



Peter F. R. Jackson

27 January 1926 – 8 December 2016
Chair of the IUCN/SSC Cat Specialist Group 1983–2000
Founder of Cat News

Peter Jackson achieved distinction in two careers - as a Reuters correspondent and as a leading wildlife conservationist.

Jackson, who died aged 90 in London on 8 December, was Reuters' chief correspondent in New Delhi from 1954 to 1960 and 1962 to 1970, covering most of independent India's early decades, John Rogers writes. Between his Delhi postings, he had a two-year stint in Rome.

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He had joined the news agency after National Service with the Royal Navy and a history degree at Cambridge.

His first posting, as correspondent in Pakistan, provided the setting for one of Reuters' great romances and his biggest scoop. Jackson was assigned to cover the May 1953 first ascent of Mount Everest, and worked closely on organising his expedition and on the story with Delhi correspondent **Adrienne Farrell**. They married the next year.

The Times had exclusive access to the first climbers to reach the summit of the world's highest peak, Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing Norgay, and the newspaper's correspondent, James (now Jan) Morris, was in touch with them by walkie-talkie radio. He broke the news of the ascent in a coded message to The Times.

But it was Jackson who got the first interviews and photographs of Hillary and Norgay.

He had trekked up with porters and an interpreter-aide to nearly 5,500 metres (18,000 feet) on the Khumbu Glacier on his way to the expedition's base camp. With Morris ensconced in the base camp, Jackson made his base at Thyangboche monastery, in the shadow of the world's highest mountain and on the route for messengers from the base camp.

After a frustrating two-week wait, a messenger raced through the monastery one day with an urgent despatch.

The Baron recalled the scoop on the 60th anniversary:

Jackson discovered the runner had been offered 200 rupees to get to Kathmandu in six days and he suspected the mountain may have been climbed. He trekked down to the small town of Namche Bazar where an Indian police officer manning communications let him see the message. It was from the expedition leader, Colonel John Hunt. "It said, 'snow conditions bad, advance base abandoned, yesterday'," Jackson recalled. "The policeman said I could send a message as well but I didn't. I knew it must be wrong as I thought they had got to the top."

Jackson's hunch had been correct - the message had been sent out in a pre-arranged code. "Snow conditions bad" meant Hillary, and "advance base abandoned" meant Tenzing...

Jackson waited for the climbers to come down to the monastery and was thrilled to be able to meet them. There were no other journalists in this remote place, and it was there he interviewed them and took the iconic picture of Hillary and Tenzing smiling at each other. "Hillary said to me, 'I feel very happy, I feel bloody good'. I changed it to 'damn good' as they wouldn't have printed it otherwise. Tenzing said he was happy but not tired... and having attempted the Everest climb seven times, he said he wouldn't do it again."

Jackson spent the night with the team and then followed them down to Kathmandu, taking more pictures. The expedition included an official photographer, but his work was published after the team got home. Jackson's work was splashed first across the Sunday Express and then newspapers all over the world... The Times paid Reuters the tribute of devoting half a column to the interviews.

Jackson's Everest expedition had a profound impact on his life. Not only did he and Farrell get married, becoming Reuters' team in New Delhi, but also it nurtured a life-long interest in the Himalayas, Nepal and mountaineering.

The Jacksons had a joint international scoop in 1959 with exclusive reports about the escape of the Dalai Lama from Chinese-occupied Tibet on horseback in a dust-storm and his arrival in India. Peter and Adrienne had met the Tibetan Buddhist leader three years earlier when he visited India for celebrations of the 2,500th anniversary of the Buddha's birth.

On 18 March 1959, an Indian journalist with senior government contacts called the Jacksons to his house. "He told us there had been riots in Lhasa and that the Dalai Lama had escaped and was heading for the Indian frontier. We broke the news in a Reuters report," Jackson wrote later.

Thanks to clever deduction from a conversation with a Tibetan contact, Peter and Adrienne scored again with news - a day before Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru announced it in parliament - that the Dalai Lama and his party had reached India after a trek of nearly two weeks and would be granted political asylum.

"No other agencies had the news, nor had the Indian press... Excited members asked why Reuters had the news, but the Indian press had not been told. Nehru smiled and said the Reuters report had been 'an intelligent guess'."

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Peter Jackson's long career in India shaped other lasting interests that would dominate his life, a love of wildlife - both birds and animals - and skill as a photographer.

Before the day's work, he would go out in the early morning from the Reuters office-cum-home on Prithviraj Road in New Delhi with his Hasselblad camera to take pictures of birds from hides around the city. One of his discoveries was an old *jheel* (lake) near Delhi that attracted large numbers of migratory birds. As secretary of the Delhi Birdwatching Society, he urged Prime Minister Indira Gandhi in 1970 to declare it a bird sanctuary. The Sultanpur Bird Reserve was established two years later and was upgraded to a National Park in 1989.

Another favourite spot was the Delhi rubbish dump, which attracted considerable birdlife.

Jackson's interest in India's endangered tigers developed throughout his years in the country. The declining tiger population was a dominant issue at the International Union for the Conservation of Nature IUCN assembly in Delhi in 1969, and this prompted closer involvement in the issue.

After leaving India and Reuters in 1970, the Jacksons moved to London and then to Switzerland, home of the IUCN and the World Wildlife Fund WWF. While Adrienne worked in Reuters' Geneva bureau, Peter was the WWF's Director of Information for nine years. He edited its yearbook, worked on tiger conservation and was a driving force behind India's Project Tiger, a government-backed scheme launched in 1973 to establish reserves.

One of the world's leading tiger experts, he became Chair of the Species Survival Commission's Cat Specialist Group in 1983 - a great honour for a non-scientist - and held the post for 17 years.

A newly identified sub-species, Malayan Tiger, was named *Panthera tigris jacksoni* in his honour in 2004.

The Jacksons returned to London in 2003. Adrienne died in January 2015. Peter's and Adrienne's three daughters - Paddy, Susan and Christina - and son David survive them.

John Rodgers

Published by *The Baron* Friday 16 December 2016: <http://thebaron.info/news/article/2016/12/16/obituary-peter-jackson>

Memories of our father

The name Peter Jackson inspires respect, even reverence, in certain circles. His achievements as a journalist, as a wildlife conservationist, as a photographer and as an author are well documented. But to us four he was simply “Daddy”, not to mention “Grandpa” to nine grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. We knew him as the strong, silent type, a man of few words, but one who was always there for us, a constant reassuring presence.

Together, our parents made a formidable couple, and it is hard to talk of one without mentioning the other. Their partnership, which lasted their sixty years of marriage, was one of equals, and our mother's support was crucial to our father's success from the beginning. They met, when, as foreign correspondent for Reuters in Karachi, he covered the first successful ascent of Mt Everest by Hillary and Tenzing in 1953, Peter trekking up to base camp and obtaining the first photos of and interviews with the climbers, Adrienne (née Farrell) providing back-up in Delhi.

Our father had joined the news agency after serving in the Royal Navy at the end of the Second World War and gaining a history degree at Cambridge University. Our mother, a linguist, had spent her war years at Bletchley Park, the now famous code-breaking facility (a secret she kept for

thirty years), before also joining Reuters. The Everest scoop sealed their reputations as pioneering journalists. Romance ensued and they were married a year later.

The now iconic image of Hillary and Tenzing smiling at each other following their descent also sparked a passion for photography. Our father's pictures have since adorned the cover of *The Smithsonian*, were turned into an Indian stamp and have featured in a wide array of books and magazines. Wildlife was his preferred subject: our mother would joke that the only way she could get him to take pictures of the family was by putting us in close proximity to a wild animal!

We had a golden childhood, growing up in India where our father was Reuters bureau chief for 20 years, with our mother working alongside him. The office adjoined our house in Prithviraj Road, New Delhi, and there was little separation between their work and our family life. We were in and out of the office at will, and the soundtrack to our early lives was the constant tickety-tack of the teleprinter as it spewed out miles of perforated white tape bringing breaking news from around the world.

In much the same way, our father's interest in wildlife permeated our childhood. We were often included in his early-morning birdwatching expeditions into the Delhi

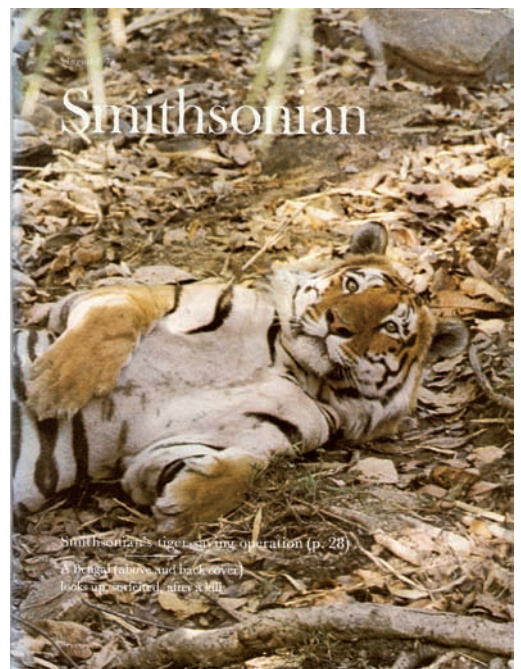


Peter and Rikki the mongoose.

countryside and in trips to game reserves. Something exciting or memorable always happened on them: catching and ringing birds with Salim Ali; a ride on the back of a domestic buffalo; canoeing on a jheel (lake); our very first sighting of a tiger in Sariska. On that last occasion, we can still recall the excitement of staying up all night in the watchtower and listening to the sounds of the jungle. A buffalo calf had been tied up near the water hole as bait (and we children prayed the tiger would not kill it). A sambar sounded the alarm and we knew something was close by. Then into the moonlight stepped the tiger, which crept down to the water hole to drink. Our father's excitement



Tenzing Norgay and Edmund Hillary after their successful ascent of Mt Everest 1953 (Photo P. Jackson).



Peter's famous tiger photo as a cover of the Smithsonian magazine in 1978 (Photo P. Jackson).

was as great as ours, because sightings of wild tigers were extremely rare in those days.

We had our own pets, a veritable menagerie, but our father would often bring back an injured or orphaned creature from his outings. On one occasion, it was a one-legged kite he had found on the Delhi rubbish dump and which used to sit on top of the toilet cistern and alarm visitors. His favourite was Rikki the mongoose, which as a baby lived inside his shirt but then graduated to his shoulder. Rikki had free run of the house, and loved chocolate, cheekily snatching it from our fingers just as we were about to take a bite.

That passion for the natural world turned into a career in conservation, taking us from India to Switzerland, which our parents made their home for the next thirty years. As Director of Information for World Wildlife Fund and then as a consultant, our father travelled the world. He had some narrow escapes, including one in the Amazon when he nearly disappeared over a waterfall after casting off and the outboard motor of the canoe failed to start. Thankfully, the local native Indian jumped out of the boat and was able to hold it while the engine was started. His other adventures – too many to recount here – were assiduously recorded in his journals, which we still have.

We remember our father as a man of routine. Every morning, without fail, wherever he was in the world, he would wake up to the 7 o'clock news on the BBC World Service. After we moved from Delhi to Bougy-Villars (Switzerland), he created an office in the attic. His desk was by the window with

a splendid panoramic view of Lake Geneva and the Alps, with Mont Blanc centre stage. When he turned freelance, he spent many hours up there, but he always reappeared at 7 pm when it was time for a drink, whisky for him, Campari for our mother. He would sit at his desk in the sitting room reading the Herald Tribune and listening to jazz and classical music. He credited his discipline and orderliness to his time in the Navy.

Our father was particularly adept at mending things and could always be relied upon to fix a broken tape recorder or household appliance. This occasionally got him into hot water when the world went from mechanical to electronic, because you cannot take the back off a computer and fix it – but that did not stop him trying! That said, he embraced the computer age with open arms. Self-taught, he was one of the first people we knew to use a small portable computer, a Tandy, way back in the 1980s. He was also recycling well before most other people, carefully collecting newspaper and glass, but also reusing every possible thing he could: from paper clips and elastic bands to old envelopes and wrapping paper, nothing was ever wasted.

Our parents' hospitality was legendary, and the house in Bougy-Villars was a regular way station for many a friend or colleague passing through Switzerland. Invariably there to greet them was our brother David, who has Down's Syndrome, whose warmth and affectionate nature were guaranteed to make guests feel at home. Many people have recalled with particular nostalgia the cherry-picking parties, held every year on a glorious sunny day in July. As our mother recalled: "We

had five beautiful trees laden with black Morello cherries and we invited between 40 and 50 people of all ages. But we always made the mistake of providing a huge Indian lunch, washed down by plenty of wine, so that not many cherries got picked!"

The moment came for them to leave their lovely house in Bougy, and they chose to move to Wimbledon, London. To some extent it was like a coming home for them after spending the greatest part of their lives abroad. They were very happy during their last ten years there: the flat was just the right size to house their most treasured possessions, had a spare room for David, which he immediately dubbed his second home, and shops and transport facilities on the doorstep. Our father particularly enjoyed being able to chat in English to the newsagent when he went to pick up his daily copy of The Times; he had never really mastered enough French to do that in Switzerland.

Our mother died in January 2015, aged 94. We are full of admiration for the devotion with which our father cared for her as she became increasingly frail, and for the stoicism with which he coped with his own declining health. Despite the toll his illness took on him, he never ceased to be the humorous, kind and courteous person he had always been. We feel privileged to have been part of his – indeed their – extraordinary lives and will miss them both terribly.

Paddy, Susan, Christina and David



The conservationist and the journalist: Peter at his legendary Tandy laptop computer in Mudumalai National Park, India.



The Jackson family at Olduvai Gorge, Tanzania, in 1968. Susan, Adrienne, David, Paddy, and Christina (Photo P. Jackson).

Remembering Peter Jackson

In late fall 1987, we had started the lynx research project in the Jura Mountains and put some large box traps out to capture and radio-collar the cats. Peter, who had been very interested in our work for several years, was excited – or, more correctly, he was pleased – because the project would be right in his backyard. But the winter was awful; too warm, too dry, no snow, no tracks, no lynx. Spring came, we went home to Gstaad for a few days, and the local game wardens were controlling the traps (we had no electronic alarm system, at the time). Of course, two days later, on 21 March 1988, a Monday, the first lynx was caught. We called Peter, and he was there hours before us, guarding the lynx in the box trap together with the local game warden Michel Conti. The two could not even speak together, as Michel spoke no English and Peter no French.

The lynx project in the Jura Mountains sealed our friendship with Peter, Adrienne and the whole Jackson family. Peter used the photo above as a frontispiece for *Cat News* 14 in January 1991. In this issue, he covered exclusively a conference on the lynx in Europe, which then took place in Neuchâtel, Switzerland, organised by the Council of Europe and the Swiss Office for the Environment. The conference was based on a pan-European review of the conservation status of *Lynx lynx* that we produced on behalf of the Bern Convention in 1990. Only we were not there. We were then working as post-doc fellows in northern Canada, and we did not have the money to travel back home just for a conference. When we came back to Switzerland, we had no place to stay, so Peter and Adrienne offered us to move into the ground floor apartment of their house in Bougy-Villars, asking a rent so moderate that we could indeed afford living for a while on the gold coast of Lac Leman. In 2000, Peter stepped down as Chair of the IUCN/SSC Cat Specialist Group, and we had the honour and burden to follow him in this function. We were fully aware that it would not be easy to replace a man with the charisma and reputation of Peter, but indeed, a lot of long-term Cat SG members supported us, above all Peter himself, who remained the grey eminence of the Cat SG, our main advisor, and, for some years, the editor and publisher of *Cat News*.



Urs Breitenmoser and Peter Jackson 31 March 1988 with Miro, the first Eurasian lynx radio-collared in the Jura Mountains, not far from Bougy-Villars.



The Cat Specialist advisory group discussing how to continue with the group after Peter Jackson stepped down. Swiss Alps, July 2001.

Now Peter has passed away, not too long after Adrienne. This is sad, but it was the end of two incredibly rich lives, inspiring to all who had the privilege to be part of their lives. We have asked a few “old” friends of Peter from various stages of his career as a conservationist to share their recollections with us. We are grateful to all who have been searching their memories and their photo archives to put together these pages and pictures to remember Peter. The first word went to the family, Paddy, Susan, Christina and David. Indeed, there was no border line between the professional and private lives of the Jacksons; all who have

visited the Jacksons have sensed and appreciated this. And the last word of these recollections is with the family, too. Laila, Peter’s granddaughter, is a cat expert and conservationist herself – and a member of the IUCN/SSC Cat Specialist Group. The show must go on.

Urs and Christine Breitenmoser

I first met Peter at the 1969 I.U.C.N General Assembly meeting in Delhi, undoubtedly the most significant international conference vis-à-vis wildlife conservation in India and the progenitor of Project Tiger. Peter was then working for PTI Reuters, as did Adrienne. Few are aware that he was the first foreign correspondent to interview Edmund Hillary after he and Tenzing Norgay ascended Everest in 1953. Peter came to Kanha National Park which was situated in the district then under my charge and I met him on my visits to Delhi.

Soon he joined WWF International stationed at Morges, Switzerland, and I spent many idyllic days in his lovely cottage high up on the hillside, watching Mont Blanc across Lac Lemman and birds feeding outside the window, saturated with Adrienne's hos-

pitality. Perhaps the most memorable days I ever enjoyed in Europe were climbing with Peter, Adrienne and my wife Kalpana after ibex and chamois in the Gran Paradiso National Park in Italy and after ibex in the mountains above Lausanne. Despite being 13 years my senior, Peter was a better mountaineer than I.

From the Peter Scott era of the S.S.C. and the IUCN and WWF meetings at Banff, Grand Teton and Yellowstone in 1972 onwards, as a vice-chairman of the SSC and a member of the Cat Specialist Group, my professional association with Peter lasted till he relinquished his position as chairman of the Cat Group. Always self-effacing and a team man, he moulded a mob of prima donna cat specialists into a cohesive unit, which combined to contribute. His industry

and determination were patent; his patience and perseverance remarkable.

Peter was not a scientist. His love for the tiger and for wildlife emerged in his middle age. He did lead from the front but carried his group forward as a team, which had an impact on cat conservation for which he claimed no credit and the extent of which was not realized till he left the scene. His role in conservation highlights paradigms not many realize – that man can do more than money in conservation, that determination and dedication can outweigh science and specializations, that a request can often achieve more than a command. This was valid in the era of Peter Scott and Peter Jackson, it is valid even now.

MK Ranjitsinh



Gran Paradiso National Park, Italy, July 1974 (Photo F. Vollmar).



Peter in the 1950s in his Delhi office as a Reuters correspondent.

As a career scientist studying so many things about the cat family, I personally will sorely miss the life and times of Peter Jackson. My students, colleagues and all cat devotees will feel the same. I met Peter three decades ago when he was the founder and editor of Cat News (still my favorite journal to read). I had known he was co-founder of Project Tiger in India that with Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, a close friend of Peter's, would alert the world to the critical decline of wild tigers. Peter loved India where he began his career as a journalist serving as chief correspondent for Reuters from 1954-1960 and 1962-1970. He actually was the first journalist to meet, photograph, and interview Sir Edmund Hillary on his descent from Mt. Everest in 1953. Peter was charming, gracious, studious and limitless in his depth of knowledge about cat

biology and lore, an enormous area since humankind has been including cats in literature, folklore and art for millennia. Peter kept up with it all. He personally knew all the researchers, zookeepers, field scientists, and policy wonks, because he organized them in the IUCN Cat Specialist Group which he chaired until 2000. He never took sides in squabbles. He made us all feel we were special in his amazing soft and deliberate manner. With his close compatriot and cat enthusiast Ulysses Seal, Peter approached me in the late 1980s and urged me to lead a molecular genetic validation test of the conventional (maybe anecdotal) subspecies classification of tigers. This issue was important to Peter, Ulie and to tiger conservationists since by then three of the eight named tiger subspecies (Caspian, Javan, and Bali tigers) had already gone ex-

tinct and tiger conservation was losing ground too rapidly. I readily agreed, but only under the condition that they work together to gather tissue specimens from tigers born in the wild from tiger ranges across Asia. It took a few years but Peter and all his friends delivered the goods; by the time my group took a close look they had gathered specimen materials from over 130 wild-born tigers.

The tiger subspecies study validated the reality and genetic distinctiveness (we could tell them apart in molecular terms easily) of the Amur, Bengal, Sumatran and Indochinese tiger subspecies, but there was a glitch. A group of tigers living in Malaysia, presumed to be Indochinese subspecies, were as distinctive in genetic terms from the mainland Indochina tigers as any other subspecies were from each other. DNA in species accumulates

variation over time providing a measure and chronometer for subspecies and species differentiation over elapsed time. So we had uncovered a novel tiger subspecies due to Peter's curiosity. We needed, to publish the new data, to revise tiger classification, and to select a name for the new subspecies.

Our research team decided to name it for a noted conservationist and the unanimous choice of the 25 co-authors of the study was 'Peter Jackson' - to honor his outstanding fruitful career in cat and tiger conservation. The Latin name for the Malayan tiger subspecies became *Panthera tigris jacksoni*. I notified Peter of this nomination and he was stunned and humbled, I can assure you. I flew to his home in Wimbledon to present the honor as *Panthera tigris jacksoni* and its publication was announced in a formal scientific publication.

For years Peter Jackson served as a catalyst – connecting experts interested in cats. His classic monograph on cat biology, taxonomy and conservation "Wild Cats: Status, Survey and Conservation Action Plan" co-authored with Kristin Nowell (1996) became a handbook for anyone researching the cat family and



Peter Jackson holding the scientific publication that named the Malayan tiger as *Panthera tigris jacksoni* in his home office in Wimbledon in 2004, with S. J. O'Brien (Photo Diane O'Brien).

their amazing specializations. He introduced young scientists from different disciplines to each other. One example beyond tigers, Peter Jackson introduced my former Ph.D. student Meredith Brown DVM and Bariushaa Munkhtsog to collaborate in a landmark study around clinical aspects of endemic FIV prevalence in Pallas cats in the Mongolian steppes.

In science it is said that we see so far because we all stand on the shoulders of giants. In those terms, there were never really any bigger and broader shoulders for us all in feline science and conservation endeavors than those of Peter Jackson.

Stephen J. O'Brien

I spent three summers at Peter's orderly, vibrant and generous household in Bougy-Villars in the early 1990s, working on the Cat SG's Cat Action Plan. Peter's "home office" (before that had become a common term) was upstairs in the converted attic, and back in those days before the Internet it was "the cat's miaow." He had a large and unique collection of books and scientific papers, and maintained a very active and data-rich mail correspondence which he filed meticulously for ready retrieval. The former journalist was always thirsty for new information; he answered the telephone with a quiet "Jackson here", the more quickly to cut to the chase, as he explained to me. I don't think there was any spot in the world I would have found a more interesting place to be at that time!

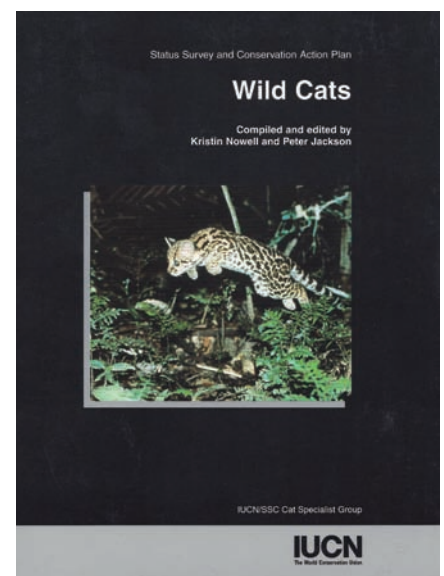
Peter and I worked often to a rumble of musical accompaniment, both from his wife Adrienne who, always tasking herself with learning a new skill, was studying Italian by playing opera while she did housework downstairs, or from their basement garage where their son David played the drums. There was a constant stream of fascina-

ting and distinguished guests from around the world, most often India; I became acquainted with many cat specialists in person over a fine meal prepared by Adrienne, toasted by David's "Buon appetito!" In the afternoons we frequently availed ourselves of the photocopier, fax machine and other advanced technology at IUCN headquarters down the road in Gland, and SSC staff would look up to greet us when Peter's arrival was heralded by the jingling noise of the huge bunch of keys he invariably carried in his pocket.

Peter was a man of regular habits, including listening to the BBC every night at 7 pm on his shortwave radio while enjoying a Scotch whiskey. He brought several bottles when he visited us a few years later in Etosha National Park. These were consumed in a single night at the Okaukuejo waterhole in an extended and no doubt fascinating (if we could just remember) session with Park staff and researchers. A few hours later, the sun had not yet risen when my husband was asked to invite Peter to accompany an aerial survey. When Peter answered his knock, it was apparent he had only just gotten to sleep. "Right,"

he said, "five minutes." And so he went, in his mild and dignified manner which belied his singular drive of energy, dedication and perseverance.

Kristin Nowell



The famous status survey and conservation action plan for wild cats edited by K. Nowell and P. Jackson, published in 1996.

The death of Peter Jackson on 8 December 2016 marks the passing of the greatest figure in the history of the IUCN SSC Cat Specialist Group, and one of the greatest leaders in cat conservation ever. Like many others who have contributed to the special issue of Cat News in Peter's honour, I owe Peter a huge amount.

I am not a specialist in wild cats. Indeed, much of what I know today about cat conservation comes from Peter. I started my work for IUCN SSC in late 1985 and moved to Switzerland in 1986. Of course Peter was already a legendary figure by then, but when I took the job with IUCN I hadn't realised that Peter was living in Switzerland. I remember coming into the office one day early in January 1986, and the then Executive Officer of the SSC, Bob Scott, told me to my surprise that Peter would like to meet me. We soon did and Peter was from then on a permanent fixture of my 16 years in IUCN headquarters. My job was to work with, and support, all of the SSC Specialist Groups. Peter had become Chair of the CatSG a few years before, and under his leadership it had become a dynamic, focused and engaged body. I don't think I ever did anything very useful to support the CatSG, but Peter was always an enormous help to me. Not only did he model for me an example of how a well-functioning Specialist Group should be led (which I could then use to help other SGs to develop), but he taught me many other things, such as:

1. How to navigate the conservation scene in India. I had never visited the country



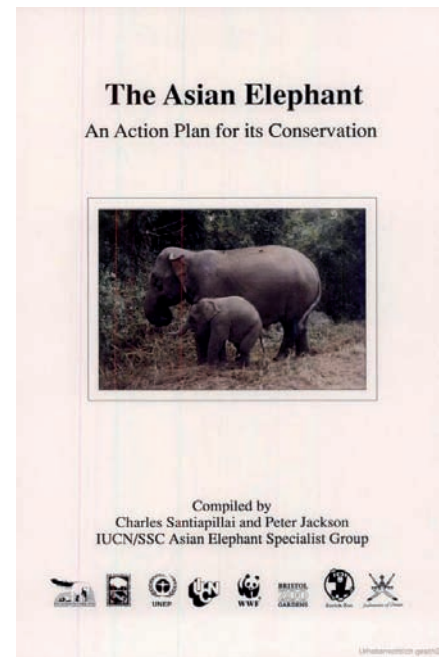
Adrienne and Peter on a visit to India in the early 1980s.

when I joined IUCN, but it is of course a critically important country for the SSC. Through Peter I met many of the important Indian conservation figures, many of whom made regular pilgrimages to Bougy-Villars – people such as J.C. Daniel, Dr M. K. Ranjitsinh, Prof D. K. Lahiri-Choudhury, Dr A. J. T. Johnsingh, Prof R. Sukumar, and many others.

2. Peter also taught me a great deal about operating effectively in a bureaucratic system (he had 30 years' experience from Reuters and WWF). He really understood how to get things done when the system was loaded against achieving anything, and how not to make enemies in the process. He also taught me about who were the trustworthy and less reliable people in the IUCN-WWF system (much of which is best not written down, even 30 years later!). But this was both accurate and invaluable guidance for a naïve young staff member of IUCN!
3. He also helped me and several others to learn the best natural history sites in the Geneva area. He knew the birds especially well. The crowning moment came when a pair of Wrynecks nested in the garden in Bougy-Villars, probably around 2000 I would think.

Peter was unusual among SSC SG Chairs as he was not a scientist by background. Even today it would raise eyebrows if a journalist was appointed to run an SG. But Peter was from an era of journalism which is sadly diminished today. He sought the truth, the facts, not just a sensational story. He had no interest in superficial institutional branding which seems to be in vogue now. In his quest for the truth, he was in many ways a scientist in practice. And his knowledge was phenomenal. He could speak at length about every cat species in the world, not just the tiger. He was also active in the Asian Elephant SG, and knew the wildlife of India back-to-front. But his knowledge and experience was by no means limited to mammals, or to Asia. You could turn to him for pretty much anything. And on top of all this, he was a kind, thoughtful, humble, humorous, and warm-hearted man.

Peter used to come into IUCN headquarters pretty much every day when he was not travelling. He helped himself to the phone, fax, telex (remember that?!) and photocopier, all in the interests of the CatSG. Everyone turned a blind eye as we knew it was money well spent and Peter was working



The IUCN Asian elephant action plan 1990, edited by Charles Santiapillai and Peter Jackson.

pretty much full-time without payment. It was before the days when a project code would have to be entered for pretty much everything. I was just one among dozens of people who hugely benefitted from his daily presence in the office.

Peter and Adrienne were also most hospitable. We went to their house many times, and they made their ground floor apartment available for key people in conservation. Kristin Nowell, Wendy Strahm, and, yes, Urs and Christine Breitenmoser were among those who lived there. For most of us, the icing on the already wonderful cake made by Peter and Adrienne was the annual cherry party. As Christina Grisewood (their daughter) recently wrote to me, the sun always seemed to shine on that particular day in July. Memorably, the parties also featured David (their son) on the drums! Sadly I had less to do with Peter after leaving Switzerland in 2001, as my IUCN roles gradually absorbed more and more of my time (probably I never really applied some of the lessons he taught me). We last met in 2007 in Oxford, and I last heard directly from him in 2011. But he and Adrienne still have a special place in my heart; I shall be indebted to them forever.

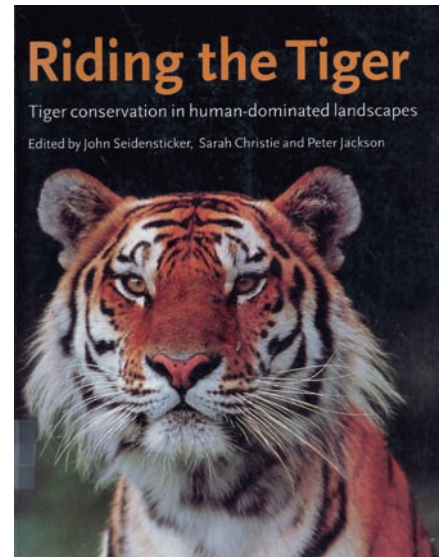
Simon Stuart

I was honored when in 1974 Paul Leyhausen asked me to join the IUCN Cat Specialist Group, of which he was first Chair. I was delighted when Peter Jackson took up the reins of Chair in 1983 because Peter understood the ins and outs of governments and NGOs that constrained and facilitated cat conservation. He understood that cat conservation action had drifted into an era of complacency.

After taking on the chairmanship of the Save The Tiger Council in 1996, I invited Peter to join the Council. Peter was instrumental, with Sarah Christie and myself, in convening the "Tigers 2000 Symposium" in 1997 at the Zoological Society of London. The proceedings were published as *Riding the Tiger: Tiger Conservation in Human Dominated Landscapes*. In 2008 Peter and I represented the Save The Tiger Fund Council, together with many other Cat Group members, in convening "The Year of the Tiger: Securing a Future for Wild Tigers" held in Dallas TX USA. The Tigers 2000 Symposium brought

non-government tiger people together; the Year of the Tiger Symposium brought together businesses, governments, and NGOs with tiger interests. These were unique opportunities to pull together and to build on the existing work in which so many people, like Peter, had invested so much of their energy and their lives to save wild tigers.

Peter was very serious about cat conservation, but an enduring memory of Peter is on the lighter side. From the mid-1980s until Peter retired, he usually stayed with Susan Lumpkin and me during his annual stopovers in Washington DC. On one occasion, Peter sitting at a table on my back deck, was typing away at something. I was putting in an irrigation system in my back garden. He saw I needed assistance and he came to help. Before I could warn him, he started to walk along the unsecured cap stones at the garden pond's edge. They tipped him right in. Peter rose dripping from the pond with a surprised, embarrassed, and at the same time laughing expression. His look was priceless.



Riding the tiger, released in 1999, a landmark publication in tiger conservation.

Peter's leadership and wisdom – and sense of humor – will be greatly missed.

John Seidensticker

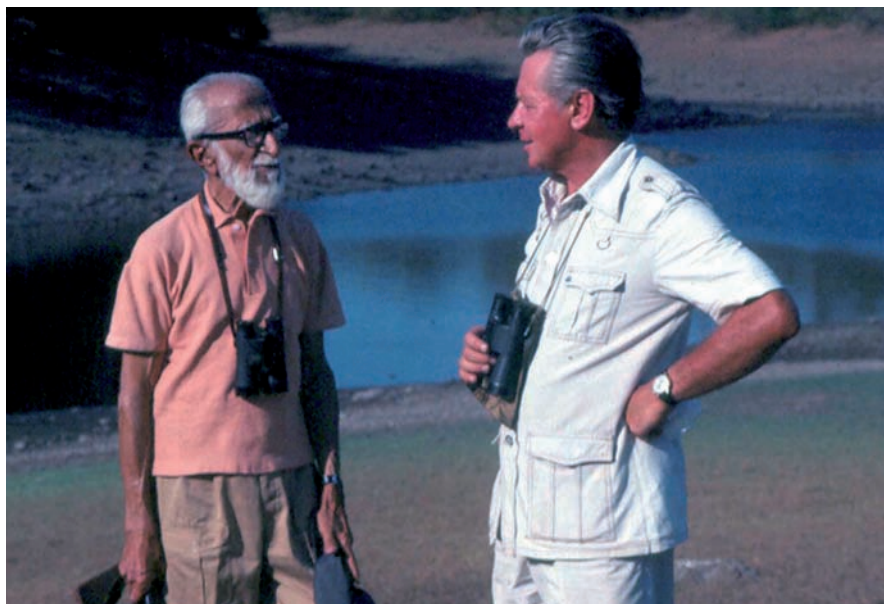
I did not know Peter very well, although I always felt I did. But I knew him for a very long time.

We first met shortly before Christmas in 1965. I had arrived in India a couple of weeks earlier, as a naive 21-year-old, there to study the voice of the Indian Hill Mynah bird in the wild. My supervisor in India was the wonderful leading ornithologist Dr Salim Ali. Before I made a trip north from Bombay to look for

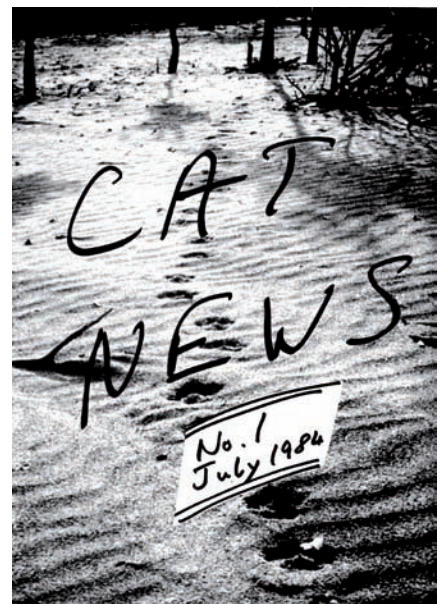
a suitable study area, Salim insisted that if I was going through Delhi I MUST call on this Peter Jackson, who was then working for Reuters alongside his passionate ornithological interests. So I did. Peter and Adrienne were characteristically hospitable and helpful, as they always have been to so many people over the years.

Several years later, having switched to lions, I was recruited to the new Cat Specia-

list Group, which sadly was rather inactive for its first few years. Like many others, I was amazed and delighted at how Peter invigorated it when he took over its chairmanship in 1983. The very enjoyable first CatSG workshop in Kanha in 1984, the authoritative 1996 'Wild Cats: Status Survey and Conservation Action Plan' which he edited with Kristin Nowell, and the stimulating 'Tigers 2000 Symposium' which



Peter the birder – here with Salim Ali, the famous Indian ornithologist, in 1979.



Cover page of the first Cat News July 1984.

he co-organised, are all tributes to Peter's kick-restarting of the CatSG. I am not sure that I have contributed much to the CatSG intermittently over the four decades, but his requests were always practical, friendly and to the point. The Cat Specialist Group that he established has been a shining example of getting a far-flung international

group to work together effectively, largely thanks to his leadership. And Cat News, which he initiated and edited so skilfully has always been a source of fascination as well as information.

And years later again, when he returned to Britain, it was a real delight to find that he had, and expressed, such a strong attach-

ment to the Wildfowl & Wetlands Trust Centre (the London Wetland Centre) which I had been instrumental (among others) in setting up at the Barn Elms reservoirs in the heart of London. I like to think that I helped in a very small way to give him pleasure there.

Brian Bertram

Peter Jackson: my grandpa, my inspiration

I have great admiration for people who break the mould within their families, within their communities. I didn't have to do that, because the greatest influences in my life had already shown me that there are no limits to where you can go, or who you can be. With a grandmother who was recruited to the code-breaking centre at Bletchley Park during World War II and became a pioneering foreign correspondent, and a grandfather who got the first photographs and interview with Hillary and Tenzing following their successful ascent of Mt Everest, and who, as a non-scientist, went on to chair the Cat Specialist Group for almost two decades, anything was possible. So my path into the world of conservation was a smooth one.

I lived very close to my grandparents while growing up, and spent a lot of time with them. The natural world and the pressing need to conserve it were the backdrop to my early years. Books on wildlife lined the walls, his photographs adorned them, and conserva-

tionists and cat specialists from around the world were regular guests. Grandpa would most often be upstairs in his office in the attic, fulfilling, I was sure, his mission to protect the world's wild cats! From his distribution among the grandchildren of miniature salt, pepper, and jam packets as mementoes from his travels, to seeing our names in print as dedications in his books, conservation was a family affair. And nothing was too big or too small for Grandpa; he would roll his sleeves up to help a distant school child with her homework assignment on tigers with no less rigour than to co-author the global action plan for wild cats. My travels these past ten years among the conservation community have held one common theme. When the subject of my grandfather comes up, I am told of the time he helped someone get a grant, or another make a connection with a PhD supervisor, or yet another to set up a committee. Grandpa's role was above all as a communicator, and a facilitator. He offered his shoulders so that

many a person or project could get off the ground, and seemed not to be affected by the competitiveness that plagues our field and compromises our best intentions.

With the passing of first my grandmother two years ago, and now Grandpa, I feel the loss of a generation who dedicated their lives to building a future for those who would follow, now replaced by a generation whose vision of the future ends with its own demise. But I won't get too morose; Grandpa wouldn't approve. Instead, I will keep the memory of them close, and when I get petty or short-sighted, I will recall something they would say to get me back on track. And so beyond the inspiration and encouragement that led me to where I am today, what my grandfather (and grandmother, because they really were a unit) gave me is the best example of humanity and integrity, one that I shall cling to as I attempt to make their memory live on through my work.

Laila Bahaa-el-din



Peter all set for Everest expedition in 1953



60 years on, Laila all set for Gabon expedition

Two generations apart: Peter Jackson ready for his expedition to track Hillary and Tenzing, and Laila Bahaa-el-din ready for her expedition to track the African golden cat.