

In Memoriam

Phillip Andrews 1907-70

Andrews, who was elected as a member of the Club in 1949, was my oldest climbing friend, as we first met when we joined a climbing party in Switzerland organised by a mutual acquaintance in 1929.

After this we climbed regularly together in the Alps with other friends for the next few years, until marriage and the calls of work broke up the party. During these years there were also many rock-climbing week-ends in Wales and the Lake District.

Phillip was a man of many parts. He was a rugby player as a young man, playing for the Wasps, and later on he took up golf. His first love was, however, mountains and mountain activities. A rock-climber and summer mountaineer at first, his interest gradually changed to ski-ing and ski-mountaineering. In this connection he played a great part in the organising and leading of ski-mountaineering parties for the Ski Club of Great Britain, and was a past President of the Alpine Ski Club. By profession Phillip was a surveyor, and in addition to working at his profession found time to serve on the local council.

Shortly before his death he joined the Alpine Meet of the A.B.M.S.A.C. in Trient. Here he was in great form and took a leading part in the climbing.

Now he has passed on. We mourn the loss of a man of wide interests and great personality, and extend to his wife and family our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

George Starkey

Frederic Robert Gansel Chew 1907-70

'Bobby' Chew was born in May 1907 and died suddenly of a heart attack in September 1970. As his father was a keen mountaineer who had retired to the Lake District he started climbing at an early age, leading, amongst other climbs, the Innominate Crack on Kern Knotts and the New West on Pillar. After Sedbergh and St. John's College, Cambridge (where, with myself, he kept in training as a roof climber), he joined Kurt Hahn at Salem in 1929. When the latter fled from Hitler's wrath Chew accompanied him and helped him to found Gordonstoun School in Morayshire. He served throughout the war with the Seaforth Highlanders and finished as a Lieutenant-Colonel in Norway, where he met and married a charming widow who was a great help to him when he returned to Gordonstoun as a housemaster and, from 1953 to 1967, as Headmaster.

He climbed in the Alps each year from 1927 to 1931. In 1928 he traversed the Meije with Jack Longland, Lawrence Wager and myself. In the following season he climbed the Rimpfischhorn, the Wellenkuppe and the Ober Gabelhorn. He joined the Alpine Club in 1942.

Bobby Chew was an able mathematics teacher, a reliable mountaineer and yachtsman and a skilled player and coach of rugby, hockey and tennis. When he left Gordonstoun he retired to the Lake District and was awarded the C.V.O. for having been Prince Philip's mentor and Prince Charles's headmaster. He will be remembered for his quick laugh and puckish sense of humour, but much more for his shining integrity and tremendous sense of duty.

F. Spencer Chapman

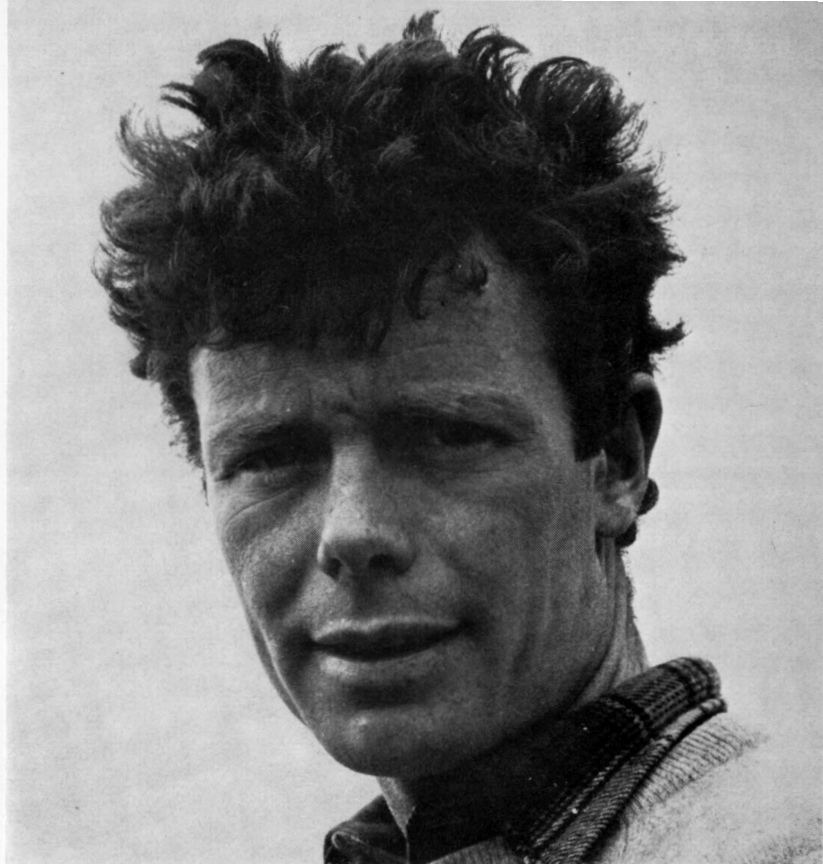
Ian Clough

The news of the death of Ian Clough in an ice-fall following the successful ascent of the South face of Annapurna came as a great shock to his many friends. Born in Yorkshire, Ian started climbing on the small gritstone outcrops close to his home in Baildon and from these small beginnings his passion for mountaineering developed.

Shortly after joining the R.A.F. for his National Service Ian joined the Kinloss Mountain Rescue Team. He had already climbed extensively and had come under the influence of Hamish MacInnes on the snow and ice courses of the Mountaineering Association. Coupled with Ian's natural mountaineering ability and enthusiasm, this all-round experience was invaluable in the improvement in standards which took place during his service. The mould of the all-round mountaineer was already cast.

After leaving Kinloss Ian worked as an instructor for the Mountaineering Association both at home and in the Alps. Between courses he had excellent opportunities to improve his own standards and very soon became established in the front rank of mountaineers. The insecurity and low income of this way of life persuaded Ian to embark upon a career in teaching so as to get the best of both worlds. A year as a student teacher was to lead on to a training college, but at the last moment he was offered a place on an expedition to the Towers of Paine. He abandoned the prospective security for the freedom of a professional mountaineer to take up many more expedition offers than the 'spare timer'.

In association with Hamish MacInnes Ian set up a climbing school in Glencoe and built a successful career around it. Early in this venture he married Niki, herself a talented climber, who was to help him so much in his work.



119 *Ian Clough*. Photo: John Cleare

Ian was very well known indeed to large numbers of mountaineers, many of whom he had either introduced to climbing or had helped to improve their standards. His former pupils will always appreciate having had the opportunity of climbing with a mountaineer of his calibre and repute; his influence in the sport of mountaineering will be sadly missed.

To pit himself against the pure competition that surrounds climbing of a high standard these days was not Ian's style. He was more concerned with being a good man of the mountains. Standards were there as a yardstick, rather than as an end in themselves. Anyone who has climbed with him, heard him lecture, seen his photographs or read his articles will know how near Ian had become to being the complete mountaineer and how he had kept true to himself in doing so.

A list of Ian Clough's routes and expeditions would somehow miss the point of what he achieved. He made many friends, not only in the world of climbing, but among the numbers of people in all walks of life who get involved in the organisation of an expedition. His friends know how hard he worked for the success of whatever he undertook; his reward was in helping to extend the range of mountaineering achievement rather than in personal kudos.

J. M. Alexander



120 *Toni Gobbi*. Photo: A. K. Rawlinson

Toni Gobbi 1914–70

Toni Gobbi of Courmayeur, who met with a fatal accident while leading a ski-ing party in the Dolomites on 18 March 1970, was one of the most distinguished Alpine guides of his time and, appropriately, one of the first to be elected to membership of the Alpine Club after the rule was altered to admit professionals. He was a man of commanding personality and talents, which could, one felt, have brought him success in many fields.

Toni was not a native of the mountains. His early climbing, starting in the Dolomites in 1932 when he was eighteen, was as an amateur. 'Un alpiniste devenu guide' was the title of the lecture he gave during a visit to England in 1962. Born in Pavia in 1914, he attended the university, obtaining his doctorate in law, and subsequently studying up to the last year for a further doctorate of

letters, and began a career as a lawyer. In 1940, now an officer in the Italian army, he was posted as an instructor to the military school at Aosta, which brought him for the first time to the western Alps. For a time he was in charge of the detachment manning the frontier above Courmayeur ('I was in command of Mont Blanc') and had under him a number of men who were, or subsequently became, guides. This brought him some lasting friendships among members of the profession, to which he turned for a permanent career when he registered as a porter in 1943; he graduated to guide in 1946. Meanwhile, in 1943 he had married Romilda Bertholier, daughter of a Courmayeur guide, and made his permanent home there.

It cannot have been easy for a newcomer to establish himself as a guide at that time and earn a living for himself and a family. Toni had determination and energy, and a superb physique. Tall, handsome, with enormous eyes at once attractive and formidable, he was so well proportioned that he did not look a big man, until you saw him alongside someone known to be big and compared the breadth of Toni's shoulders. The impression he gave was of strength, both physical and of character. To strength he added drive and readiness to work. More than once I heard him speak of the hard work of those early years. He did not rate himself specially gifted as a climber. 'Je suis alpiniste moyen', he would insist. But by hard work, intelligence and fitness he made himself an acknowledged master of his profession, not least in the variety of his experience, which extended more widely to other parts of the Alps away from his home area than is common among modern guides. Frequent ascents gave him the reputation of specialist in routes like the South ridge of the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey, the Hirondelles ridge of the Grandes Jorasses, and on Mont Blanc the Route Major and the Innominata. On the Hirondelles ridge and on the final buttress of Route Major he was the author of important variants. He made a number of first ascents in the Dolomites and around Mont Blanc, of which the most important, in partnership with Walter Bonatti, was the first ascent in 1957 of the Grand Pilier d'Angle, the famous and challenging problem on the flank of the Peuterey ridge, above the Brenva glacier. An early exponent of more advanced standards of winter climbing, he made the first winter ascents of the Hirondelles ridge (1948), the South ridge of the Noire (1949) and the Route Major (1953). In 1957-8 he was a member of a pioneering Italian expedition to the Paine region of Patagonia. In 1958 his position among Italian guides was recognised when he was appointed deputy leader of the Italian National Expedition to Gasherbrum IV; he played a key role in organising operations on the mountain, and went twice to Camp 6 at 7600 m.

As a second line of business he established a shop in Courmayeur, in which he was aided by his charming and distinguished wife, and latterly by his son

and daughter. In the early days the shop was divided between mountain equipment and books, a combination of interests evident in my own first contact with him when in the autumn of 1952 his reply to a letter about some karabiners for the next year's Everest expedition and certain difficulties with the Customs was enlivened by a learned allusion to Whymper's ladders. Later, a second shop was acquired a few yards further along the street and the range of trade broadened. The business was so successful that suggestions were heard that he should establish branches in other places, but Toni resisted this, recognising how much was due to his own personality and that of his wife in the shop.

He was active too in ski-mountaineering. From 1951 onwards, each spring he organised and led a programme of ski-mountaineering 'weeks'. These became famous and have been widely copied. The typical week was an Alpine tour, like the High Level Route, or in the Bernese Oberland or the Dolomites, but more recently he had widened the scope, and included trips to Greenland, and in 1966 to the Caucasus, where he took pride in having been the first Western guide to lead a party of clients on ski to the summit of Elbruz.

The success of these weeks demonstrated his gifts and enterprise as an organiser and manager as well as a mountaineer. Inevitably there fell to him the duties of administrative office and leadership in his profession. He was first an instructor, then for many years director of training and testing courses for young guides of his region. He was President of the Aosta Guides' Association from 1957 until 1965, when he became National President of all the guides of Italy. He served on the expeditions committee of the C.A.I. He was one of the instigators, and the inaugural Vice-President, of the International Union of Guides' Associations formed in 1965. In these offices he strove especially to foster the professional status of guides and to pass on to new entrants to the profession his own high sense of its traditions and responsibility. This was one of the themes of his training courses, as I saw for myself when in 1965 he invited me, as then Secretary of the Alpine Club, to attend one of them as an observer. This invitation, which he had planned for several years, evidenced too his desire to promote international friendships among mountaineers and between guides and amateurs, whether or not the amateurs might be potential clients. Toni regretted the absence in modern conditions of the lifelong climbing partnerships between guides and amateurs which contributed so much to earlier Alpine history, and he sought to develop comparable links in other ways.

One such way was his unfailing helpfulness to guideless climbers. In recent years he spent less time climbing, at least in summer, and was to be found more often in the shop: as he put it, 'So many alpinists seem to need me there.' They

did indeed, not only to buy equipment, but for advice about the mountains. His shop was the natural rendezvous of climbers visiting Courmayeur, and the help which he gave them Toni saw as one more manifestation of the prime duty of his profession, to help people to enjoy the mountains. Countless climbers of many nationalities had cause to be grateful to him.

On 18 March 1970, at Sasso Piatto in the Val Gardena, he was leading a roped party of four clients and a porter on ski across an easy slope above a low cliff of about 70 ft. A small windslab avalanche from above caught and carried them quite gently, it is said, down to the edge of the cliff, and over. The porter and the client at the rear, jerked by the rope into a wider arc, landed on snow and were not seriously hurt. Toni and three clients fell onto boulders at the foot of the little cliff, and were killed.

He leaves a widow, a son and a daughter. Notice of his son's forthcoming wedding had been sent to friends a few days before his death. The family are continuing the business of the shop, and Toni's friends the world over will wish them success, while sharing in some sort their irreparable loss.

Anthony Rawlinson

Bryan Hilton-Jones, 1918-69

Bryan Hilton-Jones was killed in a motor-car accident outside Barcelona on the last day of 1969. Two of his daughters, Daryl and Nicola, died with him. His wife, Edwina, survived.

Those are the facts behind a tragedy from which no one who knew Bryan will ever completely recover. He was an altogether exceptional man, with a power to inspire affection seldom encountered. He died in the prime of his life, returning from a ski-ing holiday in Andorra. It is almost impossible, a full year after the event, to write about him and still see the typewriter or the words.

Of his brilliant war-time service in the Commandos others have already written. Because of his languages (he had taken a First in the Modern Language Tripos) and his already legendary fitness, he was seconded from Lord Lovat to take charge of a special Commando Force of Foreigners (Number 3 Troop) who needed someone like him to control them, such was their hatred of Hitler. I did not know him then, but have the best of reasons for knowing all about his training methods: I too have been rushed over the tops to Harlech. I am told that he used to say to new arrivals, in whatever language they happened to know,

'You must drink and smoke as much as you like, of course. The only thing is that if you do the rigours of your life with us will soon ensure your return to your unit.' I can well believe it.

I met him, a young severely wounded civilian, poring over a law book. I asked for him as a Personal Assistant but within a week of his arrival in Dublin I had ceased to be in charge of him, and he had taken charge of me. Totally unfit, tobacco and Scotch my dearest companions, I was introduced to the mountains of Wales. My copy of *British Crags and Climbers* is inscribed 'Christmas 1952. From Bryan, who is not to blame for any of it.' But he was, and for almost all the happiness of those years.

Our ways parted and he went on to higher things, the management of I.C.I.'s interests in Switzerland and, ultimately, general manager in Spain. By that time he had done nearly all the big standard routes in the Alps and had turned his mind to ski-ing. Needless to say he was almost at once doing the hard, fast or high routes. I possess an enraged description of my friend, skis on shoulder, pointing out the facilities for a quick snack on the Jungfrauoch to a frightened textile director in a bowler hat and blue, chalk-striped suit. On a smaller scale I had been through all that myself.

No one could tire him. Many so-called hard men were glad to fall back a little after the first five or six hours. They could outclimb him (some of them) but never outwalk him. He had a map of Wales in his head and never failed to select the hardest, longest distance between any two Welsh points. It was always worth it; he was the perfect companion.

Now he is dead. Edwina, desperately hurt in the accident that killed him, lives on. Her son Gavin and her daughter Nerys were in another car and are mercifully alive.

Not long ago *The Times* carried an article on Welsh patronymics, with much light-hearted stuff about Jones the Post or Jones the Cab. We who know and loved Bryan Hilton-Jones knew a different sort of Jones. We knew Jones the Man.

Kevin Fitzgerald

Eryl Pardoe 1945-70

I was both surprised and upset to be greeted with the news on my return from the Alps that Eryl had been killed in a climbing accident in Canada. I first met Eryl on the Gower cliffs in 1964 and we did several climbs together during his

stay in Swansea prior to his departure for Canada to continue his work for a Ph.D. in Engineering.

Eryl always gave the appearance of being a quiet, unassuming person, but those who knew him quickly recognised a considerable depth of hidden character. He had a natural affinity to rock and within a short time was leading extreme routes with confidence. I never climbed with him in the Alps, but after a few seasons his achievements, especially in the Mont Blanc range, soon showed his skill, bringing him to the forefront of British climbers.

Mountaineering is a way of life with accepted hazards, but it is always tragic when such a promising life is cut off so abruptly.

Jeremy Talbot

Eryl worked with me on several photographic projects, and we soon became good friends. He was an excellent companion with a quiet charm and, once you knew him, a ready wit. On rock he was powerful—more so than one would have thought of one so slight and wiry. I always thought he had much of the Celt in him. He was always game for anything, either for fun or for the camera, and when he left Swansea University to work as a civil engineer in British Columbia I knew we would miss him. How sadly, and how soon, we were not to know.

John Cleare

Tom Patey 1932–70

Climbing history is made by individual men, small in number, who have imagination and the vigour to carry ideas into effect. Tom Patey was one of these men, and the first sign of it was his climbing the Douglas Gully of Lochnagar in December 1950. His ascent of the 200-ft terminal wall when plastered in snow-ice ushered in a new era of winter climbing on routes hitherto thought to belong only to the rock specialist. He was eighteen, and had started his career where MacKenzie and I, who had been making ice-routes in Scotland during the period 1936–50, left off.

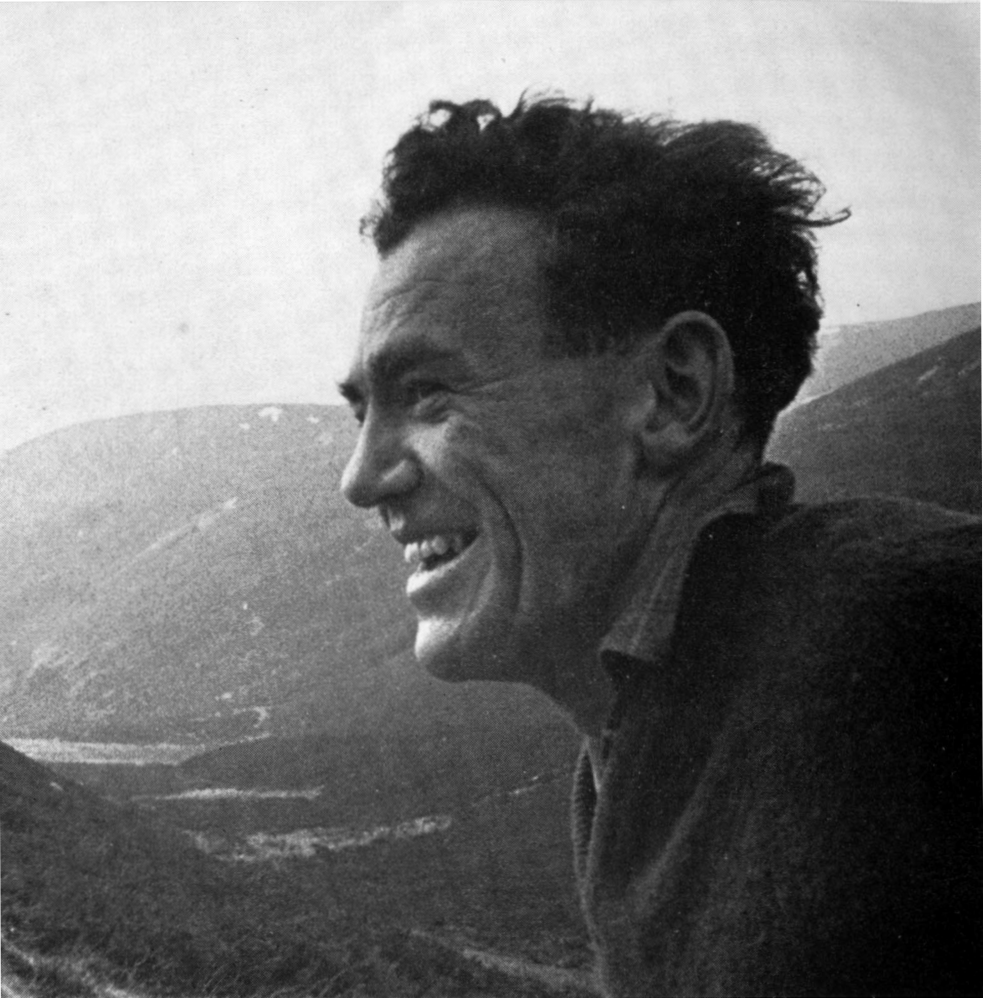
My future winter climbs with Patey, although few, were salutary: they made me realise that my contemporaries and I had likewise taken our predecessors' (Graham Macphree and others') topmost level as a base from which to advance without giving it thought. The heightening standards of the 50s showed at first not so much in what was done as in the pace at which it was done, and less in changes of technique than in confidence. All of us who have done long, new routes know how greatly times are reduced on subsequent ascents, when

psychological barriers are down. We know what is wanted and do it faster. Something of the kind applies from one generation to another.

Tom Patey was born in 1932 and went to school at Gordon's College, Aberdeen. His father had started him hill-walking at an early age. When sixteen he began rock and ice climbing through reading *Mountaineering in Scotland*. He went to Aberdeen University, graduated M.B., Ch.B., and was commissioned to the Royal Marine Commandos as Lt-Surgeon. He married Betty Davidson, by whom he had three children. In 1961 he entered general practice at Ullapool in Wester Ross.

Prior to 1950, the Cairngorms had been neglected as a climbing ground. During the next eight years, a spate of long, hard routes, winter and summer, were made there by Patey and Bill Brooker, and by the rapidly growing number of fine climbers inspired by their example, until the Cairngorms had more rock-climbs than Skye. The importance of the Cairngorms in Patey's development as a mountaineer cannot be overstressed. They were to shape his whole attitude to mountains and to make him the best all-round mountaineer that Scotland has yet produced. He wrote of these years: 'The magic of a great route does not lie in its technical difficulties, or even in the excellence of the rock, but is something less readily definable—*atmosphere* is the term generally applied. A route should fulfil an honest purpose: it should follow a natural line of weakness up a natural obstacle and reach a logical conclusion. There are many so-called routes whose conception would not tax the mental faculties of an ape. . . . In the Cairngorms, the climber's mental horizon is wider . . . loose rock is a natural hazard, which may be safely negotiated by a leader not lacking guile and judgment. I confess to finding the impeccable gabbro of Sron na Ciche pretty dull fare. The rock is too good.'

Patey's particular genius developed as a quick, keen eye for a route. His flair was a triple one: for a new route, for the detail of pitch-selection, and for the right general line over a big face. Thus a phenomenal feature of Scottish climbing over the next twenty years became the deluge of Patey's new routes. Nothing like his output, so long sustained or in such volume, had before been seen. I have space to speak only of one—Zero Gully of Ben Nevis, done with MacInnes and Nicol in 1956. I had reconnoitred that route in 1939, concluding that the initial 400 ft of green ice overhangs were not possible, and that Point Five, its near neighbour, would go only in perfect conditions. These ideas were, for me, confirmed when strong parties (one including Joe Brown) fell out of both gullies. The ascent of Zero in only five hours was a big breakthrough in Nevis climbing.



121 *Tom Patey.* This and next photo: John Cleare

Patey appeared in the Alps in 1951, aged nineteen, when he climbed seven or eight Chamonix peaks by classic routes. Between 1953 and 1955 he moved on to many of the harder climbs, quickly developing a sensitive nose for the Alpine atmosphere. Thus, on the North face of Aiguille du Plan, he decided on the upper part that conditions were 'ripe', and at once diverged from the main glacier on to the iced rocks of the Aiguille des Deux Aigles. He was instantly justified by a colossal avalanche.

Patey had become a master of his craft, and no list of climbs done could convey the dynamic enthusiasm of the man, or the competence he emanated on hard rock and ice. I had recommended him to John Hunt for the Everest expedition of 1953, when he was reckoned too young. In 1956, John Hartog invited him to the Muztagh Tower, and no other challenge could so well have suited his philosophy—a Himalayan peak chosen for difficulty, not altitude. Their successful ascent marked a progress in the Himalayan story.



122 *Tom Patey and Ian Clough on Am
Buachaille, Sutherland*

In 1958 he climbed Rakaposhi, 25,550 ft, and in 1959 and 1960 made first winter ascents in Norway on Snöletta and the East ridge of Bispen, and spent twenty-nine hours on the Trolltinder Wall (Five Route). These events, his service duties, and his withdrawal from the Commandos to set up in general practice at Ullapool, delayed for eight years his return to the Alps—greatly to the benefit of rock and ice climbing in the N.W. Highlands, which he opened up in ways not before imagined.

His arrival back in the Alps in 1963 was for Patey a joyful occasion. He wrote to me enthusiastically of some thirty routes he had spotted, all crying out to be done. He teamed up with Joe Brown and made three first ascents: the North-west spur of the Aiguille Sans Nom, 3000 ft of hard ice pitches and grade VI rock; the West face of the Aiguille du Midi by the Frendo Spur; and a new direct finish of 600 ft to the Gréloz-Roch route of the Aiguille du Plan. He then went with Don Whillans to the Eiger Nordwand, but they turned back from the second ice-field in worsening weather.

Since 1961, Patey had been increasingly climbing solo to high standards in Scotland, partly through lack of companions at Ullapool. 'Good climbing and good company go together', he said, 'each is essential to the enjoyment of the other.' But solo work grew on him, and benefits showed on some of his last great climbs. In 1965 he made the first winter traverse of the Cuillin Main Ridge in two days, climbing unroped with MacInnes and others. This, he declared, was the greatest single adventure in British mountaineering. In 1968 with MacInnes he made the first ascent of the Aiguille Rouge de Rochefort by the South wall and South-east arête, 3000 ft (V-VI). In March 1969, he made solo the girdle traverse in winter of Coire Ardair, 8000 ft of extraordinary exposure (IV), almost incredibly in five hours. Later that year, he and MacInnes climbed the Mont Rouge de Peuterey by the South-east face, 3500 ft (V-VI) in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours unroped, following a new route done by Pete Crewe and Joe Brown in $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours. He was planning for 1970 a solo ascent of the Eiger Nordwand, but his last Alpine season had gone.

In preceding years he had been making first ascents on sea-stacks—the Old Man of Hoy and several others, for they gave spectacular fun posing problems of approach. On 25 May 1970, he made his final climb on the Maidens, off Whiten Head on the Sutherland coast. He was roping down using a *descendeur* when somehow the gate of his snaplink opened, and he fell.

Tom Patey had considerable gifts for more than mountains—for friendship, medicine, writing, music and song. Medicine was not for Tom merely a way of earning money to climb, and the people of Ullapool have testified to that in

plain terms. He alone of the post-war generation of Scottish climbers displayed an unmistakable talent for writing. Shortly before his death he had begun his autobiography. In all ways, our loss has been more than we can know.

Bill Murray

Edward Villiers Townshend 1876–1969

'E. V.', who died on 22 April 1969 in his ninety-third year, was educated at Bedford Modern, and lived a bachelor life in the insurance world, retiring in 1936 as deputy investments manager of the Scottish Widows Fund and Life Assurance Society. He served as a Captain in the Rifle Brigade during the First World War, and was elected to the Club in 1931.

Although he travelled widely throughout his working life, and during the latter half of it wintered in South Africa with his niece, Mrs. Pettet, Switzerland was his great love, and he went out each year until his health failed at the ripe age of ninety-one. I found it hard to match his pace in the valleys when he was a chicken of eighty-three (A3 men please note), and though we spent many hours together at home and walking the foot-hills, the disparity in our ages—thirty years—prevented our climbing together. Most of his climbs were done after the age of fifty, and this ensured that he would be a climber of the old school. He took a guide—usually Joseph Krönig of Zermatt—and toured a great many of the classic routes, loving the pastime for its freedom and rhythm of movement, its companionship and for what Leo Amery has called 'days of fresh air', and insisted that the fitting end to a tour should be in the hotel with a *café kirsch*. Even had he been born into the modern world, and endowed with its talents, one can imagine one eyebrow raised at the sight of a piton, and both lost beneath the peak of his cap at the sight of the contemporary steeple-jacks' kit.

As a man his manners matched his marches, and he would have been at a loss to find other than a courteous reply to the vulgar taunts now thrown by youth at old age. If he was unable to make his mark as a climber, as a gentleman he was an exemplar, and I hold it an honour to write in his memory.

Guy Carrell

John Perceval Walker 1900-69

Jack Walker died in December 1969 and was buried in Grasmere churchyard a few hundred yards from Hollens Cottage, which was his home for the last few years of his life. He came from a family some of whom in earlier generations were distinguished members of the Alpine Club and whose lives are recorded in earlier *Journals*. His father, the Reverend J. M. S. Walker, and his uncle, the Reverend J. C. Walker, who were related to Horace Walker, President of the Alpine Club from 1890 to 1892 and his sister, the great Lucy Walker, were persuaded by Matthias zum Taugwald in September 1889 to climb the Matterhorn, although they had never attempted an Alpine peak before.

Jack was elected to the Alpine Club in 1950. He was first and foremost a rock-climber, exceptionally skilled on delicate and exposed rock faces. He was particularly happy in the Dolomites. In 1934 his right leg was very severely injured when a loose boulder carried him down the slopes of Gable, and it never fully recovered. After the war he climbed many of the great Alpine peaks and was leading the various climbs on Gimmer within ten years of his death, but long snow and ice climbs became increasingly tiring.

Jack was a schoolmaster who taught at Epsom College from 1927 to 1960 and initiated successive generations of boys into the arts of mountaineering in Great Britain and abroad. He had a great number of friends in the Alpine Club and the Climbers' Club, and seemed never more at home than at Helyg or the Monte Rosa Hotel. He was firm and constant in Christian belief and practice. These last few years his cottage at Grasmere has been thronged by his guests, who now

Look down upon your narrow house
Old friend, and miss you.

W. E. Radcliffe

J. F. G. Clark 1937-70

It has been brought to our attention that the circumstances of the fatal accident to Gunn Clark on Buachaille Etive on 7 February 1970 were incorrectly reported in *A. J.* 75 331. We quote below part of a letter from Mr. B. M. Wragg, whose party was on the same climb at the time.

'We started our climb in the morning after a heavy snowfall during the night. There was nobody else on this side of the mountain. Above the awkward

sections and the rock step the angle is much gentler and it seems only a walk to the top. We found we had to wade through deep powder snow, but since the angle of the slope was only 20° – 25° we discounted the possibility of avalanche. About 400 ft above the step we became aware of a party of three about 300 ft lower down. A little higher one of us found a slab of snow slipping under him, but he did not fall. This snow slab slid down the gully and knocked Mr Clark's party about 30 ft down the slope. We realised that we had underestimated the dangerous state of the snow and, after ascertaining that the party below was all right, we decided to traverse out of the gully. We attempted this to the right of our position (true left bank) but again found the snow in a very dangerous condition. We noticed an obvious traversing line on the true right bank at the same level as the lower party, so we retreated to it. We discussed the situation with Clark and he accepted our decision that the snow was too dangerous. He did not appear too happy with the apparent difficulty of the traverse, but stated his intention of following us off. As we crossed the ridge formed by the mountain face and the gully wall, I looked back; Mr Clark was just starting the traverse.

The fatal avalanche must have struck sometime within the next five minutes. Ten minutes after leaving the gully we had descended the mountain and were crossing the gully lower down. We heard shouts and saw somebody running down towards us; we climbed up to meet him. From what he said, and from what we heard later, we learned that an avalanche had knocked Gunn Clark's party down the gully and over the rock step and they were buried at the bottom . . .'

The writer describes the rescue attempts and then continues.

'My own opinion of the cause of the avalanche is as follows. I was told by someone involved that the avalanche had come from high up the mountain. In my view, though the gully slopes were dangerous, they would not have avalanched without being disturbed by something extraneous. The slopes of the mountain overlooking the top of the gully were, however, much steeper and equally covered in snow. It is quite possible for them to have avalanched under their own weight and I believe that this is what happened. The avalanche would fall directly into the gully and flow on down it . . .'

(We are grateful to Mr Wragg for making these facts available).

Adolphe Rey 1878–1969

There has been some criticism of our treatment of eminent mountaineers who are not members of the Club, particularly with reference to Adolphe Rey in *A.J.* 75 347. To produce a meaningful biography of an old mountaineer may involve lengthy research in a range of periodicals, and considerable correspondence. When somebody can be found to undertake this particular literary task, our coverage of such cases will improve.

T. A. Brocklebank has kindly submitted a note on Adolphe Rey written by Mrs Sylvia Branford, daughter of our late President, Tom Longstaff. Unfortunately this is too long for inclusion in its entirety, but the main points are summarised below, retaining, it is hoped, most of her sympathetic attitude to one who was obviously an outstanding guide.

Mrs Branford had two Alpine seasons with Rey and Longstaff, in 1930 and 1933. Rey, she says, was the ideal guide for a beginner—‘kind, quick, gentle and humorous, while he was so modest that it was hard to think of him as a great and much travelled mountaineer’. Longstaff and Rey ‘loved mountains in the same way and climbing with them was getting to know and love a mountain. Adolphe, although it was his daily bread, climbed with gaiety and delight, and made me feel, as did T. G. L., that mountains were not giants to battle with but great presences that fortunate people might come to know’.

Of the man himself, Mrs Branford writes, ‘His home was in Courmayeur and he spoke the French of those parts, although actually an Italian. In appearance he was small and neat. The neatness extended to his clothes, beautifully laundered shirts, collarless, fastened with a gold stud, and a blue silk handkerchief which was sometimes used as a cravat. He wore a wide-brimmed felt hat with an upward sweep, and the face below the brim was oval, wrinkled like a walnut and dominated by large, alert eyes. His frequent smile, modest and quizzical, was the three-cornered sort. His hands were small and deft, the hands of a fine carpenter, as his chalet witnessed’.

In addition to his notable Alpine record, Rey had visited the Himalaya and the Karakoram with the Bullock Workmans and with the Duke of the Abruzzi.