

IN MEMORIAM

THE ALPINE CLUB OBITUARY:	<i>Year of Election</i>
Carr-Saunders, Sir A. M.	1911
Hingston, R. W. G.	1924
Dowbiggin, Sir H. L.	1933
Figari, B.	1948
Harris, R. G.	1964

TIMOTHY BYABASAKUZI BAZARRABUSA

1912-1966

TIM BAZARRABUSA, Uganda's first High Commissioner in London and the first African to be elected (in 1964) to the Alpine Club, was killed in a motor accident in April while on leave in his own country. He had recently returned to Kampala, where the accident occurred, after a holiday spent climbing and walking in the hills and mountains of northern and eastern Uganda.

Except for an occasional week-end in this country all Tim's climbing had been in East Africa. He was of Mukonjo parentage (the tribe which lives among the Ruwenzori foothills and forests) but his family had moved to the plains about the time of his birth. He himself, however, was a true mountain man in every sense, with a mystic feeling for the hills, particularly the Ruwenzori, which was certainly not unconnected with his background—the Bakonjo used to look upon the peaks as the thrones of tribal Gods—although I doubt if he had ever really tried to interpret his feelings even to himself.

He had climbed in the Birunga volcanoes and elsewhere, but it is with the Ruwenzori that his name will chiefly be connected. He first appears in the record in 1951 when he climbed Johnston Peak with Henry Osmaston and spent a night out with an injured South African climber who was a member of a party met casually on the mountains. After that he returned to the Ruwenzori frequently and, in 1960, climbed Margherita (the highest peak) with A. Gregory, Peter Campbell, David Pasteur and myself, all members of the Alpine Club. And in 1962, immediately before coming to Britain to take up his high appointment, he and Ronald Hockey climbed the five highest peaks of Mount Stanley and the two highest peaks of Mount Baker in the ridiculously short time of eight days away from road-head. He did the long walk down in one day in order to attend an investiture but found that his feet were so swollen that he could not get into his shoes.



Photo: David Pasteur]

T. B. BAZARRABUSA ON THE SUMMIT OF MARGHERITA (RUWENZORI), 1960.

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It is not easy to separate Tim's mountain life from his working life. He was a schoolmaster by profession and had been a supervisor of schools in his home district, taking every opportunity to encourage his boys to visit the hills. He was a great believer in the value of Outward Bound training and an original council member of the Uganda Trust, which he represented in the wider East African field. He did a great deal to get the movement started and I well remember his scorn, at one of the early meetings, when the official representative of the education department began raising difficulties at the prospect of finding sufficient candidates. He was a trustee of the Uganda National Parks and a strong supporter of the move to conserve nature and develop an interest in wild life among the youth of his own country. He had written books and readers in the vernacular, among them the story of East Africa's mountains. He was a past President of the Mountain Club of Uganda, becoming Patron in 1963.

Tim was a sincere and dedicated Christian; a man of deep humility which was quite unaffected by his high office; and he had a rare integrity and forthrightness of character as well as a charming old-fashioned natural courtesy. He was an African nationalist who had long believed that Africans should govern their own countries. But he admired and respected the work of the colonial government, and never minded saying so. More than any man I know he had bridged the gap between black and white, perhaps because he never denied his own origins. His home life was happy and devoted, and he had a charming family.

One day last year, after a particularly heavy bout of official duties and entertainment, he rang up and asked if he could bring down his two sons and spend a few days with us in Cornwall. 'I want to walk and walk and walk,' he said. I did the best I could and we wandered about the coast and Bodmin moor planning our ascents as if they were mountain expeditions.

RENNIE BERE.

MR. J. W. HOWARD writes:

Timothy Bazarrabusa was one of a small band of Africans who enjoyed going up mountains. He went on five expeditions to the Ruwenzori, his best year perhaps being in 1962 when, with Ronald Hockey, he climbed the peaks of Alexandra, Margherita, Albert, Elizabeth and Philip, and the Firmin Pinnacle, all on Mount Stanley; and Semper and Edward Peaks on Mount Baker. He visited other East African mountain masses including Elgon (three ascents) and the Bufumbiro volcanoes in South-west Uganda, and he climbed Kilimanjaro with an Outward Bound party. To his regret he was never able to arrange a trip to Mount Kenya.

Most of Bazarrabusa's life was spent in public service. Starting as a

schoolmaster, he was one of the first nominated unofficial African members of the Legislative Council. Later he was appointed Supervisor of the Anglican Church Schools for the Toro District and afterwards Minister of Education in the Toro Kingdom Government. When Uganda became independent in 1962 he filled the post of High Commissioner for Uganda in London with great distinction.

Although I never climbed with him, I could tell on first acquaintance that he possessed in full measure some of the qualities associated with the finest personalities and the best mountaineers—strength of character combined with humility and an engaging modesty; an innate courtesy; a sense of humour; and a burning enthusiasm to get up into the hills at every opportunity. I first met him when my brother-in-law brought him to luncheon in Nakuru; they were en route to the Outward Bound School on Kilimanjaro. When I saw him again in London his eyes lit up as he said how much he had envied me the variety of mountaineering literature in my bookshelves. He rarely attended Club functions, partly I think due to shyness. Once when I persuaded him to come he arrived after the lights had been put out for the lecture and he left before the end. On another occasion he cried off at the last moment as he had to meet a not-very-important politician whom he did not wish to offend. This was typical of his considerate outlook.

He is a great loss to his family, his friends and his country. A retired Colonial Service Officer from Uganda who knew him well wrote to me: 'He was a true Christian gentleman—kind, thoughtful, courteous and very modest. All this, with his level-headedness and pleasant manner, made him an outstanding man and we felt privileged to be his friends'.

HERBERT LAYARD DOWBIGGIN

1880–1966

WHATEVER may be said today about the rights and wrongs of British rule in the Colonies, whatever the verdict of history, there can be no doubt that a very large number of those who served in the various colonial administrations were men dedicated to the welfare of the people they governed. Certainly Sir Herbert Dowbiggin was one of these. Born in 1880, he joined the Ceylon Police in 1901. His outstanding ability led to his rapid promotion, and twelve years later, when he was barely thirty-three, he was appointed Inspector-General, a post which he held for twenty-four years until his retirement in 1937. His term of service saw the complete transformation of the Ceylon Police from a semi-military force run on the lines of the Royal Irish Constabulary, into an unarmed civilian body fully trained in the modern techniques of crime prevention and detection. Though this process had been started by his predecessor as early as 1906, it was Dowbiggin who saw

it through, and it was very largely due to his devoted efforts that, when Ceylon achieved independence, the new Dominion inherited an extremely efficient police force, highly respected for its integrity and its tradition of public service.

Dowbiggin's influence extended throughout the British Colonies; so much so that he was often referred to as the 'father' of the Colonial Police Service. He was called upon, in troubled times, to make special enquiries into police organisation in Cyprus, Palestine and Northern Rhodesia, and his advice was frequently sought by the Colonial Office and also by British and even foreign police authorities. He received a knighthood in 1931. Throughout his distinguished career he was activated by a high sense of duty and warm compassion for his fellow men.

During most of his service, home leave was only granted every five years; thus, although his favourite form of recreation was mountaineering, his opportunities to visit the Alps were rare.¹ But he always took a keen interest in climbing ventures throughout the world, and he was very proud of his membership of the Alpine Club, to which he was elected in 1933.

E. E. SHIPTON.

JOHN E. HARLIN

1935-1966

JOHN HARLIN, who was killed in March last during the first ascent of the Eigerwand *direttissima*, had only been elected to the Alpine Club in January, and inevitably he had not become much known to members. That he had attained an outstanding place among American experts in artificial climbing was well known, and he had addressed the Club on March 23, 1965, on modern climbing developments, as exemplified in a winter attempt on the Eigerwand direct, and the North face of the Mönch. His membership form for the A.C. shows only a proportion of the ascents he had made, and these may be summarised as under:

U.S.A.—The 'classical routes' (i.e. exceedingly severe) in the Yosemite valley; winter ascents in the Grand Tetons; exploration and various first ascents in the Hot Creek Range, Nevada; the Trinity Alps, California; and six ascents of Mount Rainier.

¹ He was in his forty-sixth year when he first climbed in the Alps, and he continued to have short mountaineering holidays there, in 1929 and 1932 and again, after retirement, in 1938. After the Second War he found it too expensive a pastime, but he kept in touch with Club affairs through the *A.J.* and it was no unusual thing for him to write in and comment on the last issue of the journal—when the recipients of his letters were faced with a gruelling test in deciphering his writing, as he suffered severely from arthritis of his hand. (T.S.B.)

Canada—He had climbed in the Northern Battle and Purcell Ranges, in the Selkirks, and in the Canadian Rockies (ascents include Mount Sir Donald by the North-west ridge and the traverse of Mount Victoria).

Alps—Eiger (North face); Matterhorn (North face); Fou (South face direct, first ascent); Blaitière (West face direct, first ascent); Dru (West face *direttissima*, first ascent); Mont Blanc by Hidden Pillar (Frêne) and Right-hand Pillar (Brouillard), both first ascents; Cima Grande (Comici route) in winter.

MR. LEIGH N. ORTENBURGER writes:

It is curious that one can associate and climb with others without really ever learning many of the details of their life. This seems to be the case with my knowledge of John; I do not even know his middle name. John and his parents used to live nearby in Los Altos, California, but his parents moved to the east some years ago. I knew John when he was a student at Stanford University here in Palo Alto, and he graduated but I am uncertain as to the year. Following that he served with the U.S. Air Force as a jet fighter pilot, being stationed mostly in Germany. My only climb with him was a winter attempt on the Grand Teton in 1955. Had the weather not been unfavourable, he and Gary Hemming and my wife and I were going to climb in the Chamonix area in 1961; we even discussed the possibility of mounting an expedition to K2, but nothing ever came of this.

With various people John made a good many difficult rock climbs in Yosemite during his Stanford years; he was an exceptional climber in a great many ways and his accident was a terrible tragedy.

RICHARD WILLIAM GEORGE HINGSTON

1887–1966

THE late Major Hingston entered the Indian Medical Service in 1910 and retired early, in 1927. He had been educated at Merchant Taylors' School and University College, Cork. During the First World War he served from 1914–18 in France, East Africa and Mesopotamia, winning the Military Cross.

He had been naturalist to the Indo-Russian Pamir Triangulation Expedition in 1913, and was medical officer and naturalist to the 1924 Everest Expedition. After retirement from the I.M.S. he travelled widely, on a variety of expeditions to Greenland, Guyana and to several parts of Africa, in the latter case making a study of methods for the preservation of the indigenous fauna.

He was proposed for membership of the Alpine Club in 1924 by C. G. Bruce, seconded by A. F. R. Wollaston.

T. S. BLAKENEY.

GEORGE WILLIAM MURRAY

1885-1966

G. W. MURRAY was born on September 9, 1885, and died on January 31 last. Educated at Westminster, he joined the Survey of Egypt in 1907 and had a long and distinguished record of service there, retiring in 1951. To mountaineers he was best known as an outstanding authority (perhaps *the* authority) on the mountains of Sinai, and he and his wife (Edith Cairney, a noted member of the L.A.C.) were travellers in the Egyptian deserts of almost legendary fame. During the First War, Murray served in the Sappers in the Palestine campaign, and won the M.C.

For his explorations Murray was awarded in 1936 the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society and, two years later, elected a member of l'Institut d'Egypte, of which he was a Vice-President from 1945-47. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1925 on an alpine qualification that opened in 1923 in the Valais with a number of standard routes on the bigger peaks, as also in 1924. In 1925 he paid a visit to the Dolomites before going to the Valais again (Saas, Zermatt and Arolla) and in later years, in the intervals between climbing seasons in Egypt and Sinai, he returned regularly to his old alpine haunts; in 1928 he and his wife were busy in the Mont Blanc range and in the Oberland, where they made the first complete ascent by the South ridge of the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn.

In Sinai he had started climbing as early as 1912 and his last ascent was in 1951; the great years in these regions were between 1921 and 1935. He contributed a number of articles to the *A.J.* (see the consolidated index for vols. 39-58) and to the *G.J.*, and other learned societies, to say nothing of his official reports. In 1935 he produced a book, *Sons of Ishmael*, dealing with the Bedouin peoples, of whom he had a remarkable knowledge.

On his retirement he settled in Aberdeenshire, and soon had a long list of climbs to his credit in Scotland, plus a few in the Lake District.

MR. R. C. WAKEFIELD writes:

The most striking thing about 'Joe' was his delightful sense of impish humour. Were he bogged down in soft sand in the Egyptian desert or caught in a snowstorm on the top of the Cuillins, he would always come out with some humorous remark before getting down to exploit his incredible knack of having a common-sense solution to every difficulty. This, of course, made him an excellent surveyor and his forty-four years with the Survey of Egypt played a big part in building up the renown in which Egypt was held in the Survey world.

This feeling for the humorous twist in any situation was, I am sure,



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the secret of his success with the Egyptians. They will try all sorts of wiles but really only respect those who catch them out, and Joe was always a step ahead in this game. Being of an exceedingly generous nature also helped. One friend said of him, 'he had a most un-Scotch regard for money: he just threw it about in a careless manner'.

Above all Joe was a good friend to those who were lucky enough to know him or to those who came to him for help. He took immense pains in passing on to newcomers to the profession all his acquired knowledge of the tricks of the trade.

Mountains and dogs were his passion, so that it was not surprising that when he retired and came to live near Aberdeen his holidays were spent among hills, together with his wife and their enormous Airedale. A special set of boots was made to protect the dog's pads from the hard Cuillin gabbro and it was a splendid sight to see Joe and his dog setting forth for the heights. The dog was as big as Joe and twice as strong and had to be leashed on account of sheep. We were sometimes anxious as to what might happen on a jagged peak if they disagreed. But they never did.

The spirit which carried Joe so successfully through the discomforts of desert and mountain life was perhaps summed up when he celebrated his eightieth birthday by climbing Lochnagar (3,786 ft.) and dealt with a half bottle of champagne on the summit. And in the evening those twinkling blue eyes would no doubt be adding sparkle to the stories which he so loved to tell and which kept his audience in fits of laughter.

To his widow, the constant sharer of his adventures both abroad and at home, the Club's sympathy is extended at a loss that will be very fully felt by all those who knew her husband.

LAWRENCE RICKARD WAGER

1904-1965

L. R. WAGER, Professor of Geology and Fellow of University College, Oxford, died suddenly on November 20, 1965. He was born at Batley, Yorkshire, and educated at Leeds Grammar School. At Pembroke College, Cambridge, he took a First in Geology in the Natural Sciences Tripos (1926); and there followed a distinguished career as a geologist, beginning with a Lectureship at Reading in 1929 and leading to Professorships at Durham (1944) and at Oxford (1950). He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1946.

Wager wrote two important papers on the structural and geomorphological features of the Everest region, and later his interests turned specifically to the petrology, mineralogy and geochemistry of igneous

rocks; he travelled in South Africa, the West Indies, and North America in pursuit of these interests. But it was Greenland that provided him with the finest of his studies, the geology of the Skaergaard intrusion. In addition to the expeditions to which Mr. Longland refers below, he was in Greenland in 1953 as leader of the East Greenland Geological Expedition, and at the time of his death he had obtained financial support for a large scale further expedition that he was to have led jointly in 1966 and 1967.

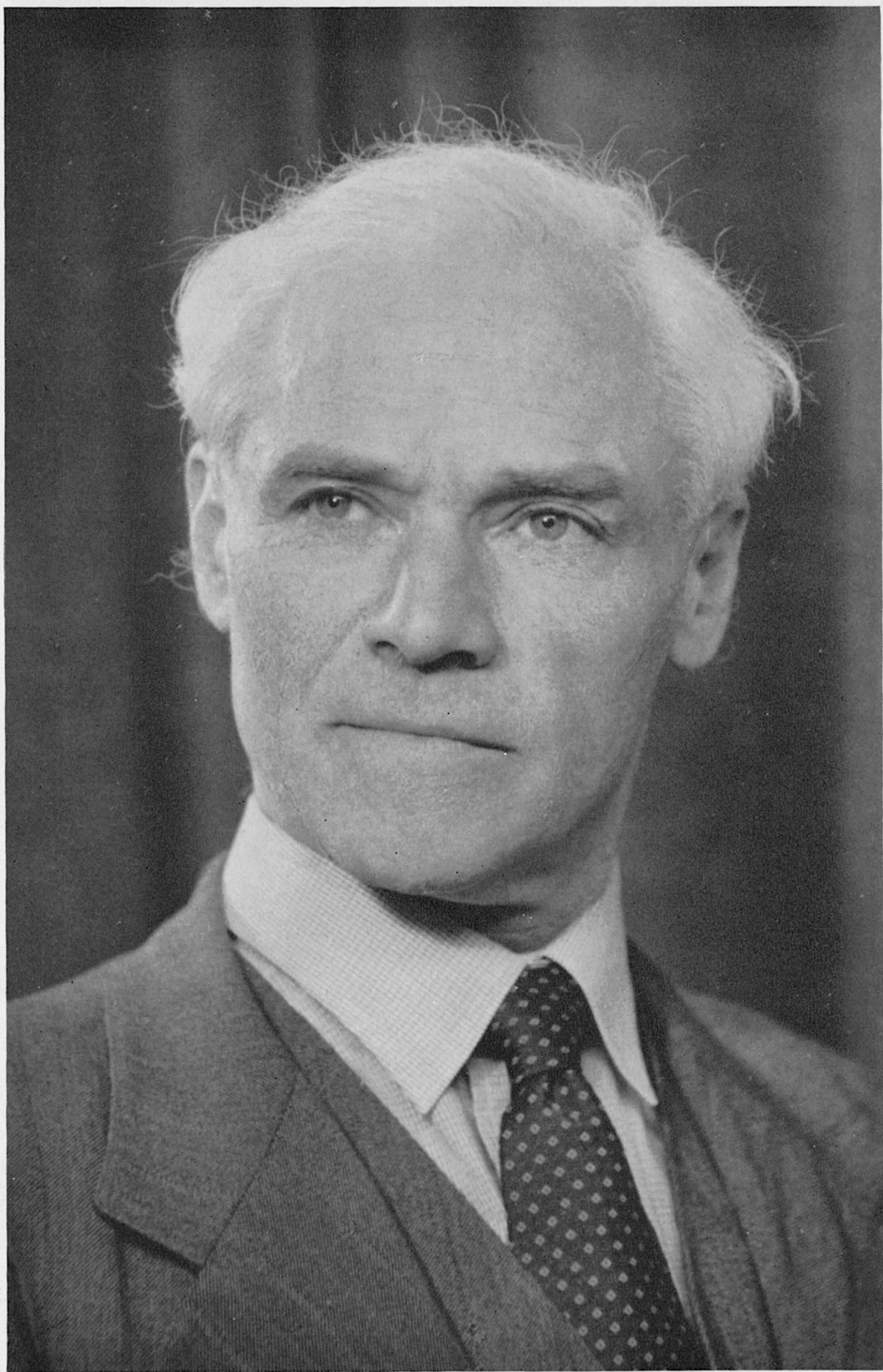
He was a one time President of the Arctic Club; a Fellow of the Geological Society of London (Vice-President, 1951-53), of the Royal Geographical Society, and of the Mineralogical Society of America; a Member of the Mineralogical Society (President, 1960-63), and President of Section C of the British Association for the Advancement of Science (1958). He was awarded the Arctic Medal (1933); the Mungo Park Medal (1936); the Bigsby Medal (1945) and the Lyell Medal (1962) of the Geological Society of London, and he received the U.S.S.R. Spendiarov Prize at the 18th International Geological Congress in 1948. During the Second World War he was mentioned in despatches for his services as an officer in the R.A.F., when he was engaged upon aerial photograph interpretation; advising troops on Arctic warfare; and sailing with Arctic convoys to Murmansk. He was married in 1934.

MR. J. L. LONGLAND writes:

Lawrence Wager became President of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club in 1925, and for the next four years I had the luck to have him as my most frequent climbing companion. We were lucky also to have a common training ground in the Cambridge club, which believed that you should try to reach a high standard on British rocks as well as taking part in guideless meets in the Alps. The underlying philosophy of this (a much grander word than he would have used) was summed up by Lawrence in the 1925-26 Cambridge journal:

'Those who have a little more experience in the Alps form a party with one or two of less experience and, of course, only easy climbs are attempted; as a result the party is of a different nature from any ordinary guided party. The leader has at an early stage the responsibilities and delights of leadership, and the others, for whom the Meet is primarily designed, share something of the feeling of responsibility, learn something of route-finding. Such a party will work better as a unit than one formed of a guide, a porter and two beginners.

'The party is usually able to deal adequately with the rock on the easier climbs because its members have had some practice in the Lake District or Wales, and all that they have to learn at first is care on loose rock and speed on easy rock. On snow and ice it is otherwise, and the leader will not only be over-cautious, but his technique will always be



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clumsy or bad when compared with that of a guide. On the whole, however, this tends to produce a safer and better attitude towards mountaineering than difficult expeditions led by a good guide, whose rapid and accurate judgement of conditions prevents the beginner from realising many of the dangers of climbing, and whose skill masks the difficulties of the technique.'

What Lawrence Wager then wrote needs a comment or two to set it in context. The first is that the 1914-18 war had produced such human losses and such a break in the continuity of our climbing tradition that we had largely to learn all over again, and we were far less competent in the Alps than the young Swiss. The second point is that, since the traditional apprenticeship behind a guide was too expensive for us, we had to go guideless, and so were at once on the defensive about it, because of the sensed or explicit disapproval which young guideless climbers still encountered among older members of the Club. The third is a personal comment; for me these sentences of Wager's convey those qualities of modesty and of sane reasonableness which his friends recognised in all that he said or did throughout his life. The reasonableness extended to his defence of our standard diet, which was made up of pemmican and porridge, against which in our sixth or seventh hut I was beginning to rebel. He explained, very gently, that not only was it right for calories, but psychologically too, since the porridge felt as if it filled you up and didn't, while the pemmican felt as if it didn't, but did.

It was Lawrence who knew how we must set about becoming better alpine climbers after our first seasons with the Cambridge club. It meant avoiding standard routes in popular districts, where, with guided parties about, we would never be certain we were really route-finding or mastering the difficulties unaided. So, after we had led our novices up or sometimes round the easy peaks of the Eastern Graians, he took me and Kempson off to the Dauphiné where, as I later recorded, 'the mountains were not crowded, guides were comparatively few, maps and guide-books were not exactly explicit, and sometimes attractively at variance, and the climbs were neither too long nor too exclusively ice and snow work'. We didn't do very much in the Dauphiné that year, over-cautious on snow, uncertain of our way on the rock faces. But we began to find our feet, to rely on each other, and to note attractive things we would hope to do a year or two later. I know that I was learning all the time from Lawrence. He taught me more about mountains and about the respect that you must give them if you are to deserve to live and climb among them, than anyone I have ever met. He brought so much to the mountains, had so much to share with those who were his climbing companions; all he had learned as a boy, walking and scrambling over his Craven hills in Yorkshire, to which he went on returning to the end of his life. You always felt he had the whole shape of the country in his

mind's eye, and so he rarely underestimated time or distance, and never got you into the wrong valley at nightfall. It was, I suppose, the trained eye of a man who remained a brilliant field geologist during all those later years when he had heavy enough responsibilities for his Department and his students to make most other men give up their field work. But his absorption in geology went hand in hand with, was reinforced by, his very knowledgeable love of mountains, of the landscapes, of little hills, and of the people, the animals and the plants, that he found among them, and could tell you so much about.

By 1927 we hoped we knew enough to try some of the older classic routes in a big peak district, so Lawrence chose the Valais. It began with one of his rare miscalculations, how long it would take us to walk from Zinal to the Mountet hut, and we spent a cold night in the cellar of the canteen on the wrong side of the glacier. We were chastened again next day, failing through inexperience and caution to find our way through the ice-fall below the Col de la Dent Blanche, so bang went our training climb up the Grand Cornier. And then we clicked, and the old favourites were climbed one by one, more or less according to plan. We traversed the Rothorn, up the Leslie Stephen ridge and down to Zermatt, and came back over the Ober Gabelhorn, where the guided parties raced past us over the Grand Gendarme and up the snow, and we had our revenge going down the Arbengrat, so much like nice British rock. Then we had a dangerous morning in the Triftjoch couloir on the Zinal side, before escaping safely over the Trifhorn and down again to Zermatt. But we were learning to go faster now, and from Arolla we climbed the face of the Tsa, the Dent Blanche, and the Matterhorn by the Zmutt and Hörnli ridges in three very full successive days. In fact, I think I was plain cocky by then. I remember we were catching up on a guided party over the Teeth of Zmutt, and Lawrence coming up to a stance and saying, 'Don't show off, damn you!' That again was a lesson, the simple lesson about the respect which mountains deserve. We finished our Zermatt season tagging along behind H. F. B. Sharpe and the two Julens, Felix and Heinrich, up the Crestone Rey, and over the ridges of Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, and the Twins, from which I had to carry down a load of geological specimens. We knew there was a lot we didn't know about snow and ice, and it was a most agreeable opportunity of mending our practice. But I remember Lawrence's clear conclusion, when we argued over the results of our climbing, that next year we must go again, for part of the season at least, to mountains where we really should be guideless, if we were to find out what we were capable of doing on our own.

Our 1928 trip began with a minor disaster. Wager had been geologising in France, in the Massif Central, and when we met at Chamonix he expected that I would have brought with me the suitcase containing all

his climbing kit, which he had left in his Cambridge rooms. I hadn't, so he wore shoes and used a borrowed ice-axe for our practice step-cutting on the Mer de Glace. Later, he waylaid a kind English climber, on the point of departure home from La Grave, and climbed in borrowed boots until his suitcase surprisingly arrived at La Bérarde. Meanwhile we turned to good advantage the knowledge we had gained in 1926 of the Aiguilles d'Arves. We were still under the spell of Geoffrey Winthrop Young's stories of those long traverses which fill in a climbing day with movement, so we first climbed the hardest one, the South Aiguille, so as to be sure of getting over it quickly on our day of traverse. Next day we traversed two and a half of our three peaks, being baulked of the North horn of the Northern Aiguille by bad route-finding on the central one, and by cloud and growing twilight. A day later we got two-thirds of the way up the unclimbed West face of the Southern Aiguille, a project finished off three years afterwards with Peter Lloyd.

The same lessons kept repeating themselves. It was on remote peaks such as the Aiguilles d'Arves that we found ourselves entirely on our own—we never saw another climber in four days—and it was by getting to know neglected mountains that we could begin to explore new routes. The other lesson was that, for the guideless there was no substitute for previous reconnaissance. Without it, Lawrence and I found that a route could be lost in the dark within half an hour of the hut; with it, a day or two later on the Meije, when we took our afternoon's reconnaissance right up to the edge of the Glacier Carré, we were able to steer two remarkable alpine novices, Freddie Spencer Chapman and F. R. G. Chew, over the Meije traverse in safety. The other new traverse in the Dauphiné that year was the Pic Gaspard to the Pavé, where Lawrence's eye for a line brought us safely down the steep and muddled West face of the Pic Gaspard; and there too we had spent the previous afternoon reconnoitring the route up the other side of the mountain.

We finished back at Chamonix, and with the right boots; did the Grand Dru, and got to know both the Charmoz and the Grépon, then traversing them together, still with a view to repeating Geoffrey Young's traverse of Charmoz, Grépon and Blaitière in one day. Lawrence, alas!, had to go home then, and it was G. L. Trevelyan who joined me for that hurrying day over the three peaks for which Lawrence had done most of the reconnoitring work. It was the last time that I climbed with Lawrence in the Alps, and I still remember sharply the regret with which I looked back several years later, and realised that though I had since 1928 had a number of agreeable and expert partners, there was none who was in every way the complete companion in a tried partnership of mutual trust that I had been lucky enough to find in Lawrence.

You see, Wager was as much explorer as climber, probably more. Not only his geology, but his temperament impelled him to look round the

corner and over the other side. It was natural that both together should set him on his course towards East Greenland, where so much of his best work was done. I think he sometimes regretted having given up his alpine climbing, but there was so much of importance for him to do in his special fields, and he never came back, except years later to walk with his family from a chalet he had taken. But in his next, very active years, it was Greenland nearly all the way; with Gino Watkins in 1930-31, where Lawrence very nearly climbed Mount Forel, turning back with typical good sense on the steep final ice only because his companions were too inexperienced for him to feel confident of their safety. He went again to Greenland with Mikkelsen in 1932, with Charcot in the *Pourquoi Pas?* in 1934, and then with August Courtauld led the British East Greenland Expedition of 1935-36; a series interrupted only by his membership of the Everest Expedition of 1933.

Whilst Wager was making a name for himself on these major expeditions, I saw much less of him, but fortune brought me together with him twice more in an at least partially climbing context, first on Everest, and then in East Greenland in 1935. I found, splendid as he had been as an alpine companion, it was on a big expedition that he really came into his own. I can only put it very simply by saying that he *thought* in terms of big country, that the whole journey took shape in his mind so much more clearly than it did with most of us, whether across Tibet, or on the edge of the ice-cap. Even his method of walking suggested a long journey: he had the most economical style of traversing rough ground that I have ever seen. With it he seemed tireless as well as tough, with energy and concern enough left to go on doing the nastier jobs when others were safe in sleeping sacks. He was immune to fussing, patiently accepting delays and accidents which were outside our control. I remember the disappointment and frustration I felt on our Greenland expedition, when first the pack-ice held the *Quest* immovable for more than a week, with the precious climbing days slipping away, and then after our landfall at Kanggerluksuak hemmed us in near the top of an almost unknown fjord, thirty miles short of our starting base and nearly 120 miles from our goal, the Watkins Mountains. Wager took it all philosophically, but more important, he it was who got down to a solid and expert job on the air photographs and the maps, to reach the reasoned conclusion that we had a fair chance of getting to our mountains by sledge from the fjord where we were stuck. We owed the climbing of the highest peak in the Watkins Range—which is the highest point of the Arctic Circle—entirely to Wager, as Courtauld recorded in the *Geographical Journal* that year. It was his accurate and unfussed study of the evidence, his decisive speed in re-shaping the whole plan, and his inspired choice of route and of tactics over most uncomfortable terrain that brought success against all our expectations. And this was for him

only the holiday beginning of an expedition from which he brought back the most important geological results obtained from Greenland.

Hugh Ruttledge has written, in the *A.J.* and in *Everest, 1933*, of the contribution which Wager made to that year's expedition, and it is only a footnote that I can add. It is all of a piece with his character, but still astonishing to me, that he doubled the job of being one of our assault climbers with that of accomplishing the most valuable and interesting geological work ever carried out on Everest and the surrounding country. He was taken ill at Base Camp and missed the useful period of acclimatisation to 21,000 ft. and beyond that most of the rest of us got. That made all the more remarkable his feat in coming so quickly up through the lower camps, bearing the brunt of the bad blizzard at Camp 5, and yet eventually reaching, with Wyn Harris, the same high point on the final pyramid that was reached two days later by Frank Smythe. And, on the descent, Wager was the only climber with the will power to drag himself up to the ridge between the First and Second Steps, so as to form an opinion of the feasibility of the South-east face. On the journey back, when many of us were scurrying for the comforts of India, Lawrence's exploring sense and his knowledge that there was much more geological work to do took him on an exhausting journey over the passes, and among the great river systems that come down from Everest. And of his work there, as in East Greenland, the record stands.

I had never, before I met Lawrence Wager, had a great scientist as a close friend and mountain companion. In the mountains, and in the rest of his life, he always respected the evidence as, after close study, he saw it to be. With him there was no wishful thinking, nor any acting on skimmed observation. For bad work of that kind, his epithet was 'pretty moderate', which was almost his worst condemnation. And so Lawrence's friends were in some sense touched or infected by his own sane and rational and self-deprecating view of life. As we walked with him, and listened to him, we caught something at least of his wondering delight in unravelling the causes of things, and in understanding the shaping of our physical world. That is only part of the story. It leaves out the humour and the sympathy and the taking of trouble, that together made him such a good friend. But it is his rational integrity that I think I miss most.