

THE ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB

JOURNAL 1970

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HIMALAYAN TREKS

The 1969 Everest Treks led by Eric Shipton and W.H. Murray will be followed up in 1970 and 1971 as follows:-

1970

A Trek to ANNAPURNA under the leadership of Eric Shipton. This will leave London on 29 October, arriving back on 3 December, by air to and from Delhi/Kathmandu/Pokhara. The trek itself will occupy about 3-weeks from and to Pokhara. There will be brief stays in Delhi and Kathmandu with a programme of local sightseeing. The fully inclusive cost London back to London will be approximately £510. Applications for membership should be made without delay: the list is already heavily subscribed.

1971

A Trek to EVEREST, details unsettled, but leaving London end October and returning early December, on much the same general lines as for Annapurna 1970, and at about the same fare. Applications for membership should be made now but will not involve any firm commitments until about mid-summer 1970.

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'THE ROAD TO ETERNITY'

Lindsay Griffin

The South Ridge of the Aiguille Noire de Peteret is acclaimed by many people, including the late Gervasutti, as being one of the finest rock climbs in all the Alps. If one limits the class to Alpine rock ridges alone, it is undoubtedly supreme. Its serrated 'sharks toothed' ridge rises for almost 5000 ft. However the actual climbing involved is rumoured to be twice the figure. This fact is due solely to the nature of the course. Instead of meandering along an easy angled arete, the route takes the walls of the sharks teeth in turn and involves difficult face climbing. Fortunately a ridge remains, *sur generis*, a ridge and between the sharks teeth can be found short stretches of climbing on what could best be described as a broad ridge. The essence of the beauty of this route however lies with the granite itself and the technique that one uses to overcome the difficulties. I have to admit that Chamonix Granite is far too thrutchy for my liking. The Noire however is quite different.

It was the middle of September when I set off with Hugh Drummond on what was to be our last route of the season. In our remote camp site set amongst the pine trees of the Val Ferret, Hugh had expressed his desire to do the Capucin but on seeing the summit of the Noire in full view from Entrèves, he was prepared to change his mind. A clear day after two weeks of utterly foul weather found us setting off to bivouac at the foot of the ridge. To give a detailed account of what followed would be an undertaking surpassed only by the building of the QE2. Therefore I aim to try to reminisce on a few topics that could prove useful to someone attempting this route.

Our bivouac was on a grassy knoll only half an hour, or so we thought, from the start of the ridge. Seldom did either of us have the good fortune to doze and we spent most of the night enquiring as to whether the other was asleep, and if so, why? At 4 a.m. (Drummond is an automatic alarm clock) we ate our meagre breakfast of cheese butties and dried bananas and set off already weary to find the start of the route. It was true mountaineering up high angled scree to the base of the ridge—two steps up, three back—a loud curse—then the process is repeated ad infinitum. Infinity fortunately ended after 1½ hours but behind a light had appeared from nowhere and was very rapidly catching us. Whilst we skated about on steep ice the light discovered the true start to the route and set off at a cracking pace. Feeling rather like the 'three kings' we followed the light. Very shortly Hugh became tired of the route and decided to end it all by kicking a huge flake down on top of me. He very nearly succeeded and it was a somewhat shaken party that moved across the couloir and on to the rib. It was there that the light had vanished and in its place appeared a Chamonix guide with a girl.

If you have never experienced a guide in action, let me describe him to you. He is five feet six tall; stocky with hugh arms; seems to bounce up the rock



On the Pointe Welzenbach

photo L. N. Griffin

rather than climb it; invariably asks for his abseil rope to be thrown down after him and at the belay extols profusely on the grandeur and sheer beauty of the surroundings. It transpired he was climbing with the girl on a friendly basis and had not done the route before. However, he wished to complete it fairly rapidly as he said the weather was due to break the next day—more important was that it was necessary for him to attend a wedding the following afternoon. We expressed our amusement at seeing a girl on a route of such length, but when he told us that she had climbed, amongst other routes, the Bonmati Pillar and the west face of the Petite Jorasses that summer we shrank back into our shells.

We climbed past them, moving together, before roping up for some short hard steps that led to the second tower. The vast expanse of rock that separates the towers from the Pointe Welzenbach presents rather tricky route finding and the guide was quick to take advantage of our mistakes and forged his way in front. Thousands of cracks and walls one after the other at last led to the summit of the Pointe, a superb man made bivi-site and the midday sun. The view from here was superb, the Pillars of Fresnay looked so close that we felt we could almost reach out and touch them.

By an abseil off several rather poor pegs we reached the gap between the Welzenbach and Pointe Brendel, which is the so called 'point of no return'. Under normal conditions it would have been hard but not impossible to climb back up the slightly impending 60 ft. wall. However, it faces north and was still very iced. We felt the guide book description was indeed a truism. Then the famous 'Ressaut en Demi-Lune'—we had been led to believe that this pitch absolutely bristled with pegs making it considerably easier. There were, it was true, about four or five pegs in place but as the pitch is sustained V for 120 ft. we were hard pushed to describe it as 'bristling'. Above, the face proper. Acres of slab up which the route winds although never rising above grade V. It was here that Hugh when seconding a pitch fast in true Alpine style decided to yell for a tight rope and pull up on a jammed nut. Unfortunately

- (1) the rope went away from him to the left at 45°
- (2) the nut was 45° to the right
- (3) the nut came out.

Hugh joined me on the stance after craftily avoiding a very interesting traverse. There was a pause for a mouthful of snow and then on once again moving together on easy v-diff ground to the summit. (The guide assured us we were in time for the wedding).

A short abseil down ice-coated rock brought us to the overpowering wall of the fifth tower. We ignored it for a few minutes hoping that it would go away but finally with those immortal words on our lips 'Ah Gaston, the spiritual link provided by the rope will bring us through all evil' we moved across to its foot. The wall contained three of the best pitches we had yet done on Chamonix granite. Steep juggy climbing to the top of the pinnacle, then a step across the gap on to the wall where a truly 'delicate verappe' on

small quartz crystals led to the supposedly small and exposed stance below the crux. After the 'Dollys', it seemed quite spacious and I was soon fighting my way up the diedre above. This proved reasonably hard as the sun had melted the snow above and water was running down the groove. The traverse right across a ramp at the top was in the same condition and surely under these circumstances must have warranted its original VI grading. It was gripping too as every time one came to make a difficult move, half the Rochers Gruber fell down and the whole mountain vibrated. Hugh seconded the pitch disgustingly quickly and after devouring a whole snow patch we crawled up easy ground and eventually came to the start of the Pointe Bich and the last hard pitch. The guide began to feel he might be a little late for the wedding and, obviously bored with our company, decided to increase his speed as ours sadly diminished. Miles and miles of moving together and then a long loose snow couloir led to the Pointe Bich, the first of the twin summits of the Noire on which we collapsed for five minutes. Dusk was closing fast as we made a long and complicated abseil into the gap and struggled upwards following the guide's footprints across the snow ramp on to the east ridge. 100 ft. down this we bivouaced thirteen and a half hours after starting the route and, believe it or not, a fairly fast time. We spent hours in the dark melting snow for hot orange drinks on a solid fuel bivivestove. There didn't seem to be a place big enough to sleep both of us comfortably so I wriggled into a groove between the main wall and a flake and before going to sleep I spent 3 hours trying to convince myself that the flake would not suddenly detach itself from the rockface and precipitate me into the void. Bivouacs are certainly not as romantic as most writers make out and are in fact best forgotten—this indeed was one of the better ones and we were both warm and dry in duvets and P.D.'s.

Rising at first light we moved off above an ocean of cloud, on which was set the continent of Grand Jorasses, with a few islands scattered in the distance such as the Grand Combin and Matterhorn. We moved slowly at first due to my own lethargy but a few short sharp words from Hugh soon made me realise the urgency of the situation and the oncoming storm. The descent can be summed up as tortuous. Hugh commented that it was more loose and complicated than the ridge on the Matterhorn to which it is likened in length and difficulty. It took seven hours and we lost the way about 18 times making half a dozen abseils. Eventually the Fauteuil—it seemed a week since we were there before—then a stream producing cupfuls of cool clear water. The descent to the valley and more scrambling until we just wanted to curl up and die. Finally the path and the first cafe into which we crawled on our hands and knees. Later that night the storm we had been expecting finally broke.

After this I never wanted to see a piece of granite again and a few days later my view was just the same. Yet a week later on our way back to England we were discussing whether we should have done the Capucin as well. Just recently I have been reading a marvellous account on the complete traverse of the Peteret ridge, starting with the Noire and.....

PIZ BERNINA BY THE BIANCO RIDGE

W. A. Kirstein

For two winter seasons I had been helping to arrange skitouring in the Engadine, a joint effort of the combined Services and the Ski Club of Great Britain. Whenever we needed a guide Paul Nigg, head of the mountaineering centre and ski school in Pontresina, famous for his ascent of the Eiger north face, had been our choice for guide. I knew him as a leader who would not easily turn back, and who had shewn a perfect judgement of conditions, not only of snow and weather conditions, but also of the stamina or missing energy reserves of his tourists. With this knowledge of Paul in my mind, I asked him this Spring if he would take me on the Bianco in the Summer. Subconsciously I may have hoped that there and then Paul would put an end to this crazy idea of an old man. But no, Paul just answered 'Why not? Let's fix a date right now'.

In August I walked into the guide's office in Pontresina only to be told by a pretty young girl that Paul was away climbing in the Bregaglia. He had not forgotten me and had put the tour on the programme for the following week. That gave me 9 days for acclimatization, but also meant that the persistently good weather of the last 4 weeks would have to last that long. I could only hope it would and, having heard that Paul had recently married, I asked the young lady on leaving for advice, what kind of little present she would think suitable for the new Mrs Nigg. Only then I found I had been talking to Mrs Nigg all the time. Well Bianco or not, I already had something out of my plan as Mrs Nigg joined our dinner party that evening.

The next few days were spent with training walks to my old and loved haunts. On one of these walks I met the young Chorleys, they took me with them to the Bregaglia and on a really superb day Roger lead up the south ridge of the Crasnile. The next day the first clouds covered the peaks and by the weekend I was not sure anymore about the weather. I am not superstitious, but when I looked at the calender and saw that next Wednesday was the 13th I cannot say that I was completely untouched.

As arranged I met Paul on the Tuesday night in the Tscherva Hut and during dinner we had the first rain. Paul was not unduly worried, the weather report was not too bad and it would soon clear up again.

At 1.30 a.m. we were woken up; half asleep I slid down from my upper bunk only to miss the bench in front of the lower bunk and to find myself a bit dazed on the floor. I seemed to be in one piece and after a quick breakfast I followed Paul into the pitch darkness outside. Very soon the 13th played up again: my new torch gave up working after 5 minutes. It was clear but too warm, the so called path was very steep and I stumbled across scree and boulders, trying to stay close behind Paul. Some of the other parties overtook us but Paul did not increase his pace which was just right for me. By daybreak we reached the very steep iceslope leading up to the Fuorcla



The Bianco Ridge of Piz Bernina

photo W. A. Kirstein

Prievlusa. The snow surface was good; right for our crampons to bite and no step cutting required. From the fuorcla we could see Palue and Bellavista above a sea of clouds, covering the Morteratsch. Looking back to the west the weather did not look good, heavy clouds being driven towards us.

Now we had an hour of moderate rock climbing. No snow on the rocks. Paul had taken so much out of my rucksack that I hardly felt its weight and we even overtook some of the others. 4½ hours after leaving the hut we stood at the beginning of the Bianco, the iceridge proper. The elegant line of the ridge, splendidly white in the sun on the Morteratsch side in sharp contrast to the dark Roseg slopes on the other, rose in front of us towards an ice peak, which seemed to me the Pizzo Bianco as marked on the older maps just south of the 'Scharte', the cleft in the final rockridge. I saw later that the Pizzo Bianco was much further away; it took us 2½ hours to get there though conditions were still very good with the exception of the increasing strength of the gusts of wind from the west. On the ridge we could see 2 parties of 2 climbers each, following the old tracks. Apart from feeling the altitude I had no difficulties on the ridge; we had wonderful views down on both sides, the Morteratsch was now completely clear and, photographing back, I could take photos of the Prievlusa and the Piz Morteratsch, looking very much more like a rock peak seen from here. From the end of the iceridge it is not far to the 'Scharte', but there one is in for a shock. At least I was. The Pizzo Bianco is marked 3995m; one feels entitled to think one has actually done it here, only 110 feet below the real summit. However one looks down the 'Scharte' which was hardly visible from the Diavolezza, and realizes that it means climbing down 100 to 150 feet first. On the other side of the cleft the summit ridge looms up rather menacingly, its top disappearing in the clouds which by now enveloped the summit. Here the rocks were covered in hard snow, though fortunately not with ice. It took me another 2½ hours to reach the summit, 9½ hours altogether.

A little below the summit, on the Morteratsch face, we sat down out of the wind for a bit of a rest and to have something to eat. Paul could not keep quiet about my age and about a dozen or so climbers, who had come up by the Spallas ridge, surrounded us and congratulated me in many languages.

Only now the '13th' chose to remind me of this ominous date. When I got up I felt a sharp pain as soon as I put my left foot down, probably the result of my fall in the hut in the night. That made me feel rather unsafe on the traverse of the Spalla ridge, now completely in fog, and I was very slow on the snowfield above the hut.

In the Marco e Rosa hut we found about 40 people, singing at the top of their voices, led by Giovanni, the warden of the hut. I am afraid these efforts were rather lost as far as I was concerned. I slept first for 3 hours on a bunk, or rather a quarter of a bunk, singing or no singing. When I woke up my foot was still painful but a Swiss woman gave me a miracle ointment which put it right in a few hours.

At 4 a.m. next morning the sky was clear and the stars were sparkling. Paul did not trust the weather, but suggested we try Crast a Guezza. At 5 a.m. we

left the hut and were on the summit by 7 a.m. This easy rock climb gave us fantastic views of Roseg, Bernina and Disgracia in all the colours of one of the most beautiful mornings I have ever seen. It could not last, this weather. We were hardly back at the crampons and ice axe depot when the blizzard started. Paul led safely up the Bellavista terrace, not yielding to the temptation to descend through the 'Buch'. Later we heard in the valley that 2 tourists were caught there 2 days ago between two collapsed bridges and had to be rescued by helicopter. By 1 p.m. we were at the Boval and I had just reached the Morteratsch station when I heard the first thunder. The weather had finally broken.

Later I learnt that the parties starting the next morning from the Tscherva hut for the Bianco had to turn back at the Fuorcla Prievlusa. Only then did I realize how tolerant had been the '13th' this time.

SONNINGRAT 3487m

Gordon J. Gadsby

At 4 o'clock in the morning on Thursday, 28th August, 1969 when I was surveying the scene outside the Almagelleralp Hotel with the cold wind already whining up the valley from Saas Grund, a few stars were showing, but down valley the Mischabel Range was shrouded in cloud. Not a good sign!

Above the moraine track to the south of the Frontier peak the Mittelruck 3363m was stark and clear against a threatening sky. We had traversed this lonely sentinel yesterday in winds of almost Cairngorm velocity. I went back in the hut and woke Margaret and Robin. We had a leisurely breakfast of bread and tuna fish, grapefruit and coffee. A guided party had arisen by this time and announced their intention of doing the Drei Horlinigrat 3096m (a grade IV rock climb). Our aim was the Sonningrat 3487m—PD sup. pitches of III and IV. Whether it would be feasible after a week of very bad weather and the prevailing strong winds we would have to see.

We set off up the moraine at 5.30 a.m. and reached the Sonning Pass in 2½ hours—just under guide book time. The view from here was superb, all Italy seemed bathed in the early morning sun. We decided to sit for an hour and let the weather decide itself. The view of the jagged ridge of the Mittelruck with the Portjengrat 3653m and Weismiess 4023m behind made us wonder how we had climbed it in the even stronger winds of yesterday.

At 8.40 a.m. the three of us, Margaret Hodge, Robin Reeve and myself, set off up the ridge from the col. The scrambling was interesting with here and there patches of new snow which proved troublesome. After three quarters of an hour the crest of the ridge merged into a sharp snow arete; we traversed this keeping on the north side on very good snow indeed. Higher the snow formed a fine summit dome with large cornices on the Italian side. The wind had dropped and as the sun really started to get through, vapour clouds began to build up on the Italian flanks of the mountains. We climbed along the ridge with here and there verglass on the rocks. The climbing had to be taken slowly due to the iced up ridge and eventually we arrived on top of the large Gendarme.

The guide Zurbriggin, a friend from 1960, had gone into great detail about this the night before when we had a chat about the route. We descended on the left Italian side on ample ledges, but with a foot of terrible snow; crampons balled up at every step; then down a steep 30 ft. pitch of broken rock and so to a small col. The sky was now deep blue, the distant summits of the Strahlhorn, Allalin and Rimpfischorn were gleaming white with their mantle of new snow, the first time they had cleared since our ascent of the North West Ridge of the Mittaghorn nearly a fortnight ago.

From the col we scrambled along the main ridge, the rocks gradually becoming more and more verglassed. Soon the main summit point 3487, named Sonninghorn on the Carte National, came into view, the rocks steepened and upward progress became impossible with the coating of ice. I decided to traverse across the North Face and reach the summit by steep snow slopes. The snow (ice) was very good and we made quick progress until forced to belay by several large patches of bare ice. I moved across the ice cutting hand and foot holds until I reached a good snow belay 30 ft. away. Margaret stepped neatly across to join me and belay on an ample stance. I was now confronted by a line of ice slabs sweeping down from the summit ridge. They were about 12 ft. across and at this point covered by a thinnish film of ice. I cut the ice away as much as possible down to the rock, but the rock was smooth and offered little purchase. I contemplated descending alongside the slabs and crossing lower down, but as they seemed unrelenting for several hundred feet, I knew we hadn't the time in hand. This, coupled with the fact that the route should follow the ridge anyway, made me decide to climb straight up on the good snow ice to a point some 20 ft. below the ridge crest and try and cross the slabs just below where they abutted against the steeper rock of the ridge.

I moved up 70 ft. and soon had Margaret and Robin belayed beside me. I traversed across to a small snow cave below overhanging rock. Then I made a few precarious moves round a bulging nose of rock to reach the slabs. We were now only about 200 ft. from the summit. The ice on the slabs here was 2" thick and I chopped steps with renewed vigour until about a third of the way when the steps started to collapse. The thick ice was standing nearly 2" proud of the rock surface. At this point we decided to call off our attempt on the ridge. Robin on his first season and Margaret on her second had already done their hardest alpine climbing to date. So feeling well satisfied



On the North Face of the Sonninghorn

photo G.Gadsby

with our endeavours we retraced our steps back to the Sonning Pass down endless moraine to the Almagelleralp Hotel and a welcome bowl of soup.

To round off our happy day the guides at the hut congratulated us on our ascent in the difficult conditions and announced their intention of traversing the Portjengrat the next morning. We left within the hour for Saas Fee and a celebration meal in the Gletscher Garten Hotel.

ALPINE MEET—1969

D. R. Riddell

The Alpine Meet for 1969 was held at Kandersteg, the currency difficulties of 1968 having been met in a variety of ways, all of which no A.B.M. member would consider contrary to the best interests of good Anglo-Swiss relations.

Some members were able to put in some preliminary training, notably Virginia and Paul French, according to ancient custom. The majority arrived on the Saturday, 23rd. August and a small party immediately went off to Schwarenbach to have a stab at the Tschingelochthorn.

When I arrived at Kandersteg Station on Monday the weather was not good. The Gellihorn up the valley looked impregnable and impossible in the swirling mist. Nothing else to be seen in the way of 'tops'.

The hotel, due to be completely gutted and modernised as soon as we had left, was a delightful sojourn into the past. It could only be described as Victorian. The arrangements were better than those of 40 years ago but the decor was the same. We even had a long table for the party with a Maurice Bennett overflow near at hand.

The Tschingelochthorn party returned empty-handed—weather unpropitious—excessive snow.

By Tuesday nearly all the expected members had arrived. The party was remarkable for the preponderance of the learned profession. Full time teachers Clive Mullineux and Gladys Bennett, a retired schoolmaster Eric Radcliffe, a part time teacher Maurice Freeman, and 'Babs' Solari a statistician. We all had to mind our p's and q's in that company.

Kandersteg struck most of us as being rather sleepy. Winter is the time the village comes alive. A straggling village with not much character. Some of us who had rooms facing the railway could set our watches by the trains. The time keeping was remarkably good. . . .

The President rushed me up to the Oeschinensee in 57 minutes. Others were alleged to take 45 minutes. 'Muirhead' is 75 minutes. Truly a remarkable spot. It was to be better still when we visited it later during the Meet.

The trouble with the Meet was too much snow. Hence the traverse of the Ueshinengrat took us 10 hours. Normally there is no snow in summer but on the Wednesday it was snow all the way from the Gellihorn back to the valley at Schwarenbach. There was no view. Not that the view was missed, we were all too busy keeping our feet. What should have been a pleasant walk turned out to be an expedition. A large party, on three ropes, must be slow. We were. The abseil down a cavern provided the thrill and took a great deal of time. The run down to the path was painfully slow with the

soft snow on grass. It was delightful to be welcomed into the Schwarenbach Inn where Frau Stoller made us really at home.

Several of the party walked up to the Gemmi as a rest day after the Ueschinenegrat. We were all frightened out of the hotel at the top of the pass because our request for 'gluh wein' was met with such a curt refusal that we fled back to the Schwarenbach. In a short period of clearance we could see down to Leukerbad—but no summits.

Harold Flook gave us an organ recital at the Lutheran church near the hotel next morning. Splendid, though some of us left too early—the encores were said to be as good as the more formal recital. But Harold's modesty had made some of us think he had finished when he hadn't.

The Church was used for the Anglican Services on the Sunday. Much better than the deserted and abandoned church at Arolla! Truly ecumenical.

A large group went down to the Blau See to see the fish. Some went on the tiny lake on a most unsafe looking boat. The President and I went on a 'train-spotting' expedition. This consisted of travelling behind the driver on the train back to Kandersteg. We were armed with maps and compasses and altimeters. The compasses had a hard time, getting quite giddy through the loops of the Mitholz tunnel with its two 360° 'curves', one inside and one outside the hillside. Not mountaineering but fun for the railway addicts!

There was a fine day for the walk up to the Fründen hut. We dawdled at the lakeside despite the fact that the snow came well down towards the Oeschinensee. Progress slowed as the snow, even on a path, was treacherous. Finally there was no path. The last section turned the hut walk into another 'expedition'. The advance party had to chip the snow off the fixed ropes leading to the plateau on which the hut stands. From below it looked fearsome. In the event the leaders had made all straightforward. At the hut one of the 'choppers' opened up the hut, got a fire going and in no time we were all most comfortable—due to our versatile organiser, leader and stoker, Paul French, of course. Hut or no hut it was a pleasant mountaineering day out.

The really big day for most of us was the attempt on the Balmhorn from the Schwarenbach which ended up in climbing the Steghorn. The snow was belting down at the hour for starting up the Balmhorn. Many of us did not even wake then, but by 7 a.m. we were off led by our guide Otto Stoller at the head of the first of three ropes.

Walter Kirstein danced along the exposed ridge below the col at the foot of the final pull up to the summit like the proverbial chamois. Others felt it a bit dicey. There was deep snow to get to the top with a cornice to break through at a place where there shouldn't have been a cornice. There is photographic evidence of the arrival of the President, his two aides, and most of the rest of the Meet on that summit.

It was about this time that the tigers went off to the Lotschen Pass with Otto and a second guide to bag the Balmhorn by the S.E. ridge. The details of the ascent are in Paul's archives which are not available at the time of writing.

The last expedition was to the Blumisalp hut, objective Weisse Frau. Pleasant to the Unter Bergli (lunch) but rain afterwards. Walter had a shock at the hut. The guardian told him he didn't want any climbers, even S.A.C. It took quite a time to realise he was having his leg pulled! We were very comfortable, even if teetotal.

Next day we climbed the 'Flat Top', the Wilde Frau. Easy going to the rocks then plenty to occupy the large party. The rocks were plastered in snow and there was ice in places. Progress was slow, enabling the infirm to keep up without difficulty. Coming down we had two abseils. A good time was had by all.

Nothing exciting, difficult, dangerous or new but how well worth while! The diversity of types makes the Meet well worth while. The evenings passed quickly, sometimes hilariously. The ping pong fans did their stuff. We did not have a stube as at Arolla or Zinal but we did find suitable places in Kandersteg.

The main impression left with me was the same as previous Meets—that so many people could get on so well for so long.

Berg (Schweiz) Heil!

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PRESIDENT'S NOTES

With the happy events of the Diamond Jubilee Dinner so recently in mind, it is tempting to think of 1969 mainly in connection with the celebration of those men who got together in 1909 to bring our Association into being. And not without reason, for it is good from time to time to 'praise famous men and our fathers that begat us', and we are very sensible of the singular compliment paid to us by Herr Hektor Meier and Herr Peter Pfeiffer in coming from Switzerland and entertaining us so cordially. The proceedings are more fully reported elsewhere, but we can all rejoice that this 60th Anniversary has brought us into still closer accord with our fellow members of the Swiss Alpine Club.

Earlier in the Autumn, we had also been complimented by an invitation to attend the Assemblée Generale at Montana in honour of the Jubilee. Walter Kirstein ably represented the Association and was entertained right royally, with many kind references to the Association. And George Starkey's note on the Jubilee was given pride of place in the issue of *Les Alpes*.

However, the future of the Association does not lie in the contemplation of its past glories but in the activities of its members and the way it provides a base for those activities. 1969 saw a further expansion of our programme of weekend Meets that is clearly meeting a demand and giving members welcome opportunities to foregather and climb together. This year's innovation was a Meet in Ribblesdale when the conditions conspired to try the hardness of those taking part, but John Kemsley's navigation served to bring us all safely, if damply, back to a good dinner at the end of the day. Rather better weather favoured the weekend Meets in Wales, Derbyshire, and the Lake District. The interest taken in these Meets clearly justifies further developments in the service the Association provides, and 1970 will see the introduction of a Northern Dinner and we may look forward to still further activities mainly for the benefit of members living away from the London area.

The Alpine Meet was singularly unfortunate in the weather but a number of good climbs were made in unpromising conditions, largely due to Paul French's enthusiasm and drive and the skill of our Guide, Otto Stoller.

One event of 1969 that should not go unremarked was the return of Monsieur Gaspard Bodmer to Switzerland. Monsieur Bodmer has been a very good friend of the Association during his tour of duty at the Embassy, and we wish him well in his future career, as we welcome his successor, Monsieur Franz Muheim and his charming wife.

We must also record the ending of outstanding service to the Association by one of our members. Roy Crepin retired from the office of Honorary Treasurer at the A.G.M. in November, and in doing so brought to an end a most remarkable period of service to us all, as a member of the Committee, Hon. Secretary, President, and finally, Hon. Treasurer, that must surely be

unique in the history of the Association. With our heartfelt gratitude to Roy for all he has done for us goes our deepest sympathy for the passing of that gracious lady who was his wife.

The response to our Editor's Questionnaire in last year's Journal stimulated interest in the production of an Association neck-tie. Your Social Sub-Committee went to work on the task with skill and enthusiasm, and produced a design that neatly reproduces the essentials of the badge of the S.A.C. They cleared all obstacles to get the tie into production in time for the Dinner so that I could present specimens to the Ambassador, Herr Meier and Herr Pfeiffer, much to their delight. Our members seem no less pleased with it, judging from the way they have bought it.

As I write this, 1970 is still in its infancy and it is tempting to speculate on what the year will hold for the Association. Our Meets Sub-Committee has broken new ground in its arrangements for the Alpine Meet by negotiating Inclusive Tour terms for those able to travel to and from Trient together, thus effecting substantial savings over ordinary fares and hotel charges. It will be interesting to see how many members are able to take advantage of these terms, and the Officers and Committee would be pleased to hear from members about their reactions to such arrangements, or, indeed, to any other of the activities of the Association.

F. Solari

A New Printing!

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH

GASTON REBUFFAT

Photographs by Pierre Tairraz

A vivid impression of the face and ridge climbing to be found on the great Alpine traverses is given in this exciting book, which combines superb photographs with unique text to present the deep humility and poetic exaltation felt by two great climbers.

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DIARY FOR 1970

- 28 January Lecture 'Alpine Flowers' by Mr. Anthony Huxley.
- 14 February Northern Dinner, Church Hotel, Edale.
- 25 February Lecture 'Postmen and Window-cleaners in the Alps' by Dr. Frank Schweitzer.
- 18 March Lecture 'Expedition to North Greenland' by Major John Peacock.
- 25 March-
1 April Easter Meet, Killin, Perth.
- 18-19 April Meet, North Wales. Leader, Stuart Beare.
- 22 April Lecture 'Swiss Wines and Cheeses' followed by a wine and cheese party.
- 20 May Ladies' Night Dinner, Connaught Rooms.
- 23-25 May Meet, C.I.C. Hut, Ben Nevis. Leader, David Lintott.
- 24 June Lecture 'The Easter Meet' by members at the Meet.
- 15-30 August Alpine Meet, Hotel du Glacier, Trient.
- 23 September Lecture 'The Trek to Everest' by Mr. Bob Hards.
- 10-11 October Meet, Langdale. Leader, Walter Unsworth.
- 21 October Lecture 'The Alpine Meet' by members at the Meet.
- 25 November Annual Dinner, 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 supper at the 'Waterloo Despatch', Adams Row, W.1., price 21/-. Places at these suppers must be booked by first post on the Monday preceding the lecture by writing to Mr. S. N. Beare, 64 Kensington Gardens Square, W.1.

Information regarding the Easter and Alpine Meets is obtainable from Maurice Bennett and, regarding the Weekend Meets, from the Leaders.

ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES 1969

The Committee is pleased to note that the past year has shewn a steady increase in the interest of members in the activities of the Association. Nowhere has this been more evident than in the climbing meets held in different areas of the British Isles.

Tony Strawther led the first meet of the year from the Church Hotel, Edale on the 15/16 February. The meet was blessed by wonderful weather, lots of snow, blue skies and sun.

This almost turned out to be the first ski-ing meet of the Association as more than half of those attending brought along their skis and were rewarded by two very good days on Mam Tor with Walter Kirstein in the role of ski leader. The rest of the party had two very good days 'Swimming' as they described it on the top of Kinder Scout and the surrounding hills in the waist deep snow. All in all the meet was most enjoyable, the accommodation and the dinner were first class, Mrs. Smith made us all welcome.

Easter Meet: We made a welcome return at Easter to the Glan Aber at Bettws-y-Coed where we were well looked after by Mr. and Mrs. Yates.

For the second year in succession we were blessed with excellent weather. A spell of snow a week or so before Easter followed by warm sunny weather made conditions somewhat tricky, melt-water leaving patches of ice on otherwise dry rock. However, this added spice to the normal ridge walks and some enterprising spirits found the odd snow gully.

John Kemsley led a party to the Yorkshire Three Peaks on 10/11 May. We broke new ground on the Saturday when we set out at 8 a.m. from Horton in Ribblesdale with the aim of completing the circuit of Pen y Gent, Whernside and Ingleborough within twelve hours. We tested our boots in the bogs, our cagoules in the rain, our compasses in the mist and our stamina over 24 miles of rough walking, and 15 of the party survived the round with the help of lunchtime pints at the Ribblehead and steaming tea at the Hill Inn. Pressed as we were for time we yet managed a quick look at Hunt Pot and Hull Pot and at Ingleborough's fascinating limestone pavements, and if the late spring denied us the promised *Primula farinosa* it gave us compensation in a fine purple display of *Saxifraga oppositifolia*.

On the Sunday neither continuing rain nor tortured feet prevented the gluttons from continuing their explorations of other local showpieces and small parties drifted off in the dampness to other potholes and to Malham Cove and Gordale Scar.

The meet was attended by the President and his lady and 17 others.

Ladies' Night Dinner

On Wednesday 21 May the Ladies' Night Dinner was again held at the Connaught Rooms. The Guests of the Association included M. and Mme. Franz



Derbyshire Skitouring

photo W. A. Kirstein

Muheim representing the Swiss Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. G. Unsel and Mr. and Mrs. E. Schaeffeler of the Swiss National Tourist Office, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cleare.

After an excellent meal our guest John Cleare gave a superb illustrated lecture on 'Television Aspects in Climbing'. The slides ranged from the Aiguille du Midi to the Anglesey cliffs and from the Matterhorn to the Old Man of Hoy. We all envied Mr. Cleare the amount of time he is able to spend climbing and the places he has visited. We now appreciate more fully that the man behind the camera has a very hard and hazardous life carrying his photographic gear up and down the climbs many times for the benefit of those armchair climbers at home.

The meet of 12-13 July was led by David Lintott. Members were accommodated at Helyg and Glan Dena and on Saturday evening a pleasant informal dinner was held at the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel. Saturday had been dry

and while a large party traversed Tryfan and the Glyders others did routes on Idwal Slabs and Lliwedd. Sunday was a superb hot sunny day and Amphitheatre Buttress and Pinnacle Wall on Craig yr Ysfa were climbed.

The Alpine Meet

The £50 travel allowance having forced us to stray into Austria the previous year, we felt bound to try to organise a Meet in Switzerland in 1969 notwithstanding the continuance of the currency limit. This necessitated our going late in the season and we were based on the Hotel Schweitzerhof at Kandersteg during the last week in August and the first week in September.

Unfortunately, the weather was atrocious and severely dented the excellent programme which had been worked out by Paul French. An account by David Riddell of what we were able to do appears on pages 11-13.

Those attending the Meet were: the President and Mrs. Solari, Mr. W. Kirstein and Dr. D. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. M. Bennett, Mr. David Bennett and Miss Joan Rivett, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Broadbent, Mrs. J. S. Byam-Grounds and Miss Gay Byam-Grounds, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. French and Messrs. A. Clapham, H. S. Flook, J. Gardiner, C. Mulinieux, R. C. J. Parker, W. E. Radcliffe and F. E. Smith.

Back home on 11-12 October Walt Unsworth led a meet at Langdale with members accommodated in both Raw Head and the Robertson Lamb Hut. The weather was so fine this year that most of the thirty three members attending this now traditional meet wondered whether they had come to the right place. There was a noticeable absence of the usual hanging about on Saturday morning; everyone wanted to make the most of the conditions. Rock climbing suddenly became fashionable again. Parties dashed off to learn their Alphabets on Gimmer, an Orchid or two were picked on Tarn Crag and a few rakes went chimneying on Pavey. But the walkers were active, too, ranging far and wide over the adjacent fells: Crinkles, High White Stones. . . . it was seventy degrees in the shade and the mind boggles.

Though on Sunday the clouds had gathered, the rain kept off and everyone managed to cram something in before an early return to the huts in preparation for the long drive home.

In between, of course, Sid provided us with the usual excellent dinner where the conversation and wine flowed unstintingly. On behalf of the Association Walter Kirstein wished Mr. and Mrs. Cross a happy retirement when they leave the Old Hotel at the end of the year.

Later that evening champagne flowed when our editor Graham Daniels announced he had become engaged to Miss Alison Tattersall on the hills above Watendlath.

The Annual Dinner

In 1969 the Association had existed for 60 years. It was therefore thought appropriate that the Annual Dinner should be deemed the 60th Anniversary

Dinner. Last year when the 1968 Assembly of the U.I.A.A. was held in London our President and other Committee Members had an opportunity to meet Herr Hektor Meier, President of the S.A.C. Central Committee. To consolidate the friendly links then forged Herr Meier was invited as the principal guest of the Association, this being the first time that the President of the S.A.C. had attended a dinner of the Association of British Members in London.

Other guests of the Association were:

His Excellency the Swiss Ambassador, M. Rene Keller
Mr. A. S. Pigott, O.B.E. (Alpine Club)
Mrs. G. Starkey (President, Ladies Alpine Club)
Sir Arnold Lunn (original member A.B.M.S.A.C.)
W. Cdr. E. B. Beauman (55 years in A.B.M.S.A.C.)
Herr P. Pfeiffer (Head of S.A.C. Youth Organisations)
Mr. A. J. Moulam (Climbers Club)
Mr. J. A. Kenyon (President, Fell and Rock C.C.)
Herr E. Schaeffeler (Swiss National Tourist Office)

The toast of 'The Swiss Confederation' was proposed by Sir Arnold Lunn and His Excellency the Swiss Ambassador replied.

In proposing the toast of 'The Association' Hektor Meier said he had to convey to the Association the most cordial wishes from the S.A.C. Central Committee. He remarked that today much progress was by technical innovation but that the discovery of the Swiss mountains by the early English mountaineering pioneers was an essentially personal process. This thought was pleasing especially at a time when there was so much pollution and damage to the beauties of nature. Climbers and mountaineers everywhere experienced a unique and pleasant feeling when on the hills and thinking thereon. The S.A.C. was participating actively in plans to protect the natural resources and to preserve the Swiss mountains as generations of climbers had known them.

Before closing Hektor Meier held the members spellbound as he produced from an enormous sack gifts from all S.A.C. Sections with British members. These gifts were as follows:

Central Committee	Bell
Altels Section	Picture of the Kingspitze by Wunderlich
Argentine Section	Greeting card Book 'Notre ami le guide' by Philippe Allamand Two bottles Chablis Vaudois
Bernina Section	Engadiner Nusstorte
Diablerets Section	Engraved pewter jug
Geneva Section	Letter of greeting Picture 'near Grands Mulets', lithograph by Ullrich

Jaman Section	Letter of greeting Engraved pewter jug	1970
Interlaken Section	Greeting card, Gingerbread	
Lagern Section	Cookies	
Grindelwald Section	Engraved ice axe	
Monte Rosa Section	Engraved pewter jug	
Oberhasli Section	Carving of a marmot with a plate	
Uto Section	Tirggel	

Our President, Frank Solari, replied to the toast and thanked Herr Meier for the magnificent gifts. He was delighted to be able to present to Herr Meier, Herr Pfeiffer and the Swiss Ambassador the new A.B.M.S.A.C. ties, which he hoped they would wear with pride.

Mr. Solari was most pleased to see and hear Sir Arnold Lunn, one of our founder members with us at the Anniversary Dinner. Another founder member still alive, Dr. Bourdillon, had sent his good wishes from Canada. Mr. Solari recalled some of the earlier Committee members who had served the Association so faithfully and said how sorry he was that after so many years the Association was to lose the services of Roy Crepin. Roy had been President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and would be greatly missed.

Looking to the future the President foresaw 700 members of the Association very soon, all of whom would be able to enjoy the programme of weekend and other climbing meets that were so popular. The idea of a club hut was being discussed actively and the first Northern Dinner is to be held in February 1970.

The President thanked Paul French for again organising the Alpine Meet. He thanked Graham Daniels for producing an excellent Club Journal and also for instigating and producing the new Club tie. Before becoming President he had not appreciated how much work the joint Secretaries, Maurice Bennett and Peter Ledebor, did and he thanked them for this and for telling him what to do at all times. John Clements he thanked for his sterling work as projectionist at Club lectures over the years.

The toast of 'The Guests and Kindred Clubs' was proposed by the Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Leicester and replied to by Mr. A. S. Pigott of the Alpine Club.

Closing the speeches Mr. Walter Kirstein proposed the health of the President.

Officers and Committee

The Annual General Meeting was held at the Connaught Rooms immediately prior to the Annual Dinner. The following appointments were made:

As Treasurer

Mr. R. W. Jones

In Place of

Mr. F. R. Crepin (on his resignation)

For the Committee

Mr. M. Baker

Mr. P. D. Boulter, F.R.C.S.

Mr. J. E. Jesson

Mr. W. E. Radcliffe

Mr. W. R. H. Jeudwine

Mr. D. G. Lambley, F.R.C.S.

Dr. D. J. Lintott

Mr. W. R. Neate

Mr. F. E. Smith

Mr. R. W. Jones

Resolutions were passed that:

- (a) the flat rate subscription be raised from £4. 12. 0 to £4. 15. 0
- (b) subscription rates in Rule 4 be amended as follows:

Town Members from £1 to £2

Country Members from 10/- to £1

Noted in Passing:

Our President, Frank Solari, was invited to attend as a guest the S.A.C. Annual General Meeting in Montana. His business commitments made it impossible for him to attend but Walter Kirstein went in his place. His presence helped to make local Swiss delegates more aware of the existence of the British members of the S.A.C., while the friendly manner of his reception was evidence of the goodwill that exists between the Central Committee and ourselves.

F. E. Smith had some of his colour photographs of the mountains around Zermatt featured as a window display by Kodak Ltd. in Kingsway, London.

At the time of writing 165 members have purchased their new Association tie. This great response has been very pleasing but unfortunately some late applicants have had to wait for delivery while a further stock of ties were obtained. If you have not already purchased your tie please return the application enclosed in the Journal.

During the year there has been some agitation of the mountaineering scene in Britain. Amongst other things it has been said that the British Mountaineering Council has failed to look after the interests of mountaineers in this country. The transformation of that organisation into a national British Alpine Club on the lines of continental clubs was proposed. In view of this criticism the B.M.C. approached its member clubs for their thoughts on these and other matters.

The A.B.M.S.A.C. is a member club of the B.M.C. and replied at length. Amongst the points made were that as we are essentially members of a

foreign club we already have hut access rights and so international reciprocal rights are of little interest. On the National Club question it was thought that such a club would lead to an infringement of the autonomy of individual clubs and establish an artificial and cumbersome beauraucratic framework that would not benefit mountaineering in Britain.

Les Alpes has carried several articles during 1969 which are of interest to British Members. The October issue carried, in English, an account by George Starkey of the early years of the A.B.M.S.A.C. John Tyson's expedition to the Kanjiroba Himal is reported in the December issue, while Gerald Brooke has an article with photographs on Herthubreith in Iceland included in the last Quarterly Review. The Editor of this Journal congratulates all the above and apologises to the authors of any reports he has missed because of his inability to understand massive quantities of French and German. Perhaps he is not alone!

Obituary

DR. A. H. VAN SCHERPENBERG, a member of the Association since 1929 died in December 1969. He was an attache at the old German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace from about 1930 up to 1936.

His job was to 'sell' Germany to the British. During the days of the Weimar Republic he found that the Conservatives here were rather stuffy but that the Liberals were very friendly. When Hitler seized power and made it plain what he intended to do the Conservatives mildly shrugged their shoulders and said 'There now, we told you so!', but the Liberals were speechless with indignation!

He was recalled in 1936 (I met him in Berlin in 1937) and after the war he was seconded to the Board of Trade and was over in England for several months. I met him once or twice during that period. For several years after that he was Permanent Under Secretary to the Foreign Office at Bonn. His final post was German Ambassador to the Holy See—notwithstanding the fact that he was a Lutheran.

He was a career diplomat and a very polished one and a very charming fellow. He was a member of the Alpine Club for several years up to 1939 when his membership automatically lapsed. Since his retirement he had been living in the Rhineland. He came over to England for the Ladies Night Dinner in 1968 and that was the last time I saw him. He had several children but I never met any of them and I think they must be all grown up by now. That is the complete picture of an old friend. M.N.C.

We regret to record that the following deaths of members have been reported during the year.

A. Baker, E. Coddington, A. G. Jones, H. W. P. Kander, E. V. Townshend.

BOOK LIST

ZERMATT AND DISTRICT Including Saas Fee BY ROBIN G. COLLOMB,
Constable & Co. Ltd., 30/-.

Robin Collomb does not appear to have made up his mind what kind of book he is trying to write. He begins by providing a compendium of tourist office information, much of which, such as hotel prices and fares on uphill transport, is unlikely to remain accurate for long and can in any event be readily obtained elsewhere. He then describes the resort and the main excursions on foot and ends with information about more serious mountaineering expeditions and the engagement of guides. The previous objection also applies to the latter material, whilst it might have been better to have excluded mountaineering altogether, simply recommending the reader to the relevant English and Swiss guide books. Finally almost half the book consists of some excellent photographs of the district. Unfortunately the book is bound in such a way that it is impossible to appreciate them. The pity is that the author has missed an opportunity of writing a really useful book. If it is thought that a further series of English guide books is necessary to supplement the existing series for walkers and mountaineers of modest ambitions, then such books would be of much more value if they dealt with larger areas with emphasis on the routes connecting the valleys and the huts, both over the glaciers and the lower passes, rather than concentrating on describing the amenities of particular resorts.

Robin Collomb gives Zermatt little credit for being one of the foremost Alpine ski resorts. Happily this omission is put right by Rob Tillard in his *SKI ZERMATT* (21 pp, 6/-). This admirable booklet condenses into a small compass an immense amount of work and all the vital information about 35 different runs. It is in fact an attempt to give ski runs the same kind of treatment as routes in a rock climbing guide book, and it will be invaluable to skiers visiting Zermatt for the first time and anxious quickly to become acquainted with the skiing possibilities to suit their standard. Perhaps sometime in the future the two authors might profitably combine. S. N. B.

THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND The Adventure of the High Alps
(Allen & Unwin £ 5. 5. 0)

This magnificent book is different from any of its predecessors in having no unoriginal photographs. There are, it is true, some reproductions of early prints, connected with the history of mountaineering in the first chapter. After that the photography is unique, unique for the mountaineer in particular.

Alike for the modest potterer in the High Alps and for the young tiger, the photographs convey more of the atmosphere, of actually being there, than

anything produced before. The reason for this is that Herbert Maedere is so many things, being professional photographer, rock climbing virtuoso, naturalist and historian.

Our members will find much of nostalgic interest both in text and photographs. The photographs in particular are those that he wished he had taken, but didn't. The pages about the Matterhorn especially connected with the ascent by the Zmutt ridge, are as vivid as the reality. There has never been anything like this before.

The volume has been added to our library. It can be thoroughly recommended to any member who wants to revisit his old haunts and explore possibilities and improbabilities at the fireside during enforced absence from the Alps.

The ancillaries of mountaineering receive their full treatment. Fauna in particular—marmots, deer, ibex and steinbock. And Dr. Ricco Bianchi's colour plates of Alpine flowers will delight those A.B.M. members whose enthusiasm for Flora has so often enabled me to rest by the wayside when I couldn't go on anyhow.

In fine, a 'must' to enjoy, either by borrowing from the library or obtaining by any means (except borrowing from me) as this Magnum Opus is the finest thing of its kind that has been produced so far.

D. R. R.

LETTER BY THE EDITOR OF THE 'SWISS OBSERVER'

Dear Mountaineers,

Throughout the pages of this yearly Journal you have been reminiscing on your exciting climbs and marvellous excursions. The Swiss Alps stood clearly in the forefront, and the fact that you return to Switzerland so often must surely mean that you are attached to its people as well as to its peaks and scenery. If this is the case, then you may wish to stay in touch with Swiss life during the long months of separation. One way of doing this is to subscribe to a Swiss paper, but this may cost too much, and besides, Swiss newspapers aren't written in English. The simplest and cheapest way is to subscribe to the SWISS OBSERVER, the official organ of the Swiss Colony in Great Britain.

This bi-monthly publication was created 50 years ago for the benefit of the expatriate Swiss of England interested in knowing what was going on back home and also wishing to be kept informed of life in the Colony (we in fact have a section on Swiss goings-on in Great Britain). But that shouldn't bar the British Swissophile from enjoying the paper. The SWISS OBSERVER contains political, economic and cultural articles, features on all aspects of Swiss life, and the pick of the news of the fortnight.

The SWISS OBSERVER is unique of its kind and none of the other 'western' communities in Great Britain have such a publication. The Germans, the Dutch, the Scandinavians and even the French, who are so patriotic, don't have an 'Observer'. To find one you must go and see the Ukrainians and Poles of England. Subscription costs a modest 35s. a year and I shall be delighted to send you a free voucher copy. Therefore, just remember the following address: The Editor, The Swiss Observer, 63/67 Tabernacle Street, London E.C.2.

Pierre-Michel Beguin

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

For the year ended 30th September, 1969

26

1968	RECEIPTS				1968	EXPENDITURE			
£		£.	s.	d.	£		£.	s.	d.
615	Subscriptions	426	3	11	100	Hire of Rooms	100	0	0
48	Entrance Fees	60	0	0	292	Journal	365	4	5
112	Investment Income (gross)	120	10	6	3	Library	20	19	0
24	Advertisements	29	0	0	46	Postage S.N.T.O.	41	0	0
5	Donations	-	-	-	21	Postage Association	18	12	8
	Balance being excess of expenditure over income carried to Balance Sheet	291	15	10	62	Printing	114	1	2
					-	Printing Brochure	45	0	0
					12	Insurance	14	1	10
					42	Entertainment	75	17	1
					32	B.M.C. Subscription	31	16	0
					26	Lecture Expenses	21	7	9
					14	Donation	10	10	0
					5	Sundries	18	0	2
					45	Taxation	51	0	2
					104	Balance being excess of income over expenditure	-	-	-
804		£927	10	3	804		£927	10	3

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

Wrotham Hill Park,
Wrotham, Kent.

(signed) A. H. Hart, Hon. Auditor.

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MEMBERS' CLIMBS

A. W. Barton (with Mrs. Barton)

Easter Meet, Moel Siabod by the E. ridge to the summit. Tryfan by the S. ridge, Moelwyn Mawr, Carnedd Llewelyn by Pen Helyg, Y-Garn descending by Foel Goch, Snowdon from the Pen-y-pass by the Gribon ridge. July and August. At Saas-Fee, walks to the Antrona Pass under snow conditions, to the Zmischbergen Pass, and an ascent of the Mellig by the West face starting from a suitable place on the Hohenweg to Grächer. At Pontresina, an ascent of the Piz Albris, of the Piz Corvatsch and down to the Surlej, led by Karl Freimann, and of the Piz Cacciabella in the Bregaglia led by Karl Freimann.

G. R. E. Brooke

In March: Ulster, Mourne Mts: Slieve Donard, Slieve Commedagh, Slieve Bignian. The Mourne are a picturesque and rugged little range giving pleasant ridge walking and short, clean scrambles on the granite tors which crown several of the higher peaks. Leinster, Wicklow Mts: Mullaghcleevaun, Thonelagee etc.

In August: Iceland: A journey to Askja, 4750 ft, the great ring-crater remotely situated on the uninhabited central plateau of Iceland. Askja comprises a vast, frying-pan shaped depression, 18 square miles in extent, enclosed by a rugged massif. It is reached by a punishing, cross-country motor ride of 80 miles from Lake Myvatn. The outward trip was made on Aug 8th in deteriorating weather and took six hours. I made my base for two nights at the little hut, 2500 ft, located at the N.E. foot of the volcano.

Aug 9th broke cold and overcast with a bitter wind tearing across the pumice-strewn wastelands. A march of 2 hours took me up the black lava-flow, 5 miles long, spewed forth by the 1961 eruption, to the group of small craters at its source; one of these was still showing slight activity. Passing through a broad gap in the crater rim I entered Askja's enormous arena which lies at 3500 ft. About one quarter of the crater floor is filled with a lake, Oskjuvatn, 800 feet deep, formed by catastrophic subsidence following the stupendous eruption nearly a century ago. Close by the north shore of the lake I came to the crater called Viti (Hell) 150 yards in diameter and filled with an allegedly 'bottomless' pool of warm water. It was from this vent that in 1875, half a cubic mile of pumice was ejected in 8 hours, devastating a large sector of eastern Iceland.

Increasingly turbulent weather conditions drove me to seek dubious refuge in the smoking crater before returning down the lava-flow to the hut.

Aug 10th was calmer and more settled. I ascended the eastern slopes of the massif and after a 2½ hours climb over a desolate waste of rock and pu-

mice, attained one of the highest points on the rim, 4750 ft. Beneath lay Askja's wild arena with its sombre lake. The snow-flecked walls of the rim glowed with deep hues of red, purple and ochre with saffron streaks of brimstone where steam rose in spirals from hot springs.

I descended to the hut soon after midday and was evacuated by motor vehicle later in the afternoon, the return journey to Myvatn being accomplished in four hours.

Hamish M. Brown and Robert Aitken

We were part of a gang of up to 16 B.F.M.C. members (the youngest and most active were 15-year-olds) who were based first at Martigny, then at Zermatt. A visit to the Vaud hills completed last year's traversing: Col du Pillon, les Diablerets, Sanetsch Inn (off a glacier littered with cannon shells) and the Wildhorn to Pawilpass at the Lac de Tseuzier. Then another crossing from Le Tour to Champex over the Aig. du Tour and the Pointe d'Orny (a 'munro' and a 'top'). The highest sortie next: a verglassed, plastered climb up to the Gôûter Hut for any icy, windy traverse of Mt. Blanc—up via the Dôme du Gôûter and down the Bossons Glacier to steak and chips in Chamonix. (Three aged 15 on that.) Ann Winning took a party up the Buet while Hamish and Bob with Andrew Patterson almost did the Velan; a pleasant hut approach and a fine, dour peak on which near white out conditions and some nasty crevasses forced a retreat 500 feet from the top. Base was moved to Zermatt camp site while some went up to the Bertol Hut (remember 1966?) from Arolla (Madame la Poste sends greetings) to cross over the Tête Blanche, a race against the only bad spell which was to turn a party off the Breithorn but which was 'done' on the penultimate day of the vac, again in bad conditions. In the only clearance five went up the Rimpfischhorn; nine hours instead of five in tricky conditions ('Just like Tower Ridge') The best day of the best season for many years.

Hamish was in Norway at Easter too; 'penguinning' or ski-touring round Geilo. Tours were made to the main peaks on each side of the valley: Ustetind to the south and Prestholtskarvet of the Hallingskarvet Range (6035 ft.) to the north. The touring was marvellous, the downhill limited in scale and life in the Youth Hostel intolerably noisy all night long.

At home a new 'record' was seeing pupils from Braehead School finally on top of every 3000 ft. peak in the British Isles. This gave jaunts to Ireland, Wales and the Lakes of course, the latter at the Langdale meet in October. Much of the year was spent north of the Great Glen in splendid weather. In contrast an igloo on Macdhuì celebrated the S.M.L.T.B's Instructor's Certificate. David Riddell was up for the Torridon-Locheearn-Glencoe Hogmanay Meet. Any A.B.M. folk are welcome at any time. Hamish is usually off climbing, ski-ing, canoe-ing or doing something in the Highlands. By the time this is out he hopes to have climbed his 1000 th 'munro' and completed the second time round of the British 3000 'ders. A busy enough



Summit of Rimpfischorn

photo H. M. Brown

year; good material we hope for the monthly series appearing in the 'Climber and Rambler.'

T. H. P. Brown

July 14th. Climbed the North Face of the Bionnassay from the Tete Rousse Hut. This was the first time the route had been climbed since a spell of bad weather, and we had some difficulty in finding a way across the initial glacier. However after the first 400 ft of the ramp conditions became excellent, and we reached the summit in good time. Here our troubles began, as the ridge joining the Bionnassay to the Gouter was a mass of unstable new snow, and this ridge really is sharp. Much hard work got us to the Gouter where we both felt exhausted, this being our first route of the season. Verdict: a very fine route, much recommended.

July 16th. Climbed the Frontier Ridge of Mont Maudit. After the first step the ridge was in horrid condition and I have never been so scared for so long before, for rock belays are few and nothing less than a dead-man the size of a dustbin-lid would have been any use on the snow. Conditions apart, I was not impressed by the line of the route; too much time is spent on the side of the ridge turning obstacles, and the elegant snow crests one sees photographs of are few and short. Having seen this fine and challenging line from different view points I was amazed that its ascent should be so uninspiring. Verdict: a disappointing scramble in a serious position—the Old Brenva is comparable but better by far in every way.

July 19-20th. Left the Callotte de la Brenva Hut at 11.30 p.m. for the Route Major. When we reached Col Moore we could hear running water, a bad sound on the Brenva, but we continued to traverse towards the Sentinel. We were following a line of clear steps which seemed to be going rather low, but we thought it unlikely that such a line could lead to the Pear, and when I did attempt a deviation and found myself on treacherous wind-slab it seemed best to continue in the steps. Suddenly we rounded a rib and found ourselves at the edge of the Great Couloir, down which was running a substantial waterfall. Turning out our torches revealed that we were indeed on the Traverse to the Pear, and far too low for the Sentinel. Someone suggested an obvious change of plan, but the truth was that we couldn't psych ourselves up for it that fast. Instead we retraced our steps towards the Col Moore, hoping to find the right point at which to strike upwards. We failed to find anything, and arrived back at Col Moore too late to start looking again. In retrospect I realise that we were thus tricked into doing the safe thing, but I have to admit that had we got to the Sentinel I should have crossed the couloir. That rock is so hard won in expense, time, and inconvenience that a 150 ft dash to the safety of the Route Major would seem well worth while; and no doubt that's what the five people who lost their lives in the couloir this summer also thought.

From the Col Moore we now climbed the Old Brenva. I climbed it in a blizzard last year and expected to find this an anti-climax, but in fact the

perfect day and our corresponding lack of haste showed me that it was an even better route than I had thought. This year it boasted quite a sporting ice-pitch through the seracs.

Verdicts: I still want to do Route Major, and next time I shall take more care over finding the Sentinel. I now vow never to approach it except with a good freeze, and recommend the Old Brenva or the Frontier Ridge if this condition is not forthcoming. Having done both I think the Diables Arete might be another possibility.

July 24th. From Zermatt walked up to bivi in Mummery's original site low on the Zmutt ridge of the Matterhorn, but the evening weather turned very nasty and we retreated wet to the Schonbeil Hut. After finding 35 people in the Callotte it was amazing to find only two other climbers in this large hut. At 1 a.m. the weather was bad, and our frustrations were correspondingly high on waking later to a perfect morning.

Zermatt was regained at a run, provisions purchased, and the Hornli Hut reached by Teleferique and slog. 3 a.m. next morning found us waiting for guides to follow, and when such arrived we climbed pleasantly and easily to the summit; the atmosphere was very much one of holiday. Now we descended on the Italian side for the classic traverse, and were amazed to find not one other party. Thick cloud slowed us, but we arrived at the Col du Lion at just after mid-day. Here we endeavoured to follow the guide book and traverse the Tete du Lion but this was abandoned after some horrible climbing—1 ft of slush lying on ice. We now noticed steps leading down the left bank of the couloir below the Col; 20 safe minutes later we were at the Refugio.

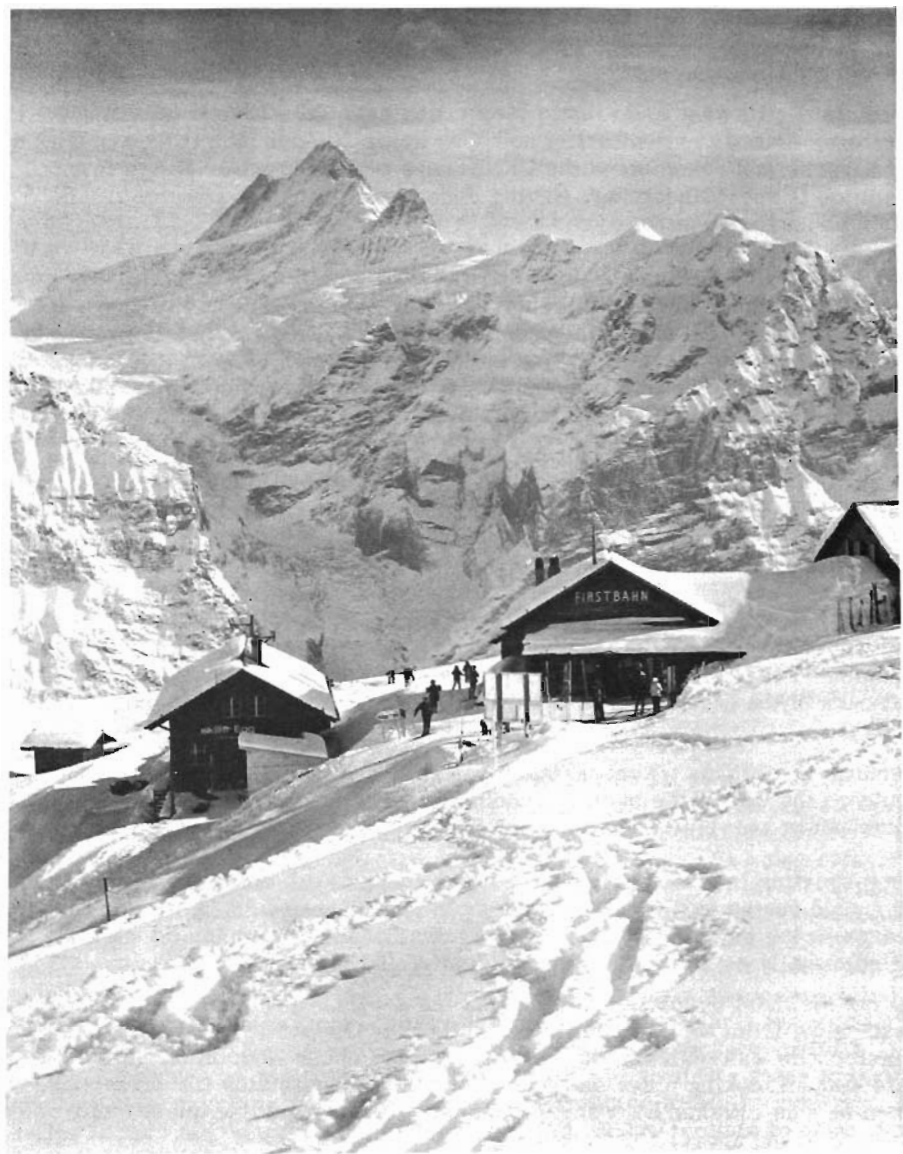
Verdict: a very fine traverse, much better than I had hoped. If you find the route on the Hornli the rock is absolutely reliable, and the Italian side is an entertaining exercise in fixed ropes in a grand position.

Retrospect on the Season. Frustrated as I was at not doing the Major I did four good routes in a fortnight, and could hardly complain. However this season is the least satisfying I have known because too many people got killed, usually as a result of insufficiently cold nights.

To me the most poignant example was the death of a friend of mine while descending from the Mer de Glace face of the Grepon by the Nantillons Glacier. He was standing on the lowest rocks of the Rognon on the left, a safe enough looking place and one where most people stop for crampons, when he was crushed by a serac. Such accidents start one questioning one's attitude to the sport.

W. A. Comstive

At home. Spent most week-ends in the Lake District walking and rock climbing. Enjoyed the N. Wales meet with members—traverse of Tryfan and The Glyders by North ridge and Bristley Ridge. Traverse of the Carnedd's



Shreckhorn from Firstbahn

photo W. A. Comstive

in perfect conditions but rather hot for strenuous walking. Attended the Langdale meet in October—rock climbing with guest one day and walked over to Tilberthwaite and back over the lower fells with Mr. & Mrs. Kemsley on the other.

Alps. Skiing with my wife for two weeks in the Oberland in February. Enjoyed the long runs down to Grindelwald from Kleine Scheidegg and First. There is also some good off-piste skiing for those who, like my wife and I, enjoy a day away from the popular runs.

George Cubby

An early-in-the-season fortnight was spent in the Oberland where the weather was bad. The Wetterhorn and Gross Fiescherhorn were climbed but attempts to traverse from the Lauteraar Hut to the Finsteraarhorn Hut had to be abandoned because of weather. There was an epic visit to the Bergli Hut in deep new snow.

Peter Dean

January/March. Two week ends in North Wales with some snow to add interest: a Brocken spectre seen while on Y Garn.

Easter. A week walking with my wife in the Lake District, mainly in glorious weather, including Blencathra by Narrow Edge and Sharp Edge and Sca Fell by Lord's Rake.

May. A week on Rhum with the Tuesday Climbing Club Meet, visiting all the tops on the island over 1,000 ft. Fine main ridge in the Rhum Cuillin, fantastic wild life: highly recommended.

August. With the TCC Meet at Pontresina. Walked up Piz Languard and with K. Hindell, M. Tedd and T. Blake: Piz Albris (scramble), traverse SW to NE of Piz Gluschaint and then Piz Morteratsch by the ice nose before a halt was called by eight inches of snow in the valley!

John D. Evans and Rev. B. Smith

Zinal Rothorn by the Gabel Notch in perfect conditions. Allalinhorn by the Hohlaubgrat from the Britannia Hut.

P. Farrington

Winter. Camping on Lochnaga1 in poor weather. 'Raeburns Gully' provided two good ice pitches and an enjoyable day before the conditions deteriorated

and ruled out further climbing. Several short ice routes done on the Kinder Edges.

Summer. Several evenings rock climbing on Helsby Crag, and putting up a new artificial route, using bolts, on Runcorn Hill Quarry with the Runcorn Mountaineering Club. Along with the Foxhill Edge at Frodsham, these convenient crags can provide a hard and varied evenings climbing for anyone in this part of Cheshire. Fine days climbing on Shepherds Crag, Borrowdale, Windgather Rocks, Stanage High Neb, Idwal Slabs and Amphitheatre Buttress Craig Yr Ysfa. A most enjoyable ascent of Snowdon from Llanberis with my daughter Rebecca, age 21 months.

Autumn. A wet day at Stanage 'Paradise Wall' area.

Stephen A. Flook

From Britannia Hut Egginer by the S.S.W. ridge in good condition. Strahlhorn via Adler pass in good condition. Allalinhorn, from the Allalin Pass by the S.W. ridge. Very poor conditions, thick mist. Recent snow obliterated traces of any previous ascents. Had a tussle with a cornice when regaining the ridge after turning the first tower. Descended by well worn track via Feejoch and Egginerjoch to Hut. From Bordier Hut the Gross Biegerhorn in mist and light snow. Visited the Hornli hut but too much snow above the Solvay Hut to seriously consider ascent. Point de Zinal in mist with loose snow on the rocks from Col Durand.

Gordon Gadshy

Another very active year with my friends in the ABMSAC and the Oread Mountaineering Club.

January to March. Climbing and walking in North Wales. Several routes on the Roaches, Staffs. Ascended South Ridge of Snowdon in perfect snow conditions; first ascent by this route for 2 weeks. Aviemore-Cairngorms with Ron Chambers and Colin Hobday. Skiing on most days. Solo traverse of Cairngorm in very icy conditions. Ice skating on Loch Eilan. Good weather most of the week.

Easter. Camping Whitesand Bay, Pembrokeshire. Four glorious days climbing. Clear blue skies. Many good routes including a first ascent on Ramsey Island called the 'Big Dipper' a 320' Hard Difficult with Ken Hodge and Fred Allen.

April/May. Climbing on Castle Rock, Thirlmere. Also at Burbage Edge, Wasdale, a very wet weekend. Windgather rocks, Birchens Edge and Stanage Edge.



Allalinhorn and Rimpfischorn

photo G. Gadsby

Whitsun. The Isle of Arran—weather mixed but one great day for traverse of main ridge.

Pembrokeshire. On a long weekend another first ascent on the sea cliffs, 'Crescent Slab' 175' Hard Difficult with Margaret Hodge. The route takes the right hand outer wall of a magnificent cave of columnar formation, similar to Fingals cave on the Isle of Staffa. The cave floor contains a pool of pink rock and many sea anemones. Also in July—camping in the Gwynant climbing on the Wenault, Terryn Bluffs at Dinas Cromlech all with Margaret Hodge.

August. The Pennine Alps camping at Saas Fee. August 19th—The North West Ridge of Mitterhorn 3143m. with Margaret Hodge. Then numerous hut flogs only to be foiled by bad weather (snow on campsite). August 27th—From Almagelleralp Hotel traverse of the rock peak Mittelrueck 3363m. in winds of almost Cairngorm velocity. August 28th—Sonningrat 3487m. in good weather. Both peaks with Margaret Hodge and Robin Reeve.

September. Agden Roacher—several climbs with Doreen Gadsby and Chris Culley. Weekend climbing on Dow Crag, Coniston. Four long routes with Margaret Hodge. Pembrokeshire—3 glorious days climbing on the Red Cliff near St. Davids and also near Strumble Head.

L. N. Griffin

The west ridge of the first Sella Tower IV, a good introduction to dolomite climbing. The north face of the second Sella Tower IV sup., many variations. Via Vinatzek on the third Sella Tower V, a poor route. Via Diagonal on the Cinque Dita followed by the traverse—IV sup., a very enjoyable route indeed with superb abseiling on the descent. South wall of the Torre Stabeller IV. Via Bernard on the Punta Emma V, exposed, loose and dangerous. East wall direct on the Catinnacio VI, a superb route on tremendous rock—not sustained but with some very hard pitches. The party was caught on the top in a thunderstorm and the descent was quite epic. The Traverse of the Ecandies (D) (tres joli!). South ridge of the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey (T.D.).

A. N. Husbands

There was a note on page 95 of the April 1968 bulletin of Les Alpes saying that Camille Bournissen had made the first Winter ascent of the North Face of the Dent Blanche solo at the end of February and an article on page 178 of the 3rd quarterly revue of Les Alpes 1968 about the first Winter ascent of the N.E. wall of the Badile in which Bournissen took part also. On making enquiries with a friend in Switzerland I found that Camille is the son of Basile Bournissen who was the guide with the Climbers' Club meet which I was with in 1947. Basile was unfortunately killed by a falling stone when climbing on Mont Collon later that year.

When I found I could spare a few days I got in touch with Camille and arranged to meet him on July 28th to traverse the Weisshorn. He met me at the station and while we had breakfast he said that as we had not climbed together before he thought we should go for a training climb. I had to admit that I was out of training but I explained that I had been wanting to traverse the Weisshorn for some years but had never had suitable weather. At the moment the weather was perfect but I had heard on the wireless before leaving England that a depression was moving in from the West so it was agreed we should go up to the Tracuit hut straight away.

It was indescribably beautiful as we walked up the Turtmann glacier in the light of the full moon with not a cloud in sight and no sound to be heard except our own footsteps. We reached the summit at 8.35 and should have been there earlier but with about 400' to go I had to stop to recover my breath. The descent down the East ridge was rather boring and I think the best way to deal with the Weisshorn would be to go up the Schaligrat and down the Nordgrat.

I cannot speak too highly of Camille and would recommend him to anyone provided they can speak French. He lives at Hérémece, near Sion, telephone number Switzerland 027 48391.

For the rest I spent four very pleasant weekends with members at S.A.C. meets.

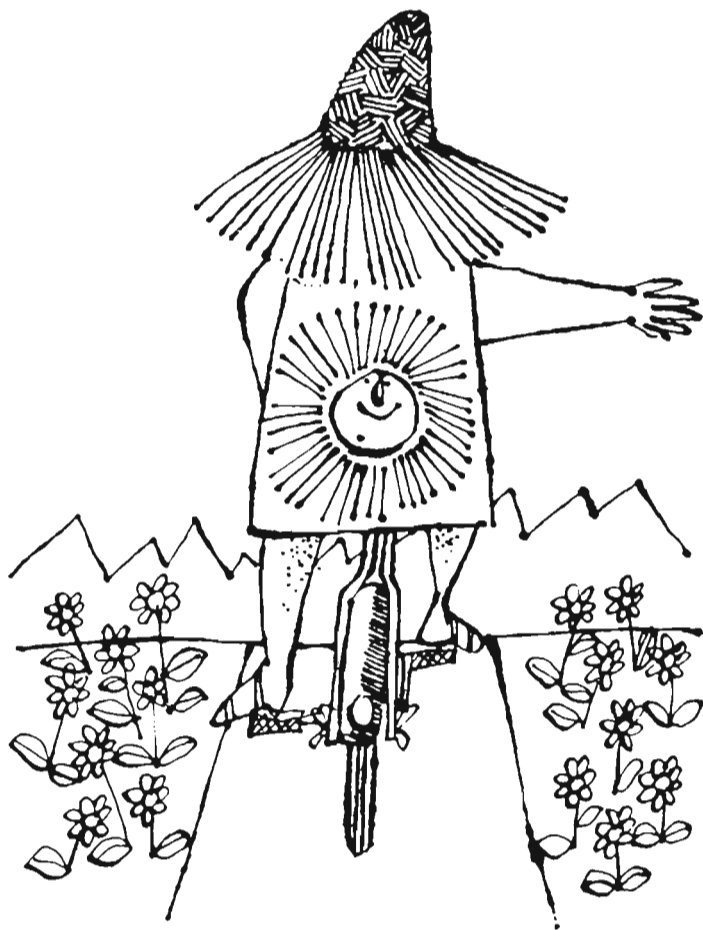
M. Idnurm and R. Vipond

We had two very enjoyable weeks in the Swiss alps in early August. The first three days were profitably spent at Leysin, at the International School of Mountaineering, acquiring the latest alpine techniques. Tuition from Dougal Haston was greatly appreciated, and we would like to take this opportunity to wish him success on the forthcoming British Expedition to Annapurna.

From Leysin we travelled to Zermatt, spending a rather wet night on the way at St. Niklaus. But the following morning to our relief the clouds were dispersing again. We pitched the tent in a hurry and set off immediately for the Hornli Hut. The summit of Matterhorn was reached the next day by the Hornli ridge. Conditions for the climb were near perfect, except perhaps at the first pitch of the final buttress which seemed to have more than a fair share of ice. (We heard subsequently that the entire rock route on the Zmutt ridge had been glazed up.) Two days later we climbed the Breithorn and Kleine Matterhorn, and were rewarded in particular by very fine alpine panoramas in an unusually clear atmosphere. Two days later still we reached the summit of the Rimpfischhorn from Fluhalp. Again magnificent views, but by now the weather had started to deteriorate.

Bad weather finally caught us on the East ridge of the Weisshorn, at the 'pinnacles' section, from where we were forced to retreat in heavy snow and thunder. Good climbing conditions had come to an end and after a brief visit to Kleine Scheidegg we returned to England.

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E. C. L. Jarvis

The Easter meet. Very good days on the Moelwyns (Clogwyn-y-Bustach, Floating Rib and Quartz Slab 'Pi'), Tryfan (Crevassed rib) and Little Tryfan. Horse Shoe with John Clements and Geoff and Brede Arkless; all in the unbelievable weather supplied by the organisation.

The Abruzzi (Gran Sasso) June—one of the districts highly recommended to less youthful mountaineers like me. Excellent scrambles up to nine and a half thousand feet with the opportunity of revisiting Rome and lovely Central Italian hill towns and countryside in the process. With Tom Little-dale, John Clements, and Dick Leeming Corno Grande, Pizzo Cefalone, Brancastello, Monte Aquila, Monte della Scindarella, Monte Aquaviva, Monte Velino.

N. Wales. August—Fred (who is blind) came up Snowdon and Tryfan by the north ridge in cracking style with Tom and me. Highly rewarding for all.

F. L. Jenkins

New Year. Clogwyn y Person to Snowdon summit and North Buttress Tryfan with school party, followed by skiing at St. Anton.

Easter. Climbing in Cornwall on Bosigran face and Commando ridge with school party. Oetztal 'Rundtour' with S.C.G.B. party.

August. Norway with G. W. F. Finch. Rana and Slogjen in Sunnmore. In the Smorestabbtinder traverse of Kalven, Skeja, Veslebjorn and Store Smorestabbtind. In the Jotenheim, Midtmaradalstind by Lavskar and the ridge, and Store Skagastolstind by Hefty'e's Renne.

September. With school party in Skye, Sgurr Sgumain, Sgurr Alasdair, Sgurr Thearlaich and Mhic Coinnich, the pinnacles of Sgurr nan Gilleann. Window Buttress of Sgurr Dearg and a double traverse of the Inaccessible Pinnacle. Ben Nevis by the Tower Ridge on the way south.

John and Freda Kemsley

In January we climbed various Scottish hills near Dalwhinnie and Glen Feshie in severe conditions and enjoyed more snow on the Edale meet in February.

At the end of April we walked through the Alpine foothills in Northern Italy in search of early alpine flowers. We started at Lugano and moved eastwards over Monte Generoso to Asso and over the Corni di Canzo to Lecco. A bus took us to Introbio and then we walked through the outliers of the

Bergamasche Alps to Bellano where we concluded a memorable trip on which we had found many new (to us) species.

In spring and early summer we had some fell walks in the Cheviots and Pennines, including the Three Peaks weekend, and in Scotland climbed three Munros south of Torridon and four near the Spittal of Glen Shee.

In the last two weeks in August we walked through the Maurienne Alps and Eastern Graians northwards from Bessans to Pont in the Val Savaranche, climbing the Ciamarella, the East Levanna and Cime Du Carro on the way. This was a fine trip in good weather but when we moved on from Courmayeur over the Col des Fours to Les Contamines we encountered much new snow and so returned home a few days early with the big peaks right out of condition.

M. T. King

Four of us completed a 3 day South to North Traverse of the Mischabel chain in August. The Domgrat was in poor condition but this did not bother us so much as the descent to the Ried Glacier at the end. The Climbers Club Guidebook mentions 'steep couloirs' at the Hohbergjoch and Durrenjoch for use in descent. These were in very bad condition and we wasted a great deal of energy in trying to descend them. I would strongly recommend that a party on the S-N traverse finding itself in similar difficulties should make straight for Pt 3890 on the Durrenhorn and go down the 'broken rock rib' from there; it is much safer for a tired team.

W. Kirstein

In addition to attending the 4 A.B.M. Meets of the year I spent part of the spring skitouring with S.C.G.B. and Combined Services: Piz Muragl, Piz Traunterovas, Piz Calderas. Later with S.C.G.B. Oetztal tour: Falschung Spitze, Schalkkogel, Similaun, Hintere Schwarze, Fineil Spitze, Weisskogel, Guslar Spitze and Fluchkogel.

Summer: South ridge of Crasnile, Bregaglia, with Roger and Anne Chorley, Piz Bernina by the Bianco from the Tscherva Hut and the Crast a Guezza from the Marco e Rosa Hut with Paul Nigg. Steghorn and Wilde Frau with Otto Stoller during the A.B.M. Meet at Kandersteg.

Derek G. Lambley

I have made various visits to Derbyshire, traversing Bleaklow once, Kinderscout three times, including doing the whole edge on one day, and also doing Derwent edge from Bleaklow to Hathersage. Julian Lambley

accompanied me on some of these Derbyshire expeditions. Several sections of the Pennine Way in the Malham Tarn-Hawes area with T. A. Thorpe.

In addition, I had quite a pleasant time in the Alps, going up to the Gemmi from Kandersteg as a training walk and then doing Mont Blanc de Seillon, La Lulette, traversing the Pigne d' Arolla from the Cabane de Dix to the Cabane des Vignettes, and then ascended the Vélan from the Great St. Bernard side. Hopes of doing the Combin were shattered by bad weather and when I got to Chamonix it was even worse. At this stage of the proceedings I departed for home, but in view of the comparatively poor season I suppose I was quite lucky. My Guide throughout the Swiss expedition was Oskar Ogi of Kandersteg.

B. Melville

Tarentaise. Grande Casse—by the Glacier des Grands Couloirs. Pte NW de la Glière—by the S.E. Ridge. Péclet—Polset group—traverse North to South. Traverse of Pte de l'Echelle—awkward access onto N. ridge from Glacier de Masse. Descent by SSE ridge returning to Pralognan by the Col du Ravin Noir and the Col de Chavière. Tsanteilena—North Face; from a high camp in the Sassièren glen. (View from top includes Monte Rosa, Mt. Blanc and Dauphiné). Descent by Santel Glacier.

Dauphiné. Pic Coolidge—South ridge.

Maritime Alps. Excellent rock climbing on good rock from the Madone Refuge. Cime de St. Robert—W. ridge (III/IV). Pte André and Mont Neiglier—traverse of main ridge (III). Cayre de Madone—NW ridge (III)—a short climb—the local 'Grooved Arete'.

Dents du Midi. Haute Cime—from the Susanfe Hut.

N. E. Pearl

I revisited the Tyrol in September this year, with Miss C. Leeson, Mr. H. Lunn, and Mr. T. Miller. Starting from Neustift in Stubai, we went up to the Sulzenauer hut, and from there via the Fernauferner to the Signalspitze en route to the Wilder Freiger.

Thence from the Sulzenauer hut over the Peiljoch to the Dresdener hut, from which the Zuckerhutl was climbed. Weather was very good for these climbs, but a deterioration followed, so we went from the Dresdener hut via the Schaufelnieder and Hildersheim Hut down to Solden in Otztal.

From Solden we ascended to the Breslau Hut, where we waited for good weather to climb the Wildspitze, via the Mitterkar Joch; descending by the Taschachferner, Mittelbergjoch and Mittelberg Glacier to the Braunschweiger Hut. Here I met two guide friends, Vincenz Lenz and Arthur

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Patscheider, before descending via the Pitztaler Joch to Solden to return home. The weather was excellent for the Wildspitze Climb.

R. H. L. Richards

My season was very limited this year as I went out to the Alps with only my wife as companion and she doesn't climb. However, we were most fortunate with the weather and having centred ourselves on Macugnaga I achieved, albeit guided, one of the routes which has been on my short list for some time—the Cresta Santa Caterina.

Surprisingly enough this route is very seldom climbed from Macugnaga mainly because it is such a slog up to the Gallarate Bivouac Hut, and my guide said that he thought it was the first time a Macugnaga guide had ever climbed it with a client. There had, in fact, been remarkably few visitors to this very comfortable little hut and most of them appeared to have had no intention of attacking the Cresta Santa Caterina.

Altogether the expedition took four days. We walked up to the Rifugio Eugenio Sella on the first afternoon and spent the second morning walking over the Cima di Jazzi to the Gallarate Bivouac which is perched right on top of the Jagerhorn and commands a magnificent view of the East face of the Monte Rosa. The third morning was spent on the Cresta Santa Caterina itself. The foot of which is within about a quarter of an hour's walk from the bivouac hut. Then after traversing Nordend we descended to the Bêtempshütte where we spent the night before returning to Macugnaga by way of the Neues Weisstor in time for lunch the following day.

Conditions throughout the expedition were quite superb and the route itself lived right up to its reputation—1,300 ft. of near vertical gneiss of similar texture to that found on the Zinal Rothorngrat. There are at least two quite difficult pitches, and an amateur party would do well to carry a liberal supply of rock pitons and slings in case the effect of altitude or weather increased the technical difficulties above the level of grade 5 inf. given in the Pennine Alps Guide, Volume I. For the record, the Rifugio Eugenio Sella is still in a somewhat damaged state and there is no resident warden.

Ski tourers may be interested to read that, shortly before we arrived in Macugnaga, a Swiss skier descended the Marinelli Couloir. What would the founder members of the Alpine Club have said!

L. Poolman

Early in May, I paid my first visit to Glen Brittle, and climbed six of the Munros in the Cuillin, after which poor weather drove me to Sligachan and the mainland. I just managed a traverse of the four Glen Strathfarrar hills, before being caught by torrential rain on the way down. A week in early June found me with W. L. Coats of Comrie in Ross and Inverness-shire.

Slioch, Beinn Eighe and that remote but unspellable one beyond the Fionn Loch were ascended, before we came southward for Beinn Attow, Sgurr Mor, Beinn a Chlachair and at last—Schichallion.

With D. Grace of Bristol, I had a very enjoyable fortnight in the Glockner, Schober, Rieserferner and Venediger areas of Austria. Especially rewarding was a traverse from the Schwaiger to the Oberwalder Hutte, by way of the Gross Wiesbachhorn, Bratschenkopf and Klockerin. Other ascents included the Boses Weibele, Petzeck, Gross Lenkstein and Grosser Happ. Bad weather curtailed operations in the second week.

Finally, a magnificent three weeks spell of good weather in the Walliser and Bernese Alps. Fifteen Dreitausers included the Dents du Midi, Rosa Blanche, Laitcondoi-Pointe de Vouasson traverse to the Cabane Aiguilles Rouges, Grand Muveran, Wildstrubel, Gross Schneeshorn-Rothorn traverse, and Les Diablerets. These were done alone, and with two Swiss I was also fortunate to have a glorious day on the Pigne d'Arolla and La Serpentine from the Vignettes Cabane.

Even with a benightment in October, following a failure to locate the true Weisshornlucke late in the day, a memorable year.

Nigel E. D. Walker

August. Returned to the Otztal Alps: From the Martin Busch Haus, climbed Similaun (via the Marzellkamm and P. 3149 m., descended via the Niederjoch Glacier); Mutmal Spitze (via the N.E. ridge and descended via the S.E. ridge); Kreuz Spitze from East Rock Ridge and descended the normal route; crossed over to the Hochjoch Hospiz via the Hauslabjoch climbing Fineil Spitze on the way. All in glorious weather (with the exception of Fineil Spitze). From the Hochjoch Hospiz, climbed Guslar Spitze from the south face and descended East Ridge in fine weather. All climbs with Johann Gstrein.

September. Visited the Berchtesgaden Alps. A high route to Halsalm with a party of Germans; climbed to Blaueis Hut from Ramsau with another party of Germans; all in glorious weather. The visit ended with two days on the peaks. The Watzmann from Watzmann Haus (as far as Hocheck) in glorious weather and the Hohe Göll from Kelstein Haus, descending to Purtscheller Haus in poor weather. All with Franz Rasp.

October. Again in the Karwendels. With Wilhelm Winneburger and two German ladies climbed Lausberg, Signalkopf, Seinskopfe, Feldern and Schöttelkarspitze in poor weather. Descending to Soiern Haus thoroughly wet.

Howard Whittaker

Westlicher Daunkogel (Stubai) with E. T. Bott. First and second Sella Towers with Johannes Demetz and E. T. Bott. Monch with W. A. Bourne and E. T. Bott.

Iain F. G. Whittington.

Ten days in the Cairngorms, over the new year, ground to a halt in thick mist, and much mobile snow. This was followed by a fortnight at Easter, when the conditions were slightly better. Movement was much aided by skis, with a bash round the Cairngorm ridge, and climbing in Coire an Lochain.

Two months in the summer were spent in exploring the southern end of the Aalfoten Glacier, in West Norway. The area turned out to offer some excellent rock-climbing, but little snow and ice, to speak of, over 1-in-1. The locals, when found, were hospitable, and helpful, which is more than can be said for some of the weather we met. There is much to recommend Norway to the impoverished and adventurous, though little to be found in the way of guide books.

Later in the summer, a week was spent driving round the Alps in search of some dry weather, to no avail.

J. J. Whitehead

April. Otztal with S.C.G.B. tour. Peaks ascended included N. Hochwilde, Similaun, Hintere Schwarze, Schalfkogel, Fineilspitze, Weisskugel fore-summit, Fluchtkogel.

August. In Valais with Jim Roche. Mt Collon by W. ridge; l'Eveque by S. ridge; N. peak of Aigs Rouges, retreating from the full traverse in storm. Arete de Bertol to Bertol hut, a fine low rock climb suitable when higher peaks are snowed up; Aig de la Tsa by normal route. Grand Cornier by NW ridge, quite tricky with new snow; Trifhorn from Mountet in 50 cm. new snow. Weissmies in new snow; Fletschhorn by a variant of the normal route, taking it more directly and all on snow. We discovered many concealed crevasses on the way, and were intrigued to see an alleinganger following our tracks the following day! Finally the SE wall of Jagigrat to Pt 3350. A much better approach than the couloir given in the A.C. guide book, and strongly recommended. We started too late and gave up the Jagigrat through shortage of time in the conditions.

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1963-64 V. O. Cohen, M.C., and F. Solari.
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1966-67 J. G. Broadbent and J. S. Byam-Grounds.
1968 J. S. Byam-Grounds and W. Kirstein.
1969 W. Kirstein and Dr. D. R. Riddell.

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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