

THE ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB

JOURNAL 1983

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DIARY FOR 1983

14-16 Jan.
Wed. 23 Jan.
28-30 Jan.
11-13 Feb.
Wed. 23 Feb.
25-27 Feb.
18-20 March
Wed. 23 March
31 Mar./4 Apr.
31 Mar./4 Apr.
Wed. 20 April
29 Apr./2 May
29 Apr./2 May
29 Apr./2 May
Wed. 18 May
27-30 May
27-30 May
28-31 May
28 May/11 June
Wed. 23 June
24-26 June
8-10 July
23 July/13 Aug.
6-20 Aug.
26-29 Aug.
26-29 Aug.
16-18 Sept.
Wed. 21 Sept.
7-9 Oct.
Wed. 19 Oct.
4-6 Nov.
Sat. 19 Nov.
23 Dec.-3 Jan. 1984

Wasdale - P. Fleming
Fondue Party, E - E. Sondheimer
Glencoe - A. I. Andrews
Patterdale (Northern Dinner) - W. B. Midgely
Dr. Charles Clarke: Mountains and Medicine
Llanrwst - R. E. W. Casselton
Patterdale (Maintenance Meet) - J. R. Murray
Les Swindin: Some Memorable Alpine Routes
Patterdale - J. R. Murray
Llanrwst - S. M. Freeman
John Wright: Antarctica
Patterdale - J. R. Murray
Llanrwst - A. I. Andrews
Derbyshire - D. Penlington
Paddy Boulter: A trip to the Rockies
Patterdale - J. R. Murray
Llanrwst - R. Coatsworth
Arran - A. I. Andrews
Corsica - R. E. W. Casselton
Buffet Party
Bosigran - M. Pinney
Llanrwst - A. Strawther
Silvaplana - J. Harris
Bivio - J. P. Ledebor
Patterdale - J. R. Murray
Llanrwst - M. Bingham
Llanrwst - Mrs. G. D. Bull
To be arranged
Patterdale - Miss M. Porteous
Members' evening
Patterdale - J. Harris
A.G.M. and Annual Dinner
Patterdale - J. R. Murray

Lecture meets will be held at the Alpine Club, 74 South Audley Street, London, W. 1. at 7.15 p.m. Cash bar refreshments will be available from 6.30 p.m. and coffee will be available after the lectures. Please book with the person named for outdoor meets. Further details will appear in circulars.

Please note telephone numbers: John Murray 0539 821754 for Patterdale, J. Byam-Grounds 0492 640259 for Fron Francis. Addresses in list of members.

In 1984 the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club will be 75 years old. This anniversary demands an appropriate celebration, and plans are being made to meet the demand. The outstanding visible memorial of the link between the Club and the Association is the Britannia hut, which we built in 1912 and handed over to the Geneva Section. It is fitting that the hut and its environs should be a centre for our celebrations, and to that end we propose to hold the 1984 Alpine meet in the Saas valley. Members are invited to take note of the forthcoming occasion and to make their plans accordingly. All the usual activities of an Alpine meet will be provided in addition to the special events. We hope that these will include some sort of party to which we can invite our SAC friends, at the hut or in one of the villages or, ideally, both.

We confidently expect a bumper attendance at the meet, and the Committee are prepared to make an exceptional effort to provide what is needed. No doubt this will cost money, and special fund-raising efforts will be needed. No details are known at the time of writing, but proposals will be submitted to the February Committee, and it is hoped that they will be reported in the April circular. Your co-operation in making the most of this rare occasion is earnestly and warmly invited.

Long standing readers of this Journal will be familiar with the saga of the attempts of our Association to secure more advantageous financial terms for membership of the SAC. Very strenuous efforts have been made by our President (and by his predecessors) with very sympathetic help from the governing body of the SAC and from the Swiss Embassy in U. K. Considerable complications arise from the circumstance that the SAC is in effect an assembly of largely autonomous sections, and that most of the proposed easements have involved constitutional changes, which are very difficult for such an assembly. The whole affair is very delicate but we think it proper to report that, in the light of recent developments, there are rays of hope.

The photographic prints which appear in this issue of the Journal, and many of those in other recent issues, have been prepared by Frank Solari. The conversion of small coloured transparencies to large black and white prints requires specialised skill and a good deal of work, and the editor wishes to take this belated opportunity to express his grateful thanks.

Over the Kangla Jot

by Miriam Baldwin

In the early hours of Monday, 26th July 1982, five climbing trekkers (or trekking climbers) found themselves at Delhi airport, watching other people's baggage being conveyed round and round on the conveyor belt. It was sweltering hot, and those of us who had chosen to wear for the plane trip full climbing regalia, including plastic boots, began to panic. Eventually we were reunited with our bright new rucksacs, and the Adventure began.

This trip was the result of months of detailed planning, although we were still rather woolly about our objectives. We had found our area – the Miyar Nullah, scene of the successful King's School, Ely, expedition led by David Challis in 1978, and of the Pinnacle Club expedition of 1980. We knew we wanted to explore, rather than lay siege to any one particular peak, and had decided to cross a little-known pass at the end of the Miyar Nullah that had apparently not been in use for 80 years. The Kangla Jot, a 17,500 ft. glacier pass, would enable us to cross the Himalayas into that magical lost world, Zaskar. We were convinced that we would happen upon the odd peak or two en route which we would be unable to resist, and so we carried sufficient climbing gear to enable us to make an ascent.

The early part of the trip went smoothly. We found that plastic boots, constricting at 90degF in Delhi airport, were a positive advantage on the 17-hour journey on a typical Indian public bus taking us from Delhi to Manali. Since we could not fit our feet into the space allowed between each seat and the one in front, we had to stick them out into the aisle and whole armies of locals lurched over them without our feeling a thing. We also found that we could buy everything we could possibly require (except cream crackers) in Manali. We had brought out Mountain House food for the climbing expedition and our trip up the glacier into Zaskar when we would be porterless. We had also sufficient plastic meat for the entire trip which was invaluable. Mr. Chand, our agent in Manali, found us eight non-English-speaking porters to take us to our base camp at the foot of the Miyar Nullah glacier.

These men proved to be excellent company as well as willing workers. They accompanied us in another bus over the Rhotanr Pass to the village of Udiapur at the foot of "our" valley. It was a lovely bus ride, but four hours longer than expected with quite a few people vomiting out of the windows as we travelled along. We all held out, if only just! After a night on the volleyball pitch at Udiapur, we set off up a narrow gorge, only to come to an abrupt halt after half an hour. This was a minor setback: they were blasting out a road. We tried to persuade our porters to return down the valley and go up the other side over a small mountain, but they refused. The road gang set off another explosion which weakened the rockface even more, but for some reason they were satisfied that it was now safe for us to pass beneath the overhang, which we did, scabbling over the debris with all possible haste. We made sedate progress up this beautiful restful valley.

I felt sorry for the older porters, barefooted and bowed beneath their 25 kilo flour sacks carrying our provisions. The other four porters we called 'the elite'. They were younger, wore jeans and trainers and the leader, Debi Singh, had a quiff which he combed whenever he paused for breath. They showed scant respect for our climbing gear. Ice axes were used as walking sticks, and higher up the valley slings were used to harness a couple of wild ponies and to tie their packs onto them. We learnt some Buti from our porters and taught them a few words of English. They were also good at bouldering, and when they left us on the sixth day at the snout of the glacier (a moraine tip) we felt quite desolate.

Now for our ten days allocated to climbing. The peaks were there – a little blacker and toothier than the charming snow-capped ones we had glimpsed as we marched determinedly past them up the valley to our designated base camp at 14,000 ft. It was an impressive spot – a lovely rocky citadel towered over us – the skies were blue and clear – and the future looked good. We cheered up instantly and swam in two little glacier lakes next to our site. We planned routes up the Citadel (knowing that we hadn't the gear or expertise). We also looked for more feasible peaks. However, our luck changed as the late monsoon decided to follow us up the valley in spite of the fact that it wasn't supposed to. We remained there for five days. We had one case of general oedema which was

dispersed with diuretics – and one case of altitude headache and nausea overcome by acclimatisation. We munched our way through our sacks of food, spurred on by the thought that we would have to carry anything left uneaten over five miles of moraine, up seven miles of glacier and over a 17,500 foot pass. We shared our tea with sociable herders who turned up at noon each day to try on our gear. We got excited about brown furry animals frequently spotted scuttling under boulders. We admired the multitude of birds – some of which we could identify – and were entranced by the spectacular Himalayan blue poppies which abounded on the inhospitable boulder field. We sketched and read and twice got up in the early hours with the intention of 'doing a route' only to be disappointed by the deluge. Eventually we had eaten enough of our load to make it portable. After burying a stash of food in case of retreat, and laying out various heavy items for the herders (toothpaste, my nightdress, sandals) . . . we packed up camp and shouldered our heavy and unwieldy packs. We faced miles of unstable boulders of all shapes and sizes – and it was still raining.

The general feeling of the party was of relief to be able to get on with the journey at last. The Pass mattered most, after all, and the prospect of Zanskar beckoned. The weather began to improve as we stepped onto ice after a day of boulders. The glacier was dry, a highroad of easy gradient. Our first campsite on the glacier was nestled amid mushrooms of boulders and ice bollards, and the cloud lifted that evening to reveal beautiful white peaks. We were tantalised by the thought that we had only 3,000 ft. of ascent in order to reach a 20,000 ft. summit – but it was not to be. My load carrying brought on the dreaded altitude headache. I combatted it as best I could with distalgesics, Primperan and a scarf bound over one eye. I had no trouble at all with my breathing, but it was all a bit worrying and not much fun. The others could have climbed something, but the general feeling was to get over the pass and down to a lower altitude as quickly as possible. They contemplated using a syringe to inject glucose as I hadn't been able to eat for two days, and they had been practising injecting an orange back in the U.K. and were quite keen. Luckily I was able to stop the sickness with warm water and Dextrosol and after a final night camped among the boulders on the Kangla Jot itself, we found a way down the ice fall on the other side of the Pass and so reached Zanskar.

I was instantly better and the monstrous pack seemed relatively light. The excitement of Zanskar was a worthwhile reward. The mountains were stark and barren, streaked with rainbow colours, such a contrast to the black and white of our glacier route. We felt like heroes as we stumbled onto the main trekking route from Manali to Padam. We met our first tourists, a smart German couple with ponies and porters. They admired our strength and spirit: but I envied them looking so cool and unruffled and I wondered whether or not next time I might prefer plain trekking to exploring!

The end came three hours later in Padam, the capital of Zanskar, considered by many to be a most isolated and primitive spot in spite of its recently-built road. To us, in spite of its simplicity, it was Civilisation, and I shall never forget that wonderful feeling of coming home.

A Note on Schwarenbach

by Paul French

Part of the 1982 Meet was held at the Berghotel Schwarenbach, 3½ hours above Kandersteg, at 2061 metres, on the route to the Gemmi Pass. One of the earlier visitors' books had recently come to light – that recording the years between 1868-1875, handed to Otto and Dorli Stoller, the present owners, by Herr Egger of the Hotel Victoria in Kandersteg, whose family had at one time been the retainers of Schwarenbach. It will be remembered that the Stollers, who took over Schwarenbach in the 1950's, were guests at our winter dinner in 1980 on the occasion of Otto's election to honorary membership of the club in recognition of long years of service with the summer Alpine Meets. It was on this occasion that Otto presented us with the picture of the Balmhorn, "Schwarenbach's Mountain", which now hangs in the club hut at Patterdale. The discovery of the visitors book and the interest it aroused because of its association with the early days of mountaineering led your editor to surmise that a few notes on the history of Schwarenbach might be of interest.

The mule track over the Gemmi had been much improved during the years 1736-41, especially the ascent and descent to Leukerbad, by the joint efforts of the cantons of Berne and Valais, a formidable undertaking which caused the early traveller Coxe to remark "An astonishing work which shows that nothing is impossible to human endeavour." Two Leukerbad families now thought it worthwhile to open this inn close to the pass, which they did in 1742. Coolidge reckoned it to be the sixth highest mountain inn to be built, after the Great and Little Saint Bernards, the Simplon, St. Gotthard, and Grimsel. The 1742 building was destroyed by an avalanche in the first winter, and in 1743 rebuilt on its present well-protected site. Until this time the Lotschenpass, from Kandersteg through the Gasterntal, descending to Fernden in the Lotschental and to Goppenstein, had been the more used, but with the improvement in the Gemmi route it gradually became superseded, most of the trade going by the new route. There was a regular tariff for man and beast, and a customs post was established in the Inn in 1842. It has always seemed strange to me that Schwarenbach stands not in the Oberland as one might expect – because the natural border might seem to be on the pass – but in the Valais.* According to W. A. B. Coolidge the legal battle between Frutigen and Leukerbad which settled this took place as long ago as 1318, and the situation may even have been recognised from 1252. It could be that the water-drainage, even at that time, had something to do with the decision, water being so important in the Alpine economy. Experts today seem to believe that the Daubensee, the mile long lake between Schwarenbach and the Gemmi, which empties in November, drains southwards towards Leukerbad. Did they know this long ago? The Altels glacier (now in recession) overhangs the part of the route called the Spittelmattaip and substantial avalanches fell from this in 1782 and 1895, the first with the loss of about 80 cattle – all those on the Alp, not one escaped – the more recent one with the loss of 6 human lives and 169 beasts. A memorial stone to the six men of Leukerbad is close to the stone marking the Berne/Valais border. A weekly post was established over the pass in 1814, and the "Gemmiwagen" from 1894, a two wheeled cart drawn by a horse. Before this voyagers could be carried on a contraction by porters, the number of porters allotted being fixed according to the weight of the individual. Telephone connection was made with Canton Berne in 1925. In the course of its history Schwarenbach has been a number of times enlarged. At the beginning of the 19th Century there were 7 beds. In 1839 it was doubled in size, and in 1871 a new part was added, raising it to 20 beds. In 1902 it was again enlarged, to 40 beds. In the present century the emphasis has been upon Matratzenlager so that in 1954 there were 30 beds and 108 places in the lager, and in 1969 25 beds and 132 mattresses. The 'cuisine' in earlier times was sparse and plain, as one would expect in the situation, but now, with modern transport, one finds a great choice of food and beverage. There are teleferiques to Stock above Kandersteg and also from Leukerbad to the Gemmi, bringing the distance down to 1¼ hours, on foot, in either direction, and Otto's jeep transports supplies and luggage daily. The most recent, and most substantial, rebuilding was carried out by the Stollers in 1977, when the central part of the building was demolished and entirely rebuilt, giving a fine refectory, excellent kitchens, and additional modern accommodation.

Another sidelight on Swiss customs and a vignette of Schwarenbach history makes a

pleasant addition to the story. Trees, like water, have a special place in the Swiss economy, for avalanche protection, for fuel, and for shelter, and there is a convention in Otto's family that when a child is born a tree is planted. So, when it came to this rebuilding, for the timber, for joists, roof, floor-boards, window frames, Otto felled a mature conifer, and upon 'reading the rings' it was seen to be 102 years old, commemorating the birth of his great-grandmother. Thus is the family history built into the hostelry! There were numberless jeep trips, with man and materials, from teleferique to the site of operations.

Over the years there have been many distinguished and notorious visitors to Schwarenbach, amongst them William Coxe, de Saussure, Zacharias Werner, Albrecht von Haller, Alexander Dumas, Ruy de Maupassant, Mark Twain, Lenin, Picasso, and then came the mountaineers – Rottlieb Studer, Leslie Stephen, A. W. Moore, Whymper, Tyndall, and practically all the great guides of the opening-up of the Alps. (Melchior Anderegg will be mentioned below.)

And one of these visitors, on 21/8/1808, who stayed only to lunch, did Schwarenbach a devastatingly bad turn which took more than 40 years to live down. The German writer Werner, obviously much impressed by the isolation, and under certain weather conditions what we may call the desolation of the surroundings, wrote his play with the grisly murder plot "The 24th February." He was a friend of Goethe, and upon his return from Switzerland Goethe read him a newspaper article relating a strange murder said to have taken place in Poschiavo. Even then it was, like many newspaper articles, only a story, an old travellers tale already known in 1618 and also used by the Grimm brothers for a poem and a fairy tale. Goethe persuaded Werner to use the material, which he did only too realistically, naming Schwarenbach as the actual venue of his gruesome story. It has been published in English. "The action," says Werner in the foreword "takes place at Schwarenbach." This led to Schwarenbach gaining the reputation as the scene of a murder, greatly to the detriment of its business. People were afraid to stay there. Dumas wanted to see the setting of Werner's play and visited Schwarenbach in 1832. The innkeeper told him that the Werner story so damaged trade that they wanted to sell the place – "No one will stop the night. It would be better if Werner, in climbing up here, had broken his neck!" Dumas published the truth, though the reputation lasted at least until 1840. Baedeker did his best to dispel the legend, and Tschudi spoke of the Fairy Tale of the murder. Werner himself tried to undo the mischief by announcing that he meant pure fiction, but it took a long time to live down. The 18th edition of Baedeker, 1899, felt at last able to drop the subject, and contented itself with the simple entry: Room with light and service, Fr. 3; Breakfast Fr. 1.50.

Guy de Maupassant was also impressed by Schwarenbach and after his visit in 1877 he wrote his macabre tale "l'Auberge" translated into English.

This brings us to the newly discovered book and the mountaineers. The early members of the AC are well represented: almost a roll call of the Club. I cannot mention them all. It is a pity it was not the book immediately before this one, covering the Golden Age up to 1865, during which most of the peaks were first climbed. However, this one is of interest, many of the heroes were still extant, and we give here an outline of some of the more significant entries. Unfortunately the book is to some extent vandalised, some desirable signatures have been cut out, and important entries removed. One of the more notable of these was the mountaineering dog Tschingel's ascent of the Balmhorn on 20/7/1878, together with (his) owner W. A. B. Coolidge and Almer. A pity we are unable to read their remarks. Thought to be a 'he' he turned out to be a 'she'. It is usually supposed that she was a mongrel – Coolidge thought so – but I am not so sure. Some of her family are still to be seen in the area, both on Kandersteg and Lotschental sides of the Lotschenpass. She came, one surmises, from Kummernalp, but her like are in Weissenried below Fischbiel, and in Heimritz in the upper Gasterntal.

The book runs from 22 June 1868 to 21 August 1875 (comments in brackets are by the Author): 6.7.68 Birkbeck, Carr, Eliot Howard (Very likely John Birkbeck Jnr. the victim of the famous accident on the Col de Miage described in Peaks, Passes and Glaciers. His father was a founder member of the Alpine Club.)

25.7.68 Mr and Mrs Charles Packe (Author of Guidebook to Pyrenees).

14.9.68 Gottlieb Anderegg, Bazar de Chillon. (Relative of Melchior and Jakob, who owned the Inn.)

12.7.69 Fellenberg, Berne. (On the first ascent of Doldenhorn and Weisse Frau.)

17.7.69 T. W. Hinchliff, Mr and Mrs Walter Weston. (Hinchliff was first secretary of the AC, and President 1875/7, see Melchior Anderegg below); (Walter Weston wrote two books on the Japanese Alps.)

23.7.69 Millard AC

25.7.69 J. Sowerby AC.

28.7.69 S. G. C. Middlemore AC.

13.8.69 W. E. Hall AC. Mr and Mrs Hammond. (I have a water colour of Mr Hammond's: Miss Hammond, a descendant living in Bournemouth, died a few years ago.)

20.8.69 Henry Wagner, Brighton, AC 1869.

29.8.69 Frederick Gardiner (whose name appears all over the Alps.)

18.9.69 Margaritha Anderegg (aged 7, daughter of Jakob, later Hotelier, ran Schwarenbach until 1926).

30.6.70 Mrs Mennell (Mennell was AC), Fothergill.

5.7.70 Henry Porter, Huntingdonshire. 1st did Gemmi in 1838. Rev G. R. Hadow (connection with Matterhorn accident?) Recommends Hotel Victoria Kandersteg.

9.7.70 Lightfoot and Rev. W. A. Taylor.

10.7.70 Roberts, Altels with Jakob Anderegg and F. Ogi.

26.7.70 A. W. Moore, London. Moore notes "Ascended the Altels with Jakob Anderegg. The whole ascent is now made over slopes of slippery shale, and apart from the view is by no means interesting. That of the higher peak of the Balmhorn is in all respects preferable, though perhaps this season rather more troublesome than usual.

The Lotschental. I wish to call the attention of visitors to the Lotschen Thal to the Hotel Nesthorn at Ried, a short hour above Kippel. It is clean and comfortable, with good fare, and very moderate charges. Such an Inn has long been wanted in the valley, and it will be a matter for regret if the venture fails for want of encouragement." (These remarks confirmed by the next entry, E. H. Mannerling, London). M. J. Moore, London (1982 note: Every word about the Hotel Nesthorn heartily endorsed. Long may it last! Its early visitors books are also important.)

23.8.70 Rev. O. Mansel, Church Knole. Rev. E. Headland, Broadway (AC), Dorset.

28.8.70 F. A. Wallroth AC (Sec. 1875/7) Leslie Stephen "We strongly recommend the new inn at Ried in the Lotchthal." (It was Stephen, not Mummery, who originated the famous aphorism "Mountains are destined to go through the successive stages of an inaccessible peak – the most difficult climb in the Alps – an easy day for a Lady." Mummery was quoting Stephen.)

23.6.71 J. H. Fox, F. F. Tuckett (Some of the Alfred Wheeler 'core' of the Alpine Club), Mrs. J. H. Fox, Miss Tuckett, the Misses Buxton, Eliot Howard.

21.7.71 G. E. Foster AC (3rd ascent from Zermatt of the Matterhorn). A. W. Moore From Sierre over the Wildstrubel via (illegible). The route is interesting and quite easy – Hotel Gemmi at Kandersteg excellent.

3.8.71 Schutz Wilson, with Christian Lauener, E. W. Hawker, Trinity, Cambs.

4.8.71 Dr Tsigmondy.

14.8.71 J. A. Hudson, C. B. Hutchinson, G. P. Arnold, Rugby.

22.8.71 Joseph Devouassoux.

2.9.71 Dr and Mrs Clifford Allbutt, Leeds.

7.9.71 J. M. and K. Bryce AC.

8.9.71 Mrs Charles, J. Leaf, Harrow, Walter Leaf, Trinity College, Cambs., Herbert Leaf, Harrow, Miss Jessie L. Cole, Stratham.

17.9.71 A. W. Moore.

9.7.72 F. F. Tuckett AC, E. R. Whirwell AC, R. C. Morse AC, Mr and Mrs Weston AC, J. F. Hardy AC (The King of the Riffel), F. A. Wallroth, J. Pratt AC. "The Bear Hotel at Kandersteg is most excellent in every respect, and the landlord most obliging."

15.7.72 Horace Walker, Liverpool, A. W. Moore, London. "From An der Lenk over the Wildstrubel. We recommend the Bad Haus at Lenk, five minute's outside the village. It is as yet chiefly frequented by German travellers, but the landlord is very anxious to receive casual travellers and is most accommodating. 17th We today ascended the Rinderhorn. Left here 4 am, reached the summit 7.35. No difficulty whatever but (in a bad season) there might be a good many steps to cut. The peak was first climbed many

years ago by Professor Studer, from Kandersteg. Guides M. and J. Anderegg.
 24.7.72 Gillian Wandfluh, Gottlieb Anderegg, Melchior, Peter, Jakob Andreas, Hans, Katharine, Margrith, Elise, Karoline Anderegg. (Quite a family party.)
 25.7.72 Mr and Mrs S. Winkworth, Bolton, England. From Kandersteg to An der Lenk via the Wildstrubel.
 5.8.72 J. G. Fowler AC, W. W. Fowler AC.
 9.8.72 Chas., Syd., J. G. Smyth, Liverpool (1st Asc. of Monte Rosa).
 12.8.72 Alfred Withers, T. B. Waddell, Mr and Mrs R. C. Watson, Balmhorn
 27.8.72 Stoller.
 3.9.72 H. Day French.
 16.9.72 F. B. Zincke, Lady Stevenson, F. S. Stevenson. (Zincke, in his book "A Month in Switzerland" says "The Inn is precisely what it ought to be; small, without any pretension, and without any artificial entourage. The people, too, who keep it, are most ready and obliging. This is just the sort of place one would like to make one's headquarters for a few days for excursions from it among the surrounding summits and for familiarising oneself with the spirit of the mountains.
 8.8.72 Lucy Walker, Liverpool, Horace Walker, Wengernalp to Zermatt. (Quotation from Alpine Journal Vol. 1. "21 July 1864 – Messrs. Frank and Horace Walker and Miss Lucy Walker, accompanied by Melchior and Jakob Anderegg, made the first ascent of the Balmhorn. Leaving the Schwarenbach inn at 2.30 a.m. they proceeded by the Schwarz Glacier, which descends between the Altels and the Rinderhorn, to the col at the head of the valley. From thence a ridge runs up to the summit of the mountain, which they reached at 8.20.") (Horace and Lucy were son and daughter of Frank Walker.) (C. E. Engel says that the initials 'HW 1863' are to be seen on the Gemmiroute an hour above Kandersteg, and she suggests in the LAC Journal that they were prospecting the possibilities of the Balmhorn.)
 29.7.73 G. E. Foster, Cambridge, A. W. Moore, London. "We strongly recommend the Hotel Gemmi at Kandersteg."
 1.8.73 S. Stoller.
 4.8.73 Rev. James Robertson AC, J. H. Pratt, AC, J. Stogdon, AC, Harrow. "Attention and food very fair. But every Alpine Club and other mountaineer should protest against the vile and unwholesome state in which the whole house is kept by stenches from stables and far worse sources. The W.C. actually leaks into the salon." (J.R.)
 6.8.73 H. Schutz Wilson, F. Morshead AC, C. H. Hawkins AC, J. T. Bramston, Winchester (Balmhorn).
 15.8.73 J. Walker Hartley AC, Frank C. Hartley AC.
 27.8.73 Mrs Donkin, Miss Donkin, ? A. E. Donkin, Exeter Coll., Oxford.
 28.8.73 F. A. Wallroth, J. F. Hardy, to Murren.
 29.8.73 Mr Marshall Hall Senior, Capt. Marshall-Hall AC, Algernon S. Marshall-Hall. From Kandersteg to Leukerbad. The Balmhorn, easy, makes a delightful walk. Also, as a variation upon the Gemmi, the col at the end of the Balmhorn which abuts the Rinderhorn commands a beautiful view from Monte Leone to the Diablerets, and a rocky descent leads to Leukerbad."
 24.6.74 Wm. Ling, J. H. Mennell.
 9.7.74 L. Ewbank, Harwich, H. M. Taylor, Altels-Balmhorn (part of entry removed; presumably by the new route made by Kerr Lohnert the previous day.)
 10.8.74 George Barnard AC and daughter, from London to Evolena.
 31.8.74 C. E. Mathews, Birmingham, F. Morshead, H. Schutz, Wilson, London.
 5.9.74 L. Stephen, F. W. Gibbs AC.
 22.5.75 A. W. Moore.
 6.7.75 Horace Walker, Liverpool, Miss Walker. "To Sierre by the Wildstrubel."
 15.7.75 W. E. Utterson, Kelso AC, C. Lacey Smith, George P. Quick.
 24.7.75 G. C. (AC), G. J. S. and W. A. T. Hodgkinson.
 7.8.75 Mr and Mrs Jarvis, Mr and Mrs H. B. Blandy, Eng.
 9.8.75 ? ? Pritchard, Oxford, H. Schutz Wilson, London, F. Morshead, Winchester, ascended the Balmhorn, Honble K. Plunket, Honble F. Plunket.
 12.8.75 Thomas Brooksbank, J. T. Beard, ACs, Balmhorn and 2nd known passage of Zagenpass.

Important excursions before this Visitors Book were: 1856: Rev. F. J. A. Hort, one of the fathers of the Alpine Club, and J. B. Lightfoot AC, later Bishop of Durham, made

the first tourist crossing of the Lammernjoch to Sierre from Schwarenbach, with Melchior.

12.9.58: Hinchliff and Leslie Stephen with Melchior, Wildstrubel from Schwarenbach. 1860: Melchior with Stephen, 1st ascent of Blumlisalp.

21.7.1864: 'Schwarenbach's Mountain', the Balmhorn, as above.

You will have noticed the frequent references to Melchior Anderegg, one of the two greatest guides of the Victorian era (the other was Christian Almer). He was first introduced to the Club by T. W. Hinchliff, founder secretary of the AC and later president. (A photograph by Frank Solari of his memorial on the Riffelalp was reproduced in the A. J. in 1979 – it was in need of repair.) Hinchliff first met him at the Grimsel in 1855: I quote: "After breakfast we were introduced to two guides, Melchior Anderegg and Johann Hochler, both of whom looked very promising fellows." They crossed the Strahleck on 22/8/55. This is the first appearance of Melchior Anderegg in English literature. And then subsequently the following year, in August 1856, "I walked into the little Salle a Manger at Schwarenbach where a party were inspecting chamois and chalets cut out of wood, while the manufacturer of them was showing them off for sale. At first I noticed only the profile of this man, but thought I knew something about it; in another moment he happened to turn his full face towards me, and whom should I see, as the person of the carver of traven images, but our old guide over the Strahleck, Melchior Anderegg. I rushed at him with a How d'Ye do? and a hearty shake of the hand which he returned with interest. We were really delighted to see one another again." The next day Melchior took Hinchliff up the Altels.

Melchior had become 'resident woodcarver' but Hinchliff may not have realised that he was part owner with his cousin Jakob and remained there for ten years, when he sold his half interest to Jakob. When Jakob died in 1878 his daughter Margaritha continued to run the Inn until 1926 (see ref. on 18.9.69 when she was seven.) Melchior was a wood-carver of distinction and the Alpine Club still has some of his woodcarvings, including one of Alfred Wills, author of "Wanderings Among the High Alps", one of the books having a great influence upon the growth of mountaineering and one of Stephen Whymper had his ice-axe built to the same specification as Melchior's. Melchior was first on the Bosses Ridge of Mont Blanc, with Charles Hudson (killed on the first ascent of the Matterhorn) on the Brenva Route, with A. W. Moore, Frank and Horace Walker, and G. S. Mathews, and first with Leslie Stephen (and others) on Rymfischhorn, Alphubel, Oberaarhorn, Blumlisalp, Monte della Disgrazia, Rothorn, Jungfrau from Rothalsattel, and Mont Mallet: Dent d'Herens with Macdonald, Woodmass, and Grove: Balmhorn as above: and the highest point, Point Walker, of the Gr. Jorasses with Horace Walker (this was in 1868; Whymper, on 23.6.65, with Christian Almer, Michael Croz, and Franz Biner, had reached the lower Point Whymper.)

Hinchliff again: "With great regret I parted with Melchior, considering him a most excellent and trustworthy fellow, one of those true and stout hearts with whom it is always a pleasure to be associated. It was arranged, however, that we would if possible meet again." They did and so did other members of the Club. Lucy Walker retained him every year from 1859-79; they continued valley walks when their climbing days were over. He died in 1914.

Shall we finish with Wordsworth's poem, inspired by the barking of the Schwarenbach watchdog, upon his visit on 12/9/1820:

"Echo Upon the Gemmi"

"What beast of chase hath broken from the cover?
 Stern Gemmi listens to as full a cry,
 As multitudinous a harmony
 Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos over,
 When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover,
 Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain dew
 In keen pursuit – and gave, where'er she flew,
 Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.
 A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on

Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
Of aery voices locked in unison –
Faint – far off – near – deep – solemn and sublime! –
So, from the body of one guilty deed,
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts, proceed!”

*This frontier commonly causes entertainment and confusion. Swiss readers and many others will know that it runs along the ridges, from just west of the Rhone glacier to Oberaarhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Gross Fischerhorn, Monch, Jungfrau, Gletscherhorn, Ebnefluh, Mittaghorn, Grosshorn, Breithorn, Tschingelhorn, Petersgrat, Sackhorn, Hockenhorn to Balmhorn. Then comes the oddity remarked on by the author. Instead of following the ridge of the Blattenhorner to the Gemmi, it directs to Altels and having got stranded there makes a beeline for the Veschinergrat. The entertaining feature, on which wagers can sometimes be won, is that half the Oberland is in Canton Valais. Presumably it is called “Bernese” because more people live to the north in Bern, and it is from there that they see such features of the frontier as the great Lauterbrunnen wall; indeed famous views of the Oberland are seen from the town of Bern itself. – Ed.

Greenland

John Wright

This summer as a change from the usual pilgrimage to the Alps I was lucky enough to be able to take a busman's holiday by taking part in the British Schools Exploring Society Expedition to East Greenland as Mountaineering Leader.

The seven week expedition was centred around the Angmagssalik region of East Greenland and consisted of some seventy five young people aged between 16½ and 19½ and about twenty leaders.

On arrival in Greenland we encountered the worst sea ice conditions for fifteen years which delayed the journey to base camp (inflatable rubber boats not recommended as ice breakers) but we soon had the training phase of the expedition under way with my personal responsibility being the ice craft training. Following this ten day training phase the young people spent two weeks working on scientific projects while the leaders reconnoitered areas for the adventure phase of the expedition. My own mountaineering team visited an area on the mainland to the North of Angmagssalik island which had mountains, which despite their modest altitude of only 4000 ft. were very alpine in character with large and complicated glaciers. Most of the rock was fairly sound though there were some notably poor areas and the moraines and scree slopes were large and unstable.

Upon completion of the reconnaissance by the leaders we returned to base camp and collected our group of twelve young people whose experience varied from a little hill walking to Alpine climbing. During the next ten days we climbed nine summits some of which were probably first ascents. Most of the climbing varied between PD and AD and on a number of routes the descent was direct from the summit by a series of spectacular abseils.

After a period of excellent weather our mountaineering was brought to an end by a heavy fall of snow and we commenced the slog back to base camp via the village of Tiniteqilaq and Angmagssalik island. Our final camp on the ice cap of the Island provided the young people with a memorable experience; a cold bright night with the Northern Lights playing overhead.

SHORTER REPORTS OF MEMBERS' ACTIVITIES

Ken Baldry (with Lily Pilcher and Jim Baldry)

The first week of the year was occupied skiing at Zurs with my cousin's daughter. Although it was early (for the school holidays) the weather was reasonable so I had my first really enjoyable holiday since. You learn fast at sixteen. Lily was managing deep powder by the end of the week.

In July, my father and I went for a walk. Dan-Air lost his rucksack and you can only claim negligible compensation so be warned! We flew to Bern and trained to Kandersteg. For the first day, we walked over the Bunderchrinde to Adelboden. It was just as well Dad had no rucksack as, although he is quite fit, he is not used to one. This pass is quite steep and slips through a gap in the Lohner range. In Adelboden, we re-equipped at enormous expense. Next day, we tried to walk from the town chairlift round the Gsur to the Albristhorn, intending to climb it and so down to Lenk. Two-thirds the way round, the path had been avalanched off so we walked back to Adelboden and went over the Hahnenmoos to Lenk, a very long day. We stayed two nights, visiting the impressive Simmen falls on the off-day. Then by bus to Iffisalp and the walk over the Rawil Pass all the way to Crans. Again, a very long day. Then we walked down to Sierre, worth doing as one goes through agricultural country, unusually. There, we got the bus to St Luc and walked up to Tignouse for the afternoon. St Luc is quite tiny and has better views than I expected. We did Bella Tola the next day from Tignouse. It was extremely hot but we got a splendid view. It stands out over the Rhone valley so the view is uninterrupted. We went down to Gruben over snowfields where Dad learnt to use an ice-axe. We stayed in the Hotel Schwarzhorn's bunkhouse after four star hotels in Lenk and Crans. Dad was certainly seeing Switzerland! We had passed an old Swiss lady above Gruben who, when she realised that we would do the Augstbordrass to St Niklaus the next day, asked to join us, showing characteristic Swiss reserve. This we did. When we got down to Junsu, the olduns were for going by sondebahn so I said I would meet them at the bottom. Two pints later, they walked down with me. Up until now, we had followed a route which connected up a lot of walks I had done in the past, hence my pedantry about walking down but now it was time to introduce Dad to Zermatt. We visited the Hornli and Monte-Rosa huts, walked up to the Findeln and Zmutt glaciers and got up the Mettelhorn in four hours, fifty minutes even though it was rather icy. We did about 180 miles and 34,000 feet of 'up' in twelve days. My Father is sixty-six but wants to come again next year.

P. S. Boulter

The good intentions of New Year have to contend with langour left over from Hogmanay, so Mary, David Bond (son-in-law) and I went to the elegant little Black Crag (Sheffield Pike to the O.S.) for our first climb of 1982. We kicked up a few hundred feet of good steep snow to get one of the great views of the Lake District. Cold, sunny Ullswater at our feet, Helvellyn, the Dodds and High Street all beckoning close by. We had a family skiing party at Les Arcs in March – a splendid place with good snow and wonderful views of Mont Blanc, the Tarentaise and Belledune. Purpose-built resorts are an unattractive concept but make for good days free of queues. From Easter to August we had a number of outings – some in Cumbria from our cottage and a couple in Ireland. We did Slieve Donard in mist which cleared obligingly as we left the top and we saw our Galloway hills and the Isle of Man.

An examining stint in Edinburgh provided a welcome excuse for a trip North in June and we walked over a lot of tops but the supreme days were in the Border hills. Mary and I carried packs up by the Grey Mare's Tail to Loch Skene, 1,700 ft. up in the Moffat hills, and after pitching our tent by the water side we went over White Coomb and Lochcraig Head with fine views over the Solway to Skiddaw, to the Galloway hills, the Cheviots and even to the Pentlands. There was no-one around except for sheep and some obliging brown trout that we coaxed from the loch to our frying pan for breakfast. Thank

goodness the Border hills are as quiet now as they were when I first climbed there over forty years ago. The display of alpine flowers was particularly good. There were orchids, Dwarf Cornel, saxifrages and primulas.

We could not go to the Alps in the summer despite the temptation of the Kandersteg/Schwarzenbach meet as I had to work in Seattle in September, but we did have a marvellous time in Canada and the States. Sir Norman Watson, doyen of the A.B.M.S.A.C., A.C., A.S.C. and founder of the Ski Club of the Canadian Rockies yet again lent us his delightful apartment at Lake Louise. We arrived from Calgary to the comforts of the flat and a welcome from the Swiss brothers who run the admirable Post Hotel next door. Here, just on the Alberta side of the Kicking Horse Pass, watched over by Mount Temple and Mount Victoria is a place to delight any climber. The Pipestone and Bow Rivers and a myriad of lakes welcome the fisherman too – especially the cunning ones with poachers' rods in their rucksacks.

We had some epic days in the mountains despite a lot of new snow. Fairview and Mount St. Pirans are excellent viewpoints and enjoyable climbs and so too were some of the days in the Yoho National Park and the mountains that border the road to Jasper. There were no people about but we had the company of marmots, chipmunks and pikas. There was an infinity of flowers, some of them old friends but many such as the penstemons, drabas and potentillas were new to us. In the Alps we crane our necks to see the odd Dryas but in the Rockies one walks over literally miles of Dryas with some flowers left in September, but a mass of nodding seed heads to show what a scene it must have been a week or so earlier. The Cassiope and Phyllococe heathers were still in flower and there was a diet of wild strawberries for the picking.

Time went too fast at Lake Louise and with regrets we left and drove West under lowering clouds over the passes through the Selkirks and Purcells and emerged into the sun in the Okanagan Valley, 80 deg. and rich with fruit. We had one day in the Northern end of the Cascades where the Manning Provincial Park of British Columbia borders Washington State. The walking was delightful and so too were the flowers with a show of lupins. Then to Vancouver and Seattle – a lovely city with Mount Rainier and the Olympic Peninsula close by. One Sunday we got up in driving snow to two toplets at 9,000 ft. on Rainier and we went to get back again to this splendid glaciated peak. After a working week in Seattle we made our way back to Vancouver by the Olympic Peninsula which was an experience. Lakes, fine mountains with rain forests and glaciers and the entrancingly fragmented Pacific coast. These beaches were deserted and had the special Pacific drift wood of fifty foot logs which would demolish any bather who met one unexpectedly. That was the end of our trip and there could not have been a better place for the last two nights than Lake Crescent Lodge. The delights of a Western mountain holiday are legion. There are nice places to stay, excellent and cheap food and a warmth of hospitality. Both Canada and the U.S. have good survey maps and there are some commendable guide books. The "Trail Guide to the Canadian Rockies" is a good basis and the Canadian Alpine Club guides are entertaining and informative.

We flew from Vancouver just as the last rays of the sun were gilding the snows and spires of the coast range – a view perfect enough to challenge that of the Greenland Peaks and Ice Cap that welcomed us on our way out.

Gillian Bull

It was the summer of '81 that Peter and I experienced our first Alpine season. John Murray invited us to join his party at Tasch. I am sure that I gave poor Don several minor heart attacks, and I don't think he had even been consulted about our joining them. Our main achievement was the Allalinhorn (4027) and down via the Feekopf, climbed in perfect weather. It certainly was an impressive occasion for me which I shall never forget. On returning home I felt that if I was to continue in this exhilarating sport and survive, it appeared that some kind of expert instruction was essential! We decided on the course at the ISM in Leysin. Peter filled in the form applying for an 'intermediate' course; I crossed that out, wrote introductory, and posted off the form.

We drove down to Argentiers at the end of July and spent our time walking up to various huts and down again the same day carrying all our gear in order to get fit. After Argentiers, Peter was very keen to do a summit, so we decided on a small one, Les

Diablerets. I wasn't a very good companion as I lacked confidence and the weather was poor. We followed the footprints and reached the top, where alas we both fell down a steep ice slope, but that is another story. Back in Leysin we examined our injuries, Peter having grazed knuckles and I was bruised all over complete with a couple of deep holes! Our course started the next day. How would I survive? Was I completely mad? At supper I spoke to one of the instructors and he told me that no clients would be pushed beyond their limitations.

There were five guides at the ISM, all very nice indeed and ten apprehensive students on the course, Americans and British, with ages ranging from seventeen to mid-fifties. The only other girl, Loretta, was Irish, six foot tall and obviously a weight lifter, she turned out to be the toughest of us all! Our first day was spent rock climbing, climbing prussic loops and rope work etc. which was enjoyable in the hot sun. Little did I realise that we were being assessed at this time. It was no introductory course in which any of us partook. The next day was spent on the glacier at Chamoniex with excellent instruction. I learned new techniques and did things I had never dreamed of doing; we climbed on vertical (actually slightly overhanging) ice with hammer and axe, all great fun. The following day we were back on the rocks climbing the chimney of Tour Ai at 7,000 ft. The climb took about 4 hours and was graded Hard Severe. My bruises, cuts and holes were by no means cured at this point and certainly did not help my performance. Peter did well, but it was due to a very kind, patient and strong John, our instructor, who got me to the top at all. I am sure I would still be wedged in there now without his help! The rest of the course was spent up at the huts. We had a fond farewell from two of our daughters who were staying with us at the Club Vagabond where the courses are held. I honestly think they were wondering whether they would see us again, and I was rather doubtful too! We went to the Panossiere hut and I clearly remember reading through Pete Boardman's personal Guide Book there for the route we were doing the following day: My diary recalls that I had nightmares that night! I was indeed very apprehensive, but consoled myself with the fact that I didn't think the ISM had actually lost any of their previous clients. I did by now have some faith in John who, incidentally, was introduced to mountaineering by Walt Unsworth who taught him science at school in Manchester. Fortunately the weather was good and we managed to complete our route to the summit of Combin de Corbassiere, in rather more than guide book time and John's estimated time. We used most of the techniques we had been taught, but much to my relief the ice wall was not quite vertical! The following day we practised all kinds of rescue including crevasse (for which I did not volunteer), and making bollards etc. Hilary Boardman joined us at the hut and we all had quite a party.

At the end of the course, to put it mildly, I felt exhausted physically and mentally and wondered whether I had been stretched beyond my limits, but I did survive it! Chris, who had just returned from the Falklands and was the same age as our eldest daughter became a true friend, and consoled me by saying: "This course was far tougher than the walking from Goose Green to Stanley and we were carrying 120lb packs!" I have no intention of joining another course but I would not have missed this one for anything.

Brooke Midgley 1981/2

The family managed an Italian ski-ing holiday at Easter '81 and we went back in June/July for an early summer holiday. All very enjoyable, much walking and a couple of solo minor peaks. We had a few weekends in the U.K. hills in the first half of the year, but an operation wiped out a chunk of the latter half.

'82 seems to have been a repeat of '81 but another operation did not keep me off the hills to the same extent. Both holidays were again in Val d'Aosta and we had extremely good weather both at Easter and in June/July. I had a minor epic on a minor peak which, because no one will climb with me (the rest of the family are becoming more sensible with advancing years) I again did solo. Looking at the slides I cannot now see what all the sweat was about.

In the U.K. we have managed to select some of the most foul weather for the weekends in the hills. Fortunately they were not all like that, especially in the early part of the year and we had some good days out around Patterdale and on the North Yorkshire Moors.

Peter Farrington

Notes cover the last two years starting in February, 1981 when I spent a week in the Cairngorms with Tony Perrons and Eddie Tuck. Conditions were poor with below average snowfall, constant strong winds and everpresent spindrift. Climbs in Coire an t-Sneachda and Coire an Lochain. Walks included Braeriach via Loch Einich; Sinclair Hut via Creag an Leth-choin and back through the Chalamain Gap and Glen Feshie as far as Ruigh an Leum.

In July I camped with my son Simon by Llydaw and walked up Snowdon on the following day to celebrate his eighth birthday. A cold and misty ascent which failed to dampen his enthusiasm.

A late switch of dates foiled an attempt to join the Association meet in Glencoe at the end of January, 1982. I found myself in Glencoe without a partner but teamed up with Bob Cross and Tony Upton to traverse Sgor na h'Ulaigh in disappointing conditions. A complete lack of snow, thick mist, driving hail and rain plus the effects of oncoming 'flu provided one of the most trying days ever spent on the hills.

To Torridon in May with Tony Perrons. Traversed Beinn Eighe and Liathach in mixed weather with a bivouac in Coire Mhic Fhearchair. On to Skye to try the Cuillin Ridge. The day started fine but from 7.00 am we had to contend with thick mist and wind. Our attempt ended tragically when Tony slipped from King's Chimney fracturing his skull and necessitating a helicopter rescue. On a scorching day in July, Simon and I walked up Ben Nevis by the Tourist Track. The following week on his ninth birthday we went over Cairngorm and Carn Lochain and down to Jean's Hut in warm but misty weather. In between trips to the mainland weekends spent walking, scrambling and climbing from camps, bivies and bothies on Islay and Jura.

G. B. Pennett

My walking year did not really begin until April when my wife Valerie, son David (12) and of course myself visited the Lake District. We had, however, begun the year with a short walk in the Aireborough-Horsforth districts on January 1.

On April 7 we took a cottage at Elterwater and on April 8 we walked from Stool End in Langdale to Crinkle Crags (2816ft). We climbed all five crinkles and then continued to Shelter Crags and by Three Tarns to Bowfell (2960ft). There were snow showers when we reached the top. We returned to the Band. On April 9 we climbed Conistone Old Man (2633ft) by Walna Soar Scar Pass, Walna Scar (2035ft), Brown Pike (2237ft), Buck Pike (2240ft) and Dow Crag (2555ft). We had a good view of Goats Water from Dow Crag. After a short stay on the summit we walked to Brim Fell (2611ft) and then returned to the Old Man from where we walked down to Conistone.

On April 10 we walked from Elterwater to Silver How (1292ft) and then continued to Blen Rigg (1776ft) and Sergeant Man (2414ft). David walked onto High Raise (2500ft) and returned to Sergeant Man. The whole walk was delightful and in the region of twelve miles. The next day (April 11) we climbed Cold Pike (2259ft) and Pike O'Blisco (2304ft). On April 12 we took the car to Tilberthwaite and walked to the top of Wetherlam (2502ft) by Birk Fell Hause, Birk Fell (1800ft) and Wetherlam Edge. Returned to Tilberthwaite by Ladstones.

During May and early June we had a few days on the Isle of Arran staying at Machrie Bay. On May 30 we had an enjoyable walk from Machriewaterfoot to King's Cave. From there we walked up to Claitheadh Nan Sgarbh and then proceeded along the ridge to Blackwaterfoot, returning to Machrie by the beach path. The next day was very hot and sunny. It was the day we had chosen to climb Goat Fell (2866ft). After quite a lengthy stay on the summit we walked along the Stachac Ridge to the Saddle (1413ft) and then proceeded down Glen Rosa to Brodick.

After spending a few days exploring the island including a cycle tour of 38 miles (saddle sore) we took the car to Thundergay where on a very hot day we walked to Coirein Fhionn Lochan. We climbed Meall Biorach and Coirein Lochain. Had three welcome swims in the cold waters of the loch.

On August 3 I had a short walk on the Billing at Rawdon and on August 14 enjoyed another short walk on the Chavin above Otley. We took our main holiday in August and

visited Sagres, Portugal. Although it was much too hot for walking (the sea and beach being much more favourable) we did, however, walk to Ponta Da Atalia on the cliffs above Marata Beach and then continued to Sagres and the Ponta Fort. Another day we walked to Beliche Beach which is a very picturesque walk of about eight miles.

Towards the end of October we visited the George Starkey Hut at Patterdale for two nights. On October 24 we did a short walk above Patterdale. In the evening we met the Strawthers, who were also staying at the hut. On October 25 we drove to Scales where we set off for Blencathra (2847ft) by Sharp Edge. We returned by the Doddick Fell Ridge to Scales where a welcome pint we enjoyed at the White Horse Inn.

The stay at the hut was most enjoyable but unfortunately a group of students left the kitchen sinks and cooking facilities in a greasy state. They also showed no respect for the comfort of other visitors as they noisily prepared for an early morning start. They arose at 5.30 am and clattered around the dormitory in what sounded like boots.

Later in the week we visited Northumberland and walked a short section of Hadrian's Wall.

Other walks in the Dales took in Almscliffe Crag, the Chavin and Beamsley Beacon. Not a very busy year.

Ernst Sondheimer

I was back in Kintail, undaunted, for Hogmanay and was duly rewarded. The first day of the year was so brilliant that we lingered on the heights, spell-bound by the sun and snow. Arriving on the top of Sgurr na Sgine in the setting sun I remembered, firstly, that the paths to the valley were pure sheets of ice and, secondly, that I had left my torch behind. Luckily no limbs broke during the slither home in the dark – but then the weather broke. On Sgurr a'Mhaoraich the next day, in blizzard conditions, Hamish Brown remarked: 'The view to the West from here is one of the best in Scotland. I've now been up this hill seven times and I'm still waiting to see it!' Two months later, on the Saturday of a March weekend with Alasdair Andrews, more evil conditions forced us to retreat from Ben Cruachan. But Scottish weather is so fitful: the next day, superbly beautiful again, was spent blissfully cramponning over Ben More and Stobinian. My May adventures on Rum are described elsewhere. As for the Alps: at the end of July an invitation to lecture in Germany gave me an excuse (if one was needed) to steal off south for a few days. But a heatwave had just broken and the weather was again poor. Intermittent showers accompanied me to the Cabane de Susanfe, and next day I got to the top of the Haute Cime of the Dents du Midi (just a steep walk) with little but fog to be seen from that famous viewpoint. But few Alpine days are without rewards; the evening descent to the Salanfe Hotel, following a clear stream over dense carpets of mountain flowers, was an unexpected delight, and I remembered that this was limestone country after all. I went on in pouring rain to Argentiere to stay with Alasdair, only to find dense fog everywhere – the big mountains just had to be imagined. And once again the weather relented for our annual hut-to-hut walk at the end of August. This year we had chosen Tour 4 ('Zwischen Gran Paradiso und Mont Blanc') of Walter Pause's 'Von Hutte zu Hutte', though in the time available we covered only the first half of this walk, finishing at Bonne in the Valgrisenche (where the Albergo Perret can be strongly recommended). These Grajan Alps can hardly be called unfrequented or undeveloped, and yet they seem to have escaped (so far!) the worst ravages of mass tourism. Much of the time we found ourselves alone, having to find our own route and enjoying, apart from the splendid scenery, such traditional mountain sights as herds of ibex showing off their horns to be photographed, edelweiss in profusion, and – more beautiful still – the pale blue stars of the Mont Cenis bellflower covering the high screes. We hope to be back next year.

Les Swindin

For the fourth successive year my party had most acceptable weather conditions whilst ski-mountaineering in the Alps over the Easter period. It is my eventual aim to have skied the Alps from end to end. The intention is to do bit by bit, not necessarily commencing one year where the previous tour finished, but rather doing sections as the whim takes me, whilst in other years I hope to do other tours which include areas not covered by the general line such as the Oberland tour which I described last year.

This year's tour did fit into the plan as it continued the High Level Route that I had done four years previously. We started at the Weissmies hut, enjoying for the last time the peace (in winter at least) of the place before it is ruined by the new lift taking piste skiers to a point just below the Lagginjoch. The lift incidentally will make the Weissmies an easy day direct from Saas in summer. Our route to the Simplon Pass was via the summer route to the Fletschhorn as far as the breakfast place, and then down the Gruebu and subsequently Gansa glaciers. We attempted to climb Mont Leone, but because of very high wind had to be satisfied with the Breithorn. Some excellent downhill skiing led us to the Chaltwasser glacier and on to the pass of that ilk before more downhill brought us to Rothwald. Some fine cross country skiing then brought us in two days to the Binntal hut, a delightful place where we were made welcome by the section party whose turn it was to act as guardians. The outdoor toilet (two holes in the snow) was none too pleasant in the prevailing wind, but otherwise life there was pretty comfortable. A glorious day took us to the Blinnenhorn and thence to the Corno Gries hut by what Walter Pause describes as "the largest schuss in Europe". We opted for a few turns. A short day followed to the Piansecco hut where we witnessed a most unfortunate accident: a party sunning themselves outside the hut were descended upon by several tons of snow as about a metre depth of wet snow on the corrugated iron roof decided to obey the laws of gravity. Luckily there was only one serious injury: a broken femur, the victim from Zurich being flown out by chopper. There must be a moral there somewhere.

Our tour continued with a very nice ascent of the South ridge of Piz Rotondo (on foot) and then a little difficulty in locating the Rotondo hut in a complete white-out. To finish we climbed Piz Lucendro and then returned to the valley with a day to spare. Just time to get to the Britannia hut and climb the Strahlhorn, I thought. The weather next day decided us otherwise.

Summer conditions were much less favourable. Well laid plans for routes in the Oberland petered out after the first – the Gspaltenhorn. After days and days of rain we snatched Mont Velan by the North-east facet of the Aiguille du Velan. A further deluge and then a really fine day attracted us to the Moiry hut and from there to the Grand Cornier in worsening weather again. Barbara and I then retired to Brig to await the arrival of Peter and Margaret Fleming. Luckily we chose to go to the Oberaletsch hut from where Pete and I climbed the Gross Fuschhorn – if you are ever attracted by this route, don't take a lot of notice of the AC guide, but follow the ridge starting behind the hut – and with Barbara, the Aletschhorn by the South-west ridge. This was a really hard flog in fresh snow, but we appeared to be on the only summit in the Alps that was in sunshine. At the same time, only a few miles away, some friends were getting soaked doing valley walks from Blatten. Five days of good weather followed and we took the opportunity to climb the Dent d'Herens by the NNW face. An excellent route over very interesting terrain, if you discount the approach moraine, and in excellent condition, although the Schonbiel hut guardian had tried to persuade us that it would be otherwise. After this Pete went to capture some of the Monte Rosa peaks that had previously eluded him, whilst I nursed a sore thigh sustained on the afore-mentioned moraine. He was unable to progress beyond Nordend because of unfavourable conditions at the Silbersattel and so was forced to return to Randa.

We moved on to Chamonix where we were encouraged by the weather report. One stormy day, then four days of fine weather. Just right for the Peuterey – so off we went to Italy. We took advantage of the service lift to send our sacks to the Monzino hut. The storms came, but they were forecast, so we didn't worry. We made good progress next day after a latish start across the Freney glacier and uite Schneider couloir. Mist enveloped us on the SE ridge of the Aiguille Blanche, but this cleared occasionally to reveal good views towards the Tacul. By late afternoon we had reached the first summit and prepared our planned bivouac about a hundred metres below it on the last rocks of the SE ridge. Pete claims to have been one foot horizontally and three thousand feet

vertically from the Brenva glacier in his spot. I was close alongside. After dinner we settled down early prepared for the long day to follow. It was, but not in the direction we had intended. About an hour after we had settled down a storm started and continued to rage until 7.00 a.m. the next day. We spent most of the night pushing snow from the Zardsky sac to prevent suffocation. Continuing snow meant there was no possibility of us going on, so we spent the next day and a half retracing our steps to the Monzino hut. One surprising aspect of the summer was that on five of the mountains climbed, we were alone on them.

The most notable event of the remainder of the year was the Whit week in Scotland where in excellent weather we walked in the Fannichs and the Carnmore area. I also took the opportunity on an AC meet in the Lakes to do my annual route with Walter Kirstein.

ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES

The AGM

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held at 74, South Audley Street, London, W.1. at 6 p.m. on Saturday, 6th November, 1982.

The President, Mr. J. P. Ledebøer, was in the chair and 23 Members were present. A number of apologies for absence had been received.

1. The Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on 25th November, 1981, which had been circulated, were approved and signed by the Chairman as a correct record.

2. After having been duly proposed and seconded, the following Officers and Committee Members were elected for the year 1983:—

Vice-President: Mr. F. A. W. Schweitzer, F.R.C.S.; Hon. Social Secretary: Professor E. H. Sondheimer; Hon. Librarian: Miss J. Gamble; As Committee Members: Mr. J. G. Berry, Mr. D. E. Bond, Mr. D. J. Bowes.

The remaining Officers and Committee Members, being eligible, were re-elected for the year 1983.

3. The Hon. Treasurer presented the accounts for the year ended 30th June 1982. It was resolved that the accounts for the period ended 30th June 1982 be adopted and the thanks of the meeting were expressed to the Hon. Treasurer for all the work he had done and for ending the year with a small surplus.

4. The Hon. Treasurer reported that the flat rate S.A.C. subscription had been fixed by the Committee at £16.50 and, on the recommendation of the Committee, he proposed that the Association Subscription be fixed for ordinary Members and for Affiliate Members at £7.50 and that the joint subscription be fixed at £10.50. It was resolved that the Association's subscriptions be so fixed.

5. *Other Business.* In response to a question from Mr. Boulter the Chairman explained that discussions had been held with individual Sections of the S.A.C. regarding a reduction in the subscription charged to British Members, but that no change in the statutes of the S.A.C. would be possible. The Diablerets Section had offered a reduction of Sw.Frs.13.00, which the Committee felt should be accepted. It remained to be seen whether any progress could be made with the other Sections. Mr. Solari proposed a vote of thanks to the President which was carried by acclamation and Mr. Boulter proposed a special vote of thanks to Mr. Schweitzer, who was retiring as Hon. Social Secretary, and to his wife, for all that they had done to make the Association's social events such a success. This vote of thanks was also carried by acclamation. There being no further business, the Chairman declared the meeting closed at 6.25 p.m.

ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT for the year ended 30th June, 1982

	1982		1981
INCOME FROM MEMBERS			
Subscriptions (Note 1)	1554		1305
Life Membership Credit	50		50
Insurance Commissions	21		—
Management Fees	200		—
	<u>1825</u>		<u>1355</u>
LESS: EXPENDITURE			
Hire of Rooms	350		200
Journal (Note 2)	920		1102
Printing, Postage, etc, SNT0	271		192
Printing, Postage, etc, ABM	175		97
Insurance	17		17
Entertainment	56		13
BMC Subscription	81		65
Lecture Expenses	—		(20)
Sundries (travel expenses)	58	1928	54
		<u>(103)</u>	<u>(365)</u>
ADD: INVESTMENT INCOME			
Association Investments	248		213
Building Society Interest	164		261
Bank Deposit Interest	43		—
	<u>455</u>		<u>474</u>
LESS: Taxation (Note 3)	182	273	190
		<u>170</u>	<u>(81)</u>
ADD: Surplus/(loss) on S.A.C. fees		(174)	(143)
VAT		104	—
		<u>—</u>	<u>—</u>
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE		<u>100</u>	<u>(224)</u>

ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB

BALANCE SHEET

30th JUNE 1982

			1981
FIXED ASSETS (Note 4	2		2
INVESTMENTS AT COST			
(Note 5)	2881		1872
CURRENT ASSETS			
Stock of Ties at cost	93	93	
Debtors	435	207	
Cash on Deposit	774	1695	
Current Account	128	145	
	1430	2140	
DEDUCT CURRENT LIABILITIES			
Creditors	154	180	
Subscriptions in Advance	995	630	
	1039	810	
NET CURRENT ASSETS		391	1330
		3274	3204
SOURCE OF FINANCE			
Life Membership Account		702	752
Accumulated Revenue			
Balance at 30th June	2332	2556	
ADD Excess of income			
over expenditure	100	2432	2332
Donations and Bequests		140	120
		3274	3204

J. P. Ledeboer – President
M. Pinney – Hon. Treasurer

REPORT OF THE AUDITOR

I have examined the books and vouchers of the Association and report that the attached accounts, together with the notes, are in accordance therewith.

N. Moore – Hon. Auditor

ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB

NOTES

1	SUBSCRIPTIONS	Subscription income is derived as follows:—		
	MEMBERS	Year to 31.12.82 177 at 7.5	1327	
		Year to 31.12.81 192 at 5.0		960
	AFFILIATED MEMBERS	Year to 31.12.82 59 at 7.5	443	
		Year to 31.12.81 62 at 5.0		310
			1770	1270
		Adjustment re subscriptions in advance (81/82): 885-630	(255)	(33)
		In respect of earlier years	39	68
			1554	1305
2	JOURNAL: Cost of the journal is made up as follows:—			
	Printing		845	988
	Despatch costs and other expenses		131	146
			976	1134
	LESS: Advertising Revenue		56	32
			920	1102
3	TAXATION			
	The Ass. is liable to Corporation Tax on its income from investments			
4	FIXED ASSETS	COST	DEPRECIATION TO DATE	
	Projector	166	165	
	Equipment at S.N.T.O.	80	79	
5	INVESTMENTS			
	These are as follows:—			
	1000 4.5% Agricultural Mortgage Corporation Deb. Stock 1977/82			
	1080 Brunner Investment Trust Limited Ordinary Shares of 25p			
	1043 United States Deb. Corporation Ordinary Shares of 25p			
	1500 3% Treasury 1985			
	Cost of these holdings was 2881 (1981-£1872). Aggregate market value at 30th June 1982 was £4160 (1981-£2955)			

THE ANNUAL DINNER, 6th NOVEMBER, 1982

This event and the AGM were held on the same day, a Saturday, to make it easier for northern members to attend. This they did to our pleasure, into double figures at least, but the total attendance at about 56 was no more than last year; perhaps what suits some does not suit others.

The dinner was held again at the Washington Hotel. After a relaxed and enjoyable meal (with ample wine provided) the President proposed the Royal toast. Ben Howe spoke on the Swiss Confederation and Mr. J. Doswald, of the Swiss Embassy, responded. The President gave the customary account of the Club's activity, and proposed the health of the Association and guests. Frank Solari responded on behalf of the Alpine Club. — SMF.

THE OUTDOOR MEETS

Northern Dinner Meet 1982

Brooke Midgley

The February dinner was again based in Patterdale and Glenridding; a formula which seems to work reasonably well.

Saturday was overcast and we had the odd hail shower which did not deter the intrepid and I understand some of our members also went onto the hill.

Sid Cross was our guest speaker at Saturday's dinner at the Glenridding Hotel, and eighty members and friends attended. Sid had raided the Fell and Rock Club archives and showed some historic slides, many being by the Abrahams. The commentary which accompanied the slides was delightfully humorous.

Sunday was a photographers' paradise as we had snow overnight and a sunny bright day to complement it. Whilst it was no good for climbing it was perfect walking weather and parties dashed off in all directions to sample it.

Fron Francis Easter 1982

S. M. Freeman

There had been some confusion about the announcement of this meet, with the result that attendance was below what might have been hoped for. However, we both found it comfortable and enjoyable. The weather was clear, but a cold wind (from the west, unusually) drove us to sheltered or easterly parts. Such activities as visiting Bodnant Gardens were therefore part of the programme, and the most energetic outing was a traverse of Siabod. This is by no means a dull trip, taken from the furthestmost ridge, and enough for a temporary half cripple led by a companion of less than extensive mountaineering experience. There are unusual side benefits at Fron Francis. We were shown round John's wonderful saxifrage collection (and given some specimens) and the sheep chose for their own good reasons to lamb just below the sitting room window, so that there was a little daily surprise. I hope we shall see a bigger attendance at Easter 1983, though unfortunately it will be over before you see the Journal.

Lochinver, Spring Bank Holiday 1982

S. M. Freeman

The extensive and fascinating account of this meet, which was written at the proper time, appears to have been lost in whatever domestic calamity it was that led also to the loss of the notes on the Alpine meet, q.v. However, the occasion remains clearly in the memory because of the quite phenomenal weather. There was argument as to whether the like had ever been known before, and certainly the under-60 boys were at a loss to name a parallel. The logistics were dominated by the need to calculate how much water could be carried,

and how it should be rationed out, as there was none to be found on the hills. There should have been seven of us, but Alf Lock was unhappily kept away by a sudden bereavement, but he still organised the commissariat and made sure that we received the goods. In the end we were Andrews, Armstrong, Bartlett, Bowes, Freeman and Riddell, six of us sharing two six-berth caravans, a most comfortable and economical arrangement. Hill climbing was achieved on five days out of six, the remaining day being given to a low level walk to the Old Man of Stoer. The hills were Stac Polly, Cul Mor, Ben Mor Coigach, Quinag and Suilven. Bert bagged all the tops of all of them, but the senior citizens were abundantly content with something less.

Some of the walks, particularly Suilven starting from Inverkirkaig, involve longish detours round the innumerable lochans which were well filled despite the dearth of streams. If there is a more beautifully composed contrast of land and water anywhere on earth, I have yet to find it: it is not always easy to detect where land studded with water gives way to sea studded with islands. This and the sunshine and the flaming gorse . . .

Ditto

D. R. Riddell

This report was received after the editor's report was typed, so we have printed both. This Meet was attended by six members and organised by Alastair Andrews. The gathering of the clans at Inverkirkaig gave Alastair a logistical problem, a problem solved by Alastair with exemplary dispatch and by M. Freeman, R. Bartlett and I going by train from Edinburgh to Inverness, bus to Ullapool and Alastair's Acclaim to Lochinver and down the road to Inverkirkaig where we three shared a 6-berth caravan and Alastair, Bert Bowes and Colin Armstrong shared another.

The weather was excellent throughout. First day rambling along the crest of Stack Polly from the col and down the other side to turn the Eastern end and back to the car.

Ben Mor Coigach followed, from Culnacraig the mist promised fine weather but spoilt the views — no Lewis on the horizon.

From the county boundary on A835 to Sron Garbh of Cul Mor. The long spell of dry weather made the going easy. No bog condition which made our walk up Suilven from Inverkirkaig dry shod. The party split up and made scrambles on the ridge — a great day that!

Our "rest day" was spent going out to see the Old Man of Stoer. Again we had hard surface instead of the bog. Well worth seeing.

Last day up Quinag from the col on A894 between Skiag Bridge and Kylesku. Some of us were happy with Sail Gorm but Bert Bowes took Richard Bartlett over Spidean at a rattling pace as behoves one who had steamed along the iron railroad in the past.

We foregathered at pub/restaurant outside the Culag Hotel where we had an excellent and ample repast, thanks to the fact that the majority of the diners were fishermen off the Lochinver fleet.

A most satisfactory meet, thanks to the weather and Alastair Andrews.

Rhyd-Ddu, 11th-13th June

David Penlington

Maybe this meet followed too soon after the Whitsuntide meet and holidays. Only a dozen members turned up for what turned out to be a most enjoyable weekend.

Saturday saw parties departing for Cwm Silyn and Clogwyn-du'r-Arddu in slightly misty conditions which improved to sunshine and blue skies. However the sting in the weather tail came on the evening ensuring a soaking for most of us in the last mile or so before reaching the hut.

Sunday was again fine with members making for Tremadoc, the Moelwyns and Ogwen. Nothing sensational was done but a most satisfying weekend was had by all.

Swanage Meet, July 1982

Jeff Harris

The Swanage meet turned into a combined meet with the Loughton M.C., and a very enjoyable weekend was had by all who attended. The weather was warm and sunny apart from an hour of drizzle on Saturday lunchtime that forced the party to retreat reluctantly from the cliffs into the 'Castle' on Durlston Head to sample the local ale.

Several of the more interesting lower grade climbs were attempted over the weekend, of particular note were Avernus, a spectacular cave route and 1st and 2nd Corners which belied their modest 'severe' grading or so it seemed to those of us not familiar with the peculiar sense of humour of the guide book authors.

Those in attendance from the ABM were Mike Pinney, Chris Raves and Mr and Mrs Bull (on Saturday), and from the LMC Phil Halstead, Geoff Davidson and Steve Tong.

The Alpine Camping Meet, 24th July to 14th August

Mont Blanc Massif

Mike Pinney

The meet, held jointly with the Alpine and Climbers Clubs, was based at the Glacier d'Argentiere camp site just to the south of Argentiere, most of those attending camping but a few arranging apartments in the village.

As always, the weather and hence conditions left their mark on the meet's achievements. Early July, we were told, had been good leading to a reduced snow covering and plentiful ice. The weather had then broken about a week before the meet, and everything was shrouded in mist when we arrived! Those not deflected by conditions who arrived included, in approximate order of arrival: J. Whitehead, F. Jenkins, J. Harris, C. Raves, M. Pinney, J. Gamble, B. Philips, William, V. Odel, C. Perkins, P. and D. Howard, N. Allen and family, B. Chase and family, A. and S. Andrews, C. Armstrong, M. Porteous, I. Angel and family, D. Stevenson, S. Lockhart, S. and A. Bondin, C. and F. Gravina, R. Murton, L. Warris.

In the first week, in spite of the bad weather, huts visited included the Conscript, Argentiere, Selina, Trient and Albert Premier, with two or three day circuits, taking in one or more huts and crossing appropriate cols and peaks, proving popular. There were a number of day trips to the rock routes in the Aiguilles Rouges, with several ropes able to incorporate a Tyrolean traverse between two of the clochetons. The Sunday was glorious (hopes of better weather) with several ropes climbing in the Aiguilles Rouges. It was rewarding to see where one had been climbing earlier in the week.

The second week continued with a number of alternate fine and poor days, with fresh snow down to 3000 metres. Thus on the better days routes up to that height were feasible, and included use of the "first" cable car to the N.N.E. ridge and Conzy routes of the M. and Papillons ridge on the Peigne in the Chamonix Aiguilles besides further visits to the Aiguilles Rouges. Higher routes included the Argentiere and Mont Blanc du Tacul followed by the Midi to within a few feet of the summit, being thwarted by the precipitation.

On Friday night it rained, and on Saturday those attending for two weeks headed for home, whilst one party went on to the Oberland and another to the Dauphine. A nucleus of those remaining, with the improved weather on the Sunday, headed for the rather crowded Albert Premier hut. Some did the Forbes Arete on the Chardonnet and others a traverse of the Tour followed by the Forbes. The bergschrund on the descent was reported to be approaching the state when the guides would fix a ladder, and there were signs of those who had struggled with the jump. However, the grapevine failed to report the descent on the port bank, from where one could step easily across.

Wednesday saw an ascent of the fixed ladders to the Couvercle hut followed by a long day on the Verte by either the icy Whymper Couloir direct, or the Grand Rocheuse variation with descent along the Moine ridge, until it was decided in view of the slow progress on the plastered rock to start the long abseil back across the couloir.

Friday saw a further break in the weather! Others of the meet had visited the Cosmiques hut for the Pyramid du Tacul and the Midi - Plan traverse.

With the many nights in the valley, the food kitchen, run by an Irish girl who had settled in the valley, provided a much appreciated service on the camp site, together with the Yeti Bar in the village.

Llanrwst 17-19 September

Tony Strawther

Once again the meet was very well attended, with the cottage full, a tent in the field and an overspill sleeping in the loft. The weather was kind to us, giving two excellent days on the hills.

On the Saturday one party tasted the delights of Tryfan and the Glyders, a second group went on Snowdon and yet a third followed in the steps of Kirkus in Cwm Lloer.

Sunday saw the usual fragmentation of the party with twos and threes going off to all corners of Snowdonia.

The Alpine Meet, Kandersteg, August 14-28, 1982

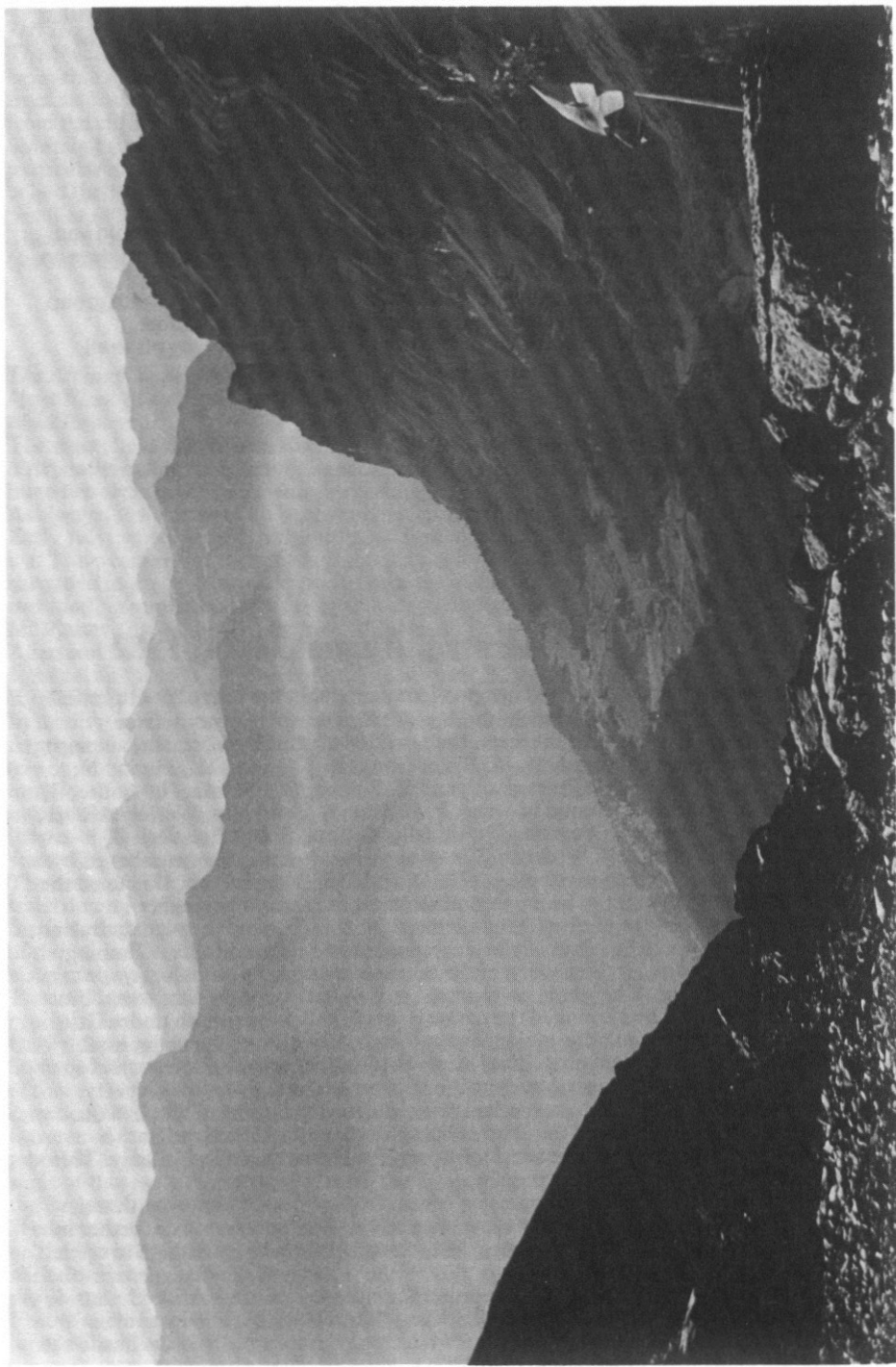
S. M. Freeman

The loss of the editor's notes, reported in a previous paragraph, has turned out to be less calamitous than was feared. Paul French, the never-failing source of every service required in connection with an Alpine meet, has provided a list of those present, amongst them some very welcome AC members. M. Byam-Grounds, J. Coales, M., M. and N. Cooper and guest, H. Flook, M. Freeman, P. and V. French, D. Gravina, Hobhouse, B. and M. Howe, A. Husbands, K. and S. Jeans, P. Ledebouer, J. and Mrs. Llewelyn-Jones, W. MacWilliams, E. Parry, K. Pearson, D. Riddell, M. Ross, B. and F. Solari, B. Tomlinson, J. and J. Whyte, P. Wiseman. We were pleased to entertain a number of passing guests, amongst whom we single out W. D. and Mrs. Macpherson. He joined the A.B.M. in 1926 and is thought to be the second most senior remaining member.

The weather was probably rather better than average for the Oberland in August; drab at times but including four or five days of glorious sunshine and clear visibility. Climbing was hardly interfered with, and the worst of the rain was kept for the last two days, when it probably mattered least. The whole party stayed at Kandersteg for the first week, but for the second week Paul had arranged the option of a stay at Schwarnbach under Otto Stoller's care, and a group took this option. From Kandersteg most of the major local peaks - Doldenhorn, Frundenhorn, Blumlisalp, Weisse Frau, Wilde Frau and so on - were climbed on various occasions by various groups. The Schwarnbach party, mostly composed of people who have reached or even passed the prime of life, had the worse of the weather but managed the Daubenhorn, Steghorn and Uschinengrat. A propos maturity of years, we had the usual jolly party for David Riddell's birthday. This year he was 80, which may not happen again.

Those who chose not to climb high mountains covered a good deal of ground with visits to most of the local huts, walks in local valleys such as the Gasterntal or a little further in Lotschental, Engstligenalp and other places, and some of us were lucky enough to catch the beautiful days for some of these trips.

Tributes must be paid to Paul French for running the meet so well, and to the management and staff of the Hotel Blumlisalp. Everything about that hotel was of exceptional merit, from the measurable items of table and room service and the like to the imponderables of personal attitude and manner.



From the Frundenhorn Hut by John Whyte



Oeschinensee, Blumlisalphorn, Frundenhorn by Frank Solari

Derek Lambley

Derek Lambley, who had been a member of the S.A.C. and of the Association since 1949, died suddenly in December, 1982. He was an enthusiastic and energetic climber and hill walker for many years, although ill-health rather restricted his activities over the last decade.

Derek was a regular attender at Association climbing meets for some twenty years and became well-known to many members. He was a Vice-President from 1960 to 1962 and President from 1972 to 1974. Unfortunately, it was during his Presidency that he first became ill and he had to undergo heart surgery. Nevertheless, he made a remarkable recovery and he continued to pursue his many interests.

By profession, Derek was a surgeon of distinction. He held a senior post at Northampton General Hospital and travelled and lectured widely, both at home and abroad. Amongst the honours conferred upon him was a Fellowship of the American College of Surgeons. Rock climbing did not greatly attract Derek, but he was very fond of snow routes, particularly in the Bernese Oberland. He formed a long-standing friendship with Oskar Ogi, the well-known Kandersteg guide, and many of his alpine ascents were made with Oskar.

Derek became a member of the Alpine Club in 1952. Two of his sons followed him into the medical profession and one of them, Julian, also became a keen climber and a member of the Association and of the Alpine Club. — M.B.

Robert Lawrie

The passing of Rob Lawrie has ended a long and happy era for British climbers. The business that he ran, loyally supported by his wife Ursula and by Elsie Lane, could never have been described as a shop. For many of us it was a club with Rob dispensing advice, greeting his friends from all over the world and acting as a focal point for news of mountaineers and their mountains.

There are many members of the A.B.M.S.A.C. who knew Rob for even longer than I did, but I remember with happiness and pride the day in 1941 that I got my first boots from him. They and their successors have taken me over innumerable hills all over the world — each new pair fitted at a leisurely and social consultation, quite unlike the sports super-markets of today. This attention was given to my wife and my family and I am sorry that my grandchildren will never have known him.

Robert Lawrie was a fine craftsman who started his business in Burnley in his native Lancashire. He came to London in the 30's to Bryanston Street and stayed until the war when he went to Newark. There he continued to serve us all, but also produced boots and equipment for the forces, including equipment for some 'cloak and dagger' operations.

After the war he came back to London to the house in Seymour Street which for the next 35 years was a haven where he, Ursula and Elsie welcomed friends old and new who came to talk, learn and even sometimes to buy and he was a member of many clubs, but in the Association we had a special affection for him as one of our senior members.

Ursula and Elsie are much in our thoughts and we all share their sadness. There can never be another Rob and never again a shop like his. Like so many of us, I count it one of the great blessings of my life that I knew him as a friend for so many years.

P.S.B.

Riding on a Horse of Cloud . . .

Poems of the Scottish Hills. Selected by Hamish Brown, Aberdeen University Press, £5.90 (flexiback), £11.00 (hardback)

Eye to the Hills, poems by Hamish Brown and James Macmillan, Pettycur Publishing, £1.00

Hamish Brown and Martyn Berry designed a comprehensive anthology of poems on the theme of British hills and mountains; but the Scottish cargo overwhelmed them, and Hamish accordingly has put Scotland into a book of its own — and here it is. Readers south of the border will not be forgotten, but meanwhile here is a treat to be going on with, for if whisky is the best thing to come out of Scotland the hills here celebrated (with the waters and valleys that go with them) are the best of Scotland's non-exportable goodies.

In his Foreword Norman MacCaig tells the story of a Scot who cut short a holiday in England "because there were no views". In large parts of Scotland there is nothing else but views, as many a thirsty wayfarer has discovered ten minutes before closing time. In default of a pub, one may as well make up a poem — and here are well over two hundred models. The variety of moods and poets is considerable: one might say, here are two hundred ways of looking at a hill, with the help of Arthur Ball, William Bell, Janet Smith, and Marian Angus. Even T. S. Eliot is not forgotten. Hamish Brown also provides some evocative illustrations. Four lines by W. P. Ker (a true Scot, if ever there was one) make an epigraph for all:

Half way over the towering land,
The mountains glisten, the winds go by,
Where rocks of adamant understand
The secrets of the sky.

Messrs Brown and Macmillan offer a sheaf of a couple of dozen short poems, with a view in every one, if not a landscape view, then a personal one: for both these poets know that whatever the apparent theme, a poem is really about the poet. In a notice necessarily brief, a sample is better than a sermon; so here are our two poets in brief, and a bookful to follow for those who like them:

Peace is a sunny day,
hills and sea.
Would I could find a way
to rest me. — J.M.

This last lesson from mountains:
That spring comes again.
Spring gives hope to man's winter,
Strength for my pain. — H.B.

Kenneth Hopkins

NEW A.B.M.S.A.C. TIE

Association ties may be bought from the address below. They are in a new fashionable style with a 4" blade, and retain the popular red and silver badge on blue background.

J. S. Whyte, Wild Hatch, Coleshill Lane,
Winchmore Hill, Amersham, Bucks, HP7 0NT

Cheques for £4 (post free) to be drawn payable to J. S. Whyte





Aiguille Noir de Peuterrey, with Punta Innominate and Monte Rosa by Will McLewin

The Song the Mountains Sing

And still the mountains greet the dawn
With pinnacles and flowers.
They sing of rocky ledges
And of enchanted hours;

They sing of mist and moonlight,
Of ice and snow and scree;
They sing to sun and stars alike
And still they sing to me.

Will McLewin