
In Memoriam

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The Alpine Club Obituary	<i>Year of Election</i>
Dudley Frederick Oliphant Dangar	1931 (Hon 1969)
Anna Roelfsema	LAC 1938 (Hon 1970)
James Pringle Hope Hirst	1949
George McLaggan McGillivray	1962
Henry Norman Fairfield	1945
Andrew Fanshawe	ACG 1987
Tom Luis Sancha	1990
Arnold Alfred Galloway	1934
Sir William McEwan Younger	1927
Charles Eric Arnison	1943
Joyce Lancaster-Jones	LAC 1946
John Bryden Harrison	1938
Charles Selby Tilly	1944
Victor Wilkinson Dix	1940
Philip Mitchell	Asp 1992
John Bernard Meldrum	1922 (Hon 1985)
Cedric Roger Allen	1965
Mark Gambrell Miller	ACG 1989
William Leggatt Robinson	1977
Christopher Percival Baskin Briggs	1986
Theodore Nicholson	1960
John Martin Kretschmer	1957

The In Memoriam list is, regrettably, a long one again this year, the Club having lost 22 members. Whilst the majority survived to a good age – in the case of John Meldrum a very good age – there were a few tragic cases where so much was still to be achieved, and one thinks especially of Andy Fanshawe, Philip Mitchell and Mark Miller.

In a number of cases, deaths occurred too late in the previous year for obituaries to be prepared, and I am therefore pleased to be able to include tributes to John Longland, Michael Vyvyan and Stuart Hutchinson, all of whom died in 1991. I am also happy to include an appreciation of Wanda Rutkiewicz who, whilst not an AC member, was well known to many of us.

The climbs themselves are of no special account today. They included *Eagle's Nest Direct*, *Jones* from Deep Ghyll, *Moss Ghyll Grooves* and sundry routes on the Napes, Pillar, Serjeant's Crag and Pike's Crag in the Lakes, as well as climbs of a comparable standard in Snowdonia. What did matter was the friendship which the climbing created within our group: we were young, enthusiastic and enjoyed one another's company enormously.

Harry was very much a part of these episodes which, though brief, I treasure in my memory of him today.

John Hunt

Andy Fanshawe 1963–1992

Andy Fanshawe was killed in a fall while climbing Eagle Ridge, Lochnagar, in the Cairngorms on 14 March. He was 28 years old. One of Britain's most outstanding mountaineers, he was universally respected and liked in the climbing community for his immense enthusiasm and essential kindness.

Born in Helsby, Cheshire, Andy was introduced to the hills at an early age by his parents who were keen walkers. He was an active member of Wilmslow Grammar School's climbing and walking club, visiting the gritstone edges of Derbyshire and Cheshire from the age of 15. He was confronted with tragedy early in his climbing career when a schoolmaster, taking him and other youngsters up Sharp Edge on Blencathra in the Lake District in snow conditions, slipped and fell to his death. But Andy's enthusiasm for climbing was not diminished. In 1980 he climbed his first extreme, characteristically going straight in at E2 on *Vector* at Tremadog, falling off three times on the awkward crux on the top pitch, before finally climbing it.

In 1981 he entered the Royal School of Mines in London, studying geology. His enthusiasm for climbing was unabated with weekend forays to Scotland. His organisational ability was shown by his becoming secretary and then vice president of the Imperial College Mountaineering Club. At this time he led his first expedition, going to Ecuador to make the first ascent of the West Ridge of El Obispo (5319m), the first solo ascent of Monja Grande (5160m) and the second ascent of Fraille Occidental (5050m), with an ascent of Chimborazo and a quick dash down to Peru with Mark Dickson to climb Huascarán, with two packets of biscuits and two tins of sardines for rations – they were so broke.

After university Andy worked for a short time in mining engineering in South Africa and then for RTZ Oil and Gas in Britain, but a life in and around climbing was becoming increasingly important to him. He had his first full season in the Alps in 1985, starting in the Dolomites with the *Preuss Crack* and *Yellow Edge* and then moving on to the Oberland to make an attempt on the *North Face Direct* of the Gspaltenhorn. He was washed off it by a violent storm but returned a few days later to climb the *North Face Direct* of the Grosshorn. He finished the season in Chamonix, forming a partnership with John Taylor and climbing the South West Pillar of the Dru and the *North Ridge Direct* on the Droites.

Andy then embarked on his most challenging project yet – an expedition to make the first traverse, alpine-style, of the magnificent twin-peaked Chogolisa (7654m) in the Karakoram. It was an ambitious venture for a first Himalayan trip but the team were determined and well organised, and they received the Nick Estcourt Memorial Award. The climb was successful, a particularly bold ascent in the best style by the five participants.

On his return to Britain Andy became National Officer of the British Mountaineering Council. His enthusiasm and openness enabled him to relate effectively to the young climbers, the older members of the climbing fraternity who sat on the committees, and officials of various government departments; he cheerfully cut through red tape and made things happen. He hosted a series of successful visits by foreign climbers and an international jamboree for young climbers from all over the world.

During this period he was caught in an avalanche when on the way down from the summit of Ben Nevis in bad weather. His partner and best friend, John Taylor, was killed and he was severely injured. Within four months he was climbing hard once again, leading rock routes of E5 standard for the first time.

In 1988 I had the good fortune to get to know him well when he came on an expedition I led to Menlungtse in Tibet. Together with Alan Hinkes he made the first ascent of the West Peak – another bold and determined piece of climbing. The following year he led an expedition to Makalu. Although heavy snows forced them to abandon their attempt to make a complete traverse of the mountain, he made the first ascent of Peak 4 (6720m) with Ulric Jessop – a push of three days' hard technical climbing up its S ridge.

Andy left the BMC in 1990 and was appointed fund raising director for the Barrow Hospital Scanner Appeal. He approached the task with characteristic energy and helped raise £1.5m. In that year he married Caroline Jerran and moved to the Eden valley in Cumbria. Although he went two years without a Himalayan expedition, he made lightning forays to the Alps in the winters of 1990 and 1991, climbing the North Face of the Eiger and the Croz Spur of the Grandes Jorasses with Ulric Jessop. His first book, *Coming Through* (1990), describes his three expeditions. He was full of plans for the future, working on an ambitious book describing the 40 best alpine-style climbs in the Himalaya and planning an alpine-style ascent of the N ridge of K2.

Andy was a brilliant and forceful climber, a talented writer and an excellent organiser. Above all, he was a person whose enthusiasm, warmth and essential kindness had earned universal affection and respect. He will be sorely missed by everyone who had the privilege of knowing him.

Chris Bonington

Alan Hinkes writes:

Andy burst into the British climbing scene as BMC National Officer, having just boldly traversed Chogolisa with a group of friends. He had an irrepressible drive and enthusiasm. I remember him with the Polish climbers in Scotland in 1987. He turned up with giant catering tins of beefburgers and

sausages and tucked into the contents with relish not even bothering to reheat them. The Poles opted for Fort William's fish and chips! Andy and I quickly formed a friendship, often inexplicably addressing each other by our surnames. On Menlungtse we teamed up and climbed the W face of the West Peak, complementing each other and working together in harmony. There is no doubt that Andy was a brave and talented climber – a shooting star that flashed through the mountaineering firmament, never to be forgotten.

Tom Luis Sancha 1947–1992

Tom joined the Alpine Club in 1990, proposed by his father, Luis, who has been a member since 1957. Tom and I met that summer in Pontresina on an AC meet and did two climbs together. Thereafter we only saw each other three times. Our friendship promised so much more than it achieved and therein, for me, lies the sadness of his death at the age of 44.

Tom had a thoroughbred AC pedigree through both his father and his maternal grandfather, T G Longstaff. Eric Shipton had also been a family friend and he, Tom and Luis made a traverse of the central section of the Cuillin Ridge during the winter of 1967/68.

Tom made his first trip to the Alps when he was six and subsequently climbed the Sparrhorn in the Oberland aged nine. He continued his apprenticeship during his teens with his father, in both the Patagonian and Chilean Andes during the time that the family home was in Argentina. While at Cambridge he led two expeditions to Ecuador, in 1967 and 1969, making ascents of Cotocachi, Illiniza, Carihuairazo, Cayambe, Cotopaxi and Chimborazo.

During the next 15 years or so Tom was heavily involved in his work but managed several mountain trips as diverse as cross-country skiing in northern Sweden to soloing Mount Rainier. He also skied the *haute route* and climbed the Matterhorn. He made a three generation ascent of the Wildspitze with Luis, aged 70, and his children Emily, 12, and William, 10.

Tom had been a whizz at computer systems and became something of a legend within his field. In 1977 he founded Cambridge Interactive Systems which was so successful that, eight years later, he sold it and 'retired'. Shortly before he became ill he underwrote a canoeing expedition for both able-bodied and physically handicapped young people to Iceland.

Then, in 1987, the cruellest of blows, he was struck down by a brain tumour. For two years he fought with incredible courage, supported by his wife Sally, to overcome this crippling handicap, undergoing major brain surgery and radio therapy. Despite this, in 1989 he enrolled at Plas y Brenin on an alpine climbing course and, later, a sea cliff course. In 1990 having, as it were, re-learned to climb, he joined the Alpine Club. In the spring of that year he and a friend, Wendy Smith, visited the mountains of Jordan and made an ascent of Jebel Rum.

A few months later my wife and I met Tom in the Alps. He spoke rather slowly and deliberately, clearly affected by his brain surgery, and was