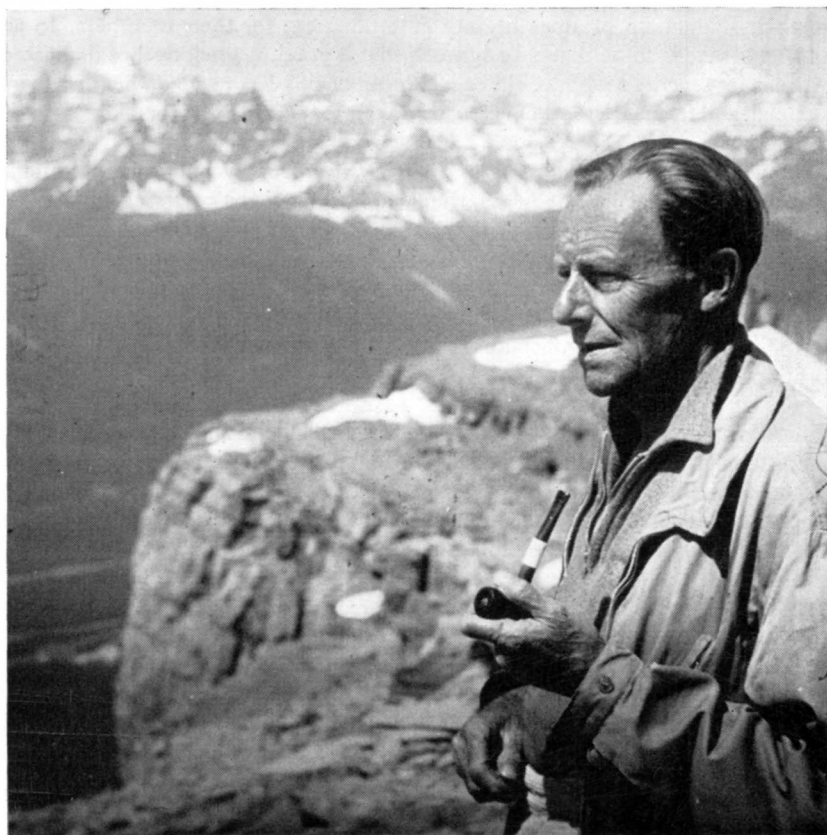


scene. Also from the Alpenverein comes a bi-monthly bulletin of more local interest and also the Alpenverein's *Jahrbuch*. The latter is a beautifully produced book of some 200 pages with some colour pictures, which includes descriptions of expeditions and climbs in all parts of the world. Each year a 1 : 25,000 map of some area of the eastern Alps is enclosed in an end pocket. The Deutscher Alpenverein also issues a bi-monthly bulletin from Munich.

It is impossible to do justice to all the journals, magazines and other publications received. They are, if not specifically referred to above, acknowledged with grateful thanks.



107 Basil Goodfellow

In Memoriam

Introduction

In the last eighteen months the Club has lost one of its oldest members, Thomas Arthur Rumbold. There is no one left alive to speak or write of his early days, but he must have been an altogether delightful companion. That he was modest, unassuming, anxious that his friends should receive most of the credit for any climbing he did, we know from his list of mountain expeditions. Almost every climb carries a note, 'rope kindly left for me in couloir', 'much facilitated by steps cut by another party', 'col only, companion taken ill'.

On the night of 2-3 December 1971 Jean Franco was killed, his car hitting a tree, driving alone between Paris and Chamonix. He was 57, and for fourteen years had been Director of L'École Nationale de Ski et d'Alpinisme. He was a climber and a mountaineer of the very highest class, leading both the reconnaissance (in 1954) and the successful ascent (1955) of Makalu. All members of the assault party, 9 in number, one of them a Sherpa, reached the summit. Franco, who was responsible for all mountain rescue in France, had written much, including *Makalu* and (with Lionel Terray) *At Grips with Jannu*.

In November 1972 David Hall died, in New Zealand. He was elected to the Club in October 1930, having climbed much in the Alps and in the Southern Alps of New Zealand in the preceding four years. He was 63.

Two members of the Alpine Climbing Group have been lost to the Club by death in the mountains. A full obituary of Tony Wilmott and an account of his accident appeared in the August 1972 issue of *Mountain*. William Hepplewhite was killed in February 1972 while descending the Buachaille in Glencoe. A note by his friend, Chris Woodall, appears later in this section.

It was only possible in the last issue of the *AJ* to mention the deaths of Edward Taylor, Anthony Medlycott and Cyril Sleeman. Short accounts of their lives have now been included here.

So much has appeared in the national and scientific press about Sir Gavin de Beer that it has been thought best to include a composite note made up from sources within and outside the Club. Some of these contributors expressed a wish to remain anonymous. Sir Gavin, who resigned from all his English clubs on going to live abroad, was indeed 'all mankind's epitome' and will be sadly missed by his friends, of whom the writer of this preliminary to the following section was one.

A note about Sir Geoffrey Summers by Professor Odell will be found in its place. He died in January 1972. The Club, and a large number of elderly men

outside it, also mourns the loss of Major General J. Geoffrey Bruce who was on Everest in 1922 and 1924.

And so to the tragic loss to the Club of Basil Robertson Goodfellow who died suddenly in September 1972 just a month before his 70th birthday. Here indeed was the upright stainless man immortalised by Horace. Many more than those it has been possible to include here have wished to write about him. He will not be forgotten.

It seems necessary to include a final explanatory note. The Journal goes to press many months in advance of publication, which means that many important contributions are often received too late for inclusion in the year following a member's death. For example, the obituary of George Finch by John Case was only handed to the President in October 1972. Deaths will have taken place in recent months, not even noticed here, and this will sadden relations and friends. It is difficult to recapture the first shocks of loss nearly two years later. It would be of the greatest possible assistance in avoiding unintentional hurts and slights if members of the Club would communicate at once, together with anything they may wish to say about the death of a friend, with K. FitzGerald, Crossways, Mill Lane, Chinnor, Oxford OX9 4QU.

Lying outside the scope of the above notes, but by no means of the hearts and recollections of numerous members of the Club, was the death in April 1972 of Micheline Morin. A short appreciation of her life, by her sister-in-law, Nea, appears at the end of this section.

K. C. FitzGerald

Gavin Rylands de Beer 1899-1972

Sir Gavin de Beer, among the most versatile of men, was elected to the Club on a literary qualification in 1941. Never a climber in any real sense, he was an inveterate walker, giving his recreation in *Who's Who* as 'Wandering About'. His polymath spirit was exactly reflected in the preamble to the British Museums Act 1753 which after referring to 'philosophical curiosity' goes on 'all arts and sciences have a connexion with each other, and discoveries in natural philosophy and other branches of speculative knowledge . . . do and may in many instances give help and success to the most useful experiments and inventions'. It was those sentiments which informed his history of the inhabitants of Switzerland, his research into Hannibal's crossing of the Alps, his love of all eighteenth-century matters, in particular Edward Gibbon and all his works, and his formidable output of criticism and review. It has been said of him that he brought to his work evidence from such diverse sciences as glaciology, palaeontology, geography, hydrology, astronomy, botany, zoology and haematology.

As a scientist his formal career was: Demonstrator of Zoology at Oxford; Professor of Embryology at University College, London; Fellow of the Royal Society; and Director of the British Museum (Natural History). As an embryologist he is famous principally for his *Development of the Vertebrate Skull and Embryos and Ancestors*. As an evolutionist he will be remembered for his many

writings on Darwin. He himself would also wish to be remembered as a Grenadier in both World Wars.

In the mountaineering world he will be best recalled as a leading authority on the early ascents of Mont Blanc, and of Dr Paccard in particular. With T. Graham Brown he produced in the AC's Centenary year a monumental record of the first ascent of Mont Blanc, making perhaps the major contribution. It would be idle to pretend, and he loathed pretence, that he was not sometimes a contentious figure and the pages of the *Alpine Journal* reflect this, notably at the times of his *Travellers in Switzerland* (1949) and *Alps and Elephants* (1955). To serious criticisms of the latter he refused to reply, taking the line that he had stated his views and that was that. Some of his earlier books were severely handled in the *AJ*, and to these reviews he made a pungent rejoinder in 45 424.

All those who knew this tri-lingual Harrovian enjoyed his wit, his learning, his photographic memory, his didactic tenacity, his brushings aside of the opinions held by his friends, and his warmth. The passing of so distinguished a character is deeply regretted by a diversity of his fellow creatures. He thought of them as that.

John Geoffrey Bruce 1896–1972

Geoffrey Bruce was a member of the AC from 1922 to 1947, but was not, in a technical sense, a mountaineer. A cousin of C. G. Bruce, he had been brought into the 1922 Everest expedition as Transport Officer, as again in 1924. Service in the Indian Army had earlier given him experience of hill scrambling on the North-West Frontier; he was in the 3rd Afghan War of 1919, and on NWFP expeditions between 1920 and 1923 and later 1937–8.

In 1922, shortage of available personnel caused him to become G. I. Finch's companion (along with the Gurkha NCO, Tejbir) on their attempt in May upon the summit of Everest, using oxygen, and reaching 8320 m. It was an extraordinary achievement for a man like Bruce to be making his first serious mountain climb in this fashion, and he and Finch proved to be the first climbers ever to reach over 8200 m. Bruce got his feet frost-bitten, but not too seriously, and he proved his worth once again in 1924, helping to establish Camp V at 7680 m, but straining his heart in helping to carry some of the porters' loads.

In the 1930s he was invited to lead one of the Everest expeditions, but declined, and for the rest his life lay with the Indian Army, becoming commander of the 2nd Bn 6th Gurkha Rifles in 1937. A distinguished military career followed during the Second World War, and he ultimately became GOC Lahore District in 1946–7. He retired from the Army in 1948.

T. S. Blakeney

George Ingle Finch 1888–1970

George Finch was endowed with the qualities—physical, mental and moral—required for the making of a superb climber and mountaineer. Co-ordination, speed, strength in hands and legs, determination, persistence, and courage were all impressive.

He had the good fortune to be brought to Switzerland with his younger brother Max at an early age for schooling, and to be encouraged to climb by his mother, herself a former climber who saw to it that the boys had the best of formal instruction and training by a first-rate guide.

Realising the necessity of acquiring knowledge and skill before they could tackle large peaks on their own, the boys worked long and hard to attain competence in the art of mountaineering and all connected with it: knowledge of weather and its effect on snow and ice, the qualities of different kinds of rocks, the use of the Siegfried map, and the reaction of the climber to cold and altitude. This intellectual attitude struck me forcibly when I first climbed with George and Max as a learner. They formed a perfect team, George the more brilliant with more nervous energy; Max as fine a mountaineer, remarkable for his steadiness and even temper under all conditions.

On a mountain George gave the impression of being always master of his surroundings. His route-finding and eye for ground were excellent, results of his study of mountain form. On rock his strength was more apparent than grace of movement. He climbed very fast, going straight through from stance to stance, using holds far apart, without pause, rarely hesitating and almost never retracing a step. He seemed able to test each hold without loss of motion, for I never saw a weighted one come away under hand or foot.

On ice he was superb, cutting steps far apart very fast with a minimum of powerful strokes. On steep ice he liked to cut straight up with his backer-up only a step behind and moving with him. His lead on the Marinelli route on Monte Rosa in the very dry year of 1911 with step cutting from the Imseng rocks to the ridge of the Grenzgipfel was a perfect example of this technique.

When Finch was President of the Akademischer Alpen Club Zürich, in 1911, there were many notable climbers both active, that is students, and *Alte Herren* in the membership. Individualism was characteristic and to become President was a mark of the confidence and liking of his peers.

George Finch's relations with other climbers were not always harmonious and he was sometimes regarded as being overbearing and a difficult climbing companion. He was apt to be critical of the leadership of others, but with few exceptions his relations with really first class climbers were excellent. When in 1911 Val Fynn and Ernesto Martini invited us to join forces with them on the Zmuttgrat it was interesting to see how George, then President of the Akademischer Alpen Club of Zürich, admired and deferred to these more experienced climbers, and to see their respect for his ability. George led one of the ropes with me in the middle on the more difficult parts of the climb. It was on this occasion, descending the Italian ridge, that we came upon a party of four off the route, stuck, unable to move in a situation of some danger. After depositing them safely on the route George's blistering remarks shocked them into life. He was outspoken in his criticisms of those who undertook climbs beyond their ability through failure to judge the difficulties of a climb or knowledge of their own capacity, and of those who followed others and found themselves in trouble.

He was sympathetic to those whose skill or physical ability was below his standards and to those who had an unavoidable accident—or perhaps a moment of carelessness. While George was cutting across an ice-groove in the Marinelli couloir and I was lighting his way, I dropped the candle lantern but was fortunate to recover it without losing my footing. All George said was ‘Don’t do many more things like that, man’.

He liked to help and train aspiring young climbers and was very patient with them. It was not until long afterwards that I realised that on the first climbs I did with him he was giving me systematic training of a varied nature. It was very sad that his climbing came to an end at such an early age due to his feeling that his physical powers were not what they had been.

The picture I have of George in action is of a man of relentless energy, sure of himself, equal to all emergencies, moving ever upward and onward.

John C. Case

Basil Robertson Goodfellow 1902–1972

Basil Goodfellow died suddenly in September on his way to an evening meeting of the Alpine Club. He was such an active and devoted member of the Club and had served it and other mountaineering organisations in so many ways that to some of us his death marks the end of an epoch. To me at least the climbing world will never be quite the same again.

His main love I think was for the Alps, especially for Zermatt and the Italian valleys running down from the Pennines; he was also devoted to the British hills, especially Snowdonia. But his experience was in fact very varied, including also the Pyrenees, Turkey, the Lofoten Islands, the New Zealand Alps, the Canadian Rockies and the Himalaya. As for his companions, these ranged from Bentley Beetham and Graham Brown through Cambridge and AC contemporaries to the generation of his son Terence.

Basil’s father was Dr T. A. Goodfellow, CBE, a medical doctor practising in Manchester and his mother was a Robertson. It was in fact family holidays in North Wales that first kindled his interest and ambition in the mountains, and he was always proud of the north country background which he inherited, a background which was later enlarged during the early years of his service with Imperial Chemical Industries. The next influence was Cambridge, where he went from Clifton with a senior science scholarship at Caius and where he took both the engineering and the chemistry tripos. Here his contemporaries included Wyn Harris, Laurence Wager, Brian Donkin, Frank Yates, Frankie Mayo, Gordon Manley and Ivan Waller, with all of whom he climbed, and it was here with the CUMC that he got his grounding in mountaineering technique, especially in rock climbing. Here too he acquired the taste for guideless climbing: the greater part of his mountain journeys were all to be undertaken with amateur parties.

His career with ICI took him further afield, first in 1932–3 on a protracted world tour with the Company’s technical director, a tour that provided an opportunity

for a climbing holiday in the New Zealand Alps, then after a short period in London to an appointment in China as technical director of the Company's subsidiary there. Soon after that came the war and this again took him to the East, first to serve with the special forces unit based in Singapore, where he was in charge of the Malayan section, later to become head of the Ministry of Economic Warfare unit, initially in India and then in Ceylon. As with most of us, the war brought a hiatus in his climbing career, but he contrived two short visits to the mountains, one to Sikkim and one to Garhwal.

From the end of the war until his retirement from ICI he was based in England but concerned with overseas affairs, first as head of the India department and as director of various subsidiary companies in India and Pakistan and finally, from 1960 to 1963 as director of the European Council, responsible for planning the Company's entry into Europe. Both appointments involved frequent journeys with occasional opportunity to combine climbing holidays with business trips. Nor was retirement from his senior post with ICI the end of his overseas activities, for directly after his retirement he undertook the leadership of an industrial development survey mission to Iran under the sponsorship of the United Nations. This involved living for a year in Tehran and enabled him to link up with the Iranian Mountain Federation with whom he did various excursions in the Elburz mountains. His last business appointment, from 1964 up to the time of his death, was as a director of the Ultramar Company, whose interest in Central America and Canada gave still further opportunities for travel. His last fling among the big mountains dates from this period, and was to the Bugaboos in the Canadian Rockies (*AJ* 73 251).

His climbing career did not, I think, have any dramatic climax, but one or two of his many seasons are worth referring to in more detail. One of these was that of 1933, when after a fortnight of guideless climbing in Zermatt he joined Graham Brown to climb in the Dauphiné with Alexander Graven and Casimir Rodier. They accomplished five traverses, four of them classic routes on the Râteau, Meije, Écrins and Ailefroide, and the last a new route up the NE spur of Les Bans. This was his first experience of climbing with a first-class guide, but a more important feature of the year was the cementing of what was to become a long friendship with Graham Brown (*AJ* 46 45). Another year that was certainly of importance to him was 1948 when the AC ran a summer meet at the Kleine Scheidegg. This was not only a happy return to the Alps after the long interruption of the war, but was the start of a new friendship with André Roch, from whose immaculate technique Basil felt he had gained much. His three Himalayan ventures were important too, the first to Lama Anden in Sikkim, the second to Nanda Ghunti in Garhwal (*AJ* 55 202 and 373) and the last to the Annapurna region of Nepal in 1953. All were excursions rather than expeditions, undertaken when the opportunity offered and with no chance of detailed preparation, the first two being wartime leave trips while the third was fitted in to a business journey to India. None of them succeeded in the ascent of a mountain, but Basil was no mere peak collector and he savoured to the full the delight of travelling through those lovely valleys and forests, of being with the hill people and of seeing a new range.

Of my own Alpine seasons with him in the fifties and sixties, there are only two things I would say: first to emphasise how deeply he enjoyed himself on a mountaineering holiday, not only on the ridges and summits but in the woods and on the pastures and among the people; second to say what a marvellous companion he was, considerate, even-tempered, adaptable, always contributing something to make the occasion more worthwhile.

His services to mountaineering were manifold and they were happily recognised by the award of the OBE in 1962. After joining the Club in 1930 he was first elected to the committee in 1947, was honorary secretary from 1950 to 1954 and vice-president 1959-61. He was president of the British Mountaineering Council 1968-9. A member of the Rucksack Club since the twenties, he was its president in 1950-1. He ran the Alpine Dining Club for ten years or more. Of these many responsibilities the most important was undoubtedly his secretaryship of the AC in the early fifties, for this carried with it the joint secretaryship of the Himalayan Committee at the time when the long wartime closure was ending and when new opportunities for Himalayan travel were opening up, especially in Nepal. The Himalayan Committee had the tasks first of launching the 1951 Everest reconnaissance, then of negotiating with the Swiss Stiftung which had permission to go to the mountain in 1952 and taking the agonising decision not to participate in any way in the Swiss expedition of that year; lastly of organising, equipping and launching the successful British expedition of 1953. In the crucial and often difficult discussions of those years Basil Goodfellow with his wide knowledge and his sound judgment played a most important role. He was equally involved too in the exploitation of the success of 1953 by the setting up and administration of the Mount Everest Foundation, which has since provided essential finance for so many Himalayan and other expeditions. An original member of this Committee of Management, he was its Chairman 1958-9 and also served for many years on the Screening Committee.

Basil Goodfellow's most outstanding quality was, I think, his sheer efficiency; when he did something he did it well and this applied to all the other interests that helped fill his life. In photography, for instance, he attained a professional competence and developed some original techniques. In motoring he was not content with the ordinary and got enormous pleasure from skilful handling of fast cars, whether his pre-war Alvises or more recently his Jaguar XK 120. In gardening he was always an experimenter and loved to collect plants and seeds from far off places. But what we shall remember most of all is his gift for friendship. He will be sorely missed.

Peter Lloyd

Lord Hunt writes:

'Well John, this is the first time in all my Alpine experience that this has happened to me.' The voice came from beneath a neighbouring boulder as I was trying to settle myself under the exiguous shelter of a rock below the séracs of the Bies glacier. In sodden clothes, with no food or sleeping bags, the unforeseen bivouac certainly seemed unattractive.

Basil and I had just completed that splendid 'horseshoe' of the E and N ridges of the Weisshorn, continuing over the Bieshorn where a sudden mist had held us up: darkness overtook us before we could find a convenient gully down to the Gross Kastel. This was the last of our climbs in a splendid season during August 1951. Indeed, apart from a brief interlude four years later, when he led a support party to help my wife and myself, with a few friends, to complete the integral traverse of the Cuillin ridge, the Weisshorn traverse turned out to be the last time I climbed with Basil.

Partly because of this, those words come clearly across the span of 21 years as I think of Basil Goodfellow. The remark was made in self-reproach: his sense of proper planning and Alpine proprieties were alike offended by what he felt to be bad management on our part. It certainly resulted in a wretched night as we shivered the hours away in acute discomfort, the lights of Randa twinkling tantalisingly in the dark valley below.

But what a superb day it had been! I recall how, all day long, Basil revelled in that climb, bubbling with enthusiasm alike for the foreground of the great N ridge and the wide panorama of Valaisan peaks which he knew so well. I had appreciated his steadiness on that first, exceedingly narrow blade of ridge as we left my wife and our other two friends on the summit earlier in the day.

Basil was a mountaineer in the great tradition of our pioneering forebears. He was a very competent alpinist, but I think he climbed because he loved the mountains even more than because of the interest of a particular route. He was a superb administrator with a quick, tidy and incisive mind. His work for the Himalayan Committee and the Mount Everest Foundation contributed in large measure to the saga of Everest and its sequel in the form of British expeditions elsewhere in the world. He was tenaciously loyal to friends and institutions; no one will forget his fierce defence of tradition at a meeting of the Alpine Club not long ago convened to enable members to consider its place in the context of modern climbing and the needs of climbers in a rapidly changing society.

Basil was modest about his own considerable mountaineering achievements and generous in his praise of the qualities and qualifications of others. Among the very numerous messages received as we made our way back from Everest towards Kathmandu in June 1953, I was especially delighted by a letter from Basil; he had done so much to aid our success and it set the seal on the essential unity of our enterprise, Management Committee and climbing party alike.

Robin Fedden writes:

The most delightful of climbing companions, and one of the most quietly competent, Basil Goodfellow was also, to an extent that is perhaps rare today, a man responsive to mountains in the fullest sense. His technical assurance, his soundness on ice and rock, were but one facet of a wide involvement. Sensitive to the aesthetics of mountain landscape, he was no less interested in the geology that had shaped the peaks he climbed, in their flora and fauna, in their history, and in the ways of those who earn a mountain living.

The extent of his involvement was reflected in a number of ways. It probably accounted for his ability, which often seemed like instinct, to find the best route to, and up, some little-known peak in a remote massif. It certainly had something to do with a topographical recall that is hard to parallel. Basil Goodfellow never forgot the lineaments of a mountain. As the years passed, his memory encompassed the vast panorama of the Alps, not to speak of less familiar ranges. He could recognise, pin-pointing routes and peaks, an untitled photograph of almost any Alpine landscape. In the circumstances it is not surprising that he should also have been among the outstanding mountain photographers of his generation. The scene that he knew so well he brilliantly recorded, re-creating for all of us his mountain vision.

Few people have loved and understood mountains as well. They repaid him, as they usually do, generously. For half a century they were a vocation and delight.

William Hepplewhite 1948–1972

Although a Newcastle man, William Hepplewhite did all his early climbing in the Lakes. By the time he reached Didsbury College of Education his 'Geordie' wit had gained him many friends, and he added to these as he explored the limestone faces of Yorkshire. He was a most serious and dedicated climber but with an effervescent boyish enthusiasm which could not be subdued by weather or difficulty. His record of hard climbs in England, the Dolomites and the Alps is most impressive and, as luck never seemed to be on his side, he made some extremely severe descents in bad weather. In 1967 he completed a number of Grade 6 Dolomite routes, before going to the Western Alps to climb the E face of the Grand Capucin. He became an ACG Aspirant in that year and acquired full status in 1971. Among his more notable climbs should be included the w face of the Blaitière, the sw Pillar and w Face Direct of the Dru, and the NE Spur of the Droites. In 1971 he made a descent of more than half of the Walker Buttress after a companion had been injured. He died while descending the Buachaille in Glencoe on a February night and his death in these tragic circumstances was a very great shock indeed to large numbers of his friends in the North of England. He leaves a young widow and both parents, who have received much sympathy from many quarters.

Chris Woodall

Thomas Anthony Hutchings Medlycott 1909–1970

Anthony Medlycott, who died from a fall on a mountain walk in Wales, joined the Club in 1931. His qualification list showed a wide range of general Alpine climbing, including the Zmutt, but it is as an outstanding rock climber that his friends will remember him. He climbed frequently with his wife—herself a first-class rock climber—and also with his children. I had the pleasure, on occasion, of joining the family and in the earlier years of helping to introduce his daughters to the rocks.

I first met Anthony at our Easter parties at Wasdale in the thirties, where he would be thinking of Central Buttress on Scafell while some of us set our sights

somewhat lower. After the war I often climbed with him in Wales and had many enjoyable weekends starting (appropriately, perhaps, as Anthony was an architect) on a Friday evening at the Doric Portico of the old Euston Station. I also climbed with him in the Dolomites and on the Engelhörner, when I owed to his leadership the best rock climbing I have been able to do. I was not with him on his classic Dolomite climbs but I remember some splendid days on the Sella Towers and a memorable ascent, and descent, of the Schmidt Kamin when iced rocks made the usual way off impossible.

Anthony was a lover of music and himself a keen organist. Whether or not (as we used to suspect) he wore his surplice over his climbing clothes during the last of the Easter services, he certainly lost no time on Easter Sunday evening in getting on his way to the hills!

He was a calm and delightful companion, both on and off the mountains, with an outlook and opinions which often revealed a surprising and refreshing unorthodoxy. His quiet modesty and unassuming manner perhaps concealed from casual acquaintances his underlying strength of character and the climbing skill and determination which enabled people like myself to follow him up a VS.

H. R. Herbert

Joseph Harold Sheldon 1894-1972

I first made the acquaintance of Harold Sheldon in the late 1920s when I was to lead a Climbers' Club Meet at the Montanvert at Chamonix and he wrote to ask whether he could come, and warned me that as he was a heavy man we should require some strong ropes. When he turned up he was not all that heavy, and the ropes were adequate, and we did some good climbs, mainly on the Aiguilles. In succeeding years in the 1930s we climbed together in the Dauphiné and at Belalp, and in two seasons in the Dolomites. One year he joined me for a short time in Skye, and on many occasions we climbed rocks in Wales. Certainly he was a big man, but he was as good as the next, and we had many pleasant expeditions. At Chamonix he helped to rescue a party of Frenchmen who were in trouble on the Dru (one of them was killed), and was warmly commended by the CAF for his help, particularly as a doctor. I recall in Skye taking him and another similarly sized man up the Cioch Direct, and I remember my feeling of comfort at the reflection that I had three times my own weight behind me to help push me up the harder pitches. He was a keen and apparently competent bridge player. He joined the Alpine Club in 1932 and retained his membership until his death. There was no one, of whatever capacity, who enjoyed the sport more than he did. He is sadly missed.

John Poole

Cyril Montague Sleeman 1883-1971

Sleeman was elected to the Alpine Club in 1922. Before the First World War he had done a small number of expeditions abroad, and after it, he completed his qualification by three extensive seasons in the Alps, mostly climbing guideless with J. A. H. Bell and W. T. Elmslie. By that time he had led many of the

standard climbs in the Lake District and North Wales. He was then a Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, where I was an undergraduate, and I first met him when he provided suggestions for a walking tour in the Lake District—not a difficult matter to arrange in those uncrowded days when a bed could always be obtained without previous notice. He led me on my first rock climb, the Arrowhead arête on Great Gable, which to a novice seemed distinctly exposed. This was the first of many expeditions with him in that region, some from Burnthwaite, and later on from his delightful house in Great Langdale.

About that period he took me for a variety of climbs in the Alps, and a few clear-cut memories remain of those distant days. We were weather-bound at an hotel at Bourg-St-Pierre, and as the lounge accommodation was limited, Sleeman was compelled to sit in what is pointed out as Napoleon's chair. However, from time to time he was forced to rise sheepishly when coach loads of dripping tourists invaded the room. But this depressing experience was followed by a pleasant ascent of the Blümlisalphorn. Another year the party, strengthened by M. H. Slater, climbed the Matterhorn. Later we climbed the Tsa, traversed the Aiguilles Rouges direct from Arolla, and crossed the Pas de Chèvres, not then an iron staircase, with some difficulty because Sleeman was showing the first signs of the muscular trouble that so restricted his activity in later years. At Easter, 1928, we visited Corsica in company with A. E. Storr and G. Manley, where we were much hampered by the last snowfalls. Sleeman was an admirable companion, extremely energetic, decided in his views, and always on the look-out for the ludicrous and the absurd.

Over the years he acquired an extensive knowledge of the Alps, and he also embarked on expeditions further to the east, which are all described in the *AJ*¹ Information was hard to come by; indeed, one mountain successfully ascended was identified only later by the chance purchase of a picture postcard. In 1926 with L. A. Ellwood, Storr and Elmslie he climbed Musalla in the Rhodopes, the highest mountain range between the Alps and the Caucasus. The party then paid a fruitful visit to Olympus, and on the way home climbed Ljubeten on the western border of Yugoslavia. In 1928 Sleeman was again on Olympus, where brigandage had become so rife that the camp was compulsorily guarded by soldiers. The following year he visited Albania, finding the finest mountains of all and the toughest conditions of travel. In 1933 Sleeman, with Ellwood again, visited the mountains of Bulgaria.

The Cambridge University Mountaineering Club has good reason to be grateful to him. Between the wars it was quite small and it often met in his rooms in college. He was for long a senior member of the committee and was much in demand as a lecturer. He had hoped to retire from academic life at the end of the statutory 25 years' tenure of his fellowship, but it was not until after the war that he was able to give up his house in Cambridge and use Great Langdale as his permanent home. Thereafter he was rarely seen in the south. But he and his wife welcomed callers with great hospitality, except during the dark part of the year, which they evaded by long visits to African and Mediterranean countries.

A. M. Binnie

¹ *AJ* 39 86; 41 377; 42 55; 46 159.

Geoffrey Summers 1891–1972

Geoffrey Summers was elected to the Club in April 1947. He was educated at Uppingham and at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, taking an honours degree in engineering, as well as showing himself to be a first-class pianist. Summers's mountain experiences commenced with fell-walking in the Lake District and Scotland, as well as pot-holing in Derbyshire, before and after the First World War, and during periods of leave from war service in the Royal Engineers. But in 1920 he was climbing with George Abraham in Skye, and in 1921 he accompanied the Abraham brothers to the Dolomites, accomplishing Cinque Torri, Croda da Lago (E face), Kleine Zinne (in part), and other climbs. He was again in the Dolomites in 1922 and 1927, with 1924 an intermediate season spent at Zermatt and Chamonix.

In 1923 he joined the Merton College Arctic Expedition, led by George (later Sir George) Binney, and including friends from that College, Andrew C. (Sandy) Irvine, Geoffrey Milling and others, as well as 'outsiders', of whom the writer was privileged to be one, as leader of inland exploration. Geoffrey Summers was not in my sledging party for the latter activity, but on our return to northern Norway we had, together with Irvine and Milling, a most enjoyable expedition into the fine mountains of Finmark, and climbed Jaeggevaare (1915 m) under memorable conditions of prolonged autumn *Alpenglühén*.

In 1925 he paid a visit to South America and the Andes, and above Puente del Inca he climbed a foothill peak in the Horcones valley just below Aconcagua; and in 1932, when in Canada, a brief visit to the Rockies and Lake Louise enabled him to climb a small rock peak, but to fail in an attempt on Mount Victoria, owing to heavy snowfall.

My own climbing with him was largely on the crags of Snowdonia, under summer and winter conditions, where he showed himself to be a very competent and careful climber, particularly as second on the rope. His generosity to his companions was outstanding, a notable example being in 1935, when he invited my wife and me to be his guests at Sligachan for many delightful climbs in the Cuillin Hills of Skye. It was very unfortunate that in 1943 an attack of cerebro-spinal meningitis left him with a permanently weakened right arm, which, however, did not prevent his following me up the Horned Crag climb on Lliwedd a few years later. He was a keen member of the Climbers' Club and of the Arctic Club, and he attended most of their meetings and dinners, particularly of the Northern Committee of the former on which he served. But latterly he was sadly crippled, having been paralysed down his left side for over three years, following a stroke.

Professionally, Geoffrey was an engineer, and for many years he served as a director of the family firm, John Summers & Sons, Ltd, steel manufacturers. As *The Times* related in its obituary of him on 18 January 1972, he did very important public work, for which he received a CBE in 1942 and a baronetcy in 1952. He married twice, and leaves a widow of the second marriage, but no heir to the baronetcy.

N. E. Odell

Edward Ernest Thurlow Taylor 1910–1971

Edward Taylor, member of this Club since 1965, a consultant surgeon at Northampton General Hospital, died suddenly on 9 September 1971, at the age of 61. His death was quite unexpected and, in fact, three days before he had been arranging a party to go to Wales the following weekend.

Taylor was born on 3 February 1910, in Bolton, and was educated at Cheltenham College and Balliol College, Oxford, where he read Law. Subsequently he spent some years as an accountant, and also worked in Nyasaland in the Colonial Service.

He then decided to study medicine and went to St Thomas's Hospital Medical School whence he qualified, MRCS, LRCP, in 1940, and graduated BM, BCh, Oxon, the following year. A distinguished medical career followed which resulted in him being made a Fellow of the British Medical Association, and being President elect of the Northampton Medical Society at the time of his death. He played a major part in the planning and organisation of the Cripps Postgraduate Medical Centre in Northampton.

His integrity and principles made him an excellent committee man of great determination. This was also expressed in his main recreational activities—in his earlier years a keen rugby player, a county squash player and no mean performer on the tennis court.

However, he became aware, in about the mid 1950s that it was possible to get to Derbyshire and possibly with slightly more difficulty to Snowdonia in the day, from Northampton, and joined the writer in many expeditions, leaving at 5am on a Sunday morning and returning before midnight on the same day. A small group of enthusiasts combined to make these expeditions possible, a fast car being an essential, and his Jaguar became a regular conveyor for members of both this Club and of others on these trips to the hills. He became a great enthusiast both for rock and snow mountaineering and also developed into a very determined fell walker. His determination led in two directions. Firstly, to rock climbing of very high standard, so much so that he outgrew all his local friends and towards the end of his life was tending to climb with professional guides, achieving a very high standard in this field. As far as fell walking was concerned this ultimately developed into pitting himself against the clock and on several occasions—the last in 1969, he did all the Welsh three thousanders in 24 hours. Doing them during the hours of daylight was just not good enough for Ted; he insisted on starting at midnight 'from one end, and finishing before midnight' at the other. Having accomplished this he turned his attention to the Lake District and did the four three thousanders there in the same period of time. He also did the Lyke Wake walk and other long and recognised expeditions of this type.

He first visited the high Alps in 1961, going there first with a party from the hospital which joined the ABMSAC Meet at Kandersteg. He was an enthusiastic member of the latter organisation and climbed several times at meets arranged by this association. He visited various Alpine centres, notably in

1963, where he included in his bag within four days, both the Dent Blanche and the Matterhorn. We felt it was an unusual occasion for two members of the surgical consultant staff of a provincial hospital to stand together on the summit of the Dent Blanche during this holiday.

He then graduated to the Dolomites and his last climbing seasons were spent there.

His attainments qualified him (1965) to join this Club, and no one could be more proud of their membership than he was. He had a holiday villa in Spain and often made lone expeditions into the Sierra Nevada; latterly he turned his attention to orienteering and entered several events.

He is sadly missed, not only by his patients, but by his very many friends and colleagues in Northamptonshire. He leaves a wife, a son and a daughter, herself a doctor, and two grandchildren.

D. G. Lambley

Micheline Morin 1899-1972

With the sudden death of Micheline Morin in April 1972, the mountaineering world lost a most distinguished woman member. Elected an Honorary Member of the Ladies' Alpine Club in 1951 and an Honorary Member of the Groupe de Haute Montagne in 1956, Micheline Morin was also for many years up to her death a member of the *Comité de rédaction* of *La Montagne et Alpinisme*.

Micheline and her brother Jean were among the very early members of the GHM founded in 1919, which was at that time a small, intimate club. Among this early group were Jacques and Tom de Lépiney, Jacques Lagarde, Henri de Ségogne, Alice and Maurice Damesme, Pierre Dalloz. In 1924 Jean and Micheline and Tom de Lépiney made the third ascent of the Aiguilles Mummery and Ravel— a first guideless ascent as well as the first ascent by a woman.

During the early 1930s Micheline became one of the first women to make *cordées féminines* ascents in the Western Alps and in the Dolomites. From 1939 to 1946 Micheline and her husband Gérard Blachère made a series of fine ascents together, mainly in the Briançonnais—many of them in conditions of extreme difficulty with no provisions other than cold potatoes, and with poor equipment. These were in many cases, first ascents by a woman. In 1939 Micheline had the idea of organising, with the help of GHM friends as instructors, the first *Camp Ecole d'Alpinisme* at Cézanne. This was highly successful, and others were held in 1941 and 1942.

As well as being an outstanding mountaineer she was a talented musician and a gifted writer. *Encordées*, which appeared in 1936, was followed by the delightful *Trag le Chamois*, illustrated by Samivel, and several other children's books. In 1953 Micheline was commissioned to write a history of Everest which was subsequently translated into several languages; she also wrote numerous articles, and edited *Les Femmes Célèbres* in the same series as *Les*

Alpinistes Célèbres. Courage, tenacity, humour, optimism, enthusiasm, Micheline possessed in abundance and the welding together of physical, intellectual and moral qualities combined to form a very remarkable personality of great originality and strength of character. For her family and friends the one characteristic which stands out above all others was her tremendous spirit and *joie de vivre*—quite literally ‘the joy of living’, which she possessed so fully, which never left her, and which she spread to all those around her.

Nea Morin

108 *The old St Gotthard (see Pl 16)* Photo: Swiss National Tourist Office

