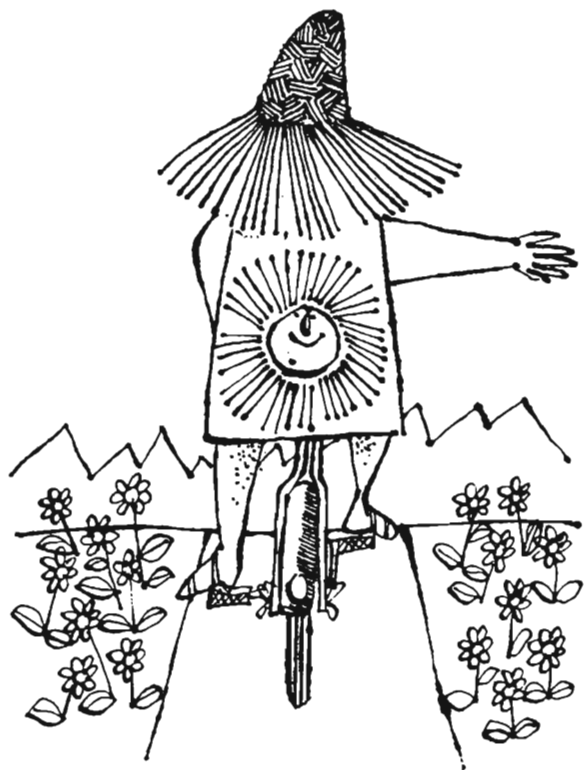


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Looking
towards
The Swiss
Summit
of the
Matterhorn

Photo by
Hamish
Brown



A CLIMB WITH A GUIDE

Hamish M. Brown

I HAVE ONLY twice climbed with an Alpine guide. The first time I was an Alpine novice; the second time, years later, I did so to salvage faith in guides—when we went as partners anyway as much as anything!

I am not at all interested in any ethical views on guided or guideless climbing. As in many sports the borders are blurred and immaterial. Money decided in most cases!

My first experience will never be forgotten. It was a memory of unalloyed joy for years, though later a certain leaden sadness was added.

I first went to the Alps following several years real climbing (summer and winter) in Scotland, and a score of growing-up years wandering in the hills. I cannot recall not wandering in hills and my parents often let me go alone. Self-reliance was a habit of long and natural necessity.

So when three of us went to the Alps, we were quite happy to stand on our own feet. We did our homework, had bought maps and guides and read all we could about the Arolla area where we went.

It is a well-known beginners' area (but also has some bigger climbs of course) and even after wanderings from the Pyrenees to the Tyrol I still think it is the most charming of all unspoilt Alpine valleys.

We climbed there until time and money ran out for the other two. One trained home and the other, borrowing my kilt, set off to hitch. I had a few days left and a secret notion to follow. I had not dared mention it to the other pair.

Many a time as we lay on sunny summits we had looked over intervening ranges eastwards to one mountain. It rose like a fang into the blue sky, a black fang, a tooth that has bitten its way into Alpine history, perhaps the best known peak in Europe and like the Eiger a mountain of both doughty deeds and terrible tragedy. Towering over 4,000 metres (14,690 feet in fact) it soared up on the Swiss-Italian border above Zermatt.

By bus, train and rack-railway I made my way to Zermatt. It is a busy, bustling town, steeped in tradition and almost overpowering to a young Alpine novice. I could hardly lift my eyes to IT, the mountain that dominated the town, huge and omnipresent. I felt I wanted to tip-toe or talk in a whisper. I did, in fact, sit wide-eyed to gaze. Whymper was only the forerunner of its worshippers.

The Matterhorn is majestically aloof—and alluring.

However, time was short, and the vision soon had me by the heels. But it was a sadder young man who sat watching the lights come on in the valley town while up there the summit cone still glowed like a beacon. Careful search in the camps and streets had failed to find any British party about to make an ascent.

I had not for a second considered going alone, (which in fact would not have been beyond possibility) for the aura of the past had set up barriers which were harder to break than the physical climbing itself. Perhaps today with the greater knowledge of young climbers and the scant respect they show for tradition I would have done so. As it was I felt rash even dreaming of its ascent in a first, self-conducted season.

The next day, rather forlorn, I left my bivy-tent and slogged up to the Hörnli Hut which shared, with the Belvedere Hotel, a platform on the Hörnli (Swiss) ridge. This was the ridge up which the pioneers had eventually won. It was sacred ground.

Or was it? A teleferique now goes up to the Schwarzee (half the height) and on this lower shelf there is a bustling cafe crowded with noisy tourists. Even the path on up to the Belvedere was busy, with long snakes of hot trippers determined to taste history. At the Belvedere they stopped, thronging the tables on the terrace, or queueing to look up the ridge through telescopes—into which 50 centime pieces rapidly vanished. Like ants on a beaten track they went up and down with busy, fussy determination.

I sat over the same glass till its contents were as flat as my feelings.

Occasionally figures came down from the heights. Then there was a buzz of tongues. They were conquering heroes all, even the green ones who had been towed a quarter of the way and bundled back by their irate guides.

There were no English-speaking voices at all.

I was left alone at dusk among coloured tin tables and blowing papers. The day seemed to give a chill shudder and decide for bed. Two score had "done" the Matterhorn that day and the same were preparing for the next day.

Clouds formed and clung to the ribbed faces. Every now and then a rumbling avalanche of boulders careered down leaving a slow-settling cloud of dust on the slopes.

The solitary Scot sat silent and glum. There was just one day left. Tickets were irrevocably booked across Europe. The carefree laughter of a gang of young French lads sounded a barbed mockery, their innocence a personal animosity.

The various parties for the morrow ambled out after dinner and stood chatting with their guides; brawny, pipe-smoking guides wearing red pullovers and white caps. There was no hope there: one "tourist" was all a guide would take. The temptation to go alone was suddenly strong. The Hut book showed it was done sometimes. I was no "tourist". But years of instructing others of the dangers of solitary efforts were too strong to overcome. "Herr" shook hands with "Führer". The shadow of the Matterhorn died away into the glacier depths. The lights of Zermatt winked dispassionately below.

There was one young guide left and in desperation I turned to him. What else could I have done?

He was not at all enthusiastic even when I tried to explain that in Scotland I was a sort of "Führer" myself and not a "tourist". He grumbled at the unsettled weather, at the crowds—but eventually agreed. We shook hands.

At three o'clock we would join the queue!

I fought into a slither of space on the communal bed shelf. I never heard the late arrivals.

Irony. They were Scottish—and would almost certainly have added me to their party as I was even more experienced than they were! We only met at breakfast—too late as a bargain had been made.

Traditionally, I hardly slept for excitement. At 3.30 there was no Edi as I will call my guide. Spirits plunged again. The Slough of Despond seemed to moat this mountain. Others were rising and in the end I groped to a window to see what vile things were happening outside. The window scraped open.

Moon-washed glaciers and a rush of stars!

I have never woken up so quickly!

Edi and I set off and at the first bit of real rock we roped. I was given a good hand and let rip an angry yell. "I want to climb the --- mountain, not get dragged up it!" He eased a bit so I quickly took in a few coils. I could at least climb steadily without risk of being pulled off my holds. He was quite willing to show me where to place my feet; but as they were usually already there he pushed on. Gradually his face relaxed and he began chatting in faltering English.

"Should I go faster?" he kept asking. I'd happily say, "Yes, if you want," and as he did want we were soon speeding up to a Scottish pace: swinging up the tortuous slopes of loose rock in happy rhythm. Now and then we paused to look down icy depths or watch the inching advent of dawn.

We passed parties steadily, the guides exchanging looks or jokes in German, which I could not understand as English and French was my limit.

Below the Solvay Refuge we caught up the van. What an appalling sight! Ropes were criss-crossed and guides cursing and heaving at their baggage—many who were visibly wilting but trying nobly to keep going. It was a complete travesty of all I had learnt. I shuddered. We by-passed the scene, raced on a bit, then sat to rest above the reaches of men.

Edi named off the peaks—an array of giants—Dom, Rimfischhorn, Monte Rosa, Lyskamm, Breithorn, Dent Blanche, Ober Gabelhorn, Zinal Rothorn, Weisshorn; all lit in the weak, translucent light of dawn.

I was obviously enjoying things, was interested in all Edi said and he thawed completely. We might be friends I thought as we laughed off again into a world which was ours alone.

Now it was talk of next summer doing Zmutt Ridge and long apologies for this "walk". Edi sighed, "Yesterday—six hours up, six hours down."

I felt for him, condemned to tow people up a slag heap; even though it was quite a heap!

It seemed endless, the scale of the Alpine giant to the novice. The slopes on both sides plunged down not just for hundreds but for

thousands of feet. At the tricky places there are ropes and chains pegged to the rock but in aesthetic rebellion I refused to use them. Ledge after ledge led up to the shoulder which so long hindered the first attempts. It was firmer rock—a pleasant change.

icier patches clung to the final pyramid and the sound of the summit winds came down like the rush of distant surf. We kicked steps and stood on the summit.

The crest of the world it was at that moment.

We laughed and shook hands; both conveyed all that our different languages could have said.

There was a void all round for the summit felt as narrow as a church steeple. Storm clouds were boiling in the Italian cauldron to the south west. Mt. Blanc and its chain of Aiguilles were pink above a sea of clouds.

We teetered along to the Italian summit and then found a nook out of the screaming wind. One young man dreamed dreams anyway . . .

There were photographs, of course, and exchanges with a party who had just finished a second night out on the mountain.

Then down—away from the cruel wind and the certain storm—down to pass again all the other labouring parties, "tourists" wearily hauling up the fixed ropes or lying gasping like stranded fish. There were more comments between Edi and the other guides. These puzzled as they seemed personal; a thumb would be jerked at me and he would grin "O.K." The guides sighed and hauled at their ropes. While having a break at the Solvay the Scots lads came up the Mosley Slabs. It was nice to speak English for a moment or two.

We had come down at a good romping pace; enough so that Edi was breathing hard and asked if everyone in Scotland came down at such a speed. Being in front I in fact set the pace—a good Scots one I suppose—and Edi behind simply said "Right . . . left . . . slow a bit" any time I paused. Every now and then we stopped to look at the view and to swill Edi's mixture of wine and cold tea. Disgusting mixture!

The guide book I later found said the ascent took four to five hours and the descent three hours or less. We were back at base inside four and a half hours. Edi was rather left wondering at our innocent speed. It was his doing going up anyway.

On the terrace we were besieged by the French lads. (It was still

too early for the day trippers). "What is the matter?... Why you turn back?" Edi explained with obvious glee.

There were gasps, then babel: back slapping, calls for drinks—in the hullabaloo I slipped off unnoticed, leaving Edi to face the music.

Later I sneaked in to join him in the Belvedere's kitchen for drinks. "Four and a half hours", the women declared as they fussed about. Heads kept looking round the door. We hardly noticed as we sat in oozing content that follows a good day on the hills.

When I assured Edi I could go faster, he was all for doing it again in three hours! The cautious guide had given away to the enthusiast.

Tomorrow, no?... Next year, huh?... No ropes. No rests. Before the crowds... no charge, just us together, huh?...

The conversation drifted to other peaks, other places. We looked at the faded photographs on the wall. The great guides of the past. An old man with a face like a walnut and huge whiskers entered. We rose. (He looked just like one of the photographs). He surveyed us.

"That is no way to treat the Matterhorn!"

Then his old face wrinkled with delight and he shook our hands. I wonder what memories of the mountain he could recount?

Edi reduced his fee considerably which fully satisfied my Scottish nature and I gaily set off trotting down to Zermatt. No sooner installed there over steak and chips than the peak vanished into a thunderstorm. My sympathy went up to the other Scots lads and to the many tourists who would still be struggling down then. The rain was still smashing down on the town as I went along for the train. (It was still smashing down too a few days later when I was back in a tent in the Cairngorms).

There was to be a sequel. I did not see Zermatt again for several years, but eventually returned having climbed all over the Alps in France, Switzerland, Italy and Austria during the years between. Our party of friends climbed several big peaks from Zermatt and then went up to the Hörnli Hut intending to traverse the mountain, up the Swiss Ridge and down the longer Italian Ridge to Breuil (Cervinia).

It proved an epic. Conditions were bad. The peak had not been traversed that year yet—and it was August! We took four hours up and used the ropes. We took twelve down to reach Breuil from the summit, struggling through lightning and storm, with danger (not

difficulty) the whole way. It needed all our experience to keep at it. Just above the shoulder I met a familiar figure.

Edi yanked his client to a halt and with a yell reached down to clasp hands. We chatted and he told us we would manage the traverse "O.K."

So we did—just.

When my friends returned home I was once again without a partner and immediately 'phoned Edi at the Belvedere. Would he come for a good climb somewhere?

The reply was "no"... He was staying at the hotel and just doing the Matterhorn that year as he had the one before. Every day he took someone up.

I went back to camp in disgust.

I also, in a lesser way, earn my bread and butter from the hills; but it was a shock to hear Edi's cynical change in outlook. I vowed to quit at once if ever I found the long content missing. (It after all is about the only justification for something so completely useless!)

The next day I made friends with a guide and we had our good climb—also something of a romp.

But apart from that I have not climbed with a guide since. I want the memory unspoilt, for guides, it seems, are not gods, but human too!

AMONG SPANISH MOUNTAINS

D. M. Clarke

SPAIN IS A mountainous country. Noteworthy climbing areas are in the Sierra de Gredos and the Picos de Europa. My first view, and indeed knowledge of the former area, was from the air, and subsequent enquiries confirmed that it was worth a visit. Now with Fred Jenkins and Freddie Smith I was at the end of the motorable road below the Gredos Refugio after driving the 950 miles from Cherbourg. We had camped three nights en route and had come via Bordeaux, Pamplona and Segovia for a few days prior to going to the Picos de Europa.

The Gredos range of granite mountains lies west of Madrid and stretches in an east-west direction for about fifty miles. Almanzor, (8,526 feet) in the Circo de Gredos is the highest point. The cirque, ninety miles from the Spanish capital, is the most attractive part to the mountaineer. It offers numerous rock climbs, mostly short.

We were on the eastern side of the cirque but separated from it by a grass covered ridge. After a walk up to the refuge it was decided to camp by a stream, fifteen minutes from the car. The site had the advantage of a short haul for our kit, but the disadvantage that one had to climb 1,000 feet over the ridge to reach the cirque. The refuge is also on the wrong side of the ridge.

There is a good camp site, as we subsequently discovered by the lake in the cirque about two hours walk from the end of the road. Mules may be hired to carry loads over. Enquiries should be made at the village of Hoyos on the C 500 road.

On our first day Almanzor was climbed. Initially this involved crossing the grass-covered ridge and descending to the lake. Above the lake rise huge granite slabs set at an angle up which it is possible to walk. We crossed over to the west side of the cirque and ascended to the cirque ridge, first up a steep rocky slope covered in part with grass and vegetation, thence by a scramble up a rock gully. Lunch was taken by a spring 500 feet below the summit of the mountain. After lunch a scramble was involved across the rock on the cirque face of the mountain prior to crossing over to the southern side. The final 250 feet was a moderate rock climb. We did not rope up.

The summit consists of small twin peaks. We had reached the higher and did not cross to the lower. The descent was initially by the same route, but we soon turned eastwards to the Portillo Bermeja and descended a steep rock gully to a large snowpatch, and thence made our way over the boulders and slabs straight down to the lake, to be faced of course with crossing the 1,000 foot ridge back to camp.

It had been a most satisfying and energetic day. The time taken was eleven hours. The sun had shone continuously as it did each day of our stay in the Gredos. It was hot but not oppressive. The atmosphere was exceedingly dry, so dry that we did not appear to perspire. It was evident however from the thirst we generated that we were losing large quantities of moisture. In spite of the dryness there is no shortage of water in the area. Springs exist high up in the mountains.

Next day we completed the traverse of the cirque by following the Cuillin-like ridge on the east and north sides from Arroyo de las Pozas to Risco del Morezon, the Hermanitos, Alto de Casquerazo, Cuchillar de las Navajas and the Portillo Bermeja, and thence a descent by the same route as from Almanzor. To traverse all the pinnacles would be a formidable expedition and was quite out of the question with the time at our disposal. It was possible to traverse under them but otherwise we kept to the ridge crest. On arrival at camp there was just time for a bathe in the stream before our evening meal.

La Mira (7,680 feet) was our next objective. This mountain is the tourist peak of the district. It lies 5 miles to the east of the cirque. The ascent is merely a walk. Below and further to the east are the cliffs Los Galayos, which give longer and more difficult climbs than the cirque itself.

We left the Gredos next morning for the Picos de Europa, via Salamanca, Leon and Oviedo. The road between Leon and Oviedo is one to avoid. It contains many acute hairpin bends on steep gradients; it is narrow and congested with industrial traffic serving mines and steel works and even has a trolley bus service on one section. A better approach to the mountains from central Spain is via Riano and access into the central massif is also easier from the southern side. On a previous visit I entered from the south but this time the intention was to enter from the northern side at Puente Poncebos below the mountain hamlet of Bulnes and ascend to the area round the Refugio Delgado Obeda.

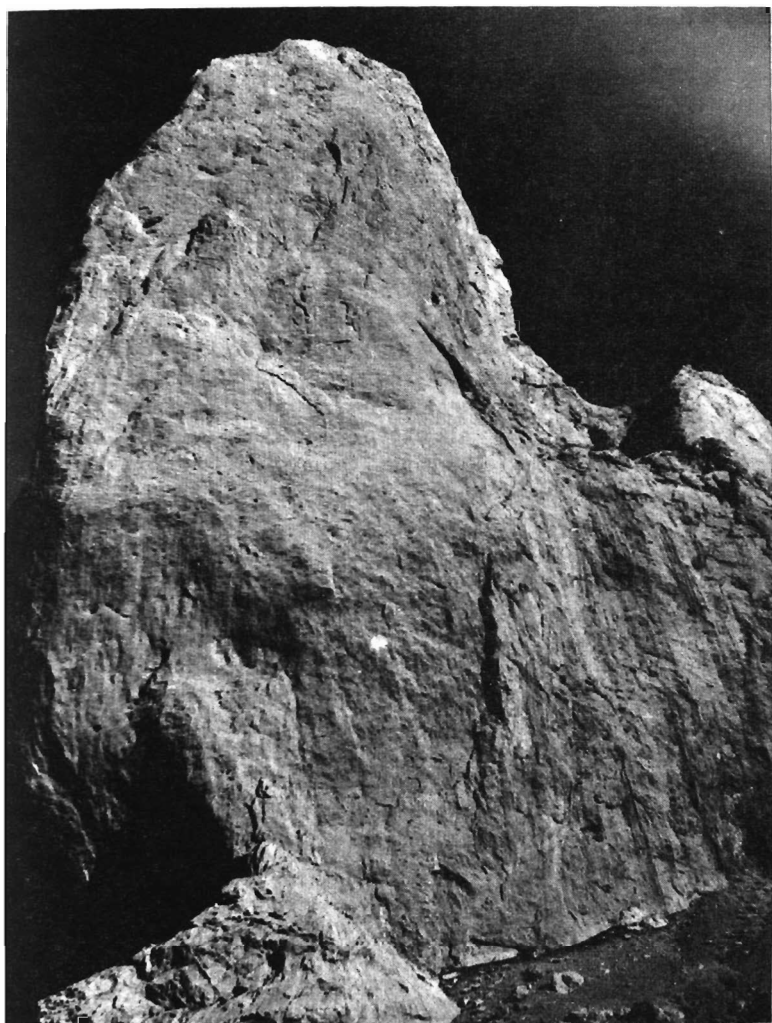
The central massif of the Picos is an area about seven miles square. On the northern side are deep gorges—on the southern the lower slopes are wooded. Above are well watered meadows. Above these rise the barren and dry limestone peaks. This area of bare limestone is not one for novices. It is exceedingly rough, crevasses and deep holes abound in the water worn rock. Extreme care is necessary to maintain direction in mist and to ensure safety under snow conditions. The rock generally is sound; the ridges are narrow, often above precipitous cliffs; the peaks are steep and many ascents involve some degree of rock climbing. There are small permanent snow fields. The weather generally is unsettled, mist frequent, particularly on the northern side. Spanish maps on a scale of 1/25,000 in the Editorial Alpina series may be purchased in London.

Puente Poncebos in the north is the end of the vehicular road, from there to Bulnes is mule track. We arrived about 4 p.m. and left the

car by permission outside the inn. After appropriate refreshment we packed our kit and with food for three days commenced the ascent on foot. The venture got off to a bad start. For over half an hour we carried our heavy loads up the wrong track. The right route gained we continued until, with Bulnes in sight but still 500 feet above, we took advantage of a level patch of grass by the side of a stream to camp for the night.

In the morning we soon reached Bulnes, the upper part, (2,950 feet) but in spite of directions from an old resident, (all the inhabitants we saw were old) we passed an indefinite track which bore uphill to our right, 100 yards below the houses, and continued along the lane to the lower hamlet. Here much time was spent prospecting before we finally set off up the right hillside. When we reached a poor track traversing the mountain side an old peasant woman took pains to ensure we followed the right route. The track subsequently led along a dry stream bed, relatively level for some distance, but then rose steeply and became a rock scramble before levelling out again in an area of ground on which thin grass concealed numerous boulders and stones. We were still 1,500 feet below our destination but had spent so much time on the way that it was decided to camp in this area where there was water. The ground generally was unsuitable for pitching tents, but overhanging cliffs offered a good dry bivouac site protected on the open side by a rough stone wall. Rain was threatening and at times we were in cloud. A meal improved our spirits and subsequently I managed to erect my tent on a fairly level patch by the bivouac which just held it. Freddie and I slept in the tent, Fred in the bivouac.

Next morning we left the tents and most of our kit at the bivouac and proceeded to the Refugio Delgado Obeda (6,230 feet) arriving at 11 o'clock. Above us soared the Naranjo de Bulnes, (8,262 feet) a vertical precipice on this side, near vertical on all sides. We had come up with the idea of climbing it, but certainly could not tackle it that day. It was necessary to decide whether to go down to the car and come up with more food or whether to abandon the project from this side and try the approach from the south. We decided on the latter. Quite good time was made on the descent. The car was reached at 5.30 p.m. I drove the forty-two miles to the small town of Potes where the night was spent in a hotel. We had climbed no peaks but had had an interesting time in fine country, and gained first hand experience of the northern approach. With knowledge of the way one should make the refuge in a day from the valley, but the route is not recommended when load carrying. The refuge holds ten. It is neces-



Naranjo de Bulnes,
West Face

Photo by F. E. Smith

sary to take food, fuel and a means of lighting. Blankets are provided, but a sheet sleeping bag is an advantage. Water is available from a spring 100 feet above the building. We spent three nights there the following week after reaching it from the southern approach via Potes and Espinama.

Espinama is ten miles from Potes in the Deva valley almost due south of Bulnes, and separated from it by the main mountain massif. The road up to Espinama is good. It formerly terminated there, but now goes a further three miles to a parador (state owned hotel) and a teleferique. This teleferique is the quickest access into the mountains, but it is also possible to drive a car up a steep track from Espinama to the Parador de Aliva at about 5,000 feet, and beyond to the top of the teleferique. We however left the car in the village square opposite a bar-cum-shop, and hired a landrover to take us up to a point an hour's walk above the Parador de Aliva, not far in fact from the top of the teleferique. On my previous visit there were three lakes below the south-west side of Pena Vieja, (8,572 feet) and it was by these lakes we intended to camp. A dry hollow which had once been a lake came into view, and then a second, and the likelihood of camping in the area appeared doubtful. The third lake still existed however, though with a much reduced quantity of water, and we pitched our tents on nearby grass.

Our first trip from this camp site was over the Horcados Rojos col between the Torre de los Horcados Rojos and Pico Tesorero, to the Refugio Delgado Obeda. There is a good but stony track up to the col. A little below but 200 feet above and west of the track is the Cabin Veronica, a circular well-stayed structure of aluminium with sleeping for four. The key is obtainable from a chemist in Potes. At the col the path disappears. Directly ahead is precipice and no track is visible crossing the desolate hollow below. This hollow or hoyo, about three-quarters of a mile across, which we had to reach, is a scree and stone covered desert surrounded on all sides by higher ground. Fred went prospecting out to the east under the north face of Torre de los Horcados Rojos, and found a track down. The descent required extreme care. The rocks here and elsewhere have small stones resting on them, which roll under ones feet, so much in fact that we called them "ball bearing" rocks. Where there was scree it would not run, the cover on earth or rock being too thin. These conditions were our general experience in the whole area.

We reached the refuge in five hours from camp. The place was

over-full that night, the company including two British in addition to ourselves. Next day was wet. All the others left, one party with a casualty for Bulnes, the British for the paradór at the foot of the teleferique. We were now in sole possession, but hut bound, and put the day to some advantage by giving a much needed clean to the ground floor of the hut and contents. Next day was fine but an attempt on Naranjo de Bulnes was frustrated by difficulty in route finding and shortage of time. We almost circled the mountain, but in the end had to be content with walking and scrambling.

That night two Spaniards with a local peasant acting as guide joined us in the refuge. In the morning we returned to our camp climbing Torre de los Horcados Rojos (7,560 feet), an easy peak, en route.

Above the camp to the north-west was the Pico San Carlos, the start of a long ridge to Torre Blanco (8,585 feet). This and as much of the ridge as we could manage in one day were our next objective. Fred ably led the climbing and did all the route finding. Pico San Carlos was traversed and the ridge, up to the Torre de Hoyo Oscuro. The climbing was about difficult standard. We then completed a horse-shoe by following the ridge running south and south-east above the Jou Oscuro to the Colladina de los Nieves. The descent to camp over very rough and crevassed ground brought to an end a successful and rewarding day.

A decision to climb Pico de Santa Sna (8,537 feet) was thwarted by hours of rain, which confined us to our tents until 4 p.m. A two-hour walk was all that was achieved, our last excursion in the Picos, for on the following day we descended via the teleferique to start our journey home.

A night of storm was spent in the tents at Santander, following which with certain misgivings on my part as to the state of the sea, we proceeded to Bilbao and boarded the M.S. Patricia for Southampton. Waves were breaking over the harbour wall as we passed out to sea to an announcement from the ship's loudspeakers that as the sea was rather bumpy there would be a free distribution of sea sickness tablets.



CINQUE TORRE, NUVOLAU AND AVERAU

J. O. Talbot

IN A SEASON of bad weather the small low towers of the Cinque Torre, and the surrounding district of Nuvolau and Averau serves as an excellent area for doing some climbing, even if short, together with interesting and rewarding mountain walking.

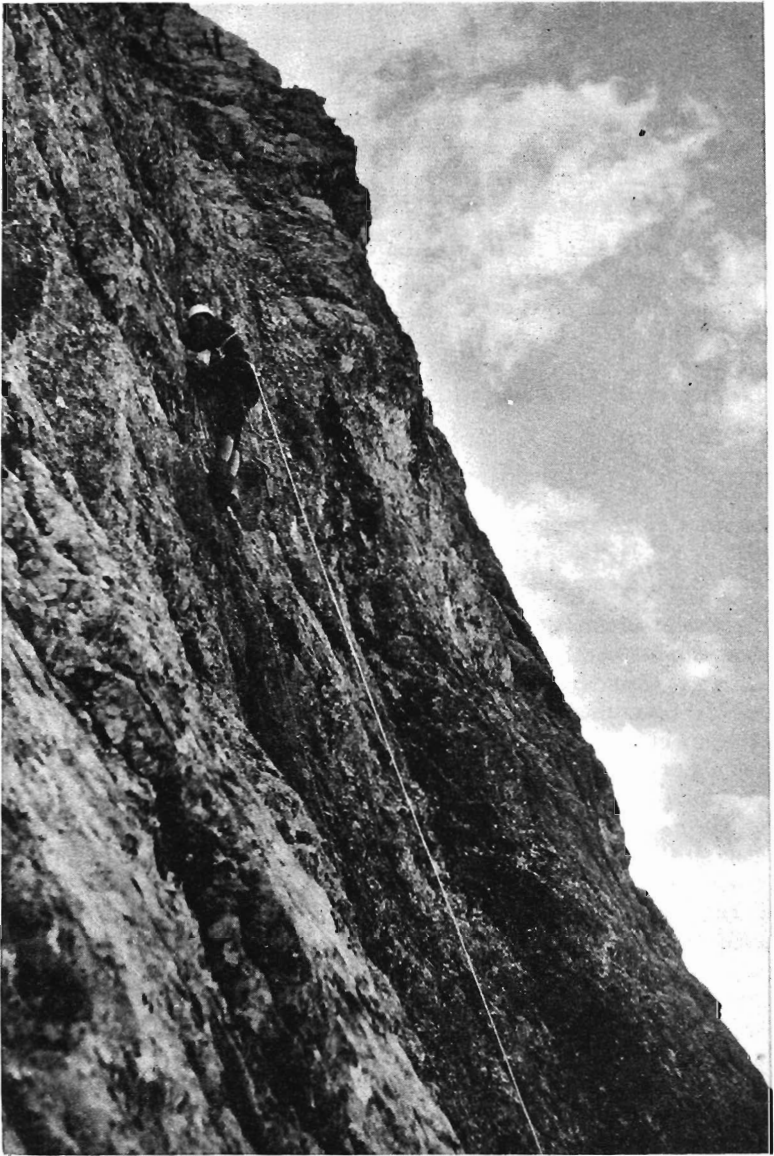
Constant adverse weather conditions followed us this year even to this corner of the Dolomites, but finally depression made us determined that something should and must be done; whatever it was. After extensive enquiries we determined from the hut keeper of the Cinque Torre hut that no route had as yet been done on the north side of the Torre Latina. This is a relatively short wall of not more than 200 ft or so; but on inspection the rock in the lower half seemed uncommonly sound by usual Dolomite standards; the upper yellow rocks did not seem so promising. Though short it looked inviting.

The route started with a short pitch of excellent free climbing on perfect rock, but unfortunately it quickly began to overhang and artificial techniques became more necessary; one of the main problems being the difficulty of pegging owing to the very compact nature of the rock with nothing but shallow solution holes. Originally we had intended to bear up right and to exit directly at the summit, but owing to a sudden change in the character of the rock from very good to very bad we were forced to go left and get onto the East ridge. To have gone directly upwards would have entailed a considerable amount of time and expense in constant bolting on rotten rock.

Although by Alpine standards this route must be accounted as a very short climb, more comparable with this country; it is nevertheless worthwhile and in keeping with the nature of the climbs in the area.

There are now several other similar routes on the Towers, some harder and some easier, many of which are not included in any guide, whether English, German or Italian, whilst others have such brief notes that they are tantamount to useless.

The Torre Quarta, east of the Torre Latina offers some excellent climbing on the south east wall. A route starting with a block overhang



On the North Side of the Torre Latina

Photo by J. O. Talbot

followed by steep delicate free climbing; the overhang pitch being as good as, if not better than the celebrated 'Franceschi overhang' on the Torre Grande south wall. Two excellent routes, not included in the English guide exist on the north faces of the Torre Romana and Torre Barancio. Both these walls are composed of good grey rock, more reminiscent of hard compact limestone than dolomite. Without doubt these are two of the best and longest climbs in the Cinque Torre.

Any competent party with an eye for such lines and with a little time on their hands can soon find these enjoyable, even though to all extents and purposes they may be considered by some to have 'neither name nor fame'. Naturally such crags can also serve the more inexperienced to learn the effects of Dolomite verticality, and to practise pegging on difficult rock without fear of criticism.

The summit of Nuvolau is dominated by the C.A.I. Nuvolau hut, and although this mars the mountain to a certain extent it nevertheless makes a short interesting walk from the Cinque Torre hut along the summit ridge. In summer the only real practical use the Nuvolau hut can serve is as a view point to watch the sunset and sunrise, which can be quite exceptional from here.

The mountain of Averau, 2648 m, by far the highest point in the area dominates the scene. Nuvolau and the Cinque Torre falling into insignificance, especially the latter which appear as mere blocks when viewed from this summit. From the purely technical climbing aspect Averau cannot really be considered as offering much scope but for the experienced mountain walker, an easy route lies on the east side; the steep sections being safeguarded by wire ropes; above which follows an ascent over easy broken rocks and scree. This is a worthwhile and interesting expedition and can be easily done from the Cinque Torre hut via the Forc. Nuvolau; in many respects it is more akin to mountaineering than the short technical rock routes on the towers. After the descent a good round tour can be done by bearing west then south to the Forc. Gallina; up the ridge to the Punta Gallina, 2518 m; returning to the Forc. then following the path along the foot of the south side of Averau and finally back around to the Forc. Nuvolau, thence to the Cinque Torre hut.

Technical Note

Torre Latina — N. Face and E. Ridge.

From the Cinque Torre hut go up to the S. wall of the Torre Grande then continue up beneath the wall past the main descent gully and

around to the W. side. Follow a fairly obvious track passing beneath three large blocks on the right to below the W. wall of the Torre Latina. Keep to the track which goes downwards below this wall until it is possible to go right and up below the N. wall.

The route starts on the left (east) side of the wall at the highest point of the scree path, directly below a large distinct yellow hole in the rocks above. Climb up a short distance then bear left to a tiny ledge. From here go up directly, free at first then artificial, following the line of black streaks which run down to the left of the yellow hole. Continue upwards keeping the hole on the right, to a small loose yellow overhang. Go a little up to the left then traverse left and exit out on the east ridge. Follow the ridge without difficulty to the summit.

J. O. Talbot and Beryl Talbot, 1967—about 300 ft. VI, A₁, A₂.
4½ hours.

There has been confusion among a number of climbers as to the names of the Towers and their respective positions. As the name implies there are five main towers. The first Tower is the Torre Grande which has three separate summits; the W., N. and S.; it is the largest tower and is immediately NW. of the hut. The second Tower is the Torre Seconda which has two summits; the Torre Romana and the Torre del Barancio, and lies E. of the Torre Grande. The third Tower is the Torre Terza, or otherwise known as the Torre Latina and is N. of the Torre Grande. The Torre Quarta is the fourth Tower and is E. of the Torre Terza. Lastly the fifth Tower is known as the Torre Inglese or Torre Quinta and is N. of Towers 3 and 4.

SKYE DAYS

R. Wendell Jones

I HAD NEVER previously crossed Rannoch Moor without noticing the 'Buckle'. Today, however, my eyes flickered between road and petrol gauge, to the total exclusion of those upthrust buttresses; snow-draped against the May morning, about which Richard waxed eloquent. Some might think it foolish to drive through one of Britain's more noble desolations with nothing in the tank. Self-defence might reply that stocks seemed more than adequate to sleep-starved eyes as we careered through the Lowlands; that it had been broad daylight for

several hours; that we waited half an hour outside Bridge of Orchy pumps for a Godot-like non-event. Truth was that we were in, but not yet of, the Western Highlands, our minds still tuned to Motorway Cafes and all-night garages and similar convenient atrocities.

At last we topped the long-delayed watershed, switched off and glided silently into Glencoe. After four and a half miles the gradient eased off, and a mile or so from the village the last splutterings died away. So Stuart and Richard got their walk after all. We abandoned the car beside the first set of pumps and took our bleary eyes and unshaven faces into breakfast. Porridge, bacon and eggs and coffee produced a trance-like well-being and in an amiable spirit of manana we finally drove into Glenbrittle, twenty hours from London in time, and two hundred years in spirit.

Next morning found Richard Bartlett, Stuart Beare and I worming our way up White Slab, above the fantastic boiler plates of Coir'a' Ghrundha. As so often on a first day inter-rope communications were poor and tangles frequent and we did not reach the broad plateau of the Sron until rain and mist had swept in to blot out the earlier island glories.

Reinforced by John Guthrie from Edinburgh, we set out for Sron na Ciche. Spring Bank Holiday had festooned the Coire Lagan face with crash helmets and the air was hot with running commentaries. Increase in numbers brought promotion from the decent obscurity of third man on a "diff" to leading through on a "v. diff".

About five pitches up came a chimney. I put on a sling about two feet above John's head and climbed to a stance immediately beneath the beast. Venturing in, in the manner of an overcautious client arranging comprehensive cover with a dubious insurance company. I advanced a few feet upwards until friction became altogether too pressing. Text book authors unite in advice against getting too far into chimneys; practical experience has convinced me that no one who went too far in ever fell too far out. Venturing out I found a dearth of handholds on the right hand wall and a deal of space on the left. I slid back on to the half inch ledge that had previously accommodated my right boot. Applying varied pressure techniques I repeated this unproductive manoeuvre two or three times. Memory took me back to a similar situation in North Wales, when I spent twenty minutes entombed in a recess, incapable of anything except imprecations, whilst the leader sprawled aloft incapable of anything except helpless laughter. Meanwhile my right boot was finding its half inch ledge inadequate.

I reflected on the injustices of life. On any climb, new or hackneyed, the leader is to a degree tackling the unknown and therefore entitled to respect from the lower orders, with a divine right to take his time. His mantle does not descend to the leader of the second rope; a pitch just led holds fewer terrors, and those who fall off it go just as far with rather less sympathy.

"You are a member of the A.C. and ought to be capable of climbing a 'v. diff'" said my better self.

"You are a mountaineer not a rock gymnast" replied his worse brother. "You have a duty to your wife and child . . ."

I asked for a top rope.

Above, Richard's ancient and un MOT tested boots were negotiating an airy move on to a tilted slab; nylon was in short supply. In the course of time the message was passed and a rope and crab edged their way down. Once more I made that six inch advance; finding it more restful I slid back on the rope instead of the half inch ledge. Alarmed lest these Sisyphean manoeuvres should persist, I complained bitterly. Next time the rope held the advance and following a few brief struggles, I was up. To my disgust John followed without difficulty.

From the top of the climb we walked over Sgumain and Alasdair. From the depths came the sound of a waterfall, unusual to say the least in the heart of Cuillin. A few minutes later we, too, were cavorting down the Great Stone Chute, the heavy fall of boot on scree constricted by massive walls into an echoing of waters in the bowels of the earth.

Next day we traversed the ridge from Mhadaidh to Bruach na Frithe; in memory lingers that long series of overhanging slabs, sloped down towards the green and azure bowl of Coruisk. The others were keen to do Naismith's up the gaunt face of the Tooth; I was happy to plod down the sunlit meadows above the Bealach a' Mhaim to the Sligachan Bar to which all in due time repaired. Generations of tardy climbers have made the Macraes of Glenbrittle House tolerant of latecomers for supper.

Dividing forces we did the Cioch and the Inaccessible. Then finding gabbro wearing on the fingers, we drove round the sea lochs to Elgol for the tourist trip to Coruisk. Richard and I elected to walk back over the Bealach Coire na Banachdich, whilst the others husbanded their

strength for the Ridge. A hundred yards along the loch shore and civilisation was left behind. It was very hot and Coruisk invited a bathe remarkable for its brevity. We admired the long walls of Drum Hain, the lonely turret of Sgurr Coir' an Lochain and trudged up the scree beneath the cliffs of Dearg.

Neither I nor Richard's boots were fit for the Ridge, and sweltering over the moor under a blazing sun one felt little disposed to envy the competitors. In due course we gathered in their sleeping bags from Sgurr nan Eag and their bodies from the Sligachan Bar.

Mist lay on the Heights next morning and we watched Ronald MacDonald's boat set off for Coruisk in a choppy sea. In the afternoon the clouds curtained the valley and rain swept in from the sea. Our week in Skye would end in traditional style.

Saturday brought the Search Parties, Walkie Talkies by barn and beach and rumours of seven missing. We lingered all morning listening to Welsh mountain rescue teams wrestling with the pronunciation of Cuillin Corries and were permitted our own abortive gesture as the rain came cascading back. This died by mutual consent half way up Sgumain Stone Chute, as four sodden climbers realised the futility of searching the upper corries with 20 yards visibility in deteriorating conditions—gullies spuming waterfalls and the moors awash.

So, in torrential rain and a wild night drive, ended another visit to the misty isle. Its sequel was more convivial, when those who weren't rescued entertained those who didn't rescue them to Polish mead and strawberries in suburban Sutton.

DEFEAT

Walter Kirstein

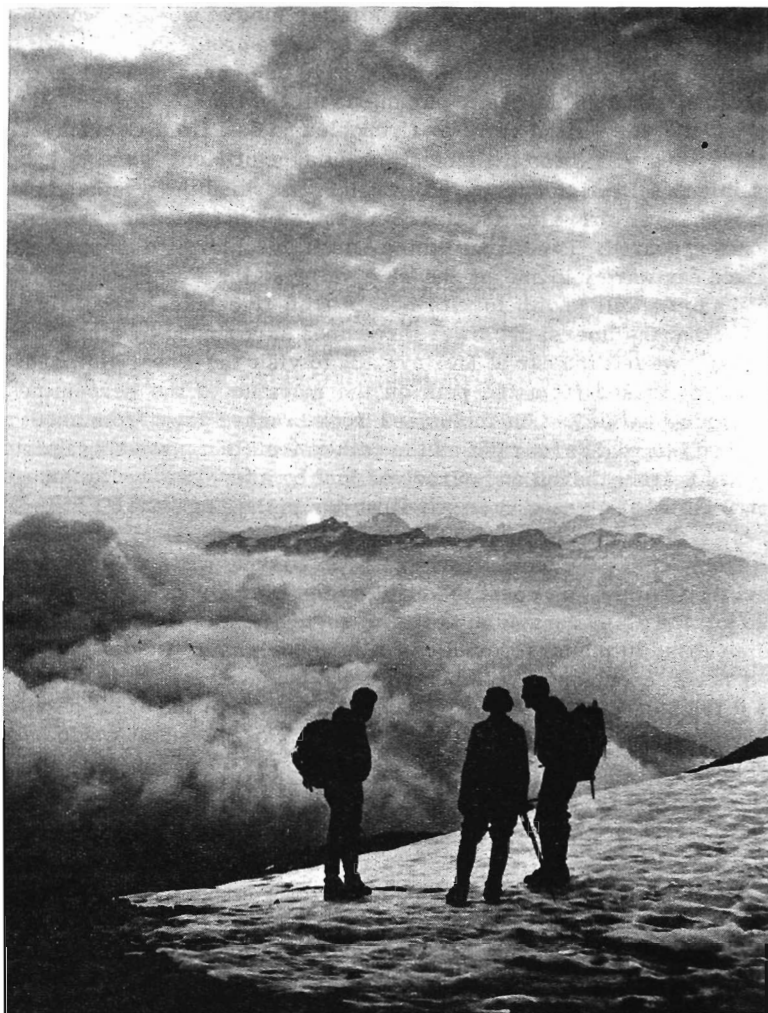
I AM WRITING this shortly after attending the evening when members showed slides of the 1967 Loetschental Meet. I felt very sad that we could not have been with them this year, though I doubt very much that we could have kept up with them, hearing about these climbs of 16 hours and longer. The splendid weather they had! Sunshine nearly on all the excellent slides which were shown.

My wife and I had hoped for a similar kind of weather when we were sweltering in the heat of Paris, attending a professional Meeting. If only it would rain now and we could have this sunshine later in the Engadine, this thought was in our minds all the time. Middle of July we put the car on the train to Grenoble and saw from Courmayeur and the Rifugio Heilbron the fantastic southface of Mont Blanc in ideal conditions. Even on our drive through Switzerland the weather held. Only when we drove up from Tirano to the Bernina Pass the first clouds appeared. Two thirds up the Val di Poschiavo we stopped and walked eastward into one of the side valleys, the Val di Campo. It seems to be well known for its beauty with five lakes, one a little higher than the others; the lower three ones surrounded by pinewoods. Next day we left the car at Morteratsch to visit the Boval Hut. Just when we crossed from the path on the moraine to the serpentines, leading up to the hut, a table-sized rock crashed down from about a hundred feet higher up right on the path in front of us, missing a party returning from the hut and ourselves just by a few yards. No damage done; but what a greeting on our first day in the Engadine!

The next day the barometer started to go down and, attempting to beat the weather, we spent the night on the Diavolezza. We left the hut for the Cambrena, disregarding some distant grumbling noises. After about 20 minutes we noticed a kind of hissing in the air. We had never experienced this before and it bothered the guide as much as it frightened us. We turned back and so did all the other parties. A few minutes later we were glad to be back in the hut; it would have been no fun to weather this thunderstorm in the open.

From then on we had storms nearly every day. About ten days later we tried again; we found the hut full of climbers and spent the evening together with 2 Swiss S.A.C. members from Zurich. The morning was fine and sunrise found us on the Fuorcla d'Arlas between Piz Trovat and Piz d'Arlas. Morning mist covered the Bernina Valley on our left, the sun, rising slowly behind the Italian Alps in the distance, tinted the sea of clouds below us with the same rosy hue which we saw on a second layer of clouds high above our heads. I am afraid the black and white print only gives a very poor image of that beautiful view.

We left now the Palu route and started the steep north ridge of the Arlas. When crossing this route I had thought it would be an easy and fast climb up this ridge. In fact a lot of loose stuff lying around required great care and cost us a lot of time. In spite of climbing



Sunrise,
Fuorcla D'Arlas

Photo by Walter Kirstein

very close together nearly all of us got some scratches. We were glad when we came to a snowfield where our boots could grip the snow. But soon the snow became as hard as ice, steps had to be cut and this took a long time. The ridge led up to a cairn, the north summit of Piz Arlas. We could now look down on the Lago Bianco with the Bernina Hospiz whilst to the west, behind the ice nose of the Cambrena, the well known peaks from Palu to Tscherva formed their famous panorama. The ridge gets narrow from here on, running nearly level until shortly before the south summit. However, our progress was too slow, we were still some hours from the Cambrena summit and we saw the clouds from Italy come up and cover the mountain. We decided to call it a day and turned back. We came to the icefield some distance away from our track and had to cut steps again, downhill this time, using about an hour for a hundred feet. Before reaching the hut, the rain caught us; the only consolation being that we had not missed too much. Well, there is always next year. After all, it is only 40 years since we came to the Engadine the first time. On the Segantini Hut, above Pontressina, we met a man, an A.C. member, son of one of the famous pioneers, who told us he had been visiting the Engadine for 72 years, every year, with the exception of the two world wars.



The Hon. Editor regrets that the following concluding paragraph was omitted from the article 'My Early Recollections of the Association' by N. E. Odell on page 166 of the 1967 Journal.

"May I end by conveying my good wishes to the Association, and to its parent, the S.A.C., for their continuing progress and usefulness for the benefit of those who travel in the incomparable Alps, as well as expressing my appreciation of the award of this elegant Veteran's Badge of half a century's significance!"

ALPINE MEET, 1967

P. H. W. Wallace

THESE NOTES are in no sense a full report of the activities carried out by the whole party in the course of the Meet; nor even an account, in any detail, of every excursion in which the writer participated. The former would necessarily be inadequate, and the latter would exceed available space. They are, rather, a series of selected summaries, impressions, and reflections that, having somehow survived the mangle of effort on steep gradients, and the effervescence of altitude, were crammed hastily into one's mental baggage like souvenirs, and are now disinterred for sceptical examination.

Exordium

The Meet opened on Saturday August 5th, and by evening most of us, some 30 to 35 persons, had arrived. We had found a valley reminiscent in the steepness of its sides of Chamonix, though without such a display of Aiguilles. But the total impression was no less magnificent. Besides the giant Bietschhorn, soaring above the south edge of the valley, and the snowy ridge of the Petersgrat to the north, there were a number of peaks with characteristic names: a couple of Breithorns, a couple of Rothorns, a Sackhorn and a Sattelhorn. And beyond us, at the distant end of the Langgletscher, a great blind opening to the east—the Lötchenlücke.

"This is far too comfortable, we shall never move out of here": a thought that flashed through the writer's mind whilst enjoying the luxuries of that first evening at the Fafleralp Hotel. But good weather—which on the whole we had—can work wonders. For those who went on the longer expeditions the luxuries tended to be caviare between substantail sandwiches. And the delightful variety of details in the valley itself—the profusion of plants and flowers, the Lonza torrent, the deep blue lakes, the villages and chapels—space forbids any attempt to do them justice. Observations of valley and mountainside may emerge in the recollections of more urgent subject matter. Solvitur ambulando—which is not intended to suggest: 'Saunter to the summit'.

Sunday August 6

A delightful day spent sauntering in the valley.

Monday August 7. The Mutthorn Hut.

Five of our doctors (with a total of seven or eight we were equipped for serious expeditions) who were always a day or two ahead of us, with one or two of the main party, had already left for this hut on the Sunday. About fourteen of us, with our two guides, Otto Stoller and Ernst Ritter, set out soon after noon on Monday.

The Mutthorn Hut, if hardly to be described as inaccessible, appears to be one of the minority which cannot be approached without crossing a considerable stretch of snow-covered glacier. Three kilometres from the head of the Aüsseres Faflertal, it is almost as far from Lauterbrunnen; whilst if there is a route from the north by the Tschingelpass, this would seem to have to traverse the high Gamchigletscher. . . We found the Aüsseres Faflertal a toilsome pull on a hot day. On standard climbs, successfully completed, how often is the 'hut-slog' with its heavy load, the most punishing section of the whole excursion! From the head of our valley, appr. 2800 m. there is a further 400 m. ascent over glacier to the crest of the Petersgrat, then a slight drop to the hut at 2901 m. (9612 ft.). A fairly high hut: we arrived about 6 p.m. "I made the mistake of drinking too much coffee," said someone the next day, complaining of sleeplessness, Caffeine or altitude?

Tuesday August 8

(Please note that all times given are approximate). At 6.15 a.m. we leave, 14 and 2 guides, for the Tschingelhorn. Again breasting the snow arete of the Petersgrat, and curving left, we approach the peak—really a toothed part of the ridge—from the south-west. 8 a.m., we halt at a small rocky island and break up into smaller parties for the final assault. A perfect morning. What a view, right from our feet, of the whole range of the Pennines from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa. Photographers! I call upon you to help me out, as on all scenic aspects mentioned in these notes.

Those who stayed on the rocky island were able to enjoy several hours of ultra-violet rays and vitamin D. The rest of us move off in three ropes. Climbing party: Otto, Christine, Virginia, Paul (French), Paul (Wallace), James, John (Lawton), Harry, David (Riddell), Ernst, Vincent, Maurice (Bennett), Maurice (Freeman), Wynn, Reg and Harold.

The approach to the rocks soon becomes clear as Otto leads us to the narrowest part of the Bergschrund on the right of a steep ice-couloir. A high step up and thereafter easy-going—little harder than

the Hockenhorn except for a snowslope which we are lucky to find in good condition. But we have to wait for several parties moving both up and down. 10.15, on the summit. On the way down we move at least more quickly than the party which chose to descend by the snow-couloir on our right, and found itself in difficulties. Rocky island 12.45. Lunch. Then back to the Aüsseres Faflertal and that painful descent in sweltering heat. Fafleralp 4 p.m.

Wednesday August 9

Fine weather during a mountaineering holiday, however much desired, means little time to rest on any laurels. On Tuesday evening those bound for the Jungfrau are already packing rucksacks for a proposed 7.30 start. However, by the time we have distributed a vast pile of provisions for three days, it is past 8 before we move off from the fine frontage of the hotel.

Route: Concordia Hut, Jungfraujoch, Jungfrau.

Party: Otto, Virginia, Paul (French), David Riddell, Paul (Wallace), James, Harry, Ernst, John (Lawton), Harold. When we rope up, on the Langgletscher, we divide into three ropes.

Every summarised account of an expedition omits myriads of impressions and minor incidents which are usually forgotten afterwards, but which may have been urgent realities while they were being experienced. After a successful excursion long hours of routine are lost in a vague recollection of effort. Thus, the march over the jagged moraine of the Langgletscher is hot, the ascent to the Lötschenlucke (10515 ft.) often steep and fatiguing, sometimes crevassed. In the following hours all becomes blurred. Narrative must take the form of dominant impressions.

As we leave the Hollandia hut, with its flock of chirruping choughs, high above on our left, we plunge into thick mist. Scarce a look at the vast Grosser Aletsch Firn before it is blotted out as the vapour floats up from the east and south like steam from a Turkish bath. Surely Otto cannot find the way without taking compass bearings? But no. Later we learn that he uses various glacier signs: the ice is melting away on the southern side of boulders, the glacier table slopes to the south-east. There is plenty of water as we descend into the Concordia Platz; innumerable gushing streams of melting ice through which we have to paddle until our boots are soaked. Mysterious going, in which the ear receives more impressions than the eye, until, almost accidentally, one seems to make out dark, arabesque

patches of sky through the mist. In a moment one realises that they are not sky but patches of distant rock becoming gradually more clearly revealed. A sudden swerve to the left and we are soon nearly across the Aletsch glacier—and there are the ladders of the Concordia hut against the background of a dark mountain face.

203 steps (Harry counted them) and we are in the annexe hut at 5.15. Crowded like sardines, but we eat an excellent supper: slices of steak with quantities of spaghetti, served piping hot, and gallons of tea.

Thursday August 10

Packed tight in our rabbit-hutch we listen to storm, hail, and driven snow. No possibility of an early start, so the prolonged though broken rest is not unwelcome. At length, about 10 a.m., the sky clears, and we rope up at the top of the ladders in case they are iced. The solid, square rungs are, however, not too bad. In clearer visibility than yesterday, but under a still grey sky, we cross the Concordia Platz to the Jungfraufirn.

The Plank

Across our path is a continuous 12 foot gap, more a dyke than a crevasse, with a stream of icy rushing water about 25 feet down. Not a sign of narrowing to right or left, but—strange philanthropy!—a plank just spanning the abyss, fairly solid itself, but precariously resting on sloping rims of ice. On this side the surface is too hard to do more than dent with an axe. We make do for our belay with several axes and Otto crosses first. On the other side there is more snow in which to belay and eventually we all cross, though the plank sinks perceptibly lower. How long would it hold? There is a pair of skis on this (westerly) side of the dyke. What are they doing there? And what became of their owner?

We reach the Jungfrauoch about 2 p.m. at the end of a strenuous final slope. Elaborate; palatial; reminiscent of the interior of the Maginot Line. Tunnel, railway, hotel, shops, restaurant, all over 11,000 feet. Unfortunately the view to the north is obscured by mist. Little sight of Grindelwald, Wengen, the Eigerwand. The weather keeps tourists away and we have the restaurant to ourselves. Dinner 9 francs; breakfast and matratzenlager a few francs more—not bad at 11,000 feet.

Friday August 11

Another night of gusty driving snow. At 5 a.m. Otto decides that a start is worth trying. At 6 we rope up in the tunnel, and emerging, find the outlook improving. A plunge down to the glacier, and a climb up to a rocky island, still well below the Rottalsattel. Here we discard surplus kit (7.45). Then a long, curving ascent, with a towering Bergschrund above us on the left, which we eventually cross by a steep snow bridge to gain Sattel. Here technical aspects become interesting. It is now sunny but there is a bitterly cold breeze. To reach the final ridge we have to traverse a steep, bowl-shaped wall of ice falling away to an abyss. It reminds one of the 'wall of death' ridden by trick motorcyclists. With a spare rope Otto and Ernst construct a handrail, pinned to the ice by screws and karabiners. Thus we step delicately above the abyss, round the wall of ice, to the foot of the rocky ridge. The rock soon becomes an ice-slope, much longer and steeper than it looked from below. At a guess it is at least 55 degrees, perhaps more. However, the steps are cut so efficiently that we zig-zag our way up steadily. Three points: feet and axe; no crampons, for here and there is loose snow.

At the summit by 11 o'clock. Clear to the south-west, still cloudy to the north. We start down at 11.30. The ice slope looks portentous from above, but though harder than coming up, is not quite so bad as one expected. We reach our rocky island at two. Lunch. Then the decision to make for the Aletschfirn and the Lötschenlücke via the Lauitor—a snow col opposite but above us across a deep valley—and the Kranzbergfirn, cutting off a great corner formed by the Kranzberg. Perhaps we shall reach Fafleralp the same night, but few of us, probably, expect to do so...

The short cut was an interesting expedition in itself. An arduous climb up firm snow to the Lauitor (12,140ft.) which we gained by a fine snow-bridge; a descent over a variety of crevasses to reach, eventually, the far-distant Aletschfirn, 5.30, about 3 hours since the rocky island.

Then an ascending route march to the Lötschenlücke, where the choughs signal to us from the Hollandia Hut. At last, familiar green Lotschental—home! Perhaps an hour later we unrope, and then comes the most gruelling stretch of the expedition—the tumble-scramble, by glorious moonlight, over moraine and path, to the Hotel. Ende Gut, Alles Gut. What a grand welcome when we got in (9.50).

Saturday August 12

Rest day. How wonderful not to put on one's boots. If space permitted I would write an ode to Cherry Jam.

Sunday August 13. The Lötchenpasshütte for the Hockenhorn.

Party about 18. A fine walk through different zones of vegetation, from alpine valley to tundra and arctic regions. Telli alp, Weritzalp, Lauchernalp, Lötchenpass.

Shorthand recollections :

On the lichened tundra plateau just below the Lötchenpass—ptarmigan? . . . The Lötchenhütte, a private hut, dependent on melted snow for water. We dined well but—how small can a blanket be still to deserve the name?

Monday August 14

A freezing night urges the party up as soon as need be, to do this close peak. On the snow slope towards the mountain there are pad marks—fox? Lynx? . . . Below, on the left, the Gasterntal is brimming with mist. . . Behind on the east face of the Ferdenrothorn the contorted overfolds are striking. . . Southwards across the Lötchenthal, a searching eye can discern the Bietschhornhütte. . .

Tuesday August 15

Back at Fafleralp.

Wednesday August 16

Preparations for the Bietschhorn. A large party leaves at 11 a.m. for the Bietschhornhütte. A hot pull, via Blatten, but not so far as it looked from the Hockenhorns. A very attractive situation, in tundra region, half-circled by the rocky rampart of the Schafberg.

Thursday August 17

After a stormy night we postpone the climb for a day.

Friday and Saturday August 18 and 19

We rise at 1 a.m., leaving the hut at 2, on the 18th. We return to the hut after 5 a.m. on the 19th. Space restricts any account of this climb to a few impressions. It turned out to be long, and much harder than it looked. So far as the writer can judge, it was a much greater test of endurance, in equal conditions, than, for example, the Hörnli

ridge of the Matterhorn or even the south-west ridge of the Dent Blanche. The difficult stretches seemed longer, the exposure much more continuous, and the descent down the upper portion of the north ridge more dangerous than anything normally encountered on those two climbs. We were lucky to have glorious conditions, and it would be interesting to know whether, had we made better time, the climb would have been so formidable.

There is quite a long approach march, up the Schafberg (1400 ft.) and across the Bietschgletscher to the west ridge. This is at first easy. But higher up it narrows and steepens until it is, for considerable stretches, razor-edged, and with a portentous abyss on either side. The rock is often far from sound, though better, it seemed, on the north than on the west ridge.

A long abseil, about 90 metres, landed us on the Bietschgletscher from a spur on the north ridge an hour after an incredibly beautiful sunset. Then followed a march and a bivouac, which must have been long and cold for those who stayed until daylight. For those who descended the awkward Schafberg an hour before sunrise, the first sound of running water from the tiny stream which supplies the hut was refreshing music.

Climbing party: Otto, Vincent, Virginia, Paul Wallace, Harry Archer, Hamish Brown, John Lawton, James Bogle, Karli, Paul French, John Noake.

Table of Heights and Distances

Heights

Fafleralp, 5500 ft. Mutthorn Hut, 9612 ft. Lötchenpass, 8840 ft. Lötchenlücke, 10,515 ft. Jungfrauoch, 11,090 ft. Bietschhornhütte, 9200 ft. Biestchjoch, 10,600 ft. Petersgrat, 10,515 ft. Tschingelhorn, 11,750 ft. Hockenhorn, 10,817 ft. Concordia Hut, 9415 ft. Jungfrau, 13,670 ft. Bietschhorn, 12,965 ft. Schafberg, 1400 ft. app.

Distances

Fafleralp to Lötchenlücke	9 km
Lötchenlücke to Concordia	8 km.
Concordia to Jungfrauoch	7½ km.
Lauitor to Grosser Aletschfirn	3½ km.
Fafleralp to Auss. Talgletscher	7 km.
Bietschhornhütte to Fafleralp	5½ km.

The Net of Recollection—Miscellaneous and Subjective.

The mountains evoke in every individual who travels over them a multitude of impressions and reflections, emphasised by physical effort but often swiftly submerged by a ceaseless flow of fresh stimuli. Perhaps the most characteristic feature of this experience is contrast—effort and exposure followed by relaxation and ease—contrast which sharpens observations and raises ordinary comforts to the state of luxury. In retrospect every traveller may find observations which have survived, and reflections which have lost their immediacy, but which seemed lively and apt under the pressure of environment and stress.

Huts

The early mountaineers had no huts but they had numerous porters. We are our own mules, and if the slog is hot and fatiguing one's observation of the prolific plant life of the valley and its landforms becomes blurred as one sweats up steep, winding, windless paths. Then, quite suddenly, as the closing slopes open out, a cool breeze blows and the Hut comes into view, and there is a sensation of moving towards a haven, even though one has left the luxurious valley and the resources of civilization behind for regions of tundra and arctic. The relative values of amenities is realised. A shelter, spartan but substantial, a supply of running water—unless the Hut is really primitive—the larder which you have hauled up on your backs. Simple and military commodities, which would be taken for granted below, but here—precious means of survival and comfort. A chirrup of choughs to welcome you (to them this haven must be a soup kitchen inhabited by crazy creatures who cast away choice tit-bits), and a crude terrace, suitable in fine weather for sun-bathing. A space haven. And the more remote, the less likely to be cluttered up by that sometimes superfluous fauna—other climbers and visitors.

Ecology

Haste often blurs recognition of subtle changes of vegetation below the snow line. But sometimes one chances happily upon a limited region of tundra vegetation which reveals, on close examination, an astonishing variety of small plant life and a pleasing green contrast to the barren rock-scape around. Two such regions come to mind: a small plateau just below the Lötschenpass, on the way up from Lauchernalp, and the region of the Bietschhornhütte, beneath the wall of the Schafberg. The prevailing characteristic of the former is a

greenish-yellow lichen, the dominant vegetation; but there is also copious moss, and a variety of tiny plants. From here we started a flock of fast-flying grey and white birds about the size of grouse. Ptarmigan? Around the Bietschhornhütte there was less visible dominance of lichen but an even more copious display of Alpine plants. Three of us collected a score of specimens in less than half an hour's search. Among them were: Meadow Grass, Ladies' Mantle, Euphrasia, Alpine Mouseear Chickweed, Cushion Campion (*Silene Acaulis*), a large violet, a Stonecrop, Starflower, and several mosses—and Hamish picked, of course, the *Campanula Rotundifolia*, the Scottish Bluebell. No wonder sheep and chamois find here a congenial grazing ground.

Altitude and Introspection.

When attention is occupied by sustained exertion in a remote environment short periods of real time become long periods of psychological time. A few weeks, even a single week, occupied by expeditions seems an epoch separating one by a gulf from the concerns of ordinary life. Great changes, one feels, cannot but have taken place elsewhere during a period so full, at close hand, of alternating tension and relief. One is mildly surprised to find that usually they have not . . .

Altitude, even the moderate altitudes of the Alps, combined with fatigue, can evoke a temporary pessimism perhaps more illusory than the most hectic exhilaration—though it should be said that the generally good weather conditions of August 1967 modified such effects, which are usually the fruit of severe conditions. "Civilisation started with a wind-break" said H. G. Wells. Confrontation with the harsh inhospitability of rock, snow, and ice, especially during spells of severe weather, fatigue, or danger, impresses one with a realisation that all human culture and invention have been dependent upon environments fortunate enough to permit continuing existence, and leisure at least for trial and error. In this mood, when lyricism is frozen until rest and refreshment are attained, all life appears to be no more than an opportunity for survival on the margin of chaos. But life, one is told, began on warm sea-beaches—even though it has survived ice ages. Here, among the high peaks, its sustenance is essentially an artificial achievement, costly in energy and concentration, necessarily short term. An environment of endurance and effort which excites a surge of ideas but permits only a hazy assessment of them

After the bleakness and hardness of ice and rock the first green

contours of the valley have an almost intoxicating effect. Formerly unnoticed phenomena awake agreeable associations. For the writer, on returning to the hotel, the smell of the mules and their leather trappings brought an extraordinary sense of refreshment and relaxation. Curious in the case of one who seldom frequents stables. It must be that, after days on the barren heights, the smell of livestock suggests comfort and opulence. Then, a moment later, that glorious facade of the hotel, with people drinking apfelsaft etc. in the sun all day—surely the same people whom one saw on setting out! Well, it's two hours before dinner and the sun is still warm. . . reflections about the precariousness of life recede into the background. . . tonight one will sleep under an enormous bolster, provided it can be persuaded not to slip off the bed.

Homeward bound.

For the heavily-laden traveller the route: train-customs-gangway-deck is almost as gruelling as the hut slog. But the sight and smell of the Channel—there is another therapeutic contrast. The movement of the blue, velvety summer sea, after the merciless hardness of steep ice and rock; the almost intoxicating richness of ozone to lungs grown accustomed to the bracing quality of mountain air. And, although one will yawn for a week, how luxurious ordinary amenities seem. There is nothing like a little self-punishment to ensure a psychological boost. That's why we'll try it again.



DIARY FOR 1968

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|----------------|---|
| 24 January | Lecture—'Mont Blanc and the Bernina' by Dr. Paul Roberts. |
| 17—18 February | Meet—Derbyshire. Leader, Walter Unsworth. |
| 21 February | Lecture—'Mountaineering in Poland' by Denis Gray. |
| 20 March | Lecture—'20 years after' by Frank Solari. |
| 10—17 April | Easter Meet—Langdale. |
| 24 April | Lecture—'Some Spanish Mountains' by Donald Clarke. |
| 22 May | Ladies Night Dinner, Connaught Rooms. |
| 8—9 June | Meet—North Wales. Leader, F.A. Schweitzer. |
| 26 June | Lecture—'The Easter Meet, 1968'. |
| 10—24 August | Alpine Meet—Obergurhl. |
| 25 September | Lecture—'The Alpine Meet, 1968'. |
| 12—13 October | Meet—Langdale. Leader, Peter Ledebor. |
| 23 October | Lecture—'Across Britain' by Dr. Peter Steele. |
| 27 November | Annual Dinner and General Meeting, Connaught Rooms. |

Fuller details of these events are notified in the bulletins. Lectures are held at the Alpine Club at 6.30 p.m. and are followed by an informal dinner at the Lucullus Restaurant, Oxford Street. Information regarding the Easter and Alpine Meets is obtainable from Maurice Bennett and, regarding the Weekend Meets, from the Leaders.



ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES

Ladies Night Dinner

The Ladies Night Dinner was held at the Connaught Rooms on 24th May 1967. The principal guest of the Association was M. Gaston Rébuffat who delighted his audience with a fascinating lecture and display of his outstanding colour slides. In addition he autographed copies of his latest book 'Men and the Matterhorn' for members and their ladies. The following were also guests of the Association; Dr. E.M. Bircher and Miss Pamela Bircher, M. Jean-Louis Grandjean, First Counsellor at the Embassy, Mr. S. Pickard of Messrs. Kaye and Ward (publishers of M. Rébuffat's book) and Mr. and Mrs. Schaeffeler of the Swiss National Tourist Office.

The Annual Dinner

The Annual Dinner was held at the Connaught Rooms on Thursday, November 30th. About a hundred members and friends were present and the following were guests of the Association: His Excellency, The Swiss Ambassador, and Madame Long, The Right Honourable Quintin Hogg, P.C., Q.C., M.P., Mr. E. E. Shipton, C.B.E. (President of the Alpine Club), Mrs. M. Starkey (President of the Ladies Alpine Club), Mr. J. R. Files (President of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club), Mr. S. J. G. Hutchinson (Midland Association of Mountaineers), Mr. G. MacNair (President of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club), Mr. G. Unselde (Swiss National Tourist Office).

In proposing the toast of "The Swiss Confederation", Mr. Quintin Hogg spoke of the beauties of Switzerland, of the affinity of its people with those of Britain and of our admiration for a small nation whose history was as long as our own. The difference between the men of Ticino and those of Basle was at least as great as that between Englishman and Scot; yet the Swiss Confederation was threatened by no local nationalist movement. He praised the Swiss Ambassador, as both diplomat and economist, an expert on G.A.T.T., whose problems few could understand.

His Excellency, The Swiss Ambassador replied. As an amateur speaker he had little reckoned to follow such a renowned professional at our dinner. He went on to speak most kindly of the British association with Switzerland and maintained that it was the British who

had taught the Swiss and others the joys of mountaineering and ski-ing. He himself was no mountaineer, but as a skier, he had been most grateful for the Britannia Hut, built from funds raised by the Association, and where he had sheltered from a storm. He was most pleased to toast the Association.

Vincent Cohen thanked His Excellency and Mr. Quintin Hogg for being so kind as to come to the dinner and make two such witty speeches. He proceeded to review the Association's activities over the past year, mentioning in particular the efforts put in to increase its scope. In addition to the usual Easter and Alpine Meets we had had two successful Hut Meets at Glan Dena and Langdale; he felt that the future of the Association must lie with its younger and more active members. In thanking the Officers and Committee for their work during the year, he spoke particularly highly of the efforts of the Honorary Secretaries. Until he had been placed in a position to watch for himself, he had never realised how much work was in fact done! He thanked Mr. French for leading a successful Alpine Meet; he for one had cause to remember the Bietschhorn. His gratitude should also go to the Hon. Editor for his work on the Journal, our best means of communication with our very many out of Town members.

Peter Ledebor who proposed the toast of "The Guests", had as a market research expert been studying them and regaled us with an imaginary questionnaire which he would thrust upon each and every one of them, revealing the attitudes to the weather and to climbing the Matterhorn.

Mr. Eric Shipton, replying, spoke feelingly of the hazards of dining out in Central Asia and mentioned apologetically his recent ascent of the Rimpfischhorn, his first Alpine ascent for 37 years. For a President of the Alpine Club he felt this was a unique record! Referring to trends in modern climbing he praised the efforts of the post 1945 generation in getting back into Europe and doing the really hard modern routes; he reminded his listeners that the youth of his generation too in its day had been regarded as hot-headed. Whilst he deprecated the competitive element in recent climbing, this had always been lingering in the wings since the days of the Pioneers. He hoped that the youth of today would ultimately settle down to mountaineering as he had done for the last forty years.

Roy Crepin in proposing the health of the President, congratulated him on his recovery from his recent illness, and for the work for youth which had characterised his years of office.

R. W. J.

The Easter Meet

The weather has hardly been kind to our Easter Meets during recent years, but this year it surpassed itself. Gales and rain persisted for most of the time and on Easter Sunday the snowploughs had to clear the road by the side of the Loch whilst a party attempted to struggle up Ben Bheithir. Most of us gave up at about 2,500 ft. but three of the younger members managed to reach the col. Here they found themselves quite unable to stand up against the wind and make the comparatively short distance to the summit.

Another party reached the summit of Sgurr Dhearg in indifferent conditions on another day but generally we had to be content ourselves with minor summits, sloshing through wet snow lower down for the pleasure of having powder snow whipped into our faces by strong winds higher up.

Once again we were based on the Allt-nan-Ros Hotel at Onich. On one of our off days we had a visit from Hamish Brown and some of his pupils. When a hardy Scot like Hamish considers it too wet to climb, perhaps we were not too unambitious in keeping in close range of the Hotel during the worst of the weather.

The following members and guests attended: Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. M. Bennett and David Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. M. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Jesson, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Midgley, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Starkey, Dr. D. Riddell and Messrs. D. M. Clarke, E. C. Jarvis, F. E. Smith, and N. E. Walker.

The Alpine Meet

The £50 currency allowance posed an awkward problem for the organisers of the Meet. There are not many mountain centres left in Switzerland where one can find an hotel large enough to accommodate a party of about thirty at a price which will leave something over for climbing. One such is Arolla, but we were there the previous year. Eventually, we settled for Fafleralp in the Lötschental and for the 5th to the 19th August. The Meet proved to be very enjoyable and for this we were greatly indebted to Paul French who organised the climbing.

The following members and guests attended the Meet: The President, Mr. V. O. Cohen and Mrs. Cohen, Wing Commander H. Archer, Mr. and Mrs. M. Bennett, David Bennett and Miss Christine Kaye, The Revd.

J. M. L. L. Bogle, Mr. and Mrs. P. Boulter and Miss Boulter, Dr. R. Durance, Mr. H. Flook, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. P. French, Mr. J. Gardiner, Mr. W. R. H. Jeudwine, Dr. J. Lawton, Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Lintott, Mr. and Mrs. H. Noake, Mr. J. Noake and Miss Margaret Banks, Mr. R. C. J. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. N. Peskett, Dr. D. Riddell, Dr. and Mrs. F. A. W. Schweitzer, Mr. N. E. Walker and Mr. P. H. W. Wallace.

We are indebted to Mr. P. H. W. Wallace for the account of the Meet to be found on page 24.

Week-end Meets. An Experiment

There has been a feeling among some members that a gap exists in our Meet Programme, namely, a need for a hut based week-end Meet to attract younger members and to provide a meeting point for our many northern members. It was therefore decided to arrange two week-end Meets of this type as an experiment :

22/23 April — North Wales. We were fortunate enough in being able to secure enough places in the M.A.M. hut Glan Dena, which offered a well appointed base against the uninviting weather which greeted us on the Saturday morning. Nevertheless we set forth for Glyder Fach with the object of having a look at one or two climbs, but by the time we reached the cliff rain and sleet had set in with a howling gale. So we had to traverse down the Devil's Kitchen, though a few hardy spirits battled on over Y Garn.

Headed by the President, 20 of us sat down to dinner at the Pen-y-Gwryd, where mine host Chris Briggs revived most amply any damp spirits, and the most unexpected talents were displayed at table tennis afterwards in company with Mike and Sally Westmacott. Sunday developed into spring sunshine and we disported ourselves on many routes on Tryfan before hurrying home. A most enjoyable week-end.

14/15 October — Langdale. "A wild week-end in Langdale" perhaps hardly conveys the right impression of a climbing Meet, but it describes the stormy weather that we encountered. Based on R.L.H. (with an overflow in Raw Head) we appreciated the humour of the notice on arrival informing us that the water supply had failed with all the torrential rain outside.

We appreciated too the welcoming gesture of Bobby Files (now President of the Fell & Rock) and his wife in helping us to splash our way up Jack's Rake on Pavey Ark on the Saturday and of Dick Cook

making us battle breathlessly up Mosedale to Bowfell on the Sunday. In a way the highlight of the week-end was Sid Cross's dinner at the O.D.G., where 30 of us sat down in most congenial surroundings to see (after dinner) Bill Comstive's superb slides of Lakeland.

The response to this experiment was therefore most heartening, and at the wish of those present it has been decided to arrange further week-end Meets in 1968.

Officers and Committee

At the Annual General Meeting the following appointments were made. Mr. Walter Kirstein to be Vice-President in place of Mr. J. G. Broadbent; Mr. G. A. Daniels to be Hon. Auditor in place of Mr. R. A. Tyssen-Gee; Wing Commander H. D. Archer and Messrs. J. G. Broadbent, S. M. Freeman, F. P. French, F. A. W. Schweitzer and F. E. Smith in place of Messrs. J. E. Jesson, W. R. Jeurwine, W. Kirstein, R. B. Quine, W. E. Radcliffe and F. Solari.

The Library

When I took over the Library from John Kemsley last Autumn, the most immediately significant effect was that the office of chief borrower changed hands. A commuter's life, especially since Southern Region altered the time-tables, has many travails and these are eased by good books.

I had always meant to read A. E. W. Mason's "Running Water". Written by one of our earliest Presidents, it is reputed to be one of the best pieces of climbing fiction in the English language. I suppose most people, reading this book, must have wondered whether, granted adequate motive, they could commit murder on a climb; this is of course slightly different from merely wanting to. Gabriel Strood is of another calibre; instinctively he saves his victim from falling from the path, and then, high up on the Old Brenva route, backs himself for survivor in a battle against frostbite. Few of my friends would be cold-blooded enough to do this.

Dipping into early numbers of the Alpine Journal, it is possible to pull out a few plums. A leading light in the A.C. is approached by a certain person, a "third rate foreigner". The whole article proclaims its author's wholesome belief in the superiority of anything British in those imperial golden climbing days, the sixties; but then he wasn't obliged to do it on £50. O ye gnomes of Zurich, How are the Mighty fallen.

Past librarians have grouped books by subject matter, Alps and Dolomites, Andes and Autobiography. Everything is catalogued, but its best friend could not claim that the library list is strong on locations. There appeared a small notice to the effect that the library was being recatalogued and that the librarian apologised for any inconvenience caused . . .

Problems arose. Should "My Wanderings in the Alps" be filed under "Alps" or "Autobiographical"; most likely its author's next venture would be "On Ski and Ice in the Himalaya", and entitled Vol II. Books come in almost as many shapes and sizes as our shelves, and in addition to shelves we have cupboards out of which falls anything from Balmat's boots to Tyndall's barometer. There is also overwhelming temptation to flick through the pages of any book . . .

After six months the only visible change was that the small notice looked grubbier.

This year has been one of consolidation rather than acquisition, but the following books have been added to the library.

Banks M.	Rakaposhi
Brown J.	The Hard Years
Ingram J. A.	Fellcraft
Rebuffat G.	Men and the Matterhorn
Slessor M.	Red Peak
Styles, Showell	The Foundations of Climbing

We are grateful to the publishers and authors who have presented books.

Our thanks are also due to the Alpine Club, Fell and Rock Climbing Club, Ladies Alpine Club, Pinnacle Club, the Midland Association of Mountaineers, and the Rucksack Club for the gift of their journals.

Our gratitude should also go to the Assistant Secretaries of the Alpine Club and the British Mountaineering Council and to Mrs. Lewis, the Caretaker, for their help on so many occasions.



BOOK LIST

Having enjoyed thoroughly Christian Bonington's "I Chose to Climb" referred to in last year's notes, I looked forward to "Joe Brown—The Hard Years" (Gollancz 42/-) from the same publishers.

Joe Brown, unlike any other British climber in the post war years, has become a legend in his lifetime. Stories, apocryphal or not, of Joe hanging from one hand and lighting his pipe with the other, abound. Perhaps the first of the "hard men" he raised rock climbing standards in this country at least, to a new level of difficulty. Joe's life is charted through from his early days with a clothes line on Kinder Downfall through the forgotten "Valkyries" and the now legendary "Rock and Ice" to the Alps, Kangchenjunga and the Mustagh Tower. A chapter covers the unfortunate Pamirs affair and the book ends with Joe installed in his climbing shop in Llanberis, making periodic forays on Craig Gogarth.

"The book has been written with two collaborators but the bulk of it is as Joe Brown spoke it into a tape recorder" states the jacket. Climbing is such an individual experience that the insertion of another personality between reader and climber lessens its potency. Even though the writer is himself a climber, he will tend to substitute his own reactions to a given personal situation. Exceptions occur where an author portrays an incident or series of incidents, e.g. Ralph Barker's graphic account of the accident on Haramosh, or where a climber with a very personal acquaintance with a rock face recounts its story (cf "The White Spider"). Thus I found the book less gripping than Bonington's and almost experienced a feeling of surprise when Joe emerges as the leading rock climber half-way through. Perhaps this is a tribute to his own modesty and indeed it is a pleasure to read the fair assessment and liberal praise given to others, especially Don Whillans. Only occasionally does anything else slip through, as when a second fails to follow Brown's lead. "'Here we go again,' I thought'. Understandable, in the circumstances.

Gaston Rebuffat's latest book "Men and the Matterhorn" (Nicholas Kaye 63/-) is not to be confused with Walter Unsworth's "Matterhorn Man". It is perhaps instinctive to wince at the thought of a further repeat of the Whymper-Carrel story. The drama of the first ascent is retold mainly in Whymper's own words. Mummery's adventures and experience with Geister are worth recounting. The Schmid

brothers' ascent of the North Face is contrasted with the less well-known facts of Louis Carrel on the West and South walls. At another level the exploits of Lammer and Lorria would win Oscars for recklessness in any year since 1887. However, the book's great glory is its photography which is superb; members lucky enough to see M. Rebuffat's pictures at the Ladies Night dinner will not need to be convinced. "The Last Flowers on Earth", by Rodney Hallworth (Anglely Book Co. 21/-) is an account of the R.N. East Greenland expedition led by one of our members Lt. Commander Chris Stocken, who alas lost his life.

"Mountain Conquest" by Eric Shipton (Cassell 25/-) tells of some notable climbing feats.

Instructional Books published recently include "Fellcraft" by J. A. Ingram (Stanley Paul 16/-), hill walking for beginners, and "The Foundations of Climbing", by Showell Styles (Stanley Paul 25/-) covering most forms of climbing including artificial. Also Anthony Greenbanks "Instructions in Mountaineering" (Museum Press 17/6). To my mind the most vital feature in the present generation of textbooks is the revision of treatment for exposure and exhaustion; long convinced of the importance of keeping going in all circumstances, of rubbing limbs and giving hot drinks to promote warmth, one now finds these basic mountaineering tenets dashed in pieces.

Walter Unsworth's latest book, "Tiger in the Snow, The Life and Adventures of A. F. Mummery, (Gollancz 18/-) tells the story of this leading British mountaineer from his first ascent of the Zmutt to his death on Nanga Parbat. Born anywhere else but Dover he might have founded British rock climbing; as it was he made only one recorded climb in the Lakes. Yet though his climbs were made only a few years after the Golden Age, he was essentially the first of the moderns. Serving his apprenticeship behind first class guides, he graduated to guideless climbing, and died pioneering in the Himalaya.

Mr. Unsworth bases his book on "My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus", Mummery's own story, and adds to it the climbing background of the age. Mummery himself is not introduced until page 20, the opening chapter being devoted to his guide Alexander Burgener. The curious episode of his blackballing from the Alpine Club is related; Mr. Unsworth attributes this to the jealousy of W. E. Davidson, himself only 26 at the time. The last pages are devoted to Mummery's great amateur partnership with Slingsby, Collie and Hastings, a team of which he was always the spearhead.

R. W. J.

OBITUARIES

GEOFFREY BARKER was one of the best known and best-liked climbers in Britain. He was a delightful companion on the hills, careful and competent, yet active and enterprising, with a charming sense of humour and a wide range of interests. He learnt his rock-climbing in the Lake District, and his experience widened when he moved to North Wales; there he and his wife built up a flourishing business, and created a happy home in Crafnant which was a joy to visit. As, he was wont to say, he had carefully provided himself with a son and sons-in-law who are top-ranking leaders, he kept up high-grade rock-climbing until the onset of his last illness. He came relatively late in life to the Alps (at a Climbers' Club meet in the Val Ferret in 1955), but went thereafter year after year. Though he chiefly liked Ticino, he made a number of major climbs, notably in the Dolomites. Believing in his duty to help others to achieve the joy he had found in the mountains, he was a diligent club member and devoted much time to the chores of committees and the organisation of meets; in recognition he was awarded one of the 'Torch Trophies'. He is greatly missed.

F. J. M.

Mr. J. OSBORNE WALKER died in July, 1967 at the age of 87. He was one of the founder members of the Association in 1909, having joined the Alpine Club in 1906. He did a great deal of climbing in the Alps both before and after the first World War, and was also a devotee of the Lake District. He continued climbing until well on in years. Mr. Osborne Walker was not a regular attender at Association functions, but he was often to be seen at the Alpine Club until the last few years. Whilst I never climbed with him, I knew him in business for over 30 years and came to have great respect for his sound knowledge of affairs. He was a most kindly and courteous man and will be much missed by those who knew him.

M. B.

N. S. FINZI. With the death of Neville Finzi on 3rd April in his 87th year the Association has lost one of the most distinguished members it has ever had, both professionally and as a climber.

The name of Dr. N. S. Finzi is a familiar and greatly honoured one in medical circles, particularly among those associated with Bart's. As is well known, he was a pioneer in the early years of X-ray therapy. He was something of a pioneer also in the mountain world since, with his guide and friend of many years standing Franz Biner, he has two well known first ascents to his credit. The great North face of the Wetterhorn was achieved in the years before north faces became, if by no means easy days for the ladies, at least almost obligatory for the tigers, and in the Bregaglia Group that slender pinnacle known as Cleopatra's Needle will always be associated with the name of Finzi.

He joined the Association in 1919 and was one of the bare half dozen who can number their years of membership around the 50 mark. As President he served with distinction from 1946 to 1948 and subsequently was for many years our senior Vice-President. As an extremely youthful 70 year old he attended a number of Meets, both Summer and Easter, and was a most faithful supporter, not only of the bi-annual official Dinners, but also of the informal dinners held after our monthly meetings.

He was elected to the Alpine Club in the same year as the A.B.M., and was an active member, serving on the Committee in 1942.

The great number of his years, which could scarcely be believed, bears witness to his toughness, both physical and mental. In recent years he underwent several severe abdominal operations and, although no longer able to climb, he was still remarkably active in the large garden of his home at Cobham, Surrey.

The Association rarely mourns the death of a man of Neville Finzi's great qualities, and the many members who knew his sisters Mabel and Winnie Finzi will feel for them in their great loss. F. R. C.



WE ALSO REGRET to announce the deaths of J. H. Dickson, H. W. A. Freese-Pennefather, C.M.G., B. C. Howard, H. W. Lieberg, G. T. Morris, A. T. Reeve, and Lt. Col. B. F. Trench, R.M. Col. Eoghan O'Brien, D.S.O., a member of the Association from 1910 to 1944, also died during the year.

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MEMBERS' CLIMBS

M. Bennet

Floundering through rain and snow on various minor hills during the Easter Meet at Onich. The Tschingelhorn and the Hockenhorn with the Alpine Meet at Fafleralp.

George Bishop

We went to Saas Fee in late August and did the Mittaghorn, the Egginerhorn, and Weissmies. On bad days we walked over the Monte Moro Pass and also climbed the Eggishorn. We then went across to Pontresina to climb Piz Bernina—and to test some of the equipment for Kashmir—but there was too much new snow.

In October we went to Kashmir with an international party led by Alois Strickler. An attempt to climb Kolahoi was stopped at nearly 16,000 feet by fresh snow. However we had a most enjoyable three weeks.

G. R. E. Brooke

In Iceland, July—August.

From Laugarvatn: Efstadalsfjall, Kalfstind, Skridan: 3296 ft., a shield-shaped massif which involved a total march of 24 miles over barren volcanic terrain: accomplished in 10 hours.

From Thingvellir: Armannsfell, Skjaldbreidur, 3476 ft., is an extinct volcano whose massive cone covers some 25 square miles and stands secluded amid vast lava-fields of its own creation. The ascent from a point on the Kaldidalur road seven miles north of Thingvellir comprised a march of seven miles across furrowed, moss-covered lava followed by four miles up the boulder-strewn cone with its snow-flecked hollows, to the highest point on the crater rim. The latter is about 250 yards across and the bowl-shaped declivity approached 200 feet in depth. The wide desolation of this peculiar mountain imparted a sense of unusual loneliness to the day's journey of 22 miles, covered in 9 hours.

Hamish M. Brown

Alps 1967. Hamish M. Brown with C. Mackell and R. Aitken to Meiringen. Tierbergli from Steingletscher to traverse Sustenhorn and Sustenlimmi to Göschenenalp. From Engstlenalp traverse the Titlis and cross Joch Pass. In Bernina over Piz Mürtel to Piz Corvatsch and down Val Roseg. From Diavolezza race storm over fine Piz Palu, 3905, to expensive Marco e Rosa hut. Retreat down the Foura to Morteratsch Glacier. Plus J. Prosser to Zermatt. Traverse Dom, 4545, up the icy Festigrat. Alone over Ober Rothorn while others tackle S. E. Ridge Alphubel and are bombed off the Hörnli. To Oberland to join ABM Meet. Unsettled weather led to unplanned 32 mile traverse from Fafleralp to Grimsel: passes of Lötschenlücke, Grunhornlücke, Gemslücke, Oberaar Joch with Oberaarhorn, 3638, only peak possible. Others end holiday with Breithorn, 3782, H. M. B. over Gemmi Pass, Kandersteg to Leukerbad. Lastly traverse fine Bietschhorn, 3934, up west ridge, down north ridge and Nestgletscher. With rope of James Bogle and John Lawton. Eleven on the escapade which took 26 hours, hut to hut; but no doubt others will have told this tale. A magnificent peak. Concerts, sailing and travel home followed.

At Home. The Easter Holiday saw a tour of Snowdonia and Ireland, completing the British 3000 ft. peaks. Wales gave splendid winter climbing. Ireland is a land of pure delight. Over 70 "munros" by the autumn with good winter or rock-climbing as well in Glen Coe, Nevis, An Teallach, Stac Polly, Suilven, Ben Alder, Rannoch, the Cairngorms—and the Lakes—and Rhum again where a dozen new routes (several V.S.) were done. Biggest thrill of all was the traverse of the Cuillin Ridge, with three pupils from Braehead aged fourteen! This all squeezed in with gaining a Ski Leaders Certificate at a B.A. P.S.I. Course, canoeing, sailing, much more writing about mountaineering quite apart from teaching. 1967 looks like being recalled as one of those "great years" we have from the hills.

David Riddell and John Lawton came up to Glen Coe for the S.M.C.—B.F.M.C. meets at Hogmanay. Snow on the summits can rarely have been deeper and there were some great storms. These were largely ignored and quite a few routes on Bidean and the Buachaille were climbed as well as certain munro-bagging and ski sorties. Large quantities of Dole, Fendant and Apfelsaft were demolished. If any others known from summer meets would like Hogmanay in the Scottish hills, they would be very welcome to join our gang who live luxuriously in huts (only all mod. con.). Next time it will be Newtonmore.

Peter Dean

May/June. Northern Highlands: Ben More Assynt, Suilven, Stac Polly, Beinn Dearg still with a huge snow cornice, An Teallach all in good weather. Ben More and Stobinian in cloud from Crianlarich on the way south.

August. Zermatt with the Tuesday Climbing Club Meet. Breithorn with K. Hindell and A. Barley, then with K. Hindell on the Dom by the NW ridge, Hohberghorn—Nadelhorn—Lenzspitze traverse (descent in storm) and the Dent Blanche. With my brother and A. Barley: Monte Rosa, traverse of Dufourspitze to Margherita Hut, next day traverse of Lyskamm and ascent of Castor.

September. From Braemar: White Mounth, Lochnagar, Cairn Bannoch and Tolmount then Ben a' Bhuid and Ben Avon by fording the Dee on the following day.

Gordon Gadsby

January to March. Climbing on Cow and Calf Rocks Ilkley, walking over Great Whernside and Ingleborough, also weekends in Ogwen and Llanberis including a rescue of two children on Lliwedd. A stormy week walking and ski-ing in the Cairngorms, everywhere plastered in new snow with Geoff Hayes.

April/May. Staying at the "Mountain Club" Hut Cwm Cowarch. On Craig Cowarch, Direct and Central Route with D. Burgess and Doreen Gadsby, Styx with Ray College. Traverse of the Arrans in perfect weather. North Wales, Tremadoc, Stanage, Froggat and Burbage Edge. Also climbing on Beeston Tor, Derbyshire with Ray Llandley.

June. The Welsh three thousands in 15 hours, with Mike Berry, George Reynolds and S. Bramwell. Two weeks later the Lyke Wake Walk in 13½ hours with fellow members of the Oread Mountaineering Club.

July. Climbing on Eel Craggs Buttermere and walking on Bleaklow Moors. Also rock climbing on the Derbyshire Edges.

August. In the Alps, camping at Breuil. The Breithorn, 4165 m., and Klein Matterhorn from the Theodul Hut.

From the beautiful Gressoney valley, staying at the Grifetti hut, the East Ridge of the Zumsteinspitze, 4563 m., (first British ascent for 2 years from this hut). The Signalkuppe, 4556 m., also the traverse



On the Col Gnifetti

Photo by Gordon Gadsby

of the delightful peak the Ludwigshöhe, 4341 m. by the West Ridge and descent by the North Face, all with friends Dave Williams, Stew Bramwell and Ron Chambers. The same week the Grand Paradiso, 4061 m. from the Vittorio Emanuella hut in very icy conditions with S. Bramwell, D. Gadsby, Carol Iley, Bill Kirk and N. Needham. A fine airy viewpoint.

September. Climbing at the Roaches, Staffordshire. Five routes on Dow Crag, Coniston. A weekend traverse of the Rhinogs in gale force winds with the Oread Mountaineering Club.

Peter Farrington

A fine Christmas Day walk up Tryfaen from the Crafnant Valley in beautiful weather. An appendix operation and getting married then delayed climbing again until Easter in Cwm Idwal. 'Horned Crag Route' on Lliwedd was climbed in wet conditions at Whit followed by 'Hope' on Idwal Slabs and 'Slab Recess Route' on Clogwyn y Tewr in fine weather. Several visits to the Derbyshire Outcrops and Helsby Crag before going to Scotland in July.

Arran. With A. D. Brown, 'Evening Traverse' on the Rosa Slabs in

superb weather and conditions. Walks and scrambles from Glen Sannox on N. Goat Fell, Goat Fell, Cir Mhor and Caisteal Abhail. A fruitless visit to the lichen covered Drumadon Pinnacle near Blackwaterfoot. Skye. With A.D. Brown, R. Hulse and W. Graham, based at Glenbrittle. In heavy rain, ascent of Cioch via 'Arrow Route' on the Great Slab and descent by 'Collie's Original'. In fairer weather Sgur Sgumain via Cioch and West Gulley then Sgur Alasdair and descent by the 'Stone Shoot' to Corrie Lagan. Ascent of Sgur Dearg and 'Inaccessible Pinnacle', Sgur na Banachdich and down by Sron nan Gobhar ridge. A pleasant day was spent in Portree and around the Quirang.

A. N. Husbands

I left Calais on the Orient Express on August 14th and met Hieronymous Inderbien at Stalden next morning. As the weather was not good he suggested we went to Saas and the next day we traversed the Weissmies. The ascent by the North Ridge is not in the guide book but can be thoroughly recommended. The next day we went up to the Längfluh and the following day did the traverse of the Täschhorn and the Dom.

I might perhaps add that there is now a small aluminium cabin on the Mischabel joch. Reference was made to it on page 166 of the August 1966 edition of *Les Alpes*. The reason we did not stay in the cabin was simply that the cloud was so low we could not see our way up to it and therefore had to start from the Längfluh. Anyone using the cabin should take up some methylated spirit or 'alcohol à brûler' as is obtainable in Switzerland.

A. N. Hooker

Mönch, Bernese Oberland on July 11 with Oscar Gertsch from the Jungfrauoch. $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours up and $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours down. A superb climb in perfect weather and quite good snow conditions.

Also a couple of climbs from 1966. Early September at Zermatt: Wellenkuppe—gave up after 6 hours climbing in very bad snow conditions from the Rothorn Hut.

Matterhorn—Hörnli Ridge with Karl Fuchs. Superb conditions. $3\frac{3}{4}$ hours up and $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours down.

Richard Johnson

Zinal Rothorn—Rothorngrant—Anglo-Irish party of 10. Leiterspitz—

West Ridge. Alphubel—Rotgrat. Salbitzen—S.E. Ridge—S.E. Wall (an excellent V+). Lenzspitze—N.E. Face. Waited for good weather in the Englehorner near Interlaken, but only saw some very attractive rock for half an hour in three days.

John and Freda Kemsley

Hill walking in the Cairngorms in Winter, and in N. W. Scotland and the Pennines in Summer.

Switzerland (last two weeks in August);

Up the Maderanertal and down to Linthal, climbing Schärhorn but failing to get across a large crevasse on the route to the Tödi from the Fridolins Hütte.

Crossed to Berner Oberland from the Grimsel to the Jungfrauoch climbing Oberaarhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Jungfrau and Mönch.

Walked from First above Grindelwald over the Faulhorn to the Lake of Brienz.

Walter Kirstein

Winter. Skiing near Mt. Whitney, California, and in the Engadine. Summer. North Summit, Piz d'Arlas.

D. G. Lambley

My annual visit to the Alps this year was considerably disturbed and curtailed by a serious accident sustained on the very first day out from England on the way across France, when my car was hit in the back by a French lorry and completely wrecked. I subsequently arrived in Kandersteg, minus Julian this year. He was visiting the United States of America, Mexico and Canada with the help of a Charter Flight and Greyhound 'bus ticket.

After two days warming up exercise in the area around Kandersteg, Oskar Ogi and I departed for Adelboden from whence we traversed the Wildstrubel and descended to the Gemmi and thus back to Kandersteg on 1st August, in time for the celebrations.

Traversing the Wildstrubel is extremely easy though it had its exciting moments. Firstly, the biggest thunderstorm that has ever fallen upon me occurred before we left Adelboden, and then the cable

car on the way up to the hut stuck about half way, and we were left suspended for some 20 minutes. I am not sure which of these incidents was the most frightening. The view from the mountain was not all it should have been towards the south, though good views of the Oberland were obtained.

The following day we departed through the tunnel to the Rhone Tal and crossed the great St. Bernard having an excellent view of the Italian Graians on the way. Neither Oskar nor I knew much about the mountains of Cogne and even less about Italian methods of timekeeping, which meant that we arrived in Cogne an hour later than we thought, and we had some difficulty in getting accommodation. We were even rather depressed to find that we could not easily climb the Gran Paradiso from this side.

However, the following day we ascended to the Vittorio Sella hut seeing many Bouquetin and Chamois on the way. This is a National Park and the animals are exceedingly tame, and a large number of people come to view them. We even saw two eagles. Unfortunately, the weather was not all it should be and we were driven back just on the glacier below the Griola by an extremely fierce thunderstorm—the lightning striking the rocks in front of us. This was a disappointment. So we returned to Cogne, took the car down and round into the main valley and up into the Valsavranche. The car could go all the way up to Pont and from here it took only two hours to the Vittorio Emmanuele II hut; bad weather made us start quite late the following day and we decided to go to the Becca di Montciair. This was a delightful climb; rather more like a Scottish mountain in winter than anything else, though it was quite high, namely, 3570 m. The following day was brilliant and we were able to make very good time (four hours) to the top of the Gran Paradiso. The view was superb; apart from the whole of the Mont Blanc all the Valais mountains were unfolded and one could clearly see Piz Palu and Piz Bernina well over to the East, as well as the whole of Dauphine and Monteviso; to the South a wonderful viewpoint, and the whole area is one that merits further exploration. I hope to go back again and would thoroughly recommend this delightful and somewhat unknown area of the Akps to middleaged mountaineers. The huts are clean, provisioned, and have comfortable beds.

Unfortunately, the fact that I was using a hired car completely prevented me from going up to Fafleralp where I had hoped to join the Meet for the last few days of my Alpine holiday.

Peter Ledebøer, with Elisabeth Parry and Henri Salamin.

From the Oberaletsch Hut in early August. The Torberg, 3022 m. by the West Face. This is a fine and little known rock climb on a series of slabs and ridges of no great difficulty of perhaps 300 metres from the glacier to the summit.

The Gr. Fusshorn, 3826 m. by the West Ridge—5 hours. Another long and splendid ridge of no great difficulty, except for one 'mauvais pas', but sustained and jagged.

This area is uncrowded and most rewarding. We could have had a week's climbing including the Aletschhorn if the weather had been at all possible. "Henri's 'ut" is much to be recommended—wine and cat brought up by helicopter!

Brian Melville

With members of the CMG—Otzal, Simlaun via Marzellkamm. Silvretta, Klein Litzner, traverse of Gross Litzner and Gross Seehorn. traverse of Piz Jeremias and Dreiländerspitz, Gross Piz Buin.

With Alan Stuart and Ben Stroude (Wayfarers Club)—Valais, traverse of Zinal Rothorn, descent by North Ridge. Traverse of Weisshorn from Tracuit Hut via Bishorn and North Ridge, descent by East Ridge.

With Eric Roberts—Breithorn via trench in storm.

J. H. Noake and John J. Noake.

Easter. Scrambling in Snowdonia: Carnedds, Y Garn in severe, wintery conditions, with Mr. and Mrs. Noel Peskett, Miss Banks and Mrs. Noake.

Summer. 1. Eggishorn area. Eggishorn, 2927 m. and Strahlhorn, 3050 m. (South Face, no marked route), with Mrs. Noake and Miss Banks.

2. Fafleralp. Summer Meet. Krindelspitzen, 3017 m., with Mrs. Noake and Miss Banks. Hockenhorn, 3293 m., with A.B.M.S.A.C.

John J. Noake only—Bietschhorn, with A.B.M.S.A.C., with guide Otto Stoller and assistant guide Karl Holzer.

Brendan O'Connor

August 23rd. From Kleine Scheidegg by Jungfrauoch, Jungfraufirn, Grunhornlucke to Finsteraarhorn hut.

August 24th. Climbed Finsteraarhorn with guide Fritz Wengen. Owing to a heavy snowstorm we had to remain overnight in the hut and return the following day by the Fieschergletscher to Fiesch returning to Kleine Scheidegg by train.

August 27th. To Mitteleggi hut from Esmeer station.

August 28th. Climbed Eiger by Mitteleggi Ridge with guide Fritz Gertsch in superb weather. In good weather conditions this very exposed ridge is not too difficult and is well worth doing, particularly for a photographer like myself. We descended by the West Face to Kleine Scheidegg.

L. Poolman

February, March and May. Sixteen main summits in Ross, Sutherland, and other parts of the Highlands. Especially memorable were the days on An Teallach, and the Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair—Sgurr Ban traverse. W. L. Coats (Comrie) kindly had me as a guest at the Easter Meet of the S.M.C. at Laggan. Weather mixed—quite mixed at times.

With D. Grace (Bristol) in the Stubai—Zillertal in August—September. Habicht, Gefronerwandspitze, Schonbichlerhorn and Schwarzenstein ascended in mainly good weather.

Finally, a solitary wandering in the Bergeller, Bernina, Middle Engadine and Albula mountains. Apart from one short break, magnificent October sunshine. Eleven summits between ten and twelve thousand feet, including Piz Languard, Tschierva, dal Lej Alv, Murtel, Ot, Sarsura and Grialetsch.

Though not the record of a "hard" man, it was most enjoyable.

David Riddell

Hogmanay 1966/67 with Hamish Brown, Beinn Dorain, 3524 ft. on the way to Altnafeadh, the Lagangarbh Hut of the B.F.M.C. (this is Hamish Brown's brain child and comprehends present and past members of

the Braehead School—Hamish's—and such bods as have the privilege of joining them). We climbed Stob Dearg of Buchaille Etive Mhor by the Lagangarbh Chimney on the 30th December 1966, having to turn back halfway up because of ice on the rocks, after which, in a blizzard, the party went up the chimney to the main Stob Dearg ridge and down the Coire na Tulaich after having been on the summit in driving snow with nil visibility and a temperature of approximately 10 below 32° F.

Hogmanay saw Hamish skiing on Mealla Buiridhe, more commonly known as "White Corries". The snow was driving horizontally across the hut window so I stayed indoors—with others! The SMC had a dinner at Crianlarich that night which was "formal" despite Ian Ogilvie and other bright sparks to enliven the proceedings. The "rough stuff" moved on to the "Inverarnan" Hotel near the head of Loch Lomond where we were regaled with song and dance by the SMC... It was a Temperance Hotel and everyone was expected to bring a bottle, "usquebach" was on the house and no one was other than cheerful! The finest effort was by a Yorkshireman who gave us excellent blank verse on Scottish Mountains!

Buchaille Etive Beag, 3404 ft., in snow and wind on 2nd January 1967, Beinn Achaladair, 3404 ft. on the way back to Kirkcaldy...

Easter. Onich. The Weather! The Freemans and I tackled Stob Ban from Achriabhach and turned back in the usual mixture of Scotch mist, snow, rain and wind (especially wind). Four days passed with nothing achieved "au pied" but on Tuesday 28th March, Maurice Freeman and I did a short circuit of Ben Vair by Sgor Dearg, 3362 ft. and back by the Gleann-a-Chalais. Snow and wind—and mist—but no rain. There was enough mist to make a compass unnecessary but a check now and then was reassuring...

Fafleralp, the Meet. Training walks on the Sunday, the Double See, Grund and Guggi. Next day with Otto the guide to the Petersgrat and the Mutthorn hut. Glorious sunset from the hut was amply photographed! Back next day with the Tschingelhorn thrown in for good measure (11,750 ft.)

Our great effort—apart from the Bietschorn—was begun on Wednesday 9th August when the caravan went to the Concordia, that classic of Oberland huts. The new hut was not yet ready. Some of us had a look at it. When complete it will be in the Mountet class, which is something.

The photographers caught the "bonne bouche" with the pictures of

the great crevasse on the Konkordia Platz with the plank held by $1\frac{1}{2}$ " each side. To some the final crawl up the ladders at the hut was nearly the last straw—but what could one do but go on?

The weather precluded an early start for the Jungfrau on Friday 11th August. We left at 6 a.m. Otto shepherded us up by the Rottal Sattel, supplying ice-pitons and a hand-rail-rope at the worst bit. The snow was good. Our return by the Luitor was magnificent. This cut out the return to the snow-swamp of the Konkordia Platz. In the event we saw no one, no living thing, for five hours or more, were led through splendid snow cathedrals and towers. Many of us thought it the finest journey in the high Alps we had ever had.

But some of us, myself in particular, were slow. I rolled up to the Fafleralp at nearly 10 p.m., or 16 hours of "going".

The Sunday saw us going by the delightful path by the Wenitzalp and Lauchernalp to the "Hovel" on the Lotschen Pass. On this trip some hundreds of photographs of the Bietschorn on the opposite side of the Lotschental were taken.

The "Hovel" was desperately cold. There was $\frac{2}{3}$ blanket per person and no heating. It was a relief to get out and up the Hohenhorn, 10,817 ft. Some younger, more energetic types climbed the Klein Hohenhorn by a rock climb.

I went with the rest of the expeditionary force to the Bietschorn hut on Wednesday 16th. The night of 16/17th was a typical Alpine "fourmente". Otto promised me an 18 hour day if I stopped the next night. This for a return to the hut from the Bietschorn. I went down—with others—but I did envy the climbers their perfect day from our viewpoint on the Lauchernalp next day. Several more hundred photographs of the Bietschorn were taken on that off day, Friday 18th August. I believe Nigel Walker took some of them...

N. A. J. Rogers

From the Albigna hut. Punta Albigna—N.W. Face and N. Ridge. Piz Balzetto—S. Ridge. Cima di Cantone—N. Face: a short but steep ice climb. Finished in bad weather; difficult descent.

From the Allievi hut. Punta Rasica—Bramani Route. Punta Allievi—Gervasutti Route; a magnificent ridge of about 2500 ft. with several long pitches of V, V sup. Pizzo Zocca—Parravicini Route; another

splendid rock climb finishing with 1200 feet of continuous V to VI inf. climbing. Punta Allievi—S.W. Ridge; first ascent, named by the hut warden, the via Inglese. A very pleasant, very steep ridge climb, with one long hard pitch. D sup. with a pitch of V. The climb takes the obvious buttress to the left of the mountain, as seen from the hut. A full description will appear in the A.C.G. Bulletin.

O. B. St. John and family.

Saas Fee area: Dri Horlini and Portjengrat from Almagelleralp, North Ridge of Weissmies, Schwarzmies, and double traverse of the Jagigrat. This latter is a delightful climb, and the reversing of the normal route presents only one pitch of about IV+, on the Grand Gendarme where a steep crack, on the Jagihorn side of the normal route, allows the steep pitch to be circumvented.

Kandersteg area: A traverse of the Morgenhorn, Weisse Frau and Blumlisalphorn, and several other minor peaks such as the Blumlisalphstock, Wilde Frau and Gspaltenhorn.

North Wales: Several weekends, with a memorable day including Main Wall on Cynr Las, and Longland's Climb on Clogwyn d'ur Arddu.

F. E. Smith

Walking in Derbyshire, Scotland and the Lake District. Climbing and walking in Spain with D. M. Clark and F. L. Jenkins.

Sierra de Gredos: Traverse of Circo de Gredos—Almanzor, 2599 m. Riscos del Moreson, Hermanitos, Alto del Casquerazo, Cuchillar de las Navajas. La Mira, 2341 m.

Picos de Europa: Collado de la Celada, 2246 m. Torre de los Horcados Rojos, 2506 m. Pico san Carlos, 2390 m. Torre de Hoyo Oscuro, 2417 m. and ridge to Colladina de las Nieves.

In Spain the landscape was very varied, from the open countryside of the Gredos and of the area around Potes, to the startling gorges of the northern approach to the Picos. Parts were arid but others green; and mar Espirama was an immense forest. En route we passed through some marvellous old towns, such as Avila, Segovia, Salamanca and Zamora.

J. O. Talbot

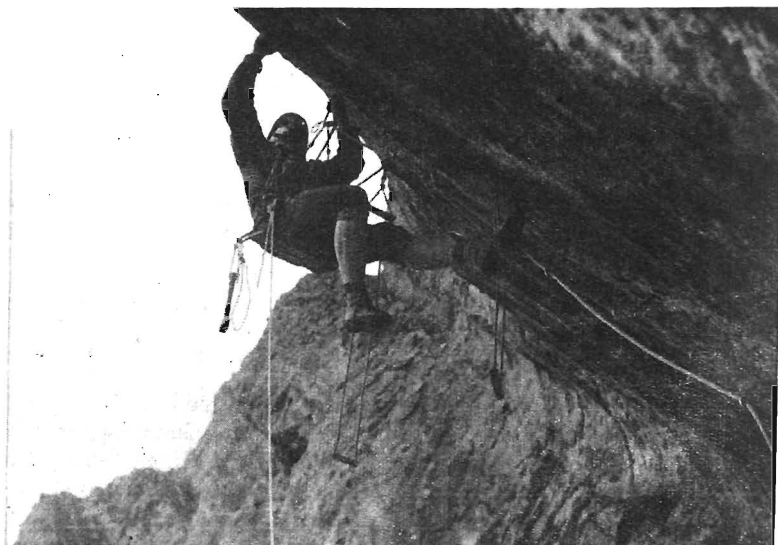
Deborah's Overhang. Situated approx. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile west of Paviland Cliff, Gowar, South Wales.

From the foot of the wall go up left beneath the first large overhang to below the pillar which runs up to the great roof above. Climb up to the base of the pillar on the left, then make a hand traverse right, passing around a bulge and beneath a roof formed by the base of the pillar, to a small hole below an overhang. Now go right slightly and up over a bulge into a large prominent hole. Go out to the right and climb a slab bearing right to a small terrace below the main roof. Climb this roof for nearly 20 feet bearing slightly left following the white streaks. After the roof continue directly up the overhanging wall above then go left to reach a small diedre, which is followed to the top of the wall.

Up to the terrace below the roof the free climbing offers no great problems, but the artificial is extremely difficult and strenuous: the roof and the wall above being climbed entirely by expansion bolts. At least 20 bolts should be taken.

Deborah's Overhang, the Roof.

Photo by J. O. Talbot



First ascent—J. O. Talbot and Beryl Talbot, 1967.

N.B. 10 mm Rawl bolts are used on this wall with a shackle and sling attachment. These bolts take anything from 1 to 1½ hours to drill according to position, but they have several advantages. They can be removed immediately after use and not allowed to rust in the sea air. This saves considerable disfiguration of the rock, is economical and makes the route a more difficult proposition for following parties. If the surface limestone is inclined to be brittle, the screwing in of such a bolt does not impose a strain on the rock.

David Todd

This year along with a fellow member of the Creagh Dhu M.C., John Cunningham (C.A.I.), I spent the best part of two months in the Alps. Our first month, July, was spent in the Dolomites and supplied us with most of our routes; three weeks in the Catinaccio Group with reasonable weather and one week between Tofana and Tre Cime when the rain never stopped. The second month seemed to be spent mostly in travel in Switzerland and France with huge rucsacs (2 each) which made us terribly unpopular on buses and trains. This second month yielded only two routes; the via Cassin on Piz Badile and the Zmutt Ridge on the Matterhorn. I shall now list our climbs in chronological order. It is worthy of note that on three of these routes, the traverse of the Vajolet Towers, the South Arete of Torre Piaz and the South West Ridge of Torre Delago, we were accompanied by another member of S.A.C., David Brown of Glasgow.

Routes: Traverse of Vajolet Towers (IV). Torre Stabeler by South Wall (IV). Torre Est by S.E. Face (Piaz-Kronstein) (V); rarely done even by continental parties; hard and loose; no record of previous British ascent. Catinaccio East Face by Keine Fuhre (IV). Catinaccio East Face by Via Livanos (IV sup.); 3rd ascent; 1st British. Catinaccio East Face by Via Hepperger (IV). Catinaccio East Face by Via C.A.I. Alto Adige (VI sup.); mixed free and artificial; magnificent line; very hard; 4th ascent; 1st British. Torre Delago by S.W. Ridge (IV). Torre Piaz by South Arete (III). Catinaccio d'Antermoia N.E. Face by Via Goedeke (VI inf.); 2nd ascent; 1st British.

Before leaving the Catinaccio Group Cunningham made the 2nd ascent of Via C.A.I. Merano on the Catinaccio East Face with an Italian climber, Almo Giambisi who put up the Via C.A.I. Alto Adige mentioned above. Cunningham, climbing in P.A's., reckoned that the Merano (VI sup.) had the hardest free climbing which he has done outside the U.K.

From the Catinaccio we moved to Tofana for a few days; the weather at the end of July in this area of the Dolomites was generally poor. Attempted the S.E. Face of Pilastro di Rozes and were literally washed off the route just above the pendulum move mentioned in A.C.G. guide book. Next stop was the Cime. In four days there, during which we lived in Belsen type conditions under a large boulder, we only saw these limestone monoliths on one occasion, when the rain stopped and the mist cleared. We didn't manage a single route at the Cime.

Two tiring days of bus and train travel took us to St. Moritz. From there it was the best part of another day by bus and foot to Rifugio Sciora in the Val Bregaglia. The weather was very mediocre on the day of our arrival at the Sciora Hut; a two man English party moved up to the bivouac at the foot of the Badile that evening. Continuous torrential rain all the next day from 5 a.m. brought the Englishmen back to the hut. As a result of this storm the Badile was covered with snow on its upper third. The next day was glorious and the snow was disappearing rapidly; we moved up to the bivouac on the rognon below the North East Face in preference to the ledge 400 feet up the face below the 'three diedres'. There were bad weather signs at sunset. The weather couldn't make up its mind next morning as we made our way up the glacier in darkness. Six Polish climbers barred our way onto the route at the bergschrund and politely told us to take our place in the queue until daylight. We politely passed them and stepped onto the face at 4.45 a.m. Two Englishmen, a different pair this time, sitting in bivouac with candle for illumination and a stove hissing under a brew, were almost frightened out of their eiderdowns as we scrambled across them in the first gloom of dawn and proceeded to attack the famous First Diedre. The race was on against the weather and the other parties chasing us; besides the two English and six Poles there were four Germans as tail end Charlies. We were moving fairly well and passed the snow patch and making for the chimney-couloir when the weather, which was frightening looking, finally broke. Snow and rain alternately kept the sweat from our brows and visibility was frequently below a rope length. Speed, born of fear, was the order of the day. We stepped onto the North Ridge at the top of the chimney-couloir at 10.40 a.m. more or less six hours after starting on the route. An epic descent down the North Ridge, which saw our rope sliced in two by a frightening barrage of stones, followed in foul weather. We returned to the Sciora hut at 6.30 p.m. completely sodden but in high spirits. Of the other twelve climbers on the face, only the English finished the route (spending the night in the Gianetti Hut), the

Germans retreated because of the weather, the Poles bivouaced above the snow patch and consequently as far as I know, took two days to escape down the face which was completely plastered with snow during the night.

It was the third week in August when we went to Zermatt for a crack at the Matterhorn North Face. The wall was plastered with fresh snow. We did the Zmutt Ridge on the 15th August as a sort of keep fit climb; it turned out to be a fourteen hour epic on soft snow verglas. A bivouac at the Solvay on descent was necessary. It snowed heavily during the night and for most of the forenoon. The descent of the remainder of the Hörnli Ridge in soft snow and swirling mist took up the whole of the afternoon, about four to five hours. No North Face for us!

Chamonix was next on the agenda. Unfortunately we allowed ourselves to be caught up in Chamonix Lethargy and spent our week there rotting in the woods by day and the National Bar by night, and convincing each other that the weather was too doubtful for climbing, which was untrue. The expiry of our circular rail tickets at the end of that week at Chamonix gave us the excuse we wanted for returning home; we were tired after our 20,000 feet of rock climbing.

Another apline climb which I made earlier in the year—sorry for upsetting the order of the routes—with James Gardner, also Creagh Dhu M.C. and S.A.C., might be of interest to you for your records. In February we climbed the Matterhorn by the Hörnli Ridge taking $2\frac{1}{2}$ days to the ascent and descent; two bivouacs. There was more snow on the North Face in August than during my visit there in February. The lack of snow in winter put us off attempting the face then, and the abundance of snow in summer put us off our attempt in August. Maybe the Matterhorn North Face is not for me!

Nigel Walker

Easter Meet at Onich. With bad wintery conditions, climbing was very restricted. In a large party led by George Starkey, attempted Ben Vair but had to turn back when within about 600 feet of our objective.

2nd Week of the Summer Meet at Fafleralp. With John Lawton, Paul Wallace and Rev. J.M.L.L. Bogle, walked to the Lotschen Pass Hut, but due to physical exhaustion made an overnight stop at Lauchneralp. From the hut climbed on to the ridge leading to the Hockenhorn. In a

large party led by Paul French and Otto Stolle, climbed to the Biet-schorn Hut. Rest of the time spent on the high footpaths; all in good weather.

September. Returned to the Salzgammerkutseen in Austria, and spent 6 days in the Dachstein Group with Ernst Gregor, experiencing very mixed weather. Climbed to the Adameke Hut in glorious weather, and the following day made a successful ascent on the Hohe Dachstein, 9,829 ft., from the Ober Winderlucke and the North West Ridge, arriving at the top in thick cloud—descended by the same route in a snow storm. On the Linzerweg from Adameke Hut to Hofpürgl Hut, climbing Torsteineck with Hochkesselack on the way, and descending the Reisingang-scharte, in fine weather. The climb on the Grosse Bischofsmütze was abandoned due to its severity. Following day, on the Austriaweg to Gablonzer Hut in fine weather, but the two following days bad weather broke and the climb on the Grosse Donnerkogel was abandoned. Descended from the Gablonzer Hut in torrential rain.

October. Spent another enjoyable week in the Karwendels, with very mixed weather, but during the spells of fine weather, Brunnstenkopf, Brunnsteinspitze (South Ridge), Rotwandspitze and Linderspitze (North Face) were all climbed with Wilhelm Winneburger. The last day ended with a walk in the Karwendel Valley to Karwendel Haus with a party of three Germans.

S. R. C. Walmsley

I went with my son Charles to the Tarentaise district of Savoie and slept in our Dormobile; a procedure which I can thoroughly recommend, particularly in view of travel restrictions and costs generally. We made our headquarters at a most pleasant and efficiently run camping site at Naucroix, above Peisein, where there was plenty of hot water, showers, washing facilities, shaving points, ironing boards and electric lights to be laid on if desired.

Our first climb, however, apart from minor training walks and scrambles, was La Grande Casse from Pralognan about 35 miles West and South of Peisein. We took a guide and spent the night in the greatest discomfort in the so-called chalet hotel Felix Faure. The chalet is designed to sleep a maximum of about 55, but that night about 160 persons were present! They kept arriving at all hours of the early part of the night and the chaos can well be imagined. However the morning dawned fine and it was a relief to get out into the fresh air.

Features of the climb were the steep ice slope onto the glacier; the famous 2000 ft. snow and ice wall of the Coulois de Glaciers and the final narrow snow arête to the rocky summit. Crampons were worn on the whole expedition. We made the average time of $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours up and $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours down. The view from the summit is absolutely superb—every peak in the main chain of the Alps from Monte Rosa to Monte Viso is laid before one.

Our second ascent was Mont Prassi directly above our camp site. This is the second highest peak in the Tarentaise and appears to be seldom climbed by the British. Why? It was a truly classic expedition, again on ice and snow, and contained all the ingredients desired for this type of climb—moraine approach, steep glacier snout, threading through a labyrinth of crevasses, steep ice-fall and threatening seracs and a final steep ice ridge to the summit with a boiling cauldron of mist filling the abyss on the right. Again there were rather too many people on the mountain and it was difficult to find a seat on the summit. We enjoyed the remarkable effects of the 'Brockenspectre' and shared with Mont Blanc the honour of being the only summit visible above the mist in the whole Alps.

We then transferred our affections to the Bernese Oberland and after a skirmish at Kandersteg (we felt like doing the Balmhorn traverse) and finding the whole place too crowded for comfort we settled at Grindelwald which turned out to be even worse. Nevertheless, we hired a guide there and successfully and joyfully carried out a routine ascent of the Finsteraarhorn via the Jungfrauoch and the Finsteraarhorn Hut, returning via Oberaarjoch and the Grimsel.

Not having visited the Alps in summer for fifteen years or more I was staggered, and not a little saddened, to note how much the glaciers had receded and consequently how dirty and depressing the mountains are tending to become. No doubt this impression was heightened this year by the exceptionally dry months of June and July. There was certainly very little snow felt on the lower slopes and glaciers, and crampons were an absolute necessity on even the ordinary routes. Another depressing feature is the tremendous influx of human beings into the one time remote areas. Every hut we visited was overcrowded and every peak and every hillock we ascended had at least twenty others alongside. But hardly another Englishman to be seen!

J. J. Whitehead

April 1967. High level route, Saas-Fee to Cabane du Trient, on skis.

Peaks and passes were: Allalinhorn; Adler Pass; Signalkuppe; Castor; Cols de Valpelline, du Mont Brule, de l'Eveque; Pigne d'Arolla; Mt. Blanc de Cheilon; Col de Sonadon, Plateau du Couloir; Fenetre des Chamois; blizzard on Plateau du Trient; return to Champex.

With J. Roche (Diablerets); Miss S. M. Tuke; F. Huter (guide).

Iain F. G. Whittington

A week in February spent in the Cairngorms, with the snow in excellent condition, was followed in early June by two weeks helping the Italian Alpini in Skye. There was such fine weather that each day, a long route, generally in the Cioch area was climbed, followed by some ridge bashing, taking in such things as the In Pin and Basteir Tooth.

This, in turn, was followed, at the end of July by two months as ice instructor to the BSES (British Schools Exploring Society) Expedition to Arctic Norway, Working on the Sulitjelma glacier, a selection of boys were given instruction in snow-ice techniques. Included in this was the ascent of one of the local peaks, 5,700 ft. Otert 'D.





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For the year ended 30th September, 1967.

1966	RECEIPTS	1966	EXPENDITURE
£		£	£
		s	d
571	Subscriptions	556	4 3
37	Entrance Fees	53	0 0
61	Interest Received (Net)	64	18 10
23	Advertisements	16	0 0
—	Defence Bonds Premium	9	0 0
104	Life Membership Fund (Special Appeal)	—	—
		699	3 1
		796	1
		100	100 0 0
		234	273 2 6
		9	2 10 2
		33	33 0 0
		22	25 18 4
		—	48 3 0
		21	17 10 6
		—	1 18 6
		12	11 10 10
		34	61 5 1
		12	12 0 0
		28	48 18 6
		—	15 15 0
		7	21 1 6
		29	— — —
		104	— — —
		151	26 9 2
		699	3 1
		796	1

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, 1967.

LIABILITIES AND ACCUMULATED FUNDS

	£	s	d	£	s	d
<u>Life Membership Account</u>	1277	12	6
<u>Accumulated Revenue Account</u>						
Balance as at 30th Sept., 1966	1327	14	2			
Add excess of income over expenditure	<u>26</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>2</u>	1354	3	4
Sundry Creditors	12	0	0
				<u>£2643</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>10</u>

ASSETS

	£	s	d	£	s	d
Cash at Bank	469	12	4
Projector W.J. Foster Bequest	70	0	0			
Less Depreciation ...	<u>69</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>	1	0	0
Equipment at						
Swiss Tourist Office	80	0	0			
Less Depreciation	<u>79</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>	1	0	0
Investments at cost	2172	3	6
Investments (Nominal Values):						
4½% Agricultural Mortgage Corp.						
Deb. Stock 1977/82	£1000					
Brunner Investment Trust						
Ord. Stock	£135					
5% Defence Bonds	£300					
London Scottish American						
Trust Ord. Stock	£177	10	0			
Market value at 30th Sept., 1967						
(1966—£1843 12 6)	£2182	15	0			
				<u>£2643</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>10</u>

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

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

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1966- Vincent O. Cohen, M.C.

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(from 1948)

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1953 Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Tydeman and J. R. Amphlett.
1954-55 J. R. Amphlett and Robert Greg.
1956 Robert Greg and Dr. J. W. Healy.
1957-58 Dr. J. W. Healy and B. L. Richards, G.M.
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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.
1966-67 Mr. J. G. Broadbent and Mr. J. S. Byam-Grounds.

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 :-

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 1961-1962 F. E. Smith and M. Bennett.
 1963 M. Bennett and J. P. Ledebøer.

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Assistant Honorary Treasurer

1949-1964	A. G. Schofield.
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of the
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*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.*

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The editor, who apologises for the delay in publication of this issue of the journal, has available a limited supply of the Journals for 1965, 1966 and 1967 and will be pleased to forward copies to any member, on request.