



FÊTE DE LUTTEURS.

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## VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

BY EDWARD L. STRUTT, PRESIDENT OF THE ALPINE CLUB

*Read before the Alpine Club, December 6, 1937*

THE period embraced by the Presidency now drawing to a close has been marked by great activities—mountaineering, literary, even controversial. The last few months have been saddened by the death of two most distinguished ex-Presidents, and by the greatest mountain accident of all time.

Of the purely Alpine performances of our members I shall have little to say. Nothing new remains; in fact, little has remained for many years past. Of 'Impossibilities'—or futilities<sup>1</sup>—I shall not speak. That the Alps will continue always as a beautiful, classic play and practice ground for greater Ranges, is as indubitable a fact as the very existence of this Club. But our future, so far as *new* expeditions are concerned, lies among the countless peaks of the Himalaya.

Graham Brown has accomplished new combinations in the Pennines, notably with Houston, the ascent of Nordend by the E. face together with its descent by the startling N. arête to the Jägerjoch and Bétemps—all in one day. The traverse of Dent Blanche by the W. and E. arêtes was a gentle day's walk. Moreover, alone with Houston, Graham Brown contrived to unravel one more of the mysteries of the Fillarjoch. Were he of another nationality, our member could hardly have avoided many mentions in despatches accompanied by those serio-comical medals for valour so lavishly awarded, often for finding variations on the wrong sides of boulders! In 1937 Graham Brown was unusually idle; he merely traversed most of the great Oberland peaks from 'end to end.' Perennially youthful, Leo Amery has

<sup>1</sup> The Péteret arête was defiled by an *Alleingänger* in 1937!

flitted among giddy and disintegrating pinnacles on the Alps' eastern and southern frontiers. His charm, more especially his speed, have enabled him so far to avoid arrest. Can a certain country ever acquire a sense of humour or of its own limitations?

Our Swiss member, Oskar Hug, has found a new and very difficult approach to the Gross Schreckhorn by its W. face and N. arête. In 1936 we come to a series of very fine ascents carried out in the Mont Blanc group and elsewhere by a party of young members or future candidates: Jenkins, Peacocke, Hodgkinson, Taylor, Roberts and Barry. In 1937 some excellent climbs were effected in the Central Pennines by a future candidate, Wilfrid Noyce. Blanchet has been active as usual among all the great overhangs of the Alps. He and his fine companion, Kaspar Mooser of Täsch, may be trusted to climb in safety any peak, whether taken straight up, sideways, or upside down.<sup>2</sup> I would just mention the ascent of the Kalli (S.E.) face of Eiger by two Germans in 1937, the N. face of Grandes Jorasses also by two members of that nation in 1935, finally the N. face of the Western Ailefroide by an Italian and Frenchman in 1936—this last climb constituting the greatest Alpine adventure during my term of office.

I must also note a fine series of expeditions carried out in the last three years by Countess (Esther) Bonacossa, Miss Ursula Corning, Mrs. Blandy (*née* Ethel Whymper), Miss Hermione Blandy, Mme and Mlle Micheline Morin. We regard these ladies as quite of our own.

It is, however, when we turn overseas that we come to the greatest of the exploits still maintaining this ancient Club in its honourable place. Beginning with the Himalaya we have the superb conquest in 1936 of Nanda Devi by a British-American party, members of the Club, officially declared as leaderless, but press-featured as the property in turn of all concerned in the expedition. We have Shipton's great reconnaissance of Everest in 1935, when more peaks—twenty-six in number, all over 20,000 ft.—fell to the party in a single season than ever before in the Himalaya. Bad weather and bad conditions dogged the footsteps of Ruttledge's attempt—the sixth—on Everest himself. The year of 1936 seems to have been cursed by a preternaturally early monsoon. No finer, no better led and no more unselfish team has so far approached the mountain. It had been inevitable, ever since the 1921 exploration, that one combination at least might find impossible weather and conditions above 23,000 ft.—it is ironical that this particular party should be the one to

<sup>2</sup> Mooser has, I regret to hear, met with a severe accident while quarrying.

encounter such a fate. We can but sympathise with its admirable leader and all ranks of the expedition. In 1936 also we have the pleasure to note a great exploration of the peaks and passes to the N. of the Nanda Devi basin carried out by the Survey of India and directed as all such undertakings should be by an experienced mountaineer, in this case Eric Shipton. It is obvious that the old jealousies of 1882 between climbers and surveyors are buried for ever, and that the two will go forward hand in hand towards the conquest and close mapping of the great Himalaya.

Reginald Schomberg continues his explorations in Chitral and the Hindu Kush. A French expedition led by our member, de Ségogne, has visited the Karakoram and attempted the 26,470 ft. peak of Gasherbrum, Conway's 'Hidden Peak.' The goal was an ambitious one for a party inexperienced in the Himalaya; the expedition was unwieldy from its very size, and the weather is always uncertain before the end of August in that part of the Karakoram. Nevertheless, good judgment and leadership achieved a certain height and brought the climbers back, despite minor mishaps, intact to Europe. We still hope to see a mobile French party at work among the 20,000 to 23,000-ft. Himalaya.

Now we come to Paul Bauer's great 1936 exploits in Sikkim. The expedition was designed as a try-out for young Germans likely to take part in the 1937 attempt on Nanga Parbat, or on Kangchenjunga in the future. Led with the utmost skill and discretion the party successfully stormed peerless Siniolchu, being rewarded by what were almost the sole fine days enjoyed throughout the journey. One of the Simvu peaks also fell, together with lesser heights, but the ascent of Siniolchu will rank perhaps as technically the most difficult summit so far accomplished in Asia. Of the sad fate, a year later, of the bulk of a splendid party, I must speak further on.

Marco Pallis also led a small party in Sikkim early in the same year, but weather and conditions were all against him. Chapman, of Arctic fame, with a solitary Sherpa achieved this year a most remarkable *tour de force* in the first ascent of Chomolhari, 23,997 ft., a superb peak and one perhaps more viewed by members of Everest expeditions and other travellers than any great Himalayan mountain. Undoubtedly serious risks were taken, but the objective was brilliantly attained.

In 1935 Waller and John Hunt accomplished a splendid attempt on K<sub>36</sub>, properly PK. 36/52<sub>A</sub>, in the Saltoro Himalaya, attaining a height of 24,000 ft. I would especially draw attention to the extraordinary insight shown by these young officers. Had they

persevered with the last bit of the ascent, they would almost undoubtedly have met with the fate of the 1934 German party on Nanga Parbat. Another very fine performance was the attempt on Istor-o-Nal in the Chitral portion of the Hindu Kush by Lawder and the late Denis Hunt. Despite their inexperience a height of nearly 24,000 ft. was attained, while the party suffered remarkable ill-luck in not reaching the summit barely 200 ft. above them. In 1936 a Japanese party succeeded in making the first ascent of Nanda Kot in Garhwal, attempted by Longstaff more than thirty years ago. This is, I believe, the first visit to the Himalaya by Japanese mountaineers. In 1937 Smythe and Peter Oliver were very active in Garhwal and Kumaon, achieving remarkable success with their small party of five splendid Bhutias. The Mana Peak fell to them as well as ten others. The weather, as also conditions on Nilkanta, caused them to exercise their usual excellent discretion and judgment. As for the revived and jejune fable of 'Abominable Snowmen,' these now materialize as akin to that tribe which displayed affectionate if embarrassing interest in Beauman during his journey in the Coast Ranges of British Columbia. The romances of Henry Savage Landor contain accounts of still more remarkable fauna in the Himalayan foot-hills.

In 1937 Shipton and Tilman, together with Spender and J. B. Auden of the Survey of India, crossed the Karakoram to Sarpo Laggo, and relayed three months' supplies to Suget Jangal in the Shaksgam. They crossed and surveyed the Aghil Pass and the Surukwat valley to the Yarkand river, as well as tracing the course of the Zug Shaksgam. Returning to Suget Jangal, they explored and surveyed the N.W. glaciers of K<sub>2</sub>, then explored and mapped the large western lateral glaciers of Sarpo Laggo. Auden then crossed the Karakoram range to the Panmah Glacier and returned to India *via* Askole. Tilman from 'Crevasse' Glacier<sup>3</sup> crossed the watershed to the Biafo Glacier and thence another pass to 'Cornice' Glacier,<sup>4</sup> where he explored the Hoh Lungma glacier system, eventually reaching Askole. Shipton and Spender crossed over to the Braldu Glacier and thence to the Shimshal Valley, returning *via* Hunza and Gilgit. Altogether a highly successful and most remarkable piece of exploration.<sup>5</sup> Needless to say Shipton was again accompanied by the redoubtable Angtarkay.

Now I must mention the really extraordinary attempt made

<sup>3</sup> So named by Sir Francis Younghusband.

<sup>4</sup> So named by the Workman party.

<sup>5</sup> Many of the blank spaces in Mason's preliminary map of the 'Shaksgam Valley and Yarkand River,' *A. J.* 39, are thus filled in.

this year by a small, officerless party of three junior N.C.O.s and a private belonging to the 1st Batt. of the East Surrey Regiment on no less a peak than Kamet itself. Their names were Corporal R. Ridley, Lance-Corporals J. A. Williams and J. Bull, and Private S. Hillier. The expedition was made entirely at their own expense and extremely few porters accompanied them. Whatever was the mountain experience of these soldiers—and it must in the nature of things have been very limited—the judgment of the leader and his companions was supreme. Bad weather and exhaustion from back-packing stopped the party eventually—at 23,000 ft. When we reflect that strong and experienced men have failed frequently to reach the summit—which fell eventually to Smythe's great effort in 1931—we can indeed rest assured of a bright outlook in military Himalayan mountaineering. It is highly interesting to note that these soldiers wore their service uniforms, boots made by the regimental bootmaker, and carried Army pattern light tents, all of which kit proved 'highly serviceable.'

In August 1937 three well-known Bavarian mountaineers, including Ludwig Schmaderer, visited Sikkim and the Zemu Glacier, making the second ascent of Siniolchu—a seeming waste of energy with so many fine, unclimbed peaks standing around. Perhaps the second party was desirous of fixing Siniolchu's 'grade,' whether definitely 8 *inferior*, or merely 7 *superior*? One of the surviving Sherpas from the Nanga Parbat disaster of this year accompanied the party as *sardar*.

I would here express my admiration for the magnificent work accomplished throughout these expeditions by the Himalayan porters—Sherpas, Bhotias, Garhwalis, Hunzas, Baltis and Chitralis. To those who have fallen in the path of duty—'faithful unto death'<sup>6</sup>—we pay a silent tribute.

A seventh attempt on Everest is materializing for 1938, still, I am glad to say, under the auspices of that much-abused but necessary institution, the Mt. Everest Committee. We are greatly indebted to the R.G.S. for their trust in electing none but members of this Club as *their* representatives on that Committee. As successor to the late Sir Percy Cox, Roger Wilson, now appointed Adjutant-General in India, has proved an ideal Chairman. He is succeeded by Charles Bruce.

To other successful overseas expeditions—mostly led by or containing members of the Club—I will refer briefly. Outstanding among these was the first ascent, after many attempts and at least one disaster, of Mystery Mountain, *vulgo* Mt. Waddington, in the

<sup>6</sup> *A. J.* 47. 168.

Coast Ranges of British Columbia. Led by Fritz Wiessner, this extremely difficult climb is probably the most notable achievement up to date in all the Americas: it was accomplished in 1936. Other admirable exploits include Mt. Steele in Alaska by Walter Wood (lately engaged in finding a 'Lost World' in the Colorado Grand Canyon), Henry Hall's climbs in the Coast Ranges and, lastly, the fall of Lucania in Alaska, said to have been the highest unclimbed peak remaining in North America. But of this, Bradford Washburn's exploit in 1937, we have as yet no details. It is characteristic of these times that the base of the objective in America is now attained, almost invariably, by aeroplane.

In other lands we have Busk's long-continued climbs and explorations in Persia, Murray's activities among Egyptian mountains, Wager's successful sojourn in Greenland, including the first ascent of the highest peak of the Watkins Range, 12,200 ft., together with Longland. Pallin has been equally successful in the same bleak continent. In New Zealand, during the course of a brilliant winter ski-tour, Colin Wyatt made the first ascent of the last unclimbed ten-thousander.

In South America, two Germans made, last September, the first ascent of Puntagudo, a low (*ca.* 8500 ft.) but formidable peak in the southern Cordillera, close to the Chile-Argentine frontier (*A. J.* 47. 149-50). During the descent both climbers fell on steep névé and one, Herr Roth, was killed. Bonacossa led a party into the mists and storms of the Patagonian Cordillera, meeting, however, with no better fortune as regards Sarmiento than the late Lord Conway. Our Dutch member, Colijn, accomplished a model expedition of its kind to the wilds of Mt. Carstensz in New Guinea, in the course of which he and his party attained the top of the great ridge. They gracefully named one of the glaciers after our lamented member, 'Sandy' Wollaston.

Another highly interesting expedition is that of the O.U.M.C. party—Jenkins, Taylor, Hodgkin and Beaumont—constituting the first post-war British mountaineering visit to the Caucasus. Great success attended their efforts of this year, including a direct ascent of the S. peak of Ushba, avoiding the famous 'Red Corner,' and a new route up Freshfield's Tetnuld. Vyvyan and Secord fell victims to Russian passport imbecility, normal obstruction and official ineptitude. Judging by the accounts of the many visits paid by German, Austrian and Swiss parties, conditions of travel in Russia are far more difficult than in 1868, while prices, especially in Suanetia, have become extremely high. General incompetence now reigns supreme—all other Generals having been otherwise disposed of.

As regards the actual mountaineering accomplished since 1920, the Caucasus has witnessed some magnificent performances, notably the traverse of the entire Bezingi cirque taking a week, while the great Dykhtau-Koshtantau ridge was crossed from end to end in eleven days. Ushba has been traversed from S. to N., and finally a new route was forced up its tremendous W. flank in 1936. In short, the Caucasus is undergoing the same processes applied to the Alps between 1890 and 1914. Perhaps the most interesting geographical discovery is that, according to Swiss and German authorities, the northern peak of Ushba is considerably higher than the southern—a fact reverting the date of the mountain's first ascent from 1903 to 1888. I understand, however, that the British party of 1937 considers the S. peak as almost exactly level in height with Cockin's summit.

Turning now to LITERATURE. The output has been extreme, and we can but conclude that mountaineering, or the study thereof, is appealing more and more to all classes. I will allude briefly to those books the authors of which are members of this Club. There are a considerable number of translations of famous continental works now published in this country. Moreover, notable new editions of English classics, prominent amongst which is Freshfield's *Italian Alps*, are appearing also. A warm debt of gratitude is owing to Tyndale for his skill and industry in this respect.

Of new books proper, we have, first in merit of all, Irving's *Romance of Mountaineering* a work worthy of inclusion among the very greatest of all Alpine classics, which has been excellently translated into French by Mlle Engel. *An Alpine Journey*, *The Spirit of the Hills*, *Over Tyrolese Hills*, *Camp Six* and *The Mountain Scene* are recent examples of Smythe's prolific powers with pen and camera. No mountaineer past or present, not even the father of those famous infants, can approach Smythe's record effort in this respect. *Climbing Days*, by Dorothy Pilley, is another outstanding work by the wife of a member, as is Thorington's *Where the Clouds Can Go*—the autobiography of a remarkable guide. *Men against the Clouds*, by Burdsall and Emmons, is a stirring tale of one of the finest of Asiatic climbs. *Nanda Devi*, by Shipton, and *The Ascent of Nanda Devi*, by Tilman, are so similar in title and so excellently written that we can only wish the two stories had been compressed into one larger volume. Quite recently a book named *Snow on the Equator*, also by Tilman, has appeared, followed still later by the fifth Everest volume, entitled *Everest : The Unfinished Adventure*. Hugh Ruttledge is again the author. We must congratulate him on the remarkable use

he has made of scanty and part-worn material. The general 'get-up' of the book is the most attractive of all the 'Everest' volumes. *Snow Structure and Ski Fields*, by Seligman, is a work of magisterial, not to say pontifical character; it is likely to be consulted for all time by those scientists, including our Mr. Unna, to whom avalanches and what may lie beneath are a matter of concern or conjecture. Younghusband and Somervell have contributed the thoughtful and charming *Everest: The Challenge* and *After Everest* respectively, to be added to the ponderous volumes enriching that unconquered summit. Last but not least, I must allude to the sixth edition of Whymper's immortal *Scrambles amongst the Alps*, embellished by modern photography and edited most admirably by Tyndale.

Of works by our foreign members or of those persons connected with the Club, I must confine myself to Borchers' splendid *Weisse Kordillere* and Dyhrenfurth's Karakoram journey, *Dämon Himalaya*; to Blanchet's entertaining *Au bout d'un Fil* and to Charles Gos's delightful brochures on Saussure and others. Marcel Kurz and Aldo Bonacossa have produced and are producing a series of unequalled *Climbers' Guides* for the S.A.C. and C.A.I. respectively. As authors of such, both these mountaineers stand in a class altogether apart. *Encordées*, by Mlle Morin, the sister of a distinguished member, will appeal to all feminine relations of the Club, while *Les Batailles pour l'Himalaya*, by Mlle Engel—a lady who has contributed much to the worth of this JOURNAL—intended merely as a slight sketch of what has been accomplished in the Himalaya in recent times, has received the honour of a German translation to an enlarged and up-to-date edition. Her admirable rendering of Leslie Stephen's *Terrain de Jeu de l'Europe* has secured immense popularity in France, while Herr Rickmers' translation of the same classic, *Der Tummelplatz Europas*, is a welcome addition to German literature. Maurice Paillon has published a fine new edition of Mummery's *Mes Escalades*. H.R.H. the Duke of Spoleto (together with Professor Desio) has written an elaborate work entitled *La Spedizione Geografica Italiana al Karakoram*.

Whatever may be the qualities or defects of these many books so lightly enumerated by me, we can be thankful that nationalism, competition or politics are vices practically absent from their composition.

I must now turn to the distressful subject of ACCIDENTS during the last three years. Were it not for the dreadful and unparalleled disaster on Nanga Parbat, I might have said that 1937 had marked a welcome diminution in such. Referring to that fatal peak, it

is obligatory on me to say a few words. We of the Alpine Club have lost one of our most prominent members in the person of Karl Wien. Leader of the doomed expedition, he had an almost unique experience in the Alai-Pamirs, Himalaya and Mt. Kenya. His skill and general knowledge were unquestioned, he was respected deeply by all ranks with whom he came in contact, European or native. To his countrymen the Club has expressed its sorrow through the German Ambassador in London. Together with Karl Wien there perished the very flower of German and native Himalayan mountaineering. Comments or criticism are out of place when dealing with snow conditions on a mountain of Nanga Parbat's scale. That peak, said to be accursed, has now claimed twenty-nine victims, all of the *élite* of their time.

It will cause no surprise, however, when I inform you that, undaunted by the disasters of 1934 and 1937, Paul Bauer hopes to obtain the necessary permission to lead a party in a fresh assault in 1938. He is the ideal chief, and we can but wish him and his three veterans, Bechtold, von Kraus and Luft, together with their four new comrades, victory complete without misfortune.

A very few words will suffice as to the other accidents, especially numerous in 1935 and 1936: nine-tenths of these could and *should* have been avoided. One of the worst occurred this year on what is misnamed 'the N.E. face' of Piz Badile, where every ethic of mountaineering, save that of comradeship, was broken—most flagrantly. The mountain could have claimed five valuable lives instead of two. The Eigerwand—still unscaled—continues to be an obsession for the mentally-deranged of almost every nation. He who first succeeds may rest assured that he has accomplished the most imbecile variant since mountaineering first began. But British and Swiss mountaineers can be described as still fulfilling the best traditions of their craft. Were it not for Nanga Parbat, as I have already said, I could boast that no member of the Club had perished on a mountain throughout my three years of office. I would here allude with the utmost sympathy to the loss sustained by the Ladies' Alpine Club in the death of their hon. secretary, Miss Ruth Hale. A well-known climber, she met with a most unlucky accident in the High Tatra last September. I believe this is the first fatal accident that has occurred to a member of the Ladies' Alpine Club—a fact eloquent of the skill and mountaineering instinct of its members.

From other causes, however, the Alpine Club has to mourn a heavy death-roll. To take them in the order of their decease, we have lost Oliver Wendell Holmes (elected in 1866), Greenwood, F. N. Ellis, de Villiers-Schwab, Guido Rey and Bobba in

1934-1935 ; Bowyear, Cockburn, Compton, Glazebrook, Heurtley (elected in 1868), Felix Schuster, Brulle, and that great Swiss mountaineer, Hans Lauper, in the period 1935-1936. To these in 1937 I have to add the names of Pollock (elected in 1867), Conway, (ex-President of the Club), Blackden, Bartleet, Mothersill, Petherick (brother-in-law of Mummery), and in the last few weeks, Albert Heim, for forty years an Honorary Member, together with Hunter Workman, at the age of ninety. Finally, on October 31, comes the passing of Claude Wilson, ex-President of the Club, beloved and deeply mourned by all, followed two days later by the death of that distinguished public servant, Geoffrey Corbett, as also of Henry Candler in the last few days. Their deaths and those of others not named in this brief survey, but equally revered, are losses irreparable to this old Club. I use the word 'old' intentionally, for, in truth, the number of young candidates barely keeps pace with our casualties. Turning to the brighter aspect of the question: in the honoured names of Prickard, Marindin, Alfred Hopkinson, Yeld and Willink, we have five members approaching their centuries and, better still, enjoying the process. Dr. Dübi is somewhat younger.

And now as to the CLUB itself. We have, as you all see, secured, for another generation at all events, rooms which I venture to think are in accordance with the dignity of the senior of all Alpine Clubs, and this for a lower rent than we have paid since 1929. The Club owes a vast debt of gratitude to the Hon. Secretary, to Pilditch and to S. B. Donkin, for all the labour they have undergone. One thing I fear is that we must relinquish any idea of holding our former annual picture and photographic exhibitions *in* the Club. Fortunately our own pictures and photographs can now be exhibited permanently in a manner worthy of their interest and value. The rent appertaining to the Hall lettings has long been a negligible factor, and few will regret that our present gallery is to remain sacred to members only and at all times.

Candidates continue to come forward, if not in numbers as great as I should like to see. The qualifications of such are, I can assure you from many consecutive years' service on the Committee, higher than at any period in our history, but it is up to everyone of us to secure as candidates *all* those who appear eligible or likely soon to become so. We are glad to welcome among our recent recruits one who has accomplished most towards inculcating sound doctrines in the technique of British ski-mountaineering. The young ski-runners will, with proper teaching, play a great rôle in the future of mountaineering—in the destinies of this Club. As a diehard mountaineer of the extinct *raquette* period, I am now convinced of this fact.

I have purposely postponed any reference to the JOURNAL to the last. Owing to financial reasons, the size of the last volume has been reduced. The new type and format has, I am glad to say, met with universal approval. Mr. Tyndale, the future editor, is in all things as eligible for a post—which I can assure you is no sinecure—as any past editor the Club has been fortunate to possess. I feel that a change is needed; it is a mistake for any officer of this Club to remain too long at his post. New blood infuses new ideas, it soothes the feeling of those contributors whose efforts have been the subject of too much editing. It encourages them to further literary struggles in the fond hope of greater leniency from a new and softer-hearted editor. In the ALPINE JOURNAL that I now relinquish I have said hard things at times of better men, of better mountaineers, than myself. Some of these, alas, were doomed to perish before commencement of the next number. But all this you and they have borne with exemplary patience. I can but say that it was ‘all zeal’—zeal for the future of True Mountaineering, zeal for the old traditions of JOURNAL and Club. Let this be my apology—if such be needed.

I cannot thank all those individually who have supported me as President and Editor. But this I can and will state: fortunate is that Editor and President who has had to aid him men such as Douglas Freshfield, Claude Wilson and Hans Lauper in the past; Sydney Spencer, J. E. C. Eaton, Claud Schuster and E. S. Herbert in the present. Behind all these, ever ready to assist, stands Mr. Oughton.

In conclusion, I can assure my successors both with the JOURNAL and in this Chair, that I retire from both these posts leaving our relations with foreign Clubs, Societies and their publications on the closest of terms. Terms which no political upheaval, no international mountaineering competitions, no broken treaties, not even the League of Nations, have been able to disrupt.

Lastly, in handing over the Presidency of the Alpine Club to my friend and successor, Sir Claud Schuster, with his long and honourable career of distinguished service to Empire and Club, I know not only that our welfare is assured, but a grave injustice<sup>7</sup> perpetrated a generation ago has been atoned for—so far as lies in our power. From myself, for the honour you have accorded me—the highest if not the least exacting in the whole Alpine world—I would beg you one and all to accept a debt of gratitude. And for ourselves, for the Alpine Club as it stands to-night, let me trust and believe that we have now passed into ‘that silence preceding great words of Peace.’

<sup>7</sup> A. J. 48. 333.