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OF BRITISH MEMBERS
OF THE
SWISS ALPINE CLUB



JOURNAL 1963
and
Annual Report 1962

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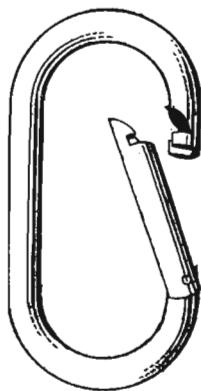
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A. B. M. S. A. C.

JOURNAL

1963

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M. BENNETT, 'AC.' (Diablerets), 5 Saville Close, Bodley Road, New Malden, Surrey.

J. P. LEDEBOER, (Diablerets), Flat 28, Shrewsbury House, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3.

Hon. Treasurer : F. R. CREPIN, 'AC.' (Geneva).

EDITORIAL

THE Annual Report, or the Journal as it may now be called, appears this year in a new guise. It was felt that an Association of our size should be able to turn out something comparable with the productions of other and often smaller clubs; so here is a start. The text embodies most of the features of the old Report, except for the Members List, which in future will be issued separately in the same format as before. A complete Members List will come out in alternate years only, with in the intervening years a list of amendments showing new members and changes of address.

The success of any club journal depends on the soundness of its finances and on the willingness of members to contribute. We hope to be able to take care of the former; as to the latter, members can contribute in two ways, and first by sending in notes on their year's climbing. People are sometimes shy of proclaiming in print that they have done some very ordinary climb. But we are not all 'tigers', and in the aggregate, as *Climbing in 1962* in the present issue shows, even a bare list of activities from walking to Grade VI has a certain interest both as a record and as a source of ideas for others. Contributions for this feature must reach the Hon. Editor by 15th November at latest.

Members with ideas for articles should in the first instance write to the Hon. Editor. Articles should normally be about 2,000 words and be accompanied by at least one photograph. Here, too, we are not only interested in accounts of outstanding climbs or expeditions, but also in accounts of quite modest adventures, especially in less familiar areas, or articles dealing in a fresh and unhackneyed way with any subject more or less connected with mountaineering.

It is one of the most endearing qualities of climbing as a sport that there is as much pleasure to be got out of doing it badly as out of doing it well. Similarly, the best articles about climbing are not always those with the most spectacular subject matter. Moreover, we are sometimes inclined to take ourselves too seriously, and we feel that there is room for a light-hearted, even a frivolous approach. Aspiring contributors need not therefore feel that they have to provide something factually new; and although it may be more difficult to write entertainingly than to retail information we hope that some attempts will be made.

We are aware that this first issue of the Journal is in many ways an under-nourished infant, but we hope that members will receive it kindly and help it to grow in stature with the years.

CLUB NOTES.

A PART from what might be described as our major functions such as the Annual Dinner and the Easter Meet, of which an account will be found elsewhere, seven evening meetings were held at the Alpine Club, at which we were entertained by the following lectures, all of them illustrated by slides.

Wednesday, January 24th:

The Central Pillar of Frêne—by Mr. C. J. S. Bonington.

Wednesday, February 28th:

The Kandersteg Meet. This was a family affair, when several members also showed slides of their activities in various other districts.

Wednesday, March 28th:

Tarentaise—by Mr. Michael Westmacott.

Wednesday, May 2nd:

Three Men on the Reeks—by Mr. Derek Lambley.

Wednesday, June 27th:

The R.A.F. Karakoram Expedition—by Group Capt. A. J. M. Smyth.

Wednesday, September 26th:

Flowers from the Pyrenees to the Julian Alps—by Mr. A. J. Huxley.

Wednesday, October 24th:

Iceland—by Mr. D. M. Clarke.

A Ladies Night Dinner was held on May 30th at the Connaught Rooms and this was attended by 101 members and guests. Mr. C. J. S. Bonington was the guest of the Association and gave a lecture on the expedition to Nuptse in 1961.

We are much indebted to these members and visitors for making these meetings such a success, but perhaps especially to Mr. Bonington. We were fortunate in having him with us twice in what even for him must be regarded as a 'vintage' year, including as it did the first British ascent of the Eiger North Face (with Ian Clough), and the Walker Spur of the Grandes Jorasses in record time.

Meets in 1963

The attention of members is drawn to the list of evening meetings for 1963 which has already been issued. The Easter Meet will be held at the Glen Aber Hotel Bettws-y-Coed from April

10th to 17th. In accordance with our recent practice of holding an Alpine Meet in alternate years, there will be one this year at Zinal from August 8th to 22nd.

Officers and Committee.

Dr. A. W. Barton was elected President in succession to Mr. B. L. Richards, G.M., whose term of office has expired. Mr. F. Solari was elected Vice-President in place of Mr. D. G. Lamb'ey, whose term of office has expired. On the resignation of Mr. F. E. Smith as Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. P. Ledebor was elected in his place.

The following members of the Committee retired having completed their terms of office: Messrs. Flook, Holton, Kempson, and Schweitzer. A further two vacancies were caused by the death of Captain M. F. R. Jones, and the elevation of Dr. Barton to the Presidency. To the seven vacancies were elected Messrs. P. Andrews, R. W. Jones, G. A. Hutcheson, D. G. Lambley, L. R. Pepper, R. Quine, and F. E. Smith.

Monsieur Roch was co-opted in accordance with the provisions of Rule 6(b) in place of Herr Vogelbacher, and also Mr. M. N. Clarke.

The remaining members of the Committee, being eligible, were re-elected.

Membership.

The number of members is now 717, and an analysis of the list shows their distribution among the various sections to be as follows:—

Altels	13
Diablerets	82
Geneva	61
Grindelwald	70
Interlaken	14
Monte Rosa	342
Oberhasli	11
Other Sections	23

The membership of the Swiss Alpine Club itself is now over 40,000 in 92 sections.

During the past year 82 new members have joined, but 9 have died and 79 have resigned or not paid their subscriptions. The total is now made up as follows:

Honorary Members	9
Life Members	145
Ordinary Members	549
Retired List	14
Total 1st December 1962	717

New Members.

Although the numbers have been creeping up over the past few years, we feel that they should and could creep faster. It is hoped that members will make every effort to obtain recruits. Anyone wishing to join should write in the first instance to the Hon. Treasurer, A.B.M.S.A.C., c/o Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2.

The subscription to the Association (due on 1st January) is £1 for Town members and 10/- for Country members. A Country member is one who resides outside a radius of 50 miles from Charing Cross. There is no entrance fee. Life membership costs £16-16-0 for Town members and £8-8-0 for Country members.

The subscriptions to the Sections of the S.A.C. vary slightly, and a list of some of them will be found on page 42. A complete list of Sections was published in *Les Alpes* for June 1962. It probably does not matter greatly which section one joins; some speak French, others German; and a study of the programme in *Les Alpes* would probably reveal that some Sections offer more than others in the way of tours.

Resignations from the S.A.C. must be sent to the Hon. Treasurer before 15th December, as unless they are received by the Central Committee in Switzerland by 31st December the subscription for the ensuing year is deemed to be due and will be claimed. Members who have not paid by 31st March will cease to be entitled to any of the privileges of membership and notices of meets and meetings will not be sent to them.

Swiss Section Climbs.

The attention of members is drawn to the numerous excursions and climbs which are arranged by all the Sections of the S.A.C. and by the Central Committee and which afford an opportunity for some

extraordinarily good climbing at a very moderate cost. Although perhaps it is preferable to climb with one's own Section, one can always join a climb of another section—and, further one can always be assured of a very hearty welcome, though, of course, a knowledge of the language is desirable. For those who want to cut down expenses these Section Climbs prove invaluable.

Details of these tours appear from time to time in *Les Alpes*, but at the time of going to press only some of those planned for 1963 have been published. In *Les Alpes* for November details were given of a rock-climbing course at Rosenlauri, a spring ski tour from the Diablerets to the Grimsel, and a summer tour to the Pala and Brenta Dolomites. Members who are interested may obtain further information from the Hon. Treasurer.

Insurance against Accidents.

This covers all members and the premium is included in the annual subscription. It is a contract between the Swiss Alpine Club and the Swiss Insurance Companies, and it is renewed from year to year on the same terms unless notice of termination is given by either side. The sum insured varies according to the sections; with some it is 10,000 francs and with others 8,000 francs payable at death, or proportionately for permanent disablement. The Insurance covers the Central European Alps, the Jura, Pyrenees, Appenines, Carpathians, Vosges, Black Forest, **England, Scotland and Wales**, but it does not cover Norway, Himalaya, etc. Members however, are NOT covered against medical expenses, and to obtain this extra cover an additional premium must be paid.

For the full terms of the contract of Insurance, members should apply to the Honorary Treasurer. See also *Les Alpes* for October, 1962.

The attention of members is particularly drawn to a Clause under which the Insurance Companies decline responsibility for accidents to solo or improperly equipped climbers or anyone unaccompanied by a person of over 17 years of age.

Correspondence.

All letters on Association business must be addressed to the officer concerned by name at the addresses given on the list to officers, and should be distributed as follows:

To the Hon. Treasurer. Those concerning subscriptions, membership, change of address, and insurance. All letters should

be addressed to Hon. Treasurer A.B.M.S.A.C., c/o Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2.

To the Hon. Secretaries. Those concerning the Association meetings to Mr. Ledebor. Those concerning Meets to Mr. Bennett. Other communications may be made to either Secretary.

To the Hon. Editor. Articles and other information for the Journal.

To the Hon. Librarian. Letters should be sent to him at his private address. Books should be returned to him at the Alpine Club.

The Librarian's Report

When the present librarian took over in 1952 after an interregnum of several months, the demand for books was disappointingly small. Within twelve months it had increased quite encouragingly but once a yearly average of thirty or thirty-five readers had been reached, no further progress was made and then, in 1958, the number dropped to a mere twenty-three. Last year, in 1962, only 28 members borrowed books from the Association's library, namely 37 books of general Alpine literature, 21 guides, 10 journals and 5 maps. The postal service was little used. The high rates for parcel and book post may well have had a deterrent effect. Readers, however, were appreciative and generous with contributions amounting to £5. 4s. 9d. towards library expenses.

Bargains. The sale of surplus stock continued in 1962 though on a smaller scale than formerly. During the past four years a total of £33. 3s. 0d. was obtained. Many sound bargains are still available.

Additions and Thanks. Our list includes all books added to the library during the financial year 1961-62 and a few obtained by donation or purchase since September. Valuable gifts were received from our member, Mr. R. J. Sanders, from the office of the late C. T. Lehmann, and through the agency of the British Mountaineering Council from the estate of Mr. W. G. S. Brook, A.C. We gratefully acknowledge the Alpine Journal handed to the Association by Mr. T. S. Blakeney, the beautiful Journal of the F. & R.C.C. kindly sent by Mrs. Files, and the contributions to our skiing literature from the Ski Club of Gt. Britain and from Mr. F. Johnson and passed on to us by Mr. M. N. Clarke. A former member of the Climbers Club who now lives in South Africa has given us a number of C.C. Journals to fill gaps in our series. Efforts to obtain the latest editions of this excellent journal for hard cash or as a gift have so far failed but will be resumed.

The publications of a number of S.A.C. sections and the attractively produced monthly of the Swiss Frauen-Alpenclub have been regularly received. Finally, the librarian would thank members of the Committee who are now studying ways and means of effecting improvements and Mr. J. Kemsley for his practical help on several occasions.

The Library at 74, South Audley Street, London, W.1, can be visited by members during normal office hours and in the evening whenever an A.B.M.S.A.C. meeting is held. Please bring your membership card along.

Most books may be borrowed for 4 to 6 weeks, but guide books and maps should be returned as speedily as possible. Contributions to the expenses of the postal service are welcomed.

THE ANNUAL DINNER

THE Annual Dinner was held at the Connaught Rooms on Wednesday, 28th November. The President was in the Chair, and no less than 122 members and guests were present—a record, apart from the Jubilee Dinner.

The guests of the Association were: His Excellency the Swiss Ambassador and Madame Daeniker; Mr. J. L. Longland (Vice-President of the Alpine Club and President of the British Mountaineering Council); Miss M. P. Darvall (Ladies Alpine Club); Mr. R. A. Tyssen-Gee (Fell and Rock Climbing Club); Mr. H. Beddington (Wayfarers Club); Mr. S. J. G. Hutchinson (Midland Association of Mountaineers); Mr. M. H. Key (Imperial College M.C.); Herr T. von Speyer (President of the City Swiss Club) and Madame von Speyer; Mr. G. Unsel and Mr. A. Kunz (Swiss National Tourist Office).

Representatives of the Austrian Alpine Club, who celebrate their centenary this year, and the Mountain Rescue Committee had also been invited, but were unable to attend.

Mr. L. A. Ellwood, in proposing the toast of "The Swiss Confederation" sketched the main cities with his expert knowledge and recalled his first breakfast on Basle Station in 1907. Since then he had seen great developments in the tourist industry and it had given him great pleasure to attend the 50th anniversary celebrations at the Britannia Hut this year.

The Swiss Ambassador in his reply expressed his pleasure in attending the Annual Dinners. He went on to honour us by presenting a copy of the Charter of the Swiss National Exhibition to be held in Lausanne with the invitation to all members of the Association to visit it in 1964. Another important event was the centenary in 1963 of the Swiss Alpine Club, which had done so much since its formation to safeguard the accessibility of the high summits. 1964 would also be the centenary of the first Cook's tour to Switzerland, described so delightfully in the diary of "Three Young Ladies in Switzerland", of which he kindly made us a presentation copy. As for the Britannia Hut, it had been a particular pleasure to visit it on holiday this year, even though he could not attend the celebration.

The President thanked the Swiss Ambassador most sincerely for his two gifts. He read a telegram from our old friend, Monsieur Egmond d'Arcis sending his greetings, together with a letter on similar lines from Mr. Howard Somerville, President of the Alpine Club. After reviewing the activities of the year, he paid tribute to the various officers of the Association, the Swiss National Tourist Office and the unfailing support of the Swiss Ambassador and his wife. In emphasising the importance of our special ties with Switzerland, he was particularly gratified on retiring as President to feel that the Association was a "happy ship".

Professor Noel Odell then proposed the toast of "the Guests and Kindred Clubs". He gave the most interesting account of the two years he had recently spent in Pakistan, where he had been delighted to encounter a member in the person of Mr. Holdsworth. He recalled memories of the various clubs in earlier years, and mentioned that he had been among the first climbing parties to use the Britannia Hut in 1912.

Mr. Jack Longland, deputising for Mr. Peter Lloyd, Vice-President of the Alpine Club who was ill, responded with his usual wit and regaled us with the subterfuges of being inveigled to speak. He then paid tribute to the Association in fostering friendship between Britain and Switzerland.

Finally, Mr. Roy Crepin proposed the toast of "the President and the President Elect", expressing great appreciation of the conscientiousness of Mr. Bryan Richards and our pleasure that his wife had now recovered from her illness. He then wished every success to Dr. Barton as our new President. This concluded a most successful evening, for which our thanks were particularly expressed to Mr. F. E. Smith in his last year of office for all his efforts.

EASTER MEET, 1962.

THE Easter Meet in 1962 was held at the Grand Hotel, Fort William, from April 18th to April 25th. Unlike our previous visit, we were favoured this time with almost unbroken fine weather; there were no wholly sunless days, and the clouds that occasionally settled over Ben Nevis lacked weight or persistence. Indeed, more than one member had cause to regret that he had left his glacier cream at home; and sunburn on a Scottish meet is rare enough to be remembered.

There was a lot of snow when we arrived, still lying down to about two thousand feet, and conditions on the higher ridges were Alpine. No excuses were needed to forego climbing rocks in favour of the ridge walks, tedious enough in summer, but rewarding in snow both in themselves and for the beauty of the views from them. Various parties went round the Carn Mor Dearg arete, the long traverse of the Aonachs from Steall to the Distillery, and several combinations of the horseshoes on the Mamores from Stob Ban to Am Bodach, though nobody managed to take in Bhideann.

Ben Nevis itself by the tourist path was pleasanter to come down than to go up, though some of us did it, and several hundred others, including one young lady in very tight jeans and slippers. A toboggan run, without toboggans, had been made by the passage of many bottoms for two hundred feet or so by the side of the Red Burn. This was wet and hard on the trousers, but good fun. On the other side, the popular gullies were clearly becoming dangerous on the last few days, with masses of wet snow ready to slide. One party on the last day went up the Castle Ridge on almost dry rocks, and enjoyed a run down over snow covering the detestable boulders all the way to the Lochan.

Several members had intended to join our proposed extension meet at Kinlochewe. In the event, all backed out except one, and Mr. Brooke was left to explore the mountains of Wester Ross on his own.

Altogether, this was one of the most enjoyable meets of recent years, and the tally of twenty-four members was made up as follows: The President and Mrs. Richards, Dr. & Mrs. A. W. Barton, Mr. & Mrs. M. Bennett with David Bennett, Mr. & Mrs. F. R. Crepin, Mr. & Mrs. D. G. Lambley with Julian Lambley, Mr. & Mrs. F. B. Porges, Mr. & Mrs. G. Starkey, Mrs. Frank Solari, and Messrs. G. R. E. Brooke, J. L. Clements, W. R. Jeurwine, J. P. Ledebor, R. Quine, F. E. Smith, and R. Wendell Jones. Frank Solari took time off from presiding over the Rucksack Club's meet to pay us a visit one evening.

THE BRITANNIA HUT JUBILEE.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Britannia Hut, which had been built with funds collected by the Association, fell on 18th August 1962. For various reasons it was not possible to keep the actual day, but a programme of celebrations arranged by the Geneva Section of the S.A.C. took place at the hut on 8th and 9th September. This being after most people's holiday time no more than four British members were able to be present:—Mr. E. H. Bott and Mr. W. A. Bourne with their wives, Mr. L. A. Ellwood, and Mr. Howard Whitaker. Our Treasurer and Mr. F. E. Smith who had both made a special effort to attend, were unavoidably prevented at the last moment.

The Saturday evening, 8th September, was completely informal. There was an excellent supper with plenty to drink, and the British party were treated as guests by the Geneva Section. Monsieur Briquet, President of the Geneva Section, and his colleagues did their utmost, with complete success, to make the evening a thoroughly enjoyable one.

The celebrations on Sunday were more formal but very apt. They started late because M. Briquet still cherished a hope that our Treasurer might be able to come up and accordingly held back until it became clear that this was not practicable. Finally, M. Briquet himself opened the proceedings at about 9.45 a.m. with a warm and sincere speech in which he paid tribute to the A.B.M.S.A.C. not only for their generosity in founding the hut, but also for their continuing interest as had recently been demonstrated by the provision of new furnishings for the common room. In the course of his speech he said that he had received a message from our President expressing his regret that he and Mrs. Richards could not be present and his appreciation of the arrangements which the Geneva Section had made to mark the occasion. He also expressed Mr. Smith's regret that he too had been prevented from attending at the last moment. M. Briquet added how much he and his colleagues appreciated the effort that Mr. Smith and his companion had made.

Mr. Ellwood was the next speaker, and appropriately so; for not only was he by far the most senior British member, but he had been present, at the tender age of 10, at the opening of the hut in 1912. He made a most felicitous speech in French, German, Italian, and English, and it was rounded off by the British delegation singing with enthusiasm, if not very tunefully 'For he's a jolly good fellow' as a personal tribute to M. Briquet.

The religious services followed—first the Catholic and then the Protestant. The Roman Catholic service consisted of a Mass

said by the Curé of Almagel, and the Protestant, conducted in French, was simple but moving, with a particularly eloquent address by Pastor Martin of Geneva. The Pastor presented to M. Briquet a family Bible as a gift from the Protestant Church of Geneva to the Geneva Section of the S.A.C. for use at the Britannia Hut; and also a climbing rope—a gift from the Monte Rosa Section to form part of the rescue equipment of the hut.

After the services there were further speeches—from M. Bellau, President of the Monte Rosa Section, M. Schmidt, representing the Central Committee of the S.A.C., and finally from M. Baumann, President of the Saas commune. M. Baumann delivered a warm message from the Swiss Ambassador in London, M. Daeniker.

When the speeches were concluded the Geneva Section provided lunch at the hut, and the British party were again guests. Originally it had been intended to climb the Egginerhorn, but there was now no time for this, and in the afternoon most of the party returned to Saas Fee.

Two events marred an otherwise perfect day. First, the Geneva Section had commissioned a beautiful wooden plaque with gilt letters commemorating in English and French the gift of furniture from the Association to mark the occasion. This had been wantonly defaced by some occupants of the hut a short time before the ceremony. The gilt letters were superimposed on the wood and a number of these had been removed. M. Briquet was much upset by this and expressed his great disappointment that in the circumstances he was unable to make a formal presentation. He said that his Committee were determined to put up a suitable plaque and had decided that the new one should be engraved.

The second misfortune was the breaking of a leg by a member of the Geneva Section on the way down. He was descending the glacier at a great pace, when one leg dropped through into a small crevasse and was broken by the forward momentum. Herr Geiger was called in and the casualty was taken off to Geneva by helicopter. A week later, however, he was reported to be cheerful and making a rapid recovery.

Despite these two episodes the celebrations on the two days will be remembered as an enjoyable and successful occasion. In conclusion, we should like once more to thank M. Briquet and the Geneva Section for arranging so appropriate a ceremony, and also for the most kindly hospitality accorded to the British party.

(We are indebted to Mr. Howard Whitaker and Mr. Ellwood for the substance of the above account. — Ed.)

OLYMPUS.

By *R. Wendell Jones.*

AROUND midday in all the heat of Grecian August, Wynne Jeudwine, Donald Clarke and I, each staggering under a fifty pound load, crept slowly up the dusty foothills of Olympus. "Mad dogs and Englishmen . . ." was the refrain that seared my brain; a variation from the usual Alpine "What am I doing this for?"

It had been early summer, when the final decision to break with tradition and forsake the Alps had been made. The romantic lilt of Olympus' name had conquered even the Matterhorn; more prosaically, I found that the journey could be done for £28 return.

Our information about the mountain was scanty indeed. Olympus is a massif with at least five separate summits rising 9,500 feet out of the coastal plain, some fifty miles from Salonika. It can claim to be the highest peak in the Balkans, and, rising straight out of the sea, must exceed many Alpine summits in relative height. Above all, it was there that Homer sited the palaces of the Gods; on those heights sat Pallas Athene and Here, sipping nectar; in such a spot did Thetis perpetually plead to Zeus the wrongs of proud Achilles.

Unfortunately this added little save inspiration to the local geography. Wynne obtained a map—1:100,000—from the Greek Alpine Club. This document was soundly berated on occasion but at least it showed a hut on the Eastern slopes. Prudently we decided that food would not be provided and had better be carried: less prudently, we dispensed with the eagerly profferred services of the local mules and became beasts of burden ourselves.

Three days later we reached the hut. There is much to be said in favour of reaching a hut in three days: it enables one to spend two slightly uncomfortable nights on the way: each of these nights must be specially bedded down and provided with water and catering facilities: in no time at all you have Camps I and II christened and set up among the prowling beasts, and the whole thing begins to creak like an expedition. I might add that the mules do the journey in one day.

Camp I was sited on a forest slope, one hundred yards from the only water for miles. It was so late when we located this spring that we finished supper in darkness and had to bed down by torch-light. Consequently we each spent the night with our feed propped against the tree of our choice trying vainly to avoid a downhill slide. Only once was the chirping of the cicadas broken. Our youngest

member deemed the occasion suitable for flash photography: so long did it take him to assemble his apparatus and to read the instructions, that the ultimate flash, when it came, woke Wynne with a scream, that practically ejected him from his sleeping-bag.

Dawn found us pleasantly cooking breakfast under the trees. We suspected that we were off course, and this view was confirmed when our path led us down to the gorge, where we bathed our sweating bodies in the ice-cool waters of the Mavrolongos, in a blissful cascade in the woods below the ruined monastery.

Camp II lay underneath a walnut tree above the spring of Prioni, a place of roving beasts and things that go bump in the night. We lay, tentless, in a row, till midnight when a hound, passing a foot from his ear, caused Wynne to give forth to such a yell that made of its predecessor a pale parody. Waked from imaginative sleep to the horror of attack by savage creature, I hurled myself, sleeping-bag and all, to his assistance. Unfortunately my sense of direction was uncertain, and a soundly-sleeping Don awoke to find himself engaged in mortal combat with his neighbour. The dog fled affrighted.

The third day took us a further three thousand feet up the mountainside, initially through softly-lit beechwoods, later to the harsher realities of hundreds of lightning-blasted pines in the fierce heat of mid-morning. In the midst of these stark tributes to the prowess of Zeus the Thunderer, there on a promontory, and not too soon, we found the hut. It was an idyllic place. Below, the eye traced a course down through the woodlands, and, through the neck of the gorge, picked out the distant houses of Litochoron and, ten miles away, the blue Aegean.

Kostas Zelotas, the hut-keeper, a broadly-smiling, black haired Greek, welcomed us in excellent English. With him were his mother and his wife, a pretty German girl, and the latter's mother from Hamburg. She, poor lady, with one daughter in Newcastle and another in Hellas, commuted distractedly between the two, and prompted a cynic to express surprise that even on Olympus you couldn't escape your mother-in-law.

The hut was well stocked with viands as all idyllic huts should be: our progress on the way up had been accelerated by the sight of mule-borne empties coming down. Even water, Kostas assured us, came from melting snow, five minutes away—"The last snow on Olympus".

For the next three quarters of an hour the expedition spread-eagled itself over the mountainside in vain attempt to find this spring. Eventually, after being re-directed we located a delectable

trickle, issuing forth from a piece of drainpipe, beyond a minor rock-climb in the next gully but three. It became a much frequented tea-brewing site until the next thunderstorm restored the hut's own water supply.

But what of the mountains; of cloud-kissing Olympus, palace of the Gods; of Mytikas and Thronos Dios and that other peak indicated so improbably to the prophet Elijah? Having left England on Saturday, we were still peakless the following Friday morning. However the situation was soon rectified. A well-marked track, which we were to come to know very well over the next few days, led upwards through the trees and on to the arid hillside. A thousand feet up it divided; one branch led us on an ascending traverse to the foot of the broken South East face of Mytikas. A signpost and more red paint took us up an easy gully and deposited us with no more than a mild scramble within a few yards of the summit. Less than three hours had passed since we left the hut, and the ascent can probably be done in two. The only danger came from the boots of some Germans, two hundred feet above us in the gully unleashing a shower of stones which had us cowering as they whined past.

Though technically easy by its tourist routes, Mytikas was an impressive summit, falling steeply twelve hundred feet to the screes on its western flank, where we looked down to a desolate amphitheatre, saucer shaped beneath the crags of Skolion, Skala, Mytikas and Stefani. Stefani, or more impressively, The Throne of the Gods, we agreed to be the finest of the tops; it is only a scramble, but at one point the scrambler is forced out on to a steep rake on the 600 ft. east face; alternatively he may venture on to outward-sloping holds above the even more forbidding west wall. In either case a steady head is required.

We also paid a visit to the broad peak of Profitas Ilias (2788 m) standing high above the plain, and found a stony grotto containing an ikon and candles. This summit was the nearest the Ancients dared approach Olympus and where they offered sacrifices to Zeus; a practical Christian priesthood adapted the shrine and festival to its own uses. We never discovered the connection with the prophet Elijah.

These early attempts provoked Zeus a little. He drove us helter-skelter from the wash-place as the thunder rolled round the heavens. The writer, he chased with hail and lightning from Skala's top. Later we hid our sardine tins beneath the summit rocks of the Throne of the Gods and took photographs of Wynne poised insecurely on the summit block.

Zeus was never the same again. We climbed 100 feet up the East Face with scarce a sound save the hurtling down of handholds and the bits of rock which the rope dislodged. When discretion, in the person of Wynne, wisely counselled retreat, we found nothing solid enough for an abseil, we were even allowed to recover the sling which Don, as last man, used to safeguard himself. A hearty three-man heave on 200 feet of rope from different angles brought sling and belay down with a crash. To offset the blow to morale of this failure, we did a climb up and along the tottery pinnacles of the North ridge of Mytikas from the col. Later the East ridge of Stefani proved of similar standard—difficult or III by Continental standard—and delightfully exposed on the right. But alas, the rock was as loose as ever, and even on the crest an incautious boot would send the topmost slab crashing down.

A day or two was spent in wandering over the hills to the South to the sound of barking sheepdogs. We found a party of Greeks building a weather station on the very summit of Agios Antonios (2800 m) and were warmly received with cups of coffee, goats' cheese and olives; conversation however had to be conducted by drawing pictures. Another expedition was halted by swirling mists which swept up the glen and over the main col of the range and barred the view towards Ossa and Pelion further south. But this was not the rule: normally we looked down on to the heat-haze which girded the plain: above the haze came a purple band: above that ethereal blue.

Time passed quickly whether we rested in the shade of the trees or warmed ourselves round the log fire in the hut. To reach London by Sunday night—as it turned out an unfulfilled ambition—we had to leave the hut on the Thursday morning. And so after six full days we parted with real regret from Kostas Zelotas and his charming abode, and shambled off down the path to Prioni and the goats. Nine hours later and by using the right path, which passed 1000 feet above our bathing places, we staggered sweating into Litochoron, cursing the stones of the dusty track. Then came the noblest end to the venture, prefaced by the usual trek to choose your menu in the kitchen—twelve plates of food and three quarts of beer all of which made their appearance simultaneously, and disappeared with quite remarkable celerity.

In retrospect was it worth it? Two members of the party passed six days in travelling and four in carrying heavy loads—against a mere six at the hut—by Alpine standards an unreasonable balance in favour of the grind. But the humour proved a counterpoise to its discomfort. And once in Greece the good-nature and often childlike charm of the inhabitants conquered all.

Technically the expedition was a success. We climbed Olympus and all its summits: only the two great walls remained, and of these one was too dangerous, and the other out of our class. The achievement was small as only Stefani could conceivably justify a rope and all the ascents were short. The holiday will be remembered more for the scenery and good company than for the climbing; but the Alps can wait for another year.

[*Climbing literature about Olympus is scanty, and there is no adequate map, though we understand that one is in course of preparation. The Greek Alpine Club's JOURNAL contains articles on the many new climbs on Olympus and elsewhere in Greece, but these, of course, are in Greek. A useful account of the Olympus climbs by Bruno Streitmann appeared in the OSTERREICHISCHE ALPENZEITUNG, March/April 1959.—Ed.*]

CLIMBING SCHOOLS

In the September 1962 issue of *Mountaineering* a list was given of the schools and organisations which arrange climbing courses. Many of these are of the Outward Bound type, under the sponsorship or local or national authorities, and with character building or other self-improvement avowed or implicit in their aims.

The same issue also gives an account of a recently established school of a type still in a minority. This is the Lakeland Mountaineering School, The Boathouse, Clappergate, Ambleside. It caters for those already interested in mountains who wish to attend courses on climbing technique. The instruction is designed to provide a sound introduction to rock-climbing and mountaineering for aspirants of both sexes and most age-groups. In fact, there is no strict limit on age as each application is considered on its merits, and the instructional facilities at the School are such that persons widely differing in age and ability can be catered for.

There is an obvious opportunity here, and in other schools of the kind, for young beginners. But perhaps also for those getting on in years whose standard on rock is falling below what can decently be excused on grounds of age.

THE BERNINA FROM ITALY

By Frank Solari

To many British climbers mention of the Bernina conjures up visions of Pontresina and Morteratsch, of Diavolezza, Boval and Tschierva, and rightly so. But mountains, like so much else in life, have at least two sides to them and the climber who knows the Bernina only from the northern approaches has missed some startlingly impressive country and some very pleasant climbing.

To approach the Bernina from the Italian side is spectacular indeed. From Sondrio in that great trench the Valtellina to the summit of Piz Bernina there is a little over 3,700 metres of altitude, and the Valmalenco cuts deep into the mountain mass so that one is still below 1,000 metres at Chiesa. Mercifully, one can drive up a wonderfully-engineered road as far as Franschia, at 1,500 metres, before having to take to one's own feet for a climb of some 1,300 metres to the Capanna Marinelli of the C.A.I., a huge and historic hostelry admirably provisioned and poised for attacks on any number of fine climbs on the Bernina group.

We—that is, Peter and Muriel Wild and Babs and I—came to the Marinelli after an all too short week in the Bregaglia with the Hotel Stampa at Casaccia as base. In this week we had followed in the footsteps of Septimus Severus and had belatedly comprehended how aptly Bivio is named for the junction of those two Roman passes, the Septimer and Julier; we had toiled up to the Forno hut and thence to Monte Sissone whence we had feasted our eyes on the prospect of the Monte Disgrazia and the distant Bernina; we had crossed the Casnil Pass to the comforts of the new Albigna hut, and the North Cacciabella Pass to the fantasy of the Sciora peaks and the hut of that name in the Bondasca glen; (yes, I know that present-day traffic goes over the South Pass, but this is what happens if you use Col. Strutt's guidebook of 1910); and we had goggled at the preposterous buttress of the Badile, wondering how anyone could have the presumption to pit himself against that smooth-faced giant.

But this round had come to an end with the final swing down to Promontogno in the warm, sun-drenched Val Bregaglia and with a much-needed bath at the Stampa (furnished by a marvellous boiler straight out of Emmett), so we duly motored round to Sondrio and up to Chiesa where we cast around for bed and board. At our second try we were received most hospitably by the Albergo Amilcar, and just in time, for the heavens opened for a steady twenty-four hours, blotting out the very fine setting of this hill village on the steep flank of the deep and heavily forested Val Malenco. The

downpour did, however, give us an excuse for some very good practice in negotiating hairpins as we took the car round the wild upper reaches of the glen. If the slate quarries were a little reminiscent of North Wales, their setting was on a far grander scale and the many witnesses of past generations of mining for ores further stimulated the imagination and curiosity as to the geology of the region.

In due course the skies cleared and we found ourselves setting out from Franschia for the Marinelli hut. The first two hours passed pleasantly enough through the forest from which we emerged at Alpe Musella with its pastures, its herds and its hospitable albergo. Now the going became sterner and we missed the shade of the forest as we sweated up to the Capanna Caraté where we were glad to replenish our depleted body fluids before staggering the few yards farther to get a fine surprise view of Piz Bernina and its supporting cast of the Pizzi Tremoggia, Glüschaint, Roseg, Scerscen, Argient and Zupò. The final pull up to the Marinelli took us far longer than we had expected—we like to think because of its huge dimensions which misled us to underrate the scale of its setting—but once there the very handsome surroundings of rock and ice and moraine were ample reward for our efforts. To the west the Disgrazia dominated everything, raising its profile which grew daily grander towards evening until at its most majestic and mysterious just before sunset. A short stroll revealed Piz Bernina and its western brothers, with the Marco e Rosa hut perched incredibly just above the Fuorcla Crast' Aguzza; while to the south the Cime di Musella made the most of their modest height and sealed us off from the softness of the lower valleys, but in return caught and held the light of the setting sun until they were all ablaze. Far below us a fantastic waste of moraine and pallid rock lay writhing as if exhausted from its struggle with the retreating ice. The hut gave us a cordial welcome and we obtained a comfortable four-berth room to ourselves. Dinner was served that

Facing: Piz Zupo from Piz Bernina, Spallagrat

Photograph: Frank Solari

Centre Pages. Left: Olympus from above the Mavrolongos

Photograph: W. R. Jeudwine

Right: Olympus: Stefani East Ridge

Photograph: R. Wendell Jones









evening to a large and volubly cheerful assembly which merged into a most musical songfest as the evening wore on. We were accorded some very flattering attention, and we gathered that climbers from Britain are rare and welcome visitors to these parts.

A mild and moist morning gave us an excuse for a lazy day around the hut, but a fine evening promised better things for the morrow and eventually, half-an-hour before sunrise we set off for Piz Palü by the Fuorcla Bellavista. It was mostly very easy going on the hard frozen snow of the Fellaria glacier so that we had ample time to take in the glory of the morning. A few crevasses had to be skirted but did not seem to us to merit the highly dramatic warning we had been given at the hut against the "molto crepacci" which would lie in wait for us. In fact, no drama enlivened our ascent, nor did we need it, for it was a grand morning to be walking in high places, with the snow a-sparkle and our surroundings of such elegance. In due course we crossed the Passo di Sasso Rosso and there, across the white expanse of the Altopiano di Fellaria was the Palü—not the White Hell we had been expecting but a fine wall of ice-capped rock. At the Fuorcla we exchanged the simple process of putting one foot in front of the other which had served us for several hours for some mild scrambling up the sun-warmed rocks of the arête until, at the west summit, we came in view of the vast ice-cliffs of the northern face and decided that we had come to the right mountain after all. Finally, crampons were strapped on for the last pull up to the central summit where we indulged in congratulations all round. The view was as fine as one could wish. Another party, obligingly making their way up to the eastern summit, lent scale to that prospect, while Piz Bernina stood proudly to the west, its face seemingly dripping with hanging glaciers. Far below us the Morteratsch glacier plunged towards Pontresina, and to the south, aloof, rose the solitary Scalino which we were to visit later.

We returned as we had gone, except that the sun had by now dulled the snow-sparkle of the morning and sapped our zest of the ascent, so that we were glad to get back to the Marinelli to rest our limbs, to slake our thirsts, and to dry our socks and boots.

The weather showed every sign of holding, so Peter and I arranged for an early call and at 4 next morning we were off by

Facing: Hekla

Photograph: D. M. Clarke

candle-light for Piz Bernina. Our way lay for a good hour over the upper Scerscen glacier towards the foot of the rocks leading to the Marco e Rosa hut. Again the Disgrazia caught fire with the sunrise, and again the glacier was easy enough so that we could spare attention for the glory of the morning. Eventually we were embarked on the rocks, our route being picked out for us, if not particularly embellished, by a series of fixed wire ropes for the full thousand feet of the climb to the hut. By seven o'clock we had reached the hut, astonishingly set at 3,600 metres beside the Fuorcla Crest' Aguzza and remarkably well provided and maintained. No less remarkable were the curves of the ice on the Fuorcla, strikingly picked out by the morning sun.

Now, our climbing took on a different aspect as we made our way up the south-west arete of the Bernina itself. First, a long slope of crunchy ice into which our crampons bit satisfyingly; then the rocks rose steeply above us but proved to be much easier than they looked, giving splendid climbing on excellent holds; and finally the Spallagrat—a fine knife-edge of snow running towards the main mass and watched by hungry looking bergschrunds far below. All this time our attention was solely distracted by the view unfolding behind us of the shapely profile of Piz Zupò and its neighbours and the rich modelling of the snowfields falling from them, until, in a breathless moment, we found ourselves gazing down the north face of Piz Scerscen plunging at an almost unbelievable angle to the Tschierva glacier, far below. One more short knife edge with most exhilarating exposure, and we were on the final rock cone and so to the top.

Our situation was superb, with not a cloud in the sky not a breath of wind to disturb us as we potted round the summit calling to each other to admire some particularly striking view. I might recite a catalogue of the peaks, passes and glaciers which lay below and around us, but without in the least conveying the splendour of our surroundings or our dominance of them. All I can say is that the full hour we spent basking in the sun and feasting our eyes passed all too quickly, and we were on our way back. The descent gave us climbing as pleasant as had the ascent, until we came to the slope of crunchy ice. By now the sun had really got to work and the whole slope was running with a mixture of ice-slush and melt-water over an icy base down which we slithered in a most uncomfortable and undignified way. A cup of tea at the Marco e Rosa restored our spirits for the rest of our descent to the Marinelli, but even that barely sustained us over the roasting we received during the two-mile trudge across the upper Scerscen glacier in the high afternoon.

Anything after two such days' climbing is apt to be something of an anticlimax, and so in a sense was our final ascent of the Pizzo

Scalino a few days later. And yet it rounded off our holiday in a satisfying way, with the elements adding the little spice which the modest height of our peak could hardly furnish on its own. We had taken a day off to see something of the Val Masino—a spectacular gorge with stupendous cliffs dropping from the Disgrazia, the Forno, Albigna and Sciora peaks, and finally from the Cengalo and Badile—and then, still in glorious weather, we had walked up to the aptly named Alpe Prabello. Here, amid the lush green meadows with their handsome herds we found lodging for the night at the Christina inn with the multi-coloured wall of the Scalino as back-drop and the ever-changing prospect of the Disgrazia before us. At dawn next morning we were off to skirt the high flank of the Scalino and so to get on to its small glacier, but an hour out from the inn we were caught by a thunderstorm and spent an uncomfortable but sociable hour under a boulder in the company of two Italian brothers who insisted on brewing tea for us. Thus fortified, we set out again when the storm had passed, but with little conviction that we should get far. However, by the time we had reached and embarked on the small glacier, the sun was out and we had watery glimpses of the wide panorama of the Bernina group to encourage us. The glacier was easy and the snow still hard so we made good progress to the ridge, but by now the clouds were boiling up again and it was in a mist that we finished the last thousand feet of easy scrambling to the summit. Our disappointment at missing the fine views which this isolated sentinel must command was tempered by the flattering reception we received from a cheerful party of young Italians who had congregated there. Yet again we returned as we had gone, and the weather played tag with us all the way down to the car at Franscia, a final scurry of wind-driven rain serving to remind us that we really had finished our holiday and should be on our way home.

To many, perhaps most, climbers comes the desire to embark on some new venture, to seek fresh woods and pastures new, to break out into some new enterprise. For the young, the skilful, the gifted, this urge may have its outlet in the exploration of more and more difficult routes and expeditions, in the ascent of Nordwands and climbs with an XS label. But for many of us some other, more modest, way must suffice. And what could be more readily available or more delightful than to seek out the other side of those mountains we know so well?

ICELAND

By *D. M. Clarke*

IN the summer of 1961, Arnold Galloway and I spent sixteen days in Iceland. Iceland is not a mountaineer's mecca, but two main reasons dictated our choice. We had some knowledge of those other Scandinavian countries—Denmark which has nothing to offer the mountaineer except perhaps by contrast, Sweden, which in Lapland contains the last primeval wilderness in Europe, and Norway, a mountainous land possessing in the Lyngen Alps a wonderful and comparatively little known mountain playground well north of the Arctic circle. Their capitals also we knew; gay Copenhagen, sedate Stockholm and the garden city of Oslo. A visit to Iceland populated by Norsemen and the city of Reykjavik was clearly indicated.

We planned to climb Hekla, the best known volcano, to visit a hot spring area, to climb some of the northern mountains and, if time allowed, to make the acquaintance of one of the large glaciers.

The journey was by plane. Owing to circumstances beyond our control and probably also that of the Airline, our arrival at Reykjavik was at 2.0 a.m. Not an inspiring time to arrive at any place least of all at Reykjavik Airport where the passengers just disappeared into the night along what seemed to our unaccustomed eyes little better than a cart track. Later we discovered it was, in fact, quite a good road for Iceland. There is no Airport bus, but the Aerodrome is not more than a mile from the city centre so perhaps for that reason a bus is not considered necessary. We set off on foot but had not gone far when a private car stopped and gave us a lift to the Hotel where we were booked for the night.

Reykjavik has grown rapidly this century. Built on a lava field, lava sixty years ago obstructed the main streets. Progress has removed the lava but installed parking meters. A dubious improvement! The city is unique among the world Capitals in that the majority of the buildings and houses are heated by natural hot water. Water from hot springs in the vicinity is pumped to insulated holding tanks above the city with gravity feeds to the outlets. Concrete has replaced corrugated iron as the favourite building material.

It was not possible to reach Hekla on Sunday. Instead a purely tourist trip was taken to see the Great Geyser and a noted waterfall. The Great Geyser described in tourist publications as an unforgettable spectacle, shooting a column of boiling water and steam 180 feet into the air, rarely obliges. There is a performing Geyser in the locality but this can only be enticed to work by feeding it a diet of soap. So

fed, it will after a short lapse of time eject a column of boiling water mixed with soap suds perhaps 30 feet into the air.

Back to another night in Reykjavik, but the next day complete with food, paraffin tents, sleeping bags, climbing rope and ice axes we set off for Hekla. The first part of the journey was by ordinary public bus which took us to the small town of Sellfoss where we hoped to obtain a seat on the milk bus to one of the farms near the mountain. The Sellfoss bus was crowded with local farmers but we duly arrived complete with loads, apart from a tin of paraffin. Paraffin has a remarkable capacity for oozing. Ours was doing more than that—a pool had formed on the bus floor. What does one do with a leaking paraffin tin in a crowded bus? Out of the window it had to go. We were able to obtain some more at Sellfoss. It was given us by an Icelander who had pleasant memories of a stay in England.

Transport from Sellfoss was not so easy to obtain. We were informed we could not travel on the milk bus that day. Our protests that we were told in the tourist office at Reykjavik that transport would be available met with the reply "Those people in Reykjavik are always saying that". We hung around and were ultimately offered a lift in a lorry containing a miscellaneous cargo, including loose coal, as far as a large farm about six miles from the foot of the mountain. Arrival was rather late but intending to climb to the summit next day it was necessary to cover as much distance as possible on the flat that night before camping. This we did. The next day, with high hopes we set off on the climb. All went well for a while. We had noticed a river on the map but did not expect any real difficulty in crossing. It proved, however, to be fast flowing, cold, wide and too deep to wade. A long walk along the bank did not reveal any fording place and since it was too late now to do the climb the day was spent walking around the district. It was our original intention to return next day to Reykjavik and fly to Northern Iceland. Plans had to be changed or the project abandoned.

We learnt that the farmer on whose land we were camping would take us over the river at a fording place on his tractor. Complicated negotiations followed. The farmer spoke no English. We had insufficient food, our reservations on the milk bus had to be changed to the following day as did our plane reservations.

The farmer's wife sold us eggs, milk and bread; reservations were altered with the help of an efficient but ancient telephone, while the farmer promised to take us over the river at 9.0 a.m. next day. The farmer was as good as his word. The sky was cloudless as we climbed onto the tractor which took us diagonally across an arm of

the river to an island and again at an angle to the further bank. I had been given an empty oil tin to sit on; it flattened at the first bump so I was not sorry when the tractor ride ended. We arranged with the farmer to pick us up at the same point at 11.0 p.m. for the return crossing of the river. A prior study of the map and now a study of the mountain revealed huge quantities of block lava between us and the direct route to the summit. We had had some previous experience of lava and knew that in this form it was virtually impassable. Huge irregular blocks resembling clinker stretched right up to the summit ridge. It was decided to walk along the foot of the mountain and try to cross the lava at a point where the map indicated an old lava field about half a mile wide. The undulating desert country stretching for some miles consisted of a mixture of powdered lava, pumice stone, volcanic dust and here and there volcanic glass. The old lava field proved to be partly moss covered and although of very different composition, crossing it could be likened to passing through an ice fall on a glacier. Ultimately we reached the proper face of the mountain.

There was no mountaineering difficulty. A slope of small stones and sand, 1,500 feet of ascent, terminated at a small plateau 300 yards wide containing snow patches. Then a large snow area led to a horrible 25° slope of loose black sand followed by a small terrace under a snow field rising to the summit ridge.

The gradient was perhaps 30°. The snow was in good condition but steps had to be kicked. There was no ice. The ridge was gained quite close to a large heap of cinders which was not ascended but formed the highest point on the mountain, 4,747 feet. The weather was now deteriorating. There was just time to look at the view and take a photograph before clouds swept over the ridge. Away to the north was the large Langjökull and to the east the Myradsjökull containing in the middle of the ice the volcano Gatla. There was little sign of activity on Hekla only a thin column of steam was rising from the south-west end. In a violent eruption in 1947/48 the summit ridge was split lengthways by a fissure three miles long from which issued throughout its length, ash, gases, and lava. The Ash-laden cloud reached an altitude of 90,000 feet, ash falling as far away as Finland. It was lava from this eruption which had blocked the direct route to the summit. We had to hurry back by the same route as the ascent to arrive at the river at the time agreed. The farmer was there and came to meet us. We were back at the tents a little before midnight and cooked supper in the rapidly failing light.

Next day we returned to Reykjavik. Our arrangements to fly across Iceland to Akureyri in the north held. What we saw of the country from the plane revealed a savage, desolate, barren land cut

by deep ravines. Akureyri is a pleasant town of about 8,000 people; the centre of a farming area it also possesses a large fishing industry and a good harbour near the head of a long fjord. Looking across this fjord reminded us strongly of looking across Lock Linnhe from Fort William. A night in a Hotel was followed by a visit to Lake Myvatn spoilt by rain, drizzle and very low cloud. We had difficulty in finding a suitable camp site but ultimately erected the tents close to the lake among old lava. A cold night was followed by a cold damp day in which we did not move far from the tents. Another cold night and then a somewhat better day. The low cloud persisted but the rain held off and we spent most of the day exploring the volcanic hills before returning to Akureyri; bare hills with condensed steam rising from numerous cracks and holes in the ground edged with sulphur and other chemical deposits; hills which contained a boiling waterfall and at their foot pools of boiling mud, boiling water and high pressure steam jets. The pools have corniced edges and must be approached with care. There would be no escape if one fell in. At best if the edge gave way a scalded foot would result. We spent the next night in a hotel in Akureyri, obtaining more money and more food. The currency had been devalued the previous day with some advantage to us. Equipped with provisions once again we took the milk bus into the mountains to the west of the town. These mountains rise to 5,000 ft., contain small glaciers and permanent snow fields. Our camp site was pleasantly situated by the side of a small stream on the lower slopes of the mountains. We climbed a small un-named peak, Kista 4,745 ft. and Strita 4,760 ft. On the last named was a container under the rocks of the summit cairn holding a note book and map. We added our names to those in the book but otherwise did not linger and quickly lost height down a snow slope which would just not permit a glissade. The ascent on easy slopes leading to a rock ridge of easy alpine standard steepening somewhat below the summit. The glacier on the northern side showed a small bergschrund but little in the way of crevasses. Kista has a flat top, so flat in fact that we abandoned an idea of erecting a cairn, as we could not decide which was the highest point on the large summit area. Perhaps the decision was also influenced by wind driven hail. The ascent was by a broad ridge from the un-named peak terminating in a short steep snow slope followed by a very loose section of 150 feet and a short rock scramble.

The mountains a little further west appeared to have more to offer, but two days had been lost by rain and our time was up. We packed our tents, descended to the road, caught a bus to Akureyri, flew on to Reykjavik and then on to Glasgow and London.

EASTER ON MAIN RIDGE.

By Robin Quine.

IT was evening and the swinging lamp cast a pale shaft of yellow light through the half open doorway. Outside the hut all was quiet, and beyond stood the Cuillin silhouetted against the black, starlit sky. To-morrow was going to be a good day.

We made a late start by Alpine standards but were away shortly after five with the moist April air fresh from the sea on the moor. All was silent and Glenbrittle slept still as we headed for the open mountain. It was a long walk, occasionally crossing a rushing Cuillin burn and then negotiating the endless sliding scree, but some three hours later we were sitting in the morning sun on top of Gars-bheinn. To the south the peaks of Rhum shimmered in the haze of the blue Hebridean sea, whilst beyond, the Sgurr of Eigg stuck out of the ocean like the teeth of some prehistoric sea monster.

It was hot. Indeed far too hot for the main ridge. Instead, it would be much pleasanter just to sit here in the sun and admire the view. In the distance stood Sgurr na h-Uamha, the true northern termination of the main ridge, and further east, looking even more remote, lay Blaven with the jagged teeth of Clach Glas standing like the spines of a porcupine. The entire group shimmered in the morning haze which hung over the moor and Glen Sligachan far below.

Two days before, Wendell Jones and myself had camped in this Glen near the Lochan Dubha and it had been an ideal base for the ridge. We had climbed Marsco to look at the traverse, putting up a new route on its south-west crag on the way. The S.M.C. guide shows only two recorded climbs on the whole mountain, so after the usual procedure of rubble clearing, we had made our route and finally reached the summit in a rising wind. But the weather had changed and when we reached the Glen again, we had been greeted by flapping canvas and a stiff breeze sweeping up from the sea. Dark roller clouds hung menacingly over the Cuillin threatening a violent storm, and this we had planned as the night for a bivouac on Gars-bheinn. We had hastily packed and set off at top speed for the shelter of Sligachan. The storm hit us before we reached the hotel and Skye had become at once transformed into the Isle of Mist so familiar to those who climb in the Cuillin. But in the morning the storm had passed leaving a mantle of fresh snow on the peaks, glinting in the sunlight of a perfect day. Then it was too late for the original plan and we had fallen back on the idea of doing the ridge from Glenbrittle.

We left Gars-bheinn at 9.30 and headed north along the narrow stony ridge towards Sgurr a'Choire Bhig. We were keen now; we would have an early lunch on the Inaccessible Pinnacle and be on Sgurr nan Gillean for late tea—we made great plans. In actual fact we finally sat down to a late lunch on Sgurr Alasdair and altered our plans to a proposed afternoon tea on the Pinnacle instead. During lunch we had company in a climbing instructor and pupil from Glenbrittle Youth Hostel. Being polite we passed the time of day. "Was that you we saw on the Gap some time ago?" the instructor asked. We admitted it was. "Where are you heading now?" "Well, we're attempting Main Ridge really", I said, glancing at the Pinnacle, shimmering far across the other side of the corrie. "Oh yes!", he looked at his watch—"well I hope you make it". We thanked him and continued with our lunch. "I'm afraid we must be off" he said, and the others rose. "But I expect you'll pass us on the way since you must be in a hurry": but he smiled and they were gone. We sat and talked and enjoyed the sunshine but then we felt we really ought to make an effort and so we set off. In fact, we did overtake the others, perhaps to their amazement, on the descent of Sgurr Thearlaich, and wished them a polite "Good afternoon". Then we sweated up King's Chimney and the rocks of An Stac, and in fact, finally reached the Inaccessible Pinnacle for our afternoon tea as planned. Here, we joined a happy band of cragsmen doing the round of Coire Lagan, and now engaged on the perilous descent of the Pinnacle. They were abseiling from a sling of doubtful age, carefully knotted behind a rather loose looking boulder, and perhaps justifiably were a little concerned over its security. So far, each man had used a safety line, but now it was the turn of the last, and, understandably, he was not quite so confident as the others cheering him from below. However, we were in a benevolent mood and offered him a line which I am sure greatly helped his peace of mind on the descent. In fact, we ourselves subsequently went down the same way, but took the precaution of using a much more stable block somewhat further down the face. So, bit by bit, we progressed slowly along the ridge.

And then it was evening, but still hot, surely it ought to be cooler by now but it was not to be. It was 6.30 and so we ate a second tea near the top of Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh scanning the ring of jagged peaks from Gars-bheinn to Sgurr na h-Namha, now looking equally remote at the extremities of the ridge.

Far below lay Coruisk, black in its isolated corrie, surrounded by the chaotic debris torn from the precipitous walls all around. It was this scene that Sir Walter Scott describes in "The Lord of the

Isles" when Bruce made his landing at Loch Scavaig so many years ago.

' For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.'

Scott was amazed, even as we are today, at the lack of vegetation around the Cuillin

' Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.'

Below, the corrie was in darkness, hemmed in by a ring of peaks, wild and remote, yet splendid in their isolation, silhouetted against the crimson bands of the setting sun. And so Wendell, dispirited at the thought of not having time for a third tea went gratefully down towards Glenbrittle. He had hoped for a lift along the road but was left to trudge over the darkening Bealach a' Mhaim and down the burn to Sligachan.

Meanwhile on the Ridge I too was alone and the whole aspect of the traverse changed as Wendell descended into the darkness of the valley below. One by one the summits passed, almost automatically and without thought, and yet still it was hot. Occasionally the rock would vanish beneath a ridge of glistening snow leading in a narrow curving arête towards the north. Then suddenly in the darkness Sgurr na h-Uamha had at last become accessible. It was after ten but still warm and the final peak lay only a few yards away. And so the traverse became complete.

I have memories of a long snow slope glistening in the light of my torch, and then the corrie and the long trudge across spongy peat hags in the glen. At first the bulk of Marsco dominated the East until finally Glamaig identified itself in isolation, signifying the nearness of Sligachan. Dawn was breaking as I looked for the hidden key and quietly entered the hotel. It was a splendid dawn with a lifting of the greyness towards the mainland, and above, the Cuillin stood remote and inaccessible again, yet somehow, near and friendly in that same vision. It was a new day, the hills and glens were waking, and so I slept contented.

CLIMBING IN 1962

THE following are some of the climbs done by members in the Alps and elsewhere during the past year.

P. A. BARRY with D. BEEBE:—

Wellenkuppe. Matterhorn by the Zmutt ridge. Monte Rosa (Dufourspitze). With R. Tweedle:—Matterhorn by the Hörnli ridge. Ober Gabelhorn .

Dr. A. W. BARTON, with Mrs. Barton and sundry nephews:—

Rinderhorn from the Schwarzenbach Hotel, returning by the N.W. ridge (with Fritz Zurbriggen). Blümisalp from the Blümisalp Hut (with Oscar Ogi). Tschingelhorn from the Matterhorn Hut (with Fritz Zurbriggen). Traverse of the Allalinhorn from the Britannia Hut to the Langefluh Hut. Traverse of the Portjengrat from the Portjenpass, starting at the Almageller Hotel. Rimpfischhorn by the West side and back by the North ridge to the Allalin Pass. Südlenspitze and Nadelhorn from the Mischabel Hut (the last four with Meinrad Bumann).

M. BENNETT:—

Climbing in Scotland at Easter. Portjengrat from the Portjenpass. David Bennett (aged 10) achieved his first 'four-thousander' with an ascent of the Allalinhorn.

G. R. E. BROOKE:—

In Wester Ross at Easter, Liathach, Ben Eighe, and Slioch. *In summer*: Mont Blanc de Tacul via the Col du Midi (with Ulisse Brunod). Aiguille de Rochefort by the western snow arête (with Ulisse Brunod).

The Aiguille de Rochefort, despite its 13,123 feet, fails to make much immediate impression when seen from above Courmayeur as part of the immense southern escarpment of the Mont blanc range. Yet closer acquaintance reveals beneath its crown of ruined crag, a snow ridge of rare and classic distinction.

We set out from the Torino Hut beside the Col du Géant on a brilliant but brittle morning,—the light west wind holding in its subtle warmth the threat of sporadic thunder showers. Marching swiftly across the wide snowfield covering the Col, we scrambled up the shattered rocks that guard the approach to the Aiguille du Géant. Our way then led by a ledge above the great southern mountainside to a broad snow terrace immediately beneath the Géant whose massive fang glowed dark red under the July sun. We donned crampons and with increasing anticipation breasted a little ramp of

snow. In an instant the ridge sprang into view before us—a long, liling white crest sheering into cold, shady depths on the northern side, and to the south merging abruptly with the interminable rock-bound slopes that plunge 8,000 feet to the Val Ferret. The ridge is over 500 yards long and mostly a foot or two wide at the top. In general it runs horizontally, with several appreciable indentations.

With the snow splendidly firm and the cornices slight, we made rapid headway, moving together continuously. Our location, though sensational, imposed no feelings of strain or effort. We tramped methodically along the narrow edge with vast realms of space on either hand, following the curving undulations which became more and more pronounced until, at length, further progress was barred by a large rock tower. A fifty foot *rappel* down an icy slope on the north side led to a broad snow platform. Regaining the ridge beyond the tower, we passed a smaller gendarme by a traverse over shaky rocks on its southern flank. Soon the arête ended and there remained only a climb of 250 feet up easy, but alarmingly unstable rocks to the summit. Under favourable conditions, such as we experienced, the western snow ridge of the Aiguille de Rochefort provides no serious difficulty, and its elegant character renders it a notably pleasing and satisfying climb.

R. J. CORBETT:—

Aiguille del 'M, North-north-east Ridge. Aiguille du Peigne, Chamonix Face. Aiguille de Fou, South-west Ridge. Aiguille de l 'M, West Face of the Pointe Albert. Charmoz-Grépon traverse. These were climbed with various partners.

Aiguille du Dru, West Face. With Grant Jervis. We left Chamonix on the afternoon of 12th September and bivouacked at the foot of the West Face. The weather was poor, but by next morning it had started to improve and we eventually set foot on the face at 9 a.m. The couloir was relatively free of ice, so we solved the greater part of it quite easily. The shattered ledges also gave us little trouble and the major difficulties only really started at the Fissure Vignes. This was indeed a good V.S. and with rucksack and boots was quite trying. With the 40-metre wall came the start of the artificial, and this gave some fine positions. Further climbing led to the immense chockstone, which was not as intimidating as at first imagined, although the climbing was now both serious and strenuous. Above this was a difficult (A3) roof which was climbed using doubtful wedges and a fine selection of bootlaces and rusty wire. We had hoped to have the 90-metre *dièdre* behind us that day, but this was now impossible because of the late start. Although it was only 7 p.m. it was already beginning to get dark, so we bivouacked at the foot of the *dièdre*. It

was an impressive site, and a good bivouac spot, with Chamonix beneath and the mass of Mont Blanc to the left.

The weather on the 14th was again perfect and we started on the *dièdre* at about 7.30. We climbed slowly at first in the cold, but soon warmed up and began to appreciate this huge vertical face. A diagonal *rappel* ended the major difficulties, but there still remained a long stretch of hard free climbing, and this came as a welcome change after the cramped movements in *étriers*. We left the West face at about 2.30 p.m. after 17 hours of actual climbing. After a meal we continued up the North Face and soon went off route and wasted a couple of hours. Feeling a little shattered we decided to bivouac on the summit of the Petit Dru, and then on the 15th we slowly descended and walked into Chamonix in the late evening.

NOTE: All the pitons and wedges are in place, but it is advisable to take 2 or 3 wedges and half a dozen pitons to replace any if necessary, and in case of retreat. We used 2 wedges and one piton on the actual West Face.

CHRISTOPHER CORNISH, with Francis Cornish and Robin Shaw:—

Rimpfischhorn traverse by N. ridge and back to the Allalin Pass. Jägigrat. Südlenspitze and Nadelhorn from the Mischabel Hut.

2/LT. M. W. H. DAY, 2/LT. J. H. CRANMER, with Major A. P. G. Leigh, M.B.E., Captain H. H. M. Rogers, and Lt. D. P. Read, all members of the Royal Engineers Alpine Meet:—

Ryan-Lochmatter route on the Aiguille du Plan (Rogers and Cranmer). Aiguille du Chardonnet, Forbes Ridge (all). Charmoz-Grépon traverse (Day, Read, Cranmer). Dent du Géant, N. W. Face (Read, Cranmer, Leigh). Dent du Géant, S. Face (Rogers and Day). Mont Blanc via Mont Blanc du Tacul and Mont Maudit (Read, Day, Leigh). South ridge of the Peigne (Rogers and Day).

Major PETER DIETZ:—

Deputy-leader of the expedition to Alaska which placed the first British party on the top of Mount McKinley.

W. F. DOWLEN and A. H. GREENBANK:—

Salbitschijen by the South ridge and East ridge. Piz Badile by the North ridge (up and down). Piz Badile by the North-east Face (Cassin Route).

PETER FLEMING with D. Winstanley and Miss V. Tyson:—

Matterhorn by the Hörnli ridge. Wellenkuppe and Ober Gabelhorn traverse, descent by the Arbengrat. Weisshorn, East ridge. Lenzspitze and Nadelhorn traverse (in a storm). Dent Blanche by the Wandfluh ridge. Col. Tournanche from the Tiefenmatten

couloir and on to the Italian Hut. Traverse of the Matterhorn by the Italian and Hörnli ridges.

RICHARD GOWING:—

With A. J. Legett: Fletschhorn: traverse of Laquinhorn by the South ridge. With R. C. Putnam and D. Pugh: Ulrichshorn. With C. R. Allen: Zinal Rothorn by the ordinary route from Zermatt: traverse of Wellenkuppe and Ober Gabelhorn: Hohgwächte: Weiss-horn by the South-east ridge. With H. G. Nicol and C. R. Allen: Matterhorn by the Zmutt ridge from the Hörnli Hut.

D. G. LAMBLEY:—

In January with Richard and Julian Lambley: Trinity Gully on Snowdon. Climbs on the Milestone buttress of Tryfan. In February with M. B. Nettleton: Snow gully in Nameless Cwm, Glyder Fach, Bristly Ridge in winter conditions, and a delightful snow and ice gully in the North-east Cwm of Carnedd Llewellyn. In March: An Teallach, Suilven, Stac Polly, and Quinag. In August, with Richard and Julian Lambley, E. E. T. Taylor and Oscar Ogi: Traverse of the Oberland from the Jungfrauoch to the Grimsel, and including the Finsteraarhorn: Krinnenhorn and Rosenhorn from the Gleckstein Hut: Gspaltenhorn.

J. HAROLD NOAKE, with J. H. Noake, Mrs. Noake, J. J. Noake, and Meinrad Bumann:—

Langefluh-Britannia Hut-Allalin Pass-Tasch Alp-Tasch Nadelhorn. Fee Glacier.

F. D. SMITH, with J. A. Varney, D. W. Sternbridge, and C. R. Allen:—

Aiguille du Géant, South-west face. Aiguille du Réquin, Maye-Dibona route. Aiguille du Grépon, traverse. Mont Blanc and Mont Blanc de Courmayeur. Mont Maudit. Traverse of the Aiguille du Plan and the Aiguille du Midi. The Grépon climb included a bivouac in the crevasse pitch near the summit, following a change in the weather.

F. E. SMITH:—

At Easter: Schichallion and groups round Loch Ossian (Stob Coire Easain and Stob a'Choire Mheadhoin; Sgor Gaibhre and Carn Dearg; Geal Chairn, Aonach Beag and Ben Eibhinn; Ben na Lap; Stob Coire Sgriodain, Chno Dearg, Meall Garbh and Garbh Bheinn).

At Whitsun: In Skye, the traverse of Garbh Bheinn, Clach Glas, and Blaven, descending by the South ridge. Walking in the Cairn-gorms.

In summer: Traverse of First from Kandersteg. From Saas

Fee: Mittaghorn via Plattje: Alphubel, Feekopf, and Allalinhorn: Weissmies, ordinary route: Monte Moro Pass.

O. B. ST. JOHN:—

Climbs around Saas-Fee and Zermatt, July 30th to August 14th. Conditions were excellent throughout, no new snow at all, and the following climbs made: Traverse of Sonneggrat and Sonnighorn, Laquinhorn, with ascent by Laqingrat, Weissmies, Rimpfischhorn from Britannia Hut, with traverse of main ridge including the Grand Gendarme direct, Egginer ridge, Matterhorn by Hörnli ridge, Zinal Rothorn.

The party consisted of a group of 40 boys and girls between 14 and 19, with 7 adults, belonging to the Delta Youth Fellowship of Farnborough Parish Church, Hants. This Club has organised a number of mountain camps in North Wales and Switzerland in the past few years, and many of the group are participating in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, taking Basic Mountaineering as their interest. Although some went to Switzerland only to walk, the above peaks were climbed by fairly large parties of up to 25, and grateful thanks are due to our friends the hut-keepers, who made us so welcome. Herr Zurbriggen of the Britannia hut, where 44 of us stayed at least one night altogether, was obviously delighted to help us in every way, as he was an old friend to many of us.

To date, a British JO Section of the S.A.C. has not been possible under the regulations, and the only alternative is for young folk to join another European Club which admits minors and has reciprocal rights, in order to obtain favourable terms in the huts. It is understood, however, that the Central Committee of the S.A.C. have the matter under consideration.

J. O. TALBOT, with Martin Epp:—

In the Engelhörner: Ulrichspitze, West Wall (IV). Grosser Simelistock, South-east Kante (IV). Grosser Simelistock, South Wall (V), first British ascent. Grosser Simelistock, North-west Wall (VI A2), first British ascent. Tannenspitze, South Wall (IV). Tannenspitze, South Wall direct (V), first British ascent. Rosenlauistock, Westkante direct (VI A1, A2), first British ascent. Pollox Westkante (V), first British ascent. Vorderspitze, Westkante, new South Wall variation (V/VI), first British ascent of the variation. Kingspitze, North-east Wall (VI A2), first British ascent. Kingspitze, North Pillar (VI A2). Also Gertrudspitze, Sattelspitzen, Engelburg, and Kastor.

In the Dolomites: Kleine Zinne, North Wall (IV).

In the Wilder Kaiser: Christaturm, South-east Kante (V). Bauern Predigtstuhl, Rittlerkante direct (VI A1-A2), believed to be

a first British ascent. Predigtstuhl, West Verschneidung (VI A2), first British ascent. Fleischbank, East Wall, Dülfer route (V). Törlwand, Schliefer Riss (V), first British ascent. Daumen, Daumenkante (VI A2), first British ascent.

On the Salbitschijen: Salbitschijen, South ridge (IV/V). Zwillingsturm, South-east Wall (VI A3). It would be interesting to know if other English parties have done this last climb, which is one of the best rock climbs in Switzerland.

Grosser Simelistock: North-east Pillar (VI A2), fourth ascent, and first British ascent. A magnificent direct route, steep, exposed, and guarded by a series of overhangs. The difficulties begin immediately from a little stance at the foot of the pillar, this stance being an obvious niche or hollow. A short nearly vertical slab, then directly upwards over an overhang. The steepness and severity is sustained throughout the height of the pillar, with considerable piton work and artificial climbing. In many places the security of the pitons is questionable; the rock is none too firm, and there is a danger of stonefalls. However, the last few rope-lengths offer splendid free climbing over very steep firm rock, delicate and exposed. The height of the pillar is 500 metres.

Klein Wellhorn: South-east Wall (VI), fifteenth ascent and first British ascent. An immense limestone wall rising nearly vertically for over 2,500 feet above the Rosenlauri Glacier. The first section of the wall is very smooth, being glaciated, and is made more difficult by an accumulation of fine rock particles resting on all ledges and holds. The remainder of the wall, with the exception of the two key pitches, consists of very steep and very loose rock, which has to be treated with great caution. Route-finding is complicated and it is advisable to obtain first-hand local information before starting, the guide-book description being both inadequate and inaccurate. After the first series of cracks, there are numerous traverses left and right, and after the first key pitch there is a 20-metre *abseil*, followed again by more bewildering traverses. It should be noted that after this *abseil* one is committed to the wall, and retreat is practically impossible. In the last section of the route, after the bivouac cave, it is essential to traverse left, but not too far, and get into the correct cracks, otherwise it will be impossible to get off the wall. The wall is very steep and long; and the rock generally is not good; there is a constant danger of falling stones, and the pitons are rarely secure. Caution must be taken with the weather, for after even a brief shower of rain the climbing becomes both difficult and dangerous. In case of a bivouac there is a good spring of water half-way up, and a splendid bivouac cave near the top.

OBITUARY.

A. N. ANDREWS

By the death of A. N. Andrews on October 25th at the age of 74 the Association has lost not only one of its oldest members but one who played an exceptionally active part in the earliest years of its existence. He joined in 1910 before he was 22 and was at once called upon to assist our founder J. A. B. Bruce. The Association had been founded the previous year, and although new members were joining at a satisfactory rate it was very necessary to consolidate the position of the Association because at that time there was considerable opposition from many of the older British climbers who could not see any justification for the existence of the Association. The assistance which Andrews gave to Bruce was simply invaluable, and it was owing to their tremendous energy and enthusiasm that friendly relations were soon established with the older clubs.

Andrews served the Association as Joint Hon. Secretary from 1912 to 1928, as Hon. Librarian from 1929 to 1932 and as President from 1934 to 1936. Early in 1940 he went to live in the Isle of Wight, and since then Wartime Restrictions, local activities and, lately, indifferent health have kept him away from our meetings.

He and C. T. Lehmann were the original trustees of the Sir William Ellis Trust for guides of Swiss nationality, and when he went to Switzerland he used to take the opportunity of visiting some of the beneficiaries.

He qualified as a Solicitor in 1912 and then went into Industry. He joined the firm of A. Strauss & Co. Ltd. with whom he remained until 1939, except for the period of the first World War when he served with the 1st Battalion Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry. In the second World War he served with the Hampshire Territorials. His interests after he settled in the Isle of Wight were extremely varied. He was the Income Tax Commissioner for the Island and also Chairman of the Vectis Building Society. He was the President of the Ryde Branch of the British Legion, and a Vice-President and former joint hon. secretary of the Royal Isle of Wight Agricultural Society. He was a well known ring steward at their annual show at Newport for many years and a skilled judge of light horses. At one time he was hon. secretary of the Isle of Wight Hunt. He will be sadly missed by many of our older members. He leaves a widow and two daughters to whom we desire to tender our deepest sympathy in their great loss.

M.N.C .

CAPTAIN M. F. R. JONES,

Royal Fusiliers.

Dick Jones joined the Association in 1954 and immediately showed an interest in our affairs by attending the Easter Meet held at Capel Curig in that year.

He at once impressed his personality on all who met him and we congratulated ourselves on getting a new recruit who was not only a good companion and a pleasant person, but one who also gave promise of being a good mountaineer.

Dick was also present at the 1955 Easter Meet, but it was becoming clear that the Association would be obliged to share him with army mountaineering. As a result of this he did not actually join any further meets of the Association, but we repeatedly met him in the mountains, particularly during the Jubilee meet in Saas Fee.

In 1961, in addition to becoming a member of our Committee Dick gave an account, at the Ladies Night Dinner, of the Royal Fusiliers Canadian Rocky Mountains Expedition. He was the leader of this successful venture, the object of which was to train novices rather than to make spectacular ascents.

The election of Dick to the Committee was accomplished by the hope that he would in due course rise to high office in our affairs. This, however, was not to be. Towards the end of July came the sad news that Dick had been killed, with Major E. J. E. Mills, in the course of an expedition to the Karakoram; and we, with many others, are left grieving.

In our sadness we would wish to convey to Dick's family our sincere sympathy over the loss of a son, and in a different but no less sincere sense to his regiment over the loss of a gallant young officer.

G.S.

The following members have also died during the year :—

W. M. DUNSCOMBE

Dr. F. H. FULLER

R. GORDON

A. B. HORNE

R. A. MORTON

C. W. NETTLETON

A. E. WESTERN

KINDRED CLUBS.

- The Alpine Club, 74, South Audley Street, W.1.
Alpine Climbing Group, Hon. Sec., D. Gray, c/o 116, Macklin Street, Derby.
Alpine Ski Club, Hon. Sec., Jeremy Debenham, 22, Old Burlington Street, W.1.
Ladies' Alpine Club, Hon. Sec., Miss M. Darvall, Heath House, Lyndhurst Terrace, Hampstead, N.W.3.
American Alpine Club, Hon. Sec., Henry S. Hall, Junior, 154, Coolidge Hill, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.
American Association of Swiss Alpine Club Members, Hon. Sec.-Treasurer, Julien Cornell, Central Valley, New York, U.S.A.
Army Mountaineering Association, Asst. Sec., Army M.A., c/o A.S.C.B., War Office, Stanmore, Middlesex.
Cambridge University Mountaineering Club, M. F. Gravina, Jesus College, Cambridge.
Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland (Mountaineering Section), Hon. Sec., G. H. Watkins, 9, Primrose Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, S.W.11.
Climbers' Club, Hon. Sec., M. H. Westmacott, Candleford, 26, Gordon Avenue, Stanmore, Middlesex.
Fell and Rock Climbing Club (London Section), Miss Ursula Milner-White, 48, Addison Road, Kensington, W.14.
Fell and Rock Climbing Club, C. S. Tilly, Park House, Greatham, Co. Durham.; W. E. Kendrick, Customs and Excise, Fairfield Road, Lancaster (Hut and Meet Secretary).
Glasgow University Mountaineering Club, Hon. Sec., c/o University Union, Glasgow, W.2.
Guys Hospital M.C., M. Reeve, The Mountaineering Club, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.1.
Imperial College Mountaineering Club, Hon. Sec., c/o Imperial College Union, Prince Consort Road, S.W.7.
Irish Mountaineering Club, Hon. Sec., R. Nickels, 25, Rosemont Road, Richmond, Surrey.
Manchester University Mountaineering Club, Hon. Sec., c/o The University Union, Manchester, 15.
Midland Association of Mountaineers, D. G. Smith, 32, Silhill Hall Road, Solihull, Warwickshire.
Mountain Club of Kenya, P.O. Box 5741, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa.
Oxford University Mountaineering Club, c/o School of Geography, Mansfield Road, Oxford.
Pinnacle Club, Mrs. Picken, 14, Princess Boulevard, Bebington, Cheshire.
Rockhoppers (S.W. London M.C.), Miss Sheila C. Packman, 11, Ladbroke Square, W.11.

- R.A.F. Mountaineering Association, Flt.-Lt. S. Ward, R.A.F., Waddington, Lincoln.
- Rucksack Club, Hon. Sec., J. E. Byrom, Highfield, Douglas Road, Hazel Grove, Cheshire.
- Ski Club of Great Britain, 118, Eaton Square, S.W.1.
- The Mountain Club, Hon. Sec., D. Gilbert, 26a, Sandon Road, Stafford.
- Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, Hon. Sec., E. C. Downham, Brierley House, Oakenshaw, Bradford, Yorks.
- Scottish Mountaineering Club, S. Stewart, Temple Cottage, Balmore, Torrance, Nr. Glasgow.
- South Africa, Mountain Club of, P.O. Box 164, Cape Town, South Africa.
- Wayfarers' Club, Hon. Sec., R. Downham, Rocklands, Neston Road, Burton, Wirral, Cheshire.
- Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, Hon. Sec., Mrs. Bell, 3, Park Place, Clackmannan.
- Ladies' Swiss Alpine Club, President, Frl. Fridy Baumann, Zinggentorstrasse, 8, Lucerne, Switzerland.
- Himalayan Club, P.O. Box 9049, Calcutta.
- British Mountaineering Council, Hon. Sec., T. H. Sinclair, 107, Abingdon Road, W.8.

SWISS ALPINE CLUB SECTIONS.

- Altels Section: Edward Ludi, Posthalter Kandersteg. Subscription £2 19s. 0d. Entrance fee 17s.
- Bern Section: Hans Ott, Moosblickweg 7, Belp. Subscription, £3 6s. 0d.
- Bernina Section: M. Schellenberg, Zuoz. Subscription £2 19s. 0d. Entrance fee 13s. 6d.
- Dialerets Section: Tell Mages, Rue due Midi 4, Lausanne. Subscription £2 19s. 0d. Entrance fee 17s.
- Geneva Section: Etienne Marchand, 6, Quai des Arénières, Geneva. Subscription £3 9s. 0d. Entrance fee 8s. 6d.
- Grindelwald Section: P. Schild, Waldhuus, Grindelwald. Subscription £2 19s. 0d. Entrance fee 15s.
- Interlaken Section: Rud. Reinhard, Vorholzstrasse, Unterseen. Subscription £3. Entrance fee 17s.
- Monte Rosa Section: W. Antony, 7b, Rue de la Plantaud, Monthey. Subscription £2 16s. 0d. Entrance fee 8s. 6d.
- Montreux Section: Joseph Huser, Les Saviez, Villeneuve. Subscription £3. Entrance fee 21s.
- Oberhasli Section: Oskar Bättig, Feldli, Meiringen. Subscription £3. Entrance fee 17s.
- Swiss Alpine Club Central Committee: André Reymond, 3, Rue Ami Lullin, Geneva.
- Editor of *Les Alpes*: Professor Pierre Vaney, 68 bis Avenue De Lavaux, Pully/Lausanne.

Association of British Members to the Swiss Alpine Club

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

For the year ended 30th September, 1962.

1961	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	1961	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
£					£				
372	Subscriptions	379	6	0	100	Hire of Rooms	100	0	0
30	Benefit on rate of Exchange	40	0	0	113	Annual Report	144	10	2
74	Interest received (net)	60	10	3	11	Library Expenses	14	17	11
6	Advertising	6	6	0	27	Postage S.N.T.O.	27	0	0
11	Library Receipts	9	7	9	8	Postage Association	8	8	11
—	Library Donation	4	5	0	10	Printing and Stationery S.N.T.O.	—	—	—
					62	Printing and Stationery Association	61	9	9
					9	Insurance	9	1	6
					29	Entertainment	38	5	5
					7	B.M.C. Subscription	7	0	0
					3	Jubilee Expenses	—	—	—
					15	Lecture Expenses	—	—	—
					6	Sundries	16	4	0
					90	Depreciation	29	0	0
					3	Balance being surplus of Receipts over Expenditure during the year	43	17	4
493		£499	15	0	493		£499	15	0

I have examined the Books and Vouchers of the Association and report that the above accounts are in accordance therewith.

(signed) R. H. TYSSEN-GEE, *Hon. Auditor.*

BALANCE SHEET

As at 30th September, 1962.

LIABILITIES AND ACCUMULATED FUNDS				ASSETS			
		£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
	Life Membership Account ...			1,165	4 0		
	Provision for Income Tax ...			—	— —		
	ACCUMULATED REVENUE ACCOUNT:						
	Balance as at 30th September 1961	1,814	8 11				
	Donation D'Arcis ...	10	0 0				
		1,824	8 11				
	Less capital loss on sale of investments	288	5 4				
		1,536	3 7				
44	Add surplus of receipts over expenditure for the year to September 30th, 1962	43	17 4				
		1,580	0 11				
		£2,745	4 11				
	CASH AT BANK:						
	Current Account ...					363	0 3
	Deposit Account ...					111	4 0
	Sundry Debtors ...					—	— —
	Interest Due ...					—	— —
	Projector W. J. Foster Bequest ...	70	0 0				
	Less depreciation ...	40	0 0				
		80	0 0			30	0 0
	Equipment at Swiss Tourist Office	80	0 0				
	Less depreciation ...	79	0 0				
		1	0 0				
	Investments at Cost ...					2,240	0 8
	INVESTMENTS (Nominal values):						
	4½% Agricultural Mortgage Corp.						
	Deb. Stock 1977/82 ...	£1,000					
	Brunner Investment Trust Ord.						
	Stock ...	£135					
	5% Defence Bonds ...	£300	0 0				
	London Scottish American Trust	£88	15 0				
	Market value at 30th September, 1962 ...	£1,899					
		£2,745	4 11			£2,745	4 11

I have examined the Books and Vouchers of the Association and report that the above accounts are in accordance therewith.

(signed) R. H. TYSSEN-GEE, *Hon. Auditor.*

LIST OF MEMBERS
of the
Association of British Members
of the
Swiss Alpine Club
(Corrected up to 1st December, 1962.)

*For privacy individual names and addresses have been removed.
Names and addresses can be obtained, for research purposes only, by reference
to the Editor or going to the hard copies in AC library in London.*

Honorary Members 9, Life Members 145, Ordinary Members 549,
Retired List 14, Total 717.