

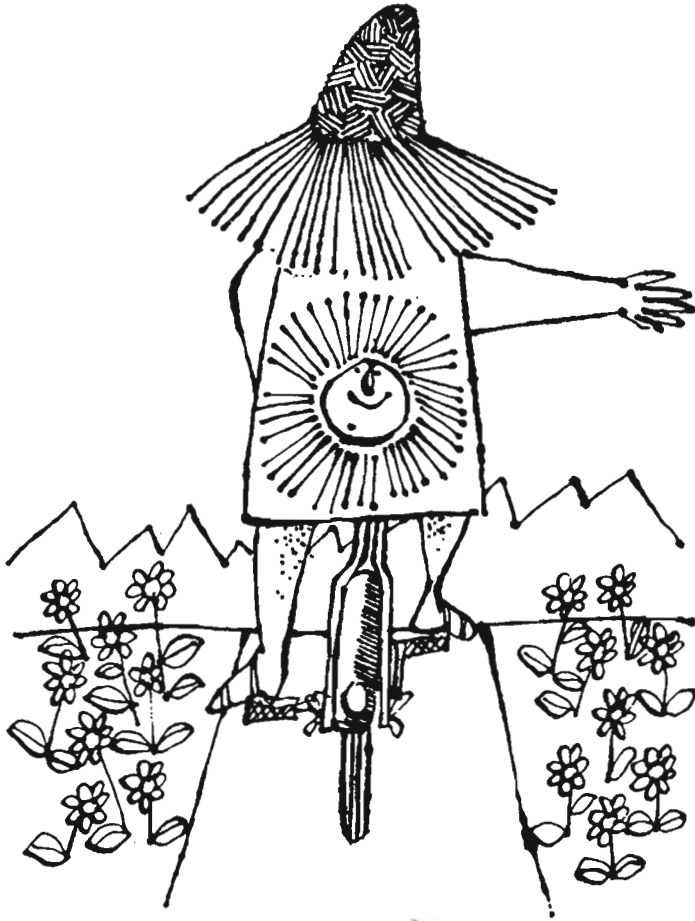
THE ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB

JOURNAL 1973

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DIARY FOR 1973

- 24 January Lecture 'Climbing in the Roscoebjerg' by Harry Sales
- 14 February Lecture 'The Alpine Ski Traverse' by Dick Sykes
- 24-25 February Northern Dinner Meet, Glenridding. Leader, Bill Neate
Speaker: Dennis Gray
- 14 March Lecture 'Tirich Mir' by Major John Fleming
- 11 April Lecture 'Climbing in the Alps and Himalayas' by Dennis Gray
- 18-25 April Easter Meets
Betws-y-Coed. Leader, Maurice Bennett
Nant Peris. Leader, John Fairley
- 9 May Wine Party:-Short talks
- 25-28 May Meet, Wasdale Head. Leader, Peter Ledebor
- 8-10 June Meet, Ingleborough. Leader, John Kemsley
- 13 June Members' Evening. Showing slides of Easter and Whit Meets
- 18 August-2 September Alpine Meet, Saas Fee. Leader, John Whyte
- 26 September Lecture 'Climbing in Norway' by Fred Jenkins
- 5-7 October Meet, Langdale. Leader, Walt Unsworth
- 24 October Members' Evening. Showing of slides of the Alpine Meet
- 21 November Annual General Meeting followed by the Annual Dinner, Connaught Rooms.

Fuller details of these events are notified in the bulletins. Lectures are held at the Alpine Club, 74 South Audley Street, London W. 1, at 7. 0 p.m. and are followed by an informal supper at the 'Waterloo Despatch', Adams Row W. 1, price £1. 50. Places at these suppers must be booked not later than the preceding Saturday with Prof. Ernst Sondheimer, 51 Cholmeley Crescent, London N. 6 (Tel:01-340-6607).

Information regarding the Meets is available from the Leaders.

ARCTIC NORWAY

Gordon Gadsby

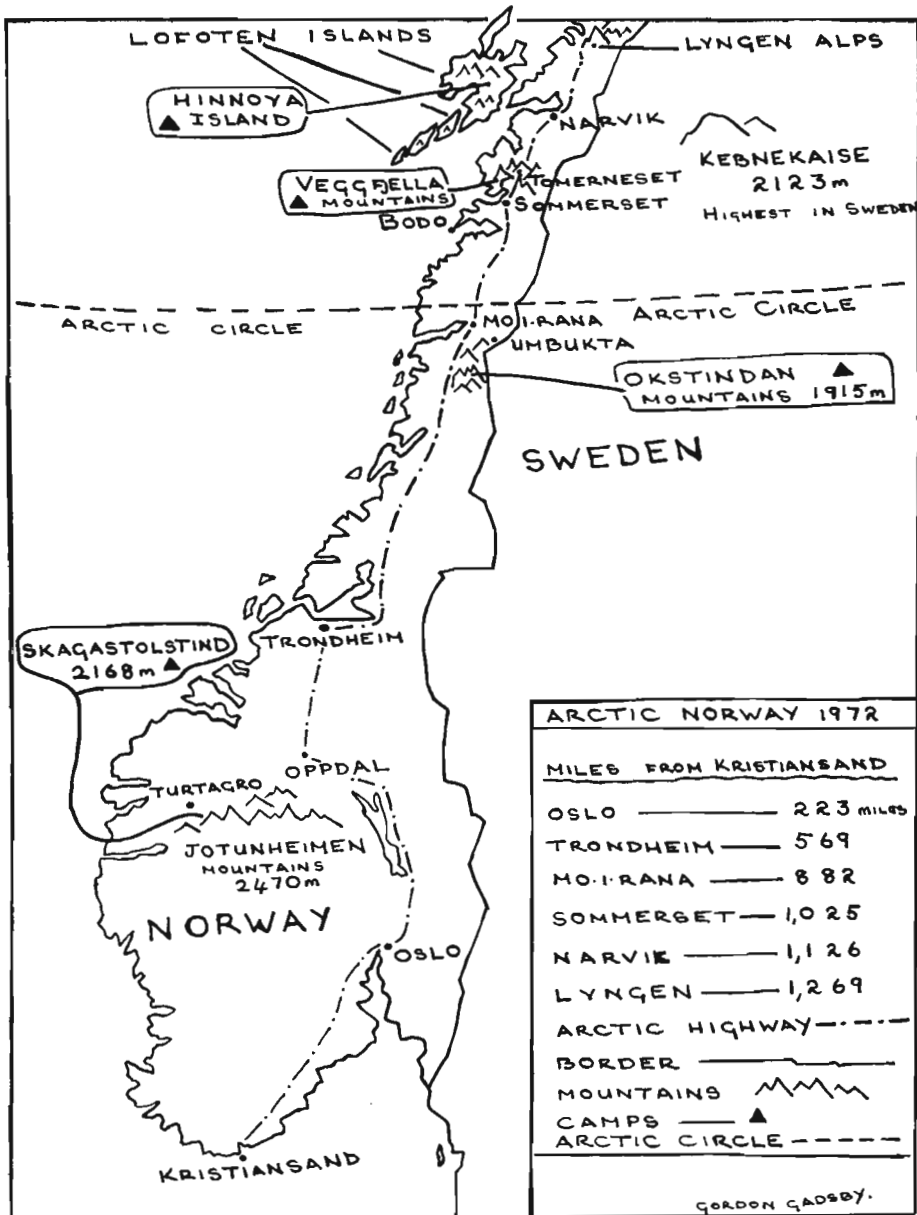
After two and a half days steady motoring from Kristiansand we unpacked our tent from a grossly overloaded Morris Traveller and set up camp in the silent grandeur of the Okstindan Mountains, twenty five miles south of the Polar Circle. We had arrived on 21 June.

The Okstindan glacier covers an area of seventy six square kilometres and is capped by the highest peak in North Norway—Oksskolten 1915m, a horse shoe ridge which contains a hanging glacier. The easiest approach to the peak is from Kjennsvass Lodge which is reached by a very rough car journey of twenty two miles from Umbukta. We camped after seventeen miles, the road being impassable further on due to deep snow. Next day we walked to the lodge (which was still closed from last autumn) and scrambled up an unnamed peak on the way. We returned to a magnificent sunset over Lake Akersvatnet and sighted a golden eagle on a dead tree near the tent.

The following morning we were awakened by a series of grunts outside the tent and I peered out to see we were almost surrounded by a large herd of reindeer including several small white ones that appeared to be only a few days old. In the ensuing rush to find the camera in the back of the tent, I must have made a lot of noise and I emerged just in time to see the last of the deer galloping madly into the nearby birch forest. These turned out to be the only wild ones we saw during the whole three weeks holiday, although we often heard their calls whilst in the arctic hills. We decided to cash in on this unexpected early call and to go for the nearest peak, a satellite of Oksskolten called Stoltind 1216 m. We traversed the perimeter of a lake and then ascended a long snow slope, followed by a broad but rocky ridge to the cairned summit. Just as we reached the cairn a wind sprang up, followed seconds later by driving rain and rumbles of thunder. I snatched a quick photograph, then we hurried back down the way we had come. Ten minutes later the mountains mocked our caution as the whole range was bathed in glorious sunshine, whilst a delicate rainbow appeared over Oksskolten's hanging glacier! This was the last rain we were to see for nearly three weeks.

Early Saturday morning we packed up camp, picked up Albert and Madge and in glorious weather motored north over the Polar Circle and into Arctic Norway. The famous arctic highway (E6) which we had followed all the way from Oslo was still a good metalled road with the luxury of a yellow line for most of the way. Soon we reached the first ferry terminal of the journey at a small place called Sommerset, the distance from Kristiansand was 1, 025 miles.

The crossing was smooth and swift and in twenty minutes we landed at Bonnasjoen. The North Cape road from here on was rough, gravelled and potholed. Forty miles on we set up camp at a place called Tommerneset to



the east of the Arctic Highway. In the west we could see a fabulous group of peaks called Veggfjella. Looking south west the snow-capped peaks of Stordalstindan were bathed in a delicate alpenglow. Hours later at midnight the sky was even more glorious as the sun, now hidden behind the mountains, sent the heavens a deep blood red.

After a leisurely morning spent around the camp site we packed our ruc-sacs and set off for the Veggfjella massif. The first problem was to climb a steep escarpment guarding the plateau from which the mountain group rises. The only weakness in this craggy rampart seemed to be at the lowest point where the river Lielva plunged over the 800 ft. drop in a series of three spectacular waterfalls. We climbed this with some difficulty about 50 ft. right of the waterfall, the terrain being very similar to parts of Tremadoc but without the larger crags. After a two hour battle with dead trees, lush vegetation, brambles, smooth slabs, mosquitos and cleggs, we thankfully reached the lip of the plateau and the welcome shade of some large boulders. The sun was scorching down from a clear blue sky. Away in the distance we could hear cuckoos rivalling each other in song, near at hand the sound of grasshoppers and the constant drone of flies and bees filled the air. Was this the Land I'd read about in Tom Wier's "Camps and Climbs in Arctic Norway" when every climb they did seemed to include water squelching in boots and cold cloudy days with little sunshine!

After dabbing our arms and necks with evil smelling mosquito repellent (on sale in every small shop in the arctic), we set off across the four miles of scrub and birch forest that separated us from the Veggfjella peaks. This was the life! no tourists, sign posts, cairns or tracks; nothing to indicate that man had passed this way at all.

We now reached the edge of a ravine separating us from the mountain proper. The most obvious route was almost directly in front of us, a huge curving whaleback of a ridge which narrowed considerably near the very sharp looking summit. Climbers visiting this area would I'm sure have chosen this as the finest route to the top. Anxious to break new ground if possible I decided we would try and scale the face between this ridge and the easier looking north east ridge. This I hoped would bring us out via the upper snowfield to a notch on the south ridge just below our intended unnamed summit, Point 1051m. It was 5.00 p.m. as we emerged out of the far side of the ravine and set off up the first rocks of the South East face. By careful route finding we reduced the ascent to a mere scramble only putting on the rope for the last two hundred feet to the summit. This was reached in three hours from the ravine and made a fitting climax to one of my best days spent in the mountains. The view from this airy spot was magnificent, the arctic sun was still full of power and the sharp shadow of our peak made an impressive sight across the landscape far below. Looking South we could see range after range of mountains as far as the eye could see, dominated for the most part by the spectacular peak of Krakmotind, a truncated volcanic plug of solid rock, similar in appearance to Half Dome in the Yosemite National Park. No ascents have been recorded on this unusual peak except by the easy East side. Eastwards the jagged peaks of the Stolotindan

1195m took the eye, though not nearly so impressive as when we had first caught sight of them from the rocky terrace half way up the face. Beyond the Stolotindan massif the silent snowfields of arctic Sweden beckoned us as they slowly turned a delicate shade of pink in the evening sun. I thought what a vast and lonely land this is, forests and mountains everywhere, a myriad of lakes shining like jewels all round, seven lakes joined like pearls on a string below Krakmotind and all this great wonderland virtually untouched. I was brought back to reality very quickly when Margaret said "Can we go down, its nearly half past eight!" Half past eight, I could hardly believe it, we'd been on the go for nine and a half hours and still had to get down. The descent went much better than expected thanks to a few small cairns we had built at crucial spots.

The following evening we set off for the ferry terminal of Bognes to catch the late boat to the Lofoten Islands. The sea crossing took one and a half hours and afforded us some wonderful views of that incredible obleisk Stetind 1381m across the waters of Tysfjord. Little did we realise that a week later when we sailed back across this fjord the air would be filled with the acrid smell of woodsmoke from thousands of acres of birch forests on fire all along the coastline. The fires were caused by the hottest spell of weather in living memory and in a three week period destroyed over 40 years of reindeer grazing land.

Later the boat approached the town of Lodingen on the island of Hinnoya in the northern Lofotens; the time was almost 10.00 p.m. but the sun was still glaring down from a cloudless sky. A photograph I took directly into the sun to get the island skyline was exposed at a thousandth of a second at F16. We motored North West into a glorious evening sky, passing after two miles the coloured county stone marking the border between Nordland and the most northerly area of Norway—Troms and soon reached the highest point of this mountain road, with its breathtaking views on all sides. The southern aspect was best, ridge after ridge of sawtoothed peaks black and purple blue against the midnight sky, the narrow slit of the famous Raftsund Fjord just visible about ten miles away. In front of us were a score of rocky peaks and snowfields and behind them the majestic spires of Moysalen 1266m, the highest summit in these arctic islands.

We camped below the former at a place where the road curved round the head of Gulesfjord. It was an idyllic spot, our tent was on a lush green promontory by the water's edge, behind us the edge of the birch forest and beyond the forest the whole area was ringed with peaks. Summer visitors to this part of the world are few, but in the winter months of February and March these islands are thronged with fishermen from many countries, the cod fishing being the best in the world. The main bulk of the catch is hung up to dry for several months on huge frames, particularly at the main port of Solvaer. Then it is exported to places like Spain and Latin American Countries where it is in great demand.

As a precaution, after hearing of exploits of others in this region, we had brought with us a large mosquito net for the front of the tent. Before finally retiring for the night I fixed this up for the first time on the holiday. At

6.00 a.m. next morning the inner tent was like a furnace as the sun blazed down. I opened up and behind the outer net dozens of flies and mosquitos were already buzzing around attracted by the extra heat inside. Morning and evening were the worst but this was an exceptional year for them.

We made an abortive attempt to climb a fine looking peak called Vestbotind 936m, but were turned back by a combination of excessive heat, flooded rivers and tangled undergrowth. After seeing us return from the latter expedition one of the local fishermen told us that three Italian mountaineers had spent three weeks here, earlier in the year, and had not climbed a single peak—I was beginning to understand why.

The continuance of the very hot weather made it difficult to overcome the lethargy but after much surveillance through binoculars of the various peaks and possible lines of ascent, we set off to try and climb two peaks on the West side of Gullefjord called Konstind and Karatind. In the early morning we battled with the birches and undergrowth disturbing numerous ptarmigan in the process. Then up easy angled boiler plate slabs, reminiscent of Skye, to the shade of a large rock overhang. At half past two we started to scramble up a steep rocky buttress interspaced with several large snow patches. This soon brought us to the crest of a broad ridge and from this point a short walk eastwards on snow took us to our first peak in the Lofotens, the modest summit of Karatind 568m. The view down the length of Gullefjord was an impressive sight, the calm waters reflecting perfectly the low hills of the eastern part of the Hinnoya Island. North and South we could see the sharp summits of a dozen or so peaks, shimmering in the hot afternoon heat haze. In the West the upper snowfield of Konstind dominated the scene and a long sharp ridge curved up the left hand edge of this from where we stood. Konstind from this angle bore a strong resemblance to the Lagginhorn when seen from above the Weissmies Hut in the Valais.

The ridge was easier than it looked and the rope was only needed over two short tricky sections. It soon merged into the upper snowfield and at 5.00 p.m. we stepped on the highest point of a fine snow dome at an altitude of 929m, a minor peak by alpine standards, but in these islands a very worthy summit. We also visited a cairned rock summit about a hundred yards away, where the north ridge reached the base of the snow dome. From the top of the snow dome we had looked down on the tottering pinnacles of the West ridge a route still awaiting its first traverse. At the far end of this dragons back was a splendid chisel shaped peak, still unclimbed the locals said and no wonder!—sheer on all the sides that we could see, it did look virtually impregnable. Behind this bastion were range after range of mountains disappearing into the heat haze. We too reluctantly disappeared from the scene and left the arctic summits for the last time on this holiday.

A few more days were spent exploring around the islands when we visited Harstadd in the north of Hinnoya and Sortland on the island of Austavoy. The good weather never faltered. On the long journey back to Kristiansand we camped for three days in the Jotunheim (Home of the Giants) and climbed the North Peak of Skagastolstind 2168m, again in perfect weather conditions. We were told this was the first really good weather in Central Norway for nearly a month.

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A DAY OR THREE

Mike Baker

Hogmanay in East Africa coincided with a scarcity of climbing companions. After a short series of frustrations I decided to go for a solo walk up Kilimanjaro. Kilimanjaro, however, almost straddles the borders of Kenya and Tanzania which creates certain difficulties. The Tanzanians who, by an historical quirk, own the mountain, have decreed that all ascents must start from Marangu which is on their side so that they may reap the harvest of fees from Huts which they have recently nationalised. This I considered somewhat unsociable so I packed bivouac gear in my rucksack. Nine hours after catching a bus from Nairobi I arrived in Marangu hoping for a sybaritic night before I set off. The hotel, however, was full; but it was a grand dusk so I bivouacked under a eucalyptus tree.

I set out at seven o'clock to avoid the heat of the day low down, and, by mid-day, had walked the twelve and a half miles up 5000' to the Mandara Hut. Here I was able to assist some obliging Americans by consuming some of their surplus corned beef, thus lightening their loads. My own load was minimal. I carried no climbing gear. Porage, chocolate, boiled sweets, cocoa and two little tins of meat made up my rations. A duvet, pied d'elephant and a bivouac sack were my protection against the elements. In the afternoon I set out for the Horombo hut along the track which traverses the mountainside and crosses seven evenly-spaced streams to 12,200'. I had picked a stout bamboo from the forest to use as a walking stick and this I used in conjunction with a giant groundsel as support for my bivouac. There was heavy rain at dusk but it cleared momentarily to give a glimpse of the mountain far above and a view below typical of what I saw in East Africa, vast and primitive. That night my bivouac sack proved its watertightness, though soon after sunset the temperature dropped very sharply and by dawn my condensed breath had frozen hard.

When the sun had dried my gear I set out and soon passed the last running water. There were, however, as I knew, snow patches higher up. The path now led directly upwards, over several false crests which never quite revealed the peak. Eventually, the great arid shoulder between Kilimanjaro and Mawenzi appeared and behind it the cone glistened with snow. By mid-day I was at Kibo Huts, the highest huts on the mountain and the final staging post. There I met a Tanzanian Military party led, I learnt, by a General. One of its members was President Nyere's press secretary; another a delightful and interesting military doctor. It was a most unmilitary party. We chatted at length before setting off on our respective ways, they down, me up, to a bivouac amongst the rocks beside the lower scree slopes of the cone. That night, food a bit low, I slept fitfully and felt the cold somewhat, but I was quite bucked to have gone well thus far.

At about two the next morning a bovine sound awakened me. It was the first party from Kibo Huts plodding slowly upwards. So the herd was on the

move. After porage and a quick brew of cocoa I joined it. The air was cold and thin and a wind made my clothes seem brittle and inadequate. Quickly I found a rythm and the zig-zags through the scree seemed to tack relentlessly past. When in a short time I reached Gilman's Point a miscalculation became apparent for dawn was still over two and a half hours away. On the crater rim a piercing wind made waiting most undesirable and since the moon gave light on the snow I continued westwards towards Uhuru Peak in the eerie darkness. Occasionally from my right came a whiff of sulphur from the crater. From my left came growls of thunder and occasional flashes of lightning. They seemed to be coming nearer and the remoteness and loneliness of the place suddenly became strikingly apparent. I hurried on. Fear, loneliness and porage gave me speed. The height seemed scarcely noticeable. Almost unexpectedly the summit appeared, marked by a flag and a book. The Tanzanian General had made his entry "19, 340': It takes determination to reach this point". I added my humble mark, took one look at the towering thunderclouds and fled back to Gilman's Point. Still the dawn eluded me, though now the other parties began to arrive and I spent a half-hour awaiting one of the finest sights of Africa. When it came I was not disappointed. A great suffusion of orange and red built itself up until quite suddenly the sun burst through. All the clichés are right. It is like a ball of liquid fire. It poured over the snow-plastered form of Mawenzi.

And so the time came to go down. I was in a hurry for I knew a bus left for Nairobi from Moshi some time late in the day. Moshi is one hour by local bus from Marangu. I hoped to catch it in order to present myself to my host for Sunday breakfast and, perhaps, go climbing with him. Regretfully therefore I looked towards the inner crater and its great ice cliffs, turned to face the sun, and tore down what must be one of the world's best scree slopes. Soon I reached my bivouac site where I bundled my gear into a sack and headed for home. By breakfast time I was below Kibo huts heading across the desert saddle. By 9.30 with the sun indisputably up I had reached water. I drank my fill. I knew now that I should be through the forest long before dark, which had been my main concern, and I set myself to catch the Tanzanian Army, for, I reasoned, the military always have an excess of victuals, and I had been on fairly short commons for a while. It was not to be. Horombo Hut came and went; so too, the seven streams, the slopes and grasses of Mawenzi's southern aspect, and then the Mandara Hut and lunch, but no military. Finally the track plunged into the forest, down a windy path formed by lava runnels until, almost exactly twelve hours after starting that morning I stood at the forest gate. An hour through the banana and maize plantations would see me at the Marangu Hotel again. It had been a day, or rather three days, of excellence, I thought, and three large drops of rain fell on my face, the precursors of an unheeded deluge.

ALPINE MEET 1972

David Riddell

The Alpine Meet for 1972 was held at Pontresina and our H.Q. was the Park Hotel. The meet was attended by a record number of members and their families. The meets sub-committee had a very difficult job finding such comfortable accomodation at such low rates in the expensive Engadine. They were helped by the Swiss Office and by the proprietor, Mr. Campbell, who made us all most welcome and indeed put us all into more expensive accomodation without extra charge.

Weather Mixed. No torrential rain, but no cloudless windless days either. There was snow high up, but it was the mist, rather than the snow, that prevented the main party from achieving their Piz Palu-Marco e Rosa-Piz Bernina objective.

On our arrival we were given a Room Card with an invitation to a Cocktail Party "offered" by Maurice Bennett. This party duly took place next day, when the Aircraft contingent had joined us. The reason was given that the writer had attained septuagenarian status. I express my gratitude to Maurice for organising the party and to those who helped to present me with a splendid picture of the finest view in the Engadine, together with forty signatures. That picture came to life next day as the party went to the Roseg restaurant and up to the Fuorcla Surlej in splendid weather.

But this was an ALPINE Meet. The climbing began with a walk up to the Coaz hut, with Otto Stoller as guide. The new hut was just fine, except that it was overfull with school children. Fortunately our schoolmaster complement was able to ensure peace after "lights out".

Il Caputschin, the "Monk's Cowl", was climbed next day. An excellent mountain for training" (West Col Guide). Cloud on the summit mitigated our pleasure. On the way down Hamish Brown and other "hard types" disappeared into the mist to return to base by the Val Fex. The rest went back by a different and steeper route to the Hut, and from there by a shorter and much steeper route to the Roseg restaurant.

The classic walk in the Engadine is from the Diavolezza restaurant to Morteratsch station by the Isla Pers, and this was duly carried out by a large party. Most of us went down the glacier, but Walter Kirstein went to the Boval, as he had a date with a guide to take photographs at the Albigna. The summits were in cloud, but our way was clear.

Proceeding onwards... Tschierva hut, with its ferociously orderly gardien, who proved most helpful in the end, before yet another "popular" mountain, the Piz Morteratsch. All went well, apart from someone sitting down heavily on the way down to the Boval Hut. But he made it unaided.

Up to the Diavolezza on Sunday afternoon, to a rousing welcome from Frau Nelly and Herr Willy Kuhn, Manageress and Manager at the Hut. One of the



Descent from the Diavolezza Hut

Photo: F. Solari

outstanding features of this Meet has been the reception and service at the Diavolezza.. Even Otto, staunch Oberlander that he is, said that the Diavolezza was the best hut in the Alps.

The high-light of the Meet for many of us was the climb up the "Nose" of the Cambrena. After all, quoting West Col yet again, it is "occasionally unclimbable". But with Paul Nigg, Otto, and Paul's Pontresina colleague using every safety device they could, we had an enjoyable climb. Cloud came down on us after the summit but the character of the route back to the hut over the Piz Arlas ridge kept us too busy to do other than keep our feet, so the weather did not matter!

It was raining hard for the Corno di Campo approach which followed the Cambrena climb and was the occasion of a happy incident. John Whyte took some fortunate people in his Volvo to Sfazu on the south side of the Bernina to the Saoseo hut, only to find it infested with so many children that Otto decided that it was no place for us for the night. Then Paul Nigg arrived and after a parley with the gardien took us back to Sfazu where we had a new, recently opened 'hut' to ourselves in the Pension Sfazu, which was complete with all mod cons and yet had the 'hotel' essential available for us above our 'lager'.

Next day we climbed the Campo di Corno by the S. E. ridge. It was very long. Clouds enveloped us along the ridge. 'Six hours of Crib Goch' would be an apt description of that ridge. All enjoyable. Cloud prevented distant views. Some of us, as on Cambrena, were too busy looking after our feet to look around. A rapid descent from the top to below the snow line only to run into the heaviest rain of the whole trip.

There was a big party at the Diavolezza for our last effort the next day. At supper we were regaled with an account by Paul Cohen of his job as a tea broker-auctioneer in Bangladesh. Coming as it did from Vincent Cohen's nephew we expected something outstanding, and this we certainly had from him.

Next day, late start, owing to mist, snow and rain, but that did not prevent Paul, Tony Banaszek, Roy Goodsall and James Bogle going over the Palu to the Marco e Rosa hut and back next day over the Bernina to Pontresina.

There were many sidestream climbs as well as the mainstream that I have outlined, too many to go into fully, but I must mention Fred Jenkins effort with student Hamilton over the Disgrazia, and Hamish Brown with Don Clarke on a traverse of the Piz Kesch. John Whyte, had his day on the Piz Julier. Easy, maybe, but how enjoyable!

It was in some ways a domestic sort of meet, what with the smallest Bogle of all, the irrespressible Brooks children and the oh-so-quickly-growing-up Ann and Peter Whyte. Bertha Kirstein had her first taste of an A.B.M.S.A.C. meet since uniting with Walter Kirstein and how glad we all were to see she was at home with us all. There were most welcome encounters with members who dropped in at Pontresina, Harry Archer, David Lintott, Stuart Beare, Fred Jenkins and Paul Newby.

Eric Radcliffe laboured unceasingly in leading the meet very successfully and he was ably assisted throughout by John Coales who kept the financial stray ends well under control.

Yes, the weather could have been kinder, but with so large a number on the meet it must be placed on record that it was a happy holiday in the best traditions of the A.B.M.S.A.C.

HIGH LEVEL ROUTE INCIDENTS

Max Horvat

The approach to the col has been very very steep but sound. On the col the wind was icy and merciless. Whilst putting on our crampons we were chilled to the bones. The descent on the other side seemed hopeless to me. The bergschrund in the form of a perpendicular ice wall, with a crevasse beneath was stretching a long way. Where it ended the ground seemed impossible, but Francis, the oldest in the party, said he knew a special spot where we will slide on our behinds over the wall and crevasse; something like a ski jump only without skis. We were facing the mountain wall, walking more or less on the front prongs of our crampons. Soon we reached that special spot. Then Francis instructed his son, Bernard, to turn round sit down and let go. This reminded me of Wilhelm Tell instructing his son what to do. The situation seemed to me equally tricky as that of Tell. Bernard did as dad said and landed below the crevasse in deep snow, laughing. My turn was next. In the past I have crossed many a bergschrund but never on my behind. There was no time to query the wisdom of the order. What Bernard can do, I can do, I said and shot across landing nearly on Bernard's neck. Meinrad followed and dad did the same in grand style with a cheerful shout.

"The ground is treacherous"—dad warned. Meinrad, now leading the party faithfully probed the ground and we had to crawl and jump over many a crevasse. On one spot special care was called for. "Definitely a thin bridge" was the message. Meinrad jumped all right; Bernard too. I must have taken off too soon because on landing my foot went in. I spread-eagled, but to no avail, and I vanished from the surface of the earth. I did not fall deep. Below me the crevasse went on for at least 60 ft I reckon. I was, no doubt, in an awkward predicament, but firmly roped to Francis and his son Bernard. Of course, I had foreseen such a possibility whilst making plans at home. My trouble was I did not have my Prusik slings with me. I left them purposely behind in the car since I was going to go alone. How stupid. Now there was I, as helpless as a baby, hanging in the rope freely suspended in air like a sausage. There was indeed nothing I could do. The crevasse walls were perpendicular, as smooth as glass, and too far away for me to reach either of them. It was clear to me that now everything was

up to those outside. As far as my physical situation was concerned I felt reasonably comfortable. Prior to the fall the rope was taut exactly as it should be. During the fall the rope cut into the snow, absorbing the shock to such an extent that I did not even feel the jerk. The knot was right in front of my chest and I could breathe easily. I was not hurt either. In fact never before in my life did I land in a crevasse in a more gentle way.

Dad's head appeared above the hole and I described the situation to him. Shortly afterwards he must have crawled across the bridge because now both ends of the rope were on one side. Soon I felt a tug and my head landed just below the snow bridge. The wall was still too far to push myself away from it and over the ledge. They told me to hold my neck rigid. Another tug and I broke the snowbridge from underneath with my head. With the third tug I was out, only minus some skin off my nose. With myself being of small stature and moderately light their task was not difficult. They took less than 5 minutes to get me out. This is not a long period of time; but if you hang in the rope it is quite quite long enough.

NORTH WALES ASSOCIATION

OF MOUNTAIN GUIDES

CHAIRMAN: R. JAMES, B. M. C. GUIDE

SECRETARY: K. C. GORDON, B. M. C. GUIDE

Guides Available For

WALKING AND SCRAMBLING PARTIES.

ROCKCLIMBING (3 MAXIMUM).

MOUNTAIN RESCUE TRAINING FOR CLUBS.

WINTER MOUNTAINEERING.

ALPINE GUIDING BY ARRANGEMENT.

ENQUIRIES TO: SECRETARY,
15 CILFODAN,
BETHESDA,
CAERNS.

ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES 1972

In 1972 the club continued its role as an active climbing organisation with members in all parts of the country. The Committee continued its efforts to find a suitable permanent base in the Lake District and at the time of writing was in active negotiation with the Church Commissioners to obtain a long lease for a building close to the main climbing area. The building is structurally sound and has great possibilities but would require considerable alteration. Outline planning permission has been received and it is hoped that during 1973 it will be possible to place definite proposals before our members.

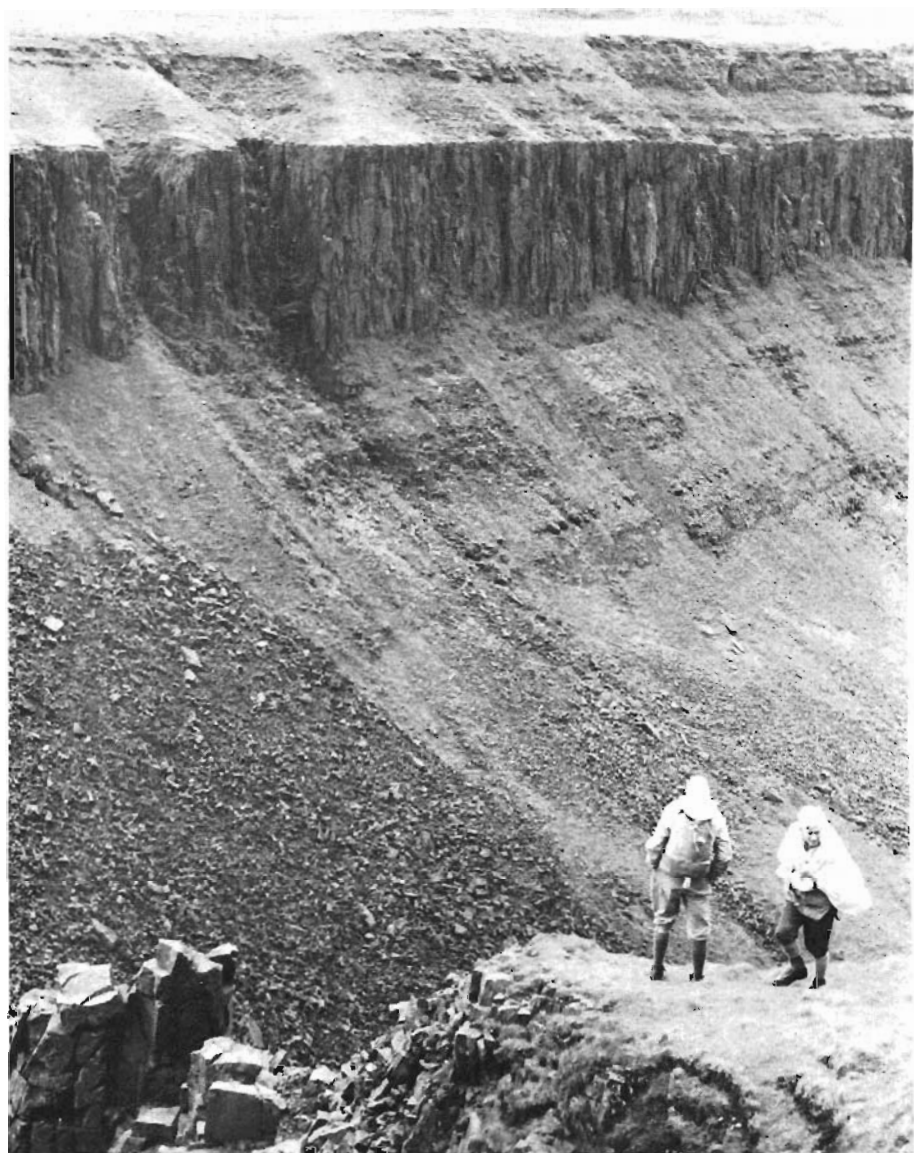
Association Climbing Meets

In February our President, together with 35 other members and guests, attended the Northern Dinner Meet held at the King's Arms, Keswick. After a good meal the company was treated to an entertaining speech by our chief guest, John Baxter, Principal of Derwent Hill O.P. Centre. This was followed by a highly convivial evening which in turn led to a marked reluctance for an early start next morning. But there was too much snow about not to make use of it, so various people staggered around the fells making ascents of Great End gullies and other well known hazards. As two highly respected and eminent members of the Club had spent the Saturday afternoon following the Patterdale Hounds (they didn't say where) this was obviously a weekend to be remembered.

The Easter Meet on Arran was poorly supported both in numbers of members and the amount of rain that fell in the period of the meet. A party went by High Corrie to reach Goatfell by the tourist route from Brodick, and back from the col. Other expeditions were up the Devil's Punchbowl on to Mullach Buidhe and Am Binnean, up Glen Rosa and up the Coire Bhardain to reach Beinn Chliabhain, pronounced 'Cleven' and inevitably called 'Chilblain'. Indeed it was a pleasant Meet apart from the RAIN.

The weather was terrible when we arrived for the meet at Cwm Glas. The weather was terrible when we left. In between it brightened sufficiently to allow the majority of people to climb the Parson's Nose and Crib y Ddysgl, some going to the summit of Snowdon before descending Crib Goch to the hut. It is rumoured that someone only got as far as J.B.'s shop! Whilst thirsts were slaked in the Vaynol Arms our ladies prepared dinner in Cwm Glas Mawr with a main course of Stew Coatsworth-Fairley. Early next morning an accident to an American on Crib y Ddysgl involved the occupants of Ynys Ettws in his rescue. David Lintott found himself Doctor in Charge but despite his efforts and a hazardous helicopter rescue the patient died before reaching hospital. It was a depressing end to an otherwise wet but enjoyable weekend.

David Charity led our first International Weekend meet in the Ardennes at Whitsun. Tales of steep artificial routes have filtered back but details have come too late for publication.



Club Meet at High Cup Nick

Photo: W. Unsworth

In June Mrs. Bainbridge provided a very comfortable base at the Langdon Beck Hotel for a weekend meet in Upper Teesdale led by John Kemsley. On the Saturday, when the rest of the country was mostly suffering heavy rain, the 14-strong party enjoyed tolerable weather on a circuit that revealed some of the local alpine flora and included High Cup Nick, Mickle Fell and a wade across the swollen Maize Beck near Cauldron Snout. A more modest walk on the Sunday took in Low Force and High Force before the members scattered on their diverse homeward journeys.

In July Ian Aitchison led a weekend meet based on the L.T.M.C. hut at Blea Tarn. Saturday saw the party active on Gimmer Crag with the ascent of D Route and Bracket and Slab. An attempt on Kipling Groove failed above the peg due to damp rock (or was it fear?) On a very wet Sunday tracks were made to Dow Crag. A very greasy C Ordinary and a very steep Murry's Direct rounded off the weekend, which despite the inclement weather, proved very enjoyable.

The Alpine meet is reported in detail elsewhere in the Journal. Based in Pontresina it was led by Eric Radcliffe.

In complete contrast with last year, the Langdale Meet was held on a fine, sunny weekend at the end of a long, dry spell. The water taps at the two huts ran dry and members of the meet were forced to drink beer. The great unwashed flourished. On Saturday the meet leader took a party on a quick jaunt round the Coniston Fells (all of them) whilst others walked Helvellyn, the head of Langdale and even Gable (from Langdale?). A lone Scot was seen on Skiddaw, and various cragsmen leaped around on various crags. All returned in time to enjoy a meal and drink at the White Lion, Ambleside. Sunday morning was taken up with a meeting of the hut sub-committee, but those not involved in such portentous matters enjoyed another fine day on the fells. The meet leader and Pat Hurley thought they would sneak in the first ever ascent from the 'new' hut—Place Fell—only to discover Bobby Files on his way down. So much for immortality.

London Lectures

A programme of seven evening functions were well attended throughout the year. The bills of fare varied between social cheese and wine evenings to Douglas Scott showing slides of Yosemite climbs.

Ladies' Night Dinner

On Wednesday 17th May the Ladies' Night Dinner was held at the Connaught Rooms. The speaker was John Cleare who showed slides from his various television assignments including some from a visit to St. Kilda that proved too intimidating even for the BBC. The numbers attending this dinner were very disappointing—possibly due to the rail strike—and it has been decided to drop the event from the 1973 programme.

Annual General Meeting

The meeting was held immediately prior to the Annual Dinner and the following officers were elected:

For the Committee

H. Sales
H. Flook
R. A. Coatsworth

In Place of

M. F. Baker
E. Radcliffe
J. P. Ledebøer

The accounts as presented by the Treasurer, R. W. Jones, were explained and formally accepted. D. G. Hart was re-appointed Auditor.

The Annual Dinner

The Connaught Rooms were again the venue for the 1972 Annual Dinner on 22 November. The guests of the Association were:

M. Charles Cevey (President of the S.A.C. Central Committee)
C. H. Bruggman (Swiss Minister Plenipotentiary)
T. K. Ambara (Japanese Alpine Club)
Mlle. P. Biner (Proprietor, Hotel Bahnhof, Zermatt)
Miss V. Cameron (Ladies Alpine Club)
A. J. J. Moulam (British Mountaineering Council)
A. K. Rawlinson (Alpine Club)
F. Solari (Rucksack Club)
G. Unsel (Swiss National Tourist Office)

Our Vice-President the Rev Fred Jenkins proposed the toast of the Swiss Confederation. He made a stirring introduction in French and then gave a learned discourse on the features and habits of Swiss dragons, now fortunately rare in the mountains. The Swiss Ambassador was indisposed but M. Bruggman deputised for him most ably and in impeccable English.

Maurice Bennett our other Vice-President apologised for the absence of our President Derek Lambley who was recovering from a serious operation. He recalled briefly the programme of weekend meets and the Alpine Meet attended by 44 members and led by Eric Radcliffe. He thanked Wendell Jones for his work as Treasurer ably assisted by the invaluable help given by the S.N.T.O. Graham Daniels had again produced a good journal and Wynne Jeurwine had looked after the library. The departmental secretaries, John Jesson, Stuart Beare and Paddy Boulter had all worked hard and none more so than our Secretary Frank Schweitzer who had also found time to add to his surgeon duties by becoming a consultant.

Maurice Bennett welcomed M. Charles Cevey who had come from Switzerland especially for the dinner. It was good to see close links being maintained between the Central Committee of the S.A.C. and the A.B.M.S.A.C. A cut glass decanter and whisky were presented to M. Cevey and he responded by presenting an inscribed stein to the Association. M. Cevey then spoke in French saying how much the S.A.C. valued the support of its British members.

Stuart Beare welcomed the guests in particular Mlle. Paoula Biner the sister of the late Bernard Biner. She was making a first visit to England and it was good that the Association was able to repay in some small measure the hospitality that had been extended to so many British climbers at the Hotel Bahnhof in Zermatt. Anthony Rawlinson replied for the guests. Michael Baker coupled with the toast for the health of our President Derek Lambley the name of Maurice Bennett who had deputised most ably throughout the evening and on very many other occasions also.

Spiralling Subscriptions—Notes by our Treasurer

Members will have noted with concern another rise in the subscription to the S.A.C. this year. Your committee is reluctant to suggest increases and a few words of explanation may help to explain the difficulties which even in this period of inflation are unique.

The total shown on your subscription renewal form is divided into two unequal portions. £2 for Town Membership (or £1 for Country) of the Association whilst the balance of £6 covers the Swiss subscription.

Members belong to different Swiss Sections each of which levies its own subscription. To simplify the administrative procedures each member of the Association is charged a round sum in sterling and the subscription due to his section remitted to Switzerland in Swiss Francs. The Committee normally fixed the Swiss Subscription at its October Meeting, deliberately leaving this decision until the last moment. It has to take into account

- (a) The amount of the Swiss Central Committee's levy on the Sections
- (b) Estimates of the subscriptions to be demanded by individual Swiss Sections, only a few of which are known
- (c) The estimated exchange rate between the £ and the Swiss Franc at the times when the subscriptions are to be remitted in the following year.

By October 1971 the £ had already declined from the pre 1967 devaluation figure of 12 to 9.75. To cover a possible further fall to 9.50, the Swiss Subscription rate for 1972 was rounded up from £4.80 to £5. In the event the £ rose to over 10 and remained high until the early summer. Consequently both the first and second transfers of currency were made at 10 and only a third and final made at a loss at 9.20.

It was known in October 1972 that the Central Committee was asking for an extra 5 Francs from every Section and that one of the Sections had increased its own subscription by a further 5 Francs. Fortunately it was understood that Monte Rosa, the Section with the highest proportion of our members was only raising its subscription by the Central Committee Levy. This meant that 52-54 Francs would be required from each member; unfortunately the exchange rate was down to 9.10 which suggested a minimum Swiss Subscription of £5.75. After some debate the Committee settled for £6. At the time of writing the exchange rate has fallen to 8.75 which suggests a loss on exchange for the year. Whilst Switzerland too suffers from

inflation, this is still at a lower rate than ours and a further decline in the £ against the Franc is probable in the long term.

Unfortunately the principle of "country membership", adopted by many clubs has never been acceptable to our Swiss friends. Consequently our members, many hundreds of miles from the Alps, pay the same section subscription as Swiss members within a few hours drive of the mountains. Whether this situation will continue remains to be seen; whilst the Alpine Club has secured reciprocal rights in the huts of certain other Alpine nations, the issue is currently something of an international problem.

The Library

During the past year the sale of duplicates has enabled us to bring the library's collection of guide-books up to date, and this is now nearly complete with the most recent issues of the S.A.C. and Alpine Club Guides, and those of the S.M.C. and Climbers' Club.

By far the most important acquisitions, however, have been through the bequest of the late Eric Jarvis, who died in the autumn of last year. Under the terms of his will the Association was left such of his books as we would wish to have and were not already in the library. This has resulted in the addition of 122 volumes on climbing in the Alps, Himalaya, and elsewhere, nearly all published since the last war. This most generous bequest greatly reinforces the library in a department where it was weakest. The books have now been catalogued and shelved by themselves. A notice in the library indicates where they are to be found. W. R. H. J.

Obituaries

SIR GEOFFREY SUMMERS, BART., 1891-1972

Geoffrey Summers was for many years a member of the Geneva Section of the Swiss Alpine Club and a life member of the A.B.M.S.A.C. Educated at Uppingham and Cambridge he took an honours degree in engineering as well as showing himself to be a first class pianist. Summers' mountain experience began in the Lake District and Scotland before the first War. In 1920 he was climbing with George Abrahams in Skye and in 1921 he accompanied the Abraham brothers to the Dolomites (accomplishing the Cinque Torri, Croda da Lago (east face), Kleine Zinne, (in part) and other climbs. He was again in the Dolomites in 1922 and 1927, with 1924 an intermediate season spent in Zermatt and Chamonix when bad weather prevented much being done apart from the Matterhorn by the ordinary Hörnli route.

In 1923 he joined the Merton College Arctic Expedition as leader of inland exploration. The expedition was led by George (later Sir George) Binney, and including other friends from that college as well as 'outsiders' of whom the writer was privileged to be one. Geoffrey Summers was not in my sledging party but on our return to northern Norway we, together with Irvine and Milling, had a most enjoyable expedition into the fine mountains of Finmark, and climbed Jaeggevaare (1915m.) under memorable conditions of prolonged autumn alpenglow.

In 1925 he paid a visit to South America and the Andes, and above Puente del Inca he climbed a foothill peak in the Horcones valley just below Aconcagua; and in 1932 when in Canada, a brief visit to the Rockies and Lake Louise enabled him to climb a small rock peak, but to fail in an attempt on Mount Victoria owing to heavy snowfall.

My own climbing with him was largely on the crags of Snowdonia where he showed himself to be a very competent and careful climber. In 1943 an attack of cerebro spinal meningitis left him with a permanently weakened right arm which happily did not prevent his following me up the Horned Crag climb on Lliwedd a few years later. He was a keen member of the Climbers' Club and of the Arctic Club and he attended most of their meetings and dinners, particularly of the Northern Committee of the former on which he served. Latterly he was sadly crippled having been paralysed down his left side for over three years following a stroke. I and other climbing friends visited him at intervals in his nursing home at St. Asaph and he loved to reminisce on his climbs and other interests.

Professionally, Geoffrey was an engineer, and for many years he served as a director of the family firm, John Summers & Sons, Ltd., steel manufacturers. He received a C.B.E. in 1942 and a baronetcy in 1952. He was chairman of the Flintshire County Council and held the offices of High Sheriff and Deputy Lieutenant of Flintshire. He was also Chairman of the Steel Sheet Wages Board, a conciliatory and difficult post for which his administrative ability and genial character singularly fitted him. He married twice, and leaves a widow of the second marriage. N. E. O.

E. C. L. JARVIS

As a young man Eric Jarvis had little opportunity for climbing but he did visit Zermatt and Chamonix climbing the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa. During the war he served in the Royal Navy and it was not until 1947 that he could climb regularly. In that year he joined the S.A.C.

He always wanted to visit new places rather than return to the old favourites so there were few parts of the Alps which he has not visited. He climbed in Dauphine, Savoy, Oberland, Valais, Engadine, Oetzal, Zillertal, Dolomites, Ortler Group and the Julian Alps. Outside the Alps he climbed and walked in the Tatra, Appenines, Corsica, Pyrenees and Picos de Europa. Further afield he visited Kenya (ascent of Lenana Peak), the Karakorams and Nepal where he did the Everest Trek in 1967 and the trek up the Kali Gandaki Valley from Pokhara in 1970.

He was a mountaineer of the old fashioned type—he never went in for hard rock climbs and was satisfied with a long hill walk and a scramble especially if they led to a good summit. On the last holiday I had with him we spent nearly three weeks in Scotland and did ten peaks, several involving scrambles but never used a rope. Eric was a keen Churchman and a much respected member of the congregation of St Nicholas, Guildford. He never missed attending church on Sundays when on holiday if at all possible even if it meant travelling a fair distance. J. C.

ASSOCIATION ACCOUNTS

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE

for the year ended 30th September, 1972

	1972	1971
<i>Income from Members:</i>		
Subscriptions (Note 1)	878	847
Entrance Fees	62	76
Profit on Sale of Ties	4	8
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	944	931
 <i>Less Expenditure:</i>		
Hire of Rooms	100	100
Journal (Note 2)	349	327
Library	—	3
Printing, Postage etc. SNT0	147	140
Printing, Postage etc. Association	148	43
Insurance	6	15
Entertainment	37	70
BMC Subscriptions	82	48
Lecture Expenses	46	—
Sundries	(7)	4
Depreciation, New Projector	34	—
Profit on Sale of old Projector	(39)	—
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	903	750
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	41	181
 <i>Add Investment Income:</i>		
Association Investments (Gross)	120	118
Building Society Interest	27	—
Bank Deposit Interest	2	28
Premium on Redemption of Bonds	6	—
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	155	146
<i>Less: Taxation (Note 3)</i>	50	46
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	105	100
	<hr/>	<hr/>
<i>Excess of Income over Expenditure</i>	£146	£281
	<hr/> <hr/>	<hr/> <hr/>

BALANCE SHEET

30th September, 1972

1972

1971

Fixed Assets (Note 4)

Projector (N.S. Finzi Bequest)	132	167
Equipment at Swiss Tourist Office	1	1
<i>INVESTMENTS</i> at cost (Note 5)	1, 872	2, 172

CURRENT ASSETS

Stock of Ties at cost	9	22
Debtors	223	19
Cash on Deposit - Bank	1	589
Building Society	1, 104	—
Cash at Bank	60	206
	<u>1, 397</u>	<u>836</u>

Deduct: CURRENT LIABILITIES

Creditors	101	79
Subscriptions in Advance	178	178
	<u>279</u>	<u>257</u>

NET CURRENT ASSETS

1, 118

579

£3, 123

£2, 919

SOURCES OF FINANCE

LIFE MEMBERSHIP ACCOUNT	900	1, 326
ACCUMULATED REVENUE ACCOUNT		
Balance at 30th September, 1971	1, 493	
Add: Transfer ex Life Membership A/C	484	
Excess of Income over Expenditure	146	
	<u>2, 123</u>	1, 493
N.S. FINZI BEQUEST	100	100
	<u>£3, 123</u>	<u>£2, 919</u>

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

13th November, 1972

Signed A. H. Hart, F.C.A., Hon. Auditor.

NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS

1. Subscriptions

Income from this source is made up as follows: -	1972	1971
Subscriptions — Town Members	332	348
Subscriptions — Country Members	381	363
Excess of Flat rate of subscription levied over the sterling equivalent of subscriptions due to the Swiss Sections of the S.A.C.	171	118
Miscellaneous Items	(6)	18
	<u>£878</u>	<u>£847</u>

2. Journal

Cost of the journal is made up as follows:

Printing	366	308
Despatch costs and other expenses	51	42
	<u>417</u>	<u>350</u>
Less: Advertising Revenue	68	23
	<u>£349</u>	<u>£327</u>

3. Taxation

The Association is liable to Corporation Tax on its income from outside sources.

4. Fixed Assets

	Cost	Depreciation to date	
New Projector (N.S. Finzi Bequest)	166	34	132
Equipment at Swiss National Tourist Office	80	79	1

5. Investments

These are as follows: -

£1,000 4½% Agricultural Mortgage Corporation Deb. Stock 1977/82.

710 Brunner Investment Trust Limited Ordinary Shares of 25p.

1,080 London Scottish American Trust Limited Ordinary Shares of 25p.

Cost of these holdings was £1,872. Aggregate market value at 30th September, 1972 was £2,528 (1971 £2,335).

MEMBERS' CLIMBS

Robert Aitken

A very full and enjoyable year combining a good deal of climbing with much fine hill-walking, especially in the remoter parts of Scotland. Summer and winter weekends climbing on Nevis, Glencoe, Lochnagar and Beinn a' Bhuid were interspersed with longer visits to the Cuillin, Knoydart, Assynt and Torridon hills. The weather was on the whole remarkably kind and even in Knoydart, notorious for its high rainfall, we had only one wet day in seven.

In July I was with Hamish Brown and two others in Norway—not the Alps, perhaps, but a very pleasant substitute with a grand atmosphere and superb, scenic, unfrequented mountains.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the Scottish members of the A.B.M. for their assistance with my 'wilderness area' survey; their response was most gratifying, the answers and comments very interesting. I regret that considerations of time and expense prevented me from thanking them all individually for their help, and hope this acknowledgement will compensate a little for that omission. At the time of writing the survey is not yet complete but the response rate on the first half currently stands at 74%, which is about twice the usual return on postal questionnaires of comparable size and complexity. I am very pleased to be able to put on record my gratitude to the Scots members for their contribution to this excellent result—I only wish there were more of them!

Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Barton

Easter: Some good walks on the mountains around Capel Curig in rather poor weather.

With our godson Ian Thomson walked up Piz Lagalb and Piz Languard from Pontresina. Ian with Ruedi Hellstern: Piz Morteratsch from Boval Hut in poor conditions—sometimes over the knees in soft snow. Traversed Piz Palu from the Diavolezza Hut to the Marco e Rosa Hut. Ascent of Piz Bernina by the South Ridge, back to Marco e Rosa Hut and then by the glacier to the Boval Hut.

Mrs. Barton and I in Saas Fee: Various walks in the mountains including the Furggtal to the Antrona pass in snow for the last hour. With Siegfried Bumann the ascent of the Fluchthorn from the Britannia Hut on a beautiful morning with good snow conditions. Saw the Bernina on the way back.

G. R. E. Brooke

April in the Cairngorms: Braeriach, Cairngorm, Ben Vain, Ben Bynac, Creag na Leacainn.

In July, Valaisian Alps, Saas Fee. With Peter Bumann Egginer by the South Ridge, Allalinhorn from Langfluh in cold misty weather.

The first hill of any New Year is a matter of solemn choice. Purely chemical factors render difficult an early start and a long day is precluded by the brevity of sunlight. The Lowther hills on the Lanarkshire-Dumfriesshire border are easy of access and except for two tops adorned by Radar stations the walking is solitary and very rewarding. Views from the Solway Firth to the hills of the Southern Highlands abound. So the 1972 climbing calendar started for me with the ridge walk from Dun Law to Auchenlone in bright sun with a snowy finish.

We snatched a few days of skiing at Obergurgl later in January and had very good sun and snow—the Wurmkogel, Festkogel and Hohe Mut tops were visited all with superb views. The southward vista from the Hintere Wurmkogel over the Dolomites with the intervening valleys filled with mist was a special delight.

A conference in Australia led us to the Grampians of Victoria where a walk up Mount Victory was enlivened by a tiger snake on the track and a friendly herd of wallabies who were prepared to pose for innumerable pictures. The next week-end was spent in the Blue Mountains—a dissected plateau with vast valleys full of gum trees and fine crags where the Sydney climbers are finding an infinity of good routes. The walk from Pulpit Mountain round to Narrow Neck was an easy belvedere at 3,500ft. and 80°F.

After a busy week in Sydney we escaped for the high spot of our time in Australia. A flight of 300 miles to Cooma, New South Wales, took us to the edge of the Snowies. These are Australia's highest hills. They are a long whale back ridge reminiscent of the Cairngorms promoted to 6,000-7,500ft. The highest top Mount Kosciusko is an easy walk from the road end but in three days of energetic hill walking we saw no-one except on the summit of Kosciusko itself. The mountain flowers are superb and utterly different to anything that one sees in the Alps. There is only one gentian—a white one. One walks through a mass of yellow globe flowers and some crackly dry daisy-like everlasting flowers. No-one who gets the chance to go to Australia should miss the hills which are a walker's paradise with solitude and beauty. The Australians seem blissfully unaware of them except in the skiing season.

A few days later we were in Fiji but 90 degrees and blue seas inhibited a planned ascent of Mount Victoria. However, five days later (Good Friday) saw us on the Portage Glacier in Alaska at a temperature of minus 25 degrees F. The next day we passed close by Mount McKinley on our way back on the polar flight via Ellesmere Island and Greenland to home.

In the summer we had several week-ends in Wales and the Lake District and a week in Wales prior to our main holiday set us up for the Alps in September. We got to the Engadine just after the A.B.M.S.A.C. meet had left Pontresina. From a base in Samedan we did Piz Languard, Piz Schlattain, Piz Nair and a very pleasant high ridge walk above Livigno. Finally we traversed Corvatsch. Just as we were then ready for real battle in the second week the snow came and put an end to any chances of high climbing.

The Inn Valley was snow covered and all we could do was to enjoy walks on the lower ridges such as the Muott'Ota where we blundered around up to our thighs at only 2,500 metres. The last day of the holiday was quite superb and Mont Joly—the Skiddaw of Chamonix) in snow gave entrancing views of Mont Blanc and the Aiguilles. As we left the top the moon came over Mont Blanc—an effect almost too perfect to be true.

The autumn was enlivened by a few week-ends in Wales and the Lake District with weather misbehaviour of every variety. This was a year with a lot of travel and some superb mountain days though none of them, to be truthful, of any seriousness.

Hamish Brown

High Atlas, Morocco again a favourite ABM spot. Break in with a week's ski-ing at Oukaïmeden which included several peaks: Attar, Angour, Jbel Tachddirt. Over peaks, through passes, or by Marrakech everyone reaches the Neltner via Imlil. From there I think every peak possible must have been reached on foot, by climbing or on ski. Their indigestible-looking names I'll not catalogue. Ifrouane was reached by a four day stormy 'safari' from the Lac d'Ifni (where an exploding primus added to the fun) and back via the tizi above Sidi Chamarouch. The dormobile dropped two off at the Tizi Tamatert(!) From a bivy they made the second ascent probably of our 1966 Great Ridge on Aksoual, bivied at the Tizi Likempt and did Anhremmher next day. They also collected Irghil McGoun (nom de nom!) the only 4000er outwith the Toubkal Massif, another four day epic across the ranges. Alistair and I added Jbel bou Ouriol above the Tichka Pass. Telouet was visited and with crossings of both the Tizi n Test and the Tischka and several others away in the east we visited the Dra south of Ourzazate and along to the Middle Atlas via the Todra and Dades Gorges. Imperial cities ended the kaleidescopic variety that makes a visit to the Atlas such a rewarding venture.

Norway. With R. Aitken (ABM) and others we sailed to Bergen and via the central scenic route to Romsdal. From Trollstigen traverse Bispen by S. Ridge, then based in Vengedal: Store Vengetind, N. Ridge; traverse of Holstind, Blanebba to Mjølva; Romsdalshorn, S. Ridge and then from Trollstigen again traverse Breitind. Move, via Alesund, to the Sunmore. From Patchellhutte Slogen and Breksetind, S. Top; Smörskredtind. From Urke camp site haven: traverse Jakta and Risenäsi. Motor to Fonn, whence a double crossing of the Jostedal Ice Cap (South over Suphellenipa and down into Langedalen, back from beside the Austerdalsbreen with a long traverse on the ice cap, a 17 hr. day.) In the Jotunheim, after some had left, traverse Galdhoppigen and in the Dovrefjell a day on Blahöin and the Fokstua Bird Sanctuary. The whole of July was fine but last week in Oslo, into August, was wild. Outwith the Jotunheim we met few climbers. The Jostedalsbreen is unique in Europe, Romsdal gives good climbing (Troll Wall et. al.), but it was the Sunmore that most impressed with majestic scenery and fine peaks. Between there and Hellesylt some big faces have hardly been looked at.



Palu and Bellavista from Piz Morteratsch

Photo: H. M. Brown

Alistair Lawson and I joined the Barclay Fraser family in mid May in Corsica. With late snow conditions were alpine and ideal, the weather being almost constantly sunny and the high *bergeries* (sheilings) were free and empty for aesthetic howffs. Programme: From Bastelica to the Berg. Latina and traverse Mte. Renoso and the Col de la Cagnone to Bocognano. From Agnone Berg. to Col du Porc on D'Oro but sans cord or crampons perforce did Pnta Migliarello. B.F. joined and from Berg. de Grotelle (road up the high Restonica cut by avalanches) on successive days do Capo Chio-stro and Monte Rotondo by the ridges over Punta Galiera. From the Asco Valley straight up to Berg. d'Entrate for traverse of Monte Padro and Cima della Statoja to the Tassinetta valley. Big crampon day via the Col de Crocetta to Mnte. Cinto and back round by the Erco valley and Calacima; then the combination of Paglia Orba and Tafonata, the former giving a snow climb by the *voie S.W.*, the latter being the unique rock peak with the gaping hole through the middle of it—a mountain of remarkable exposure but an easy climb. Up and down via the Col de Foggiale and a German party there the only other party met in the peaks. A trio again we go to the Berg. Torici from near the Col de Vergio before a marathon day: traversing Mte. Tozzo and Cimatella, down into a major valley to cross the Pont de Genice and then up again to bivvy near the top of Monte Cervello until the moon gave us light to move down to a *bergerie* from which we descended to Rosazia nex morning. The pair went up the Cruzini valley to the Berg. Tarricione, from there over the Col d'Oreccia to traverse Monte D'Oro. The descent over Pnto.

Ceppa direct to Bocognano gave evil hours in the maquis—soon righted in the Hotel Beau Sejour. Corsica, with its granite rock, uncrowded hills and fine weather is another of those places that leaves one wondering why anyone goes to major centres in the Alps.

On the way back from Corsica an exciting ascent in a snowstorm was made of the Buet—from a bivy in the Berard corrie. At home several good big tours were made on ski: in the main Cairngorms and in the country between Deeside and Glendoll. In the summer an odd nine days in Moidart, Mull, Islay and Jura, and the Outer Hebrides reaped a peak a day. The autumn saw the end of the sabbatical's wandering and appointment as Adviser with Fife County. Nice to have every weekend free for the hills now!

S. Chadwick

Various wanderings about the West Country, repeats of favourites on Baggy Point. Two defeats after two attempts with Keith Myhill on the central pillar of Berry Head quarry; one day it will be a fine hard climb.

Not much luck with Scottish snow and ice due to weather. Spiral gully on Corrie ant-Sneachda with a Scottish bird and abortive trips to Lochnagar.

July was wet but did the Pause on Etive Slabs and the Steeple on the Shelter Stone. Both magnificent routes. Must be honest and say we didn't do the final great corner on the Steeple. Too knackered.

Went to Chamonix this year and started off with the Frendo Spur, D. sup. Began with a typically alpine start, three in the afternoon, and had one bivouac. Only difficult for its final few hundred feet. Then did the North face of the Col du Plan D. with Ken Jones. Moved together throughout and found no difficulties.

After that I went to the North Face of the Triolet T. D. with an American, John Loder. He fell whilst leading on the steepest section. After the 180 ft. fall 20 ft. of rope ran out before I could check him. Burned through my duvet and nearly clean through the belay rope. I was pulled off my belay step. One screw came out, the other bent and held. We were, to coin a phrase, lucky. He had badly sprained his ankle so I had to lead the rest—200 ft. in 16 hours. An epic all told. That shook me up a bit and the weather turned bad so I came home.

W. A. Comstive

There was again an acute shortage of snow in the Lake District last winter. Those falls that did occur came mid-week and the usual warm front passed over by the week-end. However on one F & RCC meet a party of us met what might be described as Antarctic conditions on the High Street range. Loose snow blown by a strong north east wind caused us to dig snow holes into which we crawled to eat our lunch and we were almost buried in no time at all. On the week-end of the Northern Dinner what snow there was proved to be in excellent condition and we attacked Glaramara direct and cramponed up the final steep snow slope to the summit.

At Easter John Brooks and I with our respective families went to Arran with great things in mind but were almost blown and washed off the Island by gale-force winds and torrential rain. We spent a pleasant evening in the bar of the Corrie Hotel with members of the meet.

At Whit I spent a week with my wife and family at Glendessary Lodge, Loch Arkaig. Again the weather was extremely bad with a repetition of Easter conditions. On one day, in between approaching Atlantic troughs, Enid and I did a short horseshoe walk taking-in the summits of Druim-a-Chuirn, An Eag and Sgurr-Cas-na-Breach. On another fine afternoon I took a boat on the loch and managed to catch fifteen fine trout on wet fly. In between storms we had glimpses of some grand country the distinct feature being the absence of visitors.

Our alpine holiday was centred on Solden in the Otztal. The first week was not blessed by good weather but despite some rain and new snow above 3,000m we were out most days. We walked up the Windachtal to the Siegerland Hut and back on a training excursion and scrambled up the Rotkogel, Brunnenkogel, Grieskogel and Festkogel. The weather settled the second week and we took-off to the Martin Busch Hut from where we climbed the Kreuzspitze and Similaun. A projected attempt on the Wildspitze was abandoned on a hunch that the Breslauer Hut would be untenable, which was proved by another English climber.

In between our excursions to Scotland and Austria Enid and I have attended most F & RCC meets in the Lake District. The A.B.M.S.A.C. meet to Langdale was blessed with perfect weather this year and on the Saturday John Brooks and I completed a traverse of the Langdale horseshoe from Jacks Rake on Pavey Ark to Esk Pike and Bowfell. Coming off the summit of Bowfell we met up with Stuart Beare's party who had just finished the Cambridge Climb and the whole party then continued on to Crinkle Crag, Cold Pike, Red Tarn and back to Raw Head.

Before the hour went back Enid and I completed the three peaks walk—Penyghent, Whernside and Ingleborough—in just under nine hours on what must have been the last week-end to allow sufficient time to get round in daylight.

George Cubby and John Dumbill

Our three weeks in the Valais during September were a disappointment. The weather was warm and wet when we arrived at Arolla and remained bad for most of the time. Snow fell in Arolla and at Saas Grund where we camped; the higher mountains, when not actually being snowed upon, remained out of condition.

Having been denied entry to the Vignettes Hut on the grounds that 'The workmen would object' (surely a novel variation of priorities) we went instead for the Dix Hut to find it overrun by a large, noisy and ill-mannered party of 'sixth formers' with no one in effective control. After a tiresome evening, thick mist, not to mention lack of sleep, prevented an early start next morning when a traverse of the Pigne d'Arolla was made. The snow was deep and

new, there were no tracks to help, and the descent through the crevasses on the Vignettes side was extremely trying.

For the rest we had to stay fairly low and make the best of things; Grande Dent de Veisivi in new snow; a traverse of the Petite Dent de Veisivi; Mont Dolin; Traverse of La Roussette (which would have yielded a brand new piton had we possessed a hammer with which to get it out). The Swiss Army in occupation of the Bertol Hut kindly shared with us some of their excess food; in return we next day shared with them the Aiguille de la Tsa. It was all very sociable and friendly although by taking a somewhat higher-than-usual line the areas of greatest congestion were avoided. Earlier and to give the Army time to deploy, we had filled in time on the Dent de Tsalion.

The Monte Moro Pass was to have been an easy day's walk with promise of a magnificent view of Monte Rosa. Above Mattmarksee a trail was made through new snow never less than knee deep, waist deep in places; we also became involved yet again with the Swiss Army playing some sort of war game which seemed to demand a great deal of realism in the way of explosions and small-arms fire. There was no view from the pass and Monte Rosa was shrouded in snow-cloud.

I shall go to the Alps in August in future and put up with the crowds.

Graham Daniels

Ben Lawers and its tops were traversed in good snow on a wonderful day while at Killin over Easter. Other Munros were wet and gloomy.

Climbing was out in the summer as Alison and I went on a sybaritic sight-seeing tour of the north western U.S.A. The Olympic Mountains and Mount Rainier were hidden in cloud but the sun reappeared for a fabulous 100 mile jet boat trip through Hells Canyon on the Snake River. We camped in Yosemite for a few days and followed trails to Sentinel Dome and Taft Point which gave fabulous views of El Capitan and Half Dome. After San Francisco we visited Crater Lake which is far too beautiful to describe but it was fun walking up the snow to Garfield Peak in blistering sunshine.

Christmas saw us in Scotland at Arrochar and a few more Munros were crossed off the list.

N. M. Davison

The winter was spent Piste bashing with friends in various parts of Switzerland. One long weekend in Craltur, Austria. Snow conditions varied from deep powder to near mud. Tried one ski tour but the Norwegian skis used were not stable enough for high alpine touring.

Started climbing in March. Training on small crags in the Schaffhausen area and on the 15th the 'Rosakante', Gätterifirst in the Alpstein. Way off tricky due to iced up ridge. Midweek evenings helping with the climbing course run by the Randen Section. Rigi Hoch Flue via Willies Route IV. A2.

May gave very variable weather but three weekends were spent in climbing

areas. Hundstein Hut on the 6th and 7th. Platten wand III which was finished in a rain, hail, thunder and lightning storm. Middle Dreifaltigkeit on which Franz my rope partner fell about 15 metres and was held on his new 9 mm rope! He bought an 11 mm rope the following week. Various routes on the limestone cliffs at Donautal, Germany. Very good D.A.C. hut in the village of Hausen im tal. Boots forgotten changing cars so everything was done in a pair of old shoes.

June: Bergsee hut. Bergseeschizen, South Wall (Var.2)V. Walking in the Garschina hut area. Rätikon with half meter snow. Salbitschizen South Ridge V. Direct from the valley in mixed weather and the whole mountain to ourselves.

July: Fergen Hut for an attempt on the Fergenkegel South Wall. Silvretta: returned empty handed due to mist, rain and snow. Gr. Bülenhorn: S. Ridge IV descended via N. couloir. Bivouaced below the Albert Heim Hut. Winterstock: S. Wall (Var) to W. summit. N. Ridge Badile. Descent via S. Ridge to Gianetti Hut. Back to the Sasc Fura Hut via Porcellizzo and Della Trubinasca passes. Then with a Swiss friend to the Sciora Hut from which we climbed Punta Innominata W. Ridge IV and Pizzi Gemelli. Bügeleisen and N. W. Ridge V A.1. Descent via Bondo pass and Bondosac Glacier. 12 hours round trip. 45 minutes from pass over glacier to hut.

August: Wichelpluggstöck—Trotzigpluggstöck traverse III. Funffingerstöck S.W. ridge IV+. Susten area: Bodier Hut. Ulrichspitz to Mischabel Hut. Bad weather and sick ropemate caused return to Saas Fee. Furka pass to Albert Heim Hut. After a cloud burst which closed the pass and washed out the hut path we returned home. Piz Bernina via Bianco Grat to Marco e Rosa Hut. Next day traversed Piz Palu to Diavolezza (Section tour).

September in the Dolomites. Rolli Pass, Sella pass. Three rope lengths up the Sella Tower I west ridge. Abseiled off due to snow storm and off back to Switzerland.

October: Gr. Mythen White Wall II. Sevenstock S.W. pillar V. Hoch Seven South Ridge IV.

R. A. Durance

We came to Les Houches from all quarters—the Schweitzers with one child took it comfortably by air and train, the Hughes and even more children made an insane one day dash by car, and your idle correspondent brought his small family a mere hour's journey from Geneva.

Les Houches, famous for its proximity to Chamonix, notorious for its very special chalet owned by Gilles and Andrée Souchon-Josserand. He, one of the new race of intellectual guides, —she, one of the old race of superlative hostesses.

Anxious to dispel the idea that this was a family holiday, we planned to shake off our womenfolk at the first opportunity, and picked a training walk up to Tête-Rousse. But some of the girls came too, including Gilles' daughter Annie, and her English friend Terry. What ignominy to see these two

tearing ahead leaving us stolid fellows doing it the right way, hundreds of metres behind them.

Our first small climb, the Aiguille du Tour was notable only for the late hour at which we reached the top having started from the valley the same morning. The return was made through thigh-deep porridge. Although this was the third week of July, the usual ladder over the bergschrund on Mont Blanc du Tacul had not been put in position, and we wasted one valuable fine day searching for it.

The weather forecasts were always of storms in the afternoon, but we were keen to do the Rochefort ridge, and Gilles was characteristically confident that he could get us all round it and back down to the valley in time. From Torino, up to the ridge, (missing out the ascent of the Dent du Géant) to the summit, and down to Montenvers by the Mont Mallet glacier was managed in a breakneck seven hours, and our only sorrow was to have missed spending a night at the bivouac des Périades.

We then waited for a suitable day to do the traverse of Mont Blanc, but time was running out, and we were in danger of losing the chance. Gilles, anonymous on the phone to the Guides' Office, announced his intention of starting at the Aiguille du Midi and finishing at the Goûter. 'That', he was told, 'is the wrong way round. For that you will need a guide who runs, and clients who can follow.' They could not know that the first of these requirements was amply fulfilled. On a day when the clouds hid both the view and our looked-for path, the climb was done the wrong way round; the guide duly ran, and the clients duly did their best to stop him.

The holiday came to a gentle close, after most of the others had left for England, with the Petite Aiguille Verte, climbed by my wife, Terry and myself.

John D. Evans

January—Carneddau in good snow conditions. Exceptionally good winter conditions on Crib Goch and the Snowdon gullies in March.

In August an ascent of Triglav in the Julian Alps was followed by four days discovering the delights of the Triglav National Park.

John Fairley

After my wedding in June to Lisbet we honeymooned in the Alps spending most of our time in Saas Fee. We traversed the Drei Horlini and the Egginer-Mitaghorn ridge before going up to the Weissmieshutte in drizzle. The following day was dull so we peak-bagged the Fletschhorn and were rewarded by a short clearing sufficient to give a view from the summit. Next day in blazing sunshine we raced a guided French party to the start of the South Face of the Jägigrat. We traversed the ridge in company with this party, sometimes ahead, sometimes behind and passing another two ropes on the way. At last we were on form; but not so the weather. We left Saas to the rain and drove west reasoning that if there was going to be good weather this year it had to come this way first. We were not disappointed.

A disturbed night in the Cabanne d'Orny preceded our arrival at the Cabanne du Trient. Our traverse of the Aiguille du Purtscheller south ridge that day was painfully slow! Dawn found us at the little col at the western end of the Aiguilles Dorées. A delicate traverse on doubtful holds took us above the crack and onto the broken slabs leading up to the crest of the ridge. We spent an exhilarating day along the warm granite ridge, quite alone, yet always in full view of the hut where, we discovered later, the guardian and his family were finding entertainment watching us through binoculars from the verandah. We lunched on the summit of Biselex before descending to traverse the top of the Copt couloir which was by now somewhat delicate. Its chimney corner is pretty strenuous especially after a traverse of the ridge.

We returned to Saas but found snow down to the Mischabel hut. After the Ulrichshorn we climbed the ordinary route up the Nadelhorn. The ridge, normally largely a rock route, was covered in hard snow from top to bottom. From the Britannia hut a couple of days later we climbed the Rimpfischhorn's north ridge. During this climb we had observed that the ridges of the Mischabel had dried out considerably so once more we toiled up the path to the Mischabelhutte. This time the weather was in our favour and we climbed unroped right up to the first gendarme of the Lenzspitze's west ridge under a sparkingly clear sky. Down on the Dreieaselwand three German parties were toiling upwards. It did not look a good climb that day—despite its aesthetic appeal. No dawdling on the summit for we were only halfway through yet. Below our feet, the wall fell away sheer more than a thousand feet to the bergschrund; ahead the ridge to the Nadelhorn. In places rather unreliable snow still obscured the rock making for delicate climbing. Many of the gendarmes had pitons or rings in place for abseils but the steps were so short it was faster to climb down. All day the sun blazed down. To our left, the Weissshorn; to our right the Weissmies: which would we climb next? But we had little time for debate as the ridge occupied our whole attention. At length we were on the Nadelhorn and our route was all but complete. It had been a fine day.

Weissshorn or Weissmies?—The debate continued but was resolved by trouble with the car which left insufficient time for the Weissshorn. The north ridge of the Weissmies we knew was going to be a long climb so we wasted little time in getting started. We found little difficulty with the 'Grosse Platte' but a little higher the ridge was in a very rotten state (it seems that part of it had only just fallen away). Ahead of us an intimidating succession of towers and spires culminated in the snow ridge leading to the summit itself. Nearing the snow we could see large cornices on the east side; then we were there. At first there was no difficulty and indeed we expected none. Soon we received a shock for the snow was in vile condition. Taking great care we traversed the narrowest section until at last we reached firm snow again. The summit itself was shrouded in cloud so we followed the furrow of the ordinary route back to the hut.

Peter Farrington

The year started well with some long walks on the Islay hills followed by a

few days camping in Glen Etive with my younger brother Stephan, in March. The weather was diabolical but we managed two memorable ascents. The first up the north shoulder of Sron na Creise was more a survival test than a climb with hail flying horizontally up the glen and a white out on the summit plateau though this compared little with the tremors of crossing the Etive river! The following day we went up to Great Gully on Buachaille Etive Mhor, found it wet and messy and traversed up to North Buttress which was comparatively clear of snow. No sooner were we on it when the first of many snow storms started giving a superb battle to reach the summit. With the route three-quarters done and the light fading we gambled on a traverse into Crowberry Gully where we found a quick exit to the top, arriving at 8.30 p.m. The descent via Lagangarbh Corrie caused no problems and we were down at the Kingshouse drying out before closing time. A really great day.

The summer was disappointing with only a few solo climbs and walks on Islay and Jura, followed in the autumn by six weeks intensive walking in preparation for the winter climbing. This however came to an abrupt halt when I strained my knee ligaments doing a simple exercise in the local school gymnasium. Roll on 1973!

Gordon Gadsby

Mountain rescue practice on the Derbyshire crags in January with members of Oread Team Alpha was followed by a fine weekend in Snowdonia. Tryfan and part of Nantle Ridge. Derbyshire walking on the Baslow edges and the odd climb.

Climbing at Linn of Dee at Easter. Some low walks in cold cloudy weather on Saturday and Sunday. Glorious weather on Monday brought Glen Shee alive with skiers, traversed Meal Odair in the afternoon. On ski slopes in atrocious weather on Tuesday.

Climbed with my wife Margaret on Birchens Edge, Derbyshire, and at Earl Sterndale with Colin Hobday.

Wettest Whitsun weekend ever camping at Tony Brown's farm, Patterdale—gale force winds, horizontal rain, and mud everywhere. Spent most of weekend holding on to tents.

Walking over Kinder visiting the Downfall and most of the tops in preparation for our visit to Arctic Norway. A fabulous 3 weeks with Margaret and my aunt and uncle, both over 70 years old. My wife and I climbed and explored in the Lofotens and Nordfolla areas attaining 7 summits altogether including the North Peak of Skagastoltind in the Jotunheim. Whilst we climbed my aunt and uncle cycled over 300 miles on the arctic roads. The weather was the hottest in living memory and we motored nearly 3,000 miles.

August saw us walking in Snowdonia and the Vale of Evesham then a great weekend camping below Cader Idris at Bank Holiday. Traversed Cader from east to west. Climbed Cyffry Arete on the Sunday with Mike Berry.



On the Summit of Konstind, Lofoten Isles

Photo: G. Gadsby

A glorious weekend in October during which we walked in Grizedale, Borrowdale and by Tarn Hawes.

Lindsay Griffin

We started with the north face of the Petit Mont Collon in the Pennine Alps. As the ice faces were not too good we moved to Chamonix where we did the North Buttress of the Peigne. We followed this with the Gervasutti Pillar on Mont Blanc du Tacul and then the Brown-Whillans route on the west face of the Blaitière—both very fine rock routes. There followed a good mixed route, the North Face of the Gran Paradiso on the southern side of Mont Blanc. Then two attempts on the Walker Spur both beaten back by bad weather from above the 90 metre diedre—the stonefall becomes rather bad in a storm and we had to sit under a convenient overhang for a day until things eased up. Next we went up to do the North Face of the Triolet but when most of it fell down on the way to the foot we changed to the North Face of Les Courtes followed by the traverse and down on the Mont Blanc side.

Later on we did Route Major on Mont Blanc and then about half of the North Face of the Matterhorn before being hit by a very bad storm—we traversed

left and finally made the Hornli ridge just below the Solvay hut (It just wasn't my year for weather!) After this we had to be content with two routes in Switzerland—the Central Spur of the the Dent du Midi and the South West Ridge Direct on the Gletchhorn- the quality of rock in the latter area is superb.

A. N. Husbands

One day in April I received a letter from Martigny inviting me to attend the Spring Assembly of the Monte Rosa section and receive my veteran's badge. The next day I saw Walter Kirstein and mentioned the invitation to him and he said I should go if I could. Although it seemed rather far and was unfortunately the same week-end as our meet in North Wales, I decided to take Walter's advice and would strongly recommend everyone else to do the same when their turn comes.

The meeting was held at Salvan and when it was over we walked out into the street and were given glasses of wine by girls dressed in traditional Swiss costumes. An excellent luncheon followed at Marécottes and in the afternoon we went up to La Creusaz on the téléphérique for a 'promenade' which consisted of walking about 50 yards to a cask of wine! The view was magnificent extending from Mont Blanc to the Dent Blanche. When the cask was empty we returned to Marécottes for a collation and some wine. Later we went down to Martigny for drinks until shortly after 9.0 p.m. when the President said he thought we ought to be going home. It was all most enjoyable and the S.A.C. members were most friendly.

I had not been to Switzerland in the Spring before and thought it was marvellous with the snow on the lower mountains and all the spring flowers out at least two weeks before here. The wild crocuses on the Southern facing Alps from which the snow had gone had to be seen to be believed and in fact were so numerous it was impossible to avoid stepping on some going up the hill.

In August I returned to Switzerland for our meet at Pontresina described elsewhere.

F. L. Jenkins

New Year: Skiing at Macugnaga and on the Monte Moro Pass with J. J. Whitehead.

April: The traverse of the Glyders, and rock climbing on Tryfan and Ogwen Pinnacle with a school party. Then joined the Semaine clubistique à ski in the Pyrenees organised by the Central Committee of the S.A.C. Traverse of Balaitous from Refuge Larribet followed by ascent to Refuge Marcadou the same evening for Cambalès. An attempt on the Vignemale was foiled by a storm that kept us twenty-four hours at Les Oulettes. The Party eventually skied down in twenty centimetres of new snow to Pont d'Espagne.

August: Camped at Morteratsch during the Abmsac Meet at Pontresina with G. J. S. Hamilton. We dodged the weather with limited success by walking

into Italy for most of our climbing—Monte Disgrazia by the N.W. Ridge after traversing Monte Sissone from the Forno Hut. Then Disgrazia by the N.N.E. Ridge—the Corda Molla, followed by a descent of the N.W. Ridge and a planned bivouac on the Roma Traverse path.

September: Sgurr Sgumain, Alasdair, Thearlaich and Mhic Coinnich in a snowstorm with a school party. On the way south the Tower Ridge of Ben Nevis in wet snow conditions.

John and Freda Kemsley

Our climbing year started with four February days on scattered Scottish hills in the course of which one of the peaks above Loch Lochy became Freda's 200th Munro.

At the end of April we made a long-planned journey on foot northwards from the Italian Riviera to the Maritime Alps. Early summer had already reached the Mediterranean coast as we climbed through the terraces to be greeted on the first skyline with a distant view of Alpine snows, and then each day's journey put the seasons back as we traversed successively higher hills up to the crest of the Ligurian Alps and from there looked down into an upland French valley still white in the grip of winter. The flowers we had come to see moved back in step with the seasons and in sequence we saw rich displays of orchids, narcissi, gentians, dogtooth violets and crocuses. When further progress was barred by snow we reversed the process and returned to the summer sea. A memorable journey with good walking on the hills, feasts of flowers, and good food and comfort in the village inns at night.

In May we proved again that we could finish the Fellsman Hike but were chastened to find that completion within our personal 24-hour target was beyond our capacity.

Two long July days by the head waters of the Affric and Orrin gave us seven of the less accessible Munros and left memories of midnight returns to the car in the long Scottish summer twilight.

The end of August saw us off to the Cottian and Dauphiné Alps with hopes of a high level tour that would take in a few big peaks in new territory. We enjoyed the passes and flowers of the Cottians but bad weather restricted our ascents there to two minor peaks and we turned to the Dauphiné with thoughts of the 'trois cent jours de soleil par an' claimed for the Hautes Alpes. It seemed, however, that we were paying our visit on a selection of the remaining sixty-six days and, finding that even the finest displays of alpine flowers could no longer satisfy minds that were yearning for the high tops, we came home early to substitute the Doncaster rains for the alpine downpours.

M. T. King

I went as a member of the 12 man British Army Expedition to Axel Heiberg Island (79°N 93°W) from late June to mid-August. Our base camp was at the

head of Middle Fiord on the west side of the island. From here three 4-man teams explored the interior. Travel was mainly by ski, towing one-man sledges. These could carry up to 110 lb. of stores and enabled us to operate away from fixed camps for up to two weeks at a time.

The central Princess Margaret and Swiss Ranges were extensively explored. 48 new peaks around 5000 ft. were climbed. Several surveys of the island's wildlife were made. The rock is generally poor and glacier travel becomes difficult after mid-July because of rapid ablation. The best time to visit the island would probably be mid-June to mid-July. A vast area still awaits exploration and many summits remain untraced.

W. Kirstein

Ski touring in January at Mammoth, Sierra Nevada, California and in March at St. Moritz, Piz Muragl, day touring Engadine. Klosters and St. Antönien with Section Uto.

I attended the Pontresina meet and would like to say that now my advancing years are slowing me down the friendly patience of everybody concerned is growing faster than my decline. That Charles Warren and John Whyte took me with them on the Kesch climb made this A.B.M. meet another unforgettable one for me in spite of all that snow, hail, thunder and lightning. I also climbed Piz Languard, Munt Pers, Ice nose Cambrena, Piz Arlas and Punta d'Albigna.

David Lintott, Stuart Beare, Harry Archer

Snow greeted our arrival in the Pitztal, a quiet and economical base. Despite it being as cheap to stay in the valley as the huts, the unsettled weather sent us up to the Tasch Haus which offered a base for climbs little affected by the new snow and the cloudy conditions. Each morning the weather appeared unpromising but setting out regardless (no-one else bothered to get up) we were rewarded by improved conditions. This gave a good start to the holiday and a measure of fitness with ascents of the Olgrubenspitze, Bligspitze and Wildspitze.

In more settled weather we walked to the Kaunergrat Hut for the Watzespitze. The hut was full of soldiers and courses. Had we not seen the notice? Oh well—the English! Without delay we were made most welcome and space made, though meals had to be in shifts. Next morning we joined the end of a queue of Austrian soldiers on the East ridge. Perfect weather allied to reasonable difficulty and length made the ascent most enjoyable. Descent by the Gletcher Weg took longer than expected, some of the steeper icy sections needing care. Altogether an interesting and entertaining excursion; not recommended for bashful mountaineers as a large proportion of the traverse can be seen from the hut. The guide book is best left behind to save weight.

Moving to the Engadine the Bernina pass was crossed in the accustomed bonnet length visibility. The Boval Hut was so full of school parties that we were relegated to the topmost attic. 'Are you not mountaineers?'

exclaimed the guardian who was however extremely pleasant and helpful. Particularly so about routes, our guide book being some 50 years out of date if you did not have a ladder and 15 years if you did! The weather remained poor so nearby Morteratsch seemed more suitable than remoter peaks. Same old mist the next morning but having folded blankets and been encouraged with an 'Its better than yesterday' from the guardian (How could he see?) we set out for the Marco e Rosa Hut and for Piz Bernina by the Fortezza Ridge avoiding the glaciers said to be in poor condition. Soon the weather improved but because of the lateness of the hour and the snow conditions it seemed prudent to leave Piz Bernina until the next day and Zupo was ascended instead.

The next morning gales, snow and 10 yards visibility delayed departure and cancelled any hope of Piz Bernina. The guardian eventually got up (after his wife had brought him a cup of tea). At £13 a night for four the Marco e Rosa Hut is no place to linger and soon we were out and across the glacier in negligible visibility at the head of a long queue. What faith! Where the tracks forked to Piz Palu or down to the Fortezza ridge three parties stood looking at each other. The first fleeting patch of blue sky acted as a catalyst of confidence and with a cry of 'Piz Palu!' off we all went on the traverse. Somewhere just before the Central peak we met a rope of friends from the meet at Pontresina; at the Diavolezza there was some sunshine and a band playing good old fashioned oompah to welcome us and round off a varied and most enjoyable season.

Alan Lyall

Traverse of Mont Blanc de Moming by south west ridge and Arete du Blanc in fresh snow. Bishorn from Tracuit. Traverse of Besso by south west and south east ridges. North face of Pointe de Zinal omitting summit with descent by Col Durand.

Will McLewin

It was planned as a great season: six weeks and our first determined visit to the French Alps. In the event we never got to grips with the logistics of wives and young children and some of us were never remotely fit. We had some glorious weather waiting around Geneva airport and for family trips on the Midi Telepherique and some epic storms while doing routes. Our ambitions faded away and we ended up grateful for those routes we did actually complete.

With Brian and Denise Ward, Aiguille du Géant by S. W. face. Probably good fun if you can avoid hailstorms and rush hours. Tour Ronde by S. E. ridge. As good a viewpoint as everyone says it is. Trélatête: we gave up the south peak by the S. ridge of East peak near the top when we found steepish ice and couldn't see anything because of mist.

Solo: Aig. Verte by the Jardin ridge, Aig. du Jardin and Grand Rocheuse. An exhausting day, mist and hail necessitating reversal of the same route.

With Brian Ward Les Droites by E. buttress of E. peak. A quite perfect

day; on top we met someone who had just soloed the Polish route(?) on the N. face!

With Denise Ward Aig. de Bionnassay by S. ridge. With Gary Dyer Aig. de Rochefort, Dome de Rochefort, Calotte de Rochefort to the Canzio bivouac. Grandes Jorasses by W. ridge. Started very well thanks to a reconnaissance the previous evening but turned into an epic, first when we descended too far after Pte. Young and then when the storm began on Pte. Hélène. These two are a superb expedition when one can be sure of good weather for two days.

L. Poolman.

A stormy week-end at the end of April, based at Clashgour, yielded Ben Starav and Stob Ghabhar, but Ben Alder escaped once more, due to the weather.

A week in May with W. L. Coats (Comrie) proved that the sun still calls occasionally on the Scottish hills. Ben Avon, Beinn a'Bhuird, Carn an Fhidleir and An Sgarsoch were all ascended for the first time, and the final cairn on Beinn Iutharn Mhor (previously missed in dense mist) definitely attained. We also went over Beinn Bhrotain and Monadh Mor. The skies then finally got down to business and sent us home early. Outstanding Munros now only six.

In July I was with D. Grace (Bristol). We could not leave Avers Cresta for Pix Platta until 10 a.m, much too late on such a hot day and had to abandon the ascent about 3100 m. snow conditions being dangerous. Weather then broke completely and it was not until we had been out a week and crossed to Italy that the first summit was reached-Piz Scalino 3323 m. We then went up to the Marinelli Hut from which Piz Sella, I Gemelli and the Punta Marinelli were ascended. We then crossed to Poschiavo, the Cima di Val Fontana being taken on the way. From the Boval we did Piz Morteratsch 3751 m. -unfortunately in cloud-but hopes of Piz Palu from the Diavolezza did not materialise. Piz Blaisun was climbed en route to the Escha Hut and the tour concluded with Piz Calderas, Tschima da Flix and Piz Picuogl from the Jurg Jenatsch in good weather.

So to the Autumn Bergfahrt, made in almost perfect weather. There was a lot of new snow on north-facing ground and on glaciers, resulting from bad weather before I arrived on 23rd September; this tended to inhibit solo ascents, and only six Dreitausenders were attained: Schonbuhhorn, Mettelhorn, Plathorn, Strahlegghorn, Hinter Tierberg and Bachenstock. The fourth and fifth were done with Swiss parties met at the Strahlegg and Trift Huts. A Swiss, met at the Kehlenalp Hut, had agreed to come up the Sustenhorn with me, but the one break in the weather unhappily prevented this. However, I ubernachted in fifteen fresh huts (about half, including the Rottal, Schmadri and Gleckstein, alone). Quite a satisfactory year.

Ray Prince

Last year while descending the Italian ridge on the Matterhorn John and I

noticed the top pitches of the North Face of the Dent d'Hérens. Later on in the Autumn we spoke of coming out in the winter to climb the face but realized that we could not do it living out of a rucksack. The minimum amount of climbing equipment, food and emergency gear required came to 263 lb. We constructed a lightweight kit form sledge weighing 7 lb. and after frantic weeks of packing arrived at Victoria with 4 cwt. of equipment. British Rail were horrified. Our schedule from Zermatt allowed 17 hours from the Bahnhof to our base camp at the top of the Tieffmatten Glacier. In fact in bad weather it took 9 days of some of the hardest sledging we had ever done.

Our food system consisted of a diet of 7,500 calories per day in daily packages divided into 8-hour sections. We had allowed for 16 days of climbing and some 10 days of travelling and base camp rations. Our tentage consisted of a Blacks Mountain and fly, all cooking was done externally in ice caves to avoid condensation on down equipment. We were testing new alpine jackets and full length leggings designed by John and a lightweight survival tent, self-supporting, of my own design.

As March wore on, the snow fall became heavier and the tent was completely snowed in. We made reconnaissance trips to the foot of the climb but decided that the avalanche danger was far too great. I suggested a sortie over the Pointe de Zinal with some 6 days of climbing rations and enough equipment to climb the North face of the Dent Blanche. The grind up to the shoulder was agonizing with some 85 lb on our backs and the snow was so soft that it would not bear our weight. After 11 hours we were still 300 ft. from the top of the col. so we decided to dig a snow hole where we were. Unfortunately under the deep snow was very hard ice and it was some two hours before a fair sized cave was constructed. The temperature outside was -37°C , inside around -17°C . We both slept soundly until 5 o'clock the next morning and after cooking our muesli we roped breaking out the dead men and dead boys for the steep snowfield ahead. The view of the Matterhorn was overwhelming with the previous night's snow. The North Face of the Dent d'Herens seemed like an enormous Himalayan mountain with not one piece of rock showing. After some 4 hours of cutting steps we arrived at the rocks that were heavily covered in verglas. At 4 in the afternoon we had reached the summit of the Blausatz. We discussed the possibilities of descending to the Col du Zinal but felt the previous night's snow would tire us too much as we had been up to our armpits for the last two hours. To attempt the ridge of the Pointe de Zinal as a means of descent to the Dent Blanche was impractical with the weight we were carrying. We prepared a meal, dressed for the descent and John roped off down. As darkness fell we passed the previous night's snow hole. Progress in the ski descent was slow owing to the steepness but by 7 o'clock we were at the cliffs above the Schonbiel Glacier. We reversed these in true climbing fashion. Conversation at this point was non-existent owing to the cold and the effort required for skiing uphill.

Within striking distance of the base camp the new snow was at such a depth that my knees were below the surface. Turning on the skis was agony.

I asked John what he felt about digging in where we were and he agreed owing to the cold in his hands and feet. We scraped a small oblong some 9 inches deep and erected our survival tent.

By the time John was in his sleeping bag I had produced hot soup with Complan. This was followed by meat loaf, chocolate and hot coffee. The temperature was such that the hickory in the skis and the timber in axes were cracking loudly. We closed the flap and prepared for a very cold night. Some 2½ hours later, at 3 o'clock, the depth of the ice on the inside of the tent was about ¼ inch. The only part of our anatomies outside the bags were beards and these were frozen solid. I suggested hot soup. Luck was with us and the petrol stove lit. After a session of flash photographs, a smoke break and a chat, an enormous rock buttress appeared among the now lessening snowflakes. Within the hour daylight proved that we were only 90 yards from the base camp.

Even if we had known this the night before, the effort of a 90-yard uphill ski would have been out of the question. On arrival at the camp we had to dig the tent out as there had been some 80 cm of snow. The sun appeared soon after noon and we managed to dry some of the equipment. After several hot meals we collapsed into deep slumber. The following day intense winds and snow confined us to the ice hole and the tent. Little thought of another attempt took place as enormous avalanches began coming off the Dent d'Hérens and the North face of the Matterhorn.

The next morning we discussed leaving the base camp. The snow was too soft to take the weight of the sledge and the decision to leave the bulk of the food and equipment was taken. We packed our sacks with the most expensive equipment and skied down to Zermatt. This was one of the worst ski runs of my life. On weighing our combined equipment, we found that John was carrying 98 lb. and myself 115 lb.

An unsuccessful trip insofar as peak bagging, but in the testing of our own equipment and ideas on food and survival, a very worthwhile expedition.

For our training climb from Zermatt in August we decided to traverse the Pointe de Zinal and Mont Durand. The weather was superb and as we climbed over the same rocks that had been so horrific in the winter to the summit of the Pointe de Zinal I suggested a traverse of Lyskamm to Mark and Steve.

The following afternoon we found ourselves at the Betempshütte. After an uncomfortable night competing for sleep with the tourists, we left at 1.15 and around 5 o'clock were roping up on the Grenz glacier. The mass of crevasses took its toll timewise despite the intense wind which made it unbearable to stop. My two companions were really feeling the altitude and I could see that it would not be long before a descent was suggested. Around 6 o'clock we were at the point where one would start the Norman-Neruder classic. A quick sum up of the weather and a big share of chocolate and I had convinced my friends that this would be a much quicker way of climbing Lyskamm.

The Guide book gives the average angle 55° and for the next 11 hours it never relented. I found it necessary to cut steps right to the rock ridge through large areas of water ice which made leading quite nerve racking. Once on the heavily verglassed rock young Steve took over the leading. Our arrival on the summit was marked by a panoramic sunset with a view which I am sure extended from the Maritime Alps to the French Alps. Undoubtedly my finest sunset. By this time, the idea of another unfavourable night in the hut was definitely out. We descended the ridge to the Lisjoch where a very comfortable bivouac took place until 5 in the morning. We roped up and descended the Grenz Glacier having breakfast on the slopes and evening meal in Zermatt.

After a day's rest Mark and I left to traverse the Weisshorn and the Bishorn. On arrival at the very small Weisshorn hut, the volume of tourists far exceeded the climbers so we continued on to the first glacier. A very comfortable bivouac and a wonderful starlit night. We were woken by 3 very fast parties of Swiss climbers who commented that we were very sensible to have bivouacked in view of conditions in the hut. We quickly packed up and followed them, but it was not long before we realized that one team were in trouble. An elderly gentleman had had an argument with a large rock which had broken his leg. We stayed to assist with the helicopter airlift, which seemed very hazardous and then continued on our way on a wonderful day.

Once on the snow ridge conditions were not ideal for traverse and within a very short time large sections of the face were avalanching. By the time we reached the large bergschrund, I was very worried by the state of the snow. Some 300 feet below the summit I made the decision to retrace our steps and we were chased by avalanches until we reached the rock ridge. We descended to the first ice field and then the second in treacherous conditions.

The weather worsened and we had a period of some 17 days of poor conditions. On the first fine day John and I decided to traverse the Trifhorn as a short way of getting to the North face of the Obergabelhorn. It may have been a short way but the crevasses on the Durand Glacier were very much in an open state. We took one hard look at the North face and decided that it would be very foolhardy to even make an attempt owing to the large amount of water ice. The thought of climbing back over the Trifhorn did not appeal but as we had not seen Zinal we went there for a look around. It took the rest of the day to walk and bus back to Zermatt only to find that the weather had got very much worse. The following morning I packed up after not a very successful season.

David Riddell

Easter and August Meets, as recorded elsewhere in the "Journal", Hogamny with the S.M.C. at Glencoe, climbing in the distinguished company of Dr. Charles Warren and Bill Murray, not to mention our member George Roger, the then reigning President of the S.M.C. who had invited me to come to the S.M.C. Meet. To walk up Bidean and back by the "Hidden Valley" with W. H. Murray and Dr. Warren was "something".

Oliver St John and family, with David Brimelow

Having taken up mountaineering after I was married, I have been fortunate that my three sons have shared my interest. Even now, in this my 50th year, they have not deserted me. I again found myself climbing in the Alps with my 23 year old son Hugh, and Peter, now 13, who shows real enthusiasm and aptitude.

The beginning of the year found us on the Gower Peninsula, with later short sorties to Central Wales and walking on the Malvern Hills. A business trip to Edinburgh allowed us to fit in some training walks on the Cheviots. At Whitsun, I went on the Meet to Freyr, my first visit to the Ardennes, where with Hugh I climbed some routes, using etriers in desperation for the first time. A most successful meet enjoyed by all.

Our main trip to the Alps was during the last fortnight of July. In spite of afternoon storms, we were not upset by the weather, though we had to start at Arolla owing to a superabundance of snow at Zinal. With a base at Satarma, we first traversed the Aiguilles Rouges from the Col Darbonneire to the Col des Ignes and so to the Dix Hut. This is a fine, clean climb as far as Col Slingsby, when the remainder of the ridge, especially the long horizontal part ending at the Col des Ignes, is extraordinarily broken. Next day we traversed Mont Blanc de Cheilon from the Col de Cheilon, over the Serpentine and the Pigne to the Vignettes Hut, a route of great scenic beauty. As this was our first tour, we completed it with a short climb up Mont Collon, and returned to base after 3 fine days out.

Next morning, we climbed the West ridge of the Dent de Tsarmine, a steep and interesting route on excellent rock. From the top, we traversed over to the Tsa and so to the Bertol Hut for the night. The Bertol is always overcrowded and we were glad to get away early for the Douves Blanches. Unfortunately I stood on a hold which splintered, cutting my leg and demanding some attention, so we retreated. A kind lady doctor at Evolene stitched me up, whilst Hugh and David went off to bivouac on the Tsalion ridge. They traversed the Grandes Dents next day and met up with Peter and myself at the military hut on the Plan de Bertol. This old style hut gave us a cosy night and saved us the weary plod up to the Bertol, and we were off on to the Douves Blanches for the second time early next day. It is a fine ridge, and on the second occasion the rock seemed perfect.

By this time we only had 3 more days to climb and as we could see that most of the snow had melted off the Zinal Rothorn, we drove to Zinal and walked up to the Mountet hut in a storm. It was quite clear at 3 a.m. and we traversed the Rothorn to the Rothorn Hut, a fine 'viertausender' for Peter, his first in the Alps: he had one in the Atlas to his credit, at 11! Next morning the Obergabelhorn, over the Wellenkuppe, with a coating of soft snow over the ice. Next day found us on top of the Trifhorn at 6 a.m. and back to Zinal about 9.30 a.m. We picked up some friends at Sierre and set straight off home.

At the end of August, I took Peter and a young friend, Nick, who was keen to start climbing, for a most enjoyable week-end amongst old friends in

North Wales. The Milestone Buttress routes, Pinnacle Rib, Sub-Cnieffion Rib, Faith, Hope, Charity and Tennis Shoe, with a quick trip to Flying Buttress, interspersed with scrambling on the Snowdon Horseshoe and the Carneddys, gave Nick a good introduction to the joys of climbing, and I enjoyed every minute of it. We are soon off for a week in the sun in Ibiza, and then two separate weeks skiing, in Switzerland at Christmas and Formigal in March. Altogether a very good Jubilee Year.

Ernst Sondheimer

The season started pleasantly at Easter, walking along disused railway tracks in the North Yorkshire moors, in the company of Roger and Celia Starr. Celia was pregnant, and I was recovering from a foot operation, so activities were strictly non-strenuous. Later that month John Fairley kindly hauled me up the Parson's Nose, and in June I relieved the tedium of examining by attending the very agreeable Teesdale meet. A fine day alone on Braeriach, in sun, cloud and snow (and nearly breaking my neck falling off my hired bicycle, speeding down Glenn Einich in the evening).

At the end of July I was in the Bregaglia, having persuaded my Swiss friends to repeat part of last year's walk with me. But the weather south of the Alps was poor. From the Forno hut we went down to Chiareggio again, then up to the Rifugio Longoni (this very fine hut seems to be unknown to British climbers—I found one British entry in the hut book over a 12-year period), and from there we successfully (this time) crossed the Forcella d'Entova to the Marinelli hut. The weather had improved, but we only had time left for a beautiful glacier walk in new snow and brilliant sun to the Bivacco Sasso Rosso and down again.

I was lucky enough to have another week in the Bregaglia in September, with Othmar Wenk of Pontresina as guide. Again there were only two fine days, which we used to climb the Cengalo and the Badile (with lots of fresh snow on the rocks) from the South. (We were the first up the Badile after dramatic events, during which two Germans died on the NE face and eleven other climbers had to spend several nights in the bivouac shelter on the summit.) Thereafter snow and fog closed in again: one night was spent in the winter room of the Ponti hut, already closed for the winter, followed by retreat and an abortive attempt in a snow storm on the Pizzo Paradisino in Val di Campo. Finally return to a Christmas scene in Pontresina. To those fed up with overcrowded huts and mechanisation, I strongly recommend the Italian side of the Bernina and Bregaglia: the huts may be locked, but if you can get in there will be few people about, the Italians are delightful and the countryside is unspoiled and wildly beautiful.

Les Swindin

I started the year by injuring a knee whilst skiing in the Cairngorms. This was at the New Year and delayed my next outing in the mountains to the weekend of the Northern Dinner meet during which I encountered excellent conditions in the left branch of Central Gully on Great End.

At Easter I returned to Scotland. First for a few days in Glen Nevis. Hopes of Tower Ridge were abandoned because of heavy rain but a visit to Glen Shiel brought better weather and an ascent of the Saddle with a fair amount of snow on the ridge. My companions here were my wife, Barbara, Norman Smithers and John Oaks. Easter week itself I spent at Glen More Lodge on a S.C.P.R. snow and ice course which I can thoroughly recommend.

It was Scotland again for the Spring Bank Holiday. This time Skye where I encountered poor weather for the fourth time out of five fairly recent visits. Activities were restricted to such standards as Window Buttress, Foxes' Rake, Pinnacle Ridge and the coast walk. The Lakes were little better on the way home.

For the summer Barbara arranged herself a job in Snell Sports so I restricted my Alpine climbing to the Chamonix district. I arrived there on July 8th with Reg Monks (OAV) and met Oaks and Smithers in parched condition after a hot dry training climb on the West face of Pt. Albert. The weather immediately deteriorated. During the next fortnight brief spells of fine weather enabled us to venture out on the Tour Ronde, the Rochefort Arete and Aig. du Géant and the Grande Charmoz traverse. We also reached the Col du Trident but poor weather discouraged us from an attempt of the Brenva Ridge. My three companions returned to England leaving me partnerless. However a productive visit to the Camp des Anglais resulted in my teaming up with John Parry (CAF). During the next three weeks we were able to climb the Dru by the ordinary route, Mont Blanc du Tacul in extremely cold conditions from the Col du Midi with Barbara, the traverse of Les Courtes, the Frendo Spur and the Brenva Ridge. I also took Barbara on the Midi-Plan traverse by making use of the early morning telepherique on one of her off days.

Barbara had her summer holidays in the Lakes during the very fine weather of late August when we enjoyed ourselves on some of the crags we rarely visit.

Many weekends during the year I was to be found in N. Wales or the Lakes and attended the N. Wales meet.

Ted Tait

During August led the fourth Alpine Expedition of the Guildford Alpine Group to Zermatt. The party of 35 comprised people of all ages mainly connected with youth organisations. All were alpine novices but had undertaken a rigorous training programme before leaving England. This training paid off when first the Alphubel and then the Allalinhorn were climbed from the Taesch hut in the first few days of the meet. After two rest days the party walked up to the Gornergrat and then to the Schonbeil hut the weather turned bad on both occasions. The weather improved after a few days enabling a quick ascent of the Breithorn to be made by seventeen of the party—a great effort. Unfortunately the party missed the last cable car to Zermatt and had to walk all the way back to the camp site.

J. O. and Beryl Talbot with Mostyn Thomas

Mostyn's introduction to the Alps was the Fründenhorn by the N. W. ridge. The steep snow couloir under poor conditions was hardly ideal for a man of his experience especially with the knowledge that a Dutch party had come to grief the day previously on the same slope. For the remainder of the holiday Mostyn contented himself with going up to the Blümisalp and Glechstein huts. Modest achievements yet affording considerable pleasure.

The Weisse Frau N. W. ridge; an enjoyable route but with too much unconsolidated snow and ice. Turned down by the Blümisalphorn owing to thick mist which later gave way to a stormy thundery day. Too much snow put paid to any hopes of the Doldenhorn and Morgenhorn East Ridges but the Wetterhorn by the Williegrat was an excellent climb only marred by stonefall in the lower couloir; caused by human not natural elements.

A short route on the Mönch in very poor conditions and threatening weather completed a short pleasant if not outstanding season.

N. E. D. Walker

Certainly not the best season I have had. In September, the first week with the Glockner Club. Climbed to the west ridge of Spielmann but owing to excess ice and snow only reached Ober Pfandl Scharte; climbed Leiterkopfe from Glockner Haus and traversed the ridge to Salm Hut then on to the Glorer Hut traversing Glatzschned on the way. All with Helmut Darmith in fair weather. Rest of the time climbing was impossible due to bad weather.

Second week in Zermatt. Climbed Mettelhorn with Otto and Vreni Joss from Zurich in good weather; valley walks to Schonbeil Hut in fair weather. Rest of the time climbing impossible due to bad weather.

J. J. Whitehead

April: Ski tour, Saas Grund to Realp with Peter and Beryl Wilberforce Smith. The route included ascents of Breithorn (by Monte Leone) and Blinnenhorn, and the following passes were crossed: Sirwolten Sattel, Maderlucke, Steinenjoch, Hohsand Joch, Rotondo and Wytenwassereren passes.

Summer: Wytenwassererenstock; Leckihorn; Gletschhorn Pte de Vouasson, all solo. Tête Blanche; Aig de la Tsa; W. ridge of Dent de Tsalion; all with members of Joint Services Alpine Meet.

Pte de Zinal, N. Face; Blanc de Moming by S. W. ridge direct; Grand Miroir de l'Argentine by Direct route; Pte de Mourti by N. Face; Les Ecandies traverse; le Besso by S. W. ridge; all with Michel Zufferey (guide) in generally poor conditions. In four weeks in the Alps during August and September I experienced only four completely fine days.

A. J. C. Wilson

During the summer of 1972 my work took me to the Institute of Solid State Physics of the University of Tokyo. Before going to Japan I had

written to my hosts of my interest in seeing something of the mountains. There was a little dismay when it emerged that I had meant going to the top and looking down, rather than to the bottom and looking up, but the Institute was equal to the challenge. Mt Fuji and the northern alps were thought likely to be too crowded for comfort, but the southern alps, less developed and less rugged, were judged to be suitable. The highest of these, Mt Shirane, has four peaks on a ridge running roughly north-south, of which Kitadake (north peak) is next in height to Fuji (3192 and 3776 metres respectively), and Ainodake (middle peak, 3189 metres) is fourth in Japan. The highest point of the northern alps, Hotaka (3190 metres), comes third.

Enquiries about any special equipment necessary elicited the advice to take waterproof trousers and anorak, umbrella, white cotton gloves, straw sun hat, and a paper fan. I did not take the last piece of advice seriously, and had some doubts about the cotton gloves, but duly carried them and the rest. The early morning of 31 July saw Mr Ando and myself queueing for standing room on the train from Tokyo to Kofu—all seats had been booked weeks earlier—and the later morning saw us sharing a taxi with three Japanese mountaineers who looked extremely tough, except for the paper fans tucked into their rucksacks. An easy but very hot walk, during which I was grateful for the straw hat, took us to the hut Oike at 2300 metres, where we stayed the night. This hut, and the other mountain huts in which I stayed, compared very favourably with those in the Swiss alps. This was particularly true of the sanitary facilities, which were more nearly adequate for the numbers accommodated. Bedding was spread on the floor, Japanese fashion. The next day we walked up another 600 metres, to the hut Katanokoya, which is only 200 metres below the summit of Kitadake, from which there is a beautiful ridge walk to Ainodake. Mt Shirane is wooded on the slopes, and even on the ridge there is low alpine vegetation.

The ridge was well populated with humans, often from university mountaineering clubs, and sometimes wearing distinctive clothing, almost a uniform. After Ainodake Mr Ando and I backtracked slightly, to a hut at Kitadake Ryosenkoya, where we spent our third and last night. Here water was a problem, about three pints being allowed for each user of the hut. The fourth day, dawned misty and wet, and descent had to be delayed till the mist lifted a little. The middle third of the descent was covered by hard and slippery snow, where instep crampons would have been a distinct advantage, but there was no real difficulty.

The ascent of Mt Fuji is traditionally divided into ten stages, each requiring an hour or two, with a kind of hotel at the earlier stages, and a mountain hut at the upper ones. Now there is a 'bus to the fifth stage, and most ascents, except some undertaken for religious reasons, begin from there. The only time I had available was Respect for the Aged Day, a public holiday falling on Friday 16 September plus the ensuing Saturday. This was three weeks after the end of the official climbing season, and the mountain was practically deserted. After a 'bus ride from Tokyo to the fifth stage, we reached the seventh stage by the late afternoon. Friday was wet, and Saturday even wetter, but we reached the volcano rim without great difficulty, wearing our waterproof suits and carrying umbrellas.

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1913-1922	A. E. W. Mason.	1952-1953	Col. E. R. Culverwell, M.C.
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1937-1945	C. T. Lehmann.	1966-1968	Vincent O. Cohen, M.C.
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		1972	D. G. Lambley

VICE-PRESIDENTS

1948	Gerald Steel, C.B., and Colonel E. R. Culverwell, M.C.
1949	Colonel E. R. Culverwell, M.C., and Brigadier E. Gueterbock.
1950	Colonel E. R. Culverwell, M.C., Rev. G. H. Lancaster (died April, 1950), and Dr. C. F. Fothergill.
1951-52	Dr. C. F. Fothergill and Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Tydeman.
1953	Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Tydeman and J. R. Amphlett.
1954-55	J. R. Amphlett and Robert Greg
1956	Robert Greg and Dr. J. W. Healy.
1957-58	Dr. J. W. Healy and B. L. Richards, G. M.
1959	B. L. Richards, G. M., and Dr. A. W. Barton.
1960-61	Dr. A. W. Barton and D. G. Lambley,
1962	D. G. Lambley, F.R.C.S., and V. O. Cohen, M.C.
1963-64	V. O. Cohen, M.C., and F. Solari.
1965	F. Solari and J. G. Broadbent.
1966-67	J. G. Broadbent and J. S. Byam-Grounds.
1968	J. S. Byam-Grounds and W. Kirstein.
1969-70	W. Kirstein and Dr. D. R. Riddell.
1971	Dr. D. R. Riddell and M. Bennett.
1972	M. Bennett and Rev. F. L. Jenkins

HONORARY SECRETARIES

1909-1911	J. A. B. Bruce and Gerald Steel.
1912-1919	E. B. Harris and A. N. Andrews.
1920-1922	A. N. Andrews and N. E. Odell.
1923-1928	A. N. Andrews and W. M. Roberts.
1929-1930	W. M. Roberts and M. N. Clarke.
1931-1944	M. N. Clarke and F. W. Cavey.
1945-1948	M. N. Clarke and F. R. Crepin.
1949-1953	F. R. Crepin and George Starkey.
1954-1956	George Starkey and R. C. J. Parker.
1957-1958	R. C. J. Parker and H. McArthur.
1958-1960	R. C. J. Parker and F. E. Smith.
1960-1962	F. E. Smith and M. Bennett.

1963-1970 M. Bennett and J. P. Ledeboer.
 1971 J. P. Ledeboer.
 1972 F. A. W. Schweitzer

HONORARY NEW MEMBERS' SECRETARIES

1965-1968 George Starkey, 1972 J. E. Jesson
 1969-1971 F. A. W. Schweitzer

HONORARY MEETS SECRETARY

1971 S. N. Beare

HONORARY SOCIAL SECRETARY

1971 P. S. Boulter

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1909-1911 C. E. King-Church, 1954-1957 J. R. Amphlett.
 1912-1925 J. A. B. Bruce, 1957-1969 F. R. Crepin.
 1926-1954 C. T. Lehmann, 1970 R. Wendell Jones.

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 1919-1928 C. T. Lehmann, 1964-1966 J. Kemsley.
 1929-1932 A. N. Andrews, 1966-1968 R. Wendell Jones.
 1933-1938 George Anderson, 1968-1970 S. N. Beare.
 1939-1952 S. de V. Merriman, 1971 W. R. H. Jeudwine.

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1949-1962 M. N. Clarke, 1965-1968 G. A. Hutcheson.
 1963-1964 W. R. Jeudwine, 1968 Graham A. Daniels

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 1915-1922 Reginald Graham, 1953-1956 S. E. Orchard.
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 1931-1940 F. Oughton, 1968 A. Hart.

LIST OF MEMBERS
of the
Association of British Members
of the
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M. N. Clarke
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Dr. Armin Daeniker
Dr. Albert Egger
M. Beat de Fischer
The Lord Hunt, C.B.E., D.S.O.
R. Keller
Olivier Long
Hektor Meier
George Starkey
Dr. Arnold Weitnauer