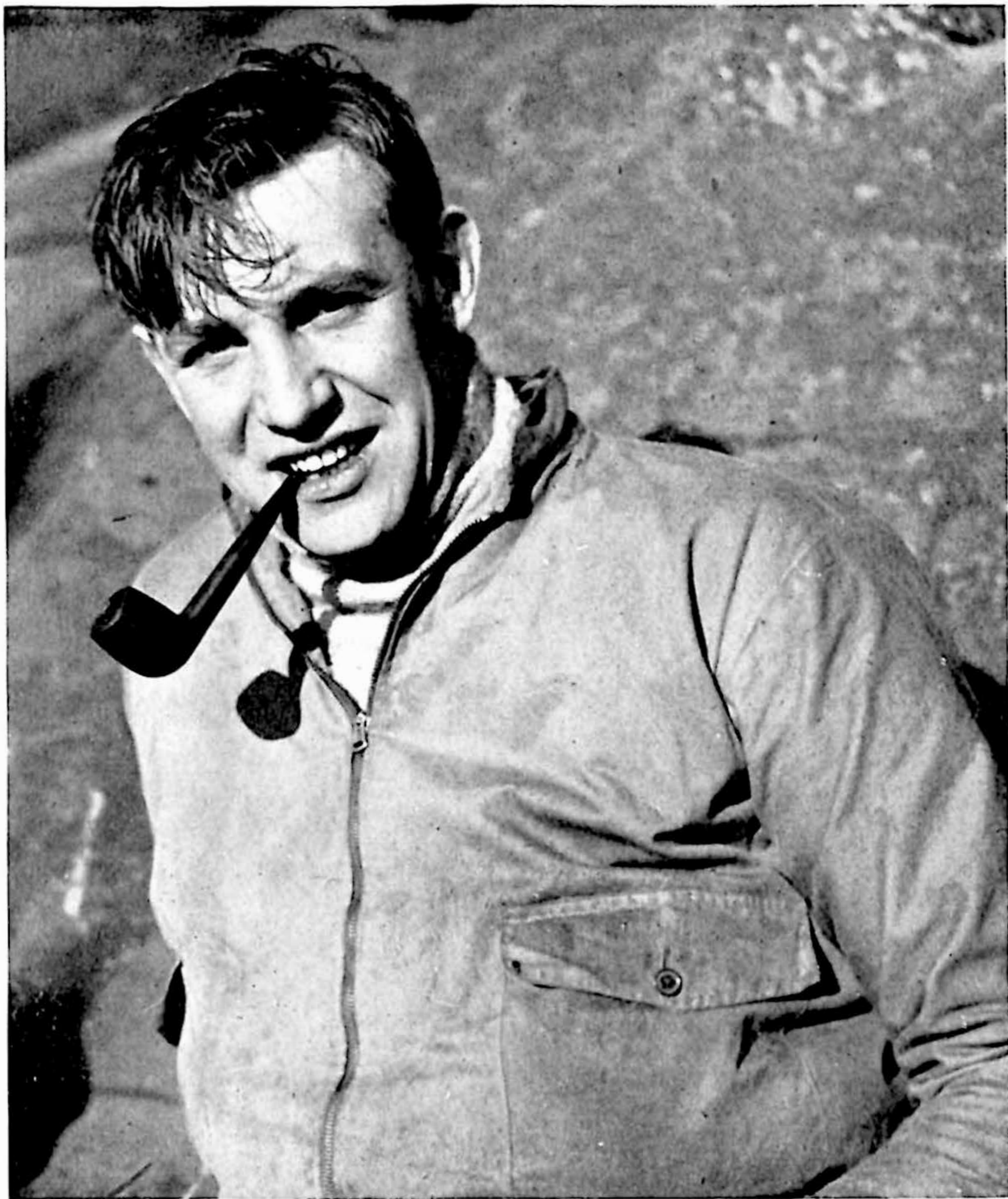
JOHN RICKATSON JENKINS

1913—1947

By the tragic death, on August 7, of JOHN JENKINS, during a descent of Mont Blanc by the old Brenva route, the Club has lost one of its most brilliant and most enthusiastic climbers. Into his thirty-four years he had crowded more climbing than perhaps any other man of his generation, such was his enduring passion for the hills, engendered in his earliest years. He was fortunate in having a father, Harold Jenkins,

² *A. J.* 35. 22 *sqq.*, 53. 237 *sqq.*

³ This notice is printed with the courteous permission of the Editor, *Himalayan Journal*.



J. R. JENKINS.
1913-1947.

who loved the hills and took his son climbing at a very early age ; indeed, John's first ascents were made in a rucksack on his father's back. Together they spent many holidays in the Lakes, Derbyshire Pennines and other districts, where John thoroughly mastered the technique of rock climbing. He was soon enjoying his first season in the Alps, and at the age of sixteen climbed the Matterhorn, gaining further knowledge from the first class guides his father always employed.

Alas, a few years later Harold Jenkins, also in the prime of life, was killed in a motor accident in South Africa whilst on his way to the Drakensberg mountains on completing a business trip.

Educated at Leighton Park School and Birmingham University, where he graduated in Natural Sciences and Mining, John subsequently joined his father's firm, the Mining Engineering Co., at Worcester. Into the recently formed University Mountaineering Club he put new life, organising meets, arranging lectures and dinners. There were many men, both then and later, who became climbers as a result of his tireless energy and patient teaching. Between week ends spent climbing in every part of Britain, he kept fit by playing rugger.

From then onwards, until the outbreak of war, Jenkins spent every summer, except that of 1937, in the Alps, preferring the Bernese Oberland, the Valais and Chamonix districts. Except for the Zmutt ridge of the Matterhorn, every climb was guideless, for he felt that self-reliance, the planning of the climb and being one's own master were essential to the keenest enjoyment. In spite of his great interest in *Nordwand* climbs, his association with 'tigers' and crack guides, his climbing was never reckless, nor did he attempt super severes. It was not until 1938, for example, that he thought himself competent to tackle the Innominata ridge of Mont Blanc, though, incidentally, bad weather rendered this attempt abortive. He was content with the best classic climbs, such as the Zinal Rothorn, Obergabelhorn (S.W. ridge), Monte Rosa (Crestone Rey), Dent Blanche (S. ridge), Jungfrau (Guggi and later by N.E. face of Silberhorn), Grépon (Mer de Glace face), Mt. Maudit (from Tour Ronde), and so on ; and in his last season this year Chamois (Mer de Glace face), Ravanel and Aiguille Verte (Moine ridge). What a perfect companion he made on all these occasions !

In 1937 Jenkins joined the Oxford University Mountaineering Club's expedition to the Caucasus, organising the travel arrangements and corresponding with Germans and Austrians who had climbed there before. Among these mountains, devoid of huts and other Alpine amenities, his mountain craft was invaluable, and his ambition to make first ascents was achieved. His ability and cheerfulness under all conditions made him an ideal expedition man. Moreover he could cook, an important asset for a man with his enormous appetite. As he left the Bezingi wall towering behind after the last climb, it was typical that he should already be planning his next visit there ; but this was destined to be the last British expedition. He had long hoped to climb in the Himalaya and would have joined an expedition but for

the war. He was still determined to carry out this intention at some future date.

Jenkins was a writer of some considerable skill, contributing many articles to both climbing and trade journals. 'I would rather be remembered as a writer,' he used to say, 'than as a mountaineer,' but his ambitious plans for a book about the hills remained unfulfilled. Another interest was drawing and painting. Only a few hours before his death he sat in the snow outside the Gôûter hut on Mont Blanc making a sketch, and remarked: 'One would like to print this scene on one's mind for eternity.'

For a number of years he was Mining Engineer to the Worcester firm, which entailed visits to many of the leading collieries in Britain and the inspection of French and German pits. In 1937 he made a detailed survey of the Turkish coalfield, and in 1939 of the Jerriah and Raniganj coalfields of India. At the outbreak of war he had to consider his position in the light of his deeply held Quaker principles, so that eventually, when his firm started making munitions, he felt forced to tender his resignation, subsequently registering as a conscientious objector. He worked for Friends' War Victims Relief Service, and also on the land. J. S. Hoyland writes: 'He was one of the most manly and inspiring friends I have ever had, and I thank God for every memory of him, especially for that grand work for the blitzed old people in 1940.' At this time, as in happier days, he was ready to defend unpopular causes with characteristic energy. One remembers, too, how just before the war, he was one of the few to act as host and guide to the German climbers who visited our hills; and near the end of the war how he championed a club official whose position was affected by his minority opinions.

Later he went to the Ashington Coal Co., Northumberland, where his technical knowledge and drive brought him rapid promotion. Among a great variety of activities, he developed a pioneer boys' training scheme, organised a model training coal face for adult workers and was elected a member of the National Council of Juvenile Employment. He became Under Manager and Planning Engineer. Finally, in June of this year, he was appointed Manager of the Cadeby Colliery near Doncaster, where senior N.C.B. officials had high hopes of his future. One of them has since written: 'He was of the very best, absolutely trustworthy and dependable, one of those of whom we have all too few in this mining game.' His life had indeed reached a happy stage, for in 1944 he had married Dulcibel Broderick of Birmingham and was the father of two boys. He had already taken his elder son 'climbing' in the Lake District and Isle of Arran, thus handing on the torch to the third generation.

Few men compelled affection in others as readily as John Jenkins. When he entered a hut in his inimitable, boisterous fashion, to be welcomed by friends already in possession, there were sometimes strangers present whose first reaction was one of resentment at the disturbance, but even these soon came to know and like Jenkins, and

even to be his firm friends. He rapidly became an institution in mountaineering circles; for his gift of friendship, his humorous inexhaustible conversation, his extravagant remarks springing from a deep sincerity, his generous nature developed from a full enjoyment of life, his gaiety and fun, endeared him to all.

M. S. TAYLOR.

To be with JOHN JENKINS on a climb was always a most worth while experience. His physical strength was manifest in his face and bearing. His whole character was rocklike. Beneath a rather rough, weather-beaten, spark-striking exterior there lay great firmness in the depths. But he had more than *self*-confidence; with him his friends always knew that *they* were trusted too. If he was climbing second he had a wonderful capacity for bringing out the best in his leader—chaff, acute advice, praise and silence, he knew how to use them all. As a leader, on the other hand, he had a great gift for getting the best out of his mountains. His knowledge of topography and mountain history was great. When other, less enterprising minds would have been content with the beaten tracks of yesterday, he would produce a daring but feasible plan which only seemed obvious after it had been successfully carried out.

John Jenkins' love of mountains was constant. Men who have grown up, as he did, in the mountain tradition display a blend of patience and opportunism. They lack fanaticism, but not zeal or zest. They learn by long apprenticeship that mountain days must be skilfully squeezed to yield their richness, and that one must be prepared to wait and to snatch if the fruit is to be picked in season. But he was never greedy for mountain glory. His values and philosophy went much deeper than his love of hills. He was a religious man, a Quaker, though he did not keep such things in the shop window. It was from this deeper side that sprang his constancy, courage and faith in men. These things, combined with a high degree of technical skill and knowledge, made him an all round mountaineer of a high order, and a splendid companion.

Many pictures come back as one thinks of climbs with John: there was his mock pretentiousness, his willingness to start talking anywhere on the scale of seriousness, ranging freely from the ribald to the profound; there was his stimulating habit of eulogising his companions to the skies at one minute while not sparing them the barbs of straight criticism the next; and there were his running commentaries such as 'General Jenkins, famous explorer, tells the world how he led his men through the perils of the Betscho!' Of course, there is nothing very wonderful in such jokes; most good parties coin them. But laughter was freer and fuller, less prim and self-conscious in John's parties.

A picture which will always remain in my mind was that of John at the Gôûter hut the evening before the accident. The dreary shale of the Aiguille du Gôûter had, surprisingly, been most enjoyable. John's good rhythm, fine views and the re-establishment of old friendships,

all contributed to our well being. When we arrived the sun was going down to the north of the Aiguille de Bionnassay. The hut was full of huddled life. Both John and Nully Kretschmer stayed out longer than the rest of us, watching the sun as it sank into the cold cloud banks of the Jura. John sat on a spar of wood silently and chillily drawing the view in his sketch book. He knew that such moments cannot be fixed on paper. He knew that the most a man can do is to deepen his vision by effort. I think it was the most beautiful sunset any of us had seen in the Alps that year ; or in any year, perhaps.

R. A. HODGKIN.

Mr. E. B. Castle, Headmaster of Leighton Park, writes :

I knew him to be one of the finest young men I have ever known. I knew the depths of courage and generosity, of selfless devotion to the welfare of his fellows that lay beneath his bubbling humour and heartiness. In some ways, as I reflect, I think of John as the perfect man, for he had in him a blend of all the lovable qualities that make men love a man because of his faults, with those profounder capacities of devotion and moral courage that in the end are the only moral summons of which man takes count. He was able to combine also high administrative skill in the technical side of his work with deep human concern for the daily lot of those with whom he worked.

JOHN EDWARD QUINTUS BARFORD

1914-1947

AMONG the more tragic losses of this disastrous summer was that of JOHN BARFORD at the age of thirty-three. He had done much for mountaineering in his short life, but he had so very much more before him that can never be fulfilled.

His first contact with the hills was as a boy scout when camping in North Wales in 1931, but he did not really start mountaineering until his last year at Cambridge in 1935, when he went to the C.U.M.C. meets both in Skye and Grindelwald. In the years before the war he spent all his holidays, including all possible week ends, in the mountains—in Wales and the Lakes for the most part, though he managed an Alpine season in 1938. If the war had not intervened we should doubtless have heard more of him as an Alpine mountaineer, but, as it was, most of his time was spent in the British hills, and it is for his activities there that he will be remembered. In 1946 he had a season of guideless climbing in the Bregaglia and the Bernina. It was while climbing this year that he was killed in Dauphiné by one of the numerous stonefalls.

In 1939 he became Secretary of the Climbers' Club and from 1945 was on the Alpine Club Committee. In 1946 he became Secretary of the British Mountaineering Council. His energy and efficiency as



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J. E. Q. BARFORD.

1914-1947.

Secretary of the Climbers' Club did much to keep the club alive and active during the war. During this period he assisted Dr. J. M. Edwards in the preparation of the Climbers' Club guide to Clogwyn Du'r Arddu, and himself wrote the guide to the Llanberis Cliffs, arduous tasks which involved rock climbing ability of a high degree.

Single minded in character and forthright in speech, he loved to be provocative ; yet it was always provocation intended as spur to action and he was ever ready to offer encouragement to anyone keen enough to follow his lead. He was at his best as a teacher and his thorough knowledge of technique exerted a great influence on the young climbers of the past few years. Increasingly his interest turned to the more educational activities of mountaineering, and with his immense circle of climbing friends and natural ability as a coordinator he was the obvious choice as the first Secretary of the British Mountaineering Council. It is in no small measure due to John Barford that this organisation has made such a successful start. Bearing in mind that he was a hard working engineer, with comparatively little leisure at his disposal, and that he was already deeply committed in his duties as Secretary of the B.M.C., it was a magnificent feat to have produced his book *Climbing in Britain* last year. At the same time he also managed to attend an A.T.C. course in Scotland as a mountaineering instructor and himself ran a course in the Lakes for instructors in mountaineering of the C.C.P.R.

My chief memories of John Barford will be not so much of the fine days on good clean rock when all went well, as of companionship in adversity. Climbing on some of the little visited dirty cliffs of which he was inordinately fond, standing at the foot of some grass grown crack while rolls of turf and mud were broadcast indiscriminately on my long suffering and sodden shoulders ; or listening to his crows of delight as I grappled clumsily with some difficulty he had overcome with apparent ease—often I used to suspect by means of those same tufts of grass whose descent I had had to endure. It was always one of his theories (to which I did not subscribe) that where grass grew there must be a good rock hold beneath. Or again, I remember being dragged reluctantly from my sleeping bag into a cold wet dawn to eat a revolting brew of oversalted porridge. It was useless for me to protest that this was an occasion when we should retain the moist sanctuary of our beds, for John had determined as usual not to have his time schedule upset. Another memory was of battling along the Aonach Eagach ridge in the teeth of a north-east gale of sleet, so numb that we were scarcely able to speak. But John's enthusiasm was catching, and backed by his unflagging energy and resourcefulness morale always remained high when he was there long after a party would normally have given up the struggle.

F. A. PULLINGER.

JOHN BARFORD first came to our notice as the climber in North Wales who 'made the second ascent of every new climb.' This we soon came

to know meant that he was out to climb everything that had been climbed in our country, and to know, or at least to know something about, every genuine climber. As an engineer, he was profoundly interested in the technique, mechanics and equipment of climbing; but he was equally absorbed in its historical aspects, and any climb that had once been made had, for him, come into existence as a real entity, for investigation and appreciation; just as a man who genuinely mountaineered existed for him as a real human being, to get to know and to like. We were soon in correspondence on technical and historical points; and the full notes which, under high pressure of his war work, he prepared for me upon modern rock method proved invaluable in bringing *Mountain Craft* up to date. His human interest in the individual climber was no less inexhaustible, and as secretary of the Climbers' Club it was enough to mention to him the name of any would-be climber or novice, for him to devote a week end or more to starting him climbing. And he followed up every such beginner as a friend.

His enthusiasm soon involved him in our Fitness campaign during the war, and in the organisation and instruction of the Cadet and training camps we ran for various Government departments. Among other heavy spare time tasks, he undertook to report upon the mountain training forming part of the course at our Outward Bound short-term Sea school at Aberdovey, and his admirable report upon this formed later the groundwork for the Penguin *Climbing in Britain*, which he produced with the help of an expert team as the firstfruits of the British Mountaineering Council. Nothing seemed too much for his energy. It was inevitable that it should be used on the Alpine Club committee during the lean years of war, and no less natural that he should be chosen as the first honorary secretary of the B.M.C. In this last position he found full opportunity for his dynamic gifts, in the multiple negotiations and contacts involved in the schemes for creating National Parks, for preserving special hills and cliffs, for organising mountain aid and rescue and guiding, and for establishing cooperation with the scores of mountaineering clubs and rambling associations, with the C.C.P.R., the Youth Hostel and the Boy Scout organisations, in the work of providing training, equipment, advice, hut accommodation, first aid, current information, and the like, for the growing armies of young post-war climbers. With buoyant keenness, and literally glowing with vitality and a self-contained pleasure, he would end a hard professional week, during which a half of each night might have been spent in mountain correspondence, with a week end of severe climbing or of novice training or of mountain club negotiations in the far north or west.

He read everything that he could lay his hands on that had to do with the methods, the history or the romance of climbing, in English, French, German or Italian. His mountaineering sympathy was international; and short as has been the time of re-established intercourse since the war, I doubt if there has been anyone since Percy Farrar who made more or closer ties and personal friendships with mountaineers.

in France and Switzerland. He was welcomed as a contributor to their journals. His work in this international sphere promised to be as valuable to our future mountaineering relationships with other countries, as his organising and educational activities have been in our own country.

He had other tastes, music and books among them; and he was training himself as a writer. But with characteristic integrity he was concentrating for these years upon his two main interests, his profession and his mountaineering. Behind his driving, and at times all pervading, energy there lay an essential simplicity and modesty, which accepted criticism and opposition with friendly good humour, and at once set to work to profit by them. It was his way to take on all the toughest jobs in camp, or for that matter in affairs; and his generosity was so much a matter of course as almost to persuade his colleagues that he really enjoyed the rough of things even more than the smooth. For a young man, his mountaineering life had been exceptionally full, and he achieved much. He will be missed as greatly for himself as for his tireless devotion to the interests of mountaineering.

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

HERBERT EMANUEL KRETSCHMER

1917-1947

NULLY KRETSCHMER came up to Oxford from Ottershaw School in 1934 at the age of seventeen, and had taken his Final Schools before he reached his twentieth birthday. After a further year of research, he began work as an industrial chemist with Callendar's Cables, Ltd., in London, and he continued with that firm until his death this year in an accident on the Brenva ridge.

He was elected a member of the Alpine Club only in 1946, but at the time of his election he was already known to many members, both as a very active climber and as a most attractive personality. He had a wide circle of climbing friends, and the number was always increasing, for he had a gift for turning casual acquaintanceships into friendships. For those who lived outside London his flat in South Kensington was a place where a bed, or at least a sleeping bag, was always to be had without notice or invitation. On a first impression he seemed reticent and unforthcoming; indeed he was always reserved about himself, partly through modesty, partly because he was much more interested in other people. Few of his friends knew the extent of his disappointment at being compelled to spend the war in London in a civilian job, or of his efforts to get himself accepted for any kind of more obviously dangerous work. But on any subject which did not concern himself his talk was good and to the point, for his mind was both speculative and practical and his range of interests wide. He liked argument, and, while his opinions and criticisms were shrewd, he would occasionally

propound some quite untenable theory merely for the enjoyment of defending it. He did not talk climbing all the time, or even much of the time. On any practical mountaineering question he held a clear view, but the commonplaces of climbing conversation hardly interested him. He seldom spoke about his own climbs; one would meet him after a week end in Wales or the Lakes and, as often as not, never hear what he had done there, beyond get wet or lie in the sun.

Mountains and the friendships which came from climbing were a great part of Kretschmer's life, but they were not everything. He had a way of seeing and keeping things in proportion, and mountaineering was no exception. He will be missed by people to whom mountains mean nothing. Inevitably, to write of him simply as a fine mountaineer is to leave much unsaid, yet at least in climbing one saw very plainly his essential qualities and habits and prejudices: his considerateness, his strength of mind, his dislike of the extreme, his practical ingenuity, his obstinacy in small things, his sense of humour, his absolute reliability. But at best the bare list of characteristics can give only a poor idea of the strongly marked and very delightful personality which the Club has lost by his death.

Kretschmer thought of climbing in terms, not of achievement, but of enjoyment. He enjoyed a mountain while he was on it; according to his mood, he might do a long walk over the hills or a 'very severe' with equal pleasure, or would frankly admit that he had not enjoyed a day at all. Only in the last three or four years did he develop much taste for climbing literature, for reading had played no part in his essentially direct early approach to the mountains. As a boy he had been introduced to the Alps by his family. When he came up to Oxford, he was known to be a good skier, but as a mountaineer he seemed at first only lukewarm. The O.U.M.C. was fairly well versed in traditions and the great names; Kretschmer was not much bothered with either. We put him in the category of people who climbed 'a bit.' But in Wales it was at any rate apparent that he climbed well, and soon also that he climbed in earnest. He was not yet quite at his best as a rock climber when he went down, for at that stage his judgment was not as sound as it afterwards became. Somehow he managed to continue climbing from London as frequently as from Oxford; few people manage to spend so much of their time in the hills over a period of a dozen years consecutively. He had a wonderful knack of stealing distant week ends out of London. Without losing his capacity for enjoying other kinds of active escape to the open air—sailing, riding, walking on the Downs or the Chilterns—he developed into a magnificent leader on the hardest rocks; and although he had periods of staleness and loss of form, he was at least as assiduous and as good a climber after the war as he had been before it. He was part-author of one of the Welsh climbing guide books, and pioneer of a number of new ascents. For ten years he was a very active member of the Climbers' Club.

With all his activity on British rock—he had climbed frequently in

the Lakes, on the Scottish mainland and in Skye as well as in Wales—he did not lose his sane and balanced outlook on mountaineering. He did not climb competitively, and rarely took the trouble to record in the hut log book what he had done. Times were of no interest to him; even after the traverse of the main Cuillin ridge in a day he had a very vague idea of how long it had taken. He enjoyed British mountains very fully for their own sake, but never thought of them as a substitute for the Alps, to which he was determined to return as soon as the war was over.

It was no part of his outlook to cultivate physical toughness deliberately, but he possessed more than usual powers of endurance and ability to put up with discomfort. He seemed more or less impervious to tiredness and wet, at least on the occasions when there was any need to seem so. More remarkable, though perhaps not to be imitated, was his capacity to climb when physically unfit. In 1945 he had double pneumonia, the aftermath of which made itself very much felt at the start of his Alpine season of 1946. For more than a week he was quite unable to acclimatise to the height, and each of his first three or four expeditions was obvious misery for him. Even at the huts he felt ill. His refusal to admit that pneumonia might have affected his heart was triumphantly justified by his emerging suddenly as the strongest member of the party in a long traverse of the Matterhorn. Something of the same trouble recurred at the outset in the Alps this year, but was overcome with much less difficulty.

Apart from very early days, his Alpine career fell into two periods. Between 1934 and 1937 he paid seven visits to the Alps, including four ski mountaineering holidays, in the Zillertal, Silvretta, Stubaital and at Zermatt. Despite his proficiency, downhill running was not the main purpose of his skiing; from Zermatt, for example, he made winter ascents of the Breithorn, Castor and Pollux, Cima di Jazzi and the Strahlhorn. His summer seasons in the same period, all guideless, included the Dachstein, Gross Glockner, Wiesbachhorn, Gross Venediger, and other peaks in the Hohe Tauern and the Dolomites (1934); the Ortler, Piz Bernina, Piz Morteratsch, Piz Roseg and some minor peaks (1935); the Blümlisalp, Lötschentaler Breithorn, Doldenhorn, Gspaltenhorn and Schienhorn (1936). In his last season he was still only nineteen, but circumstances prevented any further summer climbing before the war. Thus there was a gap of ten years between his last post-war season and his return to the Alps in the summer of 1946. Much the greater part of his British climbing, winter and summer, had been done in the interval, and he was anxious to do some of the classic Alpine routes. His work only permitting one holiday a year, he was quite clear (as he would not have been before the war) that skiing would have to give place to climbing. In two and a half weeks of guideless climbing, he did the Zinal Rothorn by the Le Blanc ridge, the N. ridge of the Weisshorn, the traverse of the Matterhorn by the Zmutt and Italian ridges, the Dufourspitze by the Crestone Rey and the Dent Blanche by the Viereselgrat. The list of

ascents would have seemed to him the thing least worthy of record ; much better remembered were the good moments and the bad : the fearful headache and deep, soggy snow on the descent from the Rothorn, sunset from the Tracuit hut, the Frenchman who tried to exorcise his stomach trouble outside the Mountet, the astonishing recovery of fitness from the moment crampons were put on on the snow arête of the Zmutt, the hungry night at the Italian refuge and the enormous, miscellaneous meal next morning in the Albergo Orlande.

In his last season he did the traverse of Les Courtes, the S.W. ridge of the Moine, the Blaitière and the Charmoz-Grépon traverse. These were days of hot sun and increasing fitness and enjoyment, which were to have been the prelude to the longer climbs, on which this year he had set his heart, around the Géant Glacier and above all on the Italian side of Mont Blanc.

A. D. M. Cox.

ALPINE NOTES

THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY :

Year of
Election.

Peech, S. B.	1895
Mayor, R. J. G.	1902
Jackson, W. S.	1910
Pearce, Sir Leonard	1922
Stevenson-Moore, Sir Charles J.	1930
Jenkins, J. R.	1935
Barford, J. E. Q.	1942
Kretschmer, H. E.	1946

TWO MOUNTAINEERING LADIES.—Two ladies notable formerly in the mountaineering world have recently passed away. Mrs. Buck, of Noverings, widow of Dr. Edward Buck, was, with her husband, among the first to explore little known passes and glaciers in Savoy and the Dauphiné, even preceding Dr. Coolidge himself, who entered into correspondence with her about them as long ago as the 1870's. Of immense vitality, wide interests and friendships, a traveller in many countries, a great local benefactor and a generous hostess, notably to visitors from Canada, she has died in her ninety-seventh year still maintaining her humane interests and correspondence, and to the last days refreshing her mind and conversation with the constant and vivid recall of her mountain journeys and of the beauty of hill and lake and valley seen in the far past. Among her records she valued a personal invitation from the Alpine Club to the Summer Luncheon held in 1940.

Mrs. Reade, of Ipsden, widow of Herbert V. Reade, C.B., of the Alpine Club and squire of Ipsden, has died in her eighty-third year. She maintained the traditions of hospitality and good ownership of a very ancient family, which included Charles Reade the novelist and