rising to the Kleinglockner immediately right of the Pillwax Couloir was put up by Richard Gerin and Otto Pitschmann in 1911.

Pillwax twice returned to the mountain with his guides: in 1899 to achieve the second ascent of the Pallavicini Couloir; then in 1905 to make the first ascent of the W face, a poor climb involving much shattered rock but climaxing in the vertical 150m high summit wall (IV+).

One more climb must be mentioned: the Bergler Couloir, which rises right of the N face to the NW ridge shoulder. It gives a snow and ice route similar in nature and standard to the Pallavicini Couloir, by which it is overshadowed. The couloir itself veers up to the right at the point where the N face route steepens below its upper rock wall. A pear-shaped rib divides the head of the couloir. It is usual to take the easier right-hand branch. Finishing direct by the narrower left-hand branch on 55° ice is more serious.

Two other achievements on the mountain are historically noteworthy: the first winter ascent by W. A. Baillie-Grohmann with 4 guides on 2 January 1875 (see *AJ 80*, 231-2) and the first ski ascent by Fritz Strobl and Max Winkler at Easter 1909.

The concentration of outstanding climbs on the Grossglockner has been illustrated by this review. Numerous traverse combinations beckon the experienced alpinist. The ultimate possibility in this respect lies in approaching the mountain by the 15km long ridge from the Kalser Tauern, the pass defining the W limit of the Glockner region. It was first traversed in its entirety by Franz Illitsch and Hias Kumnig in September 1946. This marathon test of endurance and ability follows the main ridge in magnificent situations over the Hoher Kasten, Ödenwindelwand, Eiskögele, Schneewinkelkopf, Romariswandkopf and Teufelskamp to the jagged crown of the Glocknerwand before culminating in the NW ridge up to the large summit cross of the Grossglockner.

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Piz Balzetto, Bregaglia

W. Kirstein

This summer the weather was very helpful. Coming from London's heatwave the cool weather in the Engadine was a relief. There was no snow under 3000m; even the snow-field on the way to the Diavolezza Hut was free of snow, which meant that the ascent from the valley to the hut took only $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours instead of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours last year when there was 3ft of snow.

In March we had found the S slopes in St Moritz bare. For us that was a blessing in disguise. Our leader Stuart Ferguson knew that there was plenty of powder snow on the N slopes though there had been hardly any new snow since November 1975. That meant there was no avalanche danger at all and

we could go wherever we wanted and had one of the finest touring seasons in the Engadine that I can remember. I took part in the Engadine Marathon again without losing much time in training for it. I was surprised when one of the many photographers en route who had an enormous camera, turned up again past Zuoz at the target area where he told me he was making a feature film for Swiss television and was filming me to show how 'not so young' people could still enjoy the mountains..

In July I thought I might enjoy a climb again and looked into Paul Nigg's book about the Bregaglia. Unfortunately he was not available until later in the month when I had to be back in London. I read in his book—S ridge of Piz Balzetto, often done, very rewarding climb, 2 hours climbing, Grade IV. The N ridge of the Badile had only been Grade III but it had included the two Zürcher slabs of Grade IV which I had done as well. I took the first cable car from Pranzeira up to the artificial lake in the Albigna Valley which meant leaving the hut at 9am instead of 4am, had we spent tne night at the hut. This time it was a very hot day. We had only to walk an hour to the start of the climb but already I was sweating even before we had begun. The route went up very steeply in early vertical narrow grooves. My guide from Pontresina was climbing very well but as the climb was IV all the way there was never any time for me to recover from the strain on more gentle pitches. I was often out of breath and had to stop to recover. The guide was very patient and never tried to rush me. Mostly he was high above me, out of sight, leaving me to follow which made the climbing very interesting. When we came to the crux of the climb we found a very steep quite smooth slab about 20 to 25ft high with one fixed piton. Here I realized I had made another mistake, I had taken boots with a metal plate between the vibram and the leather sole which is meant to give better support on even very small stances. However, the granite in the Bregaglia required friction climbing, so soft soles are much better. I found myself unable to get up this slab so I looked for a way to get round it and found some escape to the left. To be honest, this was the only easy bit of climbing the whole day and I enjoyed it. When I arrived above the slab, very proud of being there, the guide said 'Yes, you are here, but that was not the S ridge'!

From then on the angle of the mountain eased a bit and soon we were on the summit after about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours climbing. I have to admit that at that moment I could not have cared less how I had got there. The $\frac{1}{2}$-hour rest with a marvellous though slightly hazy view all round was wonderful. I was really grateful to Fate that I was allowed to sit here having done this climb in my 80th year. To the E we saw the Casnile, which I had climbed with Roger Chorley and his wife in 1969. Below us was the valley leading from the Albigna hut to the Passo Casnile and across it we looked at the Punte d'Albigna, a little lower than our summit, which I had climbed 4 years ago.

The descent, first towards the N where we were looking down about 6000ft to the floor of the Bregaglia Valley, then to the E and finally S again, was much steeper than I had anticipated. Often enough when the guide pointed out which way to go, it looked at first quite impossible to me. In the end there was always a stance to be discovered or a small handhold to lower oneself and often we climbed down facing the rocks. Once, on the last bit towards one of the many cols we had to cross, there was a pitch which the guide had warned me about before. 'There I have to lower you about 12 feet' he said. Instead of abseiling

he made me sit in my climbing belt and lowered me as if he were a crane. When he climbed down that pitch I fully realized how safe a climber he was.

Crossing our last col towards the S I saw we would soon be at the end of the actual climb. There was still one of those boring and slow fields of big boulders to be crossed but below it one could see a lovely little pond with a brook bringing fresh water to it. I think we were both very glad of the rest near it. By that time I knew I had had enough and would have to cancel climbing the following day when I had intended to do a second climb.

The guide walked down from the hut to find work the next day but I decided to stay the night at the hut feeling rather tired and knowing that the last cable-car had left.

Basil Goodfellow—mountain photographer

C. Douglas Milner

Basil was essentially a gentleman amateur, and if that statement doesn't raise the hackles of our vociferous egalitarians I shall be surprised. Today it is unfashionable to be a gentleman and plain foolish to be an amateur, when rich pickings are available to a minority who can climb on other people's money and, with the sponsorship of photographic manufacturers, enjoy the 'benevolent operation of the law of averages upon an almost inexhaustible supply of sensitive material'.

I do not suggest that Basil was unique; rather was he typical of the club member between the wars, and indeed still typical today. A highly qualified Chemical Engineer, his profession and his career came first, allied to his responsibilities as a family man. He found in mountaineering and photography a perfect combination of worthwhile recreations, and applied his balanced and critical mind to both. He may have climbed with guides from time to time, but his best climbing was done guideless in the company of equally competent friends. Often he was equally content with mountain travel especially in the greater ranges he was able to visit.

I think Warren Hastings . . . in a totally different context . . . said that 'when he thought of his opportunities he was surprised at his moderation'. It could fairly be said of Basil that when we consider his limited opportunities we might be surprised at his achievements. This, in the sense that he had only the limited time for travel that handicaps anyone who does not enjoy the Long Vacation . . . or a private income, or the freedom to pack up work for a few months as may be possible, let us say, to a spot-welder from Bruddersford.

On the other hand, he was fortunate in his profession which involved him in service both in India and the Far East. I think at a Rucksack Club meeting he was once introduced as the member who had done more mountaineering on expenses than any other member. *Se non e vero e molto ben trovato.*