

He was Chairman of the Huts Committee for the Appalachian Mountain Club and served some years as editor of *Appalachia*, the oldest mountaineering journal in the Western Hemisphere. His greatest work, though, was as one of the principal figures behind the establishment of a vigorous mountain leadership program within the A. M. C. For this last labor he was in course named a Corresponding Member of that organization, a barely adequate recognition for one who gave so much.

In the real world Brad Swan was a giant. He served as President of the Rhode Island Historical Society, the Providence Art Club, as historian for the Society of Colonial Wars and was the author of a number of scholarly historical works. A member of many distinguished historical and bibliographical societies, he was also an artist of some taste who created many works in water color.

His ancestry was extremely distinguished, including sixteen Mayflower passengers; among them, John Alden, Myles Standish and William Bradford. Nevertheless Brad prided himself on his standing as a liberal Democrat, and took nobody very seriously.

The Possessor of the finest wine cellar in the Providence Plantations, as the principal arts and drama critic for the *Providence Journal and Bulletin*, he was for decades the leading arbiter of taste in one of America's most historic cities. Nothing, however, was preserved from his wit, and as a devotee of Mencken, he laughed at everyone.

Brad Swan was our cook and counselor in the mountains, stooping over smokey heather fires in the rain and enjoying with vicarious glee the tales of ascents made by the younger members of the party. They, in turn, would gather respectfully every evening while he discussed the flowers and birds he had seen that day nearer to camp.

Brad had known for quite some time that without corrective surgery on his weakened aorta, his days would be limited. But, in a decision supported by all his friends, he elected to serve out his time in full intellectual vigor. On his last trip to the mountains he advised us that if he were to die there, that's where he was to stay. And that is where we, who have lost so much, have taken his ashes.

WILLIAM L. PUTNAM and ANDREW J. KAUFFMAN

ALFRED ADOLPHE COUTTET
ARMAND CHARLET
GEORGES TAIRRAZ

Alfred Adolphe Couttet and Armand Charlet, two of the most distinguished guides in the history of the French Alps, died at Chamonix during the last year. Although neither was a member of the AAC, both led many AAC members on scores of first ascents and other challenging

climbs in the twenties and the thirties. Living in an era when pitons and other hardware were rarely used except to make a rappel easier or safer, they both did free-climbing ascents like the north ridge of the Aiguille de Géant and the Aiguille de la République which are rarely attempted today, even with our wide resources of mechanical aids. Couttet, in particular, was also a man of great depth of character, a philosopher, a lover of nature, a superb photographer and the French national ski champion of 1924. Those of us who had the privilege of climbing behind them and being taught by them will miss them both keenly—as lifelong friends and masters of their profession, at a time when professional guiding in the Alps was at its zenith. Georges Tairraz died in June. He was not only a gifted photographer of the heights but also a licensed member of the *Compagnie des Guides de Chamonix*. He made the first moving pictures of the traverse of the Charmoz and Grépon in 1927 and had a long and distinguished record of photography in the French Alps. Many of the extraordinary and beautiful pictures of Rébuffat were made by him.

BRADFORD WASHBURN

