

**DIARY FOR 1993**

January	15-17	Scottish Meet	Onich, Argyll
February	5-7	Northern Dinner Meet	Patterdale
	10	London Meeting - Speaker Jerry Lovatt	41 Queensgate
	26-28	Scottish Meet	Fearnan, Perthshire
March	19-21	Scottish Meet (ABMSAC Training Meet)	Onich, Argyll
	26-27	Hut Maintenance Meet	Patterdale
April	16-18	Lake Meet	Brackenclose, Wasdale
	28	London Meeting - Speaker Ashley Greenwood	41 Queensgate
May	15-22	Scottish Meet	Broadford, Isle of Skye
June	19	London Meeting and Buffet Party Speaker Lord Hunt	41 Queensgate
	11-13	Snowdonia Scrambles	Oread Hut, Rhyd-ddu
July	2-4	Lakes Scrambles	Patterdale
	17	ABMSAC Alpine Meet (to 14 August)	Fischbiel, Lotschental
	24	Joint ABMSAC/AC/CC Alpine Meet (to 7 August)	
September	15	ABMSAC Alpine Meet Reunion and Slide Show September Walk: details to follow	41 Queensgate
October	1-3	Northern Buffet Meet	Patterdale
November	5-7	Joint ABMSAC/AC/CC Alpine Meet Reunion	Patterdale
	13	AGM and Annual Dinner	London
	14	"Morning After" Walk: details to follow	

Full details of the above Meets and how to book for them are to be found in the Association's Newsletters, which are published early in April, July and October and in mid-December.

**THE ASSOCIATION  
OF BRITISH MEMBERS  
OF THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB**

**JOURNAL 1993**

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## TWO LAKES HOLIDAY WALKS PROVE HOT STUFF

by *Barrie Pennett*

My wife, Valerie, and I both gave a sigh of relief – and I am sure the dog did, too – at the end of our 173-mile trek across, around and in and out of the Lake District.

You see, this year we and our five-year-old cocker spaniel, Susie, decided to walk two separate long distance footpaths during our fortnight's holiday.

Last summer when we walked the Cumberland Way (80 miles) we were pelted by hailstones, battered by high winds and saturated by driving rain on Black Sail Pass, one of the highest passes in the Lake District.

This year we have been almost roasted alive as we tramped and climbed our way along the Westmorland Way (98 miles) and the Furness Way (75 miles). It was hot and at times unbearable throughout our walk, or should I say, hot plod.

At the time of walking we looked forward to a cold shower at the end of the day and in retrospect it was, indeed, a delightful walk full of variety. But oh, the heat.

By completing these two walks we have now done all three which comes to a total of 253 miles.

The Westmorland Way (98 miles) starts at Appleby and finishes at Arnside; the Furness Way (75 miles) starts at Arnside and finishes at Ravenglass, where the Cumberland Way (80 miles) begins and finishes at Appleby.

For us the pick of the three walks is the Westmorland Way, with the Cumberland Way a very close second. These two walks go through delightful mountain, valley and riverside country while the Furness Way, which is also attractive and full of interest, at times poses difficulties with route finding owing to paths having been altered or blocked.

Cumbria has an abundance of fine inns and we came across a number of them – 24 in all – and found to our delight the food and drink to be of a high standard.

Altogether I sampled 17 different brews of beer. The walk could probably be described as an energetic and attractive pub crawl.

We used bed and breakfast facilities and these proved to be excellent throughout.

Planning for the walk began in the winter and Valerie, in between carrying out her household chores and rehearsing for musical shows, managed to find time to plan the route and book accommodation well in advance. We had to do this because of Susie.

We drove to Appleby and left the car on the car park of the bed and breakfast place where we stayed. At the conclusion of the walk at Ravenglass, the home of the well known Eskdale Railway, we sampled the food and drink of the Pennington Arms.

The next day we caught a train to Appleby, changing at Carlisle, where we collected our car for the final journey home.

For those interested in the fells we climbed Hardendale Nab (1,165 ft), Heughscar Hill (1,231 ft), Arthur's Pike (1,747 ft), Bonscale Pike (1,718 ft), Hartsop – above – How (1,870 ft), Hart Crag (2,698 ft), Fairfield (2,863 ft), Great Rigg (2,513 ft), Stone Arthur (1,652 ft), Silver

How (1,292 ft), Jenkin Crag (famous view point), School Knott (760 ft), Scout Scar (764 ft), Fairy Steps (250 ft), Arnside Knott (521 ft), Helsingham Hill (425 ft), Whitbarrow (706 ft), Hampsfell (727 ft), Bigland height (610 ft), Arnsbarrow Hill (1,040 ft), Top O'Selside (1,091 ft), Walna Scar Pass (1,990 ft), Muncaster Fell (758 ft).

Appleby is Westmoreland's county town which is the home of the famous Appleby Horse Fair.

Other places of interest during the walk include Shap Abbey, Lowther Park, Pooley Bridge, Patterdale, Grasmere, Elterwater, Ambleside, Troutbeck, Kendal (castle), Arnside, Levens Hall, Sizergh Castle, Cartmel Priory, Coniston, St Catherine's Church at Boot, Muncaster Castle, Walls Castle and, of course, the Ravenglass to Eskdale Railway.



Ravenglass, where the Furness Way finishes.

## HIKERS' GUIDE

WESTMORLAND WAY: Day one – Appleby to Shap (17 miles) going – easy, highest point, Hardendale Nab, (1165 ft).

Day two – Shap to Pooley Bridge (13 miles), going – easy, highest point, Heughscar Hill (1231 ft).

Day three – Pooley Bridge to Patterdale (12 miles), going – moderate, highest point, Arthur's Pike (1747 ft).

Day four – Patterdale to Grasmere (9 miles) – going – strenuous, highest point, Fairfield (2863 ft).

Day five – Grasmere to Troutbeck (12 miles), going – moderate, highest point, Silver How (1292 ft).

Day six – Troutbeck to Kendal (16 miles), going – moderate, highest point, Scout Scar, (764 ft).

Day seven – Kendal to Arnside (18 miles), going – lengthy but easy, highest point, Arnside Knott (521 ft).

FURNESS WAY: Day one – Arnside to Crosthwaite (15 miles), going – easy, highest point Helsington Hill, (425 ft).

Day two – Crosthwaite to Cartmel (13 miles), going – easy, highest point, Hampsfell (727 ft).

Day three – Cartmel to Lowick (12 miles), going – easy, highest point, Bigland height (610 ft).

Day four – Lowick to Coniston (11 miles), going – moderate, highest point, Top O'Selside (1091 ft).

Day five – Coniston to Boot (13 miles), going – moderate to strenuous, highest point, Walna Scar Pass (1,990 ft).

Day six – Boot to Ravenglass (11 miles), going – easy, highest point, Hooker Crag on Muncaster Fell (785 ft).

For those interested in the walk there are two good and reliable guide books entitled, Westmorland Way and Furness Way, by Paul Hannon, of Hillside Publications.

As previously stated these two walks can be linked with the Cumberland Way to make one long walk but a little over two weeks would be needed to complete in comfort.

Apart from the long distance walk with my wife and the occasional visit to the Lake District most of our walking in 1992 has been in the Yorkshire Dales – Wharfedale, Nidderdale, and on the Yorkshire Moors.

## VISIT TO INNSBRUCK

By Ken Baldry (Grindelwald)

This year's Dan-Air schedules to Innsbruck made it possible to walk out of the airport at 11.35 a.m. I found the footbridge over the Inn and the motorway and soon, the hole under the railway, which brings one by the prison. The path I intended to take had been closed by the prison authorities, so I walked up the road to Götzens, then up a path system, during which I had some drizzle. This eventually brought me out on the main road up to the Axamer Lizum, where I stayed the night in the old Olympic Village building. There was a storm in the evening and the electricity was knocked out.

The slow, grinding slog up to the Hoagl Jochl made me wonder why I do this thing but, apart from the steep drop to Neustift when too tired, the rest of the day went much better, assisted by somewhat overcast weather so that I did not get too hot. From the pass, the path goes round the back of the Kalkkogel, losing about 200 m in height in the process. Then, above the Adolf Pilcher Hut, it climbs to the Schlicker See Jochl at 2525 m. The map suggests that the path drops round the Burgstall but, after losing some height, it climbs gently then drops to the Starkenberger Hut, visited in 1976. After a beer, the 1200 metre drop to Neustift. Many late flowers and good views. I now know what the Stubaital looks like and it is very pretty. I staggered into the Hotel Angelika, which was quite cheap, despite being decidedly posh.

It took half an hour to Milders, so it was a good thing I did not try it the day before. The old path has disappeared under a jeep road which provides two hours of straightforward but boring walking up to the Milderaun Alm for a welcome beer. Making its way across moorland, the path gets interesting, mostly up and sometimes down until a steep and rough drop opposite a forbidding looking cliff called the Ring. There was a path zig-zagging up it but not visible from below. At the top, the sign said 3 hours to the Neue Regensburger Hütte but it only took 1.25 hours.

Being a slow walker, I got out first at 0845 and slowly slogged up the Falbesoner Tal, which is quite charming. Several parties overtook me before I reached the snowfields below the Grawagrübenieder. The snow was steep but the rock was steeper and loose and it was quite difficult to get onto the rocks. Although the route was graded F in Roberts' guide, this was more like PD+ and I used my ice-axe for aid. The pass was the high point of the day at 2880 m, followed by a long walk somewhat up and down on which I met two English climbers. It gradually worked down to a little delta and one of those iffy Austrian footbridges above the Mutterberger Alm before the sting in the tail of the walk – a 200 metre up a shoulder above the Dresdner Hütte and a short descent.

This hut is split about what it believes its function to be. It is certainly a hut but also a ski cafeteria. There are hot showers if one puts a 10 sch bit in them. I shared a room with a skier and had trouble getting to sleep because construction work on ski facilities continued until midnight and the string railway of gravel sometimes dropped bits on the hut's tin roof to add insult to injury.

I had a good breakfast, owing to the ski cafeteria. I crossed the Peil Joch in roughly the same time as in 1976 (which was in a snow storm) but this time, saw the views. The path was quite good but there were some wire rope sections. A good view of the Hauptkamm and, over the other side, a spectacular glacier coming down from the Zuckerhüt. I was accompanied by Belgian school children as far as the new, improved Sulzenau Hütte. The valley up to the Niederl Pass above the Nürnberger Hütte is one of those staggeringly beautiful places and I took my time for Faustian Moments. The Wilder Freiger dominates and a very evil-looking Austrian glacier comes down above a pretty little lake, green but

clear enough to show the iceberg effect (905 below water) in its iceflows. At the top is a very steep cliff with necessary fixed ropes in places. The other side down to the hut is steeper but easier and a bit boring, as although it is not far, every footstep has to be watched carefully, especially with a big, unbalancing rucksack.

The next day, one drops into the valley leading up to the Simminger Jöchel. A number of wire ropes get one back up, as there is no obvious route. But one is rewarded by a beautiful little valley before climbing again. The last section is over steep and very firm snowfields, which never get the sun. In between is an idyllic little valley. There is a little emergency hut sitting on the joch, held down with wire ropes. There were wonderful views all around. Going down was not just very steep but the wire rope was only fixed at its ends, so any reliance on it would result in being swung about dangerously. It was then much pleasanter to the Bremer Hütte. But it was a very long way down to Gschnitz. At first, over huge, glacier-polished slabs of rock and down into a hanging valley, which looked positively balmy but was followed by a steepish rocky path down through vegetation, which made it slippery. Then, there was about five miles of sun-baked roads. I staggered into the Tyroler Berghof and booked in for two nights as I needed a rest day.

Next was the biggest day. I walked the five miles down the valley to Trins. For about two-thirds of the way up, the path to the Blaser Hütte is very steep and I consumed a lot of water, with the sun beating at the back of my head. The hut is concealed until the last minute and I sank a whole litre of apfelsaft here. The view is wide, I made my limestone way down into a pleasant valley for above the Wipptal and cut through the woods to the Ochsenalm, where there was a pub. I had a beer and was teased by the locals in their dialect (they had all driven up for Sunday afternoon) until they heard what I was doing. I made my way up to the Maria Waldrast monastery and up a little further before a very long walk down through the woods and round the end of the Seriles took me to Fulpmes. I was told it had been 30°C during the day.

To start the last pass, it took a little trouble to find the way, going through the industrial part of Fulpmes, which has little iron foundries making climbing gear (Stubai) and ornamental iron-work. There is a steep path up through the trees before the 'proper' path up to the Halsl appears. This is another steady but long path and, as it was still getting hotter, it took all my water to get up. But it was not far down the other side back into the Axamer Lizum, where I now had a good view of the Kalkkogel.

Now for a really easy day wandering down to Innsbruck. I slowly wandered down the stream to Axams, then took the Panoramaweg as this would obviously be prettier than the road walk, exposed as that was to the sun, now getting warm. By the time I got to Götzens again, it was intensely hot. I started to go down by the mill stream, which was ok until just after the going-up bit but a sign pointed to the Geroldschlucht earlier than I expected. I started down and it ended in the stream. It looked maybe, as if the path had been washed away there, so I struggled on and then gave up, showing my way steeply through the pines on very steep ground to get back up, getting filthy and hot. I eventually found the proper path and was greeted by an old ÖAV member who lives in Innsbruck. We chatted and eventually got out of the woods by the Innsbruck West motorway junction. I staggered off into the town looking for a hotel. The first one I found was the 4 star Neue Post. I was not going to look further and checked in for an expensive night.

It was extremely hot during the night and it was suggested that the temperature was in the late thirties yesterday. I can well believe it. It was too hot still, although cooler, to contemplate an hour's walking round the old town, so I strolled off to the airport and completed my ambition to do the trip entirely on foot.

## 25 YEARS AGO

It was in August, twenty five years ago, that I joined my first ABMSAC Alpine Meet which was at Fälleralp in the Lotschental. I had no idea what to expect and knew only one member at the Meet but it was my only chance of getting any climbing that Summer. However it was an occasion not to be forgotten for it was the door to many more happy days in the mountains and many new friends. The highlight of the Meet was an ascent of the Bietschhorn by a large party. Under the guidance of Otto Stoller we made good time to the Bietschjoch and to the base of the West Ridge where we arrived shortly after first light. Initially all went well and, being experienced climbers, my companion and I moved together Alpine style; this earned a sharp reproof from the Guide. During the passage under the gendarmes Vincent Cohen, then President, started to find it hard to keep going and the whole party had to slow up. The Red Tower and the hand traverse and "a cheval" pitches took ages even though clear of snow. The summit was reached about 2 p.m. and Vincent was exhausted. I learnt then that it had been decided that, in the circumstances, it would not be possible to reverse the West Ridge and that it would be best to descend by the North Ridge. The remains of fresh snow on the North Ridge were soft and treacherous. Virginia French led down followed by Vincent and Otto: Paul W. French and I kept close behind in support. Using ice bollards and stances we lowered Vincent down the narrow ridge securing him and each other as best we could. The following ropes could do little to help because of the nature of the ground: they waited patiently. Finally a very long abseil down the glacier and a 15 metre ice cliff followed by a wide snow bridge across the Bergschrund brought us all to safe ground from which a helicopter could lift out. A small party stayed behind while the rest descended to the Hut, arriving some 26 hours after setting out the day before. A party went down to the village and soon a helicopter was landing up on the mountain: at that time only a stripped down Alouette was able to lift a load as high as 12,000 ft. This expedition acquired a reputation as an "epic", a term which is often associated with a "cock-up", but I thought then and am still of the same opinion, that everyone from Guide to Novice performed most excellently in a demanding situation. Thus ended my first experience of the ABMSAC at play. We were lucky to have had perfect weather and, as I realised later, the mountain was in good condition.

Fifteen years or more later I again went up the Bietschhorn. We put on crampons just above the source of the hut water supply and did not take them off until back at the same place 11 hours later, with crampons much blunted and having moved together throughout. The rock on the Schafberg was grottier, the shallow couloirs were hard ice, the bridge over the bergschrund en route to the North Ridge was very narrow but in compensation the ice cliff was gone. We rested briefly at the top of the rocks then on to the ridge, just wide enough for one foot in front of the other, balancing with axes in the side of the ridge with the West wind blowing the rope out horizontally between us. We stepped out on to the East Face for a pace or two to reach the crack in the first gendarme, then, near the top, the ridge became a knife blade of hard ice. We traversed out on to the East Face and front pointed up to the North Summit, then to the South Summit for a brief rest; it was 7 a.m. In descent the first pitches of the West Ridge had sharp ice caps several feet high. We sat astride and shuffled across – a chilly experience. The Red Tower was no problem but the gallery under the gendarmes was a miniscule gap between vertical loose rock and steep, hard water ice. I slipped zipping down the ice, but, in seconds, my son had arrested me. I climbed back up, my front points make a little impression in the ice. Then soon off the ridge, some lunch and a speedy scramble down to the Hut.

Both expeditions were great days to remember: both gave wonderful climbing in perfect weather on a challenging mountain, yet, for me, the most memorable was that in August 1967, for those 26 hours bound me to ABMSAC, something which I have never regretted.

HDA  
December 1992

## SCHOLLIHORN

13 August 1992

It was, I suppose, quite good of its kind,  
If you happen to like that sort of thing:  
Not quite three-five, the peak of second choice,  
Forced on us by successive weather-fronts  
Which both in turn dispersed. A great big heap,  
Remote, and hard of access; snow gone back;  
Five hours from anywhere, to which add five;  
Approached through boulder-fields and teetering blocks  
That want to squash you flat; and then a choice  
Of steepish ice, or rock like Weetabix;  
And hell's own wind across the long, flat top.  
A dangle from an ice-screw, coming home.

But real old-fashioned. Not for forty years  
Has route resembled book. No tracks. So all  
For us to find; the mountain only ours.  
We didn't see another soul all day.

*George Watkins*

## LADAKH 1992

In August-September 1992 Ashley Greenwood was in Ladakh with a party of several friends on a privately organised trekking and climbing expedition. The ABMSAC was represented by himself, John White and Livia Gollancz. A twelve day trek took us over high passes, three of them about the 5000 m mark, and this with four high camps at between 4360 m and 4720 m prepared us well for the final item on our programme, an attempt on Stok Kangri, a mountain of 6121 m, a few miles south of Lek.

Our base camp for this, at which we spent two nights, was a grassy pasture at 5100 m and the Sherpas levelled tent platforms out of a scree and rock slope above the Gulab Glacier for a higher camp at 5680 m. From this camp on 2nd September John Whyte aged 69, Stanley Thomas of the Climbing Club aged 78 and Ashley Greenwood aged 80 climbed the remaining 1500 ft or so to the top of Stok Kangri in three and a half hours with one short stop for refreshment. They were guided by Chewang Motup, a Ladakhi, assisted by several Sherpas. Unfortunately the weather broke on that very day soon after a spell of twelve days of sunshine. There was an inch or two of snowfall on the rocks and very poor visibility hiding the fabulous view, which extends from the Zaskar Range to the Karakoram, including several magnificent peaks including K2. Rosemary Greenwood aged 75 and Livia Gollancz aged 72 reached the top camp but preferred to stay put there whilst the remainder of the party climbed.

To train for this expedition Rosemary and Ashley did the Tour de Mont Blanc in July and as preparation for that carried suitably loaded rucksacks over the Chilterns for several Sundays. Livia joined the ABMSAC Summer meet in Zermat, in order to acclimatise herself to high altitudes.

Our arrangements in Ladakh were made with great efficiency by Rimo Expeditions of Lek. They have their own team of Sherpas, who work in Ladakh in the trekking season from mid June to mid September. In Spring and Autumn they move to Katmandu, where they operate under the auspices of Malla Treks, Malla Hotel.

*Ashley Greenwood*

## CHOICE HAS ITS PROBLEMS

The vicinity of Zermatt is an area where uncrowded huts and virgin snow are unlikely to be found. None the less the hunt for worthwhile and unpopular huts and mountains continues. Study of maps and guidebooks indicated that the Topali Hut and the hills served by it met the necessary criteria, the Hut walk being a very long steep slog, the tops being less than 4000 m with names of little interest to peak-baggers and, in the case of the Brunneghorn, not at all easy from the North where the Hut stood.

A recce in 1990 determined the best route and, in 1992, our expert of the recce unearthed his report and marked-up maps for an expedition during the latter part of the Zermatt Meet.

Parking the car in a small lay-by in the village up the valley from St Nicklaus, we were soon under close scrutiny by the locals. A front door opened and an old man stood in the doorway observing us closely; then an old woman peered out from a window immediately above. Not a word was spoken. Was this a sign of mixed good and bad weather?

A tiny noticeboard fixed inconveniently high on a barn indicated that there were 4 possible routes to the Topali Hut, number 1 to the left, number 4 to the right and 2 and 3 somewhere inbetween. During the next 3 days we never saw these numbers used elsewhere. Humping heavy sacks replete with equipment, dried food and Mars bars we met the first route finding problem after some 200 yards. Two bright new signs read Topali-Meiji right. Our expert was consulted and the marked maps were examined; needless to say we were on the junction of two map sheets. A decision was taken – left was absolutely definitely the correct way. Long-in-the-tooth mountaineers will recognise this as the first sign of being lost.

For more than 3 hours we plodded up a track through forest and scrub, across gullies and streams, around cliffs and through rock bands, climbing some 4000 ft encouraged by both newly painted and ancient waymarks. A new sign fixed to a tree with shining bright new screws pointed sharp right to Topali. We hesitated: the guidebook said that if in doubt one should turn left: there was no left turn, so we believed the sign. The track deteriorated quickly and we began to wonder what was wrong. Next an encounter with greedy, pushy goats before we reached a rock where a faded arrow pointed left, conflicting with another message saying "no path". The "no path" route did indeed go nowhere and we took some time finding this out. Maybe the other side of the torrent would be better and might allow us to reach another path higher up. So down to the edge of the torrent where someone had left a kit of parts for building a bridge. It did not take long to decide that to build a bridge would take a long time and require the assistance of a helicopter or at least someone on the other side. From the little Chalet on the other side there was no sign of life either human or animal.

Maps were inspected and it was agreed, reluctantly, that we should have turned right 3 hours ago. So it was retreat, meeting a Dutch party who also decided to try again the next day. Back at the car the old man looked out of his front door. I thought that he was going to say "You should have turned right" but he kept quiet and I detected a slight smile.

Choice has its problems.

HDA 30th September 1992

## HERE ARE THREE PERSONAL SNAPSHOTS FROM ZERMATT MEET

First when I was standing in the Metro at Allalin-mittel above Saas-Fee, waiting for it to descend. I was seized with the feeling that it would bottom out not at the cable car below, but much further and deeper until we reached the dull red glow of inferno itself. We had walked down early from Morgenrot to Zermatt station, taken the train to Stalden, then after half an hour's wait the bus to Saas-Fee, then after walking through Saas the cable car up to the Metro and finally the Metro itself to Allalin-mittel. Prompt at 11.30 a.m. we were roped and cramponed for the climb of the Allalinhorn. It took us two and a half hours, and a little more than an hour in descent. Now we faced the whole journey in reverse. Mountaineering reduced to absurdity? Well yes. But nonetheless we enjoyed it, and to move freely at 4000 m signally restored my spirits three days after having notably failed to climb the Matterhorn. I just hope that when the last trump sounds and the great Mountaineer on high passes judgement I shan't be condemned to descend via the Metro to that place of torment for thus climbing the Allalinhorn.

Second sitting at a table outside the Riffelalp Hotel. The previous day we had climbed the Alphubel, so I did not want to be too active; on the other hand it was too nice to be totally idle. So I resolved to get such climbing as there was, to Tuftern, over quickly and then contour right round as far as Riffelalp. As always the flowery meadows by Sunegga and Findeln were a delight. My route led me to two little lakes. The first, hidden beneath the path to Fluhalp, was Grundjisee, and exceptionally pretty, bordered by meadows and a spinney of pines, with clear streams running into it. After crossing the Findeln river I made my way round to Grünsee, not so attractive, but still very pleasant. I went on through the woods and eventually reached Riffelalp. At first I was put off by the imposing hotel, but closer examination showed the customers to be unpretentious, and the prices were much the same as anywhere else. So I ordered a Coupe Dent Blanche, apricot, strawberry and tangerine sorbet, surmounted by whipped cream (the word 'sclagsahne' conveys indulgence) finished off with a dash of apricot liqueur. When the waitress came for me to pay, my "Ausgezeichnet!" (perfect) was met with a broad grin. What a lot of other pleasures there were besides the high mountains, flowers, lakes, woods, not forgetting food and drink, and how good it was to enjoy them!

And then sitting on top of the Rimpfischhorn. I first climbed the Rimpfischhorn 25 years ago in 1967, my first ABMSAC meet (and a very notable one), so this climb was something of a celebration. The climb is not technically difficult, but long, especially if the descent is made back to Zermatt. We began at 3.40 a.m. and had two hours work in the dark, first on paths and then rockhopping, somewhat awkward. There was plenty of straightforward snow work, but I found a new and unwelcome feature in a steep ridge of loose rock and scree where before all had been snow covered. Two previous parties had been making a meal of it, and I'm not sure we did much better. In due course we reached the Rimpfischsattel, in company with other parties, and prepared for the final ascent. I remembered a far longer snow slope and much less rock; now the snow was quite passable and the rock climbing not difficult, if exposed. There are two summits; the true one is a few minutes beyond the top of the ridge. It is a pleasingly airy spot, and one is left in no doubt that one is up among the four thousanders. Still one cannot but be aware of the dangers even of a climb like this – a loose rock, a long fall on soft snow, an unseen crevasse, even a change in the weather which can happen much more quickly than it is possible to get off the mountain – all these can lead to injury or even death. Mountaineering is synonymous with risk, risk entered into open eyed, but deliberately, that the climber may overcome it.

*James Bogle*

## ZERMATT MEET 1992

Following our ascent of the Wellenkuppe John Edwards, who had taken Dave Brooker and myself under his experienced wing for the duration of the meet, decided the next day that a two night bivouac above Fluaip would be a good toughening up process for us. Although I had done some serious training during the summer to counteract the usual excess weight and to strengthen limbs that were more used to driving cars or raising the odd glass or two, I was not really mentally prepared for this spartan way of life. Nevertheless rucksacks were packed, unpacked and packed again while items were added or discarded, guide books and extra equipment were borrowed from fellow dormitory members and by midday on Wednesday, 5th August we lurched out of the Morgenrot and down to Zermatt.

We had already discovered the delights of the station buffet and we made sure that we had a substantial meal there before we faced three days of own cooking. The Sunnegga Express whisked us (as well as Harry Archer and George Watkins en route to the Rimpfischhorn) up a few useful hundred metres and we took the gondola to Blauherd. We pressed on past the Fluaip and headed East along the moraine ridge next to the Findelgletscher. We stayed on the look out for a suitable bivouac site with the most important factor being a good nearby water supply. Eventually we had to retrace our steps and at about 2700 m we found a grassy spot which was sheltered by the moraine ridge from the glacier and was close enough to a small lake for an easy supply of water. We settled down to brew tea, to spread out our gear and then to experiment with the cooking of freeze dried food. Not very successfully we made a meal of soup, a beef and vegetable stew, peach melba (which tasted extremely artificial) and coffee. We laid out our sleeping bags on the softest and least stony ground possible and settled down at about 10 p.m. for a pleasantly warm night under the stars.

After some quite tasty freeze dried scrambled eggs on toast (actually croutons) the next morning we left at 5 a.m. and we continued up the moraine path and then dropped down to the level of the glacier (a reconnaissance the day before thankfully made sure we knew where to descend in the dark) and we struggled for what seemed like hours over huge boulders until we reached the Adlergletscher. Here John bravely decided to give Dave and myself the task of finding our way to the summit of the Adlerhorn. Not being used to such responsibility we chose what looked to be the easiest route which was directly up the steep snow covered North West face. Having crossed the glacier we soon faced a difficult bergschrund with a dangerously ice-laden rock escape. After some delay John took over the lead and we were on the slope to the summit. However it was now afternoon and in the heat the snow became very soft and difficult. Dave took the lead and John and I followed in his deep footsteps often sinking in even further until we reached the summit. The views were breathtaking as we looked around and saw our future goal the Rimpfischhorn, the Mischabel peaks behind, the Monte Rosa range and, of course, the ever dominating Matterhorn. The Alderhorn curiously leans out from the Strahlhorn inviting an interest from climbers; yet it is a peak that is seldom climbed, probably due to its solitary position a long way away from the more popular peaks. After this slow ascent we quickly went over the rock ridge towards the Stahlhorn and after a short ice wall, where front-pointing and dexterous use of the ice-axe were needed, a steep slope with even softer snow took us to the summit (4190 m). The descent sometimes necessitated cramponing backwards to be on the safe side until we reached the glacier. Then over all those damn boulders again! We found our bivouac (with difficulty as we had hidden our belongings so well) and had a light meal as no one felt like any serious cooking. My boots had been filled with wet snow despite my gaiters and I was able to change my socks and regain some feeling in my toes. John was keen to strike camp and move up towards the Rimpfischhorn that night but as it was now dark a majority vote decided to leave things to the following morning.



Rimpfischhorn, Strahlhorn and Adlerhorn

We awoke to another clear day on the Friday morning and I lazily got out of my sleeping bag at 8 a.m. John and Dave didn't stir so I went down to the lake for water. Then Dave and I prepared breakfast and served it to John still in his sleeping bag. "Mm, cracking cup of tea that. Can I have another?" was heard coming from somewhere under his coverings. Eventually we packed up and walked down to the Flualp for a good lunch of soup, rosti and strudel. This was just as well as we failed to purchase any further rations in our anxiety to contact the Morgenrot to inform them that we would be out for a third night. So we then walked almost up to the Langfluejoch and found a suitable bivouac under a large rock at about 3200 m. Dave and John went on another reconnaissance while I built up a small dry stone wall (I was called Jackson for the rest of the expedition) to protect us from the now cold wind. After a much improved supper of boeuf bourguignonne we piled in head to toe like sardines unable to move an inch. If any of us had needed to get out during the night a tin opener would have been needed. Luckily no one did.

Saturday morning was fine again and after discovering that all we had for breakfast were packs of apple and custard and nothing except an apple and chocolate for later in the day, we left the bivouac at about 5 a.m. For the next two hours we were able to walk without a rope or crampons until we were at the foot of the first rock climb. A tedious amount of scree followed, then a snow field which finished with any icy approach to the bergschrund and the final rock ridge. After a bit of a struggle on verglas to start with the rock became easier and an exhilarating and varied dry rock climb was enjoyed until we reached the summit (4198 m), shared with a young Swiss couple at 11 a.m. Amazingly we only saw one other couple, being a Swiss guide and his aspirant, all day. Rope management was crucial to a quick descent and with three of us on the rope we were slower descending the rock than we really should have been. When we did get down to the snow we were beset by snow holes which seemed to swallow us up with monotonous regularity. Such is the price one pays for delay in the Alps. With frozen feet again and three nights bivouacing

taking its toll on my fortitude and perseverance I for one was very relieved to reach our bivouac site at about 6 p.m. By now it was too late to get down to Zermatt that day so while John and I packed up and tidied up Dave went ahead to the Flualp to let the Morgenrot know that we again would not be back that evening. As John and I walked down at dusk when nearing the Flualp we had the bonus of surprising two magnificent ibex that were browsing only yards away from us on the path. On arrival at the Flualp, being a hotel rather than a SAC hut, we were able to have a late meal and a comfortable night. Before leaving I enquired if anyone had left for the Rimpfischhorn that morning and to my surprise I was told none had done so. Despite the distances the Rimpfischhorn has safe approaches and such good rock climbing that I would have thought it would be one of the more popular 4000 m peaks. Thank goodness it isn't.

We returned to Zermatt on the Sunday morning dirty, dishevelled but distinctly pleased with what we had been able to achieve. We may not have been the fastest of climbers but Dave and I were relying on John's alpine experience and without this we would not have been able to have had such an enjoyable and fulfilling few days on snow, rock and ice. And, who knows, perhaps my little stone wall will still be standing for other members of ABMSAC to shelter behind in years to come.

*Edward Coales*

## MEMBERS ACTIVITIES 1992

J. S. Whyte

For me 1992 was an active year in the hills, and saw over 150 tops ticked off, mostly done solo. Perhaps the onset of old age has stimulated me to pack as much as possible into the all too few years remaining. Having been a member of the ABM longer than any other member who is still active in the hills, the subject of advancing years cannot be dismissed altogether from my mind!

The climbing year started in early February when we were in Cumbria for the northern dinner. On the Sunday after the dinner the weather was pretty wet, but we got onto Maiden Moor and High Spy in a combination of cloud, strong wind and vicious rain squalls. Next day was better so with Nigel Cooper did the little-known round of the peaks at the head of Swindale, south of Haweswater. The last top of the round is Harrap Pike which is the most easterly peak in the Lake District, giving good views in all directions.

Later in February took one of my grandsons up his first rock climb, Eagle Crag, from where we continued over Nethermost Pike and Helvellyn, descending by Striding Edge. The day's adventures gained a good deal in the telling as Jason recounted them to his awed younger brother. One day was enough for small legs, so next day I traversed Skiddaw over Ulock Pike, picking up Sale How and Lonscale Fell on the way. At the end of March in the Lakes again and enjoyed exploring the back o' Skiddaw fells, including High Pike, The Knott, and Great Lingy Hill in squally rain and hail. Heavy snow on the last day of the month saw me digging ourselves out of the cottage on 1 April, and three feet of snow on the fell side behind. This snow gave a sporting way up the oddly named Fisherwife's Rake onto Clough Fell a couple of days later.

In May to Dartmoor for a Rucksack Club meet. Eighteen miles over the moor in thick mist and heavy rain proved hard going on the Saturday, making the chairman late for the Club dinner. Sunday dawned with better weather, so climbed Dartmoor's only two 2000 ft tops, before setting off at 4.30 pm to rush to the ABM meet in Kinlochewe, where we arrived 24 hours later. Mixed weather during the week, but splendid day with Nigel Cooper traversing the full ridge of Liathig as well as other tops on other days. As the party dispersed on Saturday morning the Sun came out, so after bidding the others farewell I did the round of Slioch, on which I saw only one other couple all day. The approach to the foot of Slioch along the North shore of Loch Maree has the reputation of a weary slog. Whilst undeniably it adds several miles at each end of the day, it was for me sheer delight in the glorious weather that I enjoyed. Leaving Kinlochewe next day Joan and I headed north, and I ascended several Munros including the most northerly, Ben Hope. A day at Cape Wrath walking along the cliff tops and looking at birds showed the cape in uncharacteristically benign mood. A warm sun, and little six inch waves gently lapping the foot of the stacks. How often is it like this? More cliff walks and birds around the North and East coasts before coming down to The Great Glen, and some more Munros. Back in Cumbria the good weather continued, so rounded off a splendid month with days on the Pennine moors, the Ennerdale Hills, and Scawfell Pike where I visited Broad Crag and Ill Crag, two of the smaller summits of the main peak very close to the track from Scawfell Pike to Esk Hause but rarely visited by the hundreds of folk who pass by.

Back in Cumbria at the end of June did the rewarding but long round from Mellguards over Loadpot Hill, Red Crag, High Raise to Kidsty Pike. On round Rampsgill Head and Rest Dodd to Angle Tarn where several families were bathing. The last lap was to go over Place Fell before going down to Boredale and back to Martindale. A thoroughly recommended round. After a day on the Dodds, went over to Ennerdale and up Steeple. Going along the ridge from here crossed Haycock and Little Gowder Crag ( a very pleasant rocky ridge at

one end gives a good scramble) to reach the broad open top of Caw. Few people go there, so not many will notice that the most recent issue of the Ordnance Survey map has moved its summit one mile! Returned to Ennerdale over Iron Crag, another top which is both little known by name, and rarely visited. This was the hottest day of the year in Cumbria, so my desiccation demanded a practical remedy on return to the valley.

In mid-July went to Cumbria intending to stay for a fortnight, and making the resolution to go onto the fells every day, regardless of the weather. This was a resolve that was followed faithfully, with the result that many unpromising starts turned into excellent days, and 47 tops were reached in the fortnight. Amongst the memories of that rewarding period were the Kentmere round, a round on The Cheviot – with peat bogs rivalling those of Dartmoor – and many others. One particularly good day, blessed with fine sunshine, was spent on the Howgills. There are seven tops in all. Five of them can easily be done in one walk, but Yarlside and Randygill Top are separated from the main body by deep valleys, so to include these in the same day demands much more exertion. My strategy to avoid the temptation of missing out the last two when tired at the end of the day was to do these two first, so the full round was completed in the one walk. They are rounded grassy hills, without crags, but fine walking and recommended. A bonus for the day was to see a merlin at close quarters, as this is one of the few areas where they survive. Ullscarf has the reputation of being the wettest hill in the Lake District, so I decided to wear wellies when I visited it early in August. It proved to be a most appropriate choice as there were frequent stretches of unavoidable water up to 8 ins deep on the moor. Thick mist ensured that although I reached the summit, the only view seen for most of the day was the compass needle.

In September off to India with Ashley Greenwood and his party, where we enjoyed a leisurely walk through Ladakh, culminating in the ascent of Stok Kangri, 20,100 ft. As on Ullscarf, thick mist was our lot, so instead of seeing 100 miles in every direction from the summit, we saw 50 feet. But such is the way of the mountains.

More days in Cumbria in October, including one day on Scawfell which Nigel Cooper and I ascended from Seathwaite via Lords Rake and West Wall Traverse, and descended to Mickledore via Broad Stand. Broad Stand has not got any easier since I was last there some years ago, but is certainly even more polished, and coming down is more awkward than going up, particularly if you leave the rope in the car at Seathwaite.

At the end of October we had the first snow of the year, and this provided an excellent day on Grisedale Pike. The weather was very cold, and the upper part of the east ridge was hard snow, just right for kicking steps but a very strong wind made standing up difficult and prompted me to pick a line further from the edge of the ridge than would usually be taken. Back again in the north for Christmas, and the opportunity to round off the year with walks on the Pennines when the peat bogs were frozen hard as iron, making the going uncharacteristically easy, and a brilliant day on the Buttermere fells. The way up High Crag from Birkness Fell via Sheepbone Rake is a very agreeable route, and thence to walk along over High Pike to Red Pike in fine winter sunshine, with Buttermere and Crummock Water at their very best provided a grand finale to a good year's walking.



Mike Goodyer

This year was an active year with some long standing ambitions achieved. The winter activities included climbing Gardyloo Gully on Ben Nevis and skiing in Val Thorens with members of the Harrogate Climbing Club. In February Andy Burton and Ed Bramley and I climbed *Corvus on Raven Crag in traditional style on the Northern Dinner Meet weekend* – a good day out.

In the spring the family hired a cottage in Tideswell and we spent the week walking around the Derbyshire Dales. We were blessed with fine weather. I visited Skye with Chris Pugh (Harrogate Mountain Club) over the Spring Bank Holiday week. It was our first visit. Five days of blue sky and sun enabled us to enjoy the mountains to the full. We climbed the Great Prow on Blawen and had a day on the Cioch Face climbing the Cioch Direct and Arrow Root and finishing up Trophy Crack. The highlight of the trip was the traverse of the ridge. We left the Glen Brittle campsite at first light, 4.50 a.m. and reached Sgurr nan Gillean at 8 p.m. The walk back across the moor to Glen Brittle was dry and we arrived back just after dark at 11.30 p.m. A lovely day out in the mountains.

In June I went along to the Lakes Scrambles Weekend and enjoyed a good walk to lunch at the Haweswater Hotel. An excellent day out – thanks to Wendell. In July Terry Trundle, my running partner, and I completed the Elite course on the Saunders Lakeland Mountain Marathon. The 2 day course took us over 44 miles of the Western Lakes covering 18000 ft of ascent. We finished 12th out of 23 starters. I have never been so pleased to see the finish of a race!

At the end of July I visited Chamonix with Chris Pugh. The Mont Blanc Range was covered with 50 ft fresh snow and suffering from hot days and warm nights. Any thoughts of the big ice routes contemplated were stored away for future years. We just rock climbed, *although the snow prevented us from starting the traverse of the Drus. This was especially galling after the long walk into the Charporae hut in the heat of the day and the hut being overcrowded – 20 of us in a hut that sleeps 12.* We climbed on the Aig Ranges, but were not too impressed by the quality of the climbs. By contrast the climbing on the South Face of the Cosmiques Arete was enjoyable. We finished the route and abseiled back to our rucksacks just as we were hit by heavy snow and an electric storm. The queues down the cable car were three hours long. *The highlight of the trip was the day on the Grand Capucin. This pinnacle rises 1000 ft from the glacier opposite the North Face of the Tour Ronde. We left the Torino Hut at 5.30 a.m. in perfect weather and walked across the soft snow of the glacier and reached the start of the climb at 9 a.m. The route was the Swiss Direct (TD+, English grade E2, 5b/c, Ao) and consisted of 11 pitches of climbing up a series of steep groves and cracks. The crux pitches consisted of a vertical finger crack leading to a roof, climbed in slings, followed by a short crack with verglas smeared all over the wall. We reached the small summit of pinnacle after 9 hours climbing. We abseiled down the pinnacle to our rucksacks and stumbled back to the hut in soft snow. A perfect day out in the Alps.*

The family holiday in August was spent in Seefeld walking about the area. This is a very pretty area for walking. The weather was too hot for walking on some days. On the return journey we stopped at Grindelwold for a few days to enjoy the mountains and walks. This area of Switzerland is our favourite.

As the summer was drawing to a close I joined a local running club and entered several road, fell and cross country races over the autumn and early winter. In October I met up with Andy Burton and Ed Bramley for a day's climbing this time at Standedge. A good day out, but cold. At the half term holiday the family spent some time walking in Northumbria

and Grizedale forest in the Lakes. This year's activities closed in November with the Harrogate Mountain Club's Annual Dinner meet at Torren in the Lakes.

Now the plans start for next year.

Wendell Jones

A damp Northern Dinner Meet began a year involving icy blasts on Blencathra, heatstroke by St Mary's Loch, thunder and lightning in the lower Pyrenees, torrential rain in the Gorges du Tarn and blazing sun in Zermatt.

Memories flit by. The Basque country, like Wales, green fields and mutilated signposts on one side of the Pyrenees; loneliness amid sinister scrawls of ETA on the other. The quiet hotel in the Aveyron gorge, with French Railways chugging under its cellars. Castles hanging in the sky at Najac and Beynac. The galleried squares of the Bastide Towns. The brooding forests of the Landes. Rain sweeping in over Lake Vyrnwy. Arthur's Seat, a moorland walk in the middle of Auld Reekie (Edinburgh). The trackless pink heather of the Berwyns. The near exhaustion of that Haweswater walk.

In walking and climbing, the emphasis was more on quantity than quality. A three mile scramble on the Stockhorn ridge, a snowclad – well slightly – Ober Rothorn in trainers. A first time walk to Ben Lomond, a stroll along Curbar Edge. A very brief reconnaissance above the Hornli.

Last but not least, a postprandial wallow from Bernwood Forest to Brill-on-Hill, which was graced by The Central President of the Swiss Alpine Club and by ten fellow ABMSAC members. Monsieur Krieg was very polite about the British mud.

Peter Farrington

A hotch-potch of mountain activities over the last eighteen months starting with some winter Munros in conditions ranging from heavy snow and mist on Ben Lui/Beinn a Cleib, Gleuraich/Spidean Muliach and Bruach na Frithe to clear crisp ridges on The Saddle and Strathcarron Hills and bare damp rocks on Beinn Alligin, Ciste Dubh and Creag nan Damh.

Regular fell running enabled me to complete the Bens of Jura and Arran Glen Rosa Horseshoe races whilst mountain biking, including a trip with my son Simon from Oban to Fort William via Loch Etiveside, Glencoe and the old military road above Kinlochleven, remained a continuing diversion. Further pedalling on Corfu culminated in a ride to the island's highest point, Mt. Pantokrator, 2970 ft.

Still in pursuit of the sun, this time with regular climbing partner Tony Perrons, I spent a few days on the G.R. 20 from Spasimata to La Restonica, taking time out to climb Corsica's highest peak, Monte Cinto, 8887 ft. Another sunshine holiday provided a couple of rough walks amongst the arid ridges and canyons of Gran Canaria.

During a September visit to the Valais we traversed the Pigne de la Le from a snow covered Moiry Hut then crossed the Col de Tsate to The Val d'Herens. The advantage of an early start to the Rossier Hut from a bivouac near Ferpele was lost when the weather changed at Bricola. However an abrupt about-turn allowed us to reach Sion in time to cache some gear and make the hair-raising bus journey to Derborence. A splendid walk in improving conditions over the next two days took us up a series of hanging valleys to the Col de la Forcla and over to the Rambert Hut below the Grand Muveran. A meandering descent to Chamoson led back to Sion.

Most other free time was spent pottering around the hills and coastline of Islay and Jura. One especially enjoyable outing being a repeat of our previously reported sea cliff traverse at the Mull of Oa with visiting D.A.V. member Stephan Hennecke.

#### *Mike Pinney*

1992 would seem to have been the year of the climbing wall. During a Yeovil Club trip to the Peak District, the rain on the Saturday morning put the local crags out of the question, a walk also was unappealing. Hence a visit to the Foundary, Sheffield's indoor climbing facility. I had expected to have had enough after a couple of hours. In practice we were there about seven hours, due to the structuring of routes. There were then about 25 top ropes (more now) with colour coded holds giving generally 3 graded routes per rope. The following month we scheduled to climb in Wye Valley with the new Bristol Climbing Centre now offering a plan B. In the event although it was wet in Yeovil it cleared as we crossed Bristol such that we crossed the Severn and had a dry day's climbing! Without the alternative of the climbing wall we would not have set out!

Argentina in the summer, a good first week - Domeside Meage Traverse les Courtes traverse and Les Droites adding to my 4000's tally. In terms of peak bagging the second and third weeks were a disappointment. A week's Munroing in the Teridon area, provided some consolation and the mountains didn't come down to meet you.

An Indian summer did not materialise and two autumn visits to North Wales resulted in climbing at Tremaclog. On the first we ended up climbing Striptease "often stays dry in the rain". The climb was dry but we got rather wet and muddy after the climb. On the second we opted for Eric Jones climbing barn. And for over the winter, Yeovil now has a climbing wall. Hopefully the training time will be rewarded by good weather in 93.

## BOOK REVIEW

*The Mountains of Wales* Ian Bowen Rees, University of Wales Press 1992, pp299. Paperback £10.95, hardback £25.00.

Our member Ian Bowen Rees has revised and considerably expanded a book, a very beautiful one, first published by the Gregynog Press in 1987. It is an anthology of prose and verse, English and Welsh, on the mountains of Wales. Most of the Welsh is accompanied by translations; those verses which are not have explanatory notes.

Climbers might like to turn first to the section on Mountaineers, where they will find themselves in company with J. M. Archer Thompson, Geoffrey Winthrop Young, Arnold Lunn, Dorothy Pilley, Gwen Moffat and Joe Brown, among many others. Another section treats of mountain history from indeed prehistory until the "discovery" of Wales in the 18th century and later. Included are the accounts of the first recorded ascent of Snowdon for fun in 1741 and the first recorded rock climb in Wales, on Clogwyn Du'r Arddu, in 1798. In the section on Welsh mountain people they sometimes appear to be living idyllically but the children whose poverty is such that they must gather lichen from the mountain rocks to sell at 1 ½ d a pound tell a different story. The warmth and security of Margaret Roberts' mountain farm while a blizzard rages are almost tangible; and the mass ascents of Carnedd Llewelyn by young people singing psalms and hymns are extraordinary. There is a section celebrating the Welsh mountains in art and verse. Sadly the very attractive reproductions of the watercolours of John Parker in the Gregynog edition are lacking. The book is not without humour, but it concludes reflectively with verse from Wordsworth to R.S. Thomas.

Those who have Welsh will be even more rewarded. The englyn on John Closs is the most terrifying verse I know, and deserves to be heeded by climbers; Lewis Morris really is amusing about his mountain travel; while Nesta Wyn Jones on her farm combines description with feeling superbly.

George Borrow is quoted on the top of Snowdon. After he had recited a verse in Welsh he was asked his nationality by a Welshman standing by. 'I am one of a nation amongst whom any knowledge save what relates to money-making and over-reaching is looked upon as a disgrace . . . I am an Englishman.' If you climb in Wales, if you want to avoid Borrow's self-reproach, if you want to be greatly and very pleasurably enriched, read *The Mountains of Wales*.

*James Bogle*

## A. B. HARGREAVES: HONORARY MEMBER

A.B. Hargreaves has been made an Honorary Member of ABMSAC. The occasion cannot pass without a very special tribute to one of the great names in the history of climbing in this country, a legend in his lifetime. To quote "Helyg", the book commemorating the Diamond Jubilee of the Climbers' Club Hut, "One of the truly great characters of the climbing world".

He was a member of ABMSAC from 1928-38 and rejoined in 1947. He is particularly well known for his climbs in Wales and the Lake District. It is a measure of his ability in these spheres that he was elected President of the Climbers's Club (1960-1963) and President of the Fell & Rock Club (1952-1954). It is quite exceptional to have been President of both these well-known Clubs. Indeed one has to go back to the days of W.C. Slingsby in the early part of the century to find an equal record. It is interesting to note that Slingsby was Susan Hargreaves' great grandfather on her mother's side of the family.

In his early days in the 20s and 30s, great progress was being made in climbing in the Lakes. However A.B. felt that not enough attention was being paid to the climbing opportunities in Wales. When he was Treasurer of the Fell & Rock, "he decided to set about educating them by putting an article in the 1933 Journal to tell them about Wales and the wonderful climbs which had lately been done there".

He not only climbed extensively, but recorded many of these early climbs for posterity, as can be seen from the pages of the Journal of the Climbers' Club.

After the War in Europe had come to an end, he wrote an article in the JCC on the benefits of making a National Park in the Lake District. In it, he drew attention to the many conflicting bodies, each with its own particular axe to grind and the danger that without a common coordinating body, Lakeland would be left to be fought over, to the detriment of this great natural resource. He later served on the governing board which organised the Lakes National Park.

Although many of his climbing feats took place some decades ago and are therefore unfamiliar to more recent members of ABMSAC, many of us were delighted to make his acquaintance at the celebrations at the Britannia hut in 1984 and he was also an honoured guest on 8 November 1990 at the Royal Geographical Society on the occasion of the Everest celebration. More recently he attended the 1992 Annual Dinner with his daughter Susan, and on the following day lunched in the Painted Hall at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich with other members of ABMSAC.

*Ross Cameron*

(I am indebted to Paul French for his contribution to this note).

*Editor's note*

*A.B. Hargreaves is anxious that he is not mistaken for his great namesake Albert Thompson Hargreaves.*

## OBITUARIES

### Mrs Pat Gill

We very much regret to report the death of Pat Gill on 28 September 1992 in the Katmandu air crash. Pat joined the Association in 1991 and attended meets in Scotland, Wales and this summer's meet in Zermatt. A gifted musician, she was an enthusiastic climber and always enlivened our gatherings. We extend our warmest sympathy to her husband and family.

### Lady Susi Jeans

We very much regret to announce the death of Lady Susi Jeans on 7 January 1993 at the age of 81.

Susi, as she was always known, was a distinguished organist, harpsichordist and musicologist, who specialised in Baroque keyboard music and whose work was a precursor of the study and performance of early music later developed by Munro and Hogwood.

For many years, she held Master Classes and a Summer School at her house at Boxhill.

A lover of the mountains, she was first taken to the Alps by her parents in the 20s for ski-ing and mountaineering and had twice climbed the Matterhorn.

In recent years, she came with the Association to Saas Fee in the year of the 75th Anniversary celebrations (1984), and to Klosters in 1989. At Saas Fee, one of the highlights of the social events was her organ recital given in the local church.

We have been fortunate in being able to enjoy her hospitality and fascinating conversation at Cleveland Lodge after some of our Surrey walks.

Many of our older members were brought up on Sir James Jeans' books on astronomy and a slim volume which he dedicated to Susi: "Science and Music". Perhaps "Science and Music" best sums up the tremendous contribution that they both gave for the benefit of us all.

ARC



Fred Dangar's lifelong interest in the Alps began with a visit in the summer of 1922 to the area around Chamonix and Finhaut. This was the first of over thirty visits, extending into the early 1960s, to the mountains of Switzerland, France and Austria. Fred climbed in the then traditional way with a guide. His climbs between 1929 and 1936 included the Grand Combin, Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, Zinal Rothorn, Aiguilles Rouge d'Arolla, Petite Dent de Vesivi, Gspalpaltenhorn, Wetterhorn, ascents in the Pyrenees and the Gross Glockner group. He was especially interested in Switzerland and developed a deep knowledge of the country.

He worked on archives about the European Alps and built up classified records of the greater ranges. His work in producing indexes for the Himalayan Journal covering the years 1929–1978 resulted in him being elected an honorary member of the Himalayan Club.

He was much loved and respected by his family and friends. We offer them our deepest sympathy.

(This is a shortened version of the obituary published in the Alpine Journal and is printed with the permission of his family. Editor.)

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Association held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, London on Saturday 14th November 1992.

The President was in the chair with 18 members present.

1. Apologies for absence were received from Mr and Mrs Gartside, Miss Nicola Wallis, Mrs Barbara Rees, Mr Wendell Jones and Mr Brooke Midgley.
2. The Minutes of the 1991 AGM as published in the Journal were accepted. Proposed: Peter Bull. Seconded: Gillian Bull. Passed unanimously. There were no matters arising.
3. The President welcomed Mr A.B. Hargreaves, who had recently accepted Honorary Membership of the Association. Mr Hargreaves responded with a reply thanking the members.
4. Election of Officers and Committee  
The Officers of the Association and the Hon. Auditor all offered themselves for re-election, and were elected unopposed. Proposed: Frank Solari. Seconded: A.B. Hargreaves. Passed unanimously.

The committee's nomination of Mr R.N. James and Dr D.C. Watts as members of the committee were also unopposed. Proposed: John Chapman. Seconded: John Boyle. Passed unanimously.

The President thanked the outgoing committee members, Livia Gollancz and John Dempster, for their contributions over the last three years.

The new Committee will be comprised of the officers and:

Mr T. F. McManus	Dr J.M. Scarr
Mr A.I. Andrews	Mr M.J. Goodyer
Mr N.J. Legg	Mr R.N. James
Dr D.C. Watts	

5. The Accounts  
The President presented the accounts as the Treasurer had been delayed by a security alert on the underground. Subscription income had increased although there was a slight drop in membership numbers. Expenditure for the Journal was up, but reduced for the Newsletter. The cost of postage etc., London activities and BMC subscription had also increased. An excess of income over expenditure of £391 was recorded. After some discussion on ways to reduce the loss on London activities, the adoption of the accounts was proposed by Peter Bull, seconded by Ben Suter and passed unanimously.
6. Subscriptions  
The Committee recommendations for subscription rates to the ABMSAC for 1993 were:

Single membership:	£14.50
Joint membership:	£22.00
Junior membership:	£6.00

Proposed: Belinda Baldwin. Seconded: Livia Gollancz. Passed unanimously. A recommendation was made that the committee should consider the charge for affiliate membership relative to full membership.

The SAC subscription rates had been fixed by the Committee on the basis of each member's section rate in 1992 converted at 2.25SF to the £. New members joining and first year subscription: £45.

#### 7. President's Report

"In reviewing the year, I have to report that the Association has had another enjoyable year and the finances are satisfactory. Although the overall numbers of members have fallen slightly, there has been an increase in full members of the SAC.

We are glad to welcome a number of new members. It is particularly gratifying to find that members who came to Zermatt for the first time were most enthusiastic about the meet. I am pleased to record that A.B. Hargreaves was made an Honorary Member in recognition of his contribution to climbing, and I am very happy that he has been able to join us this evening with his daughter.

I very much regret that we have lost two members through death: D.F.O. Dangar, in his 90th year and Mrs Pat Gill who was a victim in the Kathmandu air disaster. However we were glad that Pat and her son Dominic had such an enjoyable time at Zermatt and greatly enlivened our meet.

During the year there were, as usual, two Alpine meets, one at Zermatt and the other at Argentiere. On the whole, the weather was good and a great many climbs and walks were accomplished. There have been meets in Scotland, Wales and the Lake District. In addition, some of our members went to Ladakh, Nepal, Kenya, and one acted as expedition doctor on the British Schools Expedition to Iceland.

A special feature this year was the visit of Trevor Bent, President of a sub-section of Diablerets, who brought fifteen climbers and walkers from Switzerland to Scotland and the Lake District. He has written an entertaining note which was published in the Newsletter. In spite of the weather, which was less than kind, they seem to have enjoyed themselves. They were most grateful to George Watkins, Kathy and Terry McManus for taking the trouble to meet them.

I would like to thank the officers and committee and the organisers of the meets, lectures and social events for their unfailing support during the year.

It would be invidious to name names but perhaps I might make a few exceptions:

I would like to thank Marion Porteous who after 14 years has decided to give up organising the Northern Buffet, which has been such a success. I look forward to our Northern colleagues to volunteer to fill that vital gap!

The Journal is the lasting record of the achievements of the Association. Rudolf Loewy decided to retire from the position of Honorary Editor after the issue of this year's Journal, having been Editor since 1987. We are most grateful for his splendid contribution over that period.

Someone who is not on our official list of contributors is our Hon. Projectionist – Frank Solari, without whom our slide show would not be so professionally presented. (unless of course, dealt with by our Deputy Projectionist – John Whyte) There are eight ways of showing a slide, 7 of which are wrong and we are grateful to Frank for his very high success rate in showing slides.

This year the membership records were computerised – an operation which does not always proceed without problems, as anyone who has had anything to do with computers will confirm. I think we owe a special debt of gratitude to Heather and Mark Eddowes and Mike Pinney for managing to overcome all the problems encountered. Finally, I would like to thank Mike Pinney and David Bennett for producing the accounts in time for presentation of this AGM.

#### 8. Any Other Business

Peter Ledeboer gave a report on the SAC Annual Assembly which he had attended:

A deficit of some 600,000SF had caused a great deal of discussion. The subscription to the Central Committee is to be increased from 24 to 30SF, but the Diablerets and Monte Rosa sections would not pass this on until 1994. (Over 50's are to be exempt)

The responsibilities for mountain rescue is supposed to be shared with the Cantons, but is falling mainly on the shoulders of the SAC.

The repair of two huts destroyed by avalanche and fire has not yet been resolved.

A proposal to rebuild the Britannia hut is in the discussion stage; Peter suggested that the ABMSAC should be associated with this, and Paul French asked that the committee should set up a fund, perhaps widening any appeal to include the AC and BMC among others.

There being no other business, the President declared the meeting closed at 6.30 p.m.