In Memoriam

COMPILED BY GEOFFREY TEMPLEMAN

(*Plates* 111–114)

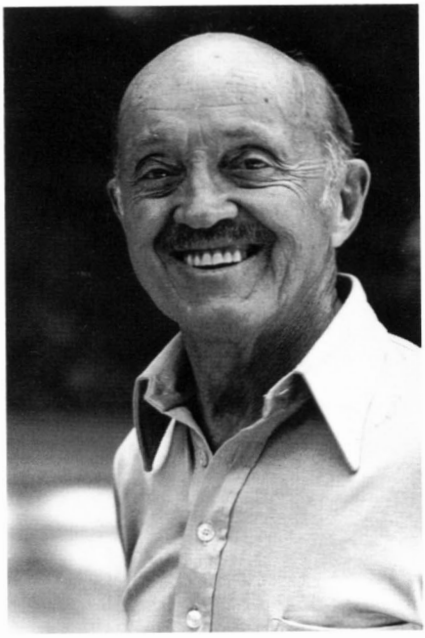
The Alpine Club Obituary	*Year of Election*
Erwin Schneider	Hon 1970
Wilbur John Smith	1974
Michael John Cheney	1976
Donald Metford Clarke	1962
Maxwell Hector Vandermere Fleming	1949
Edwin Arthur Ling	1948
George Abercromby Mitchell	1933
Fritz Hermann Ernst Wiessner	1970
John William Howard	1945
Count Guido Monzino	1963
James Barclay Joyce	1942
Hon Sir John Ramsay Willis	1956
Kenneth Neville Irvine	1929
Alexander Harrison	1939

Michael John Cheney 1928–1988

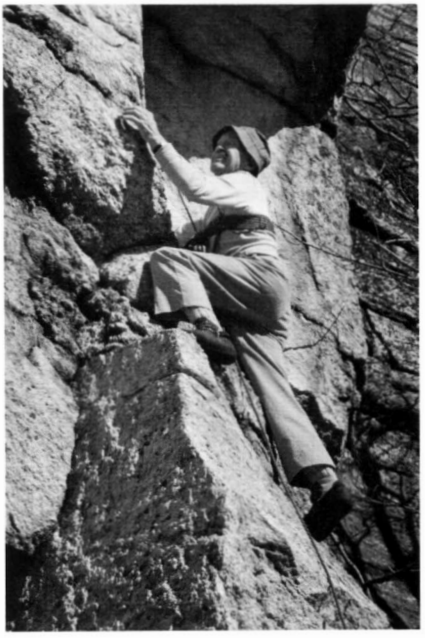
One of Nepal's best-known expatriate Britons and a leader in its trekking and mountaineering scene, Michael John Cheney, known as Mike to all his acquaintances, died in his sleep at his home in Kathmandu in the early hours of the morning of 20 February 1988, apparently from heart failure. He had been ill for the previous week or two after having had what doctors suspected was a stroke. He had also broken his left arm close to the shoulder at about the same time while on a trip in one of the more remote areas of western Nepal.

Mike was only 59 years old, but had had several episodes of serious illness during the past two decades which had taken a severe toll on his strength. He actually should have died years before, but his fierce will to carry on the work he found all-absorbing kept him going against great odds. But finally his strength gave out. He was buried in the hillside cemetery maintained by the British Embassy in Kathmandu, with about 200 Nepalese and expatriate mourners at the graveside.

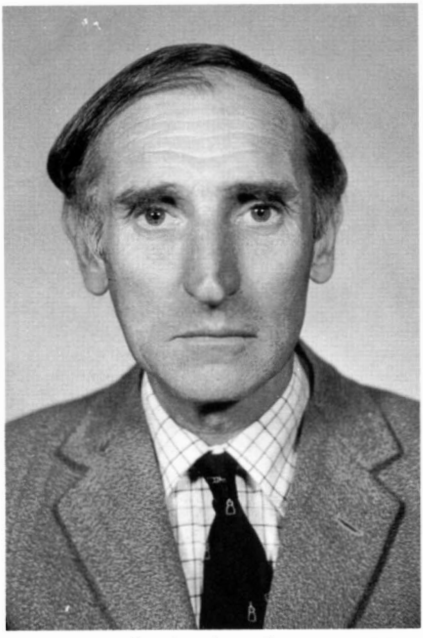
Although he kept his ties to his family back in England and considered Beckford Grange, Tewkesbury one of his homes, it was his wish to live and die in Nepal, where he spent the last 22 years of his life. He never married – women



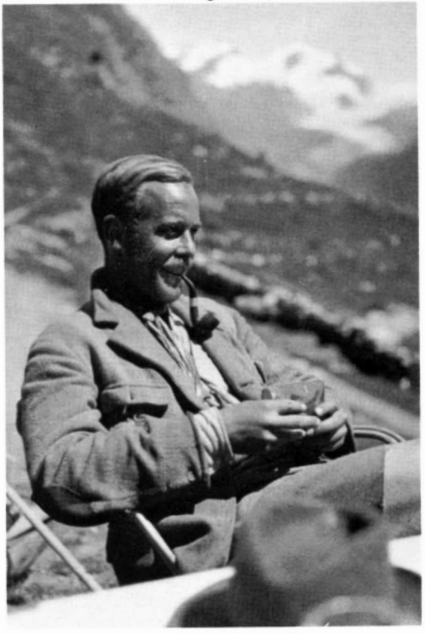
111. *Fritz Wiessner (1900–1988).* (p 311)



112. *Shawangunks: Fritz Wiessner on Rear Exposure (5.6) in 1986, aged 86.* (p 311)



113. *Michael John Cheney (1928–1988).* (p 311)



114. *James Joyce (1910–1988).* (p 311)

seemed to terrify him – but he was generous with his kindness to Nepalese children as well as to adults in distress.

After obtaining his School Certificate, Mike served in the British army from 1946 to 1957 in the Royal Armoured Corps and the 10th Gurkha Rifles. During these years he saw active service in Korea, Kenya and Malaya and rose to the rank of captain. He then became a tea-estate manager in the Darjeeling area of north-eastern India. In 1965 he moved to Nepal and spent two years in tea there before ill-health forced him to stop working for two years.

When he was able to resume work, Mike returned to Nepal and took a job in the fledgling trekking industry with the world's first trekking agency, Lieutenant-Colonel Jimmy Roberts's Mountain Travel, which had begun sending mountain-lovers on treks in the northern regions of Nepal just four years previously. He remained in trekking till the last day of his life, although he left Mountain Travel in 1976 and was an executive of three successive other agencies. His last post was as General Manager of Rover Treks & Expeditions (P) Ltd.

Mike was a champion of the poorly-paid porters who carry heavy loads under difficult conditions for expeditions and trekking groups, and he actively promoted the employment as trek leaders and mountain climbers of men who belong to tribes other than the Sherpa clan. He was certainly no desk-bound trekking organizer. He spent many weeks each year out in the hills scouting new trekking routes in central and eastern Nepal for clients who wanted to travel away from the paths which have become greatly overcrowded in the Everest and Annapurna areas. And he sometimes went with the mountaineering expeditions whose logistics he helped to arrange, most notably as a member of Chris Bonington's 1975 British South-west Face Everest Expedition, which he served as Base Camp manager. He was very proud of having been an actual member of that historically successful team.

Mike was an active member of the Trekking Agents Assocation of Nepal and of the Himalayan Rescue Association in Kathmandu, the Local Hon Secretary of the Bombay-based Himalayan Club, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and a member of the Alpine Club. He followed the mountaineering scene in Nepal closely and was correspondent for several alpine journals and mountaineering magazines in Europe and the United States.

Elizabeth Hawley

Donald M Clarke 1907–1988

With the passing of Donald Clarke the Club has lost a very unassuming but competent mountaineer. He became a member of the Club in 1962.

Donald walked and climbed widely in the British hills and was a steady leader on rock climbs up to mild severe. Prior to 1951 he had walked in the Maritime and Bavarian Alps and in that year he started climbing in the Valais. In subsequent years he made many ascents in various areas of the Alps, most of the climbs being guided. In 1957 he had a very successful season in the Oberland, with the Mönch (by the ordinary route but descending by the SW ridge) amongst his climbs.

Although he enjoyed climbing in the Alps, the less frequented mountain areas held a fascination for Donald. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, in company with Arnold Galloway, he visited Northern Norway, Swedish Lapland and Iceland. In Norwegian Lapland they spent three weeks exploring the then little known Lyngen peninsula. They spent a similar time in Swedish Lapland exploring the rather remote Sarek region and climbing (*inter alia*) Sarekjakko, the highest peak. In Iceland Donald and Arnold climbed Hekla and several peaks in the Akureyri area. On other occasions their fascination with volcanoes took them to Etna and Stromboli.

In 1962 Donald went to Greece and climbed on Olympus with Wynne Jeudwine and Wendell Jones. 1963 found him in the High Atlas with Wendell Jones and Peter Ledeboer, and they climbed many of the higher peaks in the area. Later the same year Donald and Wynne Jeudwine were climbing in the Picos de Europa in northern Spain.

Donald was again in Spain in 1967, this time in company with Fred Jenkins and Freddie Smith. They climbed first in the Sierra de Gredos and then revisited the Picos de Europa. In 1978 Donald visited Corsica with Hamish Brown, Ernst Sondheimer and Martin Waddell, but bad weather with a lot of snow severely restricted the climbing.

An unfortunate accident occurred to Donald when he was trekking in the Himalaya. He broke his back falling over an outcrop outside a Dak bungalow in the dark, but he made a remarkable recovery.

As he began to ease up in his later years, Donald became much taken with long-distance footpaths and walked many of them, including the Pennine Way and Offa's Dyke. With Arnold Galloway he tried to work out a 'Hebridean Way', in the course of which they climbed the other Hekla on South Uist.

Donald was born and lived all his life in the Caversham area of Reading. He took a great interest in local affairs and was an active member of St Andrews church, the Caversham Heights Society and the Chiltern Society. He frequently gave lectures to local groups on his travels and climbs and led parties of ramblers through the Berkshire countryside.

Donald's quiet and modest manner belied his considerable strength of character and physique. He was very determined but never foolhardy. He was supportive of and considerate to the other members of his party. Donald did not waste words, but what he said was to the point. He had a dry sense of humour. When I met him once he was limping and my enquiry as to his health brought forth the reply that he had fallen when climbing solo. I asked which rock climb had been involved and he replied 'It wasn't a rock climb – I was picking apples and I fell out of the tree!'

Donald was one of the older school who did not aspire to great technical heights but was very competent and safe in all that he did, and he loved his mountains. He will be much missed by all who climbed with him.

Maurice Bennett

Maxwell Hector Vandermere Fleming 1904–1988

Max Fleming started climbing in the Alps in the early 1930s when on leave from the Sudan Political Service. He later studied at the universities of Grenoble and Freiburg and was active with a very strong group of continental climbers, doing the first traverse of the airy Arête des Cornes on the Pic Bourcet in the Dauphiné. During the Second World War he was in Cyprus as chief inspector of schools; early on he explored ski-routes in the Troodos Range and rock climbing on the limestone of Pentedhaktilos, to which he introduced Arnold Lunn, John Hunt and Mike Banks.

He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1949 and shortly after was posted to Nigeria as an education administrator. Although unable to do much serious climbing because of a knee injury caused by a motor-cycle accident when serving in the Cyprus Defence Force during the war, he continued his lifelong interest in climbing and skiing; he also took to ocean racing and crewed in several Fastnet races. In his retirement he became an avid field archaeologist, a hobby which gave him the physical challenge he used to enjoy in the mountains.

Peter Steele

Fritz Hermann Ernst Wiessner 1900–1988

The climbing career of the German-American mountaineer Fritz Wiessner was one of the most pivotal of any 20th-century mountaineer. His new routes and mountain conquests are the stuff of climbing lore, but his boldness was not without cost. History remembers not only Fritz Wiessner's stunning successes, his first ascents of Mount Waddington and Devil's Tower, but one very notable controversy – the 1939 K2 tragedy. Other facets of Fritz's long life included a contented family and business life, but perhaps most visible to other climbers was his insatiable appetite for rock climbing which kept him following 5.6 (VS) until the age of 86. Fritz Wiessner was 'The Durable Champion'. He died at home in Stowe, Vermont on 3 July 1988.

What made Fritz Wiessner an important figure was his influence upon the evolution of climbing and mountaineering thought – in both Europe and America. After advancing rock-climbing standards on his hometown crags near Dresden and in the Dolomites in the 1920s, Fritz carried his strict free-climbing codes to America, emigrating in 1929 to New York City. In 1932 he participated in the German-American Nanga Parbat Expedition with, amongst others, Willy Merkl, Peter Aschenbrenner, Rand Herron and Elizabeth Knowlton. It was the second attempt ever made on this Karakoram giant. Ascending the Rakhiot Face, Fritz reached 7000m and Camp VII on the mountain's E ridge, but attempts on the summit were thwarted by deep snow and continuous storm.

In the mid-1930s, with another leading figure, Robert Underhill, Fritz brought American rock climbing out of its infancy, initially in New Hampshire's White Mountains. Then came a landmark event in American climbing: Fritz's discovery in 1935 of the immense potential of the Shawangunk

cliffs in New York state. With his friend and partner Hans Kraus, he climbed the renowned High Exposure, a locally famous climb on the Trapps, in 1944. Fritz continued to climb regularly at the 'Gunks' until 1986.

Wiessner applied his mountaineering experience to North American peaks, beginning with the first ascent of Mount Waddington (4040m) in Canada's British Columbia Coast Range in 1936. The ascent of the 'unclimbable Mount Mystery' with Bill House was heralded as the hardest climb in North America. A year later Wiessner and House made the first technical ascent of Devil's Tower in Wyoming with Lawrence Coveney. Though thoroughly different in character, these two significant ascents signalled Fritz Wiessner's full maturation as a mountaineer.

Remembering Vittorio Sella's unsurpassed K2 photographs, Fritz's eyes returned to the lofty, snowy horizons of the Karakoram. His expedition proposal led to the first American attempt on the mountain. Sadly, when permission was finally granted, Fritz could not go. The eventual 1938 expedition, led by Charles Houston, determined that the Abruzzi Ridge was the most feasible route to the summit. That year a high point of 7925m was reached.

Fritz led the second American expedition to K2 in 1939. Above Camp IX, on the first summit attempt, climbing without oxygen and at a height of 8390m, Fritz urged an all-night climb to the summit, only 220m higher. Afraid of the mountain's spirits and not realizing the top was so close, Pasang Lama held the belay rope firmly and suggested they descend. Reluctantly Fritz gave in. During the descent their crampons, becoming tangled in the abseil ropes, were fatedly dropped. Without them the second summit bid also failed. Theirs was a brilliant effort nonetheless, accomplished with virtually no back-up, without radios or bottled oxygen. Had they succeeded, their first ascent of K2 would have radically changed the course and history of Himalayan mountaineering.

Only Dudley Wolfe, alone at Camp 13, was in support. During the trio's descent, they discovered the lower camps had been mysteriously destroyed, tents cut open and food scattered in the snow. More importantly, the extra sleeping-bags and mattresses had also vanished. The exact events remain baffling today. After Jack Durrance had ordered the evacuation of the lower camps (in the surmised belief that the mountain had been climbed), unsupervised Sherpas stripped two higher camps after witnessing a supposedly 'fatal' avalanche near the summit. When all the sleeping-bags were returned to Base Camp – with no corroborative evidence of the summit team's death besides the avalanche story – the gear was not immediately returned to the mountain. Instead, after two open bivouacs, Wiessner and Lama dragged themselves into Base.

Wolfe, who had volunteered to stay behind at Camp 7 for a third summit effort, was now stranded. Several rescue attempts were mounted; finally Pasang Kikuli, Pasang Kitar and Pintso disappeared without a trace in a gallant last-ditch effort. A ferocious storm broke, and none of the four men was ever seen again.

Upon returning home, Fritz as expedition leader was blamed for the tragedy. After an American Alpine Club inquiry 'whitewashed' the whole affair

(to use Fritz's expression), he resigned from the AAC in 1940. In an effort to make amends, he was unanimously voted an Honorary Member of the Club in 1966. However, the K2 tragedy continued to haunt him, a troubled undercurrent to a contented old age. 'The mountains have given me my greatest joys and most profound sorrows,' Fritz once observed, 'but always it was men who failed me.'

Fritz married Muriel Schoonmaker on 10 January 1945. They had two children, Andrew and Polly, and there are now four Wiessner grandchildren: Mia, Angus, Silas, and Nicholas. A manufacturer of ski waxes and waterproof coatings, Fritz moved his chemical company to Burlington, Vermont in 1946. The Wiessners moved permanently to nearby Stowe in 1952.

While Fritz never returned to the high mountains, he travelled and climbed extensively. In 1960 he completed all the 4000m peaks in the Alps. His final snow climbs were Popocatepetl and Orizaba in 1968. He also continued to rock-climb at a phenomenally high level, in America, Mexico, England, France, Italy, and of course Saxon Switzerland near Dresden. As a roving ambassador for the American and Canadian Alpine Clubs, Fritz helped with UIAA relations.

Historically, Fritz Wiessner was one of the first climbers to fulfil the mountaineer's boldest dream: to progress from a rock-climbing background to the accomplished stature of a seasoned Himalayan mountaineer, climbing above 8000m alpine-style, on a new route and without oxygen. It is a path few men have followed in the intervening 50 years. For generations to come, Fritz Wiessner's exemplary life will be an inspiring example.

Ed Webster

James Barclay Joyce 1910–1988

James Joyce – Jim, as he was always known – had a distinguished career as a climber and as a pioneer obstetrician and gynaecologist in West Cumbria. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1942.

The eldest son of Leonard Joyce, also a well-known surgeon, he was educated at Shrewsbury, where he was co-winner of the Ladies' Plate at Henley, and at Pembroke College, Cambridge where he did some night-climbing and also became for a time a keen racing motor-cyclist, until overtaken by a greater, life-long enthusiasm – mountains.

He seems to have stumbled almost accidentally upon the climbing scene when, with a friend in 1934, he ascended the Needle Ridge – 'unroped, in shoes, with mackintosh, carrying a 3¼ × 2¼ reflex camera', as his diary informs us. Thereafter, with Dr John Ryle as his first tutor, he rapidly developed his natural aptitude for rock-climbing until as a medical student at Barts he became, with Charles Warren, the prevailing force in the Hospital Alpine Club. That was when I first met and climbed with him, coming under the spell of his remarkable gift for encouraging the less expert, with whom he took endless pains to instil confidence and safe technique. In addition to Hospital meets in the Lake District and at Helyg there were also several new routes made at night on the Medical Block, then in course of construction, and on the tower above the Casualty Department in Giltspur Street!

Just before the war, on holiday at the Riffelalp, he met a beautiful girl to whom he was introduced by Michael Harmer, a close friend and fellow-climber. She was Hedy Seiler, granddaughter of Alexander Seiler who built the Monte Rosa hotel and was the first to encounter Edward Whymper on his return from the Matterhorn in 1865. Jim and Hedy were married soon afterwards.

During the Second World War his service record in the RAMC included Dunkirk, Sicily and North Africa where he became a Lieutenant-Colonel in command of a Field Ambulance and, later, Medical Officer and Instructor at the Army School of Mountain Warfare in Italy. The war over, he took up obstetrics and gynaecology, became a member of the Royal College in that speciality and was then appointed to set up a new department based on the West Cumberland Hospitals at Workington and Whitehaven, where previously all consultant work had had to be transferred to Carlisle. The family moved into Bank Farm at Eaglesfield, between Cockermouth and Buttermere – an old rambling house with a marvellous view of the fells, where they have lived ever since and where Jim died on 13 October 1988 at the age of 78.

Jim's climbing diary – a heavy, black, leather-bound tome, treasured from the beginning with loving care – tells the story of his earlier adventures with much wise, pithy but always kindly comment. His companions on Welsh and Lakeland rocks, in the Dolomites and in the Alps are too numerous to name in full, but members of the Club and others recorded include Charles Warren, Arnold Lunn, Colin Kirkus, John Barford, Ashley Greenwood, Rusty Westmorland, Claude Elliott, David Cox and Jack Longland. Michael Harmer, Jim's frequent climbing companion before the war, to whom I am much indebted for kind personal help with this memoir, tells of the many visits they made together to Gatesgarth, Buttermere, then the home of Professor Pigou of King's College, Cambridge, and later of Claude Elliott.

Jim did not take his diary to the war and left hardly any record of the days at the Mountain Warfare School; however, serving with him as a fellow-instructor was another member of the AC – Tom Peacocke, who has kindly offered to fill in this part of the story. Shortly after the war a distinguished paper was read to the Alpine Club with the title: 'In the Dolomites with an Orientalist' (*AJ* 55, 362–373, 1945–46). In this discourse Jim ranged far and wide over the implications for the future of mountaineering of developments during the war: the dangers of competition based on nationalist ambitions, and the grading of climbs. It was in several ways a prophetic message worth re-reading with the knowledge of all that has happened since.

A few brief extracts from the diary help to give some idea of his character and philosophy: 'There is no doubt boots teach a better standard of climbing than rubbers'; 'Borrowdale "difficults" are not at all the same as Scawfell "difficults".' After finishing 'Longlands', led by Kirkus: 'a life's desire satisfied and a new one takes its place – to lead Longlands' Climb'. On Army climbing: 'X (a fellow officer) does not understand mountains. They are not for assessing physical differences between individuals, but rather something to compete against. The whole party climbs as a whole, the weakest member as important as the strongest.' Of another friend (S H Badrock): 'Sandy has not yet quite got

the idea of party climbing, with everyone looking after themselves and one other.' And of a severe climb on Tryfan, the Terrace Wall Variant: 'At every difficult pitch B (the leader) resorted to the bottle.' Sadly, his diary entries, though not his climbing, ceased altogether with the onset of a serious illness in 1955.

One other fellow-climber, and a tragic one, deserves special mention. Before the war, and also in 1940 and 1941 before being posted abroad, Jim did many climbs, including a number of new routes, with Menlove Edwards. The standard was nearly always VS or higher, so that inevitably a close-knit partnership lasting several years was forged between the two. Jim always insisted that no hint, or shadow of a hint, of the perversities attributed to Menlove by later writers ever entered or even crossed his mind in all their times together on and off the mountains. In fact he thoroughly distrusted and strongly deplored these aspersions – some by writers born long after Menlove's death – upon a superb climber and former friend, later to suffer the double calamity of mental breakdown and premature death.

As a companion in the hills Jim Joyce was unsurpassed, combining strength, confidence and graceful movement with an outstanding degree of patience, serenity and consideration for others on the rope. He was also humorous and the characteristic twinkle in his eye, familiar to all who knew him, was one of his most endearing features. In addition he was no mean mountain artist, proficient in both oils and water-colour. Especially he loved to paint the country near his home – the Buttermere, Crummock and Borrowdale fells, whose every ridge and wrinkle he knew so intimately that he might have said with Matthew Arnold 'I know these hills – Who knows them if not I?' Since his death some 300 of his pictures have been listed and catalogued by his family; one is already in the Club's collection, and there may be more to come.

He was on every count a true gentleman of the mountains. The Club and all of us who knew him mourn his loss and extend our deep sympathy to Hedy, to their son Tony, himself a mountaineer, and to their two daughters Tessa and Anna.

Edward Smyth

Ashley Greenwood writes:

I climbed regularly with Jim in the years immediately before the Second World War, and I also ski'd with him. In both sports Jim was the most fanatical enthusiast whom I ever met, and the quickest to improve his standards. He seemed oblivious of time and weather and, in skiing, even to injury. If it was a fine summer day in North Wales, he would climb till dark before eating and starting for home in his open GM, bivouacking by the roadside or in a barn and arriving in London at breakfast time on Monday ready to begin his week's work at the hospital. In a very short time he had progressed to leading routes of almost the greatest difficulty then climbed. If he thought a route beyond him he would enlist the aid of a top climber, as when he got Colin Kirkus to lead our party of 10 up Longlands. Incidentally, the tenth member had still not taken off when Colin had finished, descended to the bottom and was occupying himself

soloing the Curving Crack. On his first skiing holiday in Grindelwald in 1938 Jim broke his leg, but the feats he performed on a luge with his leg in plaster became a legend among his friends. Except for a few days in 1939, I did not ski with him again till 1944 at Terminillo and on the Gran Sasso. By then Jim was an accomplished and graceful skier and, typically, he would persuade one – with an engaging smile – to prolong the day, however exhausted one was, until one could hardly see one's skis, let alone the slope.

We lost touch for a number of years while I was abroad after the war, but a chance encounter on the way home from the Alps in the late 1960s resulted in many happy visits to Bank Farm, and when heart trouble put an end to his own climbing he would use his fabulous knowledge of the Lake District to recommend climbs, scrambles and walks for others, and would listen to their accounts of their days with as much zest as if he had been with them himself. He took to his increasing disability without complaint and with his usual good humour, even when, as on the last time I saw him, he could only hobble a few steps without resting.

Tom Peacocke writes:

I first met James Joyce at the Mountain School, Terminillo in the winter of 1945–46. His enthusiasm for mountaineering knew no bounds and he was a great addition to our party. In January 1946 I was involved in an avalanche with seven soldiers. Luckily James was on some exercise nearby and he speedily came to the rescue, evacuating one casualty who had a broken leg. Then he tried artificial respiration on four others who had been buried deeply, but unfortunately to no effect; their lungs had been crushed by the weight of snow. I was somewhat shocked after being buried, and he kept me in bed for three days. He was a very careful doctor.

We were together in an ascent of the Corno Grande on which, owing to my impetuosity, we were overtaken by night and caught in a winter blizzard, being forced to make snow bivouacs. Towards the end of March 1946 we had a very fine climb together, doing the traverse of the three peaks of the Corno Grande with the ascent of the Camino Iannetta, a severe rock and ice chimney which James led with great skill.

When the Mountain School broke up we went our several ways, but I used to meet James regularly at AC dinners. He was a very good friend.

The Hon Sir John Willis 1908–1988

John Ramsay Willis, Jack to his countless friends, was a distinguished lawyer who completed a long much-respected career when he served as a Judge in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court from 1966 to 1980. He was educated at Lancing College, where he was a scholar, and at Trinity College Dublin where he obtained his degree with first-class honours. Called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1932, he quickly built up a practice in planning, rating and local government law. His career was interrupted by the Second World War when he

joined the Territorial Army and served in the Royal Corps of Signals, reaching the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and serving on the staff of Mountbatten at SEAC and of General Slim in the 14th Army in Burma. After resuming his career, he became a Bencher of Gray's Inn while still a junior, in 1953, and took silk in 1956. In 1965 he was appointed Deputy Chairman of East Suffolk Quarter Sessions and Recorder of Southampton. He was knighted on his appointment to the High Court Bench in 1966, and in 1969 became Treasurer of Gray's Inn.

Jack's first introduction to the mountains came when, as a young man, he worked for a time as a travelling secretary for Sir Henry Lunn. Among other places, this took him to Maloja in the Engadine. It was there that he was taken on a mountain walk by a stranger – who, he later discovered, was a future President of the Alpine Club, Leo Amery. It was not until the 1950s, however, that he started more serious climbing. In 1953 he was in the Ötztal, and he completed some winter climbs in Austria in the following year. In 1955 he started in Arolla and went on to Zermatt, where he climbed the Matterhorn and traversed the Alphubel to Saas Fee.

Later he climbed the Blümlisalphorn with John Poole and R S Hargreaves, to whom I am indebted for most of these details. In 1956 he traversed the Lagginhorn with Hargreaves and his other regular Alpine companion, Dr F S Jackson – also the Allalinhorn, Rimpfischhorn and Monte Rosa. It was in that year that he was elected to the Club. In 1961 the same trio traversed the Rimpfischhorn and climbed the Zinalrothorn, but there were no major ascents recorded after that. He continued, however, to walk and climb in Britain, particularly in North Wales and in the Cuillins, and in 1977 he was walking in Nepal with his son Michael. In June 1988, a few weeks short of his 80th birthday and four months before his death, he spent a week in Borrowdale when his last expedition, completed in glorious sunny weather, was the ascent of Scafell Pike.

Jack Willis was a delightful companion. He has left behind a wide circle of friends with many happy memories, both on and off the hills. Our sympathy goes to his widow, Barbara, and to his two sons by his first marriage, Michael and Christopher.

J H Emlyn Jones