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JOURNAL 1966



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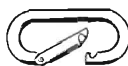
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Members and Guests at the Rifflberg during the Matterhorn Centenary Celebrations

THE ZERMATT-MATTERHORN CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

F. Solari

WE ARE LIVING in an era of alpine centenaries which properly reflect the vigour and enterprise of the mid-19th century, and the past few years have been celebrated appropriately by the senior Alpine Clubs. But 1965 provided what were in many ways the most remarkable of them all—those of the first two ascents of the Matterhorn, by Whymper from Zermatt and by Carrel from Breuil. The Swiss and Italian authorities and the people of Zermatt and Cervinia as Breuil has now, sadly, become) rose handsomely to the occasion and (in happy contrast to the rivalry of those two first ascents) co-operated to provide a most memorable week of celebrations from 11 to 17 July.

The celebrations really started much earlier when the Swiss National Tourist Office seized the opportunity and declared 1965 The Year of the Alps. Among the many activities sponsored by the Tourist Office was an exhibition of relics, pictures, and alpine equipment staged largely by the efforts of members of the Association at the Tea Centre in the Haymarket early in February. The exhibition was formally opened by Mrs. W. E. M. Blandy, daughter of Edward Whymper, in the presence of the Swiss Ambassador, and attracted much attention during the ten days it was open.

But this was only by way of preparation for the ceremonies in July to which the living descendants of Whymper's party and a large company of mountaineers from many parts of the world were invited. The Association was represented by the two Vice-Presidents and their wives, Joint Hon. Secretary Peter Ledeboer, and Alfred Gregory, and there were also contingents from the Alpine and Ladies' Alpine Clubs. We were given "Ehregast" badges on arrival and most cordially and lavishly entertained, and we were constantly made aware of the affection and respect enjoyed by present-day British climbers by virtue of the personalities and achievements of our forebears.

Zermatt was very much *en fête* as the company gathered in brilliant weather which was in marked contrast to the storms which had blanketed the Alps during the previous week and had left vast amounts of snow everywhere. For us, the first of the celebrations was a most excellent dinner at the Monte Rosa organised by Peter



Heinrich Harrer being photographed by Alfred Gregory at the Gornergrat with Sir John Hunt and Anthony Rawlinson looking on. Frank Solari

Ledeboer and Basil Goodfellow for members of the Association and the Alpine Club. We had a distinguished company of guests including Mrs. Blandy and Col. Hudson, nephew of the Rev. Charles. Eric Shipton, presiding, read messages from the Duke of Edinburgh and our President who was unable to be present.

But this was our own private celebration and the official ceremonies began on the Monday with the dedication of the "14 July 1865" room at the Museum and continued through the week, including the presentation of descendants of the 1865 party and a *raclette* party on an heroic scale at the Riffelberg, an open-air Mass followed by a procession to the Cemetery for a laying of wreaths and a recapitulation by Sir Arnold Lunn of the events of 100 years ago, and a memorial service in the English Church. There was much oratory as was proper, with many graceful references to the influence of British pioneers on the development of Alpine mountaineering. And sandwiched in between were innumerable receptions, film shows, and other attractions, not to mention the somewhat anxious toings and froings of various B.B.C. personalities concerned with the television broadcast scheduled for the 14th. — as much concerned it seemed about getting the producers up to the Belvedere as getting the climbing party up the Hörnli.

Thursday saw the preparations for the most spectacular event of the week—a mass ascent of the Hörnli, the party to be met on the summit by an Italian group and escorted down the Italian Ridge to Breuil in celebration of Carrel's first ascent. But alas, as the vast company converged on the Belvedere in the late afternoon, a thunderstorm broke and it snowed heavily until well into the night, and that was that. So the Matterhorn party and the many more who started out from Zermatt on the Friday morning made their way up the Theodule Glacier to the Theodule Hut to receive a most convivial welcome from the C.A.I. and so to the Testa Grigia and the cable car to Cervinia. In the evening the weather cleared enough for the Italian Army's searchlights to play on the very snowy face of Il Cervino to the accompaniment of a firework display of the spectacular order which only Italy seems able to provide on such an occasion.

A memorial Mass celebrated in Valtournanche opened Saturday's proceedings, and after breakfast the Piazza Guido Rey filled with folk and after a brief fanfare from the band of the 4th Alpine Regiment in brisk succession an exhibition by the Alpine Military School was opened, a plaque commemorating the first Italian ascent of the Matterhorn was unveiled, and the splendid new Guides' Centre was

declared open. A round of speeches by delegates from many countries followed, Sir John Hunt doing the honours for Britain. A ceremonial lunch topped the proceedings, and next day we made our various ways back—some directly to Zermatt via the cable car to Testa Grigia and the Theodule Glacier, some by bus over the Great St. Bernard.

But, however we returned, we brought away the warmest feelings of appreciation for the hospitality we had received on all hands, for the excellence and aptness of the memorial celebrations, and for the opportunity to meet such a remarkable gathering of distinguished men and women who had come together to do honour to the memory of those notable first ascents of the Matterhorn. All this depended on a tremendous effort of organisation on the part of many, but particularly by Herr Constant Cachin, the organiser in Zermatt, and Herr Kunz and his staff of the London Office of the Swiss National Tourist Office who did much to smooth our various paths.

PALU-BELLAVISTA-ZUPO, 1965

W. Kirstein

FOR ONCE we went to the Alps early this year, hoping we would have better weather in July than during the last two seasons in August. We had a few nice days south of the Bernina in the Italian Val Malenco, but when we came up from Tirano to the Bernina Col we saw that the snow cover reached down to the banks of the Lago Bianco. To find our mountain legs again, we walked up from Pontresina and the Roseg Restaurant to the Fuorcla Surlej, hoping we could follow the path from there up to the glacier below the Piz Mortel. However, the path had disappeared under the snow, which was so deep in places that it took me about 15 minutes to dig my wife out when she broke through up to the hip. The wettish snow gripped her foot so firmly that she was unable to free herself. No wonder it took us about four hours from the Fuorcla to the Piz Mortel where we were just in time to catch the last cable car for the ride down to Silvaplana.

So much for the conditions early this summer. In fact we saw more snow round the top station of the Corvatsch cable railway in July than when we were skiing there in March this year. However, the

weekend before the Matterhorn centenary celebrations started in Zermatt the weather seemed to clear up. On the Monday of that week we asked the Pontresina guide office to find me a guide; we would go ahead to the Diavolezza and meet him there. I telephoned the office after lunch from the Diavolezza and heard that they had found a guide and a porter for us. Just to make sure, I rang then for the weather report. It turned out to be so terrible that I cancelled the guides again. We had been on the Palu twice in a blizzard after the war and had never seen anything up there. There seemed to be no point in repeating this performance. The guardian of the hut overheard my conversation.

"Nonsense," he said, "the weather comes from the west. It always takes 48 hours to arrive here in the Engadine."

Back to the phone, to ask the bewildered woman in the Pontresina office to reverse our cancellation. She promised to do her best.

In the meantime we made use of the afternoon to climb Mount Pers, a walk of about an hour northwest of the hut and about a thousand feet higher. The views from there are perhaps still more beautiful than from the Diavolezza. Standing well above the Morteratsch glacier one overlooks the whole panorama of the Palu and Bernina ranges on the one side and sees on the other side the Bernina valley stretching from the Col to the Morteratsch station. In spite of the easy access this peak is not often visited.

On the return to the hut we heard that the guides would be coming after all. The evening did not look too bad, just a few clouds in the south and not that "red sky at night" which on the Diavolezza is certainly not "the climber's delight". We remembered how two years ago after such a wonderful sunset we had to retreat to Pontresina next morning, together with about 80 other tourists, because snow and gales put a stop to any climbing plans.

The guide arrived with the last train. Only in the Marco e Rosa Hut, the next afternoon, we realized that he was Paul Pfosi, who had last year guided John Byam-Grounds on the star tour of the A.B.M. S.A.C. Meet in Sils Maria—Bianco-Palu in one day.

The night was cold, the few clouds disappeared and the sky was crystal clear. There was no trace of the summer path which one usually follows round the Piz Trovat, leaving the mountain on the right. It was snow all the way and Paul thought it safer to rope already before crossing the last steep slope of the Trovat. On the col between this mountain and Piz d'Arlas we witnessed a gorgeous sunrise, the first rays of the sun giving the ice slopes of the Palu a



Walter Kirstein's party on the Piz Zupo.

Walter Kirstein

rosy tint. It takes about an hour and a half before one really starts gaining height, though one does not lose altitude like in winter when one has to ski down to the Pers Glacier below the hut and to climb from a much lower level.

Having arrived on the Pers Glacier we first moved in the dark and cold shadow of Piz Cambrena to our left, the views towards the sunlit Bernina range, the glaciers below and the distant green valleys opening between the huge seracs we were passing on our right. Soon we started to climb steeply. No wind at all, it became pretty warm in the sun and we had our first rest. My telephoto lens obviously did not like high altitude; it became unilaterally independent and rolled down the slope, fortunately coming to a stop about a hundred feet below on a level terrace. We could easily retrieve it. Being early in the season, and with all these tremendous snowfalls in May and June, the crevasses were no problem at all. No balancing on tender bridges or even jumping crevasses as we had seen it two years ago: we just walked steadily up, Paul taking every consideration regarding speed—or better, slowness—as it was fitting for his grandparental tourists. The ice ridge extending from the Cambrena, this peak by now below us, to the east col of the Palu ahead barred our views to the east. Paul considered crossing over and climbing on the ridge but decided in the end against it. This might have involved quite a bit of step cutting and delayed us a lot. Anyway, we made good progress, the snow being simply ideal, giving a good grip to our vibram soles and still too hard to let us break through. Soon we saw across the Cambrena ridge the summits of the Ortler group piercing through a sea of clouds: only a few months ago we had been skiing up there on the Koenigspitze and the Cevedale with the British Ski Club.

Even on the east col there was no need for crampons. We followed the track up to the east summit and saw the main summit of the Palu ahead of us in the sun, with some distant good weather clouds in Italy, as glorious a picture as we had ever dreamt. Twenty minutes later we rested and photographed all round from the middle summit and continued the traverse to the west peak. To our surprise we found the Spinas ridge, normally an exposed but easy rock ridge, completely covered with about two feet of snow for all its length. We had only seen one party ahead and made our way along the Bellavista Terrace quite alone with the feeling of owning the world, this world of ice miracles nearby and endless peaks and valleys in the distance. Not before having passed the rocky pyramid of the Crast' Aguezza on our left, not more than 400 feet away from the Marco e

East Summit
of Piz Palu
with the
Ortler Group
in the
background.

Walter
Kirstein



Rosa hut, we had finally to put our crampons on. We were lower now, about 11,700 feet and the snow surface had been thawed by the sun and frozen again during the night, making the slope icy and slippery. Besides, a cold wind was coming from the west and we were glad to enter the warm little room of this highest hut in the eastern Alps. The guardian was there, we got a warm lunch and then had a nap to rest from our 10 hours tour.

The hut is fastened with steel cables to the rocks of the Spallas Ridge of the Bernina and has really only space for a dozen people. The direct access from Italy leads from the Marinelli Hut across the Upper Scersen Glacier to the foot of a rather steep rockface. Last summer I had been puffing up these 1500 feet of rock with Peter Ledebor to climb Bernina, and I was shocked now, but not really surprised, to find at one wall of the hutroom a memorial tablet for a guardian who had lost his life on this route. This year they had even a cable lift, for loads only, up that way, but it was out of order. Whilst we rested, the two guides climbed down to the glacier and disengaged the jammed rope. Free wine for our party was the reward, though wine in this hut is anyway cheaper than water. There was quite an international crowd there: a Scotsman with his guide, a Dutch party, an Austrian and an Italian one. The new hut, which is nearby and a little higher, was built last year with the help of helicopters, flying the material over from the Diavolezza. It is only used if the old one is overcrowded, as it is supposed to be very cold.

The weather did not look too good in the afternoon, with the cold wind blowing clouds over from the west, but the wind did not disturb our sleep in the night. Paul woke us only at four, telling us to get ready quickly because the glass was falling rapidly and unless we hurried to get away we might not get down at all. It was blowing so hard that we roped inside the hut, quickly put our crampons on outside and we were off. For the first half hour the route is the same, to the Bellavista Terrace or to Piz Zupo. When we had passed the Crast' Aguezza the sun came out, the wind stopped. There was suddenly no question anymore of going down and we turned right to climb Zupo, about 200 feet higher than Palu. Paul had to cut steps here and the ascent was therefore conveniently slow, with time to look south to the Paradiso across the Piz d' Argent and west to the imposing Monte Disgrazia; I never heard of a name less fitting to a mountain.

The summit of the Zupo, in contrast to the ice summit of the Palue, is rocky and we spent a marvellous half hour resting on its warm rocks. It had taken us only two hours and a half, the advantage

of starting from a very high hut. We were only 150 feet lower than Bernina, but had the feeling of being higher than every peak around us. From here we separated for a while; my wife with her guide made her way down to the Bellavista Terrace and Paul and I followed the east ridge of the Zupo, a rockridge to traverse Zupo and Bellavista. The weather was still fine and I shall never forget those three hours walking the easy rock and snow ridges between Switzerland and Italy and crossing the 4 summits of Zupo and Bellavista.

The air was so clear that we could soon see well the other party, 700 feet below us; we could also hear each other. We were right above them, but had no idea that from the direction of our position a stone had come loose and had shot right through between my wife and the guide, who were only a few feet apart. We were only a few minutes late at the arranged meeting place, above the Fortezza and below the Bellavista Col. Huge clouds were by now coming across the Spinas Ridge from the south. We cut our rest on the upper rocks of the Fortezza short and started to climb down. But our luck held. The clouds dispersed again and we found the rocks warm and dry, a joy to climb them. For the first time I got a chance of taking some photos here. There is just one pitch a little tricky, a traverse below an overhang. It was below the Fortezza that we were made to pay for our weather luck. The snow had become so soft in the heat that we were more swimming than walking down, a rather tiring business. We glissaded down the last steep slope of the Isla Pers and decided rather to walk up to the Diavolezza again than marching for hours down to Morteratsch in the hot afternoon sun.

By teatime we were back on the terrace of the patisserie in Pontresina, revelling in ice miracles again, but of a different kind and enjoying that special brand of perfect relaxation which every climber knows so well after a successful tour. Only when the next few days brought hail and snow and rain and even thunderstorms, lasting up to 24 hours, we realised how lucky we had been.



THE GLEN BRITTLE MEMORIAL HUT, SKYE, JUNE 5, 1965

Michael Holton

IT WAS a memorable week-end for many. In the English Channel the small boats were assembling to commemorate the 25th anniversary of Dunkirk. On the island of Iona a congregation of 700 celebrated the rebuilding of the Abbey after 25 years' work by volunteers. Further north on the Island of Skye mountaineers of the United Kingdom were gathering for an event that they too had long awaited—the opening of the Glen Brittle Hut, a memorial to those of their number who had died in the last war.

Such a memorial was first projected in 1948. There were more than the usual number of problems to be overcome. It is perhaps not altogether difficult for a club with the loyalty it commands of its members to undertake such a task on its own. But, for the loosely knit groups of club representatives that make up the British Mountaineering Council and Association of Scottish Climbing Clubs there was rather more to it. Funds were raised over the years by appeals to clubs, their members and to relatives and friends of those who had lost their lives. The A.B.M.S.A.C. and its members gave generously. Agreement was eventually reached over the form of a memorial and the search, initially for suitable buildings and later for a hut site, went on. Some felt in their bones that there was really only one site—at the foot of the Cuillin, in Glen Brittle.

And so it came to pass that in 1956 a piece of land was most generously offered by Dame Flora Macleod of Macleod, the owner of those incomparable mountains, with the kind co-operation of her tenant, Hugh Macrae. Another happy reason for the location arose from the cordial relations which had developed over the years between the B.M.C. and the A.S.C.C., with the Scottish Mountaineering Club providing its valuable resources and experience in hut affairs. Numerous individuals contributed in one way or another over the years. In particular, Fred Pigott acted as main appeal treasurer, Ross Higgins and Bill Mackenzie worked to prepare the way in Scotland, and Anthony Medlicott produced an inspired plan. But the story would not have had such a fortunate ending had not Harry Spilsbury been chairman of the Hut Committee. Several times in the long years the project faltered, and without his vigour and determin-

ation, and the support of his wife, it would surely have failed. Not least in the building and equipping of the hut itself, spread over several summers, were his energies required. Throughout illness and with other responsibilities on his shoulders Harry Spilsbury directed operations, doing much of the work with his own hands.

* * *

As I crossed the Bealach a'Mhaim with a heavy pack (there was no bus that day), the grey mists swept up into the cauldron of Coir' a'Mhadaidh. Beyond the pass and down in Glen Brittle the dark fir trees had added 15 years' growth since I had last seen them. Little else seemed to have changed—there was a stronger bridge over the River Brittle and a new bungalow at the end of the valley. But, as the traveller will now see as he turns the bend in the road above the Youth Hostel, there is also a small grey house, low, with dormer windows, standing by the road and backed by the trees around Glen Brittle House. If he is there in spring bands of yellow gorse will frame his view

Inside, the Memorial Hut is well equipped and contains features with which hardy mountaineers are not familiar—electric heating and cooking, hot (and cold) showers, comfortable bunks, ample room for his belongings, and enough drying facilities for a small regiment of drowned rats. And there is also room to relax with a view of Sgurr Dearg or, from the verandah, to the west and the setting sun.

Throughout the wet evening and night of Friday June 4th people began to gather in Glen Brittle. It was nearly dawn before the finishing touches had been put to the hut, welcomes made and the last toast of the night drunk in Talisker, that delectable spirit from the next glen which our generous Scottish hosts had provided.

The following day the sun shone and the Cuillin stood out against blue sky. The proceedings began with a reception and lunch at Glen Brittle House where the guests of honour were Dame Flora and Hugh and Margaret Macrae who have cared for many generations of climbers in the Glen. Although in her 88th year Dame Flora walked afterwards up the Glen to the hut where she found members from 36 constituent clubs of the B.M.C. and A.S.C.C., representatives of the National Trust for Scotland, the S.Y.H.A., a party from R.A.F. Kinloss mountain rescue team, and relatives of some who had lost their lives in the war; in all a gathering of about 150. The Macrae family and others who lived in the Glen were present as well as the builders of

the hut, the police (represented by the Chief Constable) and Ian Campbell from Sligachan.

Quite clearly, Dame Flora had come across mountaineers before. During the simple ceremony she told us she was not a bit surprised that, after so many years, the project had come to fruition in Glen Brittle. There were no mountains like the black Cuillin (the red, and Blaven, are not in her territory), and since Skye was a magic place the fairies had directed us to the journey's end. And since mountaineers drew such inspiration from their enterprises, this was surely the place to be, and the place in which to remember. As for the hut, it was a worthy memorial and would become one of the prides of Skye. The Rev. John Macnaughton pronounced a blessing in English and Gaelic and, at Dame Flora's suggestion, we each recalled one for whom the hut had been built. From a plaque she unveiled Dame Flora read in a strong, clear voice :

"Glen Brittle Memorial Hut

1939 — 1945

This hut is built in memory of
those who found strength in
the hills to sustain them
even unto death."

The hut was toasted, the key turned in the lock, and we all walked in through the door. The walls bulged to absorb the throng as representatives of British mountaineers and their guests inspected their hut. From here, fine expeditions will be attempted by our people. Many will succeed, but most will enjoy their day in the Cuillin, and perhaps some will remember.



VIEWS FROM THE NORTH

Hamish M. Brown

I REMEMBER VIVIDLY my first glimpse of Kilimanjaro, the highest peak in Africa: a pink snow-capped firmament high above the creeping clouds, incredibly remote from the tawny, shimmering plain.

"What a beautiful hill," I burst out, truly if tritely.

My neighbour turned to me and queried, "Are you Scottish?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Only a Scotsman would refer to a mountain of this stature as 'a hill'."

And he was right. I have heard it on many occasions since.

In the Highlands you may come down from a day on the tops to be greeted, "So you were on the hill?"

The omnipresence of a mountain landscape, whether realized or not, is something no Lowlander or Sassenach can appreciate.

To live much in the Scottish Highlands is perforce to be influenced by that environment and when the Scot climbs abroad his approach, his technique, his appreciation is altogether different—quite apart from any personal idiosyncrasy.

This is a personal proposition of course; but I think few people would disagree that the Scot going abroad has possible advantages that those further south lack. That the south makes this of little importance is due to their industry and the feverish urgency of limited opportunity.

I think I spy a difference in approach. Tigers tend to come from the cities of the south, the solitude, so freely available in the north, can only be gained by technically out-doing the rest. It is a high splendour and the ardour so often seems to fail. There seems to be a claustrophobic desperation, a cry to be regarded in the stampede, and yet a fear of isolation as though solitude were frightening. Chamonix rings with Midland accents. Such is one view of the south. The north tends to be more at ease; crowds, noise, the artificial pressures of civilization, these can give almost physical pain. There is so much "hill" that no rat-race is possible, (except for skiers whose motives

are doubtful anyway). The Scot takes as his heritage what so many have to scrap for—and so often knows it not. He is a spoilt child but shy and dour. In a storm the southerner may say, "I'll show it," and fight splendidly. the northerner will say, "Och, another storm. Ah weel." and bear out equally well. This is not intended as an evil comparison; the two are simply different—and complementary.

Following on this basically different approach, we find the Scot tends to regard the landscape first and his antics second; technical brilliance to the Scot is seldom the end and when slow stooping age comes on he is still content with lesser exercises where the English tiger "despairs and dies". The Englishman sets out at a weekend for a crag, the Scot for a hill. Mind you the Scottish weather ensures that only those with wide interests survive in the north. Tonal studies in grey are forced on the most unartistic imagination!

On a Friday night I can reach Inverness in four hours driving without effort, so virtually all Scotland is within reach; more than 500 peaks over 3000 feet, acres of unexplored rock, the largest cliffs in Britain, snow and ice unlimited, a wilderness of opportunity.

Yet the Englishman tends to regard this as the "land of the rheindeer", as remote as Patagonia (and about as hospitable), and with little to offer in mountaineering terms. In fact it gives valuable experience for "greater mountaineering" which is impossible further south.

The relationship of Scottish climbing to Alpine or even bigger mountains is fully treated in W. H. Murray's closing chapter of "The Craft of Climbing"* which deserves careful reading. Little needs to be added.

In Scotland an ice axe can find employment from November to April. To this is added short daylight which demands early risings and careful planning. The weather is frequently bad and yet parties set out where they would not in the Alps. The weather is more akin in fact to the Arctic than the Alps. It demands a self discipline and long concentration which are necessary in the Alps.

Last weekend during an outing we wandered over five miles of featureless high moor, every step counted and followed by compass. To end on the small cairn aimed for after this was far more satisfying than similar days in Glencoe where ridges are well-marked

* Murray & Wright *The Craft of Climbing*. Kaye, 1964. 15/-

—particularly to the fourteen year old who was doing the work. The week before we faced gusts of over 100 m.p.h. and torrential rain that soaked to the skin in a minute. The week before we were picking our way up a new route on a sunny rock buttress opposite Skye. Tonight the snow is falling. Such is the variety given in the mountains of the north.

Old beliefs die hard. "Few avalanches occur" one text book declares. Yet every winter of late has seen deaths from this cause. I have seen half a mile of slope slide away in hills as humble as the Ochils in the Lowlands.

Here it is possible to learn the Alpine need for speed and day long rhythm, both on long rock or snow-ice-rock routes. The Cuillins, Nevis, Glencoe, Creag Mheagaidh, the Cairngorms, the Torridons, can all make demands of the highest. Crampons are required frequently and the need for ceaseless calculation and making decisions becomes a habit from much usage. So realizing the greater scale, the height, the geographical differences of the Alps, the Scot may go out with confidence.

Thank goodness we have national characteristics. Thank goodness we have such a fine northern playground. Let us dance at their wedding.

POPOCATEPETL: FIERY SENTINEL OF MEXICO

G. R. E. Brooke

MEXICO CITY throbbed and shimmered in the warm November sunshine. Along the majestic boulevard of the *Passo de la Reforma* blood-red taxis streamed incessantly, coursing through the long artery with a pulsing roar that symbolised the brimming life, the ebullient energy that fills this colourful metropolis—one of the truly fascinating cities of the world. In the neon-lighted vestibule of a hotel that reared its pretentious column of plate-glass and ferro-concrete above the capital's fashionable western quarter, the tycoons and the tourists strode and sauntered, glancing in mild consternation

at an incongruous figure emerging with a rucksack and an ice axe. Tomas was waiting with the car and in a few seconds we were hurtling along the tree-lined highway, one element in a thundering herd of hooting, screeching vehicles, careering frantically through the suburbs to burst with furious impetus onto the wide motorway that streaked outward across the open plateau.

For a brief spell the city and its environs had held me captivated. Each day had yielded a harvest of vivid experience. The Aztec temples at San Juan, standing massive and mute upon a level plain fringed by slumbering volcanic hills. The concourse of devout pilgrims thronging the sacred shrine in the Guadeloupe Basilica. Flotillas of gaily painted punts with flower-decked awnings gliding lazily among the floating gardens at Xochimilco. The frenzied passion of twenty thousand people crowding the Plaza Mexico Arena, as the matador flashed his blade in a silver arc to the heart of the stricken bull.

Now the city's strident clamour lay behind as I headed for the one objective which above all others, had lured me 6000 miles across the ocean to this far-flung western land. Forty miles south-east of Mexico City rises the Sierra Nevada, a short but lofty range crowned by two titanic snow-clad peaks. Ixtaccihuatl, "The White Woman", 17,338 feet, has lain cold and silent from prehistoric times, but Popocatepetl, "The Smoking Mountain", 17,782 feet, has justified its title from man's earliest acquaintance and now ranks as the second highest active volcano in the world.

We sped past isolated, cone-shaped hills, through Chalco and Amecameca—country towns sprawling comfortably among maize fields and plantations of maguey cactus. And there, to the eastward, incredibly high and remote among the afternoon thunderclouds, loomed the greatest volcanoes, glinting above the forested spurs of the sierra. We branched onto a dirt road which soon crossed the 800 feet contour and leaving the semi-tropic plateau, climbed into towering pinewoods where pale blue lupins and purple penstemons brightened the lush clearings. The road mounted steadily, but never with undue steepness, to 11,500 feet where it struck the lowest point of the saddle between the two big mountains. Over this lofty pass had marched Cortes, the Spanish Conquistador, nearly 450 years ago, catching from its grassy crest his first glimpse of Moctezuma's lake-girt city—the fabulous Tenochtitlan.

Our road swung southward, still climbing easily through the gnarled and thinning pines until it ended beside the mountain refuge

Tlamacas, at 12,800 feet the highest inhabited place in Mexico. I dismissed Tomas with instructions to return the following afternoon and having enlisted a local forest ranger to pilot me to the snowline early in the morning, I sought such rest as might be secured in the dank, comfortless confines of the building.

Dusk descended with a swift rush as lightning flickered among the clouds on Popocatepetl's pallid flanks. There came a sudden flurry of hail and then silence as the sky cleared and a blaze of stars rode above the pines. The hours of darkness marched with leaden feet, dragging wearily towards the distant dawn. A heavy step and a faint torchlight gleam in the passage heralded the ranger's summons.

It was 4 a.m. as we stepped into the clear, freezing air. The black soil lay sprinkled with a myriad frosty crystals that sparkled like diamonds in the moonbeams slanting through the motionless trees. Soon the last twisted pine sank behind us: tufted grasses continued for a short way and then all around lay long, barren stretches of volcanic sand, sterile and forlorn. Visibility was perfect and far beneath the sierra, cradled in the distant plains, the great cities of Mexico and Puebla glittered like galaxies, with lesser towns adding their clusters of light to a starry pageantry that vied with the heavens. For two hours we mounted slowly and in silence until a steeper rise led us to a gravelly knoll where several rough crosses loomed gauntly, forming a primitive shrine. "Las Cruces", remarked the ranger. We had come to the snowline and to the threshold of the lone exploit.

I rested quietly beside the shrine; the ranger had already vanished down the trail and an intense silence brooded over the dead landscape. Suddenly, upon the eastern skyline a faint, frosty luminescence blushed into a spreading arc of dull orange light which shed a lurid glow on the blackened ground. High to westward a resplendent, pink flush sprang to life as the first sunrays smote the summit snows. And then came nature's moment of truth as the great, blazing orb heaved above the horizon with a swift thrust of dazzling light. In an instant night's fantasies lay slain and the harsh realities of day became manifest.

I swung round and saw above me a tremendous slope of unbroken snow soaring interminably into the blue. The angle was moderate, no more than 35 degrees, but the sheer magnitude of that utterly featureless mountainside was incipiently daunting. The snow proved soft, loose and powdery. It was impossible to make the slow, rhythmic progress that I had envisaged for this section of the climb. Instead,

I was forced into a series of syncopated spurts, escaping from each foothold before it collapsed, and halting for a short rest as breathlessness supervened. Gradually Las Cruces sank beneath, but aloft, the limitless white slope mounted relentlessly. A thin film of icy crystals crept whispering across the frozen surface before a light breeze that had sprung up in the wake of the sun; but to eastward the air remained brilliantly clear with Orizaba's mighty 18,000 ft. cone standing forth in graceful symmetry 100 miles away against the lemon-tinged horizon.

Hour succeeded hour and still the grinding plod went on; the same unvarying remorseless repetition of brief rushes up the shifting snows. Far above me I noted a point where the gradient appeared to increase abruptly and then cease from view: but that point looked a desperately long way off and each spasm of progress seemed to bring it no closer. Then I removed my goggles for a moment to gain a clearer prospect and saw the sudden rise only a few yards away. I hauled myself up a furrowed ramp of snow and flopped down on a firm, level platform. A few feet before me the ground plummeted away in a sheer drop of 700 feet. I had hit the crater rim near its lowest point. The ascent of the great snow slope had taken $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours and now, at 16,900 feet, I looked down upon one of the strangest scenes terrestrial nature has to offer.

The crater of Popocatepetl is slightly elliptical, its major axis being rather less than half a mile. The walls are virtually perpendicular except on the western side, below the summit, where they fall in a series of snow-covered ledges. From the rim's lowest point the drop to the floor is about 650 feet, and from the highest, nearly 1000 feet more. This colossal pit set in the midst of its huge, snowy cone presents an absorbing spectacle of baleful grandeur. From the central "eye" of the volcano, as well as from cavernous apertures nearer the edge of the crater floor, volumes of dark, acrid smoke spiralled in ponderous columns. The smoke from the various vents mingled as it drifted up the crater's wide funnel and by the time it reached the level of the rim 1000 feet above, it had thinned to a murky haze which blurred the landscape on its further side. Even senses dimmed by altitude could not remain unimpressed by this manifestation of effortless power and seemingly inexhaustable energy. Miles deep beneath the surface the primaeval fires still burn, and by unimaginably awesome fissures, find their outlet at this flaw in the Earth's crust. Like a slumbering dragon, Popocatepetl dreams beneath the tropic skies and might at some future epoch awake once

more to violent activity as in times past. But the dragon dwells alone amid dark forests and his fiery breath would bring little harm to the millions of folk on the surrounding plateaux who view him from afar.

It was 9.30 a.m. I stood 900 feet below the highest point which lay almost diametrically opposite at a walking distance of nearly a mile. The route around the northern perimeter looked the better alternative being less indented. For a short distance I trod naked ashes and lava which were hot enough to melt any snow that fell on them and I passed close by several little outcrops that were smouldering merrily. At first the rim assumed the character of a well-defined ridge with mild undulations but soon broadened into a snowy field which, despite its easy gradient, provided arduous going. As a last line to its tenuous defences the volcano now resorted to the insidious practice of chemical warfare. Sulphurous gases exhaled from the crater came floating over the rim in pungent whiffs. The nauseating stench from these acrid fumes, by vitiating the already rarefied air, made breathing sufficiently laborious to bring me gasping to a halt on numerous occasions. The interminable incline of feathery snow seemed to extend to the ultimate point of exasperation. With emotions dulled and aesthetic faculties deadened I staggered on, until the slope planed off upon a flattish crown where, at 11 a.m. I squatted in the thankful realisation that I need plod uphill no longer.

Through the diffuse, smoky haze I cast a vacant gaze upon a vast, empty panorama in which only Ixtaccihuatl's bold, white crest and the broad, distant cones of Orizaba and La Malinche provided distinctive landmarks. Down the eastern mountainside thermal clouds were forming which, before long, would develop into active thunderheads. I began the descent, finding how blissfully easy it was to walk downhill! On reaching the lowest point of the rim I threw a farewell glance into the volcano's gaping maw and then plunged down the long, snowy sweep which now lay enfolded in drifting clouds. The great slope which had taken over 3 hours to ascend required a mere 30 minutes for the return. I emerged from the cloud close to the snow-line at Las Cruces, and walked quietly down the trail to Tlamacas. The trip had occupied 11 hours.

Popocatepetl is quite a popular climb nowadays. It is readily accessible from Mexico City, and the sight of an active volcano exercises a strong appeal. The ascent is technically easy but demands considerable stamina and adequate acclimatisation. The mountain has no glaciers, only an extensive snow-cap which is uncrevassed, at any rate, along the normal route.

Tomas turned up just after 4 p.m. in the middle of a hailstorm. Soon we were coasting down through the forests and out onto the brown plateau. Over the western sierras lightning flashed as an angry sun sank among a welter of bloodshot thunderclouds and far ahead the city lights winked enticingly down the dusky highway.

BELLE TRAVERSÉE

John L. Belton

AT 4.30 I WOKE Derek and we crawled out of the tent and stood shivering in our duvets, bathed in pale moonlight. By the time we had consumed our porrage and boiled eggs washed down with coffee, the stars had begun to dim, so we shouldered rucksacks and set off. We had little idea of what the climb would be like except that the guide pronounced it as excellent, so we set off at a cracking pace to face the day's climbing. We followed the intermittent path which leads up to the Tsa and sweated and cursed our way up the steep zig-zags. As soon as we reached the Alp, the path disappeared so we struck away to our left, over the Alp and then over a large boulder field upon which our agility was put to shame by a chamois up above us which performed excellently at twenty miles per hour on the scree and ice.

We eventually arrived at the start of the climb, just below the col between the Dent de Tsalion and the Pointe des Genevoises. We halted for a while, but were driven onwards-upwards by a chill breeze, leaving below us the only relic we saw of previous climbers, a solitary piece of silver paper. Short snowy chimneys and verglas streaked slabs gave us a foretaste of the climb ahead, and after this the angle eased and we scrambled on up until we came to a band of snow. After kicking our way across this we attacked a steep nose which, when vanquished, led us on to a superb series of cracked slabs. We moved on fast soaking in the sun which was now upon us and revelling in the firm warm rock. After about 300 feet of this I landed on the ridge after a slightly harder section, which brought home to one the exposure, now appearing to be a drop right down to Arolla. After

consuming mint cake and water, and photographing the surrounding peaks, of which the Dt. Blanche and Matterhorn were very impressive, we put the rope on and set off towards our objective, not being able to find more excuses to justify a longer halt. The first section was more or less horizontal, the gendarmes becoming more pronounced as we reached the final section, giving enjoyable sport. We soon arrived at the foot of the final steep section and after close scrutiny decided on the line to be followed. The next few hundred feet was far more pleasant than it appeared to be at first glance and was made far more interesting because we were forced off the most obvious route by snow remaining from the previous bad weather. At one point, forced right to the edge of the Arolla face, we found ourselves with a very respectable drop below our feet. We quite soon reached the summit in a satisfied mood, which was promptly shattered when we looked at our watches and found we were now 1 hour behind schedule. The time was now midday. We became acutely aware that the major difficulties were still to come so we barely halted and continued onwards. From below most of the snow appeared to have melted but up here there was plenty of powdery snow covering the rocks of the ridge leading to the Dent Perroc.

A quick look at the guidebook and a look over the Ferpecte face was enough to show that the recommended route was out of condition so we took the Arolla face and began a steep downwards traverse over snowy rocks by short chimneys and cracks. Whenever we tried to traverse back onto the ridge we were faced with holdless walls, so we traversed onwards, downwards. At last I saw a traversing line at a height we thought a bit low, but for want of anything better we took it and a hardish pitch of IV sup. led me directly into the brèche which is one of the most obvious features of the ridge from Arolla. Here we breathed a thankful sigh of relief to get back onto the ridge, but even from where we were installed we were unable to tackle the next gendarme directly because of a loose block which rendered the first of two mantelshelves rather hazardous. As I had no wish to pulverise Derek and send him hurtling down the face, I pushed the block back into place and came down. So we went once more onto the Arolla side and turned the gendarme quite simply.

The next few gendarmes were not easy, but were all taken direct or turned on the Arolla face (this face was also in the sun) and it seemed no time at all since we had set out, as we found ourselves just below the steep summit gendarmes after several passages of IV. I gazed at the pitch leading up to the summit, a knife edge, 70° steep

which overhung the Arolla face, and with a yodel of pleasure led off. Using the edge for my hands and feet, and laying away on the edge to keep in balance, I was soon on the summit. We again consulted our watches and were pleased to find that we were back on schedule again, having knocked 1 hour off the 3 hour guidebook time for the 1200 foot traverse.

The view of the West Ridge of the Dt. Perroc which we were to descend had previously seemed quite imposing as we looked across it from the traverse, but as we set off down it seemed even steeper and more imposing. After several steep but straightforward pitches, we arrived at an awkward step and after letting Derek down on the rope, I followed him by hooking the rope over a spike and going hand over hand down the rope. This step would have been easy going up as it was really a mantelshelf onto a sloping ledge. The next pitch was another steep step and we were glad to make use of an abseil peg we found in place. When we had both descended we could not pull the rope down so I climbed back up the rope hand over hand to free it. At this point we had just emerged onto the face and the route became indistinct, no good line being obvious we kept to the left. After descending an abominable shaley snow-ice pitch, we met on a ledge and consulted the guidebook. Unable to decide on the route Derek negotiated a traverse on rotten ice twice, each time consigning debris to the depths below, before we decided on the route.

Soon after starting off we hit upon what was obviously the route and our confidence which had begun to ebb, came back rapidly as we descended the steep rough red rock. The climbing was as good as anything in Wales and we moved down together, ignoring the occasional abseil pegs so as to keep our speed up, but putting on the occasional runner at awkward places. Eventually we reached easier ground and scrambled on downwards. We had now been out for 12 hours, 9 hours of which had been graded climbing. At the lower altitude the sharp hard moss growing on the rocks made it painful to place one's hands on the rocks, and my hands were sore for the next week. At 7.00 p.m. we reached the top of the scree gully leading off the ridge, but to our disgust it was of the worst imaginable sort and fatigue did not make it any pleasanter.

Once off the ridge a feeling of relief set in, but by now it was not the only thing setting. The sun which had accompanied us faithfully through the day was now rapidly disappearing behind the Aiguilles Rouges. We crossed the boulder field before real darkness fell and set off over the Tsa Alp towards the path down to Arolla and our

campsite under moonlight. I soon got out my torch, Derek only to discover that he had left his at the campsite. No strong words were necessary for, much to my amusement he slipped and sat down in a large patch of mud soon afterwards. (Moral here somewhere). Lower down we halted in surprise upon finding ourselves surrounded by luminous objects, when we suddenly realised we were walking through a herd of cows.

Below the Alp we came upon the area which is neither Alp nor Forest but tough, wiry, stunted bushes which whip back into one's face, scratch one's legs and conceal boulders and holes in the ground. In the darkness we stumbled around trying in vain to find the path and now and then falling head first into the bushes upon stepping off a boulder into space. At one time I lay there with my feet sticking up in the air and my rucksack round my ears; no curses rent the air, merely moans of anguish from a suffering climber. We fought our way towards each other and were of one accord—bivouac till sunrise. Unfortunately we parted with sharp words, me to find water and Derek to bivouac then and there. I had only left Derek a couple of minutes when I heard a shout of joy, he having discovered the path, so I fought my way back through the bushes and joined him. We followed the path down and were thankful to avoid a very frustrating bivouac a mere 1000 feet above our campsite and in full view of the lights of Arolla. After forcing ourselves to eat a concoction of hamburgers in soup we crawled into our sleeping bags and slept, and slept.

We rose late the next day and spent it sunbathing, eating and discussing the previous day's climb. The traverse was indeed as the guidebook had said, "*Belle traversée, très intéressante et recommandable dans les deux sens. Les rochers sont solide*". As a climb it was excellent, interest being sustained throughout. Considering that we finished the last 3000 feet walk down to the camp in darkness, our total time of 16 hours was reasonable compared with the guidebook time of 14 hours.

"*Vraiment belle traversée*" and recommended strongly to anyone visiting Arolla who is fit, as the climb has 6000 feet of ascent, 6000 feet of descent and a traverse of about 1200 feet, the whole involving a considerable amount of rock climbing.



ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES

Lectures during 1965

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

27th January	The High Atlas by Robin Quine and R. B. Huddy.
24th February	The Cambridge Expedition to Swat by Henry Day.
24th March	Alpine Traverses by J. Bury.
28th April	The Oberland by J. O. Talbot.
23rd June	The Easter Meet.
22nd September	Turkey by Frank Solari. The Grand Canyon by Walter Kirstein.
20th October	The Alpine Meet.

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

The following is the programme of Lectures for 1966 :

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 Last of the Plums by C. W. Bonington.
22nd June	Easter Meet 1966 by Members of the Meet.
21st September	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 on Wednesday 26th May at the Connaught Rooms. The Swiss Ambassador and Madam de Fischer, M. et Madame Egmond d'Arcis, Mrs. Ethel Blandy, Mr. Albert Kunz, Mrs. E. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. G. Unseld were all guests of the Association. After dinner M. d'Arcis showed a film about Zermatt and the first film made of the ascent of the Matterhorn.

Officers and Committee

At the Annual General Meeting on Wednesday 24th November the following officers were elected for 1966. Mr. Vincent Cohen as President (in place of Dr. Arthur Barton whose term of office has expired); Mr. J. S. Byam-Grounds as Vice President (in place of Mr. Frank Solari whose term of office has expired); Messrs. R. R. Fedden, E. H. J. Smyth, F.R.C.S., R. J. Hards, Walter Kirstein, W. E. Radcliffe and Frank Solari in place of Messrs. R. W. Jones, D. C. Lambley, L. R. Pepper, R. B. Quine (whose terms of office have expired); V. O. Cohen (on his election as President) and J. S. Byam-Grounds (on his election as Vice President).

The Library

The Library in 1965 has continued to provide a useful service to members. General works and guide books covering foreign climbing areas have again comprised the majority of loans whilst demand for maps and journals has remained on a smaller scale.

The most appreciated service lies perhaps in the provision of guide books to foreign climbing areas for study at home during the planning of forthcoming holidays. Whilst this is very useful during a preliminary sorting out prior to buying the guides needed for use on the mountain, it becomes virtually indispensable in the case where a foreign guide is out of print just when a member is visiting the district covered, and portions of many a guide have been copied at home under these circumstances.

It is the aim to achieve up to date coverage of all foreign climbing areas normally visited by members and in fact the Library holds up to date volumes giving virtually complete coverage of the Swiss Alps and the Dolomites. Other areas also are covered, but on the whole by older editions and, with the aim of improving the position, an invitation to members willing to loan or give guide books to the Library was circulated whilst these notes were being written. There has been an immediate response in the form of offers to make personal copies of guide books available on loan to members in cases where the Library is deficient; there is scope for further arrangements of this sort as the cost of complete collections of guide books for the French, Italian and Eastern Alps, Pyrenees, etc. would scarcely be a justified expense for the Association and yet from time to time a real need arises for one member or another to have the sight of particular guides to these areas.

Acknowledgement is due to a number of people who have served the Library in various ways. In particular Mr. and Mrs. Byam-Grounds have helped in the preparation of the new Library List, and Messrs. M. N. Clarke, Finzi, Odell and Starkey have donated journals.

A further generous gift from M. Egmond d'Arcis was used to bring our collection of Swiss Guide Books up to date and to acquire *Mont Blanc and the Seven Valleys* by R. Frison-Roche.

Your Hon. Librarian during his visits to the Library in the course of his duties has formed the habit of borrowing an occasional book from the general section. Two older works that have recently given him much pleasure are *The High Alps without Guides* by A. G. Girdlestone and *Wanderings among the High Alps* by Sir Alfred Wills, and he would recommend them to anyone who enjoys well written books on climbing in Switzerland in the days of the pioneers.

The year has seen the publication of the new Library List. Like any such list it cannot long remain unchanged and already it requires to be amended as shown below :

GENERAL LIST

Dumas, A.	Travels in Switzerland
Frison-Roche, R.	Mont Blanc and the Seven Valleys
Italian Alpine Club	Hut List (1957)
Noyce, C. W. F.	Climbing the Fish's Tail
Rees, I. B.	Galwad y Mynydd
Unsworth, W.	Matterhorn Man

GUIDE BOOKS

Western Alps

Glarus	Glarner Alpen (German) (1963)
Grissons—Bünder Alpen (German)	Vol. 1. Tamina und Plessurgebeit (1958)
	Vol. 8. Silvretta und Samnaun (1961)
Valais	Chaine Frontiere Valais—Hte Savoie (1964) (French)
	Selected Climbs in the Penine Alps (1962) (English)

Eastern Alps

Dolomites	Dolomiten Kletterfuhrer I, Westliche Dolomiten (1964) (German)
	Dolomiten Kletterfuhrer III. Brenta (1963) (German)

Miscellaneous

Norway

Mountain Holidays in Norway (1963) (English)

Members seeking to borrow foreign guide books other than those listed here or in the Library List should note that certain privately-owned volumes are available to supplement the Library through the courtesy of the members who own them. Also some districts are covered by articles in club magazines. Particulars from the Hon. Librarian.

THE ANNUAL DINNER

THE ANNUAL DINNER was held on Wednesday 24th November at the Connaught Rooms. The President, Dr. Arthur Barton was in the chair and the following were guests of the Association: Dr. and Madame Max Feller (Economic Counsellor at the Swiss Embassy), M. and Madame Edgar Bonvin (President, City Swiss Club), H. D. Greenwood (Secretary, British Mountaineering Council), Mrs. P. Roberts (Ladies Alpine Club), Richard Morgan (Climbers Club), E. W. Hamilton (Fell and Rock C. C.), Brian Chase (Cambridge University M. C.), A. R. Fisher (Guys Hospital M. C.). Mr. Eric Shipton, President of the Alpine Club, was unable to be present due to illness.

The Right Reverend, The Lord Bishop of Leicester, proposed the toast of "The Swiss Confederation"—a pleasant task he felt he had been promoted to, since his usual function was restricted to saying 'grace'. The Lord Bishop also spoke of his early impressions of and affection for Switzerland, and a similarly early resolution to visit the country at least once every year. He recounted that during this year's visit he was called upon to give an oration at the Matterhorn Centenary Celebrations and amusingly recalled several attempts to re-deliver the speech to a persistent Dutch reporter whose earlier tape of the speech had been wiped clean. Dr. Feller replied to the toast and members were delighted to find that he, too, was a mountaineer of some ability, with a wide knowledge of the history of the sport and deeply imbued with their mystical potentialities. He paid tribute to the part played by British Mountaineers in making the Swiss nation aware of their own great natural heritage. Dr. Barton reviewed

the Association's activities during 1965 and thanked the officers and committee for their hard work. He felt it his duty, as retiring President, to encourage the membership to commend mountaineering to a wider circle as a means of establishing a proper balance between mind, body and spirit. There was too much self analysis, too much planning, too many committees. The future depended on the worth of human beings. Mountaineering was an undoubted means of increasing that worth. Mr. L. R. Pepper proposed the toast of "The Guests", to which Mr. Greenwood replied. Mr. Roy Crepin proposed the toasts to both the retiring and incoming Presidents.

EASTER MEET, 1965

THE MEET was held in Brodick, on the Isle of Arran from April 14th to April 21st.

The whole week was characterised by the violence of the weather — gale force winds and heavy hail storms of a most painful type. Because of this more than one member of the Meet had the experience of being blown off his feet and there are rumours that the heaviest member of the party crossed the gap of the Witches Step on his hands and knees and later, with another member, gave up the traverse of the A'Chir ridge owing to the strength of the wind.

However, in spite of the conditions, all the peaks of the range were traversed by many parties. The favourites being the A'Chir ridge taken from the north as well as the south and the traverse of the Castles and the Witches Step.

While this was going on there was a certain amount of motoring to visit the western and southern parts of the Island and one party spent a day of rain visiting the beautiful grounds of Brodick Castle.

On the last full day of the Meet the President earned the gratitude of his party after a long day which included the A'Chir ridge from north to south, with a descent by a highly speculative gully, by conjuring transport apparently out of thin air and so saving the wearisome trudge down the road to the hotel.

Those attending the Meet were: Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Barton, Mr.

and Mrs. Starkey, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Pepper, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lambley, Richard and William Lambley, Mr. and Mrs. F. Solari, Dr. D. Riddell, Mr. W. R. Jeudwine, Mr. H. Flook, Mr. R. B. Quine, Mr. M. N. Clarke, Mr. N. Walker, Mrs. V. Adkins, Mr. G. R. E. Brooke, Mr. J. E. Clements, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Wickham and son, Mr. E. C. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. W. Midgley.

ALPINE MEET, 1965

OUR RECENT Alpine Meets have been dogged by bad weather, but 1965 proved quite the worst Alpine season for many years. The Meet was held at Grindelwald from 14th to 28th August and the more energetic accomplished some climbs during the first few days. Two ropes ascended the Wetterhorn, two the Monch and one the Jungfrau. After this the weather deteriorated from indifferent to atrocious and no further serious climbing was done. There was snow as low down as the Engelhorn which put out of the reckoning what might otherwise have been a pleasant alternative to the higher peaks.

From the social point of view the gathering appeared to be a success as much walking was done in the rain—and by one party on snow ridges between the Faulhorn and the Schwarzhorn! Various Members expressed the view that the company and the conversation on these expeditions was stimulating: perhaps this impression was heightened by the fact that there was frequently no distant prospect to act as a distraction.

Those attending the Meet were: Dr. D. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Peskett, Mr. and Mrs. P. French, Mr. J. Gardiner, Dr. J. W. Healy, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Noake, Mr. John Noake, Miss Margaret Baulss, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Freeman, Mr. W. R. H. Jeudwine, Dr. and Mrs. G. M. McGillivray and Family, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Byam-Grounds, Mrs. M. Bennett and David Bennett, Mr. J. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. W. Midgley.



THE 'YEAR OF THE ALPS' IN LONDON

THE FIRST MANIFESTATIONS of the celebrations to mark the centenary of the first ascent of the Matterhorn took place in London. The Association combined with the Alpine Club and the Swiss National Tourist Office to collect and display at the Ceylon Tea Centre in London an assembly of items relating to Edward Whymper, his ascent of the Matterhorn and other nineteenth century British mountaineering activities. The exhibition—which was open from February 4th to 20th was opened by Whymper's daughter, Mrs. Ethel Blandy, in the presence of his excellency the Swiss Ambassador, M. Beat de Fischer, and a gathering of mountaineers and friends of Switzerland.

In a room dominated by an extensive panorama of the Swiss Alps there was a profusion of interesting historical relics and illustrations, some associated with the first ascent of the Matterhorn and many others typical of the period. The Matterhorn climb was illustrated by Whymper's own engravings and by those of Gustave Doré. An account of the climb and accident was recorded by A. G. Girdlestone, another well known British climber, who was in Zermatt after an ascent of Monte Rosa on July 16th, 1865. Visitors were also able to read the Rev. Charles Hudson's letter to the Rev. McCormick announcing his departure, "... We and Whymper are off to try the Cervin... follow us if you like"; and Peter Taugwalder's Führerbuch opened at the entries for July 1865 revealing that no remarks were recorded after the successful ascent and tragic accident. A small fragment of rope which was recently discovered in a vase and is reputedly part of the rope which broke during the accident was exhibited and was the object of much interested discussion. The accident, of course, horrified the nation and an outspoken attack on mountaineering was made in "The Times" — copies of which were on view. "Why is the best blood of England" the paper pleaded in one of several articles, "to waste itself scaling hitherto inaccessible peaks, in staining the eternal snows and reaching the unfathomable abyss never to return?"

Among many other exhibits of interest was a copy of a letter from the late Sir Winston Churchill to a friend recalling their ascent of Monte Rosa in 1894.

Messrs. F. E. Smith, W. R. H. Jeudwine, J. P. Ledebor and G. A. Hutcheson formed the Association's Sub Committee to assist in the selection of items for the exhibition and advise on technical

matters. Mr. Frank Solari assisted in his capacity as Librarian of the Alpine Club.

THE NEW 'SWISS CENTRE' IN LONDON

ON 1st DECEMBER 1965, the Swiss National Tourist Office and Swiss Federal Railways moved into the Tower Block of the new Swiss Centre near Leicester Square. Their public information and ticket office however, will remain at the Strand for some months while the Podium section of the Swiss Centre is being completed, and until then the postal address will remain 458 Strand, W.C. 2. The Swiss Centre, situated in New Coventry Street, is in two parts, comprising the Tower Block of offices which is nearing completion and the Podium which is estimated to be completed during the Autumn of 1966. The Podium will accommodate the public offices of the Swiss National Tourist Office and Swiss Federal Railways, the public and reservations offices of Swissair and the West End Branch of the Swiss Bank Corporation. There will also be a section "Shopping in Switzerland" where such things as shoes, textiles, watches, food and drink can be purchased. A number of restaurants will serve typical food of the regions of Switzerland. Add to all this a Swiss Trade Information Office and a Forum devoted to cultural and social activities and the whole becomes a miniature Switzerland in the heart of London, designed to give a service of maximum efficiency in all aspects of Switzerland's interests.



OBITUARY

SQUADRON LEADER JAMES RAE AITKEN
(1930—1965)

JIMMY AITKEN died on 29th May at the age of 34, after a fall while leading a climb on Crib Goch. It was one of those tragic but inexplicable accidents which from time to time occur to experienced mountaineers climbing well within their capacity.

Aitken was educated at the George Watson School and at Edinburgh University. He joined the Royal Air Force in 1953 and became a flying instructor. He was subsequently at the Empire Test Pilot's School at Farnborough. After graduating from the R.A.F. Staff College he was, in January 1956, appointed Personal Staff Officer to the Deputy Controller of Aircraft (R.A.F.) in the Ministry of Aviation.

Although Aitken had many interests, mountaineering was the foremost. His early apprenticeship in the Scottish hills led him in time to Norway, the Alps and to the Karakoram, where he was a member of the R.A.F. Karakoram Expedition, 1961. He joined the Association and the S.A.C. (Oberhasli) in 1957. He was also a member of the S.M.C. and R.A.F.M.A. of which he was a most active supporter and office-holder. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1961.

Not only did Aitken possess the kind of ability that leads men to the top of their profession, but he had a sparkling personality and boundless energy. He was enthusiastic for life and its bounties, yet showed deep understanding and selfless consideration for his fellow men. Above all he was a delightful companion in the hills. He is already missed by many more who were his friends.



WE REGRET to have to record that the following deaths have also been reported during the year.

C. C. Cornish, E. J. H. Edenborough, C.B., O.B.E., C. Fletcher,
J. G. Montgomery, D. E. Peters, J. W. Potter Kirby.

MEMBERS' CLIMBS

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Barton.

Easter Meet at Arran: Beinn Nuis; Goatfell, ascent by South Face, descent by East Ridge. Traverse of A'Chir from North to South. Summer: Pigne d'Arolla, from Cabane des Vignettes with Pierre Crettaz; traverse of the Arête de Berthol to the Col de Berthol, with Maurice Fauchère; Mont Dolin. Mittaghorn by the North ridge and then on to the Egginerhorn with Siegfried Bumann. Walk to the Monte Moro Pass from Mattmark. With the Rev. J. S. Barton, ascent of the Mittaghorn by the path up to the East face.

John L. Belton

At Zermatt with three members of the Liverpool University M.C.—failure on the traverse of the Rimpfischhorn due to bad conditions. Unter Gabelhorn. At Arolla with Derek Noton of Reading M.C.—traverse of the Petite Dent de Veisivi (descending the N.W. ridge to Les Haudères); La Lulette; La Ruinette (N.W. face); traverse of the Pt. des Genevoises and Dent Perroc from Arolla (a really excellent route) and the traverse of the Douves Blanche. The route done on the N.W. face of La Ruinette is most likely a first ascent. Here are the details:—

From the Cab. des Dix cross the Col de Cheilon and reach the foot of the N.W. face. The route takes the first well defined 'ridge' to the left of the large snowfield and is characterised by gendarmes visible higher up. The snowfield was climbed to reach the bottom of the rib ($2\frac{1}{2}$ hours from the hut), 500 feet of step cutting in the conditions we found it in. The rib was climbed starting on poor rock which improved rapidly giving most enjoyable climbing of about grade III in places. The rib joined the S.W. ridge about 200 feet below the summit which was easily gained. Descent was by the Arête de Lirerose (Whymper 6th July 1865—just before Matterhorn), gl. de Lirerose to the Col de Mont Page and back to the Dix Hut over the Col de Cheilon in snow. This route appears to be the safest way of ascent from the Dix Hut and surprisingly free from stonefalls. A really enjoyable route.

Hamish M. Brown

and six friends spent five weeks in the Pyrenees this summer, climbing about thirty peaks and passes in near perfect weather. The

area is of rare beauty and there is no tourism and seemingly endless untouched granite spires besides the popular peaks—Pic du Midi, Balaitus, Vignemale, Areto, Maladelta, Perdido, etc. Information will gladly be given for the region is very little visited. A full report will be appearing in the next Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal.

The last copy of that journal also gives hints of the good things enjoyed while wintering in the High Atlas Mountains: fine new routes over 2000 feet either on rock or mixed, tough essential cross-country ski-ing and lots to be explored yet, for since a Contamine-Charlet blitz a decade ago little has been done. A second wintering expedition is going out January to March 1966.

At home the Scottish munros and tops were completed.

M. W. H. Day

Charles Clarke gathered together five others in a party to visit an area south of Nun Kun in S. E. Kashmir during the long vacation. Michael Tughendat and I were also at Caius; Henry Edmundson and Simon Brown had climbed with Charles with the C.U.M.C.; Dulshir Singh Virk is at London University. His presence reassured a suspicious Indian Government and helped tremendously in the country.

The weather doused our acclimatisation period so thoroughly that we climbed nothing. Indeed, we failed to climb Bramah (21,050 feet) at the end of our five weeks in the mountains during the only spell of fine weather. Brown and Edmundson reached 20,000 feet on the N. E. ridge before being turned back by the final gendarme. Clarke and I supporting, reached 19,000 feet.

Virk and I, disgusted by the weather, had earlier crossed a virgin 17,000 foot pass into the Poul Valley in an attempt to ascertain if the main glacier of that name flowed from the east. Fritz Kolb had seen the area from that direction in 1947 and suggested that this might be so—strongly contradicting the existing survey maps. Unfortunately the hazardous crossing with two locals depleted our reserves of food and urge so we have little evidence to support our confirmation of Kolb's suggestion.

Delayed by a brief sojourn in Srinagar, Tughendat and I launched "Ferdowzi", veteran landrover of three successive eastern forays, at Jammu a few hours before the Pakistanis launched their armour in the Chamb Sector. Later, the Indians beat us to it on the road to Lahore, so "Ferdowzi" lies in Delhi enmeshed in red tape and the

expedition is five air fares the poorer.

(There is an article on the Expedition in the "Illustrated London News" of 9th October.)

G. Duckworth

The Matterhorn, 13/7/65. A wise man once stated that "when a man's circumference bears more than a certain ratio to his altitude—in the bottom of his soul—he prefers the plains". Be that as it may, July 1965 was an anniversary at Zermatt not to be missed. The same welcome from "Miss Evergreen" at the Monte Rosa Hotel—old friends to meet, and a memorable dinner to remind us all of the occasion. We thought of Edward Whymper and the triumph and tragedy of 100 years ago.

The 13th is not always unlucky—the climb took rather longer than in 1925 (our first ascent) but in the custody of Gottlieb Perren we duly arrived on the summit in brilliant sunshine. We could see for 100 miles all round us and we stayed for 40 minutes to try and fix in our memory a view that is not often there to be enjoyed. It was a sight never to be forgotten and a fitting climax to a life sometimes spent too far away from the mountains but always looking forward to seeing them again, to regain strength and enjoyment and to restore proper proportions to the worries of this busy world.

We looked back from Schwarzee and said Farewell to what surely must be regarded as the most magnificent mountain in the Alps and then went indoors to see the television cameras on the mountain in thick mist. How sad that they were not able to have the same weather we had the day before. It would have made all the difference.

Peter Farrington

With Alan H. Smith of Edinburgh, O.A.V. member. Winter mountaineering in Snowdonia, including an ascent of Lliwedd East Gulley in severe Winter conditions. Hill walking and rock climbing in Scotland. Snowdonia and Peak District. In the Swiss Alps: Grosse Simelistock and Engelburg from Engelhornhutte. In Sustenpass: Pfrundlistock traverse from Stein and Murmetsplanggstock and various short rock climbs on the Hohburg from Sustlihutte.

Richard Gowing

I regret that I had to cancel my projected trip to the Alps and the Zermatt Centenary this year. In lieu of this I had a week in early September in the Northern Nippon Alps. With an Anglo-Japanese party, based on the Karasawa Hut, I traversed the peaks of Hodaka-Mae-Hodaka-daké, Oku-Hodaka-daké, Karasawa-daké and Kita-Hodaka-daké, all about 3100 m. (Oku-Hodaka-daké is 3190 m.) With the English members of the party I traversed Kita-Hodaka-daké once more, and over Minami-daké and Naka-daké to Yarigataké, the Spear Peak, 3180 m. From the Yari Hut we traversed Daitonjo-daké and Itigashi-Oi-daké to the Jonen Hut, whence we traversed Jonen-daké and Choga-daké before crossing the valley and returning to the Karasawa Hut. These mountains are well provided with way marks, paths and huts—I have mentioned only the huts at which we stayed. With T. O. Gerrard, I also climbed Fuji-San, 3776 m., on a fine day with good snow conditions and a strong, cold wind. I expect that will be my final list of peaks—there is more to Japan than just mountains, and there is also work to fit in!

E. C. L. Jarvis

Easter Meet. Goatfell, Beinn Bharrain, Cir Mhor and the A'Chir ridge and Beinn Chliabhain, Ciochna H'oighe. In North Wales Tryfan by little Tryfan and Pinnacle Rib. Slanting Buttress on Lliwedd, the Horseshoe, and other scrambles with Tom Littledale.

A March weekend on Kinder Scout and Mam Tor.

In the Räkikon and Ferwall (also with Tom Littledale)—Scesaplana, Kirchlispitze (by the ridge), Drusentor. Vallilla. Hohes Rad, Scheibler. Hoppe Seyler Weg. Kider Weg and Riffler Weg. Hoher Riffler. Hoch Joch. Driven from the Sitoretta by bad weather.

In the High Tatra, with Ramblers Association party:- Teryho Chata. Tupa. Rysy. Bystre Seolo and Mengusovske Sedlo and ridge; plus hut to hut walking in the rain!

R. Wendell Jones

Getting married in the middle of the climbing season did restrict my activities this year. But some hill walking was done in N.W. Scotland and Skye. This included Quinag. An Teallach and Blaven and the Cuillin Ridge from Sgurr Nan Gillean to Bruach Na Frithe. A few weekends in N. Wales included visits to Snowdonia. Rhinogs. Arans

and Cader Idris. Some rock climbing was done in N. Wales and on Skye. I hope to lead next year's Alpine Meet and trust that younger climbers especially will support this venture. Both climbing and non-climbing wives will be most welcome.

Walter Kirstein

Ski: Igl Compass, Albula area with Section Uto; Cevedale, Madritsch Spitze, Marmotta Spitze, Koenigspitze with Ski Club of Gt. Britain. Summer: Piz Murtel from Roseg Valley, Mount Pers, traverse of Palu from Diavolezza to Marco e Rosa hut, traverse of Piz Zupo and Bellavista.

Derek G. Lambley

Easter Meet at Arran: Goatfell, Witches Step, Cir Mhor, A'Chir. Beinn Nuis, and Tarsuinn. In August with Julian Lambley (16) and Oskar Ogie, Piz Palu, Piz Bernina from Marco e Rosa Hut by the North East Ridge, traverse of Piz Zupo and Bellavista. Monte Della Disgrazia from the south. With the exception of the Palu, all these climbs were undertaken in excellent conditions in what was otherwise a very bad season.

Captain R. E. Langford. R.E.

In May 1964 I had finished a tour of duty in Bahrain in the Persian Gulf and with several members of the 2 PARA Climbing Club. used the disembarcation leave to climb Mount Kenya. It was out of season but two ropes of two, including myself, reached the highest summit (Batian 17,058 feet) by the ordinary route.

In May and June of 1965. I have been climbing in the Kulu Himalaya with Messrs. R.G. Pettigrew and C. J. Henty. Originally this party was known as the British Kulu Expedition 1965. but political difficulties prevented half the members of the expedition getting to India. However, it was a very poor season and we didn't achieve very much. Before quitting Base Camp, our Tibetan porters threatened to blackmail us! We climbed a mountain of about 17,025 feet, which we called Ramchukor Peak. We made a long approach to Papsura (21,165 feet), but having sat out a snowstorm for 2 days, we were turned back at 18,500 feet on this peak. However, we covered some new ground, making the first crossing by Europeans of the Sara Umga La (16,050 feet), and the first crossings of two other passes.

Joseph Harold and Joseph John Noake

Easter, Lake District; Summer, Ober Steinberg and Grindelwald Meet. Traverse of Simelihorn, 2752 m. and Rotihorn, 2759 m., Joseph John Noake with Mrs. Phyllis Peskett and Hans Almer, Mönch.

L. Poolman

Scotland. Three visits extending from March to June. Seventy-six "Munros" in Argyll, Perth, Inverness and Ross. Weather ranged from very rough in early May to magnificent at end of March when I was on the Mamores and Aonach Eagach. Entirely alone, except for Ben Chonzie, with son of W. L. Coats of Comrie. Incidentally, the midge population of Scotland appears to be either at the Youth Hostel at Achnashellach or above Loch Mullardoch.

Austria. Poor weather curtailed plans in the Stubai and Otztal, but Marzellkamm, Similaun, Saykogel (traverse) and Dahmannspitze ascended with D. Grace Bristol.

Switzerland. Six days hut to hut wandering in Tamina and Eastern Glarner Alps. Magnificent weather—October.

Nothing very exciting, but very enjoyable.

O. B. St. John, with family

Climbing from various centres in the Dolomites, including: Traverse of the three Sella Towers, and traverse of Funffingerspitze from the Sella pass.

North-west ridge of Grosse Zinne (Dibona route), and traverse of Paternkofel, from Misurina.

Traverse of Vajolet towers, including Piazz, ascending by south-west ridge of Delago and traversing over Stabeler and Winkler; also traverse of Rosengartenspitze.

Climbs in the Cinque Torri group and from San Martino di Castrozza, in poor weather.

N. Shoumatoff and family

Kandersteg Region. January 1964. Birre, with C. Kuenzi. Weisse Frau, with A. Wandfluh. Morgenhorn, with A. Wandfluh (traverse from Weisse Frau). Balmhorn/Zachengrat, with H. Hari.

August 1965. Roter Tetz, with sons Nicholes and Alexander, daughter Antonia (12), Miss Eve Jackson and C. Kuenzi. Wildstrubel from Adelboden, with Nicholes, Alexander, Antonia, T. Allenbach. Gellihorn, with Alexander. Balmhorn/Gitzigrat, by Alexander Shoumatoff and C. Kuenzi.

Zermatt Region. August 1965. Breithorn, with Nicholes, Alexander. Miss Jackson, T. Allenbach. Monte Rosa (Dufourspitze), with Alexander, Miss Jackson, T. Allenbach.

F. E. Smith

Sutherland: seven tops of Quinag, four tops of Ben More Assynt group, Stac Polly, Suilven. Grindelwald: Rotihorn, Schwarzhorn. Saas Fee: North ridge of Mittaghorn, Allalinhorn from Langfluh.

Timothy H. Smith

Along with David Grove, whom I met in the Yukon in 1962, I had a most enjoyable week's climbing in the Alps with perfect weather. (2nd week in August). We climbed the Nadelhorn, Allalinhorn, and crossed over to Zermatt ascending the Strahlhorn en route. All these peaks are easy with spectacular views, and ideal for a small party or beginners.

Nigel E. D. Walker

Easter Meet at Arran: Goatfell with John Clements, E. C. L. Jarvis and Vera Adkins; attempt on Castle Ridge with Dr. D. R. Riddell, Harold Flook and Vera Adkins partly frustrated by high winds. In October, a few days were spent on the Karwendal Peaks, including ascents of Karwendalspitze, 2384 m., Grosse Arnspitze, 2197 m. — both in fine weather with Wilhelm Winneburger.

J. Walton

with his wife, M. Church and two other friends:— The High Level route from Chamonix to Saas Fée in the middle fortnight of August. We were blessed with good weather for most of the way although a break in the middle only allowed us to do the Pigne d'Arolla in deep snow and wind, putting the other big mountains out. However, by the time we arrived near Saas Fée the Allalinhorn was included in the last day's traverse. A worthwhile route covering much country with wonderful views although a certain amount of hard work is necessary with 35-40 lb. loads.

Rev. W. H. Williams

with John E. Evans and Phillip Crabb in the Oberland:- Wetterhorn, Mönch (traverse, up by the East ridge, down by the South West ridge) and Jungfrau, both from the Jungfrau Joch. Thence down to Concordia and Finsteraarhorn Hut. Ascended Finsteraarhorn. Then to Oberaar Hut and Grimsel Pass, down to Meiringen. To Rosenlauri and Engelhorner Hut. Over the Grosse Scheidegg to Grindelwald. This tour was completed in ten days from July 13. We were probably the second party up the Wetterhorn and the third on the Finsteraarhorn this year. Bad weather prevented climbing in the Engelhorner.

J. O. Talbot with Martin Epp

1st week in June, 1965. Rotwand, Maistri route! This seemed the ideal route in bad weather conditions. Overhanging to be free of snow and facing south; perhaps reasonably warm and no ice? Left the Paolina hut at first light and climbed up over frozen snow to the foot of the wall. The cold was intense, the whole aspect of the wall was dark and forbidding. The route led directly up an obvious 'verschneidung' barred at the top by an immense triangular roof. No use hanging around looking—we had to move, action was called for! Tricky, difficult climbing from the start; predominantly artificial, but with awkward moves of free climbing on dubious rock. The cold seemed to intensify; contact with the chilled stone became agony. Three to four rope lengths took us up immediately under the huge roof. Only one way here—a wonderful exposed traverse to the right about forty feet; then up over a bulging A3 overhang to a poor stance in etriers. We were now really up on the wall, and thoroughly warmed up. The upper face was vast, smooth and featureless, yet the top seemed deceptively close. A strenuous overhanging crack led directly upwards A2 A3 to another stance in etriers. So the climbing continued; rope length after rope length on constantly overhanging rock followed in quick succession. Speed was now essential as the weather was causing immediate concern. A storm had been brewing all day and now the weather was distinctly ominous. The sky was black and lightning could be seen flickering on the cargs of Latemar across the valley. Would we be able to get off the wall in time? It hit us on an etrier stance; every peg and bolt began to hum and whine, and the air was full of strange whistlings and wailings. Then the lightning: a constant glare of light, flickering, exploding, crackling. Two 40 metre ropes hanging below suddenly rose up horizontally, then vertically, into space. Twice this happened until we could collect it

and desperately hold it. To be attached to a lightning conductor is not pleasant. The wind and rain were of hurricane force tossing and buffeting us in our etriers. A sudden roar distinct from the thunder filled the air, a complete scree terrace on the summit above us had moved and plunged over the wall. The storm ceased after about an hour, but was followed by a bitter cold and fierce wind. We had to get off the wall; the storm showed a marked tendency to return. The last three rope lengths were a grim cold struggle. They had to go! The summit was reached in the dusk; the bivouac on the way down was unimportant, we were off the Rotwand.

BOOKS

ONE HAD HOPED that the centenary year of the first ascent of the Matterhorn would have produced a definitive account of the events and a final assessment of the accident recording in toto the various narratives, letters and official documents relating to the ascent and perhaps reproducing photographs, illustrations, maps, etc. of the participants and the mountain. A companion volume to Sir Gavin de Beer and T. Graham Brown's "The First Ascent of Mont Blanc" immediately suggests itself as a suitable format for reproducing these records. It is high time that the facts were brought together in such a volume so that posterity may judge the course of events with the full facts in front of them. As it is, Ronald Clark has produced a most readable account (*The Day the Rope Broke*, Secker and Warburg, 25/-) using a number of sources which have not previously been publicised. No weighty deliberations are made and one is clearly left to make up one's own mind on several matters. For example, the question as to the possibility of the rope having been cut has not been as effectively discounted as one would have hoped for in a book obviously aimed at a wide, non-mountaineering public. With the use of new sources, other contradictions arise. Old Peter Taugwalder is stated (page 139) to have clung to a rocky protuberance, and taken in the slack between himself and Whymper—who was above him! On page 164 he is stated to have "...splayed out his hands for all to see where the rope had bitten into them" and on page 186 he is quoted as saying "The rope which attached me to Douglas and the

others gave me such a shock with the fall that I am still suffering where it passed round my body." However, the account does present the full story chronologically with a fair amount of detail, and is eminently readable. Alas, there is no index and the illustrations bear little relation to the text. Two other centenary year offerings are *Matterhorn Man* (by Walter Unsworth, Victor Gollanz, 18/-), a reasonably priced short biography of Whymper, and *Matterhorn Centenary* (by Sir Arnold Lunn, Allen and Unwin, 25/-) which covers the first ascent and a number of other important ascents of the mountain.

David Wall's *Rondoy* (Murray, 30/-) is an account of the tragic but successful expedition to that mountain by a team from L. S. E. in 1963. I always feel that accounts of expeditions to South America are more attractively produced than their Himalayan counterparts, and this volume sustains that belief. Perhaps it is because they manage to avoid the repetitive descriptions of customs difficulties and approach marches which are an inevitable prelude to Himalayan mountaineering. The photographs in 'Rondoy' are particularly well reproduced. This is more than can be said for those in *Americans on Everest* (James Ramsay Ullman, Michael Joseph, 50/-) which covers the successful American ascents of Everest, Lhotse and Nuptse in 1960. This is a sizeable volume with extensive appendices but disappointing illustrations. An interesting contrast to this large expedition is provided by *Four Against Everest* (by Woodrow Wilson Sayre, Arthur Barker, 30/-) where four Americans have a shot at the mountain with a minimum of equipment, portage, etc. There is more spartan mountaineering in *No Place for Men* (by Peter Mulgrew, Nicolas Vane, 25/-), an account of Sir Edmund Hillary's oxygenless expedition to Makalu in 1960.

Walter Bonatti recalls his astonishing career in *On the Heights* (Rupert Hart Davis, 35/-) and Showell Styles deals with his early days in *Blue Hills Remembered* (Faber and Faber, 25/-). Dorothy Pilley's *Climbing Days* has been reissued by Secker and Warburg at 42/-. A significant contribution to the story of New Zealand mountaineering is *Peter Graham, Mountain Guide* (Allen and Unwin, 42/-). Allen and Unwin are also responsible for the handsome anthology *Mont Blanc* by Claire Elaine Engel (45/-). Many interesting descriptions are included in this attractive book which is illustrated by reproductions of early prints and drawings. Regular visitors to Switzerland cannot fail to be interested by Cecil J. Allen's *Switzerland's Amazing Railways* which has been brought up to date and reissued by Nelson at 42/-.

There must be many thousands of past and present mountaineers who owe their initial introduction to mountaineering to Barford's Penguin *Climbing in Britain* which was published in the lean years just after the war when so many people were seeking new areas of adventure. This volume is now highly prized by collectors and must be one of the few paperbacks for which one is likely to have to pay a few shillings more than the original price. Allan Blackshaw's new Penguin Handbook *Mountaineering*, just available at 18/6, is a much more sophisticated production which will appeal to all mountaineers. For the novice, all aspects of British hill walking and climbing are dealt with; for the experienced climber there is a welcome opportunity to brush up on modern techniques. Particularly valuable are the extensive references and bibliographies quoted for climbing areas. With over 500 pages of information and instruction this is by far the most comprehensive treatment of the sport to have appeared for a long time.



Since the above notes were written the latest *Mountain World* became available (Allen and Unwin, 42/-). Maintaining the high standard of its predecessors, this volume contains articles and photographs of climbs in all parts of the world. Of particular interest will be those on the first ascent of the Matterhorn, the north face of the Blumlisalp, and the west ridge of Everest.

THE MOUNTAIN WORLD 1964-65

Edited by MALCOLM BARNES

The eighth volume of this now well-known series. It includes accounts of expeditions to the Hindu Kush, the little known mountains of Bhutan, Mount Huntington in Alaska, the Ellsworth Mountains of Antarctica, the American ascent of Everest by the West Ridge and many others. *64 plates 42s.*

MATTERHORN CENTENARY

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

Before the end of the eighteenth century men had climbed Mont Blanc and written of their experiences. This is an anthology of the literature of the mountain including impressions by many famous writers inspired by the mountain and many personal narratives of ascents by mountaineers. *69 plates 45s.*

MONT BLANC

CLAIRE ELIANE ENGEL

A look back over the mountain's last hundred years recalling not only the facts behind Whymper's first disastrous ascent, but all the principal climbing feats up to the recent spectacular north face climbs. It records the achievements of Whymper, Tyndall, Mummery, Young, the Schmidts, Von Almen and many others. *Illustrated 25s.*

ALLEN AND UNWIN

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

For the year ended 30th September, 1965.

	RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURE
1964			1964
£	£ s d		£ s d
464	Subscriptions 425 12 11		100 Hire of Rooms 100 0 0
62	Interest Received (Net) 65 3 3		323 Annual Report 306 9 5
36	Advertising 24 0 0		17 Library Expenses 16 16 2
5	Library Donation - - -		28 Library Repairs - - -
26	Donations - - -		30 Postage S.N.T.O. 33 0 0
215	Balance being excess of expenditure over income carried to Balance Sheet 149 15 3		16 Postage Association 22 2 11
			- Printing Library List 56 3 6
			5 Printing Stationery S.N.T.O 26 8 0
			8 Printing Stationery Association 4 3 4
			11 Insurance 11 11 10
			93 Entertainment 55 13 6
			12 B.M.C. Subscription 12 0 0
			11 Lecture Expenses 3 10 0
			35 S.A.C. Centenary - - -
			79 S.A.C. Exhibition - - -
			19 Youth Organisation - - -
			21 Sundries 16 12 9
	£ 664 11 5		£ 664 11 5
	£ 808		£ 808

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.

BALANCE SHEET As at 30th September, 1965.

LIABILITIES AND ACCUMULATED FUNDS						ASSETS					
			£	s	d				£	s	d
<u>Life Membership Account</u>			1173	12	0	Cash at Bank			149	7	8
<u>Accumulated Revenue Account</u>						Projector W. J. Foster Bequest			70	0	0
Balance as at 30th Sept. 1964			1326	3	5	Less Depreciation			40	0	0
Deduct Deficit			149	15	3	Equipment at Swiss Tourist					
			1176	8	2	Office			80	0	0
Sundry Creditors						Less Depreciation			79	0	0
(Income Tax)									1 0 0		
			2	11	0	Investments at cost			2172	3	6
						<u>Investments (Nominal Values)</u>					
						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.					
						1965			£1960	0	0
						(1964—£2145)					
									£2352 11 2		

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.

LIST OF OFFICERS

Since the formation of the Association

Presidents

- 1909-1911 Clinton Dent.
1912-1922 A. E. W. Mason.
1923-1926 Dr. H. L. R. Dent.
1927-1930 Brigadier-General The Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O.
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.
 A. E. W. Mason.
 Brigadier-General The Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O.
 Sir R. Leonard Powell.
 C. T. Lehmann.
 W. M. Roberts, O.B.E.
 A. N. Andrews.
 Sir William Ellis, G.B.E.
 F. W. Cavey.

Honorary Secretaries

1909-1911	J. A. B. Bruce and Gerald Steel.
1912-1919	E. B. Harris and A. N. Andrews.
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. Ledeboer.

Honorary Treasurers

1909-1911	C. E. King-Church.
1912-1925	J. A. B. Bruce.
1926-1954	C. T. Lehmann.
1954-1957	J. R. Amphlett.
1957	F. R. Crepin.

Assistant Honorary Treasurer

1949-1964	A. G. Schofield.
-----------	------------------

Honorary Auditors

1909-1914	A. B. Challis.
1915-1922	Reginald Graham.
1923-1930	W. L. Adams.
1931-1940	F. Oughton.
1941-1952	J. A. Marsden-Neye.
1953-1956	S. E. Orchard.
1957	R. A. Tyssen-Gee.

Honorary Librarians

1909-1918	J. A. B. Bruce.
1919-1928	C. T. Lehmann.
1929-1932	A. N. Andrews.
1933-1938	George Anderson.
1939-1952	S. de V. Merriman.
1953-1963	C. J. France.
1964	J. Kemsley.

Honorary Solicitors

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

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. H. Jeurwine.
1965	G. A. Hutcheson.

KINDRED CLUBS

ALPINE CLIMBING GROUP. Hon. Sec: D. Gray,
3 Laith Gardens, Cooleridge, Leeds, 16.

ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA. Hon. Sec: W. C. Ladingham,
2974 West 28th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.

ALPINE SKI CLUB. Hon. Sec: Jeremy Debenham,
22 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1.

AMERICAN ALPINE CLUB. Hon. Sec: John S. Humphreys,
113 East 90th Street, New York, N.Y.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SWISS ALPINE CLUB MEMBERS.
Hon. Sec: Walter J. Sigwald, 250 West 82nd Street, New York 24, N.Y.

ARMY MOUNTAINEERING ASSOCIATION. Asst. Sec: Army M.A.,
c/o A.S.C.B., War Office, Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, W.1.

BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL. Hon. Sec: H. D. Greenwood,
c/o Alpine Club, 74 South Audley Street, London, W.1.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.
Hon. Sec: R. J. Isherwood, c/o The Wherry Library, St. John's College,
Cambridge.

CAMPING CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
(MOUNTAINEERING SECTION). Hon. Sec: G. H. Watkins,
8 Bankhurst Road, London, S. E. 6.

CLIMBERS' CLUB. Hon. Sec: The Hon. R. R. E. Chorley,
64 Holland Park Mews, London, W.11.

FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB. Hon. Sec: C. S. Tilly,
Park House, Greatham, Co. Durham.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.
Hon. Sec: c/o University Union, Glasgow, W.2.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.
Hon. Sec: c/o Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.1.

HIMALAYAN CLUB. P.O. Box 9049, Calcutta.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB. Hon. Sec: G. W. B.
Tough, c/o Imperial College Union, Prince Consort Road, S.W.7.

- IRISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB. Hon. Sec: Miss J. Birthistle.
81 Sandymont Road, Dublin 4.
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Heath House. Lyndhurst Terrace. Hampstead, London, N.W.3.
- LADIES' SCOTTISH CLIMBING CLUB. Hon. Sec: Miss E. Leslie,
1 Woodburn Terrace, Edinburgh 10.
- MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.
Hon. Sec: c/o University Union, Manchester 15.
- MIDLAND ASSOCIATION OF MOUNTAINEERS. Hon. Sec: F. Murray
Campbell, 71 Station Road, Wylde Green, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.
- MOUNTAIN CLUB. Hon. Sec: Mrs. M. Galpin, 6 Trinity Rise, Stafford.
- MOUNTAIN CLUB OF KENYA. P.O. Box 5741, Nairobi, Kenya.
East Africa.
- MOUNTAIN CLUB OF SOUTH AFRICA. P.O. Box 164, Cape Town.
South Africa.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.
Hon. Sec: c/o School of Geography, Mansfield Road, Oxford.
- PINNACLE CLUB. Hon. Sec: Miss D. Lee,
8 Lexton Gardens, London, S.W.12.
- R.A.F. MOUNTAINEERING ASSOCIATION. Hon. Sec: S/Ldr. D. Cooke,
R.A.F. Chessington, Surrey.
- ROYAL NAVY SKI AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB. Hon. Sec: Lieut.
M. G. Rutherford, R.N., R.N.E.C., Manadon, Plymouth, Devon.
- RUCKSACK CLUB. Hon. Sec: J. E. Byrom,
Highfield, Douglas Road, Hazel Grove, Stockport, Cheshire.
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- THE ALPINE CLUB. Hon. Sec: A. K. Rawlinson,
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THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB

Official Addresses

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Editor of "Les Alpes"

Dr. Max Oechslin, Birkenhof, 6460 Altorf-Uri.

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INTERLAKEN: Hans Schütz, Beatenbergstrasse 26A, Unterseen.

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Clarens.

OBERHASLI: Franz Wassen, Willigen-Meiringen.

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Central Committee, Ettl mattweg, Schönbühl, Bern.

Roll of Honour

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C. E. KING-CHURCH	KENNETH WILCOX
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1939-1945

J. CARR	P. R. P. MIERS
ALAN CLARK	M. R. C. OVERTON
K. W. GRAHAM	G. W. M. SWALLOW
T. C. LARKWORTHY	J. MORIN (Hon. Member)

LIST OF MEMBERS
of the
Association of British Members
of the
Swiss Alpine Club
(Corrected up to 31st December, 1965.)

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

*HONORARY MEMBERS
(Included in the List)*

Bircher, Dr. Ernest
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Daeniker, Dr. Armin
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de Fischer, His Excellency Monsieur Beat
Geiger, Hermann
Hunt, Brigadier Sir John, C.B.E., D.S.O.
Marietan, Abbe Dr. Ignace

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