IN MEMORIAM

COMPILED BY GEOFFREY TEMPLEMAN

The Alpine Club Obituary	*Year of Election*
Noel Ewart Odell	1916 Hon 1973
Henry Snow Hall	1924 Hon 1962
Albert Jenkins Taylor	1958
Ian Kerr	ACG 1984
David Woolridge	1986
John Poole	1931
George Herbert Webb	1950
Ronald William Clark	1974
John Risdon Amphlett	1939
Count Alain de Chatellus	1976
Andrew Dykes Scott Bankes	1979
Herbert Horatio Mills	1964
Brian David Chase	ACG 1967
Miss Una Cameron	LAC 1929
The Right Rev Thomas Bernard Pearson	1966
Oliver Eaton Cromwell	1925
Joseph Sanseverino	1948

The following two tributes are from last year:

Alfred Maurice Binnie 1901–1986

Maurice Binnie, who died on 31 December 1986, was born on 6 February 1901. He was educated at Weymouth College and Queens College Cambridge. He worked for two years for the Bridge Stress Committee, before being appointed to a University Demonstratorship at Oxford in 1925. He joined Balliol and moved to New College as a lecturer in 1933. In 1944 he returned to Cambridge as a university lecturer in engineering, in charge of the hydraulic laboratory, and was appointed to a fellowship at Trinity where he lived until his death.

As an undergraduate, visits with relations in the Lake District aroused his interest in climbing, and the first climb he recorded was in Wales in 1923. His first visit to the Alps was in 1924, and for the next 60 years he seldom missed an opportunity, and for a don there were many, to visit the hills or the mountains. He was elected to the Club in 1929 and served on the Committee in 1936. There are few valleys or mountains in the Alps which he did not visit, and he was just as happy in the little mountains as on the 4000m peaks. One of his best years was 1927, when he was qualifying for the Club and climbed, among others, the Bernina, Roseg, Disgrazia and traversed the Matterhorn, up the Zmutt and down the Hornli ridges. On this last, he was accompanied by Eric Shipton and Bill Younger.

He took a keen interest in the OUMC and the CUMC; he was Senior Treasurer of the latter, and many meetings took place in his rooms. At Oxford he met Harold Herbert, then an undergraduate at St John's, who became his most regular climbing companion until Herbert died in 1981. He spent many Easter holidays at Wasdale in parties made up mainly of the Herbert family (four brothers) and their friends.

In 1932 he was awarded a Rhodes Travelling Fellowship, and from November 1932 until September 1933 he was abroad, visiting Australia, New Zealand and Canada, where he was able to combine climbing with his scientific duties. In New Zealand he did several mountain walks and climbs and was involved in one event which should be recorded here as he was always extremely reticent about it himself.

He and Miss Katie Gardiner (later President of the Ladies Alpine Club (LAC), 1941–45) and the guides Vic Williams and Jack Pope set out on 8 February to climb Mt Tasman. The following account of what happened appeared in an obituary notice of Miss Gardiner, who died in 1974.

> 'The party consisted of Katie, her friend Mr A M Binnie, Vic Williams and Jack Pope. The weather seemed perfect. An advance camp was set up on a ledge at the head of the Fox glacier in preparation for the climb, but in the middle of the night the weather suddenly changed and a violent storm burst. With his usual foresight, Vic Williams had noted a nearby crevasse as a likely refuge in such an emergency and while the others clung onto a tent fly, Jack Pope got down into the crevasse and cut out a platform. With a meagre supply of salvaged supplies and their sleeping bags, the four huddled in the crevasse for the rest of the night, hoping for the storm to pass. But dawn brought no respite. Thunder and lightning continued and there was little daylight. The blizzard continued for over a week, during which the party existed on a food supply that had been intended to last for only a couple of days and which was almost exhausted after six. On the sixth day Katie wrote a will to the effect that, should they not survive, Jack's and Vic's wives were to be cared for. Conditions outside the crevasse were so bad that Vic Williams doubted that anyone in the open could have survived for more than half an hour. Jack Pope made a vow never to climb again. Finally, on the ninth day, the storm abated. The party was weak from lack of food, but four eggs had been held in reserve and, after eating these, they decided to get down the

glacier. As they started to descend they were met by a rescue party led by the Maori guide Joe Fluerty who, while surrounded by sceptics, had remained convinced that they were alive. A few hours after the descent to the Chancellor Hut the weather once again closed in, but by then they were safe.'

Others occasionally referred to the time 'he spent a week in a crevasse with a woman', but this would be received with only a grunt.

In July he was in Canada and spent some time in the mountains, which he described in 'Western Canada in 1933' (*AJ* 46, 81–88, 1934). Here he again met and climbed with Miss Gardiner, also with Mr and Mrs I A Richards. One comment he made in that article is worth quoting. They were on the summit of Pinnacle. 'From the summit we were able to discuss the North Tower of Eiffel. It appears inaccessible except by those detestable engineering methods with which we are now so familiar.' This would have meant using a few pitons, and was a typically forthright opinion which was shared by many members of the club 50 years ago.

He was in Corsica in 1928 and returned to Canada in 1935.

Other expeditions included one to Norway in 1932, where he climbed in the Horungtinder, crossed the Jostedalsbrae and went up to Romsdal. In 1938 he went to the Lofoten Islands which he described in his humorous way in 'A Month in Lofoten' (*AJ* 51, 43–53, 1939).

After the war he went several times to the Pyrenees with H W R Wade, who also accompanied him to the Dolomites and in Scotland.

When not elsewhere, he visited the Alps almost every summer and was sometimes able to spend two months there. In addition he spent very many short holidays in the hills and mountains of Britain.

His scientific achievements have been recorded elsewhere. He was very distinguished in the study of hydraulics and was elected to the Royal Society in 1960. His inquisitiveness must have led him to many new ideas and discoveries, and nothing in the least unusual missed his attention.

He was a splendid companion and as Wade has written: 'He was always excellent company, with his keen sense of humour and sly comments on people and things. He had a marvellous repertoire of stories with which he used to regale me on summits and elsewhere.' And to quote from his notice in *The Times*: 'He was above all generous and entirely devoid of malice. He loved climbing and nearly all his holidays were spent in the Alps or the British hills. Those fortunate enough to have his company on these expeditions could appreciate him at his best.'

Alec Malcolm

Conrad O'Brien ffrench 1893–1986

Conrad (Tim) ffrench, who died last year at the age of 93, was elected to the Club in 1933, recommended by Colonel Strutt on qualifications which included both Alpine and Himalayan climbs.

His early life was adventurous. Born in Montpelier Square and raised in Italy, where his father held the rank of a papal Marquis, he decided at the age of 17 to emigrate to Canada and join the Mounted Police. This experience taught him skills of handling both men and horses which were to prove of great value throughout the rest of his life. Returning to England at the beginning of the First World War he was gazetted as a subaltern in the Royal Irish Regiment, only to be wounded and taken prisoner a few weeks later in the Battle of Mons.

During his captivity he learnt to speak fluently in Russian as well as German and French, and on release became a secret agent for British Intelligence in the guise of a military attaché in Stockholm and elsewhere in Europe. This period, lasting two decades, forms the main subject of his delightful, personally illustrated autobiography *Delicate Mission*, a copy of which can be found in the Library. It ended on the eve of war in 1939 with a dramatic dash across the German frontier into Switzerland with the Gestapo at his heels.

Conrad returned to Canada in the latter part of the Second World War and lived in North America for the remainder of his life, at first in Vancouver and then in Banff where he built Fairholm Ranch, a beautifully designed log-house in the heart of the mountains with unlimited opportunities for climbing, skiing and horsemanship, in all of which he excelled. In 1958 the house was leased by the Canadian government to accommodate Princess Margaret and her party during her three-day visit to Banff.

I first came to know him when we lived in Calgary shortly after the war and thereafter our friendship never flagged despite our being for the most part on opposite sides of the Atlantic. On a steep bank at Fairholm, Conrad taught me the principles of the Christie turn and together we climbed and ski'd in the Lake and Fairholm ranges, where I soon came to appreciate his steadiness and confidence as a rock-climber and his qualities of companionship in the mountains and in life generally. Happy days to remember with our two families in close, friendly contact.

Conrad was an artist by profession, and a highly gifted one who had studied extensively in Paris and at the Slade School in London under Professor Henry Tonks where he became an outstanding draughtsman. Later in life he taught and lectured on Art and Philosophy at the University of British Columbia and also at the Community in Loveland, Colorado, where he lived.

Lastly, but to him of first importance was his religious faith. Brought up as a member of the Catholic hierarchy in Rome inheriting the dual titles of Marquis of Castel Thomond and Senior Knight of Malta of the Irish Langue, Tim came in middle life to reject the Roman dogma, and gave himself to a search for God within the framework of a revealed, created natural order whose origins inevitably pointed to a Supreme Designer, to whom all men might become attuned by hearing his voice within themselves. In his latter years Conrad became a much-loved resident elder-statesman of the 'Community of Divine Light' at Sunshine Ranch, Colorado. Although this group does not hold orthodox Christian beliefs, Conrad's own approach to faith could be well summed up in Ronald Knox's rhetorical and epigrammatic enquiry: 'How can anything matter unless there is Someone who minds?'

He was twice married and leaves a daughter, Christina, who lives in Sweden; and a son, John, in Revelstoke, British Columbia.

Edward Smyth

Noel Ewart Odell 1890–1987

Noel Odell joined the Club in 1916, was elected Vice-President in 1945 and honorary member in 1973. He was also a founder member of the Himalayan Club and honorary member of a number of other mountaineering clubs including the American Alpine Club, the Canadian Alpine Club, the New Zealand Alpine Club and the Norsk Tinder Klub to which he was particularly attached. His wife Mona was also a member of long standing, having joined the LAC in 1921 and remaining a member till her death in 1977 (see *AJ83*, 270–1, 1978).

Odell qualified for the Club in the golden years of alpine climbing before the First World War and was a near contemporary of such great figures as Geoffrey Young, George Finch and Alfred Zurcher. His proposal form was seconded by Haskett-Smith. But we remember him most of all as our last survivor of the dramatic 1924 Everest expedition in which he played such a memorable part, spending many days above the N col, going twice up to Camp VI in support of Mallory and Irvine's attempt on the summit and being the last man to see them alive. His performance that year is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that this was his first Himalayan expedition and his first experience of high altitude, his selection for Everest having been based on his Alpine record combined with the strength and endurance he showed on sledging journeys in Spitsbergen. He had to withdraw for personal reasons from the 1933 expedition but came to the Himalaya in 1936 with the Anglo-American expedition to Nanda Devi, and this was his second *annus mirabilis* when at the age of 46 he with Bill Tilman made the first ascent of this noble mountain, then and for some years the highest to have been climbed.

He was back on Everest in 1938 with Tilman's expedition but, as events turned out, did not go very high that year. After the war he continued to climb and explore actively in the Canadian Rockies with Frank Smythe, in Yukon and Alaska with an American expedition, and especially in New Zealand during his time at Otago University. On his return from New Zealand he was 66, but he remained active and vigorous right to the end of his life. Even at the age of 93 he attended the 75th anniversary celebrations of the ABMSAC and made his way, with some mechanical assistance, up to the Britannia hut.

As an expedition member Noel was a genial and easy-going companion. On Nanda Devi he was, apart from Graham Brown, the oldest of our party and, being a somewhat patriarchal figure, earned the nickname, which he rather relished, of Noah.

On Everest in 1938 he was teased unmercifully about his rather ponderous glaciological researches and took it all in good part. He was an impressive man in his prime, and Charles Warren reminds me that when the

Dzongpen at Shekar entertained us that year the chang girls characterized him as a godlike figure. I remember him most clearly of all on a little side-journey we took together, crossing back into Sikkim over the Lonak La, an excursion we both greatly enjoyed and one about which he often reminisced in later years. The only thing one found to criticize about him was his extreme slowness in dealing with his kit and in doing camp chores. Such things have a disproportionate importance at high altitude, and I have long suspected that it was this quality which made Mallory reject him and prefer Irvine for the final assault in 1924.

Odell was a geologist, trained at the Royal School of Mines where, after the interruption caused by the First World War in which he served in the Royal Engineers and was three times wounded, he qualified as ARSM. In the early twenties he joined the geological staff of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, working first in London and then in Persia; he next moved to Canada, working for a mining company and later as a consulting geologist. From 1928 to 1930 he was at Harvard as lecturer in geology, and from there he came to Cambridge, first as PhD student then lecturer in geomorphology, and was supervisor of studies in geology and geography at Clare College. He remained at Cambridge till the war started, and despite various interruptions Cambridge was to be his main base for the rest of his days.

The first of these interruptions was the Second World War which saw him, aged 50, recommissioned in the Royal Engineers, serving initially in this country but later transferring to the Indian Army in the Bengal Sappers and Miners.

Odell never was, and probably never aspired to be, in the front rank of geological research. His career was the result of perseverance and endurance, for he was not awarded his PhD till the age of 49, nor did he get his first professorship till he was 60, this being at the University of Otago in New Zealand, which must have been a very congenial post. A part of his rather splendid inaugural address at Otago in praise of mountains was read out at his memorial service in Cambridge. It is now in the University Library. After a spell back at Cambridge he did a further two years abroad, starting in his 70th year at the University of Peshawar. Geology had provided him with an extraordinarily varied life, giving opportunities for field work in many continents and for making a host of friends with whom he kept regularly in touch. He was a great letter writer. Clare College finally made him an honorary fellow in 1983, and he was a most loyal and devoted member of both College and University.

Loyalty is also the word that comes to mind in thinking of Odell as a member of the AC, for he was intensely proud of the Club and, even in his eighties and nineties, was an unusually regular attender at Club meetings and indeed at other mountaineering gatherings. Members for whom the events of 1924 and 1936 are ancient history will remember him as an upright and distinguished figure, still possessed of all his faculties and contributing, sometimes at great length, to discussions at Club meetings. Even in the week of his death he was at the memorial meeting organised for Don Whillans at the Royal Geographical Society. His sudden death that weekend was surely the perfect end to a long and active life.

The Noel Odell evening organized by the Club in his memory was a unique and fitting tribute to a distinguished and popular member.

Peter Lloyd

H Adams Carter writes:

Noel Odell had a long and important connection with American mountaineering, extending over at least 51 years. He was the guest of honour at the American Alpine Club's Annual Meeting and Dinner on 29 December 1926. He became a member of the American Alpine Club in 1928 and was made an honorary member in 1936.

Noel, or Noah as many of us affectionately called him, was a lecturer in geology at Harvard University from 1928 to 1930. While there, he was a great inspiration to the members of the recently formed Harvard Mountaineering Club. On weekends he helped hone our climbing skills. A still well-remembered new ice route pioneered in the bitter cold of Huntington Ravine in the White Mountains bears his name, Odell Gully. Before this time, the students had restricted themselves mostly to rock: he introduced them to steep ice. He inspired these Harvard climbers to organize expeditions to the great mountains of the world. It was his legacy that for the next 30 years all American mountain expeditions that were worth their salt were well represented by Harvard. In the summer of 1930 he was the senior member of the Harvard Mountaineering Club's summer camp in the Selkirk Mountains of Canada. He was with Americans in Labrador's Torngat Mountains in 1931 and in north-east Greenland in 1933.

When four of us naïve Harvard boys decided to tackle the Himalaya in 1936, of course we invited Noah to join us and to suggest which three other British climbers should make up the party. We all know how he and Bill Tilman reached the summit of Nanda Devi, which held the record as the highest summit reached for the next 14 years. I was lucky enough to be teamed up with Noah for much of the expedition, an education and a privilege I shall never forget.

After the Second World War, Noah returned a number of times to America. In 1947 he climbed in the Lloyd George Range with Henry Hall, an American Honorary Member of the Alpine Club, who died at the age of 91 a couple of weeks after Odell. In 1949 he was in the summit team of an American expedition that climbed Mount Vancouver in Alaska, at that time the highest yet unclimbed peak in North America.

Noah never forgot his American friends in his later years. We welcomed him on our shores and were also warmly received by him in Cambridge and elsewhere. We would never make a trip to England without making an effort to see him. We are greatly in his debt, not only for what he did for American expeditionary mountaineering, but more especially for the inspiration and friendship he gave so freely to many of us American climbers.

Martyn Berry writes:

In about 1960 Noel Odell came to Oxford to lecture to the OUMC. Afterwards I mentioned to him that in a nearby room in the Geology Department (where I think Wager was still at that time Professor) a friend of mine was doing some important research in geochronology. The good Professor asked if he could have a look at the project. There was, of course, no one else about at that time of night, so I showed him round my friend's lab, trying desperately to remember what I could about mass spectrometers and talking glibly about isotopic ratios. Looking back, I am amazed at the kindly forbearance with which Odell treated a bumbling but enthusiastic undergraduate.

For some years I have been attending lectures at the AC as a guest of my colleague John Temple. I have often seen Odell, and a couple of times I have seen him in the Library being consulted by young Himalayan expeditioners, his head and theirs bowed over maps and books covering the table.

John and I arrived very early for the September 1986 meeting. I was reading in the Library when there was a loud thud from the stairs. A few moments later John came in and told Pat Johnson that a doctor was needed. She rushed out, came back immediately saying, 'O God, it's Professor Odell', and phoned up to the Committee Room. I wandered unhappily towards the door, doubting whether I could be of any use.

Odell was standing in the washroom, his profusely-bleeding head being cleaned up with loo paper by John. He was embarrassed but cheerful. Someone nearby said that Odell had fallen the full flight and hit his head on the wall. Hamish Nicol appeared, brisk and professional, had a good look and said there was no serious damage. As soon as the bleeding stopped Odell said he had to go back up to meet the Bradford Washburns, and firmly resisted attempts to get him to sit down. So up the stairs he went, with John following close behind. 'D'you know', said Odell to no one in particular, 'I've never fallen any distance on a mountain yet.' 'Plenty of time for that,' said John.

Odell stood by the bar with a glass in his hand and talked animatedly for the best part of the next hour. When we moved in for the lecture he at last sat down, but was shortly on his feet again to deliver a brief and eloquent tribute to his old friend Jumbo Wakefield. He listened intently to Bill Brooker for the next 80 minutes, and contributed twice to the discussion. When we left he was standing, glass in hand, still talking.

Next morning I asked John whether the old boy might have woken up with a headache. 'Only a hangover,' said John.

Henry Snow Hall, Jr 1895–1987

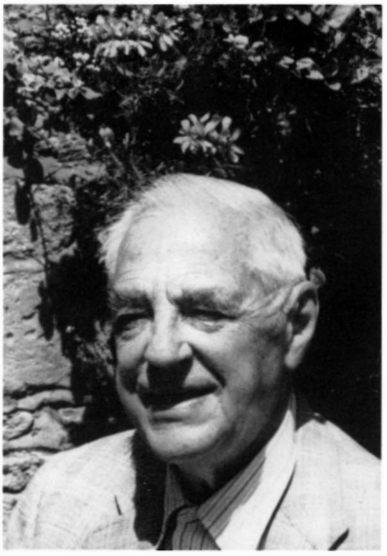
Bradford Washburn, an Hon. Member of the AC and a lifelong friend of the Hall family, was asked by Lydia Hall to speak at Henry Hall's funeral service on behalf of all his friends. This is what Dr Washburn said:



91. Una May Cameron (1904–1987), at her villa in Courmayeur in 1953, when she was at the height of her powers.



92. Conrad O'Brien ffrench (1893–1986).



93. Henry Snow Hall, Jr (1895–1987).

Barely two weeks ago, I had a heartwarming experience. Late in the afternoon I was starting homeward from my office at the Museum of Science, and I decided at the last moment to make a tiny detour through the beautiful Atrium of the new Omnimax Theatre building – just to take a peek at the many new exhibits being installed there.

Right in the midst of a milling sea of visitors were Henry and Lydia Hall and their guide and neighbour, Sam Leland! Henry and Lydia were just standing there with Sam, marvelling at the beauty of the new hall and the happiness, indeed joy, on all the faces around them.

Something was clearly going on, deep inside them. Something that they shared with only a tiny handful of New Englanders: the thrill of knowing that nothing that was going on around them could possibly be taking place, had it not been for their own courage and faith and generosity.

We drove home together on our last trip to 154 Coolidge Hill. It was a beautiful early-spring afternoon and I will always cherish the memory of those last happy minutes of a 61-year friendship.

Henry Hall meant different things to many different people. To some he was one of a small group of men who convinced General Marshall that the United States should train Mountain Troops. They did – and the 87th Mountain Infantry was deeply involved in the attacks that broke the back of the Axis in the Aleutians and in Italy.

To others he was always present at the meetings of the Harvard Traveller's Club – a member of the Explorers' Club, the Appalachian Mountain Club, a 30-year Trustee of Boston's Museum of Science – a constant and generous enthusiast of our great Symphony Orchestra.

But, to the largest group of all, Henry was a *mountaineer*. I choose this word carefully because he was not at all just a mountain *climber* – someone who hurries directly to the top, cuts a notch in his ice-axe and then rushes elsewhere to add a new summit to his growing list.

Henry simply loved to be *in the presence* of great mountains, preferaby unexplored ones. He didn't have to get to the top to be happy! He loved the forests and the wilderness – and he loved to be there in the company of others who shared this love. And, most of all, he loved *young* mountain people.

Like many of us here this morning, his climbing started with hikes and snowshoe-trips in our own White Mountains; often with Bob and Miriam Underhill and Carl and Dorothy Fuller. He'd climbed the Matterhorn before he was 16 and joined the American Alpine Club and the AMC in his early twenties. Over a span of nearly 70 years he attended virtually every AAC meeting, no matter where it was held – and served on its Board of Directors as Member, Secretary, President and finally as its first Honorary President.

Without Henry Hall's faith and generosity, his close and ever-admired friend, Adams Carter, could never have led the *American Alpine Journal* to the point where today it is universally considered to be the most distinguished mountaineering publication in the world.

Over the years, Henry didn't confine his activities to the mountains of New England and the Alps. He climbed Africa's Kilimanjaro, Elbruz in the Caucasus, and ventured to South America to make the first ascent of

Colombia's Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta – the highest coastal peak in the world – with his lifelong friends, Tom Cabot and Walter Wood. In the early thirties, he and Lydia and their friends, the Croziers, flew across central Alaska to get a closer look at Mt McKinley – and he was a member of the team that was first atop Mt Logan (Canada's highest peak) and, similarly, later, went to Mt Hayes in the Alaska Range. But Henry's very special love was the exploration of the great peaks of the Canadian Rockies and British Columbia – to which he returned year after year, always accompanied by old and trusted friends and guides.

One might easily think from all this that Henry Hall was miserable when he was not on, or at least *near to*, mountains. That was indeed true for a while, but as early as 1924, when he was one of the founders of the Harvard Mountaineering Club, his greatest joy developed out of chatting, planning and dreaming with *young* climbers and explorers. He loved to share information. His Cambridge home was a veritable mecca for everyone who loved the wilderness – and particularly the high wilderness.

It was barely possible to squeeze with him into his tiny study – jammed, piled and cluttered with an unrivalled wealth of books, journals and maps from every nook and cranny of the world! This was the spot where hundreds, possibly thousands, of us youngsters always found a listening ear, an infinitude of facts, thoughtful advice and boundless enthusiasm – for what *we* wanted to try to do.

Henry Hall was never a leader, but he was a source of information and a catalyst of the first order – and, because of this, he was held in the highest esteem by the mountaineering fraternity throughout the world.

When Barbara and I visited the Royal Geographical Society in London last fall for meetings related to our map of Mount Everest, we spent a stimulating evening with Noel Odell – the last man to see Mallory and Irvine alive when they disappeared into the mists of Everest's final pyramid on that fateful June afternoon in 1924. Odell, well over 90 years of age, discussed with us the tiniest details of the upper reaches of Everest as if he'd been there the day before – but the very first question he asked us was: 'How are Henry and Lydia Hall?'

Why did Henry Hall love the wilderness and the heights so much, and why did this enthusiasm leave us so many vivid memories and shape the lives of so very many of his friends? I think that it was because those of us who love the same things realize that, in these high and distant places, we are all deeply moved by the magnificence and wonder and glory of nature when we see them in never-to-be-forgotten terms.

Hudson Stuck, the Archdeacon of the Yukon, once declared that standing on the summit of Mount McKinley meant more to him than owning the richest goldmine in Alaska. And his young partner, Robert Tatum, exclaimed that the view from McKinley's summit was to him like 'looking out the windows of Heaven!'

May I close these reflections about our dear friend, Henry Hall, by reading a sonnet by John Magee, a young RCAF fighter pilot who lost his life in the Second World War. Although it's not about climbing, it marvellously

conveys the sense of wonder and beauty that tempts us to the heights.

HIGH FLIGHT
by John Magee

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
and danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings.
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds – and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air . . .

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew –
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

God bless you, Henry – for your sharing – your caring – your generosity; but, above all, for opening doors and broadening horizons for a host of youngsters – for over half a century.

John Poole 1899–1987

John Poole was 87 when he died last year. One of four brothers who were all interested in climbing, he was proposed for the Alpine Club by M G Bradley in 1931 with the most impressive list of supporters ever seen – eight in all, including Haskett Smith, Claude Wilson, Edwin Herbert, Geoffrey Bartrum and S B Donkin.

His whole life was active, until illness prevented first climbing and then mountain walking. He recounted much of his activity in his article 'Senior Member' in the *CC Journal* for 1979/80, part of which was reproduced in Milburn's *Helyg*.

John was a meticulous man. I knew him first as a meticulous town clerk when we were both of that persuasion. He was a meticulous climber, as I learnt when I joined him for the first time on Tryfan, a mountain on which he seemed to know intimately every hold on every route. Of course, he had the occasion to know Welsh rock intimately, spending so much of his time there from 1918 onwards, and later alternating long summer holidays there with equally active holidays in the Alps. No wonder that he retired from being town clerk of Uxbridge to Anglesey, within sight of his beloved mountains, at the earliest possible moment. The advantage of Anglesey, and of retirement, was that he could see what the weather was like on the hills and choose when to climb.

When he started climbing, having acquired nailed boots, a 60-foot Beale's rope, with that famous red strand in the middle, and a copy of Abraham's *Rock Climbing in North Wales*, he set about climbing all the routes in the book, staying with brother Harry for weekends at Ogwen. Apart from his brothers, his early climbing companions included I A Richards, Dorothy Pilley, Will McNaught, M G Bradley, W J Williams and his son Gwyn, Herbert Carr and Herbert's father! With the last two he opened his alpine book when he climbed Mont Blanc, and then had a long alpine record.

He had five seasons there prior to joining the Club – Chamonix, Fionnay, Bel Alp and Stein – climbing mainly guideless with his wife and others, including traverses of the Grépon and Grands Charmoz. In 1935 he wrote in *AJ* 47, 263, how, when ascending the Matterhorn in 1931, he had photographed the Schmids on the first ascent of the N Face (a print is in *AJ* 44, opposite p70).

But his real love was Wales, to which he returned constantly and in which he lived for the last 28 years: a 'retirement' which many of us would envy, except for the last few years of illness which John bore with fortitude, however much he disliked his disabilities. In Wales he became an active member and, for a period, President of the Mountain Club of North Wales.

His wife, Irene, survives him. Under his inevitable influence she became an active climber and, via the Ladies Alpine Club, a fellow member with him of the Alpine Club.

John's influence will live on, through the many friends to whom he introduced the mountains.

Harry Sales

Douglas Milner writes:

When I went to the Dolomites in 1947, under Allied Military Permit, I climbed the Adang Kamin from the Gardena Hut, where a special book was kept for that climb. During the war years the only signatories were Graf von X or Oberst Y, and a very large one: 'Luis Trenker', the well-known Austrian film star. The last English signature before the war was that of John Poole, whose name I knew, though I had not then met him.

Three years later we were both members of a party of 7: 4 ACs, 2 LACs and A N Other. Only two still are around, Mrs Poole and myself.

We climbed the Torre Inglese (for the sake of the name), traversed the Zwölferkofel, Einserkofel, and the Kleine Zinne (by the Innerkofler route). A most enjoyable holiday.

Although I was in the CC from 1955, I never met John in North Wales.

Ronald William Clark 1916–1987

Ronald Clark died after a short illness on 9 March 1987, collapsing in his study

at Camden Street, London, still working. He was proposed for membership of the Alpine Club in 1974 by Sir Arnold Lunn, primarily on the basis of his contributions to mountain literature. He was in fact an experienced mountaineer, but preferred the mountains of Scotland to the higher ranges, although he climbed the Ecrins in 1947 and the Schreckhorn in 1948. I first met Ronald at Idwal Cottage Youth Hostel in 1940; we were taking our first steps at rock-climbing with our Lawrie boots and newly-acquired Jones Golden Seal Hemp Rope. He was tall and slim, but then so were my brother Arthur and I in those austere war years. We were devotees of Owen Glynne Jones and the Abraham brothers. Ronald was several years older than us. I was very impressed that he was a journalist and worked in Fleet Street, one of the 'Gods of modern Grub Street'. I was still at school!

Born in 1916, he had a conventional upbringing, educated at Kings College School, Wimbledon, leaving school to enter a journalistic career in magazine writing. He later progressed to the British United Press where, early in the Second World War, he was a night editor. He was appointed a War Correspondent and followed the First Canadian and Second British Armies through Europe to the war's end; he then stayed to report on the Nuremberg War Trials. After the war he wrote on a variety of topics, including the problems of postwar Europe. He was very fond of cats; I remember visiting him around 1951 at Camden Street when he was asked for 600 words on cats to fill a space in a magazine: these he gave by reply, with barely a pause, over the telephone.

His main interest, then, was writing about mountains, and in the late 1940s and early 1950s, he wrote a series of books, *The Splendid Hills*, *The Early Alpine Guides* and then, in 1953, *The Victorian Mountaineers*. He made accessible to a wider and younger range of readers the lives and writings of many of those who have enriched the history of climbing. With the late Edward Pyatt he wrote *Mountaineering in Britain* which became a reference book in its day. In his early days he would first make a mock-up of the book he wished agents to consider, with photographs and chapter headings in the appropriate order and with chapter summaries, in an old book turned upside-down and most of the pages stuck together. In *An Eccentric in the Alps* he wrote of the climbs of W A B Coolidge and his pioneering assaults on the Meije. His quotation of Coolidge's description of his descent from the Glacier Carré in 1878 as 'the most arduous and terrible piece of climbing' reminded me of our retreat from the top of the South Face Direct across the unforgiving ice of the Glacier Carré, in growing darkness and threatening weather, unroped, as we gambled for mutual survival. I think my companions would have agreed with his description of the descent off the great wall as 'ten times worse' than the ascent.

Ronald Clark wrote many books for young people which found a wide audience. *Great Moments in Mountaineering* was a modest volume which a top newspaper reviewed, saying how pleasant it was to read a book with so few long words. He thought this was meant to be a compliment. It sold worldwide and I have a copy, with the Japanese edition alongside it. In all, he wrote more than 60 books, as well as innumerable magazine articles. A series on stations of the now, alas, defunct Department of Scientific and Industrial Research led him into

writing on scientific matters and personalities. He was asked to write a history of British contributions to the making of the atomic bomb, *The Birth of the Bomb*. Despite a lack of 'higher' education he had developed a formidable talent for writing readable books. They were the product of intense research and concentration on the job in hand. He wrote a shrewd life of Sir Henry Tizard, the wartime scientific adviser. He spent several months in India researching the life of J B S Haldane, the Communist scientist, who did so much to advance the art of deep-sea diving by his work on high pressures during the war, and who sought refuge in India afterwards. His *Life of Einstein* might have deterred a lesser man, but he knew where to go for the information and the scientific magazine *Nature* could find neither typographical errors nor errors of fact. Some of his more literary critics were less kind. His major biographies ranged from Bertrand Russell, Sigmund Freud, Thomas Edison, Benjamin Franklin and Ernest Chain to his last book, *Lenin*, which is shortly to be published.

Although we kept in touch from time to time through the years, I only once walked again with him, on the North Downs after our meeting in Wales. He once unsuccessfully tried to persuade BOAC, who were carrying out route-trials with the Comet airliner to Nairobi, to give us a free flight so that we could try to climb Kilimanjaro in a long weekend! Despite his serious approach to his work he had a whimsical side which revealed itself in his few fiction books. His *Queen Victoria's Bomb* revealed that one man developed a destructive device during her reign and tested it in the foothills of the Himalaya. The blast was so great that accompanying army observers thought it could only have been caused by a terrible natural event, so the Queen insisted on secrecy, and the discovery lapsed after the death of the inventor.

Ronald illustrated many of his books with photographs, taken with his faithful Rolliecord; he made many enlargements which he systematically indexed and bound into albums. He also kept a collection of Victorian alpine photographs. Although he planned his books like a military operation, he was a private person with a reluctance to step outside his chosen profession. He could have excelled in academic historical research and might well have succeeded as a barrister or television presenter! – but he stuck to his 'last'. He contributed a thoughtful article to *AJ81*, 1976 on alpine pollution in its broadest sense.

He was married three times, but had no children. His wives Pearl, and later Elizabeth, writers in their own right, supported him professionally throughout his career, unselfishly relieving him of many of the tedious tasks of writing, like indexing, for – true to his Fleet Street background – he never adopted the word-processor. He is sadly missed by his wife and friends.

Dave Thomas

Alain de Chatellus 1907–1987

I first met Alain de Chatellus after he had written a very flattering review of one of my books. He was of the old nobility and very scathing about 'newcomers'

who added a 'de somewhere' after their names; usually choosing some remote village in Réunion, Madagascar or Mauritius (there are many such 'newcomers' in prominent positions in French politics today). On learning that my wife and I had recently been involved in a nasty road accident, he quite typically picked us up at our hotel on leaving his Paris office and drove us to his house at St Cloud for dinner with his wife, and back again to our hotel.

He was a very successful business man, but it was his mountaineering record that led me to propose him for membership of the AC. His friend Lucien Devies was more than happy to second him.

Alain climbed much in Chamonix, often with Georges Charlet, the younger brother of our late Hon Member Armand Charlet. They did many of the standard Aiguilles and included the Peuterey Ridge of Mont Blanc. His other claim to fame was his climbing in and exploration of the remoter mountains of N Africa, in the Tibesti and Hoggar mountains, where he made a number of first ascents, as described in his book which is available in the AC library.

Alain was only once able to attend the AGM and dinner of the AC. We were able to make up a 'French' party for the latter and arrange transport for him and others, to repay belatedly the debt we owed him.

Douglas Busk

Andrew Dykes Scott Bankes 1955–1987

It was with great sorrow that we learnt of Andrew's death in June 1987, following a cancer illness which had lasted for over a year. Andrew had fought the illness for many months, and at times during the early part of the year it was encouraging to see his temporary recovery.

Andrew was born and lived in London, but his family home near Mold in North Wales instilled in him a fondness for the mountains at an early age. He started mountain-walking as a child, and his interest in climbing was developed at Eton College and encouraged by his housemaster, John Vesey.

When Andrew left school he went to Durham University and continued his climbing whilst close to the more mountainous regions of the United Kingdom. He then moved back to London to start his career in the legal profession. He studied successfully for the Bar and practised from chambers in the Temple for a number of years. During this period he became a very active climber and joined both the North London Mountaineering Club and the Alpine Club, where he became a member of the Committee with responsibility for arranging informal meetings. Although he spent virtually all his weekends climbing, he nevertheless found time to meet and marry his wife, Ariane.

In addition to climbing together, Andrew and I used to run regularly in London, over Hampstead Heath. Although we used this primarily as a means to get fit for the mountains, he successfully completed the London Marathon in 1984. He led me to believe that he found this more gruelling than any climb! We always seemed to be in a race rather than just going for a friendly run; this

reflected his competitive nature which was so apparent when one was climbing with him.

Andrew was a very keen and enthusiastic climber. He won many friends within the climbing world, not only because of his enthusiasm for getting out into the hills as often as he could – which is not easy from a London base – but also because, once there, regardless of the weather, he would spend from dawn to dusk (and sometimes into the dark) walking and climbing over the mountains. Whatever the climb, he viewed it as the most important thing to him at that moment and we always had a feeling of great accomplishment when we succeeded on any route, no matter how tame. During the long car rides to the mountains from London, his amusing conversation and wit were always highly valued. Many a journey was shortened by stories of his encounters in court during the previous week!

Andrew was primarily interested in the larger and more challenging mountains, although he was also a keen rock-climber during the summer months. He was active in Scotland on ice for a number of winters, and he also climbed in the Alps. His most notable ascents were the traverse of the Matterhorn and the Mönch. Andrew also visited the Himalaya twice, and it was in 1984 that he made a successful ascent of a 6200m peak in the Mulkila group in Lahul and Spiti.

Andrew was a good friend of mine and of many other climbers from both the North London and the Alpine Clubs. We missed him during his illness and his absence will be felt more deeply now.

Anthony Wheaton

Herbert Horatio Mills MC, MA, PhD 1917–1987

I first met Bertie Mills when he joined the staff of Sedbergh School in 1963, where I was Chaplain for many years. We soon realized that we had in him a personality of distinction. But he was a shy and humble man, so reserved about his accomplishments that probably few realized how distinguished his career had been.

Born in Gloucestershire, the youngest of five, he was educated at Marling School, Stroud, where he excelled academically: he was head of school, captain of cricket, and in the football XI. In 1936 he entered King's College London to read modern languages. He interrupted the degree course to spend a year at Grenoble University, but then war prevented his final year at King's College, and he joined the Somerset Light Infantry, transferring later to the Parachute Regiment.

On the eve of D-Day he was dropped over Normandy, and for his part in taking the Pegasus bridge at Rainville he was awarded the MC. Subsequently he became Brigade Major and took part in the Rhine crossing, where he was mentioned in despatches.

After demobilization he went to St Catharine's College, Cambridge, where he took two 'firsts' in modern languages, gained a rugby 'blue' in 1947 and 1948, and was a reserve for the England XV.

It was a restless time for many: what to do with life? A spell in journalism, a year's Research Fellowship at Pennsylvania University, and back to Cambridge for a doctorate, with 'one of the best and most original theses' his tutor had ever seen. Unsatisfied, he wanted, as he wrote at the time to 'give, give, give to young people'. Part of a term teaching at a school in Folkestone set him on that road.

The life of a schoolmaster in a boarding school is demanding, and Bertie gave in full measure: the teaching of languages, organizing the school's football, coaching the 1st XV as well as humbler players, were exhausting activities, not to mention routine duties. A series of successful teams showed how successful he was as a coach – yet after work in the small hours he would read a chapter or so of a book of substance.

Sedbergh is well placed for fostering a love of the hills. In the spring of 1956 he joined my small party on the cliffs of Snowdonia, and in the summer I introduced him to the High Alps. For a number of years he was in my alpine parties, until I had to bring those halcyon days to an end. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1964. In later years he used to say that of all alpine memories those that lingered most happily were his ascent of the Dent Blanche and the serene evening view from the Hörnli hut, the evening before he climbed the Matterhorn.

In 1962 he was appointed Rector of the Edinburgh Academy. Now he had to spend much time with the plans and problems of a headmaster, but he had by no means 'lost the magic of long days'. The Alps still drew him, but the Scottish hills were nearer: and for the rest of his days he made good use of them as opportunity offered, with occasional revisits to Lakeland. He was keen to get the young into the mountains, accompanying parties and, an idea near to his heart, he managed to persuade the school to buy and equip Blair House in Glen Clova as a base for field work and walking. In a way it is his unofficial memorial.

He retired in 1977, and found life at first depressingly empty. But he became Scottish secretary for ISCO, and, though ignorant of gardening, set to work to learn and was soon producing flowers, fruit and vegetables that outdid his neighbours. Over the years he ascended all the Munros and was a strong goer and a delightful and caring companion. He joined the SMC in 1973.

On 29 July 1987 he married Miss Rosalind Henn, and all seemed set for a blissfully happy life together. But less than a month later, on a Cornish beach, he had a heart attack which brought to a close a life of integrity, singleness of purpose and devotion to the young.

Austin Boggis

John Risdon Amphlett 1900–1987

J R Amphlett who died recently at the age of 87 was elected to the Club in 1938. He was a very likeable person. He started climbing in the Pyrenees in 1932 and did a number of traverses across the main chain. He also climbed the Aneto. In 1937 he started his alpine career and did the Fletschhorn, Lagginhorn and

traverses of the Rimpfischhorn, Allalin and Alphübel. Then he did the Südlenzspitze, Nadelhorn and Stecknadelhorn from the Dom hut. He moved to Zermatt to do the Matterhorn by the Hörnli route and then back to Saas for the Jägigrat from the Weissmies hut. Then back again to Zermatt to climb the Wellenkuppe, Obergabelhorn, with descent of the Arbengrat and the traverse of Monte Rosa from the Betemps to the Margherita with, next day, the traverse of the Liskamm, Castor and Pollux, with descent to Zermatt via the Breithorn; all this in three weeks. In 1938, which was a bad summer, he started in the Dauphiné with Pic Coolidge and a day or two later climbed the Ecrins. Then he moved to Chamonix and traversed Mont Blanc before returning to Saas to do the Weissmies and traverse the Täschhorn and Dom from a bivouac on the Mischabeljoch. Lastly he traversed the Zinalrothorn from the Triftjoch to the Mountet, returning next day via the Point de Zinal. All his climbs were guided, except some in the Pyrenees.

There is unfortunately no record of any ascents after 1938.

T A H Peacocke

Brian David Chase 1943–1987

Brian's range of friends in the climbing world never ceased to amaze me. On meeting another climber for the first time, one always searches for common experiences and common friends. More often than not, among contemporaries, Chase would be a memorable figure. Typically, stories would be told about a long lean figure, with a dry sense of humour and a loud and infectious laugh, lounging on the Chamonix camp-site, or in a bar, passing time with and entertaining whoever happened to be there. He could give an air of contented indolence which only disappeared when an opportunity to climb presented itself; then he would shamble off, still seemingly unconcerned, but provide a drive and determination which usually took his team safely over the mountain.

He started climbing young, as one of a number of pupils from Derby School whom Bob Pettigrew introduced to climbing. From early beginnings on gritstone he developed into other areas, and in 1961, together with a group of other novices, organized and executed a first alpine season in Arolla and Saas Fee. By the time he went to read Natural Sciences at Cambridge in 1963 he was a highly competent mountaineer, as was demonstrated by his tally of 16 routes in Chamonix the following summer, notable amongst which was an early British ascent of the NW ridge of the Grands Charmoz. The next year he joined a Keele University expedition to the Cordillera Carabaya, which made 11 first ascents on various peaks. A couple of notable alpine seasons followed, culminating in ascents of the Route Major and N face of the Triolet in 1967, on the basis of which he was elected to the Alpine Climbing Group.

At Cambridge he was an active member of the Mountaineering Club, playing a leading part in both its climbing and its more notorious gastronomic/alcoholic activities.

Despite being President of the Club he managed to take a good degree, and

moved on to Imperial College, London, where he did research in applied physics and became involved in the London climbing scene. He also took part in the Innominate Mountaineering Club Swat Kohistan expedition in 1968, making what at the time was believed to be the first ascent of Miangul Sar.

In 1970 he moved to Hampshire to work as a research engineer for IBM. Thereafter, a new career, and a happy marriage, took him away from serious climbing for a number of years. When he re-emerged at an Alpine Club meet in 1979 he brought old habits and skills to enliven the more traditional side of mountaineering, leading parties up routes such as the Frontier Ridge of Mont Blanc du Tacul, the Whymper Couloir on the Aiguille Verte and the Täschhorn–Dom traverse.

The cancer which was finally to kill him first appeared in 1983, stopping a much-planned trip to the Karakoram. However, it did nothing to dampen his zest for life and new experiences, and he managed to find time to add caving and diving to his mountaineering and to his busy home and professional lives. He joined the Club's Garhwal meet in 1986, and was in the first party up Thelu (6002m) and Saife (6166m).

The pleasure of being on the mountains with him was that you could certainly reckon to have an enjoyable day, and generally a successful one. While slightly larger than life in many ways, he retained a low-key and modest approach (I only became aware of many of his achievements in writing this note). His self-professed and seemingly genuine air of indolence concealed a sense of determination which when harnessed made him unstoppable; when you climbed with him, it was usually with success. We did an unpleasant route on the Alphubel (the NW ridge) as an approach to the Täschhorn. It started badly when I fell off leading and was held only by the accidental jamming of a knot (Chase: 'I'm glad about that; I didn't have a belay'). Next he got off route and caused a stonefall which cut both ropes in the middle (Chase: 'Well, we'll have to climb on four ropes now'). Thereafter a stonefall just missed breaking my kneecap (Chase: 'It didn't do any real damage, did it?'). The idea of retreating never really occurred to us, and we went on to do the Täsch–Dom traverse the next day.

We all miss him, remembering some very entertaining and exhilarating times. Our sympathy goes to his wife Elaine and daughter Lisa.

Stephen Town

Una May Cameron 1904–1987

In the summer of 1914 Una Cameron, with her mother and twin sister Bertha, were caught in Switzerland by the outbreak of war. They stayed on for two years in Montreux, where the girls went to school; and during holidays in the mountains (as her uninfected twin recalls) 'the climbing bug got Una! and it never left her.'

Una was born at West Linton in Peebles-shire in 1904; she was Scottish in family, Scottish in speech, and firmly Scottish in drink – the family fortune was

based on whisky, as she liked to tell her friends. From school in Switzerland she went to Cheltenham Ladies' College, then on to the Central School of Arts and Crafts in London. There she specialized in woodcuts, and she pursued this line further at art school in Rome, where she met Hazel Jackson, an American sculptor whose enthusiasm for climbing matched her own. Una had climbed a bit in her school and college days, but with this congenial spirit it became a real dedication. With Hazel she joined CAI expeditions to the Julian Alps and the Dolomites, and spent several seasons in the Western Alps. Her application to join the Ladies' Alpine Club in 1929 had a strong list of classic climbs, which included the Dent Blanche by the Viereselgrat, the traverse of the Matterhorn by the Zmutt and Italian ridges, the Via Miriam on the Torre Grande, the Via Dimai on the Punta Fiammes, the Guglia de Amicis.

In the Dolomites she climbed with local guides; from about 1930 she climbed almost exclusively with the Courmayeur guides Edouard Bareux and Elisée Croux (affectionately referred to as The Monster) – always regarded as friends and partners rather than employees. Courmayeur became her mountain headquarters, and the south side of Mont Blanc her climbing-ground. I don't think her record on the mountain has been equalled by any Briton. Between 1933 and 1939 she had traversed it in most of the possible ways: from the Col du Géant over Mont Maudit and down to the Dôme hut; from the Brenva Ridge and down to the Grands Mulets; from the Peuterey Ridge (two bivouacs) down to the Dôme hut – then up to the top again via the Quintino Sella hut; up the Innominata and down by the Aiguilles Grises; up the Brouillard and down by Tête Rousse; up the Rochers and down to the Col du Géant. She climbed two of the routes pioneered by Graham Brown and F S Smythe – the Red Sentinel in 1935, the Route Major in 1938 with descent by the Bionnassay Ridge! On the S face, too, there were ascents of the Dames Anglaises, and a traverse of the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey, with a first descent to the Brenva glacier in storm when they had to bivouac twice, and Una popped her drawing-book inside her trousers to make a seat at night. These separate ascents culminated in the climb of the whole Peuterey Ridge of 1935, when Una, Edouard and Elisée were accompanied by Dora de Beer and her guides. Dora, whose experience had been mainly in New Zealand, had been led by Una to believe that 'it was just one of the usual routes', and till it was over had no idea that they were the first women to go up it.

With Edouard and Elisée, Una went far afield. In 1932 it was the Caucasus, with Hazel Jackson joining them: in spite of rotten rock – 'a sinister mixture of stone books and suitcases that rattle down just as you are about to put a finger on it' – they climbed seven peaks in the Kasbek area ('as far as can be ascertained all first ascents') in the six fine days they snatched from a rainy season. In spring 1933 it was ski-touring in the Canadian Rockies round the Yoho Valley and Lake Louise. In 1938 it was East Africa, with ascents of Mt Speke and Mt Baker in the Ruwenzori, Kilimanjaro ('dull') and, not at all dull, Mt Kenya. From Nelion they traversed to Batian, where Una was the first woman, and where Edouard and Elisée were following those earlier Courmayeur guides, Brocherel and Ollier, who had made the first ascent with Halford Mackinder in 1899.

Once Courmayeur had become Una's alpine base she decided to build her own home there, above La Palud, near the old mule-track to the Mont Fréty; later, the téléférique to the Col du Géant passed right above it. It was a solid stone house with marvellous views that exactly suited the character of its owner; she created an alpine garden, bringing back plants from as far as the Ruwenzori; the garage at the foot of the steep path housed her succession of fast Italian cars.

During the war Una served first in the Fire Service in London, then with the FANYs, mainly in Scotland with Polish troops, and for some months in 1945 in liberated Singapore. In 1946 she returned to Courmayeur and a heart-warming welcome from the friends who had made it their business to keep German soldiers away from the Villa Cameron. The garage had gone – but in an avalanche! – and 'my home with its red-leather chairs and books, even clothes and some bottles of fiery liquor, were all as I had left them and the house a great deal cleaner than if the owner had been in residence for seven years'.

After the war Una would speak cheerfully of 'getting into training for the Pear', the climb which would have completed Graham Brown's triptych on the Brenva Face – but the days of her great exploits were over; she had put on weight, she didn't want to be a liability to others. This was to the advantage of her friends, who were more likely now to find her in when they passed by the Villa Cameron. She would regale them with Italian food and Scotch drink ('fire-water'), invite them to camp in her basement, bathe in her swimming-pool. She would help with their plans, calling in Edouard (who became something of a majordomo to her establishment) to advise on a route or a guide, or where a large party with teenagers could be most cheaply accommodated at La Palud.

When the LAC was coming up to its Jubilee in 1957, there was no question who should be President. Una had the presence, and a climbing record known far beyond the Club; she had edited the Journal and cheered it up no end with her woodcuts, which also adorned the menus at Club dinners. The LAC meant a lot to her, and she never felt quite at home after the merger with the Alpine Club, and seldom came to meetings. She now travelled rather than climbed; she walked in Nepal and Borneo (though there she did go up Mt Kinabalu), she visited Mexico, the Galapagos Islands, China, Angkor Wat. Her horizons narrowed as her health declined; her last years in a nursing home were cheered by a smuggled kitten – cats had always played a large part in her life. She died on 15 October 1987.

Una Cameron was a great character, though not always an easy one, for she had strong prejudices which she didn't bother to hide. She had a large body – 'I felt it handy to be heavy' she wrote, after a storm had nearly blown her party off the Brouillard Ridge – and great stamina. She stood out in any company – *elle porte le pantalon et elle fume la pipe*, a Courmayeur man described her to me in 1934, when trousers on women were not so common off the mountain, and before her pipe gave way to villainous-smelling cigars. She belonged to Courmayeur in the way passing climbers couldn't. She was fluent in French and Italian, the two languages of the Val d'Aosta; she supported the local Waldensian church (as she supported St Columba's Kirk in London); she knew

everybody and everybody knew her. But that was in the days before the new roads, new hotels, the Mont Blanc tunnel and the huge extension of skiing – and before the death of Edouard. When she had to give up the Villa Cameron, it was no longer the wrench it would once have been.

Una was able to climb in a style that must amaze today's young climber, with limited means and limited holidays – able to transport her guides overseas, to build her Alpine home. She was privileged, and she knew it – but what matters is the enterprising use she made of her money and leisure, and the way she shared with others the pleasures they made possible. She made many first ascents, and many more firsts by a woman. But though she was pleased by such successes, they were not what she chiefly climbed for. After the 1935 season she wrote in her diary: 'First the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey and then Mont Blanc several times, in fact employment that I would not swop for entertainment by archangels, with the Heavenly choir in the offing.'

Janet Adam Smith (Janet Carleton)

The following two tributes to non-members are included as being of unusual interest:

Lady Tangley 1909–1987

Lady Tangley, Gwen to her friends, was the wife of one of our most distinguished Presidents – Sir Edwin Herbert, later Lord Tangley. She will be remembered with affection by many older members whom she and her husband entertained during and after his years of office from 1953–1956. Those were years which saw, amongst other changes, the transfer of leadership on Everest from Shipton to Hunt, to be followed soon after by the replacement of Graham Brown by Keenlyside as Editor of the *AJ* – both situations being handled by Herbert with outstanding aplomb and the minimum of ill-feeling.

Lady Tangley was also a well-known figure in her own right. As a musician at the Royal Academy of Music she had unearthed a previously unknown work by Bach, and later she became a talented concert pianist. She was born and spent the greater part of her life in the Guildford area, where the Herberts made their home and where she undertook many duties and responsibilities, musical and otherwise, at county and local level, including governorships of Cranleigh and its sister school, St Catherine's.

The warmth of her personality, along with all her faculties, continued to glow brightly to the very end of her life, and those of us who were privileged to enjoy her friendship will always treasure her memory. To her son and three daughters who inherit her musical skills we offer our affectionate sympathy; and it is good to remind ourselves that her nephew, Paul Herbert, continues to maintain an unbroken family tradition, now over 60 years old, of membership of the Alpine Club. Her grandson, James, now a cadet at Sandhurst, is also an enthusiastic climber.

Edward Smyth

Edwin Garnett Hone Kempson 1902–1987

After becoming a Wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos and taking up mountaineering whilst at Cambridge, G, as he was known to all at Marlborough College, returned to serve the College which he loved so much, and remained there for the rest of his life. He became an Assistant Master, then House-master and in the interregnum, in 1961, between Masters Garnett and Dancy (Garnett was a distant relation), he was Acting Master. In addition, he was involved in the affairs of the town both as a Borough Councillor and Mayor in 1946, and he was also an extremely active member and officer in the Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Society, lecturing often about the history of the town. During his period as Mayor he discovered an important collection of 17th century books which became known as the Vicar's Library. This was housed in the College for many years where he researched and catalogued it with loving care, until finally the collection was handed over to the Bodleian. Later he was Archivist of the College, a post that he relinquished in 1986.

For many years after returning to Marlborough from Cambridge he took boys climbing during the holidays in North Wales, the Lake District, Skye and the Scottish Highlands. In the summer he often visited the Alps with small groups, going to the Dauphiné, Chamonix, Val d'Isère and other regions, whilst in winter he did a great deal of ski-touring. The first issue, in 1934, of the Mountaineering Club Journal of which he was Editor had a suitable introduction by Geoffrey Winthrop Young, himself an old Marlburian, who used to play host at dinner for parties of schoolboys led by G at Pen-y-Pass.

G went to Everest on the 1935 Reconnaissance, when with Tilman and Warren he surveyed part of the southern portion of the Nyonno Ri Range. Whilst attempting to reach the North Col his party came across the body of Maurice Wilson on its lower slopes, and later with Warren and Shipton he reached the Col itself. The reconnaissance party then split up and with Warren and Spender, the surveyor, G surveyed the country between the E Rongbuk glacier and Doya La. Whilst doing so they climbed 'Kellas' peak, followed by one peak of 6880m and two over 6400m, from which photographs were taken to supplement the survey. Returning to Rongbuk, Warren and G took a theodolite to the summit of two further peaks over 6700m, and then climbed Kharta Changri, 7030m. G then had to return home for the autumn term. However, he had acclimatized well and, had the weather been reasonable in 1936, he would have been a strong contender for the summit party. But this expedition was storm-wracked and snow-bound, and little was achieved. However in the book of these two expeditions, *Everest, the Unfinished Adventure*, he contributed a characteristic and unusual appendix on the Tibetan name for Everest, which gave scope to his wide interests and meticulous scholarship. Luckily, too, and characteristically, he found time and energy on this expedition to visit the Lho La to look into Nepal, and he was able to photograph the Western Cwm and the Everest Ice-fall. Many years later, in 1951, whilst searching for suitable photographs to convince the

sceptics that there was a possible route up Everest from Nepal, I remembered reading about this, wrote to him and back came the photograph, a vital link in the chain of evidence.

He was a pleasant and stimulating companion, and with quick bird-like movements he seemed to flit easily from rock to rock and from tussock to tussock, and his mind moved as phenomenally fast as did his feet. He was still going and interested when those around him almost ceased to move or think from sheer exhaustion. A gentle man with many and diverse interests, music, bird-watching, natural history, he was slow to anger and always cheerful with a puckish humour.

G will be remembered as an outstanding and kind schoolmaster who never put himself forward when he could foster another. He was a man with an unassuming manner and penetrating mind that thought quickly, lucidly and thoroughly around all problems, and a strong character greatly respected by all at the College as one who expected good behaviour and therefore discipline to come from respect for the individual.

For mountaineers he will be remembered as the 'Father' of a group of Marlborough mountaineers (Kempson 1935, 1936, Wigram 1935, 1936, Ward 1951, 1953, Hunt 1953, Wylie 1953) who were much concerned with the fight for and the first ascent of Everest. I consider myself very fortunate to have had the benefit of his knowledge and enthusiasm for mountaineering in those impressionable schooldays.

He is survived by his wife and three children, two daughters and a son.

Michael Ward