

I do not know what made the man I knew, this gentle, kind, humorous man with a hint of stubbornness who hated injustice or cruelty and loved life, mountains, the sea, poetry, his animals and I must add red wine. But I do know, that most of all, he adored his two daughters, Anna and Flora who made him so immensely proud and later, when they came on the scene, his beautiful grandchildren.

Ian was an only child growing up in Africa with its 'big sky', spending time on his uncle's farm exploring and playing with the children of the African workers and in his teens, a Member of the Rhodesian Schools Exploration Society climbing and going on expeditions to the Chimanimanis. A bout of bilhazia was a challenge to his school days and he left early going to Rio Tinto Zinc where he was trained in cartography with any spare time taken up with climbing and playing clarinet. Then came part time call up to the Rhodesian army which he despised but would not let the brutality of it beat him into believing that this in any way could be what he wanted. He left Rhodesia for London where he had a few contacts he had met through the Salisbury Climbing Club. He was determined to change his life. He met John Cleare, the mountain photographer at the Alpine Club while he was looking for digs, ending up on John's floor in Blackheath, soon after they were climbing together.

So to Antarctica. A very significant part of his history and, having met other 'Fids' I see that this was so for all those who lived and worked there during that time.. I will not say much ..it is all in the book.

On returning he decided to take a teaching qualification, which he did, in St Luke's College Exeter.. graduating as an English teacher. Still climbing he met up with Wilfred Noyce who was subsequently killed in the Caucasus but Wilfred had started working on a book 'The Atlas of Mountaineering' and Ian was asked to continue it.

By this time I had met Ian in Lindisfarne College which was near my parent's home in Wrexham. He had taken a job as an English teacher so we spent time pouring over maps and photos or this is what we told my parents we were doing. The book was published in 1969.

Ian spent sometime teaching in Devon. and then went back to Rhodesia for 9 months working with the Rhodesian Broadcasting News Division. where he got involved in subversive activities against the right wing forces of the Smith Regime passing documents on to the Central Africa Party..

We were married in 1970 and Ian went to Oxford for an advanced teaching diploma where our first daughter was born. Ian's belief in the power of the natural environment in teaching and shaping young minds was evident and at the end of his time in Oxford a vacancy for Head of Centre for Outdoor Education at Woodlands in Powys came up. Professor Robin Hodgkin who was his tutor, friend and fellow climber said quite forcibly that he should apply for it. He got the job, even though when asked by the panel ..How long do you intend to stay here he answered, "I can guarantee a year," 28 years later and a thoroughly involved life in teaching skills of living together through outdoor activities he retired. So many people have written to say that their experiences at Woodlands were a significant part of their lives.

In 1976 we bought the cottage in St Nicholas where we lived continuously from 1992. Always involved in Outdoor Education he continued working during his 'retirement' and was on the Adventure Licensing Board. The Health and Safety Executive , The Duke of Edinburgh Expeditionary Panel. the BMC and set up a Charity, The Oxford Outdoor Learning Trust which made sure that young people from Oxford would continue to get the experiences in outdoor education. Ian always believed in the freedom of the mountains and countryside and worked and spent time on the Rights of Way Act, being acknowledged in Professor Kevin Gray's definitive book on Land Law published in 2001

Ian loved living by the sea, on the edge, marking time with the tides and the rhythms of the weather. He loved that I was involved in the Arts and he was a member of Fishguard Arts Society helping when he could and exhibiting photographs on occasions.

In the silence which now follows I have the memories of our travels together to Africa, Japan, India, Mexico and his delight in the countries and people we met making many new and good friends.

At his father's funeral Ian read The Dylan Thomas poem, 'Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night'. but I can say that Ian did not rage and rave at the dying of the light, he never admitted to old age and was always strong for those around him answering to the question "How are you?" with a nonchalant 'I'm fine' even up to his last day. To quote Dylan Thomas again, 'He may no longer hear the waves break loud on the seashores or the gulls cry but for him and for me I can sum it up with the other lines from the same poem.

*..Though lovers be lost love shall not*

*And Death shall have no Dominion*