

THE ASSOCIATION
OF BRITISH MEMBERS
OF THE
SWISS ALPINE CLUB

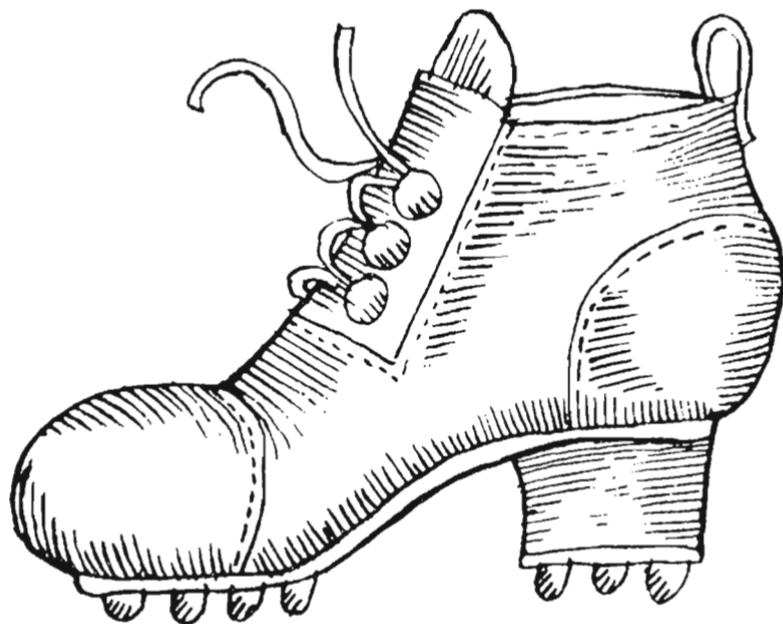


JOURNAL 1965

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JOURNAL

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CLUB NOTES

Climbing Meets

The Easter Meet of 1964 was held at Onich, by North Ballachulish, and the Summer Meet was held at Sils Maria, in the Engadine. Full accounts of both these meets appear later in this Journal as does an account of a visit by members of the Geneva Section who came over to climb on the Cornish cliffs in May.

The Easter and Summer Meets of 1965 will be held at Brodick, Arran, and Grindelwald respectively. Full details will be announced by circular.

Lectures during 1964

Evening meetings were held during the year at the Alpine Club. The following programme of lectures were heard by members and their friends:

- January 22nd — Ski touring in Austria by Mr. Philip Andrews.
- February 26th — Some climbs in the Engadine by Mr. Frank Solari and Mr. Vincent Cohen.
- March 18th — The High Atlas by Mr. D. M. Clarke and Mr. R. Wendell Jones.
- April 22nd — Kenya and the Drakensberg by Mr. John Byam-Grounds.
- June 24th — The Easter Meet by various members.
- September 23rd — The Encantados by Mr. Dick Cook.
- October 21st — The Alpine Meet by various members.

All the lectures were illustrated by slides and were followed by dinner at the Lucullus Restaurant, Oxford Street. Our thanks are due to all our speakers for their efforts.

Ladies Night Dinner

The Ladies Night dinner was held on May 27th at the Connaught Rooms when eighty members and their guests were present. Dinner was followed by an illustrated talk on Mount Kenya and Kilimanjaro by Dr. Hamish Nicol.

Officers and Committee

Mr. J. G. Broadbent has been elected Vice-President in place of Mr. Vincent Cohen whose term of office has expired. Messrs. J. E. Jesson, J. Byam-Grounds, V. Cohen and W. R. Jeudwine were elected to the committee in place of Messrs. W. Kirstein, D. J. Lintott, P. Andrews and G. A. Hutcheson. G. Bodmer of the Swiss Embassy has been co-opted on to the committee in place of W. Roch,

whose tour of duty in this country is over. G. A. Hutcheson has been appointed editor of the Journal in place of W. R. Jeurwine, and George Starkey has been appointed to the new post of 'New Members Secretary' to deal with applications for membership.

The Swiss Ambassador

Dr. Armin Daeniker, who returned to Switzerland upon his retirement at the end of 1963, has indicated that he is happy to remain an honorary member of the Association. M. Beat de Fischer, the present Ambassador, has been elected an honorary member.

M. William Roch, who served on the committee as the representative of the Embassy and whose counsels were greatly valued, has returned to Switzerland upon the completion of his tour of duty in this country.

The Youth Section

Discussions regarding the establishment of a Youth Section on the lines of the O.J. groups in Switzerland have continued throughout the year but it is still not possible to launch the scheme as planned. Details will be announced in the bulletin when they are complete.

New Members

In order to remove any misunderstanding about the function of the Tourist Office your committee have appointed Mr. George Starkey to be New Members Secretary and as such responsible for the enrolment of new members. He will therefore deal with all correspondence in this connection but initial enquiries regarding membership should continue to be addressed to the Honorary Treasurer, c/o Swiss National Tourist Office.

There are now 884 members of the Association.

Annual Subscriptions

The attention of members is called to the new method of assessing subscriptions. In order to ease the considerable burden which the Tourist Office have to face in collecting annual subscriptions of many varying amounts a new flat rate has been calculated which all members will be asked to pay. These will, of course, be different from the annual rate indicated by the Section to which members belong—in some case it may be a little more, in other cases less—but members are assured that the due rate will be paid over to the Section. In this way there will be a considerable saving in accounting for subscriptions remitted to the Tourist Office. It should also be realised that the flat rate may change slightly from year to year

depending on the total amounts due by members of the Association to the various sections in Switzerland.

List of Members

It has been decided that the List of Members should, if possible, be issued annually and for this reason certain items of a reference character which have hitherto appeared in the Journal (i.e. List of Past Officers, Addresses of Kindred Clubs, etc.) will now be found in the List of Members booklet.

Centenary Exhibitions and Dinner, 1963

An album containing press notices, reviews, and photographs covering the S.A.C. Centenary exhibitions and dinner is now in the Association library. The following papers and magazines reported on the exhibitions:— The Swiss Observer (September 27th, 1963 and January 10th, 1964), The Times (October 18th, 1963), Country Life (October 17th and November 21st, 1963), Illustrated London News (December 7th, 1963), Good Photography (January, 1964), 'Occasion' (Connaught Rooms Review No. 6).

THE ANNUAL DINNER

THE Annual Dinner was held at the Connaught Rooms on Wednesday, November 25th: 107 members and guests were present. The President was in the chair and the following were guests of the Association: His Excellency the Swiss Ambassador and Madame de Fischer, Dr. Albert Egger (President Elect of the S.A.C.), Sir John Hunt, Mr. Jack Longland (British Mountaineering Council), Lord Tangle, Mr. Anthony Rawlinson (Alpine Club), Mr. Albert Kunz (Swiss National Tourist Office), Mrs. H. A. Gebbie (Ladies Alpine Club), Mr. M. Williamson (Rucksack Club), Mr. K. Miller (Oxford University Mountaineering Club), Mr. J. M. Kosterlitz (Cambridge University Mountaineering Club), Mr. N. Fitzpatrick (Imperial College Mountaineering Club).

After the loyal toast Lord Tangle, in proposing the toast of 'The Swiss Confederation', spoke of the many facets of Swiss life which were known to the world. He was sure that none of those he recalled meant more to the members of the Association than the sense of pure exhilaration which was to be found in the Swiss mountains. The first view of the Alps was a moment which neither he nor any other climber was likely to forget. He felt that the affinity between the Swiss and the British was largely due to the

closeness of the Swiss to their mountains and the seafaring tradition of the British, both of which led to a unique understanding of the nature of the universe and therefore a common bond of sympathy between the two peoples. In his reply, the Swiss Ambassador said that he was very moved by the expressions of affection for his country. Not only was he surprised to learn of the large numbers who went to Switzerland from Britain as tourists and as mountaineers but also by the literature and scholarship which this country had produced about Switzerland and which had proved to be a valuable contribution to the history of the country.

Dr. Barton, in his review of the years activities, referred to the passing of Gerald Steel late in 1963, and his many years of devoted service to the Association. He welcomed Wing Commander Beauman to the dinner on the occasion of his fiftieth year as a member of the Association. The lecture programme this year had been, he recalled, a domestic one with our own members recounting stories of their own far-ranging activities. These lectures had been well attended and were followed, as always, by a pleasant dinner at the Lucullus. Both the Easter Meet at Onich and the Summer Meet at Sils Maria had been successful although poor weather in Switzerland had prevented many good climbs. The outstanding climb of the Meet had been the traverse of Bernina and Palu in a day by John Byam-Grounds—after which his guide is reported to have remarked “Never again!” Dr. Barton went on to outline the arrangements for the enrolment of new members and for the Youth Section, both of which had been occupying the Committee for some months, and thanked the officers of the Association for their hard work during the year.

Mr. Vincent Cohen on proposing the toast ‘The Guests and Kindred Clubs’ said that we were all delighted to learn of the Ambassador’s real concern that the Alps should remain as a great natural playground. Of the other guests he mentioned the three who were known for their connections with Everest—Jack Longland in 1933, Sir John Hunt in 1953 and Dr. Egger in 1956—and for how much each had contributed to the furtherance of climbing amongst the younger generations. Dr. Egger, in reply, spoke of his forthcoming term of office as President of the Swiss Alpine Club and how keen he was that a successful result should be the outcome of the talks for which he had come over. Mr. Jack Longland, in a characteristically witty speech, likened the work of the B.M.C. to that of the S.A.C. in bringing together all types of mountaineers and acting on their behalf in the good name of the sport. It was necessary, he affirmed

to use a minimum of organisation to work on access problems, to test equipment, to examine potential guides and leaders, and many other matters affecting the standing of British Mountaineering.

Mr. George Starkey, an 'Old Boy' of the school whose present Headmaster is also our President, spoke with a certain timidity in the face of the dual capacity of Dr. Barton, of the wise counsels and directions which he had brought to bear on the difficult work which the Committee has had to tackle during the year.

The Library.

At the start of 1964 the duties of Hon. Librarian were relinquished by Charles France. It is thus fitting to start this report by paying a tribute to him for his sustained work over the past 10 years in cherishing and augmenting our fine collection of mountaineering books.

The new Hon. Librarian soon found himself busy as many of the books had to be carried out to temporary quarters to enable re-decoration to proceed. At the same time the Library Room was made more dustproof and the closed shelf space increased.

The next event in the Librarian's year was the establishment of a sub-committee which considered the lines on which the Library should operate in future. A study was made of the pattern of loans of books and maps during recent years and as a result it was concluded that the interests of members would best be served in future by the acquisition of only the best general mountaineering books, particularly those dealing with the Alps, of guide books of foreign climbing areas visited by members, and of a few of the more popular journals of other climbing clubs.

Finally the year has ended with stocktaking, 'spring' cleaning, the preparation of a revised Library List, and the transfer of books to the additional covered shelves.

In these activities assistance has been given by many. In particular acknowledgements are due to Messrs. France, Hutcheson, Ledebor, F. E. Smith and Solari, and to the Hon. Librarian's wife whose work on the new Library List has advanced its completion by many weeks.

Thanks are due to Monsieur Egmond d'Arcis for the gift of *The First Ascent of Mont Blanc* by T. G. Brown and Sir Gavin de Beer; to Mr. M. N. Clarke for *The Mountains of My Life* by Ashenden; to the author, our member Mr. I. B. Rees for *Galwad y Mynydd*; and to the publishers for *The Craft of Climbing* by W. H. Murray and J. E. B. Wright.

In addition the following books have been acquired:— J. Boell, *High Heaven*. V. A. Firsoff, *The Tatra Mountains*. G. Francis, *Mountain Climbing*. A. Martin, *La Suisse Pittoresque*. T. A. M. Peacock, *Mountaineering*. Simond, *Switzerland (1817-19)*. F. S. Smythe, *Again Switzerland and Snow on the Hills*. Dorothy E. Thompson, *Climbing with Joseph Georges*. J. M. Walker, *Mountain Days in the Highlands and Alps*. E. Walton, *Alpine Flowers*. S.A.C. Guide, *Alpes Valaisannes — Vol. I. (1963)*. S.A.C. *Hut List (1961)*.

The Hon. Librarian will be pleased to advise on any queries, and correspondence should be addressed to him at 109 Farnaby Road, Bromley, Kent. Books should be borrowed direct from the Association's library at the Alpine Club, 74, South Audley Street, W.1.

THE EASTER MEET.

THE Easter Meet was held at the Allt-nan-Rhos Hotel, Onich, from the 25th March to the 1st April, 1964. Although the weather was not so exceptionally fine as it had been two years earlier at Fort William, climbing was possible every day. Conditions were generally cold and sleet and mist were encountered on the tops on some days.

Whilst Onich might not at first sight appear to be a very suitable place for a climbing Meet, it proved in fact an excellent centre. With transport available, the southern side of the Mamores is readily accessible through Kinlochleven, less than an hour's drive takes one through Fort William and up Glen Nevis, whilst Glencoe is easily reached across the Ballachulish ferry.

The amount of snow on the tops was not large, but there were patches of ice on the ridges which called for care even on simple routes. These conditions prevented much rock climbing and ice caused one party to retreat on the Tower Ridge. Two parties, however, ascended the Crowberry Ridge, one by the direct route. Various routes were followed on the Mamores and parties traversed the Aonach Eagach ridge and other popular ridges.

We were excellently looked after at the Allt-nan-Rhos Hotel and our thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and their staff. The Meet was attended by the following members and guests: Dr. A. W. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. M. Bennett and David Bennett, Miss Angela Briant, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bunch, Mr. G. R. E. Brooke, Mr. D. M. Clarke, Mr. J. E. Clements, Mr. W. L. Coates, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Crepin, Mr. I. C. Davies, Mr. H. S. Flook, Mr. J. E. Jesson, Mr. R. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lambley and Julian Lambley, Mr. G. B. McGillivray, Dr. M. McGillivray, Mr. and Mrs.

L. R. Pepper, Mr. R. B. Quine, Dr. D. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. G. Starkey and Mr. N. E. D. Walker.

THE ALPINE MEET.

THERE seems to be a growing feeling that this should be an annual event, rather than one in alternate years. This is encouraging, and following the successful Meet in Zinal last year, it was arranged that the Alpine Meet in 1964 should be in Sils Maria.

Sils Maria is still one of the most beautiful villages in the Engadine, and almost as accessible as Pontresina for climbing. It cannot be said, however, that the Meet was blessed with the most favourable weather conditions, since it coincided exactly with a break in a long fine spell, which put most of the higher peaks out. In fact, the barometer was under almost continuous study.

However, at the worst stage a successful ascent of Piz Corvatsch was made by cable car by most of the Meet, who were penalised by an almost total lack of view. But other summits proved possible in the intervals—Piz Julier, which proved by no means a mere scramble in these conditions, and La Margna, whose snow ridge called for considerable effort. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Solari and Stephen Kander were lucky with a superb traverse of Piz Palu, and a small party reached Cima di Rossi and Monte Sissone from the Forno Hut—Harold Flook completing the whole trip with a sprained ankle.

One "gamble" that came off started with a hired carriage up the Roseg valley to the Tschierva Hut in a thunderstorm. The weather cleared, and following a party ascent of Piz Morteratsch, John Byam-Grounds achieved the next day Piz Bernina by the Bianco Grat and the complete traverse of Piz Palu. At the close of the Meet Walter Kirstein and Peter Ledebøer had made an interesting ascent of Piz Bernina from the Italian side in the deep snow. Accounts of these last two climbs are to be found in the following pages.

In spite of the weather conditions, therefore, this was a very successful Meet, and Sils Maria will be well remembered. Our base, the Hotel Schweizerhof, contributed greatly to this.

The following members and guests were present for longer or shorter periods: Mr. and Mrs. M. Bennett and David Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. J. Broadbent, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Byam-Grounds and Gay Byam-Grounds, Mr. and Mrs. A. Clapham, Mr. H. S. Flook, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Freeman, Mr. P. French, Mr. J. Gardner, Dr. J. W. Healy, Mr. J. E. Jesson, Mr. R. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kirstein, Mr. J. P. Ledebøer, Mr. R. C. J. Parker, Canon and Mrs. Peaston, Dr. D. Riddell, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Solari.

OBITUARY.

C. J. TIPPING.
(1881—1964).

C. J. Tipping died on the 12th April at the age of 83. He had been in failing health for the last 12 months. He was the elder son of Mr. W. A. Tipping of "Mount Arthur", Gourrock, who was very well known in the insurance world and took an active part in local affairs.

After leaving school he came to London where he joined the staff of the Royal Insurance Company with whom he remained until he retired in 1949, except for the period of the First World War when he saw active service in France and Mesopotamia. His brother, E. B. Tipping, who survives him, was a well known amateur golfer in his younger days.

He took up climbing soon after the First World War and joined the Association in 1926, and he was a regular attendant at all our Meetings up to 1950, when he went to live in Ireland. He served more than one term of office on the Committee. He was also a member of the Alpine Club and the Irish Mountaineering Club. He did most of his climbing in France and Switzerland and was very neat on rock. Although he never cared for walking for the sake of walking, he always kept remarkably fit and was able to undertake major ascents immediately he got out to the Alps.

He was of rather a shy and retiring disposition, but he was a delightful companion and exceedingly generous and kind hearted. He will be sadly missed by all his friends in the Association.

M.N.C.

The following members also died during last year:—

C. B. D. CAMPBELL, BRYAN DONKIN, Commander G. L. DENSHAM, D.S.C., R.N., The Rev. J. E. GROSVENOR, R. E. A. MALLET, R. J. PHILLIPS (on the Zmutt ridge of the Matterhorn), Professor W. E. S. TURNER, O.B.E., D.S.C., F.R.S., and the Rev. W. G. TINDAL-ATKINSON.

THE SPALLAS RIDGE OF PIZ BERNINA.

By Walter Kirstein.

Sils Maria, 27 August, 1964.

WE had arranged to start our one big climb of the holiday on Saturday, 22nd August, with our guide Gottlieb Zryd of St. Moritz and Hans Peter Caspar, a guide-aspirant. It was raining, however, and the barometer had fallen to new depths. On Sunday, after a fortnight of unsettled weather, the glass began to rise for the first time. By lunchtime the telephone weather report was excellent . . . "An anticyclone extending from the Bay of Biscay" was approaching. Gottlieb agreed that we could make a start although he warned us to expect a lot of new snow higher up. Our objective was Piz Bernina by the Spallas ridge.

Peter Ledeboer was first away. He made the long journey up to Campo Franscia via the Bernina Pass, Tirano, Sondrio, and the Val Malenco by rail and bus while I went through by car to Pontresina with our heavy luggage. The intention was that I should book in at a hotel for our return from the mountain but in fact the weather was still so miserable that I had doubts about the whole expedition and left the cases at the station without booking any rooms. Monday started badly. Lona succumbed to a tonsillar abscess and the cases had to be recovered so that she could remain behind while we went ahead with our climb. The car, too, showed signs of faltering which cannot have been helped much by our efforts at testing, removing and replacing a sparking plug with an ice axe as our only tool. Nevertheless, it carried the four of us up the fantastic road, through tunnels and galleries, around innumerable hair-pin bends until the barrier of Campo Franscia prevented further progress. We left the car near a nice little hotel and began the long trek up to the Marinelli Hut (2813m). On the way up through glorious woods we met a few Italian tourists enjoying the countryside with their children. The few houses there are in the Val Malenco offer splendid opportunities for people wanting a really restful holiday with some walking. Mules are still the main means of transporting loads in the region—the helicopter is not used as frequently here as on the Swiss side of the border. We found several mules 'off duty' grazing near the stream and were later passed by a laden mule accompanied by a very sure-footed foal, obviously learning the trade.

After three hours we came to a C.A.I. club hut standing on a col from which we had our first view of the rocky south side of the well-known Engadine peaks. A splendid thé-citron refreshed us and

an hour and a half later we arrived at the Marinelli Hut. It was really like a mountain hotel, very well kept and accommodating only twenty or so visitors compared with its potential capacity of three hundred and fifty guests. We obtained a room with four bunks, ordered food as though we were in a restaurant, and had a thoroughly comfortable night. At half past four in the morning we left the hut by moon light and made our way up scree slopes first losing, then regaining, the path in the dim light. After about half an hour we reached the glacier and could see in the growing daylight the track rising across the snow and leading to a rockface. On the ridge above the face we could see the Marco e Rosa Hut about two thousand feet above us and I wondered if we would ever really get up that face. When we reached the rocks we were unable to find an obvious route as one so often does on Swiss climbs but eventually we came across fixed steel ropes pointing the way. The climbing was nowhere difficult but it took time and the altitude was beginning to have its effect. The hut seemed to come no nearer and I found the last few hundred feet the most strenuous of the whole day. To arrive at the little hut at twelve thousand feet with a guardian ready to give us tea or soup was a great relief. The weather was glorious and the views marvellous. To the west, the Roseg and in the far distance the Mischabel and Monte Rosa; to the south, the Paradiso group; and to the east the whole range of Palu, Bellavista, Zupo, D'Argient and the nearby rocky Crest d'Guezza. We left most of our things at the hut and walked up the steep glacier slope to the rocks of the Spallas ridge. Some parties were already tackling the rocks and we heard shouting in several languages. Gottlieb never hesitated, however, and we continually overtook slower parties. He took us on the Morteratsch side on very steep snow to the foot of some rocks which I found rather steep and whose descent I visualised would be equally difficult. These rocks brought us to a cross at the beginning of the snow part of the ridge, which we followed up to a little sub-summit. From there the actual knife-edge ridge leads down a few yards then rises, changes to rock again, and after about fifty yards rises to the summit of the Piz Bernina. Having passed the little sub-summit and starting downhill we were obliged to stop as the leading party of four were desperately trying to clear the ridge of about two feet of new snow while an ice cold wind blew about us. The front climber only progressed about three feet in ten minutes and, having been chilled to the bone, Gottlieb suddenly moved forward, took off his rope and said 'I'm going home now'. He miraculously by-passed the party, and working furiously with his ice axe cleared the ridge in no time at all. He then took the leader of the other party to where the rocks gave some safety again and called for

me to follow. It was then that I really was scared. I usually find ice ridges enjoyable but here there was only room for one boot and the snow was still soft and inclined to give way. Looking downwards one could see both the Morteratsch and Tschierva glaciers at the same time. There was little safety either, as both Peter and I were in front of Hans Peter. However, Gottlieb was soon back and in a few minutes we were on the rocks leading up to the summit. We arrived at the top at about eleven-thirty and because the wind had practically dropped we were able to sit down on the rocks on the Morteratsch side and enjoy our lunch. The views were incredible. All the distant mountains of Italy, Austria, Switzerland and France were visible. As we had cleared a route to the top several other parties came on to the summit—even those who had decided that the lesser summit would suffice. We then retraced our steps down the tricky part which now proved to be quite comfortable. We even stopped to take photographs. Coming to the steep rocks on the Morteratsch face we again found several parties occupying them. Without hesitation Gottlieb took us down a pitch of deep snow which led to two parallel fixed steel ropes. "Down with you" he shouted and while both guides held the ends of our rope we used the fixed ropes as abseil guiding ropes and were down in no time. We soon reached the snow slopes above the Marco e Rosa hut and after first walking down in deep snow were able to run down to reach the hut just one hour from the summit.

We ate and drank for an hour. Gottlieb decided that it was too late to go over the Palu to the Diavolezza and I gave up the idea of going to Campo Frasca that night to collect the car. With three or four other parties we started in glorious weather the march between and below the huge seracs of the Zupo to the Col Bellavista. We shall never forget the ice formations nor the view of the Cresta d'Guezza seen against the sun. The track below the Bellavista miserably delayed us by going upwards for about half an hour but after that it lead quickly downwards to the rocks of the Fortezza. I had come down here last year with my wife but I found that they were much more tricky this time due to a deeper covering of snow and ice. The downhill climb took some time and we saw some other parties moving quickly on the snow track between Fortezza and Isla Pers. I hoped that here we could repeat our rapid descent above the Marco e Rosa hut but as soon as I moved out from the track I found myself treading air. I managed to swing myself back to the track while a deep crevasse opened up parallel to the track. Gottlieb dryly remarked that he knew it was there and went on. He wanted to cross over to the Diavolezza but I warned him that I was in no

condition to rush up to the hut to catch the last cable-car down. We therefore continued on down the staircase of the Isla Pers for an hour to the Morteratsch Glacier—a descent which we have so often made in minutes by ski down an adjoining snow gully in the winter. We crossed the glacier while Hans went to the Boval Hut to telephone for Gottlieb's car and for news of my wife. He rejoined us long before we reached Morteratsch bringing good news about my wife's condition. I had thought by now that I would have been completely exhausted but I was able to enjoy the wonderful view of Palu in the evening sun. After a day of fifteen and a half hours we got into the car and were soon home.

The following day, as Lona was still in bed, I returned to Campo Franscia to collect the car and also to the lake of Poschiavo where I had lost a case lid. The drive up the Bernina Pass in the evening was an event on its own. It forcibly convinced me that the Engadine is really one of the most beautiful places in the world whether one is a mountaineer, a walker or merely a motorist.

CORNOUAILLES 1964.

par Charles Briquet.

Préparée avec soin et amour pendant de nombreux mois, cette course faillit ne pas avoir lieu: Le président de la Commission des Courses avait fait une mauvaise chute à ski 8 jours avant le départ, et le soussigné avait ressenti une violente attaque de goutte.

Malgré tout, le jeudi 14 mai nous retrouvions 3 à l'aérodrome de Genève pour prendre l'avion de Swiss Air, direction Londres. En suite de faux renseignements, c'est avec 8 heures de retard que nous avons pu enfin atteindre New Quai et son petit aérodrome. A 23 heures nous trouvions enfin le dîner sur la table, à l'excellent hôtel "the Old Success Inn", à Sennencove, où nous attendait notre collègue Georges Reymond, de Plymouth.

Vendredi 15 mai, au matin, nous faisons la connaissance de notre guide "Mack", homme charmant, grimpeur de première force et qui connaît admirablement la région. Il nous emène, Pierre Pidoux (trésorier central du C. A. S.), Georges Reymond, vieux genevois devenu sujet Britannique, et votre serviteur, ancien président de la Section genevoise du C. A. S. Nous allons pendant 3 heures varapper dans les falaises derrière l'hôtel. Nous descendons par un couloir facile sur une vire qui domine la mer d'une trentaine de pieds. Cette vire, longue de plusieurs centaines de mètres longe le bas de la falaise, permettant d'atteindre un nombre incalculable de passages

de difficultés variées, dans un granit extraordinaire, le même que celui des Aiguilles de Chamonix, mais plus creusé par l'eau de mer, et plus solide, tout est sûr, toutes les prises tiennent. On peut choisir ses passages comme on prendrait un livre dans une bibliothèque. Le temps est magnifique, la mer calme, et nous montons, redescendons, remontons pendant 3 heures, avec un plaisir toujours renouvelé. L'après-midi, nous prenons en voiture la route qui va de Lands End à St. Ives en suivant la côte ouest. Quel pays ravissant, égayé par les plaques jaunes des genets. Le retour se fait par Penzance et Lands End.

Le Samedi 16 mai, Peter Ledebor nous avait rejoint dans la nuit, nous repartons en voitures, pour la falaise de Chair-Ladder, Nous laissons les voitures dans une petite crique et remontons sur la rive droite d'un vallon jusqu'à un grand phare que nous laissons à notre gauche, et descendons par un couloir toujours plus raide jusqu'à la mer. Le temps est toujours merveilleux. Nous nous encordons, et Mack nous entraîne par des passages de 3 e et 4 e degré, par une progression en oblique de droite à gauche. Il y a parfois de grandes enjambées à faire, avec en dessous la mer écumante. Le vide s'accroît à mesure que nous montons. Voici des cormorans qui nous accompagnent en criant affreusement. La roche de brun roux devient blanche de guano. Après avoir suivi une vire où il y a juste de quoi mettre les pieds et les mains, il faut remonter une fissure pas très pénible; au fond il y a des nids avec de gros oeufs blancs. Plus haut des petits tout noirs, l'oeil vif et le bec rouge piaillent de toutes leurs forces, aussi nous comprenons les inquiétudes des cormorans qui nous accompagnent. Ce passage se termine en franchissant de belles dalles aux excellentes prises, c'est très aérien. Tandis que j'assure Peter, je contemple cette mer mouvante, pointillée d'écume blanche . . . au loin sur l'horizon 2 bateaux voguent vers l'Amérique. L'après-midi, pour nous maintenir en forme, Mack nous emmène encore faire un passage de 3 longueurs de corde où un surplomb coté 4 e degré supérieur est brillamment franchi par 3 d'entre nous, à la grande satisfaction de Mack. Le soir, après un excellent dîner à Penzance, à " l'Amiral Benbow ", nous allons tous à Zennor où se tient la réunion du CLUB DES GRIMPEURS BRITANNIQUES ". Nous sommes présentés au président du groupe de Cornouailles, et à Sir John Hunt, président central, et à sa femme. Le temps passe très amicalement, chacun rappelant des souvenirs ou préparant les prochaines courses. Cette atmosphère est la même dans tous les pays, et favorise une délicieuse camaraderie. La soirée se prolonge jusqu'aux limites des heures policières.

Dimanche 17 mai, après un déjeuner tardif, succulent, comme seuls les Anglais le font, nous partons pour Zennor et les falaises de Bosigran. En arrivant à la cabane du Club des Grimpeurs Britanniques, nous retrouvons Sir John Hunt et son épouse qui sortent juste de leur tente. Il paraît que la cabane si bien remplie si pleine de ronflements que le chef des grimpeurs britanniques a préféré la tranquillité de sa petite tente et a eu une nuit paisible. Nous descendons un vallon en direction de la mer, il fait toujours beau temps. Nous nous attaquons au "Commando Ridge" que a belle allure, tant par ses gendarmes effilés que par la longueur. Le premier passage est assez impressionnant: La mer s'engouffre avec fracas dans une fissure, et une traversée horizontale sur de petites prises amène le grimpeur justement au milieu de cette cheminée. Puis une montée verticale d'une quinzaine de mètres, très athlétique et on arrive sur l'arête dentelée à souhait. Les passages se succèdent, pas difficiles, mais d'un intérêt soutenu, ponctué par le vide qui se creuse sous nos pieds. Georges Reymond notre doyen a un entrain juvénile qui lui fait enlever tous les passages avec brio. Pidoux filme et je photographie, Peter également. Tout autour de nous, partout il y a des cordées au travail, dans toutes sortes de passages, il se pratique également de l'artificiel, des coups de marteaux couvrent des exclamations sonores. Tout le monde se connaît, on s'interpelle d'une face à l'autre. Après le lunch pic-nique, je descends au "Torpilleur" avec Bob, tandis que mes camarades font une voie que j'avais faite il y a deux ans. Le "Torpilleur" ne peut se faire à pied sec qu'à marée basse. Toute l'ascension en est très facile jusqu'au dernier passage qui est du 5^e degré. les prises sont malheureusement placées pour un homme de 190 cm., bref il me manque 20 cm. je n'arrive à passer que grâce à Bob qui a bien tenu la corde. Deux rappels de corde nous amènent au bas de la falaise. Nous rentrons enchantés de notre journée, à Sennecove, par un vent violent.

Lundi 18 mai, lever à 5 heures, un baby bus nous emmène à New Quay où nous prenons l'avion pour Londres. En fin de matinée, nous descendons la Tamise en bateau jusqu'à Greenwich où nous retrouvons le secrétaire de L'ABM Mr. Bennett et sa famille. Ensemble nous visitons le musée de la Marine, sans oublier l'Observatoire et le célèbre méridien. Puis nous prenons le train pour le West End où une agréable surprise nous fait encore rencontrer le Président Barton, entouré de Richards, G. Starkey et leurs charmantes épouses. C'est avec regret que nous nous séparons de ces amis qui par leur dévouement et leur amitié nous ont fait passer des heures inoubliables.

Encore à tous Merci!

THE CAMBRIDGE CHITRAL EXPEDITION, 1964.

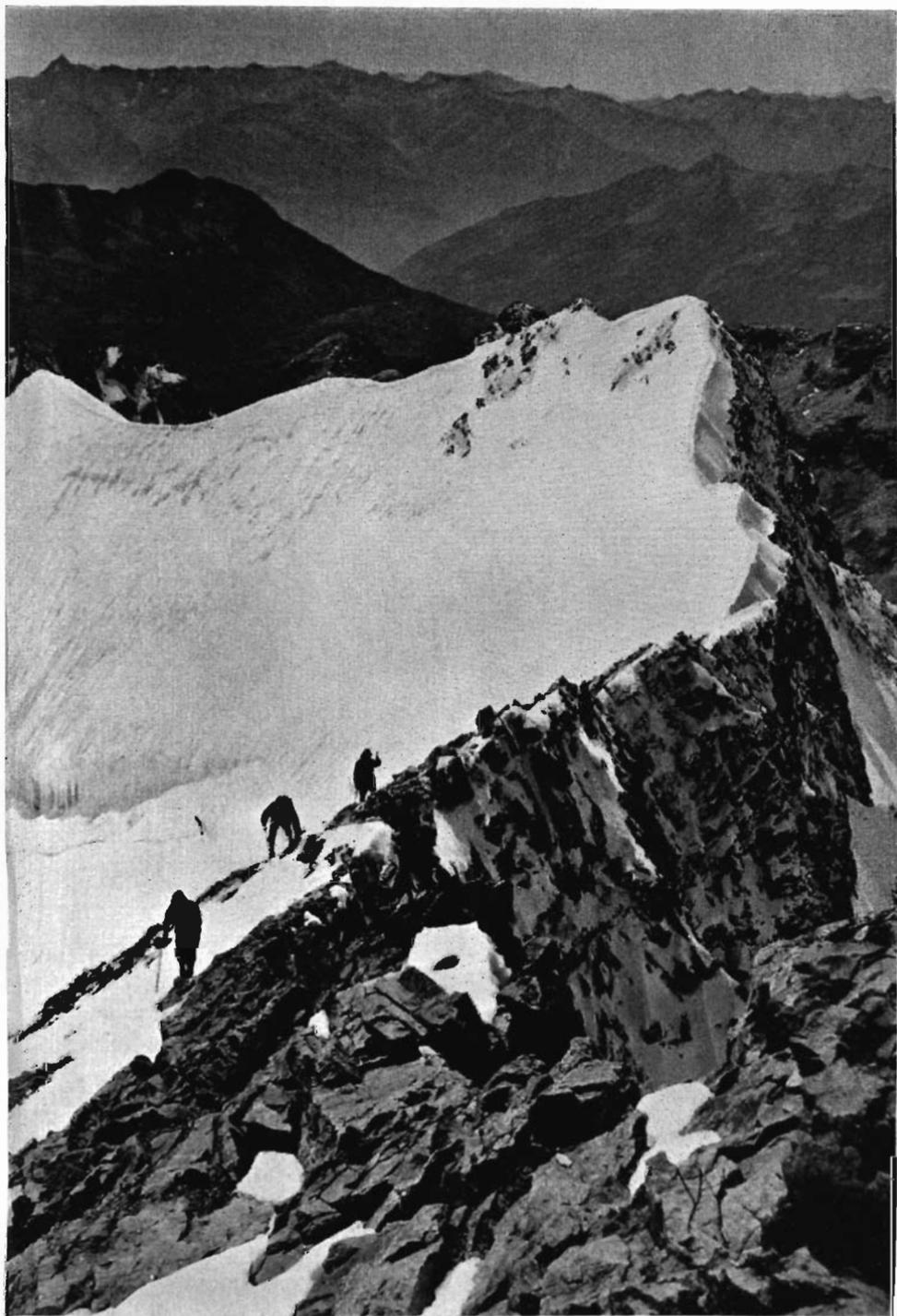
By Henry Day.

FOUR members of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club — Hugh Samuel (S.A.C.), John Peck, Richard Isherwood and myself — drove out of Cambridge in an old landrover on June 16th this year. By July 17th we were walking out of Kalom in Swat State, West Pakistan, with eighteen Pathans, to look for a 21,000 foot peak reported by the Survey of Pakistan and thought by Mr. Trevor Braham to be one of the peaks surrounding the Dara Plateau.*

The march in involved crossing the Swat-Indus watershed by a pass of 15,000 feet called Sholto Dava. It lies ten miles from Kalom and eight thousand feet higher and took two and a half days to reach. After a month in the landrover this proved hard work. Base Camp was to lie at the foot of an awesome icefall tumbling down from the plateau. Unfortunately this meant losing 5,000 feet which would, of course, have to be regained later. As all our ice-axes had been lost from the roof of the car Hugh was despatched straightaway to Rawalpindi to beg or borrow axes from returning expeditions. We obtained four from the Irish who had been on Rakaposhi and from some Canadians so what little delay we experienced was not serious. Meanwhile, John, Richard and I had set up Camp 1 beside twin fingers of a moraine that penetrated the left bank of the icefall almost to the level of the plateau. Twin summits named Adam and Eve had been ascended whence a route had been traced onto the flat snowfields. An attempt was next made on a rock summit of about 18,000 feet named the Verte on the opposite side of the valley. With almost no equipment but plenty of enthusiasm we reached a col some way from the summit but the going proved difficult as we had already ascended 7,000 feet.

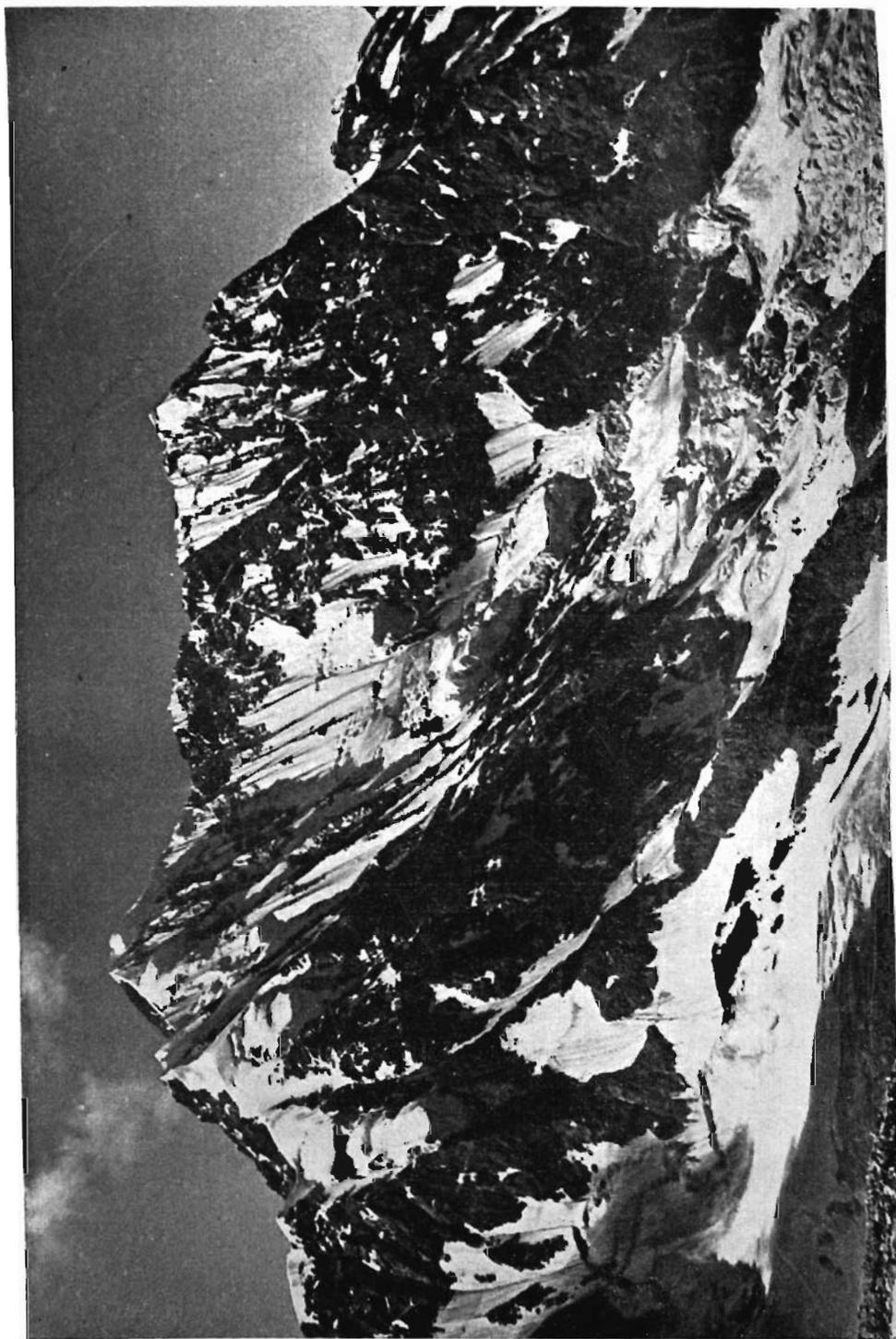
Hugh had returned by then so we set off again to climb Central Peak which dominated the approach to Siri Dara but was dwarfed by Mankial. An easy snow plod up its broad left shoulder involved crossing the only crevasse system that opposed our entry to the plateau. Six weeks later we were to find the crevasses so much altered that great difficulty was experienced in retreating with 70-80lb. packs.

Our previous intelligence of the area was based on the sources quoted and the Survey of India Map Sheet 43A—the fieldwork for which has not been revised since 1899. Previous travellers based their sketch maps on this framework but the elementary triangula-



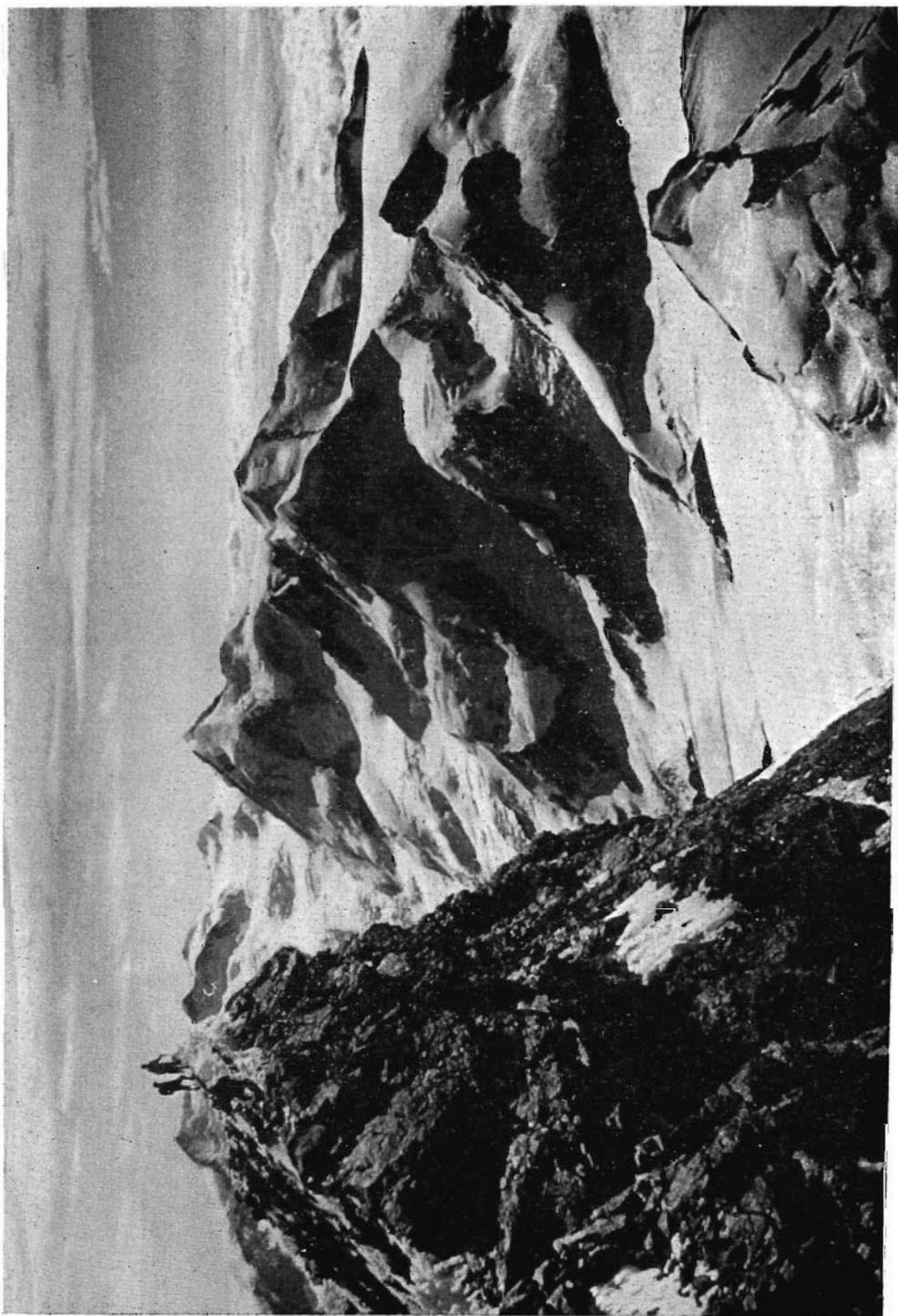
The Spallas ridge of Piz Bernina.

Photo: Walter Kirstein.



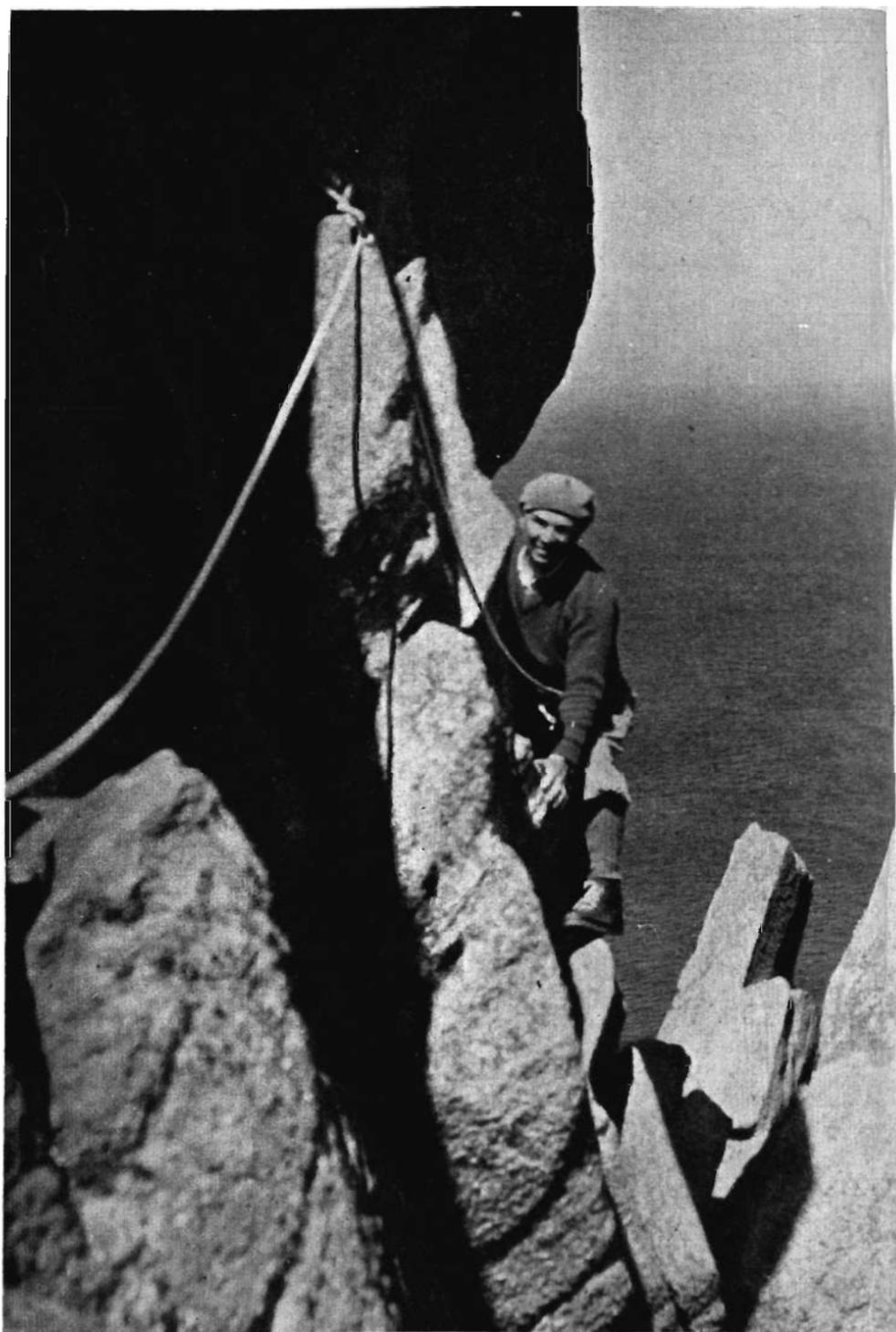
The north west face of Mankial, Chitral.

Photo: Henry Day.



The Summit of the Matterhorn

Photo: from a transparency by F. E. Smith.



Georges Reymond on the Cornish Cliffs.

Photo : Charles Briquet.

tion we undertook has shown all these to be wildly misleading. In the light of our survey it transpires that the two peaks dominating the plateau were the Mankial summits. The westerly peak was climbed by Holdsworth in 1940 and this climb we repeated unknowingly. John, Richard and I camped at 16,000 feet on Bank Holiday Monday far from them all. The ridge we followed from the East was loose and unpleasant. Some camp debris we found may have been left by Jon Stevenson on his unsuccessful attempt in 1959. Clinometer readings confirmed that it is higher than the Breithorn, as the eastern summit has been named. The view from the north was obscured by cloud.

Next, a camp was carried to the far edge of the plateau. From there John and Richard climbed a peak named 'The Pudding' by a consistently sharp ridge. The following day we all made an attempt on the Breithorn. Having traversed on to a rib on the West Face across an icy gully, a large rockfall of about a hundred tons thundered down, some of the debris covering us. Continuing speedily, the climb developed into a superb Chamonix-type rock route, all yellow granite and jug-handles. Meeting the south east ridge across a steep snowfield we proceeded up to a heavily corniced summit. Nanga Parbat had just been swallowed up into the cloud fifty miles to the north east but Tirich Mir dominated our western panorama. Saraghrar, overlooking our original objective, the Bosh Gol, was also visible.

A hasty round of survey angles and clinations then the long south east ridge was followed until the previous days' route down the glacier was rejoined at the col with Pudding Peak. Some of the Avalanche debris proved to be rocks the size of a tent and altogether covered several acres. Hugh summoned us by radio so we returned to Base Camp for a few days until he seemed better. The return to Camp 3 included a reconnaissance to find a route from the icefall to the Sholto Dara, without descending to Base Camp.

The Pyramid was climbed and this included a magnificent open corner 300 feet high named after John as Peck's Dièdre. However, it was Richard who led the crux and modestly graded it Hard Severe. No mean achievement considering the isolation and the height—17,000 feet. An easy way down the back made this a real outcrop-climbers peak. However, it was to be the last climb on the plateau as the weather broke and we had to retreat.

The move over the pass was satisfying co-ordinated by radio and a much fitter Hugh brought porters with all the Base Camp to

join us halfway up. Together we crossed the Sholto Dara and camped on the other side overlooked by Mankial and another 18,500 foot peak which we named 'Confusion'. Having fetched the remainder of the kit from Camp 1—less that acquired by the goat-herds—we climbed Confusion at the second attempt. Unfortunately, visibility again deteriorated so that our survey was in some respects incomplete. However, we could see the Batin Peaks and Falak Sar to the north and could guess at Jimmy Mills' Khan Shai.

Next morning we packed up and traversed the length of Sho Nala to Kalom in the day. The porters were encouraged by the promise of a sheep barbecue but unfortunately lost us when they lagged behind and arrived after dark. Bad tempered, they refused the offer, demanding money for backsheesh. Meanwhile the sheep escaped so we all went to bed hungry. John stayed behind in Karachi eventually working his passage to Canada. We drove back much the same way as our outward journey, through Afghanistan, Iran, Turkey, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, arriving in Dover on September 17th, exactly three months after our departure.

We relied largely on all manner of gratuitous assistance from many people. In particular, the support of the Mount Everest Foundation proved our corner stone. We hope that our total budget of £600 should encourage others to follow our example. None of the members had previous Himalayan experience, so that a modest objective was chosen. When approaching the authorities for political clearance it is wise to drop the style 'expedition' and use 'climbing tourism' to describe ones aims. It is comparatively easy to get permission to enter Swat under this description. All our equipment and food for six weeks (prepared in eight-man-day boxes weighing 22 lbs. each) was carried in the landrover, by far the cheapest and most convenient way of travelling. However, it is strongly advised to arrange to sell the vehicle in Kabul—the profits of which should allow the party to fly back and break even.

* Alpine Journal, November 1963.

See also Alpine Journal, May 1962, for an account of two journeys in Swat by Mills.

[Although the expedition was named the Cambridge 'Chitral' Expedition it should of course be noted that the climbs described were in Swat state—the team having been unable to proceed into Chitral. — Ed.]

A STROLL IN THE PARK

By Frank Solari

MENTION the Engadine and most climbers will think only of that glorious apex of the Grisons centred on Piz Bernina, with its classic routes springing from no less famous villages and huts. But the Inn, which gave its name to the Engadine, does not suddenly dry up at St. Moritz and in its downward course towards the Austrian frontier it traverses the Unter Engadin which is well worth a thought by those who take delight in the less athletic mountaineering. For here, on the right bank of the Inn, is the extensive and handsome Swiss National Park in which strict preservation policies maintain ideal conditions for flora, fauna, and walker alike, and a spell of several days there can be reward enough in itself or can serve as training in preparation for the larger mountains in singularly elegant surroundings. It was with this last purpose in mind that Babs and I set out late in July to traverse the Park from S-chanf to Scuol before going on to Sils Maria and the Meet.

We went with no very definite plans, except to follow a more or less direct line from S.W. to N.E. and to take a chance on where we ate and slept. In this last, our luck held three times out of four—only at Il Fuorn were we crowded out and even then the Post Bus took us conveniently down to Zernez (where we fared well at the Langen) and back again next morning. The 1 : 50,000 Ofenpass map is as excellent as are the rest of that series and the Short Guide to the Swiss National Park published by the Grisons Tourist Office told us all we needed to know about huts, routes, journey times, etc. It also warned us that we should be restricted to certain routes and totally forbidden from parts of the Park—vexing at first thought but acceptable in practice, particularly when herds of Ibex and other deer were seen peacefully grazing on the forbidden ridges. The traditional local language is Romansch, reflected in the place-names, but German is universal and often necessary. Few English-speaking people seem to visit the region.

This is splendid walking country. There are a very few very small glaciers to be found if one looks diligently and with the eye of faith, but it is really a country of dry cols at heights up to about 2,800 metres connecting valleys of rock, scree, meadow and forest. The geology is all comparatively recent and highly dramatic, tending towards spectacularly shattered ridges and very deep valleys. The rock weathers to give host to a remarkably varied flora including extensive stretches of the handsome Engadine dwarf pine. The peaks

appeared to our eyes to offer prospects of long steep rock climbs for those who don't mind an element of instability.

Distances are not great. From one end to the other a crow would fly no more than 25 kilometers, although the walker's way is nothing like so direct, and there is ample room for what Fowler might call elegant variations. Accommodation is well placed even if, at the peak holiday season, the motorist may beat the walker to the few hotels and pensions of the Ofenpass, the only road traversing the Park. The huts at Varusch in the Val Trupchun and in Val Clouzza are run by the Park authorities and look after one very well and cheaply. And S-charl is a gem of a village (though how long it will so remain after the road, now being built, gets there is anyone's guess) where we were well received at the Weisses Kreuz and enjoyed an impressively simple Bundesfeier.

Our daily pattern allowed an indulgently late start through the virgin forest which gradually thinned to give the dwarf rhododendron *hirsutum* a place in the sun, and such sheets of the so-called alpenrose I have never seen before. In the rockier glens (such as Val Müschauns) there was no meadow zone and the rhododendron extended high into the scree where the really dwarf flora—*silenes*, *androsaces*, *linarias*—took over and kept one entranced up to the cols whence distant vistas of the Bernina group, the Silvretta, and (could it be?) the Ortler added further reward for the long slog. Elsewhere, as on the Murter ridge, extensive high meadowland not only provided congenial ground for innumerable marmots but also bore large and colourful tracts of deep purple *aconitum*. The marmots were shy enough, but responded to a patient approach, and their family antics whiled away the time very pleasantly. From two of our cols, (Fuorcla Val Sassa and Forcletta Val dal Botsch) we were faced with long, long descents over scree which were daunting at first sight but relieved most delightfully by drifts of gentian, lemon yellow *papaver rhaeticum* and, most exquisite of all, the fragrant *valeriana supina* which scented the air around.

Our final half-day's walk—from S-charl through the Clemgia gorge to Scuol—lay just outside the Park and was to some extent marred by dam building, but mercifully the lower reaches of the gorge have been spared. Here the torrent has carved a tormented path through steeply-titled beds of serpentine, schist and other colourfully variegated rocks to provide a romantically picturesque end to our stroll through the Swiss National Park.

BIANCOGRAT, 1964

By J. S. Byam-Grounds

THE Wendell Jones umbrella, tattered, furled and symbolic of carefree climbing of a bygone age, disappeared from view down the track to Morteratsch. Hammering near at hand indicated where Paul Psosi was hard at work on the guardian's new summer arbour. The terrace of the Boval hut overflowed with new arrivals, released at last from their weary ascent to feast their eyes in admiration on the fluted ridges of the Palu, glistening white with fresh snow.

The sound of carpentry, the cries of children and the barking of a small, lost terrier floated back and forth, over and through my daydreams in a sheltered, grassy hollow.

Too soon the evening cold drove me back to the hut and an empty food bag. The tide of day-visitors had receded leaving a flotsam of bottles, paper bags and half-eaten food. Unexpectedly familiar faces appeared; Walter Kirstein's party late down from the Diavolezza. I explained my predicament. Generously they produced fruit, chocolate and the contents of luncheon bags, heaped on the wooden bench as on the begging dish of some itinerant monk. Paul and I would not go hungry!

Inside, the hut room reeked with acrid tobacco, food and humanity. I supped and turned in early.

At 2 a.m. Paul silently pulled the hut door to behind us. No star showed. In the dark silence the warm air was pleasant but menacing. We followed the narrow crest of the moraine by the precarious light of a single hand torch, and soon we were descending its steep, crumbling flank, stumbling and slipping over the loose rocks and scree. The glacier here is dry, steep and much broken. Finding a route in the darkness was difficult and often the narrow beam of the torch disclosed the lip of some great crevasse, forcing us to retrace our steps for some alternative route. Always seeking a course as close as possible to the rocks of Piz Morteratsch, we reached the foot of a small glacier which hangs steeply down from the Fuorcla Priolusa. We bore to the right and made our way up steep névé and fallen ice blocks. Soon hard snow gave place to ice and the angle dictated crampons. Somewhere above, rocks resounded with fallen water. The ice narrowed to a tongue, on all sides the torchlight disclosed steep slabs, wet and uninviting. We turned and retraced our steps to the glacier. Once more we twisted and turned up the glacier's edge until, for myself, almost all sense of direction was lost. In the pitch darkness we halted frequently, trying to estimate our position.

Once more the rocks on our right gave way to glacier and ice, appearing to form the base of the rock buttress that we sought. So far we had taken an hour and three quarters. The rocks were snow covered and steep, but, climbing in crampons, they presented no difficulty. Paul's torch flickered above on foot and handhold, each to be automatically reprojected, when sought for in the darkness below, by some trick of photographic memory.

The warmth was oppressive, and we divested anoraks and pull-overs. Soon the rib steepened, falling sheer to the glacier invisible below. On our right the dark, indefinable gully of the hanging glacier.

Pitches became short and steep, and we put on a line for they were tricky and the holds often loose. The torch battery was spent and only a thin light began to penetrate the mist. Snow began to fall, gently at first, then whipped up by a cold wind. Soon it was snowing heavily. We followed the crest of the rib, clearing snow from the holds. The silence was broken only by the clink and scrape of our crampons on rock. Snow and mist enveloped everything. The rock rib gave onto a steep snow slope stretching upward into the mist. We plunged into it up to our knees. With a final flurry it stopped snowing. A series of small icecliffs barred the way; we traversed to the left beneath them, seeking a bridge over their protective bergschrund. We crossed this below a steep ice wall, at the top of which an icescrew provided a welcome handhold and a belay while Paul set to work on the hard ice above.

Soon to the right appeared rocks, snow covered, uninviting; directly above was steep snow, soft, deep and equally unattractive. We debated briefly and decided on the snow. We floundered up it, gouging out a channel where it lay thigh deep and cutting steps beneath where it lay thinly and treacherously on the ice below.

At 7.30 a.m. we reached the crest of the ridge, where the snow of the Biancograt abuts against the rocky buttress of the Fuorcla Priocolusa. The ridge, corniced with fresh snow, curved away upward into the mist. A wind blew cold and sharp, so after a hasty snack we set off. The western side of the ridge was wind blown and clear of snow, so that, except where the crest was narrowest, we traversed to the right, nicking steps upward in rhythmic movement.

A diffused light penetrated the mist. For a few steps we were poised between sky and cloud. Suddenly, without warning we emerged into brilliant sunshine. Around our feet lay a sea of cloud. On our left the triple-crowned ridge of the Palu and to the right the great hogsback of the Roseg emerged with dazzling whiteness.

The cloud plain, wave upon wave, rolled away to the west until it lapped against the great eastern buttresses of Monte Rosa.

Ridge curve succeeded curve till, surmounting the Ovomaltine bulge, we reached snow-covered rocks. Beyond a gap in the ridge the final tower of the Bernina, much foreshortened, appeared deceptively steep and formidable. Clearing fresh snow from the rocks, however, the summit was quickly reached. It was ten o'clock.

Our first plan had been to descend the ridge again to the Tschierva hut. In its present condition this was clearly "not on." Across the Bellavista the Palu beckoned invitingly.

We lazed in the sun for half an hour exchanging pleasantries with some Italians from the Marco Rosa. At length, reluctantly, we set off down their route, following ridge crest, rocks and ridge crest until we could plunge into the final snow slopes to the Fuorcla Crast' Agüzza. Then began the long haul across the snow shelf of the Bellavista. An hour earlier an ice cliff had avalanched across the tracks of two climbers making for the Marco Rosa, and we picked our way circumspectly and swiftly through its scattered blocks.

The sun's heat poured down and the snow, sodden as rice pudding, made each step an effort. It was three p.m. before thankfully we reached the Fuorcla Bellavista; for Paul, who had done most of the work, it had been most exhausting. After a short respite we made our way up the easy but delightful rocks to the western summit of Palu. Snow melting on ice demanded crampons on the slippery slopes, whence followed the delightful and airy traverse of this well-trodden ridge. At last we plunged down to the glacier, following the broad tortuous track, knee deep in snow to the rocks of the Diavolezza. Reluctantly eschewing tea on the terrace, we raced up the ramp to catch the 5.30 cable car down to the valley and on to a family waiting patiently with transport at Pontresina.

THE MATTERHORN

ONE hundred years ago on the 14th July, 1865, the pristine snows on the summit of the Matterhorn were first trodden by man. Since then the mountain has been ascended by many people. Their thoughts and emotions upon this exalted peak are generally lost to us but here, as a reminder, are a few of those which have been recorded.

“ Ten thousand feet beneath us were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with chalets, from which blue smoke rose lazily. Eight thousand feet below, on the other side were the pastures of Breuil. There were forests black and gloomy, and meadows bright and lively; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateau. There were the most rugged forms, and the most graceful outlines—bold, perpendicular cliffs, and gentle undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn, or glittering and white, with walls—turrets—pinnacles—pyramids—domes—cones—and spires! There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire

We remained on the summit for one hour—

“ One crowded hour of glorious life ”

It passed away too quickly, and we began to prepare for the descent.”

EDWARD WHYMPER *‘Scrambles Amongst the Alps’*.

“ On the eastern end of the ridge we halted to take a little food—not that I seemed to need it: it was the remonstrance of reason rather than the consciousness of physical want that caused me to do so. We took our ounce of nutriment and gulp of wine (my only sustenance during the entire day), and stood for a moment silently and earnestly looking down towards Zermatt. There was a certain official formality in the manner in which the guides turned to me and asked, ‘Etes-vous content d’essayer?’ A sharp responsive ‘Oui!’ set us immediately in motion ”.

JOHN TYNDALL *‘Hours of Exercise in the Alps’*.

“ Mr. Whympers, in his illustrations and in his printed and oral descriptions, depicts the top of the Matterhorn as a rather easy snow slope up which men could easily run. Of course it was so when he first ascended in 1865; but now the whole thing is changed—there is no slope and no breadth. A sharp arete, thin and narrow, extends

between the north-east and the north-west points of the ridgy summit. Disintegration, which is growing fast on the great peak, has been singularly active on the summit, and we did not even find a place on which we could sit down. We stood during the whole of the short time we remained on the extreme highest point. For it was very cold there. It was freezing sharply, and the wind was piercingly keen. The guides urged haste and said that the weather was going to be so very bad that we must hurry away. I had, however, not attained that lonely altitude to turn back without a good look round. I wanted to photograph the scene upon memory, and would not move until I had done so. We remained there only about a quarter of an hour; but that time was sufficient for my purposes”.

J. SHUTZ WILSON *‘Alpine Ascents and Adventures’*.

“Our small stout-hearted band had carried up its good spirits on to the slopes of the Matterhorn. It was a happy journey that we made, and that day I did not seem to be walking, but to be rising on wings. Assuredly, at times like these we know a serenity of mind that is seldom ours. We carry none of the weight of earthly cares, no meaner thought can touch us there. Absorbed, held by a sort of fascination, our mind goes straight towards the ultimate good—the summit—and there, when the goal is reached, if it is not yet in heaven, it no longer feels the ties of earth.

When the guides told me we were on the top of the Matterhorn, I asked ‘Already’ And I should have been crying ‘At last!’ But if anyone at that moment had asked me ‘Is the Matterhorn easy or difficult?’ I could not have answered. The Matterhorn was what my imagination had pictured it, and what a glorious picture it had made!”

GUIDO REY, *‘Il Cervino’*.

“The bodily exercise, the mental excitement, the sense of difficulty overcome and danger escaped, the mental vision of what I knew was present. Besides, I saw more than my companions. A thick cloud concealed everything from them; but I had impressed it all on my brain in preparation, and I saw everything I expected to see.”

DR. CAMPBELL, *Principal of the College for the Blind,*
after his ascent in 1880.

“I was still on the rope, as a tacit protection; and Hans, tall and dignified and with native tact, stepped out of sight over the cliffs, to leave me the semblance of former freedom. The leg-harness always

makes it impossible to lounge or stretch at ease, on rock or open ground. I was uncomfortable, and so perhaps all too conscious of the feeling of utter loneliness in space peculiar to the Matterhorn summit: its sense of cold isolation from time and from the earth, its melancholy, and its indifference to the human lives crawling upon it. Restlessly, I craned over from the ledge, and imagined I could see the high shelf upon the huge broken buttress mounting up towards the Pic Tyndall, which Felix Levi and I had reached alone and in trepidation. If we had braved the stone-fall in modern fashion for the remainder of that day, instead of sheltering and retreating, we might have survived as others have done since, and anticipated our successors by some thirty years. Or we might not: — the precipices could not have looked more sombrely indifferent to the alternatives. Some fine-spun clouds began to assemble, and to eddy in the enormous chasm deep down upon the face; they drew silkily up towards me; until they had hidden the buttress, and the black crumbling pinnacles, and the gloomy disregard of cavern and gulf. I called to Hans, suggesting that we might—as things had gone so well—go down by the ridge on the Italian side, and return to Zermatt the following day over the Theodule pass. I did not expect that Hans would agree; I could not doubt that he would feel the added responsibility of the traverse to be too great. But it was restful to listen to his courteous cogitations upon my proposal, coming weightily out of the unseen. Simultaneously, I found an easier position on the ledge; where I could lie back into a supporting angle of brown rock, and look far out over the turbulence of the mountains, into the lilac-coloured haze over the illimitable Lombard plain: drifting off at once into the true Matterhorn-summit dream, an enchanted drowsy state between half-thought and half-sleep, between realised achievement and uncontrolled imagining.”

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG *'Mountains with a Difference'*.

“I tried to realize where we were, not very successfully; our climb had been too natural, and the Matterhorn is a legend.”

JANET ADAM SMITH *'Mountain Holidays'*.

“We remained on the summit for almost three-quarters of an hour. The prisms of light poured down from the sky, and the vault of space above was deepened to a rich and lonely blue. Around us stood the immense congregation of peaks, pointing their upper snows whitely into the regions where we now sat; the lower glaciers and valleys slumbered in a haze of thicker air. Even Zermatt seemed only

a memory, part of the different world of plains. The clear, sword like brilliance of the summits filled my mind. I knew the fullness of living. I had climbed the Matterhorn."

ASHENDEN *'The Mountains of my Life'*.

"Very properly, we ignored the fixed ropes, negotiating the high slabs without them, and thanks to our Oberland fitness we arrived on the summit half an hour ahead of the crocodile. Clouds spoil the view. We went over to the great cross on the Italian summit crest and looked down towards Breuil, and then began the descent."

MIKE BANKS *'Commando Climber.'*

"We climbed with crampons, which we were to keep on throughout the ascent, since the face was thickly covered with snow. The effort was unremitting, if nowhere extreme. Never a quarter of an hour's respite, never five minutes, never one single moment. Always these slabs, cracked and crumbling, broken and blasted, glued with ice and glazed with verglas. Always these glassy boiler-plates, couloirs and icicles draped in spotless snow; always these piles of rock leaves balanced one upon the other. Miracle of equilibrium! Never must you pull upon a hold, or it will come out like a drawer and upset the balance of the whole structure. Raymond had long since broken one of the forepoints of his left crampon, but he carried on as if nothing had happened. He was the ideal companion, always cheerful, always in his element in this environment of high mountains.

The approach to the summit was a pleasant one. We sensed the two ridges, Zmutt and Hornli, closing in on us. At nine in the evening we stepped out on to the final crest; a fine finish to the day. Alone up here we had the benefit of the sun's last light. Down there our fellow men were already in darkness, and a line of lights picked out the main street of Zermatt. At our feet the great slope dropped sharply away. The north face! What disagreeable climbing, and yet what a splendid climb!

We stood upon this most wonderful of mountains and looked around. Fragile creatures set upon a pyramid that soars to heaven, we were witnesses of earth's bedtime hour. Then we too plunged down into the night."

GASTON REBUFFAT *'Starlight and Storm'*.

CLIMBING IN 1964

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

DR. A. W. BARTON:—

With George and Mary Starkey, Laurie and Gladys Pepper, Beinn Bheithir, Binnein Mor and Garbh Bheinn; Pap of Glencoe with George and Mary Starkey.

In Switzerland: Bella Tola with Mrs. Barton, Stephen, Barraby and Jeremy Shaw; traverse of the Garde de Borda with Mrs. Barton and Jeremy Shaw; Zinal Rothorn by the north ridge with Stephen and Barraby Shaw, and Louis Epinez; Couronne de Breonnaz from Cabane Moiry with Stephen, Barraby and Jeremy Shaw, and René Epinez and Louis Epinez; Fletschorn by the ordinary route from the Weismies Hut with Mrs. Barton, Stephen and Barraby Shaw, and Siegfried Burnann and Meinrad Burnann; Schwarz mies with Stephen and Barraby Shaw and Siegfried Burnann; Jäggrigrat with the same party plus Meinrad Burnann; Strahlhorn from the Britannia Hut and Egginerhorn by the south ridge with Mrs. Barton and Meinrad Burnann.

RALF BONWIT:—

This year I had only about 10 days for skiing and went again to the Saas Fée area, where the weather was splendid and the snow good down to 2,600 m. However, even moderate snowfalls made steep slopes unsafe because there was so little old snow below and crampons and/or ski sticks had to be used fairly freely. Harsteisen ought to be standard equipment for spring skiing in the Swiss Alps. I went up the Allalin and the Strahlhorn; seen from the latter, the lower slopes of the Matterhorn and its neighbourhood made one think: "How green is my valley". Crevasses were likely to be of a special nuisance value during this year and much moraine scrambling may have had to be suffered (e.g. down from the Britannia Hut). The Postauto services between Visp and Saas Fée have been greatly improved by the introduction of direct services in addition to the train-bus journey with changing vehicles at Stalden.

HAMISH M. BROWN, with various friends:—

Graian Alps. In the *Vanoise* from Pralognan traverse Pointe du Vallonet (3372) and Grand Bec (3403), a splendid rock ridge; from Felix Faure Hut Pointe de la Rechasse (3208), a walk, and the Grande Casse (3861), the area's finest peak. In the *Tarentaise* from Val d'Isère cross the steep Passage du Dôme (2754) and sit out a

thunderstorm. From a chalet, traverse the Grande Sassièrè (3748) a slag-heap and from a howff the splendid Mt. Pourri (3779) via the Brèche Puiseux. In the *Maurienne* from Evettes Hut traverse Pointe Tonini (3325) to La Ciamarella (3676) in Italy.

Dauphine. After two days travel over some of Europe's highest roads to La Berarde. From Promontoire Hut to final peak of the Meije (3983) where a retreat was made in bad weather following a fatal accident to another party. We also had a tent burnt down!

Chamonix. Alone up the Petite Verte (3508) and back by Glacier Argentièrè. Aig du Gôûter (3863) by E.N.E. Arête, very loose but away from people. From Gôûter Hut (120 in a 60—place hut) traverse Mt. Blanc (4807) to the Midi via Mt. Maudit and Mt. Blanc du Tacul, 8¼ hours.

CHRIS CROOK with W. BRIAN WHALLEY:—

In the Pennine Alps: Traverse of the Lenzspitze and Nadelhorn from Mischabel Hut in 11 hours with bad snow. Egginerhorn by SSW ridge. Jägigrat in 9 hours, taking an hour extra on the Puiseux couloir, on account of its very dry condition. Weissmies by route from Zwischbergen Pass. Traverse of the Portjengrat by S ridge, from Saas Grund.

From Chamonix: Clocher de Planpra, and Clochetons. Aiguille de Blaitière, by the Rocher de la Corde; retreat from ridge was necessary, owing to waist deep powder snow. Direct ascent of the Fourche de la Brenva from upper Géant Glacier. Further plans had to be changed because of a fractured crampon and also because the temperature only went to one degree below freezing for one hour during the night, then rose again rapidly. We were able to rope down from the Col de la Fourche Bivouac Hut on the previous party's ice pegs, which saved a great deal of time.

PETER FLEMING:—

With D. Winstanley—Zinal Rothorn via Trifhorn and Rothorngrat, 7½ hours to the summit from the Rothorn Hutte; traverse of Monte Rosa to Margerita Hutte; traverse of Lyskamm, east to west; traverse of Lieterspitze from the Tasche Hutte. Also the following climbs unaccompanied—Breithorn, Kleiner Matterhorn, Theodulehorn and Furgg Joch, one day; traverse of Alphubel via Rotgrat and Alphubeljoch from Tasch Hutte; Rimpfischorn from Fluh Alp in fresh snow, 3½ hours to the summit (a record?).

R. GOWING:—

With Y.R.C. party, Ebnefluh by E.S.E. ridge, traverse. Mittagshorn, traverse by north ridge. With C. R. Allen, Dent Blanche by

south ridge; Pointe de Zinal traverse by south ridge; Alphubel traverse by Rotgrat and south east ridge. With F. D. Smith and Y.R.C. party, Faldum Rothorn, north ridge; Niwen; Wilderhorn.

E. C. L. JARVIS:—

With Tom Littledale, Eiger, normalweg with Hans Kaufmann, Wetterhorn with Hans Schlunegger; from Zinal—Bela Zola, Zinal Rothorn with Vital Salanin; in the Engadine, Piz Palu, east peak, in bad weather.

In the Julian Alps, with Ramblers Association party—Mojstrovka, Prisojuik, Razor, Stenar, Triglav, Rjavina.

F. L. JENKINS:—

With Major General J. L. Moulton, in Romsdal, July. Romsdalshorn, 1555m. Bispen, 1475m, Nordre-Trolltind and Store-Trolltind, 1795m, Sore Venjatind, 1799m. The weather was the worst in living memory and abnormal quantities of soft snow defeated attempts on other peaks.

W. R. JEUDWINE:—

The following climbs were done between 25th August and 9th September from Saas Fee—with F. E. Smith, Strahlhorn from Britannia Hut and Adlerpass; with Meinnad Bumann, Allalinhorn from the Britannia Hut to Langeflüh, Alphubel from Langeflüh, traverse of the Lenzspitze and Nadelhorn from the Mischabel Hut; with Emil Imseng, Weismies by the north ridge.

WENDELL JONES:—

Easter Meet—Aonach Eagach, Crowberry Ridge of the 'Buckle', walking in the Mamores. Summer Meet—La Margsa, Piz Julien, Monte di Rosso, Monte Sissone, Piz Morteratsch. Hill walking—Wester Ross (April), The Saddle, Sgrithill (pronounced Scriol), Five Sisters of Kintail, Ben Cathreanan, Carn Eigi and Man Soul. Also Snowdonia, Arans, Aranwegs, Berwyns, Cader Idris and Kinder Scout.

D. G. LAMBLEY:—

February 1964. Snowdon Horseshoe under severe winter conditions. Ascent of Parsley Fern Gully in Cwm Glas.

Easter 1964. Traverse of Beinn a Bheithir. Traverse of Na Gruagaichean and Binnein Mor from Kinlochleven to Glen Nevis. Ascent of Bidean nam Bian by a snow gully. All these were with my son Julian and other members of the A.B.M.S.A.C.

August 1964. Traverse of Allalinhorn from Taesch Hut with Oskar Ogi and Julian Lambley (15 years of age). Ascent of Zermatt

Breithorn with Oskar Ogi and Julian Lambley from Theodul Pass. Julian subsequently ascended the Matterhorn via the Hornli Ridge with Oscar Ogi.

J. P. LEDEBOER:—

March 1964. Two weeks ski-touring with S.C.G.B. party in Australia among the glaciers of the öztal. The following peaks were climbed under varying snow and weather conditions: Similaun 3606m, Grauer Wand 3251m, Saykogel 3360m, Guzlar Spitze 3126m, Wildspitze 3774m, Hochvernagtspitze 3530m.

G. B. MCGILLIVRAY:—

During the Easter Meet with Dr. J. M. McGillivray and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bunch—Buachaille Etive Mor by Curved Ridge, reconnaissance of Tower Ridge, Ben Nevis, Garbh Bheinn (Ardgour) by Pinnacle Ridge, traverse of Na Gruagaichean and Binnein Mor (Mamores) accompanied by Derek and Julian Lambley, Bidean nam Bian by Central Gully.

STEPHEN MARTIN:—

July 24th, Peigne, north ridge in 5½ hours; July 28th, Pt. Albert, west face; July 30th—31st, Grandes Jorasses, north face by Pt. Walker with one bivouac, 16 hours.

L. POOLMAN:—

Alps:

Very enjoyable Bergwanderung (unguided throughout) with Mr. D. Grace (Bristol) in Venediger, Glockner and Goldberg groups in Austria. Summits included were Larmkogel (3,022), Grosse Muntanitz (3,232) and Schareck (3,122); also visit to Adlersruhe (3,454). Weather mainly good.

Hopes of Piz Guglia and Piz Ot (Albula Group in Graubunden), in middle of October, were doomed by very heavy snowfalls, but snowploughs enabled the Albula, Guglia, Splügen and San Bernardino Passes to be crossed.

Scotland:

January. Traverses of Bens Vorlich and Vane.

April. Seventeen "Munros" in Southern and Eastern Cairngorms, including traverse of Lochnagar from Braemar to Ballater. Weather squally with bright periods, usually in afternoon.

June. Thirty nine "Munros" in Grey Corries, Upper Glen Affric, Glen Shiel, and Loch Ossian area. Weather mainly good, but very strong winds and sleet, etc., on Grey Corries.

All Scottish ascents were done alone.

ROBIN QUINE, RICHARD HUDDY and others:—

High Atlas, Morocco. Toubkal, Toubkal West, Tête d'Ouanoums—traverse via W.S.W. ridge. Ras n'Ouanoukrim, Timesguida n'Ouanoukrim, Akioud n'Bou Imrhaz, Tadaft—by N.E. Ridge. Afella n'Ouanoukrim—by E. Ridge. Clochetons, Tazarharht, Biiguinnoussene, Tadat, Aguelzim, Aksoual, Tazegzaout n'Louah, Fouzrou n'Ougouti, Afella n'Talat n'Taount.

NIGEL ROGERS with MRS. ROGERS:—

From Courmayeur; Petit Capucin, East Face; Mont Blanc du Tacul, Traverse of Aiguilles des Diables arete.

With MRS. ROGERS and T. D. LEGGETT:—

In the Civetta; Torre Venezia, Castiglione-Kahn and Andrichs—Fae routes. Punta Agordo by the west face.

From Chamonix; Aiguille de Peigne, Arête des Papillons with the Chamonix face.

With T. D. LEGGETT:—

From Chamonix; Aiguille de l'M. Couzy Route.

OLIVER ST. JOHN:—

With Mrs. St. John, two sons and three other young friends. August 1964. Dolomites and Bernina.

Tre Oime di Lavaredo Group—Cima Ovest, Cima Piccola, Punta di Frida.

Pala Group. Cimon della Pala, Cima della Madonna, Cima di Val di Roda.

Vajolet Towers—Torre Stabeler, Torre Piaz and Torre Winkler. Traverse of Piz Palu and Bella Vista.

F. D. SMITH.—

With Y.R.C. party, Mittaghorn by ordinary route; Ebnefluh, traverse by south east ridge; Tellispitze. Other climbs with R. GOWING (q.v.).

F. E. SMITH:—

Strahlhorn from Britannia Hut (with W. R. Jeudwine).

Traverse of Lenspitz and Nadelhorn from Mischabel Hut (with Emil Imseng).

Traverse of Wellenkuppe and Obergabelhorn from Rothorn Hut descending by the Arbengrat (with Gottlieb Perren).

J. O. TALBOT:—

With Martin Epp. Dammazwillinge, South Pillar; Gletschhorn, East Pillar, 2nd ascent; Mönch, South face; Finsteraarhorn, North East face; Petit Dru, North face; Eiger, Mittellegi ridge.

Mr. Talbot has again contributed another of his splendid accounts of a first rate climb.

FINISTERAARHORN — N.E. FACE.

To the best of our knowledge, the North East face had never been climbed from the Ober. Studerjoch; every previous ascent had been made from the Strahlegghütte over the Finsteraar glacier. The Oberstuderjoch offered a new shorter alternate approach; but would it be possible to traverse across the face to the North East route? A carefully prepared track which we had made the day before from the Oberaarjoch hütte proved invaluable and we arrived at the Ob. Studerjoch under two hours. The weather was not promising; mist, low cloud and the occasional flurry of snow. The wall looked gloomy and uninviting. A sharp crack above, and a burst of stonefall hastened our preparations. Quickly we climbed on to the Ostsporn, and immediately encountered difficulties. Traversing over ice contours and loose rock with a continual whining and crashing of falling stones. The traverse became a mad dash from protective overhangs to anything offering the slightest cover until we reached the comparative safety of the North East rib. Fantastic towers, slabs and walls leapt upwards disappearing into the mist. Rope length after rope length of varying difficulty followed in quick succession, until we got impossibly involved on an overhanging red wall. A tricky retreat and a downward traverse over rotten rock into a veritable stoneshute enabled us to get back up on to the rib. Another awkward pitch over very poor rock, followed immediately by an exacting 40 metres: a wall of loose blocks held together by ice and powder snow leading to the Grey Tower. Two variations here, either right or left. The right looked most uninviting, a vertical wall of unstable blocks plastered in ice and melting snow. One look enough, not for us! The 25 metre ascent to the left was followed by a grey wall covered with melting snow. Our route now led directly up over smooth water worn rock, until progress in this line was barred by a tremendous wall. The crack to the right looked impossible, choked with ice and seemingly to have no end. The ice wall on the left must go. It went,

but with difficulty; thin and brittle ice forcing us to use small projecting rock as footholds. Two rope lengths up a steep crack; the wall eased off, and broken rock quickly led to the summit.

Time taken: 12 hours on the face; approximately 2 hours from the Oberaarjoch hut to Ob. Studerjoch. The face is long and cold with extremely rotten rock. There is constant heavy stonefall.

NIGEL E. D. WALKER:—

At the Easter Meet, Aonach Eagach Ridge with Messrs. Clarke, R. W. Jones, Clements and Quinne. In November, a visit to the Oberland, with several objectives in the Jungfrau massif, was being undertaken.

JON STEVENS:—

My climbing in summer 1964 was limited to two weeks only in August, almost all in wonderful weather. I joined a tour organised by the Klosters guide Jack Neuhausler. Only one other Englishman in the party of twenty. We did the Bernina round finishing with Piz Palu and a walk down the glacier to Morterasch (route-finding not so easy).

For the second week, walking alone from hut to hut in the Dolomites. One or two of these huts are best avoided. Routes are well-marked but the via ferrata to Rifugio Boe is for roped parties only. The via ferrata on Catinaccio, however, is fit for small boys! This has been extended to the summit, which makes the mountain crowded at times.

BOOK REVIEWS

“On Snow and Rock” by GASTON REBUFFAT.

Nicholas Kaye Ltd. (42/-).

Mountaineering, least, of all sports, can be learnt from a book. Yet for novice and experienced climber alike there is much sound sense to be derived from the written opinions of experts. In a text of some 190 pages, Gaston Rébuffat, one of the leading French guides of the post-war school, gives his views on most aspects of climbing.

Narrative occupies some 25% of the book. The rest consists of photographs. Most of these are in black and white; a dozen in colour. The standard is high; so obviously is the standard of climbing to one who generally finds “difficults” difficult there seems perhaps an undue emphasis on the desperate or sensational. We see Rébuffat an engagingly boyish figure in a gaily

decorated pullover, spreadeagled against a wide variety of vertical and overhanging walls, which would probably only tempt a minority of his readers. However, such pictures do bring out the virtue of keeping the body's centre of gravity directly above the feet. One unusual feature is the juxtaposition of pictures of Rébuffat tackling real "problems", and Rébuffat going through the same motions between smooth wooden walls. This is quite an effective method of demonstrating upward movement in chimneys of varying width. The instructional text tends to be pithy, but the author mingles such advice with excerpts from his personal experiences to emphasise points. Most aspects of climbing free and artificial, rock and ice speed and weather are covered. There is an agreeable lack of prejudice against modern methods, use of which the author leaves to the reader's discretion.

Sound advice is given on the subject of equipment. Who has not suffered from the badly balanced rucksack which sways on an awkward corner? Yet how many of us get our axes and crampons reground? There is useful information for the uninitiated on expansion bolts and ring pitons, and a particularly informative section on the different types of avalanche. However, not all English readers may accept the author's views on rock belaying. From time to time Rébuffat's gallant spirit breaks forth from the instructional text with Gallic fervour to reveal his own appreciation of the mountains which have bridged so large in his life, and to whose history he has made so notable a contribution.

The text has been translated from the French by Eleanor Brockett with technical assistance from J. E. B. Wright. The publishers are to be congratulated on the photographs and the quality of paper, but not on the lack of an index. All in all, the book is good value at two guineas.

R.W.J.

The Mountain World 1962/63. Published by the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research. English version edited by MALCOLM BARNES. Pp. 239. 58 black and white plates, 12 colour plates.

George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 1964. Price 36/-.

Another fine volume in this excellent series. It contains articles on perhaps an even greater variety of topics than earlier volumes: from Nepal to Kerguelen Island, from climbing Nanga Parbat by the Diamir flank to Alpine ballooning, from using adversity to caving in the Muotatal. Slesser writes on the recent expeditions to the Pamirs and the Stauning Alps of Eastern Greenland; Clarkson on the South

Stauning Alps; Clinch on Masherbrum; von Allmen on the first winter ascent of the north face of the Matterhorn; Ward on the Himalayan Scientific Expedition 1960/61; Tyson on unexplored West Nepal; Busk on the Andes of Venezuela; André Roch on avalanches; and Bolinder gives a chronology of Himalayan expeditions 1960/62. There are in addition several other interesting articles.

As one would expect there are many splendid photographs, especially that of the beautiful Pumori, that of balloons over the Jungfrau, and the Washburn aerial photographs of the Matterhorn.

The high standards of the series are well maintained in this book.

F.E.S.

The Craft of Climbing. By W. H. MURRAY and J. E. B. WRIGHT.
Pp. 77. 16 plates. *Nicholas Kaye*, London 1964. Price 15/-.

This neat, well produced and readable little book is a collection of articles from the pages of *Mountain Craft* the journal of the Mountaineering Association. It is not a text book but it deals with some important aspects of climbing, for example: dynamic and static belays, balance climbing, climbing on ice and the use of axe and crampon.

The Alpinist will be mainly interested in Murray's articles On Snow and Ice and particularly in his views on step cutting, on the ice-axe-hip belay, on the importance of crampon practice especially for guideless parties, and on the relation of Scottish to Alpine mountaineering. One point made by Murray is that though in Britain a climber in good training can keep going all day on little food, if he attempts to do so in the Alps his performance will suffer in that he will become slower and more readily tired.

J. E. B. Wright's chapters on balance climbing and rock climbing in Britain are instructive; and his list of classic rock climbs is interesting. In his "delectable difficults and tense severes" he has a special place for Scafell Pinnacle by Slingsby's Chimney. The chapter on the Eiger however seems somewhat uneasy in this book. In the first chapter the point is made that since the thirteen highest mountains in the world were climbed between 1950 and 1960 the decade rivals the greatest of the Alpine surges in the Golden Age.

Two minor inaccuracies are noticed: on page 13 "Eggler" should read "Eggler" and on page 59 line 12 "easier" should presumably read "safer".

The plates are excellent.

F.E.S.

(Continued on page 44).

MOUNTAIN WORLD 1962/3

Edited by MALCOLM BARNES

'To say that "The Mountain World, 1962-3" is an even better production than its predecessors is high praise, but it deserves it.' *Daily Telegraph*.

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- Where Four Worlds Meet**, the Hindu Kush, 1959, by FOSCO MARAINI, *Hamish Hamilton*, 42/-.
- Four Against Everest**, by WOODROW WILSON SAYRE, *Barker*, 30/-.
- The Perpetual Hills**, a personal anthology by HUGH MERRICK, *Newnes*, 35/-.
- I Come From the Stone Age**, — Climbing in New Guinea, by HEINRICH HARRER, *Rupert Hart-Davis*, 35/-.
- Zermatt Saga**. by CECILY WILLIAMS, *Allen & Unwin*, 36/-.
- The Red Peak**, by MALCOLM SLESSER, *Hodder and Stoughton*, 30/-.
- The English Outcrops**, by WALTER UNSWORTH, *Gollancz*, 30/-.

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(from 1948)

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1953	Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Tydeman and J. R. Amphlett.
1954-55	J. R. Amphlett and Robert Greg.
1956	Robert Greg and Dr. J. W. Healy.
1957-58	Dr. J. W. Healy and B. L. Richards, G.M.
1959	B. L. Richards, G.M., and Dr. A. W. Barton.
1960-61	Dr. A. W. Barton and Mr. D. G. Lambley, F.R.C.S.
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1963-64	Mr. V. O. Cohen, M.C. and Mr. F. Solari.

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*For privacy individual names and addresses have been removed.
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