

during which they crossed the range from Payu and mapped the country to the north, exploring the glaciers north and west of K2. They crossed the Aghil Pass and also the Shimsal Pass, eventually returning to India through Baltit. In 1938 he was again on Everest, and in 1939 was on the Hispar Glacier in the Karakoram working on a detailed map of the Hispar, Biafo and Punmah glacier systems when word was received of World War II. That ended the expedition but not Eric's contact with Central Asia, for from 1940 to 1942 he was appointed British Consul-General in Kashgar.

On his return to England in 1942 he married Diana Channer, who shared his love of wild country. For the next four years, however, they were usually separated as he was on government service in Iran and later with the British Military Mission in Hungary, but in 1946 he was returned to his former post in Kashgar and Diana accompanied him. There followed a tour as Consul-General in Kuming, China, where he held his post until after the Communists had taken over.

In 1951 Eric was back in the mountains, leading a reconnaissance of Everest from the south, an enterprise that discovered the route which has become the standard one today. At the last moment he added two New Zealanders to the party: George Lowe and Edmund Hillary, who distinguished themselves in the successful ascent in 1953. Eric was originally scheduled to lead the 1953 party too, but he preferred to take a small expedition and resigned when the Everest Committee insisted on a more military type of campaign. Thereafter his travels took him mainly to Patagonia, where he made numerous first ascents and served as adviser to the Chilean Government. His single expedition to Alaska came in 1966, when he joined an attempt on Mount Russell that Adams Carter and I will not forget.

Eric and Diana had two sons but their marriage was dissolved in 1952.

Eric was a delightful writer and his books include *Nanda Devi* (1936), *Upon That Mountain* (1948), *Mountains of Tartary* (1951), *Land of Tempest* (1963), and his autobiography, *That Untravelled World* (1969). His friends and acquaintances were of many races and nationalities. Spread across half the world, they will regret the loss of his companionship, understanding and humanity.

ROBERT H. BATES

#### DUSAN JAGERSKY

1940-1977

A few minutes before midnight on June 14, 1977, Dusan Jagersky and Al Givler were tragically killed while descending from the summit of a unnamed peak in Alaska's Fairweather range.

I met Dusan in early 1972, a few short years after he left his native Czechoslovakia to "seek a newer world." In his homeland, Dusan had been a professional mountain guide, but also found time to complete a number of difficult climbs in the High Tatras. In the Western Alps in 1967-68 he did the Matterhorn North Face, Martinelli Couloir on Monte Rosa and Lyskamm North Face, among others.

It was in this country, however, that Dusan came into his true element: demanding major alpine climbs in the best possible style. He was among the first who shed the cumbersome fixed-rope tactics of previous Alaskan expeditions, and instead forged new ways up difficult Alaskan peaks with the lightest possible resources. Perhaps the finest example is the remarkable climb he and Bill Sumner made in 1974 up the sheer ice of Mount Geist's northeast face in the Hayes range, traversing the ice-barnacled summit ridge, and then descending the mountain's north ridge that had repulsed two earlier Japanese expeditions. It was a tour de force.

The Fairweather range was Dusan's greatest passion. In the past five years, he dominated the climbing in this magnificent area of ice mountains bordering the Pacific Ocean. Starting in 1972 with a brilliant ascent of the 7000-foot northeast face of La Perouse's East Peak and a second ascent of Mount Bertha via a new route, he followed a year later with a 12½ day alpine-style traverse of Mount Fairweather and Quincy Adams. In 1975 he came back to make the first ascent of Peak 12,606. This past summer, he wanted to tackle an old nemesis, Mount Salisbury, or Mount Crillon, but had to settle for the smaller peaks of the Abbe group. On all these climbs, Dusan's forte was leading the most difficult ice pitches with enormous relish and total competence.

Dusan was far more than an outstanding climber. He was one of the most generous, warm-hearted persons I have known. A short man, powerfully built, he conveyed an impression of subdued mirth that would occasionally break out in gleeful exuberance. Yet, there was a deeply private side, a sensitive thoughtfulness that one infrequently sees in men of action, or as Bill Sumner so aptly put it, in a man who was "a place of power."

We shared so many joys in the mountains—in the Cascades and on three Alaskan expeditions. Dusan had looked forward eagerly to this summer's expedition to K2 where he wanted to test his considerable abilities among the highest mountains. All of us who knew and loved Dusan miss him terribly. Of only partial solace is the fact that he died at a time when his powers were at their fullest, when he was doing what he most wanted to do.

Dusan leaves his wife and closest friend, Diana; in Czechoslovakia, his mother and younger brother, Ivan.

JAMES WICKWIRE