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SWISS ALPINE CLUB



JOURNAL 1967

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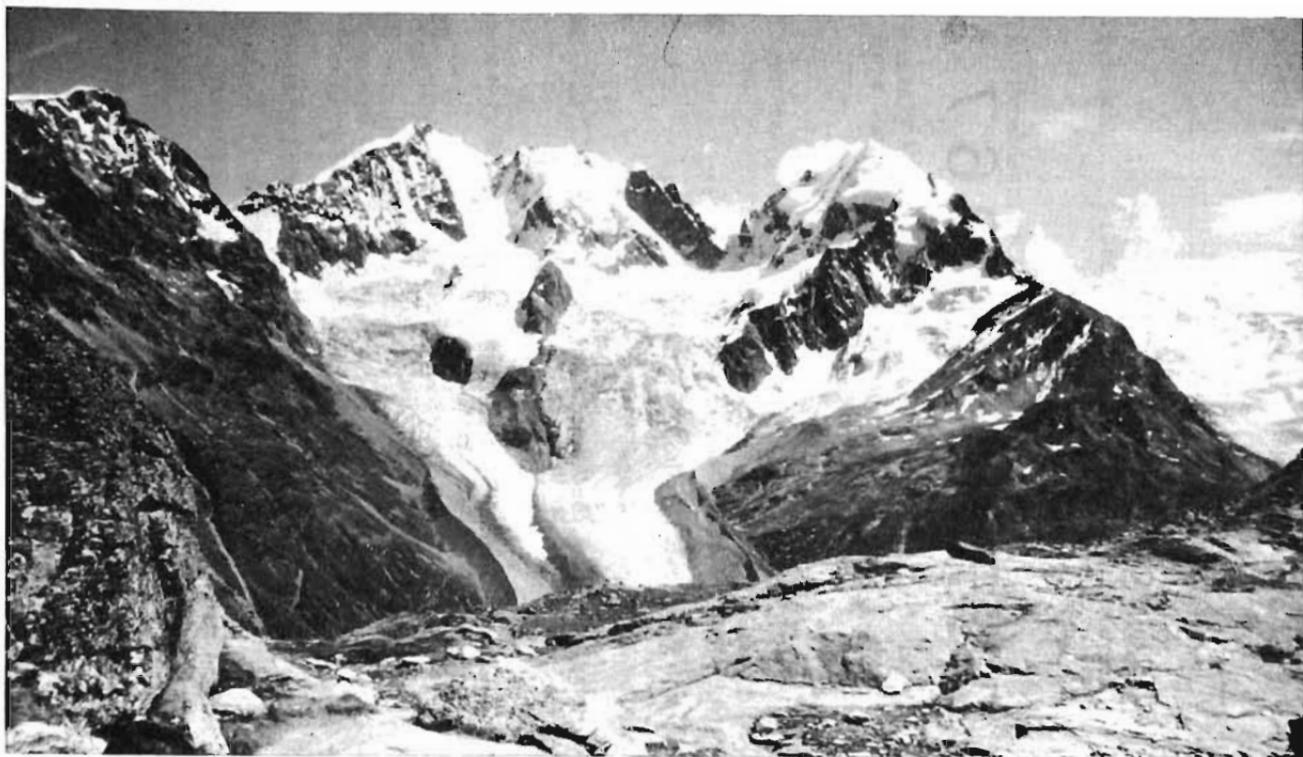
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CONTENTS

Piz Roseg by Walter Kirstein	1
Antler Gully on Ben Nevis by Hamish Brown	5
La Ruinette by R. Wendell Jones	9
My Early Recollections of the Association by N. E. Odell ..	14
Alpine Meet, 1966 by R. Wendell Jones	17
Venture into Eastern Turkey by Peter Ledeboer	23
Association Activities	32
Obituaries	39
Members' Climbs	42
Book List	56
Association Accounts	58
List of Past and Present Officers	61
Kindred Clubs	64
Official Addresses of the Swiss Alpine Club	66
Roll of Honour	67
Complete List of Members	68



Piz Bernina, Piz Scerscen and Piz Roseg from the Fuorcla Surlej.

Photo : Walter Kirstein

PIZ ROSEG

Walter Kirstein

IN THIS SUMMER of our discontent we, like so many others, were prevented from doing any higher climbs by the weather. It was not so bad during the second week in July which we spent with our children and grandchildren in Pontresina. The few days on which the sun was shining the mountains really looked their very best, clear and white and untouched—as they were in fact. From the distance we could just see one track leading up from the Isla Pers and ending abruptly in the middle of a snowfield near the Fortezza ridge. Later we met the British climbers who had made the track; sinking into the snow up to the hips they had turned back. We managed to walk up Piz Languard and Munt Pers with our grandson, we watched a huge avalanche coming down from the Bernina at the Boval Hut, we traversed the Morteratsch glacier from this hut to the other side and then right down to the end of the glacier, jumping quite a few crevasses, but that was all. On one of our walks into the Roseg Valley we saw some climbers who seemed to be stuck under an ice nose on the route down from the Piz Scersen. A cowherd asked us to ring the guardian of the Tschierva hut and draw his attention to these men. We did so from the Roseg Restaurant, but he had seen them already and knew that they had moved on in the meantime. He remembered David Riddell and myself from a few years ago when David and I had climbed together the Piz Roseg from the Tschierva Hut. About half a dozen of us had been together there, taking part at an A.C. Meet; Tom Peacocke and Tony Smyth, both A.B.M.S.A.C. members as well, were with us and my wife had joined us. David had first attempted the Piz Roseg with Tony and Tom, but a blizzard stopped them at the "Schneekuppe", the beginning of the long ice ridge which looks from the hut like the two humps of a camel. I felt always a deep respect for the Piz Roseg, having seen the graves of the four young masters from Eton who had fallen in 1933 from the ridge.

When my wife and I arrived with our guide Gottlieb Zryd from St. Moritz, we first climbed the Piz Morteratsch, one rope with David, Tom and Tony, and the other the guide leading my wife and me. It was a good day, though rather cold in the morning. The view from the summit on the Bianco Ridge of the Piz Bernina with two



Piz Roseg from Piz Tschierva, showing east side of Eselsgrat.

Photo : Walter Kirstein

parties clearly visible on it came up to its reputation as one of the finest ones in the Alps. The very steep path down from the glacier to the hut made me very tired and I slept all afternoon; just as well because the night to come was very short. David decided to try Piz Roseg once more with me and we left the hut with Gottlieb at 2 a.m. No torches were needed on the Tschierva glacier, the night was so clear that the bit of moonlight was enough to see the way. Only in the shadow of the rocky Piz Umur, a longish island in the midst of all that ice, we had to use torches. Past the Piz Umur the glacier forms a large level terrace, bordering in the east on Piz Scerscen, in the south on the northface of the Piz Roseg, still looming about 3,000 feet from here. We had to cross this very crevassed icefield to get to the northwest ridge of the mountain, the Eselsgrat. Conditions there, on the rocks, vary a lot. We found no ice and little snow and climbed it, the rock part, in one hour and a half. Dawn had just been breaking when we crossed the Bergschrund to get to the rocks. From the end of the rock part an ice slope leads up to the "Schneekuppe", a slope which never seems to end. The snow was good, we got higher and higher—and still the summit, I mean the visible snow summit, seemed as far away as ever. The day was gorgeous, the ice cornices to our left formed grotesque ice towers between which the west faces of Bernina and Scerscen offered fantastic views. Only after about three more hours we came to the Schneekuppe and could now see the actual summit. We understood then why the first parties to climb the mountain, more than a hundred years ago, had turned back here and declared the rest of the mountain as unclimbable. Only two years later in 1865, a British party managed to get to the top. The two humps of a camel, which look so gentle from the Tschierva hut, are in fact two elevations of a very narrow ice ridge of about a 900 feet length. The ridge is not a knife edge one, at least not under the conditions we met, but there is a precipitous drop on the right, the Italian, side with partly overhanging cornices. We had to move away from the edge on the Swiss side with the steep northface of the mountain on our left. The final summit seemed to loom up still steeply ahead of us, though in fact it is only about 50 feet higher than the Schneekuppe, but one is losing height twice, following the notches between the two humps. Walking along this ridge, without any wind and in the warm sunshine was the highlight of the tour. The guidebook warns that conditions here can make the traverse very difficult and I could well imagine how different David and his party must have felt only three days before on the same ridge in a blizzard. The summit ridge is rock, though often iced rocks according to the book. We found it covered with snow

only and at 9 a.m. we reached the summit, just big enough for the three of us to stand there together. The views in all directions of the compass were simply overwhelming; it was also an ideal standpoint to take photos of other routes in this area. We could see clearly the Marco e Rosa hut, perched delicately on the Spallas ridge of the Bernina. Looking back at our route we saw another rope of two climbers approaching, just right to give scale to our photos. The leader was an A.C. member—I cannot remember the name—a first class climber who had led one of the north ridges of the Palu a few days before. This time he took a young Dutch lady with him. It was her first big peak. Fortunately her occupation gave her some advantages: She was a ballet dancer and had plenty of opportunities to use her skill in keeping her balance on this tour. Looking back from the Schneekuppe the ridge looked now quite different with the sun lighting up the Italian side of it as well which had been in deep shade in the early morning. We got down pretty quick to the rocks of the Eselsgrat and took our crampons off. Climbing down in sunshine was sheer fun. Below the rocks the snow had become very wet and slippery. David, in front, crossed the bridge across the Bergschrund first. I followed and just when I was on the bridge the upper layer of snow on it came away with me. I managed to throw myself over the lower lip of the crevasse, shooting down the steep slope below it. The two others acted according to the textbook: They both rammed their axes into the snow and stopped my fall with no damage done. Looking at the glacier terrace in front of us we were amazed to see the labyrinth of crevasses we had crossed during the night. Only then darkness had spared us worrying about them. Now we saw that they were often running parallel to our route, causing time consuming diversions.

Behind us the northface of the Roseg looked much more impressive than in the pale moonlight on the ascent. It seemed incredible that Gottlieb had climbed it in seven hours from the hut, not more than it had taken him now on the normal route, with us to slow him down. It was still a long way to the hut. We arrived there only at half past two and still got a late lunch, whilst the other party could only be seen through binoculars, still some hours behind.

Tony and Tom had gone over the Bianco ridge to the Marco e Rosa hut and had left one rucksack behind for us to bring it down. David and I strolled down to the Roseg restaurant and found there a young Swiss-New Zealand couple who offered us a lift in their coach. We gladly accepted; after fifteen hours on our legs we did not fancy walking another two hours down to Pontresina.

We really felt this had been THE perfect tour with absolutely nothing gone wrong on this fascinating mountain—or so we thought. Until we met Tom and Tony the next day in Pontresina and discovered that David had picked up somebody else's rucksack. How he returned this rucksack to the proper owner and retrieved the right one—that would make another story.

ANTLER GULLY ON BEN NEVIS

Hamish Brown

THOSE WHO were at the Arolla Meet heard quite a bit about the doings of the Braehead boys. The following is a lighthearted account of one of our escapades. It is hard to realise these boys are now climbing in the Alps or doing hard new routes at home. "By your pupils you'll be taught"!

* * * * *

The cliffs of the Ben hung sombre and moist in the thaw. Gone was the icy glitter of the weeks before. In the hut the schoolboy party sat frustrated while the warm rain fell. However it stopped eventually, which proves that this can happen even on Nevis, and while the north side sent down slushy cornices, they sailed out to navigate the south banks of the Ben. The guide book proved to be somewhat inaccurate so it was unknown country.

We crossed the swollen river by the old burial ground where it was only waist deep and made an aquatic ascent up to the foot of Antler Gully. We plunged into its gloom where it narrowed, and scrambled up little waterfalls and slabs delicately decorated in greenery. Later the red rock broke through, grand loose rock that came away in handfuls just like the vegetation. We reached the first real pitch; the water ran down a crack too narrow to enter and this beetled out in an overhang above. To the right a smooth wall rose wickedly upright. Here and there little niches offered holds for a boot edge—and we were wearing gymshoes. We gained and lost footholds on these and ended

with a few feet credit. A cat-like tread led into the crack where "jam and spread" was the order of the day. Various ungainly contortions and little squirts of water in the face led to a desperate exit.

Some young Tenzing innocently, ignorantly or wickedly, mumbled: "It's easier now." We put him in the lead at once.

He soon returned repulsed. Teacher was pushed to the fore.

The pitch provided the vilest bit of enjoyment he had had for a long time. It was one of those places where one is tested to trembling at the limit of adhesion. The route was obvious: shattered shelves led to a ledge which ran up into the upper flow of a waterfall. In other directions the rock was obviously unclimbable. This was not so far off the limit either. The party was reduced to "artificial" technique, purists reduced to rock gymnastics on rock slimy enough to delight a performing seal. The disintegrating start was mounted easily enough but then the ledge proved to be only about half an inch wide and as the leader was half a yard wide, the rock was wet and, above, overhung the ledge, it caused a bit of concern—for the leader anyway.

It was not cricket. Every time you relaxed the straining muscles it (the rock) gave a wee nudge that brought the sweat bursting from every pore. Fifteen minutes gained a foot of the dripping, plum-red rock. This would never do, far less "go"; a piton was therefore banged in at the back of the ledge. A karabiner was clicked on and the rope run through. Tumbling distance was reduced by half. (As the leader weighed 13 stone and the second 7, this is a matter for doubt, but the leader was too busy banging in the next piton. It's catching—like preparing to hang pictures after a flitting). The penultimate piton was dug out of the sack and with alternate blows on peg and fingers it sank home. So it went on, a greasy tightrope walk with the rope snaking up behind—not without excitement when a traitorous piton pinged loose to dangle the leader like a yo-yo. (The rope jammed so the above mathematical problem still stands). He collected his wits and pieces and wiggled up again to a chorus of impolite comments from the pit below.

An hour passed, remote and alone, while down below the boys talked of this and that. How the leader hated their meaningless chatter. He wanted to scream, "Shut up! Can't you see I'm in a fix?" (or words to that effect). Instead he ground his teeth and fought on. He heard a yawned, "Why can't he get a move on?" A misguided missile was nearly launched in blind fury. The blindness was caused by sweat

actually and the missile was needed to bang in pitons. Bang! Bang! Bang! Oops! Canny now... a finger in there... hold it... rest that shaking right leg!... now inch along... rest...

The ledge ran out and still six impossible feet lifted above. To the right lay the only weakness, the groove in the corner, and it held the waterfall. "Teacher's in the water" was soon being yelled. He was too, piling up the brown flood on his chest till it ran over his shoulders to fill the rucksack, till it burst out through the buckles of his breeches. This did not go unobserved and the shouts from below rose to a gleeful frenzy. Hands sought under the water for holds, a foot found a small, slimy chockstone, a heave, and it was done; the sodden, trembling, bundle sat oozing water and content and muttering incoherently. Some fifty feet! Never again! — till next time.

Most of the boys were glad to escape up a grassy rake, as I'm sure did the pioneers, with the one victim tied on. He climbed the wall too—with only psychological aid from the rope—and had rare fun removing the signs of our progress en route. He joined the leader jangling ironware and dripping like one of those poor bronzes in a fountain.

They laughed together and knew that intense joy that comes in the moment when danger and difficulty are over and nerves relax once more. Being Scots, with a good conceit of themselves, they congratulated each other and returned for dinner rather than face the afternoon blizzard in the unknown reaches of the gully above them. So they crawled out of one of the Antler's prongs and descended. So did the rain and all arrived equally soaked at the Hostel.

The next day the party did the round of the four big hills: Aonach Beag, 4060 ft., Aonach Mor, 3999 ft., Carn Mor Dearg, 4012 ft., and Nevis, 4406 ft. It soaked a second set of clothes.

The first set being dry, the party set off next day again and came off the Ben down beside Antler Gully. The two victims "went to have a look" at the last few hundred feet but ice draperies hanging down the overhang of the next pitch deterred even those two.

They returned in the summer. Three this time with the old man. They had had weeks of sunshine, believe it or not, but the artificial pitch was as wet as ever. They skirted it; after all it had been led, ethics were satisfied and one wetting is enough for a sacrifice. They dawdled up to the overhang that had stopped their winter investigations. The walls converged on the stream which plunged down the middle.

The right side gave a route. It overhung at the foot and then sloped back as a greasy slab. The boys enjoyed climbing over teacher's body to perch on his head. One by one they stepped off onto the tiny holds and picked their way up. Teacher was left with nobody to stand on so had to climb the overhang by himself. Another scramble. Another impasse. This was overcome by clambering onto a ledge on the left wall. It ran with water and demanded a delicate shuffle before an awkward, out-of-balance step onto another shelf. From shelf to shelf they crawled like flies on the pantry wall looking for an opening. Running belays were used but nobody fell to test their efficiency. They sidled off onto the boulders of the burn again.

The walls rose sheer for a hundred feet or so on either side. The waters burred away invisibly underfoot, the afternoon was boiling hot, and the gully ended impressively and it had been good sport—liquid ledges, waterfalls and all.

The walls closed in to a mere yard or two apart and straight down it fell a 50 foot waterfall. They stood in a huddled silence.

"Weel, sur?" grinned a circle of faces.

With back against one wall and feet braced against the other the boys were given a display of chimney technique, which is the polite word for the wriggling, grunting, sprawling, heaving, struggling, cursing contortions by which one tries to overcome the pull of gravity in a confined space many feet above terra firma. The water splashed happily in all directions and now and then a part of the wall would go growling off at a touch to explode on the jumble below. By keeping well out the leader only got his inner leg wet and the rest of his body merely splashed. The boys, less trusting, kept tighter in to the crack and received the full volume on the tummy. Thirty feet up, a foot slipped and only a quick stiffening prevented a rapid descent upon the startled spectators (who kindly moved back out of the line of fall). Everyone slipped there too if it came to that and one boy came right off to hang half-suffocating, half-drowning and slowly rotating at the end of the rope. He was last and was soon lodged the right way up again. His finishing aplomb was wasted. He had the magnificent moist appearance that was associated with the gully by now.

Everyone sprawled about lightly clad in waist lengths and karabiners while clothes dried in the shimmering sun. Then, not yet satisfied, they romped up Carn Dearg, 3348 ft., and then over the screes to the snow-laid summit of Nevis.

Skye was a saw-edge in the blue evening's west, around hung hills of fire while above the sky had the deep splendour that one associated with the Alps. We sat there until the day ebbed away and the colour was drowned in the depths of the glens.

LA RUINETTE

R. Wendell Jones

AS THE EVENING shadows lengthened great storm clouds rolled in menacingly from the West. Mont Blanc and the Combin had disappeared and the col du Mont Rouge seemed a lonely place. The first thunderclap burst upon the peaks and echoed across the snows. To the two watchers on the lower pass came the sight of three figures advancing steadily across the almost level glacier against the dark threat of the heavens.

We had left the hut, Hamish Brown, John Jesson and I soon after 4.30, whilst the first morning light stole fitfully over the silent scree. Our friends were away to the Mont Blanc de Cheilon and we parted ere dawn. A gradual ascent up the cool nevé of the Cheilon glacier was momentarily halted when one of the party, seeking his own snow-bridge over the only crevasse on the glacier, plunged through.

"Do it again," said Hamish, who could not have been watching.

The culprit was extracted from his brief glimpse of icy depths without difficulty, and the march recommenced.

Beyond the col de Cheilon, stretched a second glacier ascending almost imperceptibly towards a second col, distant a mile and a half but 300 feet higher. A ridge, linking Mont Blanc de Cheilon to La Ruinette provided a fine backcloth to those lonely snows, still grey in the shadow. Two of its features rivetted the attention of different members of the party; the rock where the ridge seen en face seemed to fall vertically from the summit of the Ruinette; the white silken threat of cornice which topped the level central section, where it lay high and exposed to cold and vociferous winds from the North. About this latter we had been warned.

We reached the second col, the col du Mont Rouge, high above the chalky blue waters of the Lac de Mauvoisin, and looked across entranced to the complicated massif of the Grand Combin, which seemed a bare step away. My mind slipped back a dozen years to the Rimpfischorn, when we set out from Fluhalp and, half way up the rocks, came the feeling that we could saunter up and across the summit to the Allalinhorn and the Alphubel and take the Taschhorn and the Dom before tea. So now imagination added the Combin to the day's deeds, for we felt fit and had done little; beyond lay high and forbidding the Brenva face of Mont Blanc.

We turned our attention to our own mountain, a long heap of scree rearing up into two or three reddish grooves themselves leading on to be point 3710 where the Mont Rouge ridge met that of the Lire Rouge.

Hamish and I donned crash helmets of different hues; John eyed us reflectively and declared that he only used one at work where, apparently, the nuts and bolts of industry fall on innocent passers by. Poor John. Only the previous afternoon he and his wife, driving all unheeding into Arolla, had been seized in the very hall of the hotel and told to be ready to leave in ten minutes. He had adjusted his glasses and very pluckily caught us up before the Pas de Chèvres. Now a glance at our ridge gave a hint that he might receive more than nuts and bolts.

The face looked—and was—rotten, but by keeping together, and unroped, we were able to avoid most of the objective risks of stone-fall. Near the top we selected one of the grooves which we climbed each in his own way to the crest, to be met by a burst of brilliant sunshine. A few feet below lay the voie normale from Chanrion and a steady line of snow steps; above, five hundred feet of mixed rock and snow arete.

The rocks on this section proved the firmest on the mountain and deposited us on the narrow summit with little more than mild breathlessness. I glanced at my watch—9.30—rather less than five hours from the hut, for an ascent of 3000 feet. Certainly we had broken no records. Still 3875 metres was 5 metres higher than our friends on the Cheilon.

We lounged on the top for half an hour or so, watching the panorama from Mont Blanc and the Grand Combin in the West to the Dent Blanche and Dent d'Hérens in the East, and examining with a less

casual eye the corniced ridge running towards Mont Blanc de Cheilon. Leisurely we picked up our sacks and commenced the descent. A short and slightly corniced snow strip was demolished; an easy gendarme surmounted. As the angle increased so the stability of the mountain diminished. I led down, putting in hand a few major structural alterations. Hamish held the post of honour in the rear.

A sudden dip in the ridge was preceded by a piton and nylon sling. The resultant abseil started steeply and ended in an overhang. Hamish came down fast and ricocheted splendidly off the large loose boulder at the bottom. We picked him up and continued down.

Every hold had to be tested. Perhaps the rocks had Union affiliations, for when one hand-hold failed the test a foothold came out in sympathy. Looking vainly for a belay I pressed too heavily on my stance, which peeled off towards the glacier, leaving behind an acrid smell. A little lower a detached flake, about the size of an average card table, had already passed muster as a foot stool. I was grasping it fairly firmly with both hands, when amorously inclined, it surged forward to embrace me. Came a moment when time stood a little still, then the craggy courtesan was repulsed.

Messages about loose rock no longer had any meaning; every 30 feet or so we found a hold which resisted all pressures, and passed back the glad tidings. Daylight protruded from beneath even the safest belays.

Memory went back to the East Face of Olympus, where the Gods were particular sinners at keeping their house in order; or to a day in the Lakes where I picked up my leader's rock belay and dropped it where he could hear. Ruinette too was well named.

Descending a thin sliver of snow, of firmer texture than the neighbouring rock I reached the point where the ridge levelled. Descent of 500 feet of rock had taken 3 hours. 300 yards of sun-blazed cornice broken by occasional scree stretched ahead, the uninviting section of an otherwise easy ridge. A decision was called for and the mountain made it. Came a thunderous roar and the nearest cornice, perhaps 40 feet distant, collapsed and tumbled to the Northern glacier. Duly impressed, we agreed to descend to the Serpentine glacier. This could be followed up to the col of that name and the right bank of the Cheilon glacier descended back to the hut. It sounded fine if a bit round-about. Most of the route to the Serpentine glacier was visible

The snow was soft and the sun hot. Periodically a stone set in motion would sweep a path with an ominous hiss. To expose the whole rope to avalanche seemed unjustifiable, and we descended the snow taking advantage of periodic bluffs to ensure that at least someone was always belayed to rock. The last belay was a sentry box in a crevasse between mountain and glacier, a few feet above the true bergschrund.

We stood upon a stretch of level névé. From it, convex snow slopes led to the main icefield between bands of crag. We trudged down gradually and then more steeply. As the angle increased, seracs, ice cliffs and tangles of crevasse were revealed. Tacking round and occasionally over the schrunds, it was always possible to see a little more of the way ahead but never all of it.

On the other side of the glacier, stones were crashing over the buttresses of the Serpentine; nearer at hand noise erupted from the depths, the more menacing for having no visible cause. Inevitably at some point our route—if route it was—must cross the rubbish chute, and four o'clock of a thirsty afternoon was no time for threading ice-falls. Prudence from behind Hamish's beard came to our rescue. Tacking round and occasionally over the schrunds we retraced our steps to the névé. As we retreated another scurry of sound rose from the depths.

Half an hour later we peered over another convex snow slope, and guessed at the presence of another serac strewn ice fall. Short of sitting it out till nightfall, there was no way down to the main glacier. No one seemed keen to return to the ridge. Our chances of returning even to the hut in daylight rested on a long traverse across the Southern ridges and the Ruinette glacier to the Chanrion path.

Few mountains are quite as large as those that have to be circum-navigated; our traverse started in the East and finished in the North East. At 5.45 we met the voie normale, following which Hamish found some loose gullies cutting the corner to the Lire Rose glacier and saving both height and time. By 7.00 we had ascended once more to the col du Mont Rouge and sat chewing chocolate where we had chewed chocolate 13 hours before.

Thunderous clouds from the West were stealing up behind us; as we strode resolutely across the easy glacier wastes the lightning began to flicker.

We guessed that the two figures on the next col were some of our

friends from the Cheilon party, come to investigate our delayed return. We speculated as to their individual identity and opened out into extended order to allay their fears . . . Three men backed by an oncoming storm striding remorselessly over never ending snows; to an imagination keyed up by a long day, there was something primitive and symbolic, something torn from the dark sagas of Norse legend; an onset of the Valkyries. Odin and Thor did not let us down. Our would-be rescuers were probably thinking nostalgically of the supper they had sacrificed on our account.

The bar on the Gietro glacier gave a choice of drinks. A little surprisingly all opted for tea and John Byam-Grounds and Andre themselves consumed the liquor they had borne from the hut. This seemed justice enough. The tins were broached and, when we left, they were still engaged in squirting each other and the snows with jets of rarified beer.

Our responsibilities were in the valley and Hamish, the only bachelor, volunteered to rocket down to Arolla, with tidings of our imminent arrival. I understand that this feat took him an hour and a half; it must be assumed it would have taken him less in daylight. The sight of a solo figure in rapid descent tempted a loungee from the hut to enquire whether any of the missing British party were badly hurt; Hamish answered in the affirmative and held up a bleeding finger in verification. It is of course possible that he cut it opening the beer.



MY EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ASSOCIATION

N. E. Odell

WITH SOME such title as that above, I have been enjoined by the Hon. Editor to record my earlier memories of the S.A.C. and the A.B.M., and perhaps some of my subsequent experiences as well. The reason for this would seem to be one's advanced years, and the announcement that I am about to be awarded the 50 years Veteran's badge of the Swiss Alpine Club. Such is the penalty of the aged!

It is entirely true to say that it was the influence of that remarkably enthusiastic pioneer of our Association, J. A. B. Bruce (to give him his full nominal due!), which brought about my candidature for the S.A.C., for during my second visit to the Alps in 1912, in the company of the Rev. E. H. Rogers (later Enys), who was chaplain at Saas-im-Grund that summer, I met Bruce and others of the Club. An incident that year of some interest and even pride to me, as a very young climber, was the occasion of the opening-ceremony of the Britannia Hut, and the free meal offered my party (consisting of H.M. Dobson, Alexander Burgener fils and myself) on our arrival from the Mittag-Egginer traverse, since we were deemed to be the first visiting climbing party to use the hut. I was lucky to be out again in 1913 at Pontresina; and in 1914 at Zermatt, following a traverse from Argentière of the grand High Level Route, with my friend, the Rev. H. C. Harland, bound for his chaplaincy at Taesch. Then Bruce roped me in to the Geneva Section that autumn after the outbreak of the first Great War, so that strictly speaking my membership of the S.A.C. commenced in 1914, and my 50th. anniversary thereof could, I suppose, be considered to have taken place in 1964! I continued my membership in New Zealand, I transferred hopefully to the Grindelwald Section. Later, however, I decided to transfer back to Geneva, in whose Sectional shelter I had earlier resided for 40 years, and to which I returned with the pleasant feeling almost of home-coming! And how gratifying, indeed, has it been, when in Geneva, to have the right to visit and use the elegant and well-provided headquarters of the Section Genevoise at Grand Rue 11!

In 1920 J. A. B. Bruce persuaded me to become a Hon. Secretary of the A.B.M., jointly with A. N. Andrews. Being at that time rather a pre-occupied student at the Imperial College of Science & Technology (Royal School of Mines), and striving after graduation, it was really the industrious Andrews who did all the work, and I felt little more than a humbug of a secretary, who was quite prepared to resign after two years in W. M. Roberts' favour. But while resident in London, I endeavoured to attend all the meetings and dinners that I could, and many were the interesting figures, and not only mountaineers, that one was privileged to meet and hear. Clinton Dent was unfortunately before my time, but A. E. W. Mason, as President and the presiding genius at the annual dinner—be-monocled and supporting a large cigar, always made a great impression upon me. For was he not the author of "Running Water" and of "The Broken Road", with their fascinating mountain adventures, and the latter with its Indian Frontier scenes, bound up with achievements of the Royal Engineers, in whose Corps I had served during the first Great War? Then there was the genial and kindly Dr. H. L. R. Dent, next in the Presidential chair, and still occupying it when I went off in 1926 to live in Canada and the States. There had frequently been at our dinners in my time eminent guests, whose speeches were often a blend of elegance, eloquence and wit, and amongst them that staunch supporter of our Association, Mons. Paravicini, Swiss Ambassador at the Court of St. James. "Jabber" Bruce, as he was affectionately known, who had held almost every office except that of President, often made a speech which was well-braced with amusing references and appropriate post-prandial wit. But one of the very best after-dinner speakers whom I remember was that eminent legal ornament, Lord Hewitt, who on one occasion, with apparent resentment of his rôle, burst forth with: "Who was the monster that invented after-dinner speaking?". And another, Lord Reading, who expressed initially his feelings by enquiring "Why should humanity suffer itself to be cowed by this infamous instrument (the microphone)?", for he observed, with considerable justification, "After-dinner speeches are normally solitary, frequently poor, sometimes nasty, occasionally brutish and seldom short."

After 1926 my own appearances at our meetings were rather few and far between. But I remember arriving from Harvard University, in the summer vacation of 1929, in time to attend with my wife a "Ladies Night", when the inimitable General Charles Bruce was President, and in his usual hearty and genial form. He introduced me, I believe for the first time, to Frank S. Smythe, with whom I

later climbed in the Himalaya (1938) and in the Canadian Rockies (1947). However, as just stated, due to my residence abroad for many years, it was impossible to attend the various functions of the Association, and I had to be content with the odd appearance when in England. And for the same reason I had reluctantly to forego visits to the Alps. It is almost with shame that I have to confess that between 1925 and 1956 I was only able to visit the Alps on two occasions: one in 1938 for skiing at Sestrieres, and the other in 1947, under British Council auspices, for a winter lecture-tour of all seven Swiss universities. The latter was of particular interest, for it provided a unique opportunity of meeting so many distinguished Swiss scientists and others, and also of appreciating the individuality and the traditional characteristics of these notable seats of learning, as well as of visiting many of the old towns of Switzerland, through which one had usually passed all-too-quickly en route à the High Alps. But at the end of my lecture-tour, and in part through the kindness of my old friend and Harvard colleague, Professor Leon Collet of Geneva, my wife and I were enabled to spend a few days' skiing at Engelberg. There, incidentally, I had the pleasure of meeting W. W. Wakefield (now Lord Wakefield of Kendal), ex-rugger captain of England and a former hero of mine, and now in his "old" age turned skier!

But how really can I complain of Alpine negligence, for I have been privileged instead to visit many other lands and many grand mountain ranges, often in such contrast with the Alps, and in addition to take part in much Polar exploration and investigation, in the course of five Arctic or Sub-Arctic expeditions? Having chosen geology and mining engineering as my profession, I have had ample pretext to travel; and since academic work became my chief rôle, the findings of exploratory geology, surveying etc. have provided much grist for the mill of teaching, as well as ample material for research, that fortunate resort of the "retired", apart from others.



ALPINE MEET, 1966

R. Wendell Jones

TWICE A YEAR some fifteen to twenty of our members accompanied by a dozen or so relatives and friends, foregather in some British or Alpine resort with the avowed intent to climb mountains. From a membership of some 700, this represents a 2-3% turn-out. Most of the expeditions described in this journal record the triumphs and tribulations of but two or three members. So, if climbing be the *raison d'être* of a climbing club, our Meets achieve virtue by weight of numbers. This illuminating thought prompted me to extract from our Honorary Editor a half-promise to give this year's Alpine Meet equal precedence with other and more exotic enterprises. The next few pages are therefore projected at the 97-98% of the ABMSAC not present at Arolla.

Jenny and I flew to Le Touquet and then motored gently down the map, touching the wooded Ardennes, the rolling Jura and a rather choppy Lake Geneva. One night was spent at Beauraing near the Meuse, another in the eerie little town of Gray on Saône. I never heard before of either place which seems sufficient recommendation. The by-ways of Europe formed an interesting contrast to the Alps for one of our party, and a pleasant bribe to the other. On Friday the 5th we left the Rat Race of the Rhone valley highway and climbed steeply up the terraced hillsides to the Val d'Hérens. Chalet strewn villages followed one after another, Vex, Evolène, Les Haudères, until in the late afternoon we chugged into the scattered hamlet of Arolla.

Three hotels in the village, one out of sight up the mountainside, and one round a bend; a new post office; two or three shops; a Catholic and a Protestant chapel, the latter set deep in the woods; a few chalets and cow barns. The whole strung together by a narrow road, average gradient 1 in 5, itself the centrepiece of a net-work of paths. So, in a few trite phrases one sums up Arolla, never a proper village, not yet developed—perish the word—into a popular tourist centre.

A long ridge, 11-12,000 feet forms a steep eastward skyline. The opposite ridge is more broken and set further back. But the mountain which fills the landscape at Arolla is the Collon; square sided and solid and topped by the dome of a hazard, principally one gathers

because it has never yet fallen off. Did the shepherds under the Altels think something similar?

Below Mont Collon lies something of a desolation. I have never derived much aesthetic pleasure from contemplating a glacier moraine; and the Dixence hydro-electric scheme has taken such beauty as this one ever possessed, together with much of the valley's water. But the slopes above Arolla itself are carpeted with woods and flowers.

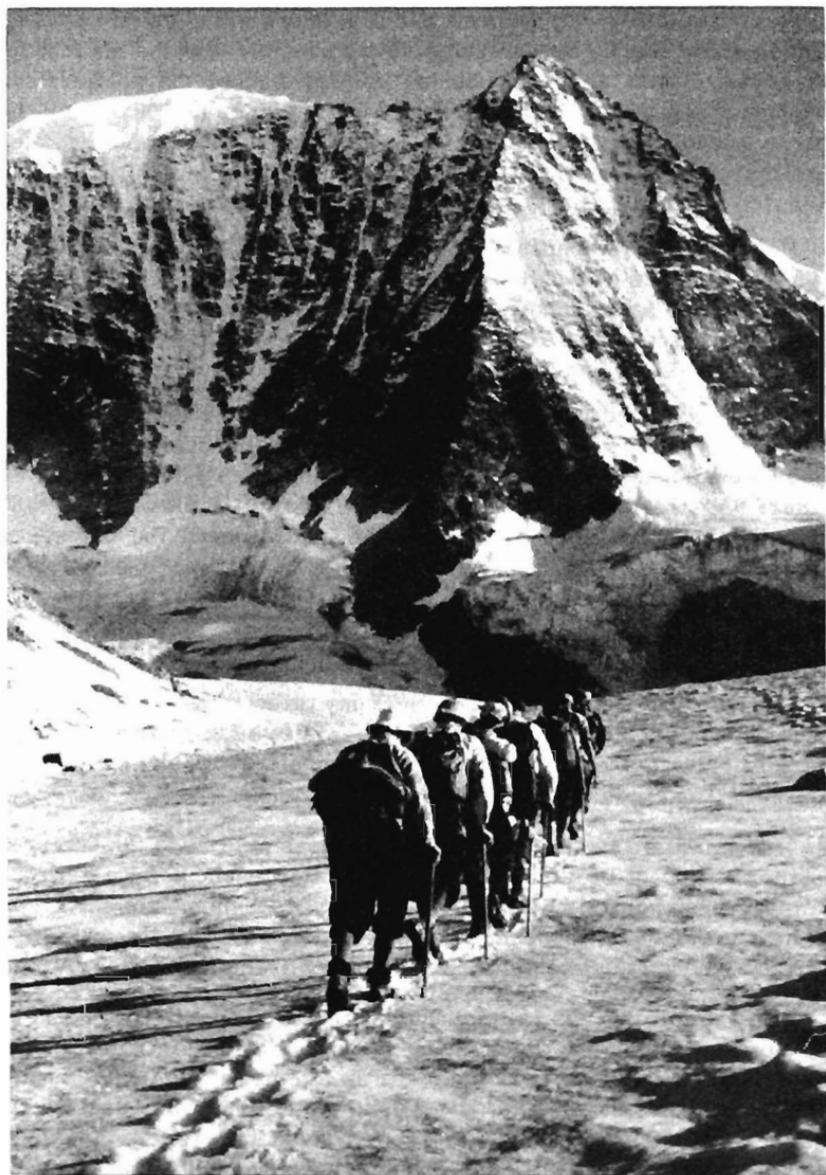
A Meet Secretary should at least pretend to be fit and I took myself off to La Roussette, combining the traumatic experience of a training walk, with the objective of a good view-point. Nearly everyone else seemed to have visited Arolla before, and some personal local knowledge might help maintain status. Four thousand feet in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours broke no records, but I got my view, escaped sun-stroke, and felt glad that none could hear me panting up the scree. The following day found three of us threading our way along the parallel ridge in the same side valley and just getting back in time for supper.

Meanwhile the climbers were arriving. A team of Jehus had motored from Derbyshire in 36 hours flat, hardly halting for the channel. However, it seemed to take them a little while to recover. Others arrived by more prosaic means. But perhaps the honours should go to the oldest member whom we met walking in over the Pas de Chevres with two friends.

There also came André tall and erect, a schoolmaster as well as guide, and addicted to mouth organ recitals on glaciers.

The weather was hot and sunny for the first ten days. Perhaps I should qualify this statement by admitting that we experienced steady rain and snow on the Monday afternoon and a brief thunderstorm on the following Saturday evening. Nevertheless this was the best weather experienced by any Meet in the last 5 years.

It was therefore a little against the trend when we set out for the Vignettes hut under cagoules, waterproofs and umbrellas of many colours. Our slow but steady plod into the mists was broken by a brief glimpse of a well-known figure hurtling by. Derek Lambley, son and guide were conjured out of Kandersteg, shot up the Pigne and Mont Collon, of which peak ill things were said—perhaps it shot back—and vanished once more. The glacier seemed unduly long, or we were unduly unfit, and the closing stages of the ascent were encouraged by the 'Sound of Music'.



Members of the Meet advancing to the Dix hut at the Cheilon Glacier
Photo : R. Wendell Jones

The following day dawned to a breathless white-out above new-fallen snow. During breakfast the cloud banks lifted and the main body, 3 ropes of ten amateurs behind André, circled the glacier, and ascended steepening snow slopes and a brief ridge to L'Evêque. The main hazard was undoubtedly the size of the party, which pushed property values sky high on the rather confined summit. We had started late and suffered later in the burning glacier bowl.

Next day three ropes, now 12 persons, walked up the Pigne, took a further sample of a view stretching from Dauphiné to the Oberland, and ran down again. There had been 104 in the hut the previous night and so we descended to Arolla, leaving John Byam-Grounds and André to traverse L'Evêque on yet another perfect day.

The party was now strengthened by the arrival of Maurice Bennett and family, immediately summoned to earnest conclave on the projected centenary ascent of the Dent Blanche—first ascended in July 1862. Another new arrival was Hamish Brown, immensely fit, who doubled the number of crash helmets and cornered the market in beards.

Following a breather in the fleshpots we made our way over the Pas de Chèvres to the Cabane de Dix. The journey was enlivened by a rencontre with a goat and the discovery by two of the party that they belonged to the same golf club. Next day three ropes traversed that fine mountain, Mont Blanc de Cheilon, whilst a fourth traversed the neighbouring Ruinette. Neither group completed its expedition very speedily, and the latter narrowly avoided a search party.

Meanwhile a strongly scholastic guideless rope made the traverse of the Petite Dent De Veisivi. Rumour relates at one point a top rope was given to a solo climber doing the traverse in the opposite direction. Impressed both by the competence of the lead and the fluency of the French, the grateful recipient proffered a 5 franc tip to the "guide".

It was felt that the Meet should be rounded off with the ascent of a four-thousander, of which there is a dearth in the Arolla valley, and complicated plans were made for an attempt of the Dent Blanche. But the second week had now begun, and the weather gods decided we had been already well-rewarded. The Bertol hut was reached in dubious conditions; a retreat was made next day, when snow caused one party—no man of ours—to take $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to descend the fixed rope from the hut to the glacier. So the climbing became restricted to such peaks or lower ridges as could be snatched in the better spells. One of these

was the Arête de Bertol climbed by Messrs. J. Byam-Grounds and Burnett with a local guide. To the general surprise, they returned reporting dry rock conditions.

John and Angela Jesson with Adolf Sierro made yet another ascent of the Pigne, and, as a final fling the same guide took a slightly unwieldy party of four on the rock traverse of the Aiguilles Rouges. Mist and intermittent snow cast something of a blight over this very enjoyable ridge, and none knew the sixth from the twelfth gendarme of the many-crested Crête du Coq. Some difficulty was experienced in finding the way off the ridge, and it was about 6 p.m. when the party returned to Arolla.

So ended the Meet. No hard routes were attempted. The Pigne, L'Evêque, the Ruinette, Mont Blanc de Cheilon, and the Collon were climbed, all but the last being traversed. Three rock climbs of reasonable standard were accomplished, The Aiguilles Rouges, The Petite Dent de Veisivi and the Arête de Bertol. Solo ascents were made of Pointe de Vouasson, Mont de L'Étoile, Grand Dent de Veisivi and La Roussette.

Climbing was not a male preserve. Place of honour among the Ladies should go to Mrs. French, who climbed L'Evêque, The Pigne, Mont Blanc de Cheilon and the Aiguilles Rouges. Mrs. Jesson made her highest ascent to date, the Pigne. Miss Byam-Grounds took her part on the Pigne and the Mont Blanc de Cheilon.

The Meet was fortunately free from accident. There were, for those unfortunate to suffer them, the usual crop of minor ailments. Particularly deserving of sympathy was Mr. F. E. Smith confined to bed with a poisoned arm for the greater part of the Meet.

Our guide for the first week was André Pont of Sierre, a likeable person, and one of the old school who meets his clients at their hotel and does not consider his duty done until he has seen them back there. None of the climbs done was particularly testing, but André took his responsibilities to both guided and guideless ropes equally seriously. A number of guides were employed by various parties in the second week.

Whilst the majority of expeditions were made by a number of guideless ropes behind the guide, guideless climbs were made on the Petite Dent de Veisivi, the Pigne (some parties) and the Ruinette. It may be that the current high cost of employing guides coupled with currency restrictions will contribute to an increase in unguided parties at future Meets.

It was a most interesting experience to lead a Meet and one which I enjoyed thoroughly. Invaluable work was done by the majority of the party whose French was better than mine; by Paul French who did great things with the rations. And credit too should go to my wife confined to the valley by the next, whilst wondering what the present generation was up to.

The following members and guests attended the Meet:

Mr. and Mrs. M. Bennett and David Bennett and Miss C. Kaye; The Rev. A. T. I. Boggis; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Broadbent; Mr. H. M. Brown; Mr. J. J. Burnett; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Byam-Grounds and Miss G. Byam-Grounds; The Rev. M. C. Crowdy; Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Freeman; Mr. H. S. Flook; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. French; Mr. J. Gardiner; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Jesson; Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Jones; Mr. D. G. Lambley and Julian Lambley; Dr. H. H. Mills; Mrs. H. Noake; Mr. R. C. J. Parker; Mr. N. Priestley; Dr. D. R. Riddell; Mr. F. E. Smith; Mr. R. H. Wood.



VENTURE INTO EASTERN TURKEY

Peter Ledeboer

ABOUT 1,000 MILES on from Istanbul to the south east in Turkey's remotest province of Hakkâri right up against the adjoining frontiers of Iran and Iraq lie two mountain groups—the Çilo Dag and the Sat Dag (Dag = mountain). Many of their peaks are around 4,000 metres high with glaciers and snow even in the height of summer, which comes as something of a surprise in this latitude.

This area is inhabited mainly by Kurds, many of whom are still semi-nomadic, as are the adjoining areas across the frontiers of Iran and Iraq. They are a proud people, who still present a political problem particularly on the Iraq side, and for this reason the area has been a prohibited one in recent years.

The mountains have been little visited. The principal exploration was done by a German expedition led by Dr. Bobek, who spent several weeks there in the late summer of 1937 and produced an excellent sketch map (photostats of this map are still all that is available). Tom Weir secured a special authorisation to climb some of the main Çilo Dag peaks in 1956, and in 1965 permission was given to Robin Fedden's and Monica Jackson's parties, as well as to a Swiss party, to explore the area. All reported that there was still great scope for exploration and of their friendly reception by the Kurds.

The activities of these recent parties were mainly centred on the Çilo Dag. At the beginning of 1966 the ban was lifted by the Turkish authorities, and the suggestion came from Sidney Nowill, a member of the Alpine Club who lives in Istanbul, that it would be worth exploring the Sat Dag. Would I care to join him? We would be an experienced mixed party, including his wife Hilary, Esmé Speakman, Elisabeth Parry and Henri Salamin, a Swiss guide. (Later, a cousin and a friend from the Embassy also joined in).

Preparation

Many weeks passed in planning and preparation. We could not all synchronise dates, so it was eventually agreed that the "Turkish" party would start a week ahead of the "English" party, set up camp and send back the horses to a prearranged rendezvous. This arrangement incidentally had the advantage of economy in horses, even though

some of us had misgivings about ever seeing them! Half the "English" party (Esmé and Henri), having a more leisurely timetable, would travel by overloaded car, the final echelon being brought up by Elisabeth and myself flying right through to the ancient city of Van.

Ambitious logistics, considering that we would take by air virtually the whole of a fortnight's food for the "English" party, but it was achieved within a total weight of 40 lbs, thanks to a skilful range of A.F.D. foods supplied by Batchelors Foods. Great perseverance with Turkish lessons also enabled us to recite such useful phrases as "There are five yellow chairs in this room" and "Which is the way to the casino?". And then the summer air schedules were eventually published showing flights to Van on quite different days — another telegram to Istanbul!

The journey east

Eventually on the evening of 23rd June the rear echelon took off by night flight to Istanbul, arriving at the somewhat desolate hour of 3.30 a.m. A deserted airport lounge, apart from a few recumbent shapes, and several hours to wait. Stretched out on the seats, an attempt to doze. A wailing child. A jarring telephone:

"Allo, yes, Turkish Airlines."

"What do you mean, what is the time?"

And then, suddenly, dawn and a motley throng appearing from all sides, seething, shouting above the stream of incomprehensible loud-speaker announcements and disappearing into various little aircraft that had mysteriously shown up on the tarmac.

Ours was the last, and as we rose over the brown chequered Turkish landscape we peered anxiously to identify some unknown mountain. But the heat haze was already thick and it was not to be. Ankara—an airfield that seemed miles from anywhere, Malatya—a little grove of trees in a brown plain, Diyarbakir—with an oven-like blast of 120° heat, and then (could it really be true?) the most beautiful turquoise lake as we dropped down after a thousand miles at Van.

There to our delight were Esmé and Henri waiting to greet us and we were swiftly installed in the Tourist Hotel. Much sorting out of baggage had to be done before moving on the next day to Yuksekova, the frontier town at the foot of the Sat Dag 160 miles to the south. A second car was needed and this had to be arranged. Just as I was approaching the "Taxi Agency", the hotel porter caught me up breathlessly on a bicycle with a note from Sidney advising us the maximum price we should pay. Forearmed and enlisting the aid of a passer-by

who spoke scarcely recognisable German, I proceeded to negotiate. It was all very friendly really with glasses of tea and an audience of a dozen or more small boys, but our interpreter's German was so broad that we scarcely realised we had reached agreement on the price after an hour and a half's bargaining.

Promptly at 7 a.m. Henri and I swept forth in a large and battered Chevrolet for the five hours run (Esmé and Elisabeth following later). The run across the arid landscape could be described as uneventful, since our senses became numbed by a constant blast of Turkish pop music from the record player in the car, but we were aware in the later stages of descending a steep gorge into Yuksekova.

Yuksekoa

We reported on arrival to the Kaymakam or Commandant, who received us courteously in quite good English—to our relief. Already in his office was Dr. Peter Davis, a well-known botanist from Edinburgh who was visiting the area to collect rare plants. The Kaymakam was happy to allocate the school for both parties to sleep in overnight, and we began to discuss the arrangements for getting to the Sat Dag, for this is where we expected to find the horses sent back by Sidney. No, the Kaymakam knew nothing of these horses and our worst fears began to materialise. At that moment, in the dramatic way that things seem to happen out there, a minion entered the office with a letter to me from Sidney to say that they had had a little trouble as a result of being misdirected by unfriendly villagers and advising us to take a different route.

I did not reveal this piece of news, but thanked the Kaymakam and we retired to the school, setting up "camp" among the desks. It was the school holiday period and a sea of children's faces peered in through the windows, asking repeatedly "Mister, what is your name?". We also observed with mixed feelings the local gaol across the courtyard. Presently Fereç arrived. He looked a stalwart character, getting on in years, and we took to him at once. We established that after Sidney's party had been misdirected, two of the horses had fallen on rocks, though with slight injury, and that Fereç knew the alternative route. Since sunrise is at 3 a.m. we agreed that the four horses should be loaded ready to start by 5. Shortly afterwards Esmé and Elisabeth arrived, having lingered for photographs, and we strolled down the single dusty street to the restaurant—much to the interest of the locals.

We set forth

Yuksekoa is at the edge of a large plain at 6,000 ft, the Gevar Ova, and the first part of the route was therefore absolutely flat across fertile fields of maize amid cattle and sheep, past farms with storks' nests and wooden ploughs. Occasionally Egyptian vultures wheeled above us. At the far side of the plain after about 12 miles the track passes through a marsh with about 3 feet of water, reputed to be snake infested. As the great moment came for the crossing, we mounted the heavily laden horses and set off lurching, plunging and clinging on like grim death—and suddenly with a splash Henri was off head over heels. But no snakes appeared and after dismounting on dry land, we continued after Henri had changed into pyjamas.

The track now rose fairly steeply from the village on the far side (we did not stop there, as Fereç declared it unfriendly), up through scented hillsides with giant vetch, umbellifer and many flowers among the scrub. We saw several giant tortoises. We were now beginning to feel the heat, but pushed on as far as we could before stopping to eat by a stream. Much refreshed, we struggled on.

An incident

Suddenly about midday in a defile three men rushed down on us with rifles. They motioned us to stop. "Para" they demanded and marched us at muzzle point up behind a rock. "Para" they demanded again and after searching us removed such Turkish money as we had on us. I shrugged my shoulders and tried to indicate that we had no more. They were clearly mystified, speaking little Turkish, being Kurds. The leader was in traditional turban, wound so as to mask his face. The second wore a suit and the third a surprisingly British-looking balaclava and anorak (probably from Iraq, a few miles to the south). All wore bandoliers. I stood up, but the leader advanced excitedly brandishing his rifle. They decided then to purloin all cameras, films and watches (including Henri's new cine camera and Fereç's pocket watch), after searching our small rucksacks to keep such "minor" items as sunglasses, compasses, my anorak, Henri's passport, etc. With shifty looks down the valley they then quickly motioned us onwards.

In glum silence we moved on. We were in any case too far up the valley to turn back. Fereç, half in tears, showed only too plainly the disgrace he felt. Henri was shattered and wanted to return to Switzerland at once. The ladies were the most stoic of all. I was heart searching on what courses of action I could have taken to prevent this

but could see none. We still had at any rate all our panniers of food and equipment on the horses and in one of these were some travellers' cheques. We pressed on mechanically, now feeling the heat and fatigue, up on to what seemed an endless grassy ridge, down scree gullies, up boulder slopes until as dusk drew on we felt incapable of going further. And very shortly after that we set up camp in a perfect meadow of gentians and primulae by a stream.

Lakeside camp

We slept badly and next morning still aching with fatigue we stumbled up to a high col, where suddenly the full glory of the Sat Dag was revealed—great ridges of pinnacles rising from the snow. For a moment an echo of Chamonix. We moved on and slowly climbed the last slope up through the snow. Towards midday we were welcomed with great joy by Sidney's party as we reached the camp site at 10,000 ft at the edge of the still largely frozen Lake Bay Göl (Göl=lake), surrounded by snow and pinnacles—surely the finest amphitheatre of all.

We recounted the incident to a stunned audience. It clearly worried Sidney, because if he could get a report to the Kaymakam, the chances were that our climbing would be encumbered by protective military patrols. The bandits were probably now in Iraq anyway. But we were keen for action, and eventually Sidney asked some nearby Kurds to send a messenger. They were afraid to do so, and the report had to be left till Sidney went down.

New ascents

One of our main objectives was to climb a virgin peak which dominated the amphitheatre on the south side of the lake—almost on the Iraq frontier. We were pretty certain that it had not been climbed. So on the second day we set forth at 4.30 a.m. across the frozen part of the lake and up a long snow slope for about 2 hours, then turning very steeply right hugging a bergschrund to the base of the final rock buttress. We attacked this from the rear up very loose gullies and ridges for about 250 ft of grade 4 climbing. The summit itself had an unbroken view into the heat haze of Iran and Iraq, and as we sat there we heard the cry of sheep below. We were witnessing a vast migration of sheep and goats—five or six hundred—over the snow col to their summer grazing grounds below the lake. The peak is being registered as Bobek Tepe 3,470 m.

Another objective was to make a new route up the north face of the main summit in the Sat Dag—Çia e Hende vade 3,810 m. We had



Lake Bay Gol with Bobek Tepe to the left of the col.

Photo : Peter Ledeboer

seen a possible approach up a steep snow curtain on to the summit ridge. We felt that the route would limit the party to one rope of three, and accordingly Sidney, Henri and I set off soon after dawn, this time striking up a glacier at the side of the lake to a col on the ridge. From here we could traverse to the foot of the snow curtain, still largely in shadow. It looked very steep, but we managed to kick steps with the points of our crampons and made use of some large holes—Henri christened them bees nests—to reach the upper ice at an angle of a good 55°. The snow curtain was about 450 ft high, but once on the narrow crumbly summit ridge it was easy going. The summit still bore the wooden cross set up by Dr. Bobek. Once again we gazed into Iran and Iraq, and 30 miles to the west the snow capped peaks of the Çilo Dag shimmered through the heat haze.

Kurds and yoghourt

Rest days are one of the delights of an expedition and we took advantage of them to visit the local Kurds in their "zoma" or summer encampment below the lake. They received us with the greatest friendliness and we were invited into their black tents to drink "çay"—small glasses of tea with sugar. Black haired with flashing eyes, they were always gay and the women were dressed in brilliant red costumes. We tended to their ailments with antiseptic cream, eye ointment and many aspirins. We had many visits from them at our camp site, bringing gifts of delicious yoghourt. They are hardy folk, often going over the frontier to fetch some new item. One woman had a baby on the way and scornfully disdained our offer of tea afterwards.

We had heard that there were primeval rock paintings in the next valley, but a day's exploration failed to reveal any. We had also been warned to be on the lookout for bears—the brown variety, which had certainly been encountered by previous parties and can be dangerous. But we saw no droppings and were not disturbed by any, but we did with great excitement catch sight of a mother and cub ambling off up a snow slope from their cave.

Moving on

After about a week the time came for the "Turkish" party to return home. With a fine feat of culinary improvisation a farewell dinner was produced, the tents were struck and at 6 a.m. we watched sadly as they departed down the valley. Fereç's henchman, Abdullah, was left to guard us, while Sidney reported the "incident" on his way through Yuksekova.

The camp seemed silent by the rapidly melting ice in the glare

of the midday sun. The heat was always intense by midday, but by 3 p.m. the sun was behind the crest of the ridge and the temperature dropped sharply. By sunset there was always a cold wind and we were glad of pullovers and anoraks for the evening meal, which took at least an hour to cook at this altitude. The very dry air seemed to increase the effects of altitude, for even after a week none of us felt really fit and energetic.

The voice of authority

On the evening of the following day, just as we were retiring at dusk, about a dozen Turkish troops appeared. They were quite friendly, but only with exhaustive recourse to the dictionary did we establish that we were quite safe but that they wanted us to come down to the nearest "zoma" for "explanations". I refused and they departed. But half an hour later in the gathering dusk I was startled to see the Kaymakam himself approaching on horseback, accompanied by various dignitaries —and Fereç. Sidney had reported the "incident" to him and he wanted to know why we had not done so earlier, as he now had no chance of finding the bandits. As he shivered in this unaccustomed corner of his domain, we explained as best we could, but he was obviously convinced that Fereç was an accomplice. It was with some difficulty that we extracted a promise that Fereç would return in 4 days time with the horses to take us down, and the Kaymakam departed into the night.

Final days

During the remaining days we explored. One of them was devoted to finding a good rock route down the valley. The approach was up steep slopes of baked mud, which was exhausting work. The rock was mainly an ochre colour with bands of red, blue and green, and much of it was loose. We found it hard going in the heat. We also discovered at the top of the valley a peak with a window 6 ft. high, which brought a touch of exotic climbing. The more dramatic pinnacles were almost vertical and looked virtually unclimbable. But we did return twice to the Hendevade ridge, which offered the most rewarding climbing —once to enable the ladies to do the ascent up the snow curtain, and again to force a new route up very loose rock to a neighbouring peak, which we named Dört Başlar (Four Tops) 3,800 m.

Fereç finally reappeared with the horses late on the last night and stated that he had been held under arrest. Somewhat uneasily we set forth down to Yuksekova, glancing back from time to time at that great cirque of snow capped peaks, until by midday we reached

the defile where the "incident" had occurred. A "zoma" had now been set up there and we were met by the Turkish troops of a few days ago. We were under escort the rest of the way, which although perhaps lending an air of importance to the occasion, made it difficult for the ladies to disappear behind a rock! By a forced march we made Yuksekova in 12 hours the same day.

We had to make a statement to the Kaymakam on the "incident", and this occupied the whole of the following morning by the time I had written it in my own hand. Fereç was clearly still under suspicion, and we could only bear witness to his honesty with us. So we prepared to depart back to Van—Esmé and Henri by car, and Elisabeth and I by bus. We were shown into the front seats, the place of honour accorded to strangers offering some protection against the dust, while the rest of the bus was crammed with every imaginable body. It was a sturdy vehicle, but as we suspected it overheated half way. No doubt used to this, a small boy immediately plugged the radiator cylinder with dried figs, but this was only effective for increasingly short intervals, so that what we had hoped would be a triumphal return to Van proved rather ignominious.

Van

We promised ourselves a swim in the wonderful blue water of the lake on our last day. The turquoise blue is due to the presence of potassium salts which give great buoyancy, and as we floated off the deserted shore with its backcloth of mountains, we felt this was indeed paradise. We visited too some of the great antiquities of Van—the fortress crowning a sheer rock with 1000 yards of battlements, built by the Urartu kings in the 9th century B.C., and the ruined Armenian church with its painted frescoes on an island in the lake, once the bishop's seat in this far flung see.

It had been a fascinating venture with something of the flavour of an oriental pilgrimage. Our quest had taken us far to mountains of great beauty—remote fastnesses, inexorable in their approach yet resplendent in their wildness. We had listened to the bullfrogs in a moonlit lake at 10,000 ft. There had been a moment of drama, but we had been welcomed by a pastoral people. We had been travellers in an antique land.



ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES

Diary for 1967

24th January	Lecture—British Andean Expedition—Alpamayo by Mr. Dennis Gray.
22nd February	Lecture—Climbing in Alaska by Mr. Michael Westmacott.
15th March	Lecture—Expedition to Eastern Turkey by Mr. Peter Ledebøer.
22nd—29th March	Easter Meet—Allt-nan-Rhos Hotel, Onich.
19th April	Lecture—The Easter Meet.
21st—23rd April	Younger Members Meet, Glan Dena Hut, North Wales.
24th May	Ladies Night Dinner.
28th June	Lecture—Ski Mountaineering in the Alps by Mr. Walter Kirstein.
5th—19th August	Alpine Meet—Lötschental.
27th September	Lecture—The National Trust and the Mountains by Mr. L. R. Townson.
30th November	Annual Dinner, preceded by the Annual General Meeting.

The lectures are delivered at the Alpine Club at 6.30 p.m. on Wednesdays (with the exception of that for January which is being held on a Tuesday). Members wishing to join Meets should contact Maurice Bennett for the Easter and Alpine Meets, and Peter Ledebøer for the Younger Members Meet. Details of the dinner arrangements will be announced in the bulletins.

Lectures 1966

The following lectures were heard by members during the year:—

26th January	Climbing in Turkish Kurdistan by R. R. Fedden.
23rd February	Peruvian Andes 1965 by B. Chase.
23rd March	Pioneer Climbs and Tourists in the Alps By H. R. C. Carr.
27th April	The Eiger Direct by Chris Bonington.
22nd June	Previous Easter Meets by F. R. Crepin and F. E. Smith.
21st September	The Alpine Meet 1966 by members of the Meet.
19th October	The Galapagos Islands by Dr. P. Hugh-Jones, M.D., F.R.C.P.

Ladies Night Dinner

The Ladies Night Dinner was held at the Connaught Rooms on Wednesday 25th May. The Swiss Ambassador and Madame de Fischer, Mr. and Mrs. G. Unseld, Mr. and Mrs. E. Tobler and Lord and Lady Hunt were guests of the Association. After dinner Lord Hunt gave a talk entitled "High Tatra Journey 1965".

The Annual Dinner

The Association's Annual Dinner was held at the Connaught Rooms on Wednesday, November 23. Over eighty members and friends dined and the following were guests of the Association:—Dr. E. M. Bircher, representing the Swiss Ambassador, Rev. F. L. Jenkins (Alpine Club), Miss D. H. de Beer (Ladies Alpine Club), Mr. A. Kunz (Swiss National Tourist Office), Mr. R. Williams (Oxford University Mountaineering Club), and Mr. M. Clarke (Imperial College Mountaineering Club).

W. R. Jeudwine proposed the toast of 'The Swiss Confederation'. He did not, he said, wish to refer to the Swiss mountains on this occasion but to call our attention to an anniversary. It was, this year, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Swiss Frontiers which were designated at the Treaty of Belgrade in 1816 and it was from this treaty that Switzerland can date the beginning of her history of prosperity and security. We had all been reminded, he recalled, of the legendary security attributed to the bankers of Zurich by the constant references to them in connection with the present economic situation in this country—a situation which unhappily would have some effect on our ability to travel to Switzerland. We should not forget, however, that absence makes the heart grow fonder. In replying Dr. Bircher offered the apologies of the Ambassador for his inability to be present—he was attending a reception at the Palace. In spite of our economic difficulties, Dr. Bircher continued, the Swiss have a need for the British tourist—it was not just a question of money or sportsmanship, but the need for the British sense of humour. He recalled his early great delight at a growing ability to appreciate "Punch" and amusingly related some more recent stories he had heard. If we could teach the Swiss to laugh Switzerland and the world would be better places to live in.

Vincent Cohen in proposing the toast of 'The Association' expressed our deep regret that the Ambassador was unable to be present, particularly as this would have been his valedictory address. A tele-

gram had been sent to him on behalf of the assembled company and a charming reply had been received. We were, however, delighted to welcome Dr. Bircher as our principal guest. Turning to Association affairs, Mr. Cohen recalled that as incoming President he had been faced with a difficult situation at the beginning of his term of office due to the late announcement by the various Sections of an increase in subscriptions. This had been overcome but it had prompted the committee to take a close look at all the Association's activities to ensure that everything possible was being done for the members. Due to measures taken earlier, he was sure that climbers who had joined during the year would all turn out to be long term members. He thanked the Swiss National Tourist Office for all their work on our behalf during the year, and also the officers of the Association for their support. The lectures delivered during the year had been good and refreshing. Most noteworthy, and clearly the most outstanding lecture he had heard during his membership of the Association, was that delivered by Chris Bonington literally days after the completion of the Eiger Direct route. Regarding our own ventures to the Alps, the President remarked that it saddened us all that the restrictions on currency would have some effect on the length of our visits to Switzerland, but that the Committee would continue to concern itself with facilities for our members, particularly the younger ones, and to strengthen our bonds with the Swiss Alpine Club.

Derek Lambley proposed the toast of the guests, to which Rev. F. L. Jenkins replied. J. G. Broadbent proposed the toast of the President of the Association.

The Easter Meet

The Meet was held at the Glan Aber Hotel, Betws-y-Coed, from 6th to 13th April. Once again, the weather left much to be desired, even though the amount of actual rainfall was not great. The tops were rarely clear and cold easterly winds and mist made rock climbing unpleasant. Consequently, although some climbing was done, most of the activity was centred on ridge walking. Only the Sunday began really bright and clear but many got soaked as thunderstorms and hail swept in from the east.

Mr. Yates again made us very welcome at the Hotel and the Meet proved enjoyable even though the list of climbs made was very modest.

Those attending the Meet were: Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. M. Bennett and David Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Byam-Grounds and Miss Gay Byam-Grounds, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Starkey, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Freeman, Mr. D. M. Clarke, Mr. R. W. Jones, Mr. J. P. Ledeboer, Mr. and Mrs. H. Noake, Mr. John Noake and Miss Margaret Banks, Mr. R. C. J. Parker, Dr. D. Riddell, Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. N. E. Walker.

The Alpine Meet

A full account of the Meet, which was held at Arolla from 6th to 20th August, is included earlier in this journal.

Officers and Committee

Due to a new appointment in the north Mr. John Kemsley felt obliged to resign his position as Librarian. Mr. R. Wendell Jones was appointed in his place as from November 1st, 1966.

At the Annual General Meeting held at the Connaught Rooms on November 23rd, the following members were elected to serve on the Committee in place of those whose terms of office have expired—Messrs. S. N. Beare, D. G. Lambley, R. B. Quine and Dr. D. J. Lintott in place of Messrs. H. S. Flook, T. A. H. Peacocke, F. A. W. Schweitzer and O. B. St. John.

The Library

Following the publication of the revised Library List in 1965 there was a surge of borrowing which lasted into the next year and kept your Hon. Librarian busy with the postal service to members who were unable to visit the Library. This led to enjoyable exchanges of letters with country members on climbing topics ranging far beyond the initial reasons for the correspondence.

A word on the postal charges for books would seem timely as some members have incurred needless expense through not using the most economical rate available when returning books. A package of books weighing under two pounds can be sent by book post at a reasonable rate if the ends of the books are exposed. The weight limit unfortunately restricts book post to small consignments and anything heavier should be sent by parcel post and not by the still more expensive letter post. The rate per pound is much less for a heavy

parcel than for a light one and so once the two-pound limit is exceeded it pays to take out several books at a time.

One pleasure of the Librarian's duties is the contact with the many fine items in the Library—a contact available also to all members who care to take advantage of it (when did you last borrow a book from the Library?). To mention just one item that has given the writer particular pleasure there is on the shelves a copy of Adams-Reilly's map of "The Valpelline, the Valtournanche, and the Southern Valleys of the Chain of Monte Rosa, from an actual survey made in 1865—6". What a labour of love it must have been to survey that area and publish such a fine map a century ago—surely there is a story here for someone to tell or to re-tell if it has been written already.

To bring some of the other historical items held by the Library to the notice of members the opportunity was taken in March to display a number of early books on the Alps on the occasion of Mr. H. R. C. Carr's lecture on Pioneer Climbs and Tourists in the Alps.

Historical books tend to be forgotten with the advent of the Alpine climbing season and so in the summer the emphasis of interest swung as usual to the borrowing of foreign guide books as members planned their holidays.

In the autumn the Librarian's employment moved to Yorkshire with the result that his year ended with handing over the Library to his successor, Mr. R. Wendell Jones.

Thanks are due to Mr. I. B. Rees for the gift of his introduction to the Welsh Hills "Dringo Mynyddoedd Cymru"; to Mr. R. E. Lambe for presenting the Guide to Craig Cowarch and the Mountain Club Handbook 1965/6; to Mr. M. N. Clarke for a gift of journals; to Mr. L. G. Poolman for making certain of his personal copies of guide books available for loan to members. And to the Assistant Secretaries of the Alpine Club, and to Mrs. Lewis, the Caretaker, for their unflinching help on numerous occasions.

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the Alpine Club, the Ladies Alpine Club, the Pinnacle Club, le Club Suisse de Femmes Alpinistes, the Midland Association of Mountaineers and the Rucksack Club for gifts of their journals.

"High Heaven", a useful book on the Dauphiné by J. Boell has been mislaid. News of its whereabouts would be welcome.

The following additions have been made during the year:—

GENERAL LIST

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| Bonatti, W. | On the Heights |
| Rees, I. B. | Dringo Mynyddoedd Cymru |
| Swiss Foundation
for Alpine
Research | The Mountain World, 1964/5 |
| Unsworth, W. | Matterhorn Man |

GUIDE BOOKS

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| Eastern Alps | Dolomites:
Dolomiten Kletterführer II—Östliche Dolomiten
(1959) (German) |
| | Julian Alps:
Julischen Alpen (1966) (German) |
| | |
| British Isles | Central Wales:
Craig Cowarch (1964) (produced by the Mountain
Club) |
| | |
| Miscellaneous | Pyrenees:
Pyrénées Centrales—Cauterets, Vignemale,
Gavarnie, Cañons Espagnols. (1965) (French) |
| | |

Members seeking to borrow foreign guide books other than those shown in the Library List, or notified in the Journal as subsequent additions, should note that certain privately-owned volumes are available to extend the range of the Library through the courtesy of the members who own them. Particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Librarian.

The Swiss National Tourist Office

The address of the Tourist Office is now:—

Swiss National Tourist Office, Swiss Centre,
1 New Coventry Street, London W.1.
Telephone number, REgent 1921.

The Swiss Ambassador

M. Olivier King, Delegate for Trade Agreements, has been appointed as Ambassador in place of M. Beat de Fischer who is retiring.



Hermann Geiger, the Swiss "Glacier Pilot"

OBITUARIES

Hermann Geiger

HERMANN GEIGER was killed in a flying accident at Sion airfield on August 26, 1966. He was 51.

Geiger was born at Savièse, a hamlet above Sion in 1914 and from a very early age was interested in flying. He started work as a mechanic in 1928 but was soon spending all his spare time mastering the art of gliding from which he moved quickly to powered flight. Having been brought up in such an area as the Rhône valley it was perhaps inevitable that he should concern himself with the problems of flying amongst the mountains and later, as the whole world knows, with those concerned with landing and taking off from the glaciers. It was not until 1952 after a long apprenticeship of supply dropping to huts that he actually began regular landings, first while supplying materials for hut building and then rescuing injured or stranded mountaineers or skiers for whom he provided timely rescue and a rapid descent to the valleys. In the last ten years or so he, and the pilots he subsequently trained, have rescued over 4000 lives. While taking part in hut building operations he regularly made twenty or thirty glacier landings a day. More recently he qualified as a helicopter pilot and overcame some of the problems of that most difficult of aircraft he had envisaged when he wrote his autobiography 'Alpine Pilot' in 1956. He was elected an Honorary Member of this Association in 1957 in recognition of his services to mountaineers. Among other honours accorded to him was one by the Pope for 'exceptional acts in the service of humanity' in 1959, and the Pery Medal of the Ski Club of Great Britain in 1965.

Geiger was a real pioneer who has helped to make the Alps a safer place for all those who go there for recreation. We are all in his debt.

C. C. Cornish

CHRISTOPHER CORNISH was educated at Charterhouse and then went on to Sandhurst. He first attended an A.B.M.S.A.C. meet at Saas Fee in August 1959 during which he did the traverse of the Südlenzspitze and Nadelhorn, the Matterhorn by the Hörnli ridge, and the Zinal

Rothorn with his brother and a guide. They were with us again in 1960 and 1961 and among their ascents were the Weissmies by the north ridge, Zinal Rothorn by the Rothorngrat and the traverse of the Südlenzspitze and Dom from the Mischabel Hut to the Dom Hut. Christopher was elected a member of the Association in 1961 and of the A.C. in 1962 when he began to lead climbs in the Alps at Army Mountaineering Association Meets and with his brother and cousins. I was at the Britannia Hut with him before one of his climbs and admired the care with which he prepared for the climb and his competent, quiet confidence. All the guides with whom he climbed had a high opinion of his skill, his endurance and his prudence. He came to the Association Meet at Zinal in 1963 and led two cousins up the Besso by the south west ridge, doing the final pitch to the summit direct rather than the usual traverse to the right. In 1964 he was selected to go on an Army M.A. expedition to the Himalayas in either 1965 or 1966. He was by then in the 14th/20th Kings Hussars serving in Germany where he taught some of his men to climb. When he was posted to Benghazi he took three of his regiment to East Africa on an Adventure Training Course with the ultimate object of climbing Mount Kenya. After training climbs in the area Christopher set off with two others from Two Tarn Hut at 3 a.m. on February 1st, 1965 to climb the Batian Peak of Mount Kenya. The fourth member of the team was left at the hut suffering from mountain sickness. When the party had not returned by 10 a.m. the next morning he went back to arrange for a rescue party. They found that all three had been killed, almost certainly instantaneously, at about 4 a.m. by a large fall of rock as they were taking off their crampons to begin the rock climb. Their bodies were buried on the mountain where they were found, a cairn was erected and a plaque was placed on it by the regiment.

Christopher Cornish was a mountaineer in the best and widest sense of the term. He died a Mountaineer's death and it seems right that he should be buried among the mountains he loved. The Army has lost a promising young officer, our Association a young member of whom we were expecting great things, and his family and friends an unselfish and lovable companion.

A. W. B.

Robert L. Greg

ROBERT GREG died on 28th March 1965, aged 72, after a wearisome illness lasting some months. He joined the Association in 1925 and was a Vice-President during the years 1954/56 in the first of which years he was elected a member of the Alpine Club.

Robert was a very good man at meets being always ready to promote the general good by leading people on climbs and expeditions, often at the expense of his personal ambitions, and one has recollections of many happy days of climbing, both here and abroad, in association with him. Greg was very proud of the fact that he was taken on to his first glacier at the age of eleven years, and in his younger days he was a successful cricketer and had a fund of stories on this subject. In his later years, after the marriage of his daughter, Greg devoted more and more of his time to Freemasonry, whilst being looked after by a faithful married couple in his home in Altricham.

Robert Greg was a good friend and companion and will be sadly missed from his place in climbing circles. G. S.

C. B. C. Handley

C. B. C. HANDLEY of Abbey Farm, Hoxne, Diss, Norfolk, was killed with a companion in April 1966 as a result of a climbing accident on An Teallach, when descending one of the ridges of that mountain.

He was a man of great charm of manner, an ebullient personality, and he never failed to grace with his wit and unfailing good humour any gathering at which he was present. He was a man of many parts, and was well known in the skiing world, having been an officer of the Ski Club of Great Britain for many years, and he was a dominating and popular personality in that field. His real contribution in mountaineering was as a ski mountaineer, and he was a past President of the Alpine Ski Club.

All his many friends and acquaintances miss him sadly.

L. R. P.

C. Stocken

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER CHRIS STOCKEN was killed by a rock fall while descending a peak in Schweitzerland, East Greenland. He was leading a Royal Navy Expedition and the accident occurred after a couple of weeks of glorious weather during which fifteen virgin peaks were climbed.

We also regret to announce the deaths of T. O'Hara and H. L. Pryce during the year.



MEMBERS' CLIMBS

Dr. A. W. Barton, with Mrs. Barton.

Easter Meet. All with George and Mary Starkey. A walk from Capel Curig on the path to Llyn Cowlydd and then up Creigiau Gliesion, a mountain on the Conway side of Cowlydd. George then navigated us in the mist over the mountains at the head of Llyn Crafnant, ending on the path from Crafnant to Capel Curig. David Riddell was with us.

Ascent and descent of Snowdon by the Pyg Track on a cloudy cold day with strong East wind and some snow. Hotel closed as snow prevented the train reaching the summit.

Motored as close to Aber Falls as possible. Walked up the valley from which the Falls come on the left of the Falls and on up the valley to the top of Foel Fras. Cold, dry, but clouds on the tops. Back by Aber Lake and the path to the car. A very pleasant and solitary expedition.

Ascended Moel Siabod in thick mist by the S.E. ridge. We descended the N.W. grassy face of the mountain until we were out of the mist and traversed round the mountain to our starting point near the Bettws-Capel Curig road.

Switzerland in August. Climbs: Fluchthorn from the Britannia Hut; Josef Imseng; lovely day, glorious views.

Traverse of the Stellihorn from the Mattmark side down to the Furgtal; Josef Imseng.

Traverse of Furg ridge from Theodule Pass to Furghorn and then on to the glacier and back to the Schwarzsee. Bad weather made us abandon the traverse to the Furgjoch. Alfred Biner. Rimpfischhorn from the Fluhalp: Josef Biner. At 3.0 a.m., hotel in mist and clear sky above. When we left at 6.20 a.m., a lovely morning with not a cloud in the sky. Mountain in poor condition—glorious views from the top.

Walks. Saas-Fee to the Antrona Pass. Gspa to Saas-Grund. Zermatt to Aufden Arschen and then up under the peaks to the Trift Hotel. Zermatt to the Taschalp via Tirschenen and back by the path through the woods and on to the St. Niklaus-Zermatt Road.

Our nephews—Robin, Stephen and Barnaby Shaw. Climbed, variously, Egginerhorn by the South ridge and traverse to Mittaghorn, and Weissmies by the North ridge with Emil Imseng; various climbs on the Riffelhorn with Josef Biner; Furg Ridge from Theodule Pass to Furghorn, Rimpfischhorn from the Fluhalp with Herbert Gronen.

Revd. J. M. L. L. Bogle.

From Engelberg, Gross and Klein Spannort. From Saas Fee, Egginer by south west ridge from Egginerjoch (not completed owing to bad weather); Allalinhorn from Britannia Hut via north east ridge, descent via Feejoch, Feekopf and Alphubeljoch to Tasch Hut; Alphubel by north ridge from Mischabeljoch (quite a good route) and descent by east face; Jagigrat; Schwarzsmies.

In addition some climbs in the Elbsandsteingebirge in East Germany, a very interesting district. Wales, the Lake District and on outcrops near York.

G. R. E. Brooke.

In the Canary Islands in October.

Island of Tenerife—Pico de Teide, 12,200 ft. This celebrated volcanic peak, which is the dominant physical feature of the Canaries Archipelago, provides a simple ascent occupying $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The going is rather rough and loose but involves nothing more than walking, apart from a little scrambling close to the summit. The small crater at the top is slightly active with a number of fumaroles emitting hot sulphurous gas. The surrounding countryside presents a bizarre lunar aspect with rock formations of weird shapes and vivid colourings.

Island of Grand Canary—several peaks of around 6,000 ft. above the Cruz de Tejada Pass.

Island of La Palma—Volcan de San Antonio.

Hamish M. Brown.

With VPSC-BFMC student friends Rankin, D. Blackwood, Mackell, Aitken, Perry, Chambers, visited the Ötztal in July. From Pfunds camp went to the Hohenzellerhaus and traversed the Riffljoch, 3149 m, and Glockturm, 3355 m. After being weather bound in the Gepatschhaus traversed the Rauherkepf and the Gepatschfermer (largest snowfield in E. Europe) to the Brandenburger. Only the Hintereis Spitz, 3486 m, and Dahmann Spitz, 3401 m, were possible before blizzard retreat down to Vent, Ötztal, Landeck. A trip, Engadine, Maloja Pass, Bregaglia, Lake Como, Bernina Pass failed to find sunshine.

In the Berner Oberland Grindelwald was as wet. In desperation (and precipitation) everyone prowled about Lauterbrunnen or over Kleine Scheidegg. It actually cleared. 26th to Jungfrau Joch, 3454 m, 27th Jungfrau, 4158 m, from Rottalsattel, icy Mönch, 4099 m, from Mönch-

joch and trek to Concordia (those ladders!). 28th, Hollandia Hut at the Lotschenlücke, 3178 m, 29th, Ebnefluh, 3962 m, and finer Mittagshorn, 3895 m, down to Fafleralp, Lotschental. 30th, across the Petersgrat, 3205 m, to Lauterbrunnen—4,000 ft. up and 7,000 ft. down. Two added Tschingelhorn, 3577 m. Fini.

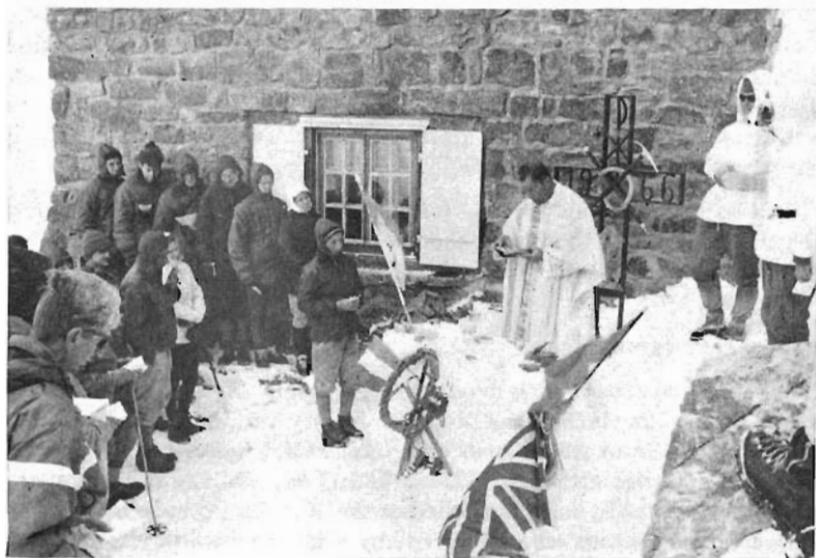
While waiting at Arolla for A.B.M.S.A.C. party, solitary wanderings were made up Mt. de l'Etoile, 3369, and Pte. de Vouasson, 3489, and Gde. Dent de Veisivi, 3418. Then Meet crossed Pas de Chevres to the Dix Hut. With Messrs. Jones and Jesson traversed the Ruinette, 3879, which became a 17 hour birthday epic (ending in a night descent, Col de Cheilon-Arolla in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours). All plodded up to the Bertol Hut, 3311, in thunderstorm and plodded down in snowstorm. Exit alone over Col de Torrent, 2924, and Sasseneire, 3259, to Zinal. Stormy Randa for last week.

John Byam-Grounds.

A 4' 0" iron cross, beautifully and delicately designed by Bruno Gherri-Moro, the painter and sculptor of Les Haudères, now stands on the summit of the Dent Blanche. The cross, presented by M. Bernard Hallenbarter of Sion, was raised by helicopter and installed by a party of Evolène guides on Sunday, September 25th. This was the culmination of ceremonies which took place at Les Haudères earlier in the month to celebrate not only the centenary of the first ascent of the Dent Blanche in 1862 but also to dedicate a banner presented to the Evolène Guides by Mr. and Mrs. Serge Golon.

The fact that the centenary had been passed by four years seemed quite irrelevant to the celebrations which I attended as a representative of the A.B.M.S.A.C. and at which the guides of Evolène and Arolla took such pains to emphasize such a long association of the English with this valley.

It had been hoped to instal the cross at the summit of the Dent Blanche in the course of the celebrations, but conditions on the mountain were so bad—much snow, high and very cold winds—that it was possible only to lift it with the aid of a helicopter to the Rossier Hut. There it had to be left for more favourable weather. The occasion was greatly heightened by the fortunate coincidence of Dr. & Mrs. Richards (Dorothy Pilley) being at Les Haudères and being able to stay on and take part in the proceedings. After an abortive attempt from Sion Airfield on the previous afternoon, a large number of guides and



Dedication of Cross at Rossier Hut, 3rd September, 1966.

members of the Swiss Alpine Club arrived at the Rossier Hut, a number like myself waiting before dawn in a field at Evolène to help load the cross into the helicopter and ultimately follow it up in the early morning to the hut by the same conveyance. The Curé held a service of dedication in a minor snowstorm at an improvised snow altar outside the hut and afterwards inside bodily warmth returned with a feast of wine, cheese and meat. In the evening we all descended very unsteadily to the valley for a Raclette party in the cellar of one of the hotels.

On Sunday morning—fine and hot in sharp contrast to the previous day—the Guides' flag was dedicated in an open air service in the Square at Les Haudères, attended by the British Vice Consul and his wife, and was followed by speeches and an official lunch. I returned to Geneva in the evening with the Vice Consul.

But it was Dr. and Mrs. Richards who really "stole the show", charming everyone with their grace and energy. Their presence, and the affection and esteem with which they are so highly held in the valley through their first ascent of the Great North Ridge, made the whole affair a very memorable and enjoyable one.

In the course of the various speeches by the President of the Commune, the President of the Guides and of Lucien Gaudin, Chief Guide of Evolene, there were frequent references to the close friendships which had been established between British climbers and the valley of Evolene, and I was asked to extend their good wishes to all members of the A.B.M.S.A.C.

It was all very enjoyable—Fendant and Dole will be in short supply until the cellars of Sion have been replenished by another vintage!

Peter Farrington.

Most weekends spent with my fiancé, Patricia M. Pownell, O. A. V. member, walking in the Peak District. A very rainy week in June did not deter us from walks over the Carneddys, Glyders and Snowdon Horseshoe and rock climbing in Cwm Idwal. Our holiday in the Berner Oberland started by being hut bound at the Blumlisalp by snowstorms. Subsequent bad weather prevented any real attempts to climb but an ascent on a snowed up Gspaltenhorn proved exciting although we did not reach the summit. Despite the weather a pleasant weekend was spent at Rosenluisalp with our Swiss friend, Ruedi Wyss from Belalp, though we were confined to a walk up to the Rosenluisalp and a visit to the Aar Gorge. A few days in Bern completed a sadly disappointing fortnight.

G. J. Gadsby.

Christmas. In good snow conditions, Central gully on Pen-yr-Oleuwn, Snowdon Horseshoe, and Cnicht with D. Gadsby Mrs., and R. Astle.

Easter. Great Slab Cwm Silyn, North Ridge Moel Siabod, Outside edge route Teryn Slabs.

Summer. Great Gable, Pillar, Scawfel. Fourteen Peaks walk with G. Reynolds. In August, camping Maloja Pass. Piz Corvatch 3,453m. Piz Da La Marqua via Nordgrat with J. Ashcroft, P. Jares and D. Gadsby. From the new Coaz Hutte (five star Hut). La Muonga and 11 Caputchin by North Face with J. Wellbourne, G. Hayes and B. Kirk. From Tschierva Hutte, the North East Ridge of Piz Roseg, fine snow and rock route spectacular views from summit traverse with G. Hayes, M. Stone and G. Reynolds. The new Coaz Hutte at 2,610 m. is a must for all British climbers visiting this area.

M. Horvat and Family.

Marvellous walks in the Bernese Oberland. First, in the company of the President of the S.A.C. Interlaken, Mr. Bertram, to the lovely Wintrösch Hut, and Wintrösch itself. Then to Schynige Platte. First, Grosse Scheidegg, Grindelwald, Wengen, Männlichen, Kl. Scheidegg, Jungfrauoch, Oberes Mönchjoch, Mürren, Brig, Schilthorn. The weather was perfect (Aug 29th to Sept 10th), and the rambles not spectacular, but most enjoyable.

A. N. Husbands.

With G. L. Barmasse I did the first complete traverse of the Lyskamm from the Lysjoch to the Felixjoch of 1966 and a few days later we left Breuil—having done the Fontanella and the Devils Traverse just south of the Grand Tournalin whilst waiting for the snow to clear off the Matterhorn—and in the next 88 hours traversed the Matterhorn, the Col Durand and reached the summit of the Bishorn, but decided not to proceed up the north ridge of the Weisshorn as the weather appeared to be unsettled. In this we were correct as the storm broke six hours later and we would not have reached the Weisshorn Hut by that time had we gone on. It was the same storm that caught the two Germans on the Dru. We had intended to drop down to Randa from the Weisshorn and then do the Täschhorn-Dom Traverse but, due to the weather we descended to the Tracuit Hut. The following day we went by train to Zermatt and reached Breuil via the Theodule at 11 p.m. in a thunderstorm.

R. Wendell Jones.

Hill walking and a limited amount of rock climbing was done in North Wales during the Easter Meet and at other weekends scattered through the year. By way of a change one weekend was spent in the Brecon Beacons.

Alpine Meet at Arolla—La Roussette, Monts Rouges, L'Evêque, Pigne d'Arolla, La Ruinette (traverse), Col de Bertol and Bertol Hut, Col de Tsarmine, and Aiguilles Rouges (north peak to Crête du Coq).

John and Freda Kemsley.

Sgoran Dubh and other Glen Feshie hills in January (J.K. on ski). Ben Lawers, Schichallion, The Saddle, and various Cairngorm summits in spring and summer.

On foot in August from near St. Gotthard Pass to Zermatt, climbing Blindenhorn, Ofenhorn, Monte Leone, Allalinhorn and Alp-hubel on the way.

Walter Kirstein.

Skiing in the Mammoth Mountains, California. With the S.C.G.B. ski mountaineering tour—Schliiferspitze and Grosser Geiger (skidepot only), Gross Venediger, Bachmeierspitze and Gamsspitz.

Summer walks on Piz Languard and Mont Pers in near winter conditions.

Derek Lambley.

With Julian Lambley and Oskar Opi, August 1966, Gelligrat, Birre, Steghorn, Frundenhorn, Pigne d'Arolla and Mont Collon.

Joseph Harold Noake and Joseph John Noake.

Easter and early Summer. Climbing and ridge walking in North Wales and Derbyshire.

Summer, walks, traverses and minor peaks in the vicinity of Pontresina, Engadin, whilst awaiting good weather.

Piz Morteratsch from Tschierva Hut, with descent to Boval Hut, accompanied by Mrs. Noake and Miss Banks. Guide Max Robbi. A perfect day in every respect!

L. R. Pepper.

5th Sept. Traverse of Birre—small rock peak in Kandersteg, circa 2,500 m. (for training, with guide Hans Hari).

8th Sept. Piz Badile—by the north ridge. Descent by ordinary route.

Noel and Phyllis Peskett.

Climbing in Scotland in May.

Bulgaria – We decided this year to explore some of the mountains on the far side of the curtain and joined a party, of both sexes and of age groups from sweet young things to the near senile, visiting the Rila group of mountains about 50 miles south of Sofia. The Rila mountains the highest in Bulgaria, are composed of granite and crystalline rocks. The name Rila is of Thracian origin and means 'a mountain rich in waters' and indeed the large Bulgarian rivers Maritsa, Isker and Mesta take their source from these mountains.

On arrival at Sofia Airport we were met by our Bulgarian Interpreter-guide Sterio (this is the nearest we could get to his name). Early the following morning we left by coach over cobbled roads, across the plain towards the mountains, through numerous villages where the inhabitants were communally building their own homes and living in the partially finished houses, the outsides of which were flanked by rack upon rack of tobacco leaves drying in the sun. After three hours travelling we reached Sapareva Bania, a balneological centre, where we noticed a stork guarding his nest on the roof of one of the houses. Here we left the coach and after some five hours of ascent through coniferous forests reached the Skakavitsa Chalet (1,800 m.) which could be described as half-way between a hotel and a mountain hut.

We spent the next four days exploring the surrounding country and climbing the peaks of Damga, Otovishki Vruh, and Selmanski Kamek, and visiting the seven lakes, an example of the 150 or so lakes which abound in this range. None of the peaks which were in the region of 8,500 feet, or ridges was at all difficult, large patches of snow still lay on their flanks. On the high pastures we met shepherds guarding flocks of a hundred or so sheep accompanied by large dogs wearing collars with fearsome looking spikes as a protection against wolves and bears.

After breakfast on the 6th day, a four hour march, again along forest paths, carpeted with ripe bilberries and strawberries, brought us to the hamlet of Maliovitsa (1,750 m.) and a newly built hotel situated in an attractive alpine valley, at the head of which towered the cliffs of mount Maliovitsa. It is hoped to make this hamlet the centre of Bulgarian climbing and in process of being built is a very fine ultra modern climbing school, comprising living accommodation, baths, a



Maliovitsa

library, gymnasium, class rooms, and an alpine and geological museum.

From here we climbed Popova Shapka and Orlovets, on the way to the latter we encountered two Bulgarian climbers who had just made the first ascent of the vertical face of an enormous rock flake on this mountain. The peaks which we explored from here were more interesting and rockier than those in the Shakavitsa area.

When told by Sterio that we would climb Maliovitsa, the highest peak in this part of the range, on the way to the Rila Monastery, we were very surprised but this was indeed so. Fortunately we were by now in good training, for the col we had to cross, with full packs, was within about 100 feet of the summit (2,731 m.). From here we began the steep 5,000 ft. descent over slippery grass slopes and later through lovely flowery meadows to the Monastery, now used only as a museum and to accommodate travellers, in the cells formerly occupied by the monks.

The monastery was founded in the 10th century by the hermit Ivan of Rila, but was destroyed by an avalanche in the 14th century. It was removed to its present site by the feudal ruler Hrelyu. He built the church of the Holy Virgin, the imposing tower of which has survived

to this day. The Monastery was three times burnt down during the Ottoman oppression and the present building dates from the beginning to the middle of the last century. The museum houses a wealth of icons, mss., carvings, paintings and other examples of medieval Bulgarian art. Thus ended a most enjoyable holiday.

Oliver St. John, and Family.

Climbing in the Kaisergebirge, in Austria, based on the Stripsenjochhaus. This hut provides an ideal centre, with plenty of routes of all standards, and is especially suitable in doubtful weather, as there are a number of shorter climbs. The weather was very poor, but the following routes were climbed: North face of Scheffauer (Ostlerweg) Ellamauer Halt—Kopftörlgrat, North Ridge of Hintergiongerhalt, North Ridge of Fleischbank, North Ridge of Predigstuhl, Totenkirchl—Heroldweg Christaturm—Southwest Ridge.

L. Poolman.

Twenty-nine "Munros" in Cairngorms, Argyll, Inverness etc.—Cairn Toul, Braeriach, The Saddle etc.—March, June, July. One of the most memorable parts was the return up Loch Hourne in the Barrisdale launch Eider Duck II on a perfect summer's evening after a traverse of Luinne Bheinn and Meall Bhuidhe. With W. L. Coats of Comrie part of the time.

In August, with D. Grace of Bristol—Ferwall, Silvretta and Lower Engadine. Poor weather restricted summits to Hohe Riffler, Piz Davo Lais and Lischanna (S.).

In mid-October, "Von Hutte zu Hutte" in Eastern Bernese Alps and Uri Gebirge. Had the recently opened Bachlital and Glattalp Huts all to myself.

David Riddell.

Easter Meet at Bettws-y-Coed. Creigian Gleison Clogwyn Mawr, mist, led by Geo. Starkey. Tryfaen by North Ridge, alone, mist. Glyder Fawr by Nameless Cwm, return by the side of the Devils' Kitchen. By the Aber Falls track to Foel Fras below Carnedd Llewellyn. Mist, and very cold. With Maurice Bennett.

Arolla Meet. By Praz Graz to Aiguilles Rouges Cabane and back by the Lac Bleu. Eveque from the Vignettes Hut, Pigne d'Arolla, Col de Riedmatten and back by the Pas de Chevres, traverse of Mt. Blanc de Cheilon from Val des Dix Hut. Bertol hut—bad weather, Col de Tsarmine.

N. A. J. Rogers.

With Mrs. Rogers, and K. I. Meldrum, J. Cole, J. Cheesmond and K. Miller on certain climbs.

From Courmayeur—Dent du Géant, voie normale, a crowded fixed rope; Tour Ronde, Northface, rather poor ice on the first part; abortive attempt on the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey, south ridge.

Gran Paradiso Ciafaron north face. This is about 1,200 feet high and has a fairly steep middle section (55°). Steps had to be cut in the middle 400 feet or so which was bare ice. Descent by the south ridge.

Gran Paradiso—north face. We lost our way in the seracs at the foot of the face and so missed the start of the Andreis Chabod route, which as it turned out, was in very bad condition. The line we took followed the Adanie route for about two thirds of its length. At the point from which that route bears left to join a small rock rib we went right to avoid a long section of steep bare ice and finished by following the right flank of another more massive rib. This gave continuously interesting climbing on fairly steep ice and brought us to a point on the upper section of the west ridge which could easily be followed to the summit.

T. H. Smith.

With A. R. Chapman and J. Lythe. During the second week of August ascended the Jungfrau, thence to the Concordia Hut due to bad weather, Hollandia Hut and Lotschental. From Kippel ascended the Wilderhorn in perfect conditions.

J. O. Talbot and Martin Epp.

Studerhorn—North Wall. 28th August, 1966. We left the Lauteraar Hut at 2 a.m. a fine clear morning. The cold was intense but the excessive amount of new snow on the peaks made us apprehensive and

doubtful as to the outcome of our proposed route. The seracs of the Finsteraar glacier had to be turned on the extreme left, directly under the North-east wall. There was no place to linger; fresh blocks and chunks of ice lay strewn everywhere, but there was no choice or alternative route. Cautiously and quickly we climbed past and to a relatively safe position above the seracs where we could stop for a close view of our proposed route. Suddenly and without warning a cracking roar way up on the North-east wall heralded a tremendous ice avalanche. The great couloir on the face was swept from end to end; our tracks were obliterated.

The wall was defended by three bergschrunds, but only the first offered any real difficulties; being wide with too much soft snow for stability or support. Conditions were not good, thick floury snow alternating with a breakable crust. Belaying was only possible with the ice-hammer, ice-pegs being useless. We were now quite a considerable height above the bergschrund; if conditions did not worsen the route should go. The unexpected happened; Martin's hammer broke, the head retrieved but the shaft lost for ever. The wall was now very steep and one of our only means of belaying was rendered useless. To go up or down? We decided to push on, alternating the use of the one good axe. Conditions were now really tricky; any semblance of a good crust had gone with the warmth of the day. Nothing but insecure powder snow; impossible to belay, essential not to slip out! Eventually, three-quarters of the way up the wall we met ice—good solid hard ice; straight in with the screws. Safe belaying and a sense of security at last!

The weather had deteriorated throughout the morning and was now really bad; heavy clouds obscured all the surrounding peaks and thunder rumbled on the crags of the Finsteraarhorn. It had started to snow. No rushing here! The steepest part of the wall and bone hard ice. Each pitch seemed interminable. The summit so near, yet so far. At 4 p.m. we broke through the summit cornice without difficulty. We were off the wall. Heavy mist and snow obscured everything.

The descent of the North-east ridge proved difficult. The upper snow ridge was in a highly dangerous condition—great slab avalanches hissing down the North-east wall; a double cornice on the other side. At every step a succession of cracks and hissing snow slides; impossible to go near the cornice, fatal to go too far below. The rocks below, a steep shattered pile of poised, unstable, slippery blocks. Snow and mist made route finding practically impossible. This ridge

was too long and dangerous; we decided to cut directly down the North-east face. More difficult, perhaps, but less dangerous and certainly more direct and quicker. Smooth slippery rocks, ice, fresh snow, lichen; climbing by lamplight was not easy! We were soon forced to bivouac. At 6 a.m. we re-commenced the descent; three to four rope-lengths down to the schrund, and a providential snow-bridge led easily over and on to the glacier.

The North-east ridge of the Studerhorn is rarely if ever climbed or descended. The rock is in a terrible state of disintegration and getting on to the ridge is both difficult and dangerous owing to glacial movement and shrinkage in recent years. There is also a constant threat of ice-fall (route 246, Berner Alpen, Vol. IV). The only logical way of descent is the North-west ridge (R. 243, B.A. Vol. IV) to the Ober Studerjoch and thence to the Oberaarjoch Hut. This is normally an easy straight forward snow and ice tour. The descent from the Ober Studerjoch to the Finsteraar glacier is totally impracticable and dangerous (R. 241).

Nigel E. D. Walker.

Easter Meet. In the Moelwyns with Mr. and Mrs. Byam-Grounds and daughter, Peter Ledebor, Freddie Smith and Wendell Jones. Half of the Snowdon Horseshoe Ridge with Mary and Harold Noakes and family—rain and bad weather broke while on Snowdon and descended by the Snowdon Mountain Railway, (which proved rather expensive).

July—in the Ötztal Alps. A rock scramble on a ridge above Breslauer Hut; and from the same hut climbed Wildspitze 12,379 feet, via the Mitterkar Joch; both climbs in fine weather with Johanne Gstrein. A pleasant Valley walk from Vent to the Martin Busch Hause (Samoar Hut).

In the Dachstein Group. On the North-west route via Adameke Hut with Ernst Gregor. Bad weather broke on the way up to the Hut, and without any sign of an improvement all further climbing in the Group was abandoned.

At Zermatt. Due to the bad weather on the previous days and the freak conditions of excessive ice and snow, the guides restricted all serious climbing to local peaks. Climbed two routes up and descended two down on Riffelhorn with Eddy Petrig. With Bill Royale, attempted

the Mettlehorn, but with bad weather and excessive ice and snow made further climbing impossible, descended by another route after reaching Trift Hotel.

October. A week's climbing in the Karwendel Peaks, including Karwendelspitze (the other way round); Grosse and Kleine Wanne: Reitherspitze 7,785 feet, and Hamleshorpf from Norlinger Hut with Wolkelm Winneburger in glorious weather. Full traverse of Wörnerhopf from Hochlander Hut to Krinner-Koffler Hut with Alfred and Renata Holle, and Rudolph Sonnerblicher. The week ended by being elected a member of the D.A.V., Mittenwald section.

Eric L. Wallis.

With T. Staley. North ridge of Piz Badile and descent by the same route with a series of 150 foot abseils. Much fresh snow.

Robert J. Watters.

With George Wilkinson, O.A.V., spent the last three weeks of July in the Saas Fee and Zermatt districts. Weissmies ascended by the Trift glacier and Triflgrat. From the Britannia Hut, the Strahlhorn and the Rimpfischhorn—the traverse was not possible due to powder snow. Thence over to Zermatt by the Allalin Pass where we ascended the Matterhorn, Hörnli ridge.

Iain F. G. Whittington.

With J. M. Patchett and Alexis Maret. From the Cabane du Trient, the Couloir Copt. Due to a covering of day old snow the couloir itself took five hours to ascend. The following day bad weather prevented a planned ascent of the Chardonnet but we managed the Pointe d'Orny. The weather prevented any further climbing that week. The following week Patchett and I camped on the Col Ferret hoping to try Mont Dolent but were obliged to retreat to Ferret, wet and sodden.



BOOK LIST

THE OUTSTANDING mountaineering event of the year was undoubtedly the first ascent of the North Face of the Eiger by the direct route. Members who were so fortunate as to hear Bonington's first hand account of the climb—and those who did not—will surely wish to read the story in *Eiger Direct* (Collins, 36/-) a very prompt history of the ascent related by Dougal Haston and Peter Gillman. Chris Bonington's autobiography *I Chose to Climb* (Gollancz, 30/-) also came out during the year but was too early to include any account of his part in the direct route. It does, however, include several chapters of his adventures on the 'old' route. Gollancz are also responsible for *The Andes are Prickly* by Malcolm Slessor (42/-) and *Four Miles High* an account of a ladies' expedition to the Himalaya.

Ascents of six splendid mountains in Canada are recounted in *Cloud Walkers* by Paddy Sherman (Macmillan, 35/-). This must be the first work on Canadian mountaineering to appear in this country since Frank Smythe's *Climbs in the Canadian Rockies* and is most welcome. Another valuable work of climbing history is Geoffrey Sutton and Eric Byrne's *High Peak* (Secker and Warburg, 42/-) which gives an admirable account of walking and climbing in the Peak District and is liberally illustrated by climbers actually performing their first ascents. This is a most interesting book, enjoyably written, and will undoubtedly earn for the Peak District a wider audience among British climbers. Certainly, it is nice to see the history of a climbing area in the U.K. so comprehensively dealt with. Also about home mountaineering is John Cleare and Tony Smythe's *Rock Climbers in Snowdonia* (Secker and Warburg, 35/-). Another member whose photographs have again been published is Walter Kirstein—some of his work is to be seen in *The Ski Book of Europe* (Arthur Barker, 63/-). Photography is again the highlight of *Swiss Mountain Magic* by D. and M. Parish (Bamerlea Books, 50/-), the delightful subject of this work being Alpine flowers. There can be none of these delights for Colette Richard who though blind from an early age nevertheless took up mountaineering. She tells her story in *Climbing Blind* (Hodder and Stoughton, 21/-).

The study of avalanches is Colin Fraser's particular subject and an account of his researches is contained in *The Avalanche Enigma* (John Murray, 42/-). Perhaps his findings will be of more use to the skier than the mountaineer, but this is a useful account of the phenomena and will be of interest to all who frequent the mountain areas of Switzerland. There is more scientific mountaineering in Hugo Nunlist's *Spitzbergen* (Nicholas Kaye, 35/-), the account of a Swiss scientific team's visit to that island in 1962.

Michael Ward has produced a thumping anthology *Mountaineers Companion* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 50/-) which contains sizeable extracts from a wide selection of mountaineering literature and Showell Styles is back with another textbook *The Foundations of Climbing* (Stanley Paul, 25/-). A rather surprising reprint—though none the less welcome—is Sir Gavin de Beer's *Early Travellers in the Alps* which was first published in 1930. It provides a useful introduction to the pioneers of mountain travel in Switzerland.

Another reprint much to be welcomed is James Ramsay Ullman's *The White Tower* (Collins, 25/-). In spite of a hefty weakness—the amount of time and effort involved in climbing an alpine peak is prodigious—this remains the only considerable work of mountaineering fiction to have been produced since our early President, A. E. W. Mason's *Running Water* and it will always find a place on my bookshelves.



BALANCE SHEET as at 30th September, 1966.

LIABILITIES AND ACCUMULATED FUNDS

	£	s	d	£	s	d
<u>Life Membership Account</u>						
As at 30th Sept., 1965	1173	12	0			
Add Special Appeal	<u>104</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>6</u>	1277	12	6
<u>Accumulated Revenue Account</u>						
Balance as at 30th Sept., 1965	1176	8	2			
Add excess of income over expenditure	<u>151</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>0</u>	1327	14	2
Sundry Creditors (Corporation Tax)	4	8	0
				<u>£2609</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>8</u>

ASSETS

	£	s	d	£	s	d
Cash at Bank	435	11	2
Projector W. J. Foster Bequest	70	0	0			
Less Depreciation	<u>69</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>	1	0	0
Equipment at						
Swiss Tourist Office	80	0	0			
Less Depreciation	<u>79</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>	1	0	0
Investments at cost	2172	3	6
<u>Investments</u> (Nominal Values)						
4½% Agricultural Mortgage						
Corp. Deb. Stock 1977/82	£1000					
Brunner Investment Trust						
Ord. Stock	£135					
5% Defence Bonds	£300					
London Scottish American						
Trust Ord. Stock	£177	10	0			
Market value at 30th Sept., 1966 (1965—£1960)	£1843	12	6			
				<u>£2609</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>8</u>

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

238 Finchley Road,
London, N.W. 3.

(signed) R. A. Tyssen-Gee, Hon. Auditor.

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1931-1933	W. M. Roberts, O.B.E.
1934-1936	A. N. Andrews.
1937-1945	C. T. Lehmann.
1946-1948	Dr. N. S. Finzi.
1949-1951	Gerald Steel, C.B.
1952-1953	Colonel E. R. Culverwell, M.C.
1954-1956	F. R. Crepin.
1957-1959	Geo. Starkey.
1960-1962	B. L. Richards, G.M.
1963-1965	Dr. A. W. Barton.
1966-	Vincent O. Cohen, M.C.

Vice-Presidents

(from 1948)

1948	Gerald Steel, C.B., and Colonel E. R. Culverwell, M.C.
1949	Colonel E. R. Culverwell, M.C., and Brigadier E. Gueterbock.
1950	Colonel E. R. Culverwell, M.C., Rev. G. H. Lancaster (died April, 1950), and Dr. C. F. Fothergill.
1951-52	Dr. C. F. Fothergill and Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Tydeman.
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.
1962	Mr. D. G. Lambley, F.R.C.S., and Mr. V. O. Cohen, M.C.
1963-64	Mr. V. O. Cohen, M.C., and Mr. F. Solari.
1965	Mr. F. Solari and Mr. J. G. Broadbent.

Prior to 1948 the Vice-Presidents of the Association did not hold office for any definite period, and in the majority of cases, once elected, held office for life. In later years, with few exceptions, only those who had held office as President were elected Vice-Presidents. In 1947 it was considered that this system was not satisfactory and that in future there should be two Vice-Presidents only who, like the President, should not hold office for longer than three years in succession. At the Annual General Meeting in 1947 the existing Vice-Presidents were created Honorary Vice-Presidents, and as such hold office for life subject to re-election at each Annual General Meeting. The following were Vice-Presidents of the Association between 1909 and 1948 :-

Dr. O. K. Williamson.
 H. G. Pulling.
 J. A. B. Bruce.
 Dr. H. L. R. Dent.
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 1920-1922 A. N. Andrews and N. E. Odell.
 1923-1928 A. N. Andrews and W. M. Roberts.
 1929-1930 W. M. Roberts and M. N. Clarke.
 1931-1944 M. N. Clarke and F. W. Cavey.
 1945-1948 M. N. Clarke and F. R. Crepin.
 1949-1953 F. R. Crepin and George Starkey.
 1954-1956 George Starkey and R. C. J. Parker.
 1957-1958 R. C. J. Parker and H. McArthur.
 1959-1960 R. C. J. Parker and F. E. Smith.
 1961-1962 F. E. Smith and M. Bennett.
 1963 M. Bennett and J. P. Ledebøer.

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1954-1957	J. R. Amphlett.
1957	F. R. Crepin.

Assistant Honorary Treasurer

1949-1964	A. G. Schofield.
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1964-1966	J. Kemsley.
1966	R. Wendell Jones.

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1909-1932	E. R. Taylor.
1933	The Lord Tangley.

Honorary Editor

(The following officers carried out the duties of Hon. Editor until the post was created in 1949:— 1909-1911 J. A. B. Bruce, 1912-1928 J. A. B. Bruce and A. N. Andrews, 1929-1948 M. N. Clarke)—

1949-1962	M. N. Clarke.
1963-1964	W. R. Jeurwine.
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