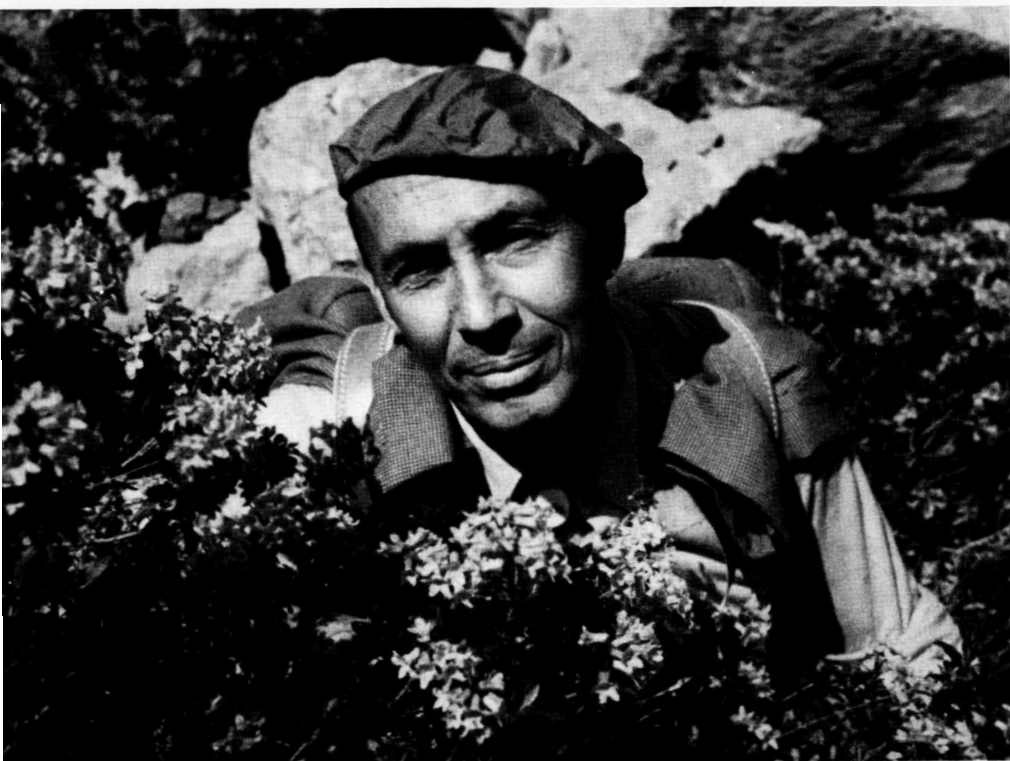


JOURNALS

United States					
Appalachia Bulletin	12	B	Y	1934	R
Backpacker	4	C	X5	1973	Q
Geographical Review	4	—		1916	R
Mazama	1	B	X5	1896	P
Mountain Gazette	12	C	X5	?	R
The Mountaineer	14	B	Y	1907	P
Off Belay	6	C	X5, W	1972	Q
Sierra Club Bulletin	12	B	Y	?	R
Argentina					
La Montana (Fed Arg de Montañismo)	1	A	X6	?	Q
Chile					
Revista Andina (Club Andino de Chile)	1	A	X6	1933	Q



93 Karl Weber. Photo: W. Amstutz

In Memoriam

Introduction

'It is the common wonder of all men,' wrote Sir Thomas Browne, 'how among so many millions of faces there should be none alike'. It is therefore only our own personal friends who can re-call our own personal face and style after we have gone: in the following pages some of our grievous losses in the 18 months of mid-1973/1974 are thus remembered.

The fatal accident to Derek Bull was deeply felt by his huge circle of personal friends in both this Club and the Climbers' Club. Even now, as these lines are being typed, 6 months after his death, there are members of both clubs unable to speak of Derek without emotion. And in August 1974 Colin Taylor was killed while climbing with our Honorary Secretary on the S Face of the Obergabelhorn. Here was a man deeply involved in all aspects of the climbing world; an administrator, an editor, a writer of high-standard guide books, and, above all, a friend. It is hoped that an extended notice of his climbing life and influences will appear in the next 'Alpine Journal'.

After as full a life as any could wish, or indeed imagine, Sir Arnold Lunn has left us. He was almost more proud of having been refused membership of the Club at one time than of his long years with it. It was a delight to argue with him (there could be no question of orderly discussion), as he was unaware that opinions differing from his own might conceivably be held.

In every introduction to the obituary sections of specialised journals there occurs an unsatisfactory short list of names unsupported by notices. In most cases this is due to the great ages of the deceased, and is quite happily excusable, but we shall nevertheless hope to include recollections of Arnold Potter (1938), George Scaramanga (1924), John Marsden Nete (1940), and Sir Clermont Skrine (1931) in later Journals. Topicality is not of great importance in a world-circulation Journal of 'mountain adventure and scientific observation', but there is no member of the Alpine Club whose death should remain unrecorded. Too late for inclusion in the 1974 Journal we learned of the deaths of Ian Charleson, Sir Wilfrid Anson, David Roberts, and Sir John Beaumont. Three of these members are recalled in the following pages. It is too much to hope that some member is still alive who will send a few words about Kenneth Cameron of South Africa, elected to the Club in 1921, and a man who made over 700 ascents of Table Mountain by many scores of new routes.

Finally an extended notice appears this year of Sir Claude Elliott, a former President who died in 1973 and about whom a short notice, prepared as the Journal was actually in the press, by Sir Jack Longland, appeared last year.

Members will perhaps forgive the closing of these notes with yet another appeal. It is understandable that old friends find it hard to write about their climbing companions who have died. But the bare bones of a photostated application form, from which a name and a date, and perhaps a peak, may be extracted are a poor substitute for something from the heart. For their work continueth, Broad and deep continueth, Greater than their knowing.

Kevin FitzGerald

Sir Claude Elliott 1888-1973

Claude (Aurelius) Elliott died at the age of 85 in Cumberland in the late autumn of 1973. He had been President of the Club in 1950-2, Chairman of the Himalayan Commit-

tee when the 1953 Everest Expedition was planned, and successively Headmaster and Provost of Eton from 1933–66. Had it been within his power he would have discouraged the writing of this In Memoriam notice—some short reference to the death of a former President of the Club who climbed with much enjoyment for many years, would in his view have been entirely adequate. For he was one of the most unassuming and modest of men; to him climbing was essentially a personal and private experience to be shared, both at the time and in retrospect, with a small circle of friends.

He was born in India in 1888 where his father was Lieutenant Governor of Bengal and some of his earliest recollections were of the Himalaya seen as a child from hill stations. After his return to England closer contact with mountains came from schoolboy holidays in the Alps, with which the Elliott family had much earlier association. They were related to Leslie Stephen and his father's elder brother Julius Elliott made the second ascent of the Matterhorn from the Swiss side in 1868 (AJ 27 283) and was killed in the following year while climbing unroped near the summit of the Schreckhorn—19 years before Claude was born. There is a story, possibly apocryphal, but typical of Claude Elliott's humour and economy of words, that, when in middle life a young schoolmaster companion treated a crevassed glacier without proper respect, his only—and adequate—comment was 'My uncle is down there'.

In 1906, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, he began alpine climbing with a traverse of the Diablerets; regular visits to the Alps followed and he went frequently to Cumberland and Wales where he soon became a very competent and fast climber. In 1911, soon after he had obtained a double first in History at Trinity College, Cambridge and been elected a Fellow of Jesus College, he had a particularly full—and eventful—year. Skiing above Sierre in January; North Wales with Geoffrey Winthrop Young and others at icy Easter; Skye and Glencoe in July; the Pyrenees in September. There in a strenuous few weeks he found the delights of expedition climbing and rough travel. His account in the Climbers' Club Journal (1912)—one of his few climbing articles—leaves no doubt that the Caucasus and Himalaya then featured in his future plans. But that was not to be. A few days after his return from the Pyrenees he was in the Lake District. A fine day with 6 routes on Scafell—not unusual for him—was followed by deteriorating weather. The party turned to Walker's Gully. Increasing rain turned the summit pitch into a waterfall; the leader, Hugh Pope, was 'washed off' twice on the final pitch and the party descended with Elliott as last man. A threaded rope broke. Elliott fell down 2 rock steps and shot head foremost down a scree until halted partly by a hand jamming in a rock crack, partly by Raymond Bicknell catching his foot. The party reached Burnthwaite at 6.00am. The only comment on Elliott's injuries in his climbing diary was typically left to the last sentence, 'No more climbing owing to a damaged hand and knee'. The latter, a fractured knee-cap, was to be a recurrent source of trouble for many years. A less determined man would have given up, or at least slowed down. Elliott usually did neither. A walking stick, tied by a thong to his wrist, helped to maintain his pace on British hills and the long ice-axe of the period served the same purpose in the Alps. In the next 2 years a traverse of the Weisshorn, a traverse of the Rothorn, the NW Ridge of the Obergabelhorn and several Chamonix Aiguilles were among more than a dozen climbs, many guideless with Raymond Bicknell. Pre-war climbing ended in late July 1914 when he, Bicknell and Porter had a narrow escape in an avalanche on the flanks of the Chardonnet. During most of the war he was in the Admiralty and gained the OBE for his services. There were occasional short strenuous escapes to Cumberland; once he walked from Keswick to Burnthwaite and back in 3 days making 7 routes on Scafell, Gable and Pillar on the way.

In 1919 Elliott, Mallory and Porter returned to the Alps, the first 2 having made the first ascents of the Garter Traverse and Bowling Green Buttress on Lliwedd, the previous Easter. But Elliott's knee was unequal to the Alps; Mallory wrote (AJ 33 171):

'From the moment that Elliott first mooted the proposal that we should come to Chamonix at once instead of the Dauphiné an apprehension had always been present in our minds—that Elliott's knee would stop obstinately in the way like Balaam's ass. To criticise the vagaries of this remarkable joint would be unbecoming in anyone but

its possessor. Suffice it to say, that for Alpine labour it has been usually brought to a benevolent disposition by a careful course of previous suggestion. But the couloirs of a government office during the summer months last year had contrariwise been a training in idleness. By the completion of our first expedition it was brought to a state of open rebellion . . . it refused to be cajoled'.

Elliott returned to England after a very painful descent. The Walker's Gully accident deprived him not only of that season but also of the likelihood of being on the Everest expeditions of 1921-4. He would have been an ideal expedition member. His mountaineering skill, his strength and his powers of endurance were obvious qualifications. Still more perhaps were his personal qualities, unassuming and patient with a quiet sense of humour; judgment, absolute integrity and a total lack of any affectation. Porter once wrote in his diary 'Claude's hypnotic eye lured me', when explaining why they had both had a quite unnecessary soaking in North Wales when protective clothing was not of today's standards and they were old enough to know better. There is perhaps no better description of Elliott's impact on his fellows. The early Everest expeditions would surely have benefited from his presence, equally in camp and on the mountain.

Elliott was back in Switzerland in 1920. Two years later surgery relieved the knee injury and by the end of his career he had made 40 visits to the Alps with nearly 150 expeditions, mainly in the Pennine Alps, Chamonix or the Bernese Oberland. Harold Porter and Leslie Shadbolt were 2 of his most frequent companions in guideless climbing after the war. His speed on mountains was seldom better shown than when with Franz Lochmatter in 1928 he climbed the Dent Blanche by the E Ridge from the Schonbühl hut in 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours including a halt to await daylight on the Col de Zinal. In the same year he was with Geoffrey Winthrop Young on his one-legged ascent of the Wellenkuppe and the E Ridge of the Weisshorn to within 500 feet of the top; in the previous year they had been together on Monte Rosa. Young's 'Mountains with a Difference' gives a vivid description of Elliott as a companion on mountains.

In 1949 when over 60 years of age he climbed the Mittellegi-Grat with Hans Brantschen. Four years later a return to the Rimpfischhorn was his last Alpine peak but rock climbing and hill walking, especially in the Lake District, continued until the last years of his life. In his retirement he lived at Buttermere in a house, formerly owned by Professor Pigou, which he had first visited 60 years earlier.

To those of us who knew Claude in mountains or in his friends' houses, his public figure as a Headmaster of a great school was rather hard to comprehend. I first met him in the mid-thirties and years later, when I had come to know more of him, I was reminded of a cartoon I had enjoyed when my own climbing was starting. The subject was a pair of climbers on what then seemed an impossible crag; the caption 'Take it easy, Keep your strength for the difficult part'. Until you knew him, Elliott's shy and rather hesitant manner could conceal his capacity for firm leadership and action when the time was ripe. Hasty, or what is sometimes called 'instant' decision was foreign to him, especially when weighty matters were involved. Eton remembers him with gratitude as the Headmaster who steadfastly refused, against continuing pressures, to adopt alarmist measures during the Second War, and as the Provost who later planned the most extensive re-building and modernisation programme in the School's history. A decision made and action taken, Elliott avoided public discussion. This was not for fear of criticism but out of respect for the feelings of those who would have preferred matters to be decided otherwise. Future generations, if they wished, could review the past.

It was Claude Elliott's good fortune to retain his health and interests until the end of his life. His last years were saddened by the death in 1966 of his wife to whom he had been married for over 50 years. But the hills above Buttermere remained a source of pleasure. A few weeks before he died he drove himself to the S of England, visiting family, friends and Cambridge. Conversation ranged over climbing from his early days to the modern generation whose achievements he followed closely, though sometimes with mild surprise. It was a pity, he said, that they might find him too old to be worth talking to; they were so much easier to understand than a former housemaster of his who became Headmaster

of a girls' school which my daughter attended—'I would rather be an agricultural labourer'. The large untired blue eyes lit up. Then turning to another subject, seriously now, 'You know, I never could have confidence in anyone who had not confidence in himself—could you?' It seemed unbelievable that he had been married in the year I was born.

He left one son who shares his early enthusiasm for skiing.

Scott Russell

Anthony Rawlinson writes:

I should like to add a few lines of personal tribute. Claude Elliott was a man to whom I owe much. I am grateful for what he did for Eton. He was the headmaster who for my wartime generation sturdily maintained all the essentials. He was the Provost whose building programme has benefited the generation of my sons.

I am grateful to him for my introduction to rock-climbing. In April 1941, when I was 15, a chance meeting on a hillside above Buttermere in the Lake District brought an invitation to climb the Pillar Rock. Having already acquired a taste for hill-walking, I should probably have come to rock-climbing anyway, but that day on Pillar, which was followed by others with Claude, was a wonderful initiation into sane, sensible and civilised mountaineering. It was an initiation also into his friendship, and it is this which is my greatest debt to him. At Eton he was a somewhat remote figure, at least to the younger boys. Yet from the first he made it an easy and delightful companionship on the mountains, and the opportunity thus to get to know him sooner and better than many brought immense and continuing reward.

The friendship passed as readily to my sons. My eldest was introduced to hill-walking from his house. In his seventies he led us all up a little rock-climb starting in his back garden. Dinner with Claude became a key feature of family visits to the Lake District. Claude had the gift of treating everyone on equal terms, and not too seriously, least of all himself. He, who never sought respect, earned it more than most men, and with respect, affection.

Arnold Lunn 1888-1974

The initial shock of the departure of a life-long friend is always hard, and I still find it difficult to believe that Arnold Lunn is no longer with us. Mürren will not be Mürren without him. Nor will the skiing world. Nor will many of us who knew him well . . . I miss him very much indeed—and yet I find it impossible to write sadly of him, for all my memories of Arni are connected with fun and laughter. It would be relatively easy to write of him in terms of lists of his Alpine triumphs, of his literary works, of his skill in debate, of his inventive mind, of his beliefs and his influence in so many varied fields . . . easy perhaps, but only relatively so—for his was a complex character and mind, and his achievements make most men's lives seem humdrum and dull.

I would sooner remember and write of him in terms of his wit, his enthusiasm, his enormous sense of fun and of his ability to keep any audience, of any size and of any age-group, entertained and interested with such apparent ease. He loved a joke against himself. He was splendidly eccentric. He was a man I always looked forward to seeing—and I was never disappointed. Even if one argued with him, and I frequently did, it always ended up in laughter.

Arni founded several clubs during his life-long love affair with the Alps in general and Switzerland in particular and he belonged to many others. In all these he found and made many friends of many nationalities, who regarded him not only with great respect but also with great affection and gratitude—particularly for all that he did for the sport of skiing. That he was made an Honorary Member of the AC gave him tremendous pride and pleasure but the fact that long years ago he had previously been blackballed from joining tickled his sense of humour even more and became a story he never tired of telling!

We have lost a great man—one whose name will for ever be connected with the magic and the mystery of mountains.

James Riddell

C. A. Russell writes:

When I first met Sir Arnold Lunn his boundless energy and enthusiasm made it hard to believe that he was then in his mid-seventies. My brother and I, returning from a particularly wet and unsuccessful Alpine holiday, were greatly encouraged by the spontaneous interest he showed in our attempts to climb the big peaks; the fact that we were young and unknown did not matter to him.

Sir Arnold's encouragement must have been of benefit to countless other young people. He introduced me to new horizons and friendships and for this I shall always be grateful.

Sir Wilfrid Anson 1893-1974

Wilfrid Anson was an outstanding ski-tourer of a past generation. His most active years were from 1927 to the outbreak of war in 1939. The Alps in winter and spring were still empty and mechanical aids minimal. Led by Adolf Rubi of Grindelwald and generally accompanied by Dinah (Di), his wife, he accomplished an astonishing amount of touring in short annual spring holidays. They covered large areas of central and western Austria and the Grisons and Bernese Oberland.

Rubi's initiative and tricks of mountaineering were matched by Wilfrid's and Di's skill, courage and endurance. Wilfrid found deep joy in the interesting variants and novelties of these strenuous tours. He was a fast and safe runner in the mountains. He was already 52 years old when, led by Rubi, he was the first Briton to ski from the Untermönchjoch via the Bergli Hut and Kalli to Grindelwald. Wilfrid's achievements were remarkable, but he did it all for fun and with no eye for fame as a skier.

After leaving Oxford University, Wilfrid served in World War I, was wounded and attained the rank of Major. He made his career with the Imperial Tobacco Company, becoming Deputy Chairman. For many years he was concerned with the University of Bristol, finally as Chairman of the Council. Among other interests were the welfare of prisoners and also the Outward Bound Trust of which he was a founder member. He was High Sheriff of Somerset.

In addition to skiing his activities included swimming, tennis, beagling, riding and rock-climbing. As a boy he had reached every peak in the Lake District. He joined the Alpine Ski Club in 1929 and the AC in 1946.

Wilfrid loved the mountains in all their moods, wherever he was. Always cheerful, unruffled and sound in judgement, he was a truly delightful companion. With him young and old were equally at their ease knowing how interested he always was to listen to them.

E. A. L. Gueterbock

(Extracted with permission from 'Ski Survey')

D. C. Bull 1927-1974

Derek Bull was a man of friendship. And so his accidental death last April was a tragedy to very many friends. His interests were wide. He enjoyed skiing and although he was not a greatly experienced skier, he was bold and adept. At one time we raced sailing dinghies together; he was a natural crew. He gained a legendary and justifiable reputation as a driver. No one could get you to Wales for a weekend more rapidly and safely. He found, to his surprise—for he was a modest man, that when he turned to competition he was good enough to win National car rallies in the days when it was still a sport for individuals.

But always he was a mountaineer. He began climbing through his Lakeland connections. His uncle was a president of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club and he had the advantage, while still at school, of being introduced to rock by people like A. B. Hargreaves and Alf Bridge. After the Army he went up to Oxford to read Law at a time when the University

clubs were at the forefront of the post war resurgence of climbing that was very soon to spread throughout the British Isles. As an experienced climber, he used his knowledge to encourage and train the many beginners with the OUMC. He also showed his skill in climbing some of the hardest climbs then being made in Wales. His Alpine seasons at that time suffered somewhat from bad weather and he himself considered his best climb ever was the ascent of the Bezingi Wall of Shkara with Band, Harris and Anatole Kutsovsky during the 1958 Caucasus expedition. He never visited the Himalaya but was on the ill-fated Pamirs expedition in 1962 when the accident to Noyce and Smith disrupted the climbing.

He was a dedicated smoker and anyone who climbed with him can picture him appearing over the top of a crux with nonchalant cigarette in mouth—and the less fit amongst us will remember with pleasure those ten minute rests on any long haul while Derek lit up. But then we will remember with pleasure all our climbing days with him. His cigarette, his beret and especially his ragged anoraks were his climbing trademarks. But so too were his tolerance and his quiet competence. His encouragement of new climbers spread over many years and he was a very successful organiser of training camps for under-privileged youngsters. Here perhaps was a vocation he might have pursued further had he lived. He served his clubs with loyalty, hard work and distinction. He was a committee member and meetings organiser for the AC as well holding various posts in the CC. Last year during a family camping holiday in Carinthia, after some enjoyable scrambling in the lower mountains, we got two days 'leave' to go climbing. We did the Gross Glockner by the Studlgrat. It was early September, there were few others in the hut, the weather was perfect and although not difficult, with that easy companionship of old friends, the climb was all that a climb should be, except that it was the last climb we were to do together.

Our sympathy goes out to Natalie and the children, and to Derek's mother who has lost both her sons in tragic accidents. We shall all miss him, his anecdotes, his friendship and his generosity.

Alex H. Jones

I. G. Charleson 1905-1974

If it is ever justifiable to apply the expression 'a tower of strength' to one's climbing companion it was justified in the case of Ian Charleson. Not only, or indeed, chiefly, because he was a physically strong man—though he was—but because when climbing with Ian you always had the comfortable feeling that if you got into a jam he would get you out of it. He was imperturbable in all circumstances; as cheerful and humorous in a storm with night approaching as on an easy mountain in fine weather. If he had a fault it was that you could not even pick a quarrel with him during that awful pre-dawn hour at the start of the day.

Although as a fellow member of the SMC I was acquainted with Ian before 1948, it was only at the AC Meet at Kleine Scheidegg in that year that I got to know him. By chance we travelled out in the same train and during the meet either climbed together or were constantly running across each other. After that, for several years, we made a habit of organising at least part of our summer holidays together, generally at Chamonix. That pattern continued until shortly before a coronary put an end to his mountaineering activity.

Ian was not one of the great climbers and did not seek to be, but for most of his life mountaineering was at the centre of it and he had many major expeditions both in the Alps and in Scotland to his credit. His experience in the Bernese Oberland, the Pennine Alps and the Mont Blanc range were considerable, and of course he was one of those who were deprived of their best Alpine years by the war. But primarily he climbed for fun and nothing else. His main attributes was his enormous staying power (as witness his achievement of the first traverse of the Cuillin main ridge plus the Blaven/Clach Glas ridge), his utter reliability and such an aptitude for generating good-fellowship that, in short, he was the perfect climbing companion.

Ian was very much a club man, extrovert and with a large circle of friends. He was a distinguished Secretary and later an equally distinguished President of the SMC. He rarely missed a dinner of the AC and during his term on the Committee contributed more than most. He was a fluent and gifted after-dinner speaker, and of course, he enjoyed it because he enjoyed everything in life.

He died very suddenly, as he would have wished. His many friends can only feel grateful for having had his friendship and for having had the privilege of climbing with him.

C. S. Tilly

George Starkey 1900-1974

George Starkey died suddenly on 1 October 1974 while walking on the Fells near Patterdale. A fortnight earlier I had heard him proposing an important resolution at an ABMSAC Committee Meeting and I never thought, talking to him over tea afterwards, that I should never see him again.

George was elected to the AC in 1933 at a time when he and Mary, his wife, herself later to be a President of the LAC, were doing many of the classic Alpine routes. After the war, in the decade 1948/58 he organised a whole series of ABMSAC Meets which were extremely popular and pleasurable.

My wife and I started walking and climbing in the Swiss Alps, with guides, in 1947, and in the British Isles under the leadership of George and Mary, in 1952. George was an admirable leader, always sure of his route, his stance, and his safety. I never climbed with him in the Alps but I had much valuable help from him about climbs I could do with enjoyment.

As the years went by George became a force in mountain administration. He was Honorary Treasurer of the BMC for 20 years and a very good Secretary of the ABMSAC for 10. He was a man of complete integrity and I never knew him to compromise on any matter of principle. When he became President of the ABMSAC he never tried to dominate his Committee but he always saw to it that after proper consideration a final decision was reached.

When I think of George I recall the devotion he brought to everything he undertook. He had no use for pretentiousness or humbug but he was by nature kind and sympathetic to all he worked with or met. I feel a better man for having known him. As Philip Andrews said when seconding the resolution that George be elected President of the ABMSAC, 'when I think of what George has done, and what he is as a man, I can only say that he is pure gold'.

A. W. Barton

Alan Dewison 1948-1973

Alan, whom I first met in Cortina in 1968, was lost on Dhaulagiri IV during the expedition of 1973. He had been a draughtsman with ICI at Billingham until 1971 when, becoming redundant, he devoted the rest of his short life to climbing of the highest standard. He had done many of the fierce routes associated with the ACG, of which he was a member, making (with Ron Lake) the first British ascent of the Bonatti-Gobi route on the Eckpfeiler Buttress of Mont Blanc. The following season, with A. Burgess, he added the Central Pillar of Fréney, later going out to Yosemite to try and find an answer to his question, after the Central Pillar, 'What piece of rock could ever be as good as that to climb'? He returned for a short, wet season in Chamonix before joining Tony Johnson for the Dhaulagiri expedition, where he died on the way back to Camp 8 at 6000 m after failing, with the leader, to pitch Camp 9. Alan will be greatly missed by his friends in the Cleveland Mountaineering Club and the ACG.

Chris Woodall

IN MEMORIAM

David Roberts 1906–1974

David Roberts, who died suddenly last May at his home in the Wirral, had been a member of the Club since 1958.

Born in Snowdonia and Welsh to the core, he was educated at Bethesda County School and University College, Bangor. His subject was Chemistry, his Professor was Kennedy Orton, one of the pioneers of climbing in North Wales, although the contacts between them were wholly academic.

Those were the days when few Welshmen were to be seen in their own mountains, and not until he was working in the Wirral as an industrial chemist did David take up climbing. He became a member of the Climbers' Club in 1930 and was a regular frequenter of Helyg, where he had a great reputation as an early riser; in addition he climbed in the Lake District and Scotland.

He first went to the Alps in 1934, making annual visits up to the outbreak of war. Some of his ascents were made guideless with Anthony Robinson, and at other times his guides were H. Pollinger or Alexander Burgener. Perhaps the best of the expeditions was an ascent of the E Ridge of the Weisshorn, and this is described at length in Robinson's own climbing memoirs, 'Alpine Roundabout'.

It was typical of David that he allowed the war years to pass, and the claims of family life to lessen, before becoming a candidate for the A.C. H. R. C. Carr, writing in support, commended his modest unassuming ways. His interest in climbing and mountaineering was shared by his wife, Cicely, who was a member of the Pinnacle Club.

In recent years, after his retirement from Lever Bros, David became a vigorous and forceful personality on what was to him a new front—the defence of the mountain areas of North Wales. The ravages of the apathetic years, imperceptible to many, are all too evident to those who knew Snowdonia in the 1920s. Spurred to action at a time when so much had already been lost, David served the BMC North Wales Committee both as a wise counsellor and as an active worker.

It is all too easy, in the years of retirement, merely to mark changes for the worse. David was not content with an armchair role, and the spirit and energy which he devoted to combat encroachment on amenities in Snowdonia will be long remembered.

Wales was to him both a source of strength and a cause to which to devote himself. The Welsh language took its place as naturally and as freely in our last conversation earlier this year as it did when we first met as fellow-students 50 years ago. So it is wholly appropriate that this tribute should end with a few words in that language.

Dyma un o feibion Eryri a frwydrooddyn ddygn i gadw'r etifeddiath. Diolchwn am ei ddyfalbarhad, a boed i eraill sefyll yn y bwch ar ei ol. J. Llywelyn Jones

Leslie Garnet Shadbolt 1883–1973 (See AJ 79 284)

P. Bicknell writes:

The late Harold Porter in his sympathetic obituary notice of Leslie Shadbolt did not do justice to Shadbolt's love of Skye nor to the important part he played in the development of rock climbing in the Cuillin.

He was exploring in Skye for the first time in 1906 with A. C. McLaren, and it was in that year, when looking for King's Cave, that they burrowed their way to the top of the Bhasteir Tooth through the tunnel which became known as Shadbolt's Climb.

These two had a great season in 1911 when they pioneered new routes on the Bhasteir Face of Sgurr nan Gillian, did the Zig-Zag climb on Sron na Ciche and worked out a splendid route on the Tairneilear Face of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh with H. O. Jones and Archer

Thomson. There was a great day when Jones and Thomson on one rope and Shadbolt and McLaren on another made parallel routes from Harta Corrie up two virgin buttresses of An Caisteal. But their triumph that year was to complete for the first time the traverse of the whole of the Cuillin ridge, starting from Glenbrittle and finishing at Sligachan. They did it as a continuous expedition in under 17 hours door to door, at a time when it was generally considered impossible in a day.

Shadbolt was back in Skye in 1918 with George Mallory and David Pye, a trio of outstanding and elegant rock climbers. Their climbs included first ascents of the Crack of Doom and Mallory's climb on Sron na Ciche, as well as with Ruth Mallory a long steep and exposed route on Sgurr a' Mhadaidh.

I had the great good fortune to be introduced to the Cuillin in 1932 by Leslie Shadbolt. We had with us his original companion, Alastair McLaren; Norman Collie was at Sligachan to offer awful warnings of the perils of embarking in a boat from Elgol; and John Mackenzie was still active. To be conducted up these climbs by their originator, then in his fiftieth year, was a wonderful experience. I treasure the memory of his skill, his wisdom, his generosity and his infectious enthusiasm for Skye.

Karl Weber 1903-1973

In order to grasp Karl Weber's intellectual achievements as a mountaineer and to evaluate the manifold influences he exercised in the field of unexplored mountains, it is indispensable to consult a world atlas. In order to acquaint oneself with his personality and his humanity one would have to know the names of many persons who owe him lifelong gratitude for the many kindnesses he showed them. He was passionately attached to the high hills and he gathered his friends from amongst those who shared his likings.

The furtherance of Alpine exploration sprang from such ideals which he pursued with tenacity. For this purpose he founded in 1938 the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research, an institution which made history. It was established at a time when the topography of the 14 highest mountains of the world over 8000 m was scarcely explored. Great massifs were waiting to be climbed, described and surveyed. To have been successfully involved in such a vast enterprise in the course of 35 years is Karl Weber's great achievement. He devoted much of his time, interest and energy to this aim and supported his ideals with considerable financial contributions. In order to achieve his ambitions he gathered round him many able helpers, who had his confidence and to whom he delegated his intentions.

The accomplishments of the Swiss Foundation of Alpine Research which were published in two reports in the years 1951 and 1972, stating facts, dates and deeds of the Foundation's records, represent at the same time Karl Weber's life's work. Although they do not touch on his career as a business man, nothing else could mirror more perfectly his personality, his passion for nature and his longings for distant lands.

The achievements of the Foundation are above all his personal achievements, for it is unthinkable that they could have matured without him. Without question he has made the greatest single Swiss contribution towards world-wide mountain exploration. In this compressed obituary the scope of the Foundation can only be mentioned in a few words. The institution was by no means limited to climbing activities. It cooperated with other organisations in many fields of physical science. Of the 10 expeditions which were organised by the Foundation, 2 were almost completely financed by Karl Weber. They were the Garhwal expedition 1934, led by Andre Roch with first ascents of Duna-giri, Rataban and Ghorri Parbat and the Swiss Mount Everest Expedition 1956, led by Albert Eggler, with the second and the third ascents of Everest, and the first ascent of Lhotse.

Amongst a dozen expeditions dealing with cartographic survey, an activity with which the Foundation was closely connected, the splendid Mount McKinley Map (scale 1 to

50,000) must be specially mentioned. Apart from many books which the Foundation sponsored, the brilliant series 'The Mountain World' gained world-wide acknowledgement. It appeared in 17 German, 10 English, 4 French and 2 Italian editions.

It must be considered a happy coincidence that 2 able collaborators happened to be Weber's friends, for they were responsible for 2 outstanding publications. One is the 'Chronique Himalayenne' by Marcel Kurz, published in 1953, and a supplement printed in 1963. It is the best summary of the history of climbing in the Himalayas ever published and a masterly achievement. The other publication is 'A Century of Mountaineering' by Arnold Lunn, equally brilliant as a historical essay. It was Karl Weber's presentation gift to the Alpine Club on the occasion of its 100th Jubilee. For this and his many achievements as a mountaineer the Alpine Club made him an Honorary Member of which he was very proud.

Karl Weber was himself an accomplished climber, skier and shot. Though he climbed with guides, he needed little technical assistance. Amongst his important climbs may be mentioned, the ascent of the SW ridge of the Rosenlauistock, the S face of the Tannenspitze, the NE ridge and Rotbrettgrat of the Jungfrau, the Badile Nordkante, the N Face of the Wetterhorn and the Lauper route on the Mönch.

Though he was ailing in recent years he never gave up climbing. In 1971 he was one of the party when we climbed Mount Elbruz on skis, when he reached a point near the Col between its twin peaks. This was his last climb. Now, alas, remains only the golden memory of great achievements by a great friend of shining ranges. Walter Amstutz

Dave Knowles 1947-1974

Dave Knowles, who was 27, was killed by a freak rock-fall on the Eiger W Ridge whilst working as a stunt man during the filming of the Clint Eastwood film 'The Eiger Sanction'. Dave, who lived and worked as an instructor and guide in Glencoe, was one of the most colourful and talented characters on the Scottish scene. Brought up in Preston, he graduated at The London School of Economics and Lancaster College. Much of his earlier climbing was done with his twin brother Dudley, who also lived for a time in Glencoe. Dave shunned publicity and had an aversion to recording routes, so many of his climbs will never be known. Keen on lone climbing, his solo ascent of Zero Gully and subsequent dropping of a top rope to a friend on Point 5 lost him much publicity to his companion of the day, Ian Nicolson, whose solo ascent of both climbs in a single morning gained him great acclaim.

In the Alps he had ascents of the Dru N face in poor condition, Eiger N face and Frêne Central Pillar. He also did much climbing in Africa with notable first ascents on Mount Kenya, Kilimanjaro and Mawenzi. In Scotland some of his better known ascents were Dubh Loch Monster and Gulliver with Ian Nicolson, Midnight Cowboy, a recent grade V on Aonach Dubh, S Buttress on Stob Coire Nan Lochan, Vademecum, a superb ribbon of ice to the left of Hadrian's Wall and the first winter ascent of Route 1 on Carn Dearg Buttress, both on Ben Nevis.

More humorously he said one of his great epics was an ascent of Observatory Ridge in winter with a BBC television cameraman who had never climbed before (or since), the ascent taking all day and half the night. He was liked by all and is greatly missed.

Ian Sykes