

Cambridge Hannibal
Expedition.

1956

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(headings taken direct from Sir John Hunt's
book "The Ascent of Everest"
are in RED —)

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Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh . K. G. ~

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I must warn you here that inevitably you will find
it difficult to separate the serious from the efforts
to be hilarious. THAT is your part of the
game — to do your best !

2
Forward, you mad man, and hurry across those
horrid Alps so that you may become the
delight of school boys.

Juvenal Satire X 116-7

The researches of many antiquarians have
thrown much darkness on the subject and it
is probable, if they continue, that we shall
soon know nothing at all!

Mark Twain.

INTRODUCTION



The end of the Lent Term was in sight when, one chilly spring evening in March, three undergraduates could be seen talking loudly as they crossed — second court of St Johns College Cambridge. Their tattered ^{gowns} flapped in the wind and, unwilling to get down to work, coffee was suggested in D.I. New Court! They slammed the door after them and someone wedged his "gown" under it to try & reduce the gale. The fire was lit and milk put on the gas in the kitchenette.

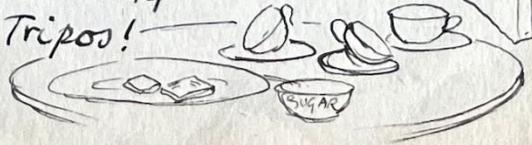
Their discussion concerned a notice recently put up in the screens and perused on their way out from Hall that evening. "Travel Scholarships" were to be awarded to members of the college and to have the exiting word — "Travel" next to such a pocket-bulging word as "Scholarship" was SOMETHING!

"Who gets these ere Scholarships and Why? and — Why cant we have a bash"? were the first questions to be asked and discussed.

What was clearly needed was a bright & original idea ~ ~ ~ and ideas were slow in coming — at least to start with. However, it had been a reasonable Hell that night and someone had actually remembered to buy chocolate biscuits — to go with the nescafé so plans started to hatch. Alas, each brilliant idea seemed to be squashed by the other two who had not thought of it! Deep sea diving in the Med. was "out" — so was the proposed expedition to Tibet. A more realistic view had to be taken.

"How about Hannibal's trip over the Alps"? Someone broke the stoney silence. The idea seems to have caught on!

~ ~ ~ Someone yawned. The thought of much work to be caught up on was to say the least uncomfortable. A scuffle for gowns, the turning out of the gas fire and general movement towards the door indicated that the Cambridge Hannibal Expedition was on the move — but, alas, as yet — only towards Tripod!



4

This then is what we are all agreed on ~ ~ ~ that Hannibal, in one of the boldest strategic strokes of all time, took an army of nearly 30,000 men together with 37 elephants and many packhorses from the Carthagina of Spain towards the terrible fastnesses of the Alps ~ ~ that he went along the Mediterranean coast through Southern France, fighting much of the way and then turned northwards at the mouth of the Rhone. That he crossed after four days march and travelled another 600 stades to "the Island" where the river Skarao met the Rhone. That he travelled 800 stades from here to "the ascent towards the Alps" and met heavy opposition at this point from the Allobroges. ~ ~ That after much fighting he captured their nearby town and hence gained much needed provisions. THAT an easier spell followed for three or four days during which good progress was made but that he was once again attacked and lost a lot of men and packhorses while passing through a narrow gorge. THAT, at last, he and his men in a state of complete exhaustion reached the summit ridge of the Alps and from their pass looked down on Italy and the distant Po valley ~ THAT after a days camping on the summit a descent was made down the steep slippery slopes. THAT after many more casualties Milan was at last reached and a series of victories ensued which made its glorious climax at Cannae.

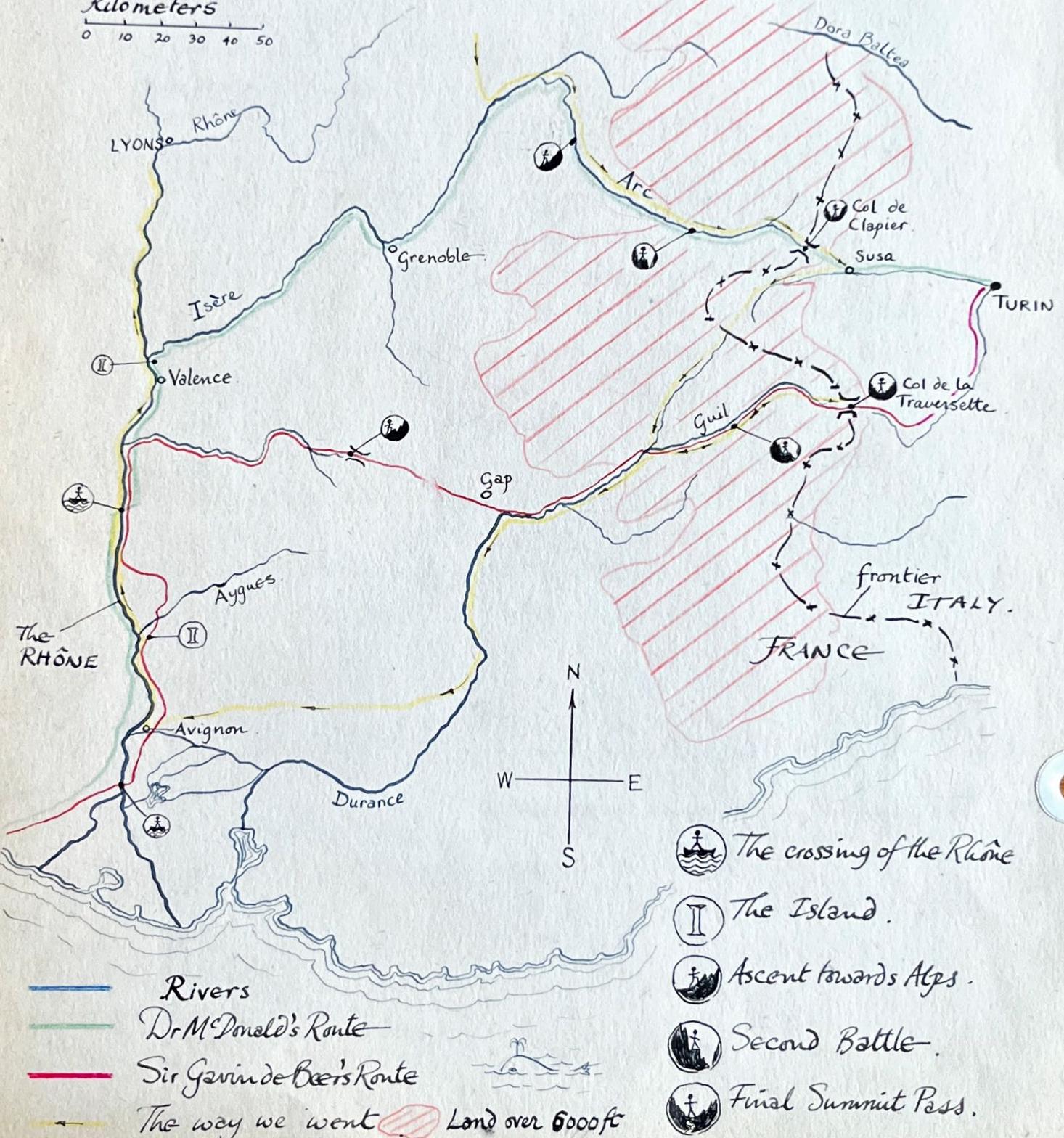
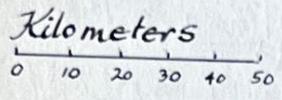
Hence the main points on the route are as follows;

- ① The crossing of the Rhone ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
 - ② "The Island" ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
 - ③ The ascent towards the Alps - scene of the first battle. ~ ~
 - ④ The narrow gorge of the second battle ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
 - ⑤ The summit pass into Italy. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
- ~ ~ ~ and their location is what all the row is about & has been for the last two thousand years ! ~ ~ ~

From among the many and tremendously varied theories two stand out supreme, for the routes that they support are the ONLY ones that ~ ~ ~

- (a) Could possibly fit in with Polybius' travelling times.
- (b) provide a summit pass high enough to be difficult in October and with a commanding view of the Po Valley.

These two routes are shown below; -



PART 1: BACKGROUND

About half way through the Easter Term it was decided that we really would like to try and find Hannibal's route over the Alps and it became apparent that the following would comprise the expedition party:

Richard Jolly of Magdalene College; Economist and croquet player. He will be recorded in history as having played C.S Lewis. Has this affected theology?

David Jenkins of Magdalene College, organiser of Cambridge Eton Fives and potential dog-collar wearer.

Elizabeth Hoyle of Queen Elizabeth College London, a good cook and potential school meam!

John Merrishaw Hoyle of St Johns College, engineer, ^{pseudo} athlete and poetaster. Previous experience; climbing into college due to being waylaid at Magdalene by Jolly!

Some say that they were chosen for the possible use made of their professional ^{requirements} ~~possessions~~ during the rigours of an expedition of such a calibre though it is at first sight surprising that a classicist was not included.

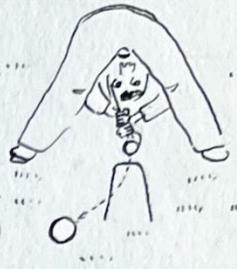
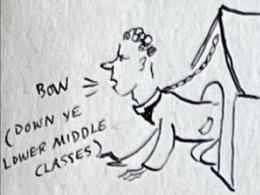
The saying goes ~ ~ ~

A domestic scientist to ensure satisfaction of the inner man!

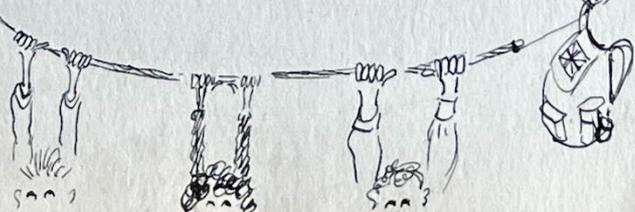
An economist to keep expenditure down.

An engineer to fix up rope & tackle if the other three fall down a crevasse.

and finally - a theologian if they do fall down a crevasse!



"HOW TO MAKE -"



THE PROBLEM: —

What confirmed our earlier decisions was the interesting discovery that an intellectual war was being waged by Sir Gavin de Beer, Curator of the Natural History Museum London and the Senior Tutor of Clare College Cambridge — Dr McDonald — over Hannibal's route.



Sir Gavin made his first lunge with a book he wrote called "Alps & Elephants".



Dr M^c replied with a straight-to-the-heart stab in the Alpine Journal. Sir G. then produced his T-V programme which seems to have won over



most of the telly public of Great Britain while Dr M^c stuck to his unassailable "Marching Time" argument.



To understand what these two learned gentlemen were battling about we would have to know our stuff so got down to a little reading.

Unlike Xenophon or Julius Caesar, Hannibal had not kept a diary so we had to turn to other sources. Livy and Polybius are the most reliable of these and we found their accounts most exciting reading. We also had at hand the Alpine Journal, "Alps and Elephants" and Colonel Perrin's account. He had gone over the possible routes late last century and in his book gives many detailed maps.



PART II PLANNING

From Dr. A. H. McDONALD
CLARE COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE

June 12, 1956.

Now that we had been able to grasp the situation, the next thing to do, as Hannibal could not be brought back from the dead, was to discuss it with the two living great men in question.

To meet Dr Macdonald was a relatively easy matter as his college lay only just around the corner and a prompt reply to our proposal fixed the tête-a-tête for the 19th of June. By this time we had got tuned up on such words as Stades Traversette, Durance and Agnes - such as to baffle & puzzle all other patrons of the Arts roof-top cafe - and had a most delightful hour, munching salad and letting fly with questions. It was a good start and our interest was beginning to border on excitement.

Dear Hoyte,

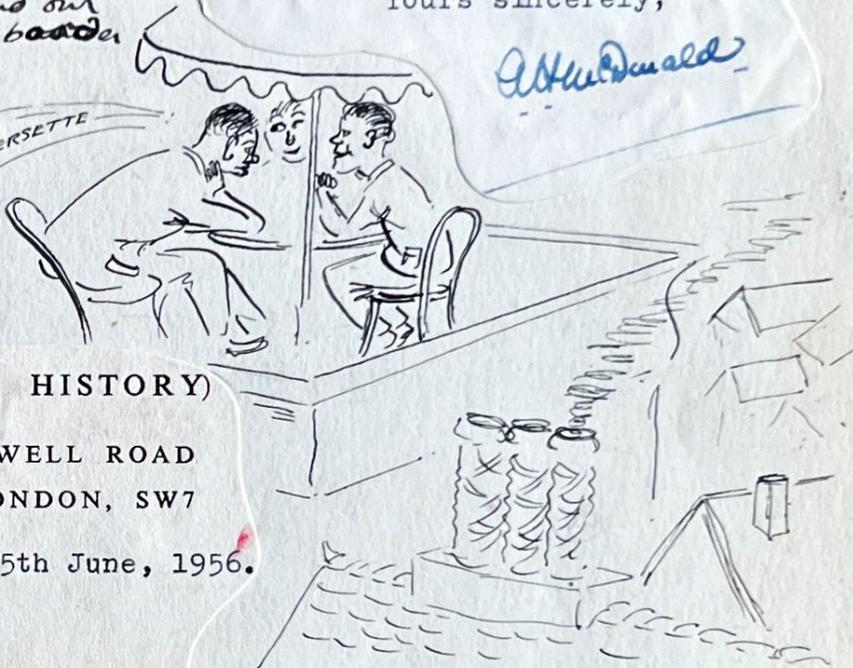
Thank you very much for your kind invitation to lunch on Tuesday the 19th at the Arts roof-top cafe at 1.0 p.m., which I am very pleased to accept. As I have to catch the 2.8 p.m. train for London, I hope you will not mind my leaving a little before 2.0.

Yours sincerely,

A. H. McDonald



OF COURSE - IF YOU
TAKE HIM OVER TRAVERSESETTE



BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY)

Telephone: KENSINGTON 6323

Telegrams:
NATHISMUS, SOUTHKENS, LONDON



CROMWELL ROAD
LONDON, SW7

15th June, 1956.

Dear Mr. Hoyte,

I am deeply obliged to you for your kind and appreciative remarks in your letter of 13 June, and I am very interested to learn that you propose to devote your vacation to the tracing of Hannibal's route. Needless to say, if you find another pass out of the Durance basin with a view of the plains of Piedmont, high enough to have preserved the snows of previous winters, converted into ice, and dangerous enough to have occasioned the heavy casualties which Hannibal suffered, I hope that you will let me know.

I am sorry to say that between the dates which you so kindly mention I shall be in the Alps.

Yours sincerely,

Gavin de Beer

Gavin de Beer.

Sir Gavin was otherwise engaged - much to our disappointment but his letter was somewhat of a compensation - especially worth preserving for its superb signature and tinge of sarcasm - "I hope you will let me know".

~ ~ ~ We did!

NEWS CHRONICLE

12-22, BOUVERIE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4

JBB/ES:-

20th July, 1956.

Richard Jolly, Esq.,
Magdalene College,
CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Mr. Jolly,

I have discussed your proposition with the Features Editor and regret we cannot make use of it.

May I express my best wishes for a successful expedition.

Yours sincerely,

J.B. Birks

J.B. Birks.

Daily Express

BEAVERBROOK NEWSPAPERS LIMITED

FLEET STREET - LONDON

TELEPHONE
FLEET ST. 8000

26th June 1956.

J.M. Hoyte, Esq.,
St. John's College,
CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Mr. Hoyte,

I admire your ingenuity and your zeal - but I fear that as far as we are concerned it is the close season for elephants, and for exercises of which the chief object (and highly laudable purpose) is to prove or disprove a basically academic point.

All the same, let me wish you and your friends the best of luck on your adventure.

Yours sincerely,

Anthony Hern

Anthony Hern
Literary Editor

Further correspondence showed us that the News Chronicle was not over enthusiastic and Beaverbrook's boys were more interested in presenting the public with the more "seasonal" seaside snaps and bathing beauties. However a card from Peterborough showed promise and on and after June 21st our Telegraph reading friends were having to be told that we did not support Sir Gavin's theory

135 FLEET ST., E.C.4.
FLEET STREET 4242

FROM PETERBOROUGH
The Daily Telegraph

*Yes: I'm plumping up your letter.
H E Wortham*

In Hannibal's Track
Now being organised is what its participants call "with a little exaduration" - the Cambridge Hannibal Expedition.
J. M. Hoyte, a third year Johnian, tells me that he and three others are planning to spend up to 14 days investigating routes in the French Alps which Hannibal might have taken.
They are meanwhile reading up the literature on the subject. Ancient writers are, as usual, quite vague. Scholars to-day agree that Hannibal's route cannot have been further east than the Little St. Bernard or further south than the Mt. Genève.
Less Orthodox Route?
Mr. Hoyte, however, is inclined to think that Gavin de Beer, whose "Alps and Elephants" was published between the wars, may be right in his less orthodox route.

PETERBOROUGH



Another result of the article was this delightful telegram from a friend at Wellingborough.

OVERNIGHT = HOYTE NEWPORT STJOHNS COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE =
CONGRATULATIONS ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS EVEN
HANNIBAL = AGGIE

THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION

HEAD OFFICE: BROADCASTING HOUSE, LONDON, W.1

TELEVISION STUDIOS, LIME GROVE, LONDON, W. 12

TELEPHONE: SHEPHERDS BUSH 1244 TELEGRAMS & CABLES: BROADCASTS, TELEX, LONDON

22nd June 1956

Dear Mr Hoyte,

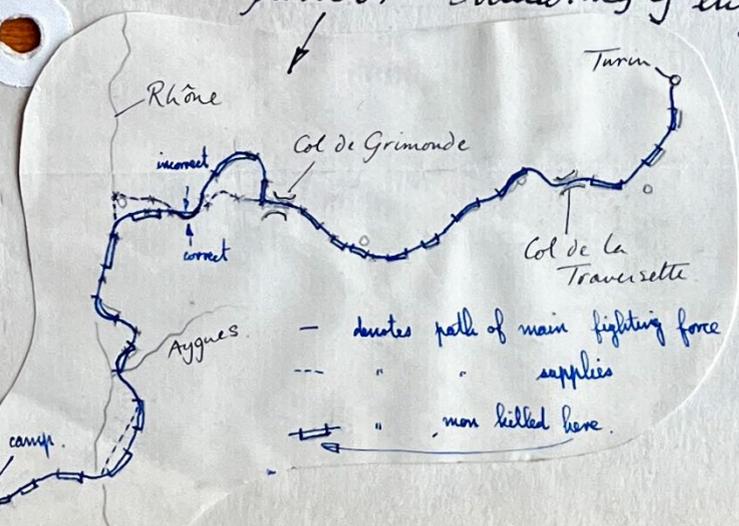
I was interested to read your letter in which you say that you plan to follow Hannibal's route. We have already done the programme and our filming for it, so I am afraid you cannot help. However, I should be amused to hear of your experiences. It is a very attractive walk up the valley leading to the Col de la Traversette, though we did not find the Hotel des Alpes at Aiguille the most comfortable in France.

I think it would be a bold, knowledgeable man who brought in a more convincing theory than Sir Gavin's. His answer to the different speeds, I think, would be that the army got

We wrote to the BBC on hearing that there was to be a proposed programme on Hannibal, asking if we could help in any way. This was their reply. It was surprising how convinced everyone was - about Sir Gavin's Theory.



A very interesting aspect of the search for Hannibal's Route is the application of the problem to the "Instrument" or Black Box as it has sometimes been referred to by news papers. A friend of mine at college had one of these and had been using it for medical investigations. Without going into further details I will only say that with the correct application of data, results can be obtained through the behaviour of a rubber diaphragm on the panel. Whatever we think of this instrument all I can give you is the route it plotted. Interestingly enough, not only did it indicate the path of the main army but also that of the supplies and places where men were killed.



9B
Finance

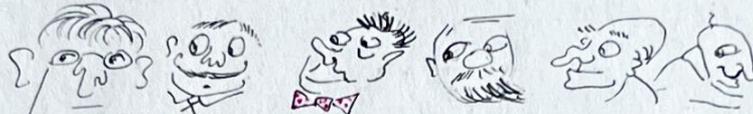


Besides applying for a college grant I also asked for assistance from the Robertson Travel Fund. This meant my appearance before the Fund committee and hence busy preparations the night before. The day arrived, the time of the interview



Some disproved the proposition that "burning the candle at both ends is not the way to make both ends meet!"

drew near and I arrived - I must admit - out to impress! One night almost say that I staggered in - (surmounted by an imposing pile of literature - to show that this was going to be an Expedition with a capital E!



An interesting array of dons confronted me - as I was shown into a large, extremely untidy drawing room at King's. It was clearly owned by a - perhaps by now retired - explorer. One man, I will remember had a Salvador Dali moustache which kept me spell bound! Questions were fired and I tried to unfold the plans - perched on the edge of a vast arm chair with the pile of books balanced on my knee. - a ticklish situation at the best of times.

CHARLES DONALD ROBERTSON FUND

Dear Sir,

I am very pleased to inform you that the Trustees have decided to give you a grant of £10 for the holiday which you outlined to them.

If you will call on me on Tuesday evening, 22 May, Richmond Rd between 8 and 10, I will hand you a cheque for the above amount.

Yours faithfully,

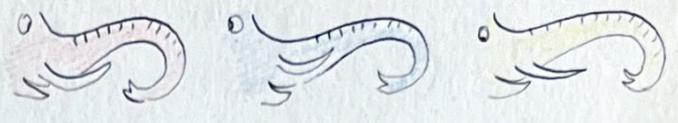
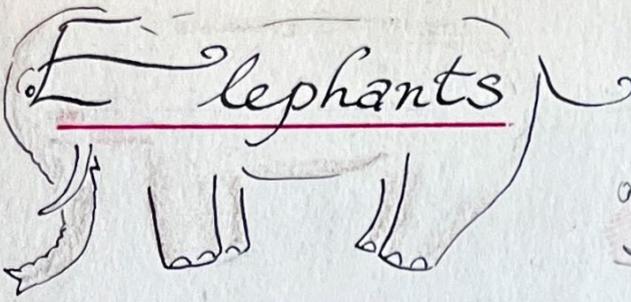
E. Scott

MRS. E. SCOTT
3 RICHMOND ROAD
CAMBRIDGE

However, all's well that ends well - so that you can imagine my delight when a few days later I received this note! The cycle ride to some how didn't seem irksome!!

Another £10, from the college caused further jubilation!

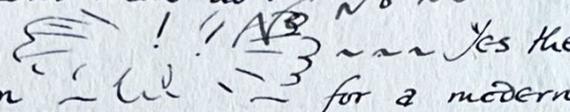
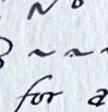


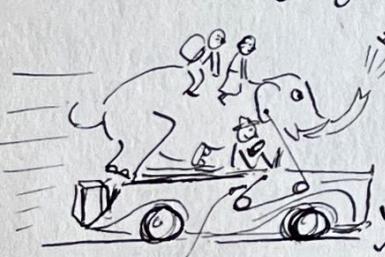


On June the twenty second George Condale was consulted about elephants - - - - - However, it was at a Christian house party and over a rather hilarious cup of coffee so not much came of the conversation!

Key Card

Enquirer - hopefully "Would it be possible to take an elephant with us?"

Answer;  Yes the facts have to be known -  for a modern elephant costs nearly £1000, needs a highly skilled handler and eats vast quantities of food. I wished - as perhaps did the Walrus and the Carpenter that elephants had wings and thought back to that poor American journalist who had tried to investigate Hannibal's route before the War with a real elephant in his baggage. The poor animal nearly died of exposure -

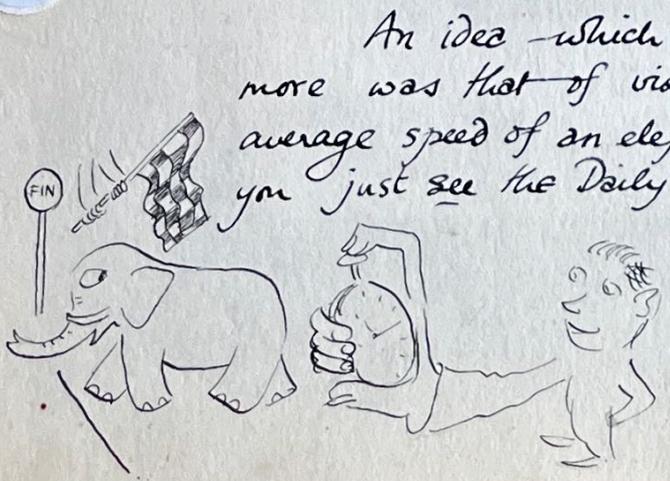


The prospect of hitch hiking with a jumbo was very ~~to~~ entrancing!

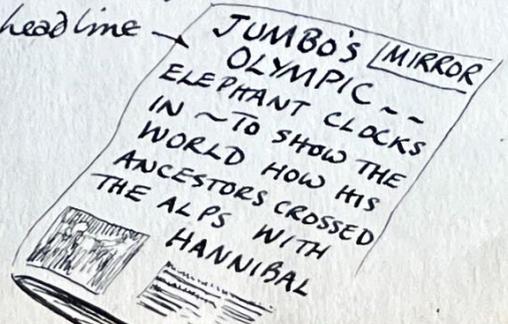


Yes, George Condale did sponsor the expedition in one sense for he sent us a book - "La capture of des Elephants au Parc National de la Garamba". We are extremely grateful -

Pull this instead of horn.



An idea - which raised a laugh and nothing more was that of visiting London Zoo and timing the average speed of an elephant with a stop watch. Can you just see the Daily Mirror headline -





July the 5th saw us visiting the British Museum to find out more about Hannibal's elephants and the Carthaginian way of life. It was more than thrilling to handle coins over 2000 years old and to discuss with the experts how they were made & preserved. Several coins of Hannibal's time show elephants - and a fine relic of Carthaginian Spain bears one of unmistakable African origin. Most of the 37 elephants



taken over the Alps were almost certainly African though we have evidence that a few Indian ones were also taken. It is known from Polybius that after the battle of the

Trebbia all Hannibal's elephants died except one - on which he rode across the Appenines. He named it "Surus" - meaning - the Syrian and as it was from Syria that



we know Ptolemy got his Indian elephants it was probably Indian and may be the elephant portrayed on this coin from Etruria.

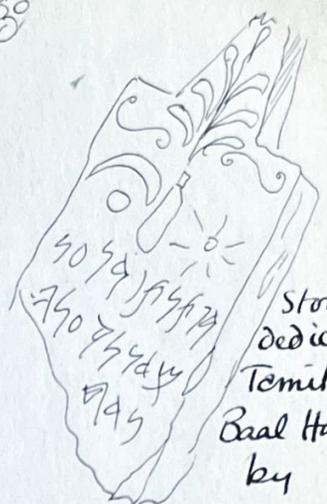
These further photographs, purchased from the Museum, show Indian elephants and the "castles" which they wore.



I. AN ELEPHANT OF PYRRHUS



Votive relief on shrine.

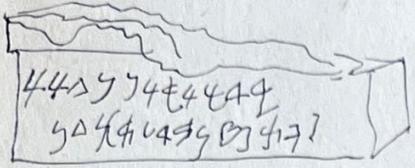


Stone dedicated to deities Tamik & Baal Hammon by

HANNIBAL son of Abd - Eshmin.



Symbolic representation of palm tree and ram.

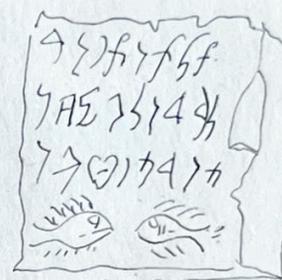


Record of the re-dedication of a slaughter house by the board of supervisors of sanctuaries. - It sounds quite like modern times!

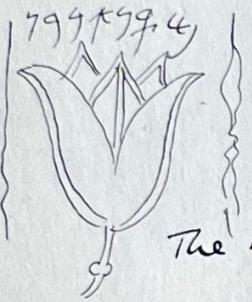
The British Museum has a fine collection of carvings from Carthage and the surrounding area in North Africa. Here are some sketches of the carving and also of pottery and written tablets. By such studies we are able to see something of the background of Hannibal's youth. Evidently, the God he must have worshipped was Baal Hammon. He took a field prophet - or chaplain general by the name of BOGUS ... with him over the Alps.



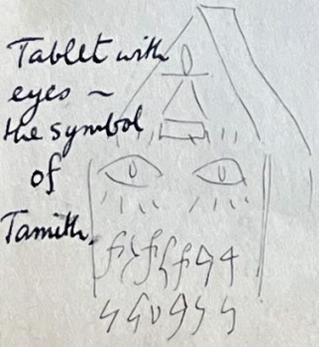
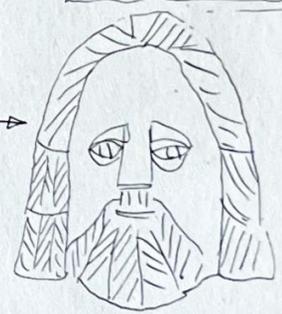
Sacrifice of bull.



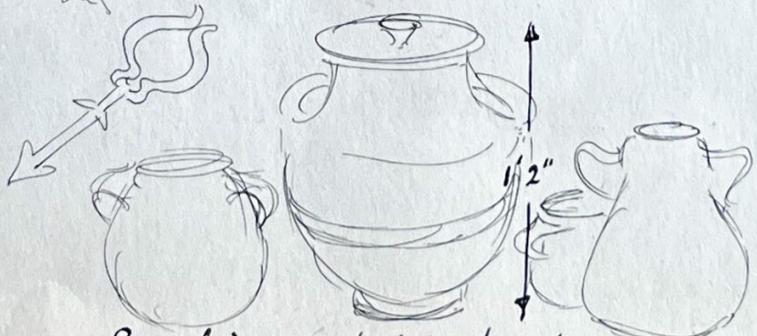
Tablet dedicated to deities Tamik & Baal - Hammon.



The Lilly.



Tablet with eyes - the symbol of Tamik



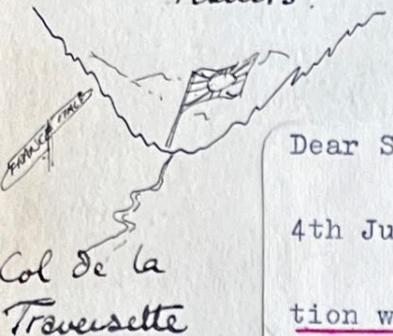
Burial jars containing burnt remains of offered as a sacrifice to Baal & Tamik.



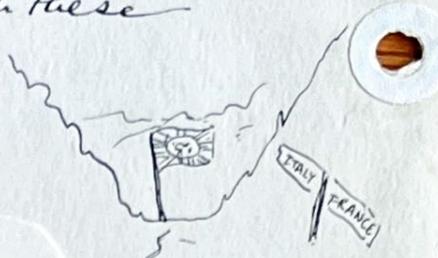
Illustration of temple front and ivory leaf.

(12) A

To CONCLUDE this - the Part II of our report - two more letters should be mentioned. From our planned route it was clear that we would be going into Italy by, probably, both the Col de Clapier and the Col de la Traversette. As they were both on the France - Italy frontier and only had foot paths leading to them, it would be just as well to make sure we would be able to cross over. A letter was sent to the Italian consulate with these results.



Col de la Traversette



Col de Clapier



CONSOLATO GENERALE D'ITALIA
IN LONDRA

Dear Sir,

I am in receipt of your letter of the 4th July.

In view of the importance of the expedition which you are planning to make, I have passed your letter to Dr. Guerrieri, London Delegate of the Italian State Tourist Office, (E.N.I.T.), 201 Regent Street, W.1., who is in a better position to furnish you with full details both from the customs and tourist points of view.

I have asked Dr. Guerrieri to give special attention to the matter, so will you please contact him.

Yours faithfully,

Consul General.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of the 20th instant, I have to inform you that in the official list of Italian frontier passes "Col Clapier" is not amongst those over which it is allowed to enter the country and the nearest pass is Colle di Tenda. "Col de la Traversette" is, however, a recognised route with frontier post.

I would very much like to be assistance to you if it were possible, but the restrictions are specifically imposed by the frontier police authorities.

Yours faithfully,

R. Guerrieri
(Delegate)

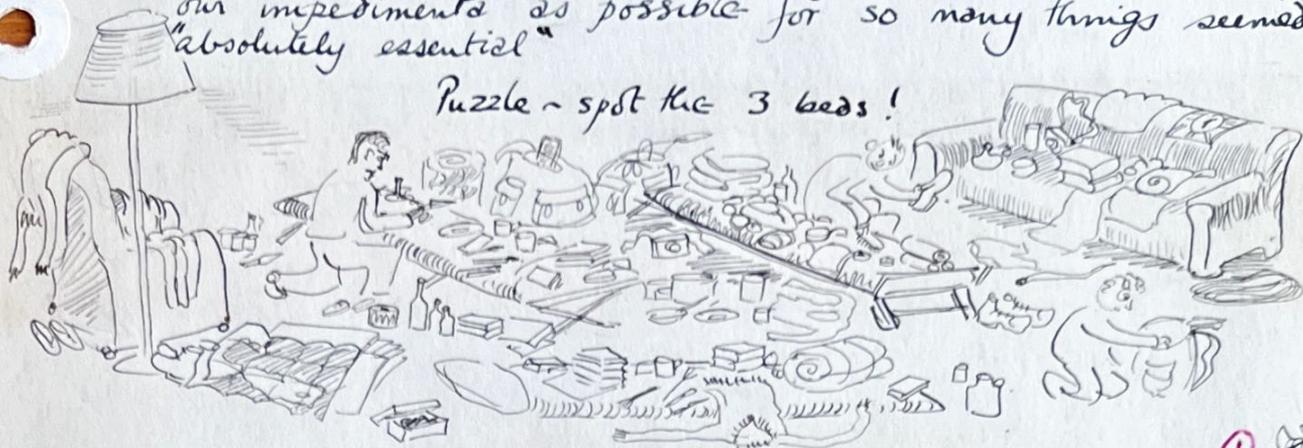
Later you find how we were able to cross the Col Clapier - after all!

PART III: APPROACH

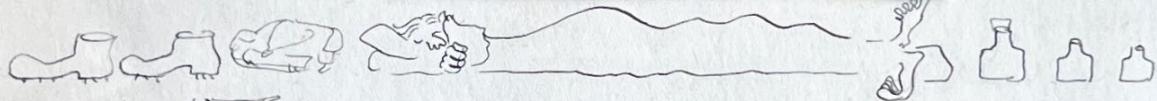
~ ~ ~ departure ~ and journey through Switzerland.

The drawing-room of Dingleton Manor was a hive of activity as ~ late into the night of Monday August 13 we discussed plans, wrote last minute letters and packed. It was a great job trying to discard as much of our impediments as possible for so many things seemed "absolutely essential"

Puzzle ~ spot the 3 beds!



That afternoon the expedition ~ dressed up in full outfit ~ had posed for a send off photo ~ complete with fire escape rope "for effect"!



Next morning ~ or to be more honest ~ the same day as the light was put out, after an early rise and hurried breakfast ~ my father took Elizabeth & the baggage down to the station ~ while Richard, David and I walked there, down over the beautiful, rolling, Reigate Heath. (The poor old car couldn't take us all!)

It was a beautiful morning ~ the air sweet and fresh, from the recent dew, ~ and our hearts were light!



14
Sure enough — as had been hoped, the evening news photographer was waiting for us at Croydon airport so — out came the expedition flag and far away Himalayan look. The big black box clicked and in we bundled — to fasten our lap straps and go over the rainbow!



WORLD'S LARGEST
EVENING NET SALE

The Evening News

D

NO. 23,211

LONDON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1956

TWOPENCE



Expedition Flight

Four University students left Croydon Airport for Zurich today on what they call the Cambridge Hannibal Expedition. The students (from left): Richard Jolly, of Hove, John Hoyte and his sister Elizabeth, of Reigate, and David Jenkins, of Derby hope to trace Hannibal's route over the Alps.



CAMBRIDGE HANNIBAL EXPEDITION

JOHN M. HOYTE

Dungate Manor
Reigate Heath
Surrey.



[Frontispiece—

The Expedition about to leave England.

<u>Richard</u>	<u>Elizabeth</u>	<u>John</u>	<u>David</u>
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16
PART IV BUILD UP AND ASSAULT

NORTH COL (COL DE CLAPIER)



The road to the Dauphiné Alps

Wednesday: August 22nd.

~ saw the Cambridge Hannibal Expedition crossing the Switzerland - France frontier ~ towards Hannibal country. All day long we found lifts few and far between but, after a long wait at the frontier a huge slow lorrie took E. & me to Chambéry. We were able to read Polykeios and learn texts for that two hours - as the noise of the engine made it difficult to talk. A French man with talkative English wife took us from there to where the Grenoble road turns off the route to Col du Mont Cenis. From this spot (pointed above) we could see the long straight grey road sweeping on towards the glorious Dauphiné Alps with the ranges of many mighty snow clad peaks soaring upwards into the blue. It was an extremely inspiring scene - especially as we realised that our expedition was now to begin in earnest and that we should be mounting right up to a 9,000 feet pass in those majestic fastnesses. We took shelter in a farmyard - only just in time to avoid a frightful storm of wind and rain. As we stood there ~ with rivers of water rushing past our feet a touch of Ferebique was given me ~ the pathos of French farm life. Two oxen came splashing past - dripping wet and steaming at the haunches - led by a young girl in

An Italian
fort up
the valley of
the Arc



Hannibal may
well have
been ambushed
here

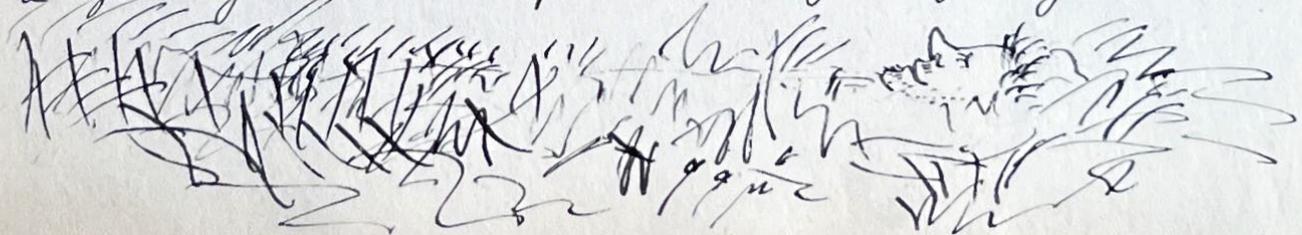


Looking up the valley of the Arc
Near St Jean de Murienne. Aug 22

bare feet. She was being 'talked to' in animated tones by the farmers wife who literally filled the cart the oxen pulled. The voice died away and rattle of cart wheels faded as they rounded the corner. The rain pounded on - and on.

After an unexpected lift in a lorry we reached St Jean de Murienne, and having lost all the despair we had had, walked through the highland town singing 'Margarita - Dance with me' at the tops of our voices.

At last, well after dark, we reached Bromens, our resting place for the night. As we stepped out of the car into the cold night air we knew that after all these weeks of thought and preparation, things had really begun. David & Richard had already arrived and made a comfortable home for us all in a barn. We found their note for us at the village post office directing us to it and we settled down to a good nights rest - deep in twelve foot of hay.



Thursday. August 23rd.

- ascent to Camp VI for the assault!

After a lazy start to the day Elizabeth and I trotted back, down the village street to the main road where the post office was. Elizabeth being the "chief interpreter & linguist" of the expedition had been designated the tricky job of 'phoning the frontier police to see if we could get permission to pass right over the Col de Clapier. I was there to hold her hand! After much difficulty we got through - and what we believe was permission to go straight over into Italy. On explaining all this to some school teachers who were staying near the P.O. we were told one of them was going up to where we were hoping to make Camp VI (Assault Camp) - by van in half an hour! This was almost too good to be true - but evidently it was so a period of frantic packing, shopping for 2 days and paying bills ensued - and then we were off!

The road ran steeply upward giving delightful views of the valley we were leaving. We passed this beautiful little chapel - so obvious waiting patiently to give rest and spiritual strength to weary mountain travellers.



Camp VI proved to be a barn - this time with very little hay in it, over a cow-shed. The inhabitants of the barn were half a dozen French boy scouts! It was quite a treat watching them eat and especially to see the incredible thickness of the slices of bread their mouths were able to open to!

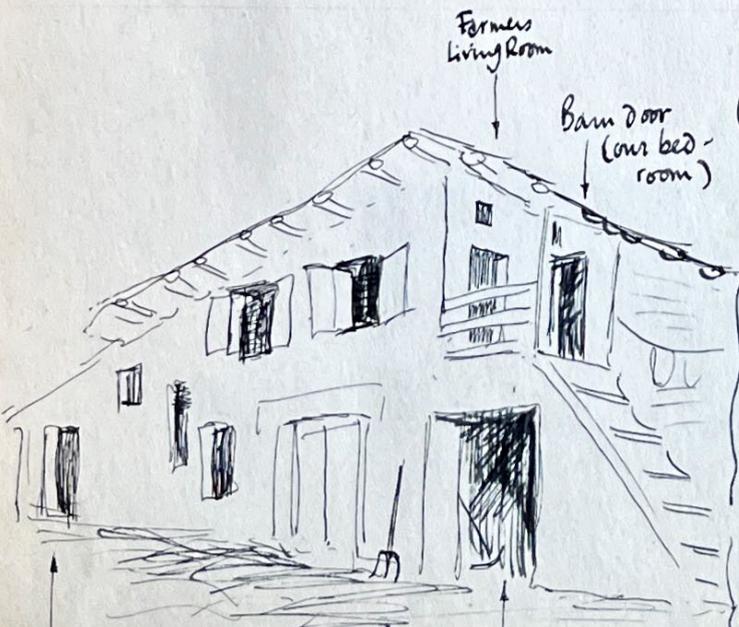
We spent the rest of the afternoon trying to get up to date with all our information about Hannibal.



Francis 22/8/56

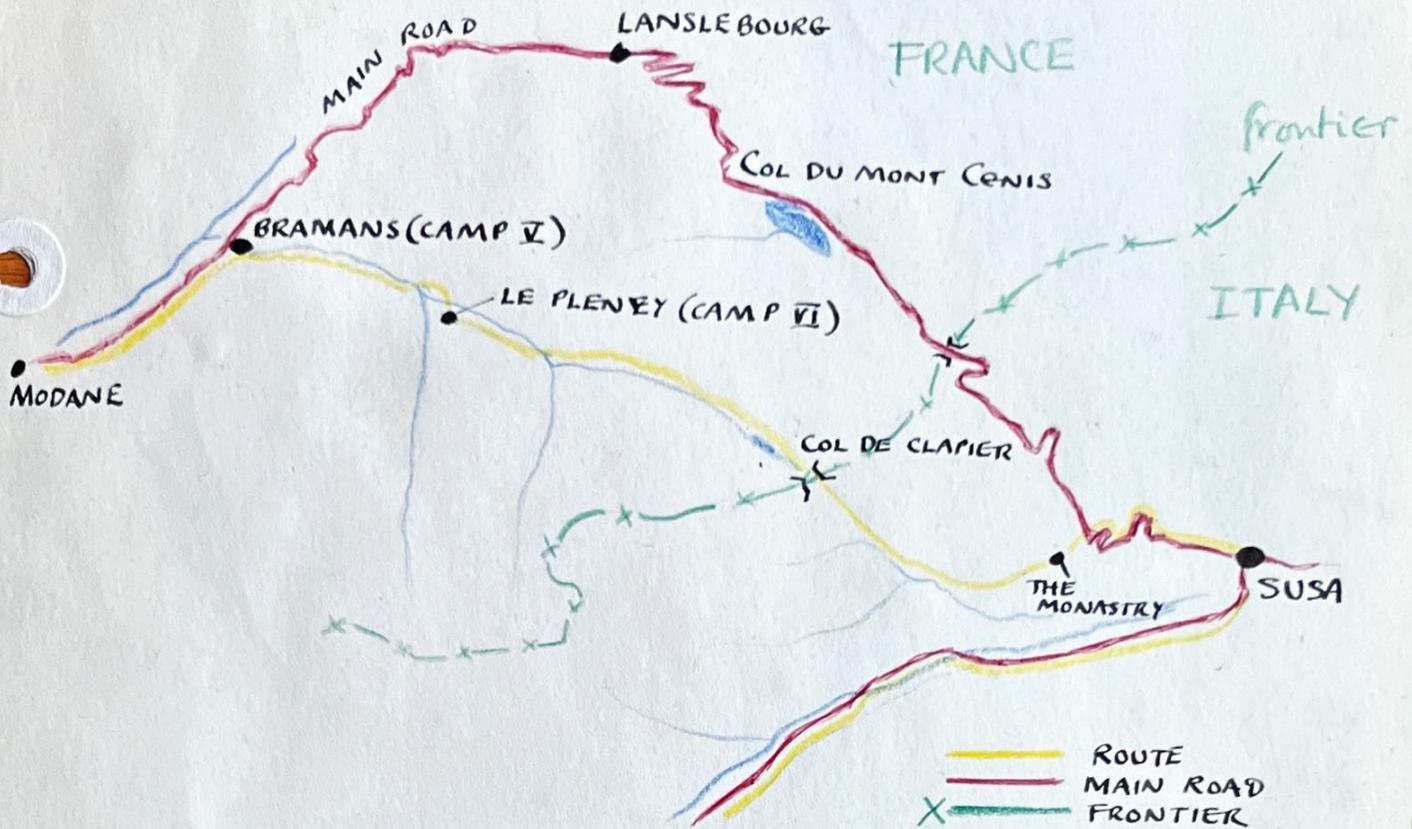
The farmer in whose barn we slept (Comp VIa.) Le Planey

The old farmer and his wife invited us into their living room for a sort of 'party' that evening. It was a roaring success. All the boy scouts came in & we sang and sang and sang.



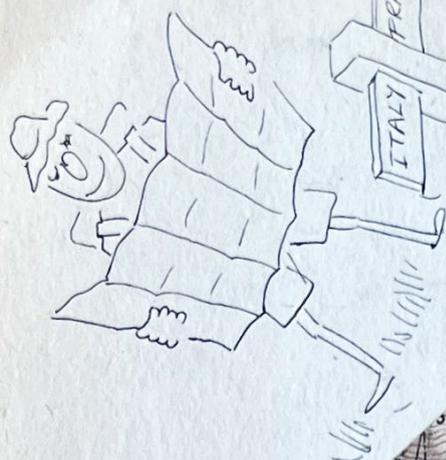
Friday 24th August

Assault on the Col de Clapièr



Setting out for the assault!

- from the barn at Le Planey.



W. H. H. W. H. H.

Difficult part - where we were escorted by the gendarmes

ROUTE

Frontier



Monastery

Echelle (50,000)



The two french frontier gendarmes
who guided us over the most
difficult and steepest part.
They are pointing to the date
"1812" carved on the rock face,
claiming that Napoleon
had used Clapier when
crossing to and returning
from Italy.

revolver.



Our first glimpse of
the Col de Clapier
as we approached
it from the French
side.



The pass itself



The bleak windswept lake near the top.
This photo is taken looking back towards the snowy French mountains.

Hannibal's view of the Po Valley.

~ ~ ~

Looking down from the pass to the Italian foothills.



The ranges to the east of the pass.

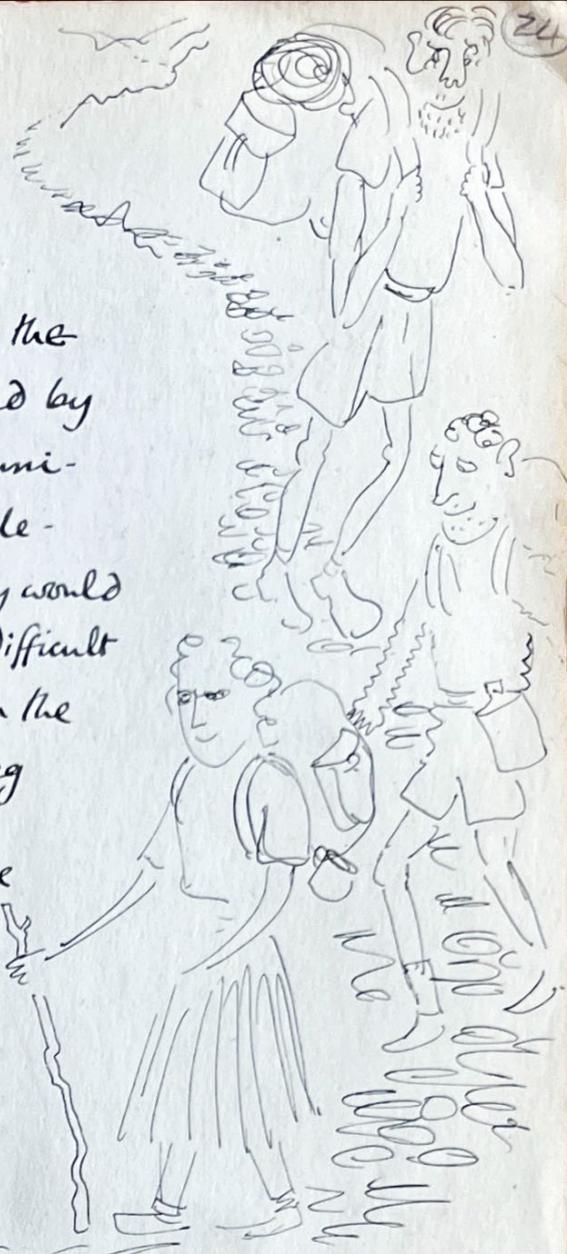
After a sandwich lunch, sheltered by ^a boulder from the terrific wind, we followed the watercourse shown in the bottom left hand corner of this photo, down into Italy.

~ So down, down, down we went

~ ~ ~



The steepness of the route is indicated by this photo. Hannibal and his elephants certainly would have found it difficult ~ with snow on the ground. The crag on the sky-line might well have been the spot where Hannibal had to crack the rock.



The first house in Italy - from Col de Clapier 23/8/56



Col de Clapier from Italy. 23/8/56

From the valley of the Dora Riparia - looking back, up to the Col de Clapier.

It was getting towards evening by the time we got any where near civilisation - and we came to a monastery commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding mountains.

To cut a long story short we were invited in for the night!

We had the evening of our lives! and were given the most delicious of meals ~ ~ ~

but the singing was the climax to the evening. We sat spell-

bound, in the flickering candle light, as we listened to their natural tenor voices - in perfect harmony - filling the room with delicious sound. It was one of those rarest moments of life - when time seems to stand still.

But - alas, it was bed-time. Friendly hands brought out beds for us and we unrolled our sleeping bags - for the night.



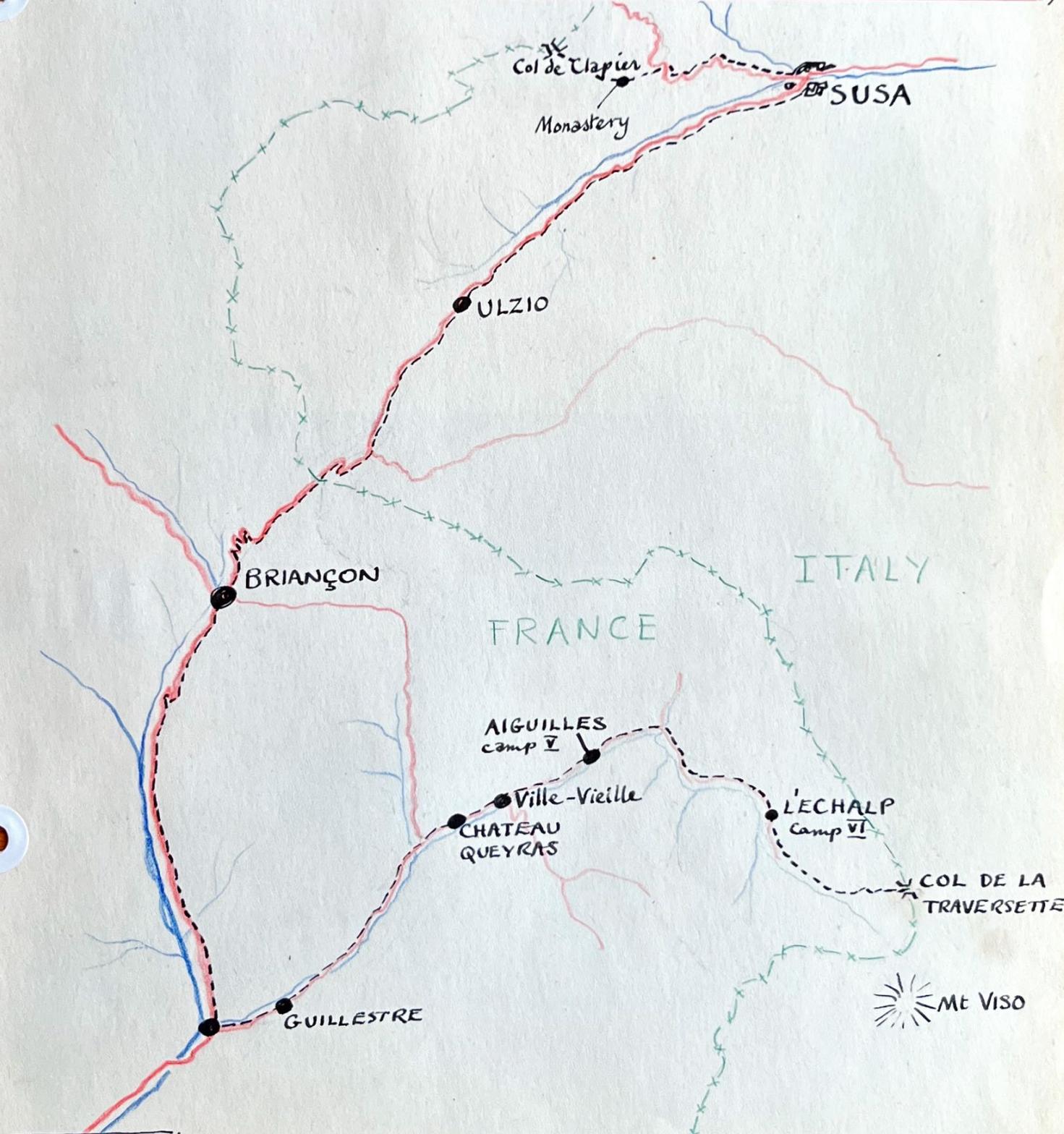
Our hosts →

(Saturday August 25th)

PART V

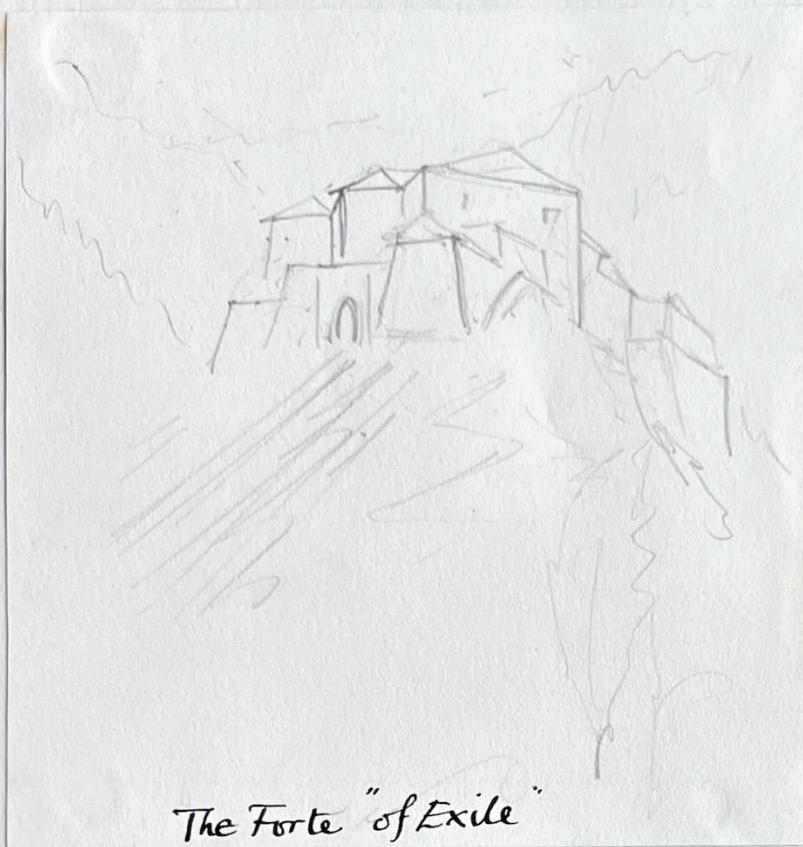
BUILD UP AND ASSAULT

SOUTH COL (DE LA TRAVERSESETTE)



- rivers
- roads
- x-x- frontier
- - - route

27
After a gigantic "English" breakfast - we sang our friends
a last song and trudged down to Susa - for a much needed
cup of coffee ~ !



The Forte "of Exile"

~ on the Susa - Uzio Road.

The road back to France went through lovely
country and we wished we had more time ~
to stop and sketch. Just over the frontier a very
interesting English couple took us to Briançon &
told us all about the history of Susa and that
part of Italy. It was not till late afternoon that
we were at Guillestre but made good time up
the spectacular gorge of the Guis with its sheer
rock faces. "Could Hannibal have possibly managed
to get up here?" we asked ourselves. The last mile
to Aiguille - our destination for the night - was
covered on the back of a hay cart - and we
singing at the top of our voices !



11/10/1942

Sunday August 26. - spent quietly at Aiguille -
painting, talking to villagers, reading "Hannibal" etc



† de Lorraine
Aiguilles, H.A.
25 Août 56.

A French Mountain Home - at Aiguille.

Quand tu entres dans le monde
Tu pleures - on se rejouit -
Vis de manier qu'on moment de =
ta mort tu puisses te rejouir
et voir pleurer les autres!

When you enter the world
You cry - though others rejoice
But at the end of your life
You are able to rejoice,
-and the others to cry!

(Written on the wall of the dining-room)

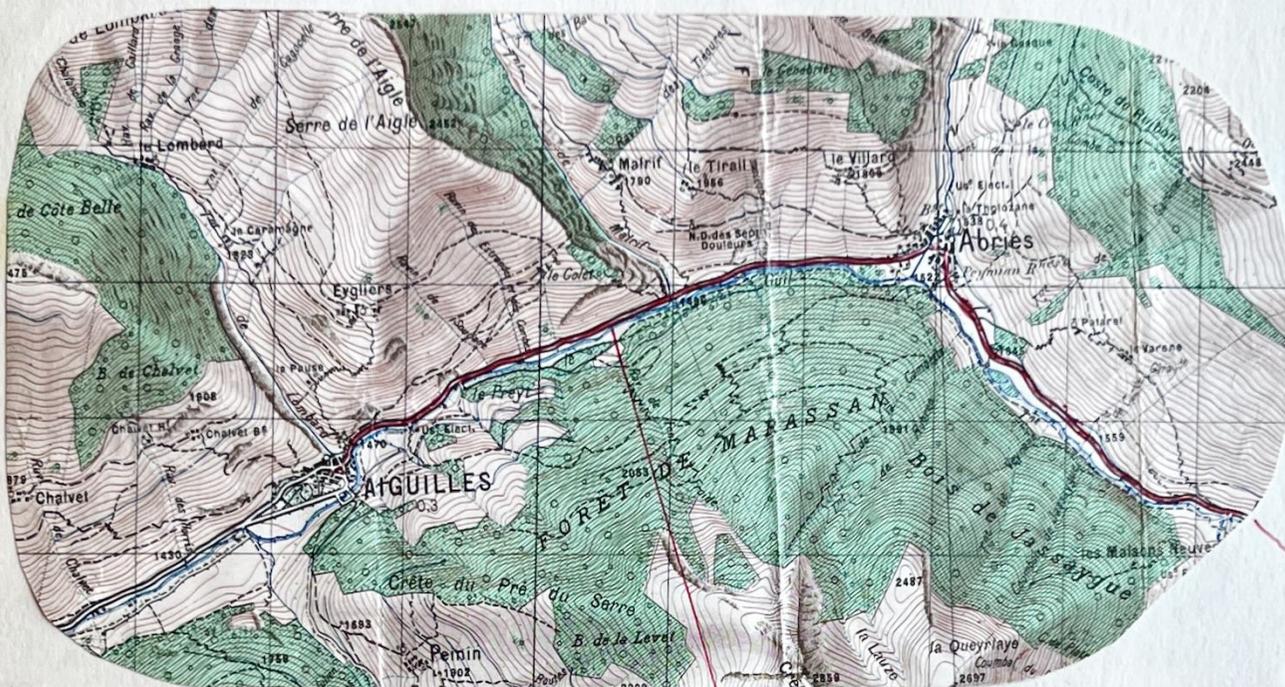


Corbeau

in the museum Aiguilles.



Aiguille



l'Echalp

Monday, August 27 (route)

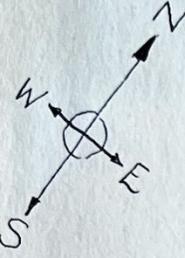
Monsieur Villan (President of the local tourist Association) - and his daughter took us in two car loads to our camp VI (l'Echalp)! We took sufficient food for two days - including milk and "last minute" peaches, David's idea! l'Echalp turned out to be a deserted village which had been avalanched, flooded and badly bombed during the war. It was the very furthest outpost of civilisation! We made ourselves at home in the desolate "school" - and after a delicious supper settled down in the early half-light to ghost stories and dreaming of an assault on Traversette ~~tomorrow~~ the next day.



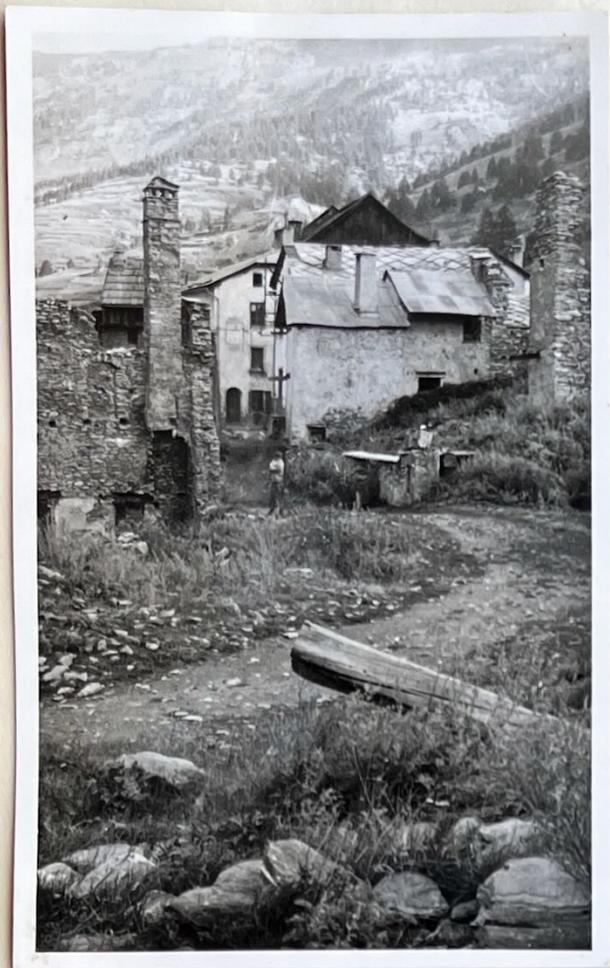
74
30



route
Tuesday



3) Tuesday. August 28th.



taken as we set out - showing the early morning sunlight on the valley we were about to ascend.

← The haunted village of l'Echalpe.

Looking back down the sweeping valley of the Guile →



Traversette



Our first view of the Col de la Traversette.

(9650 ft)



The Col de la Traversette - showing its narrowness and the difficult rocky approach.



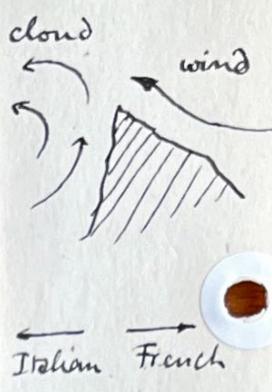
First glimpses of mighty Mount Viso - from the Col, through the swirling mists of the Italian face



"The mists are clearing"! David and Mt. Viso - from the refuge at the Col.



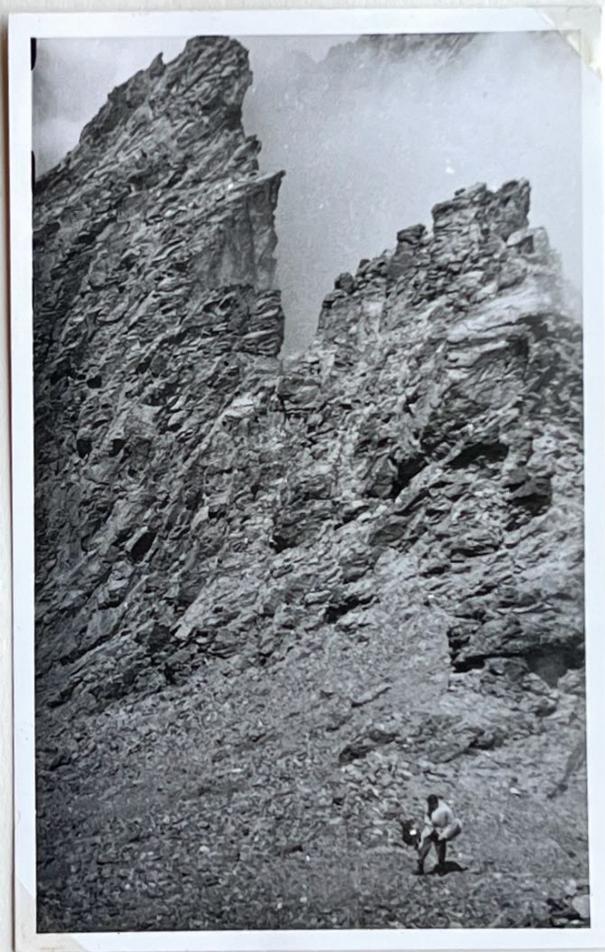
The Cross →



From the Col, looking up towards the Mt de Marte (13200 ft) - showing the cloud gushing up from the Italian cliff face. A man I met in Belgium described how, while spending a night on the pass he had seen a ghost - standing near where the cross is. Going up to investigate he found that it had vanished!



Italian foothills sloping down towards the mist hidden Po
- and Elizabeth munching an apple!



The jagged cliffs above the pass
(which is in the bottom right hand corner of the picture)

← Mount Vico (12700 ft) standing
supreme ~ in the light of
late after noon - with all the
mists blown away.



Looking eastwards into Italy - from
the pass. →
The Po Valley; showing
the steepness of Hannibal's
possible descent.





John at the summit of the Mont de Marte (10,300ft)



Mt Granero (10,500 ft)



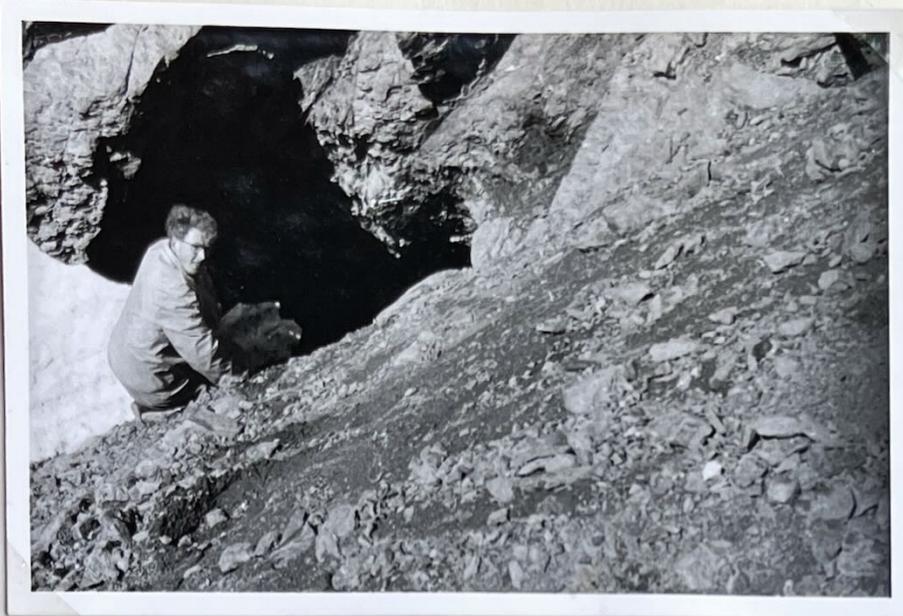
View of the southern Alps

↑
Views looking
← NNE from the
Mont de Marte
↓

Pic Traverse (9270ft)

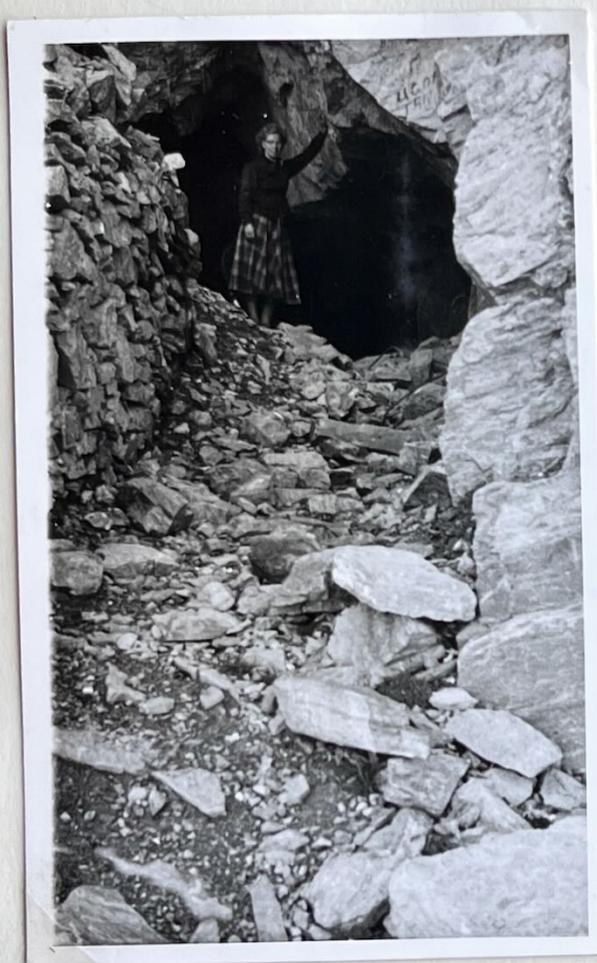


The French - Italian frontier

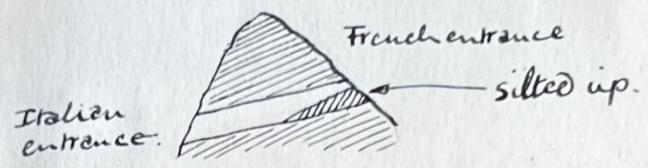


Richard at the French entrance.

The Col de la Traversette tunnel.

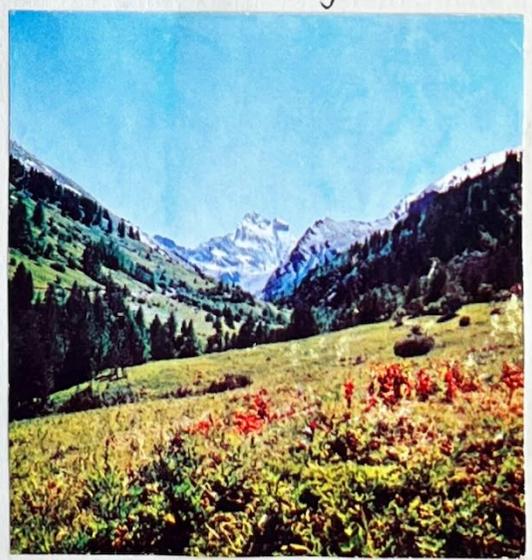


Elizabeth standing at the Italian entrance.



This tunnel was built in the 13th century for trade between France and Italy (so history books say)! Others say that Hannibal made it to get his elephants over the most difficult part of the journey! It all adds to the interest of the matter!

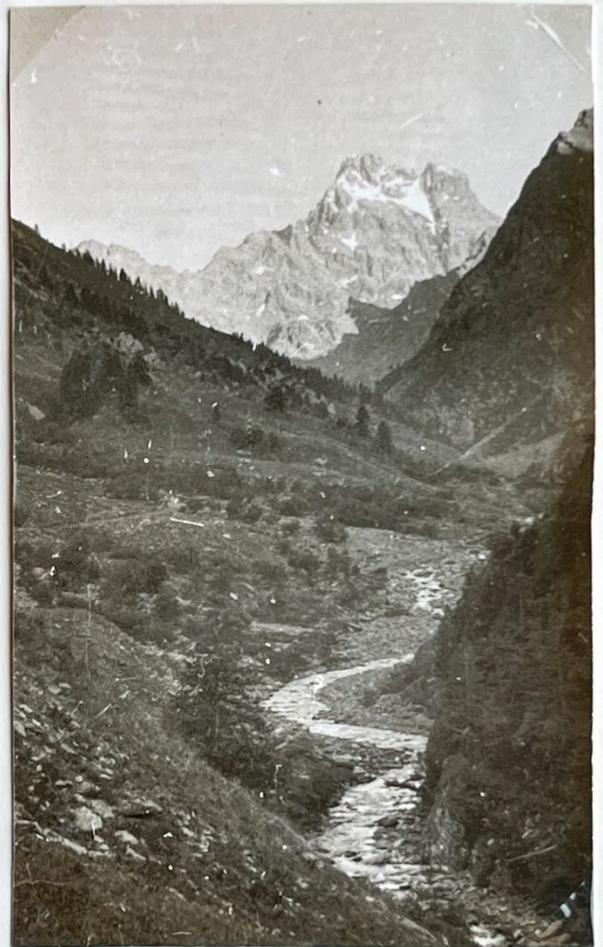
* or more correctly 'under'



Mount Viso →



Mount Viso in the evening
light.



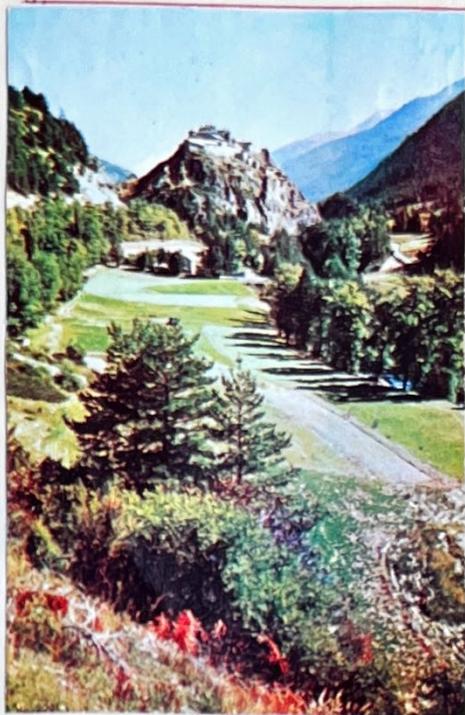
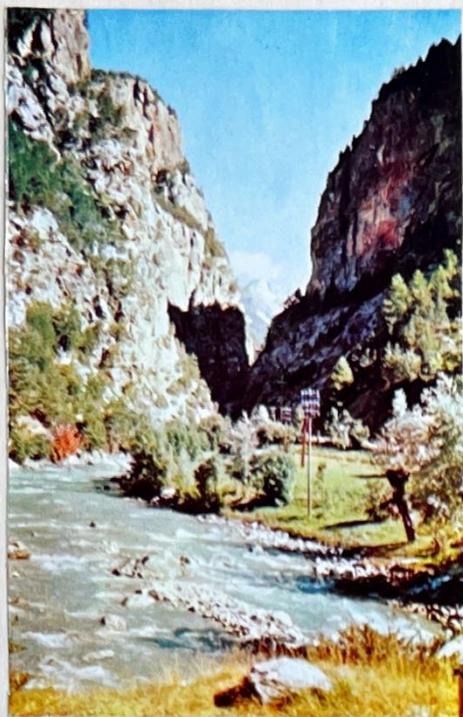
Mount Viso
later in the evening.

~ and so to bed ~ back at the Hotel des Alpes - Aiguille,

Wednesday. 29th August.

"THE ISLAND"

PART VI



38

The Chateau Queyras
~ where Hannibal might
have been ambushed!
(Sir Gavin's theory)

↑
Views of the Guil gorges
— indicating the difficult
route Hannibal might have
had!
↓



A long day's hitch-hiking. destination: Avignon (on the Rhone valley).
Once we were down from the higher Alps, lifts seemed to be more
and ^{more} difficult to obtain. Beautiful scenery all the way. Stopped
at the town of Mane for the night.

A kind monsieur
who took me
down the
Durance valley.
(an interesting
geological
rock formation
in the background)



Thursday August 30.

8:30 am start and waited 3 hours just outside the village for a lift - and watching life. It passed as usual along the French road. The dog that had begged for some of my supper the night before trotted past - on some escapade. Two old men - on the edge of 90 came hobbling along - one behind the other. A most extraordinary procession! An hour later they returned... in exact formation. Two girls were playing outside a house further up the road. They watched me peering up and down in pensive mood" or pirouette to snippets of Brahms' songs. Midday found me in the middle of no-where sitting in the shade of a road -

side tree with a rather barren landscape all around. Not a car had passed for half an hour! At last one came... and wonder of wonders, it stopped.

Avignon at last.
Night at the Youth hostel... Too tired to dance on the pont!



Sur le Pont d'Avignon on y danse on y danse



Le Pont d'Avignon.

Sept 2

Friday August 31st.

"THE ISLAND" (according to D'Ardenne)

ISERE
Valence

"THE ISLAND" (according to Su Gwin de Beer)

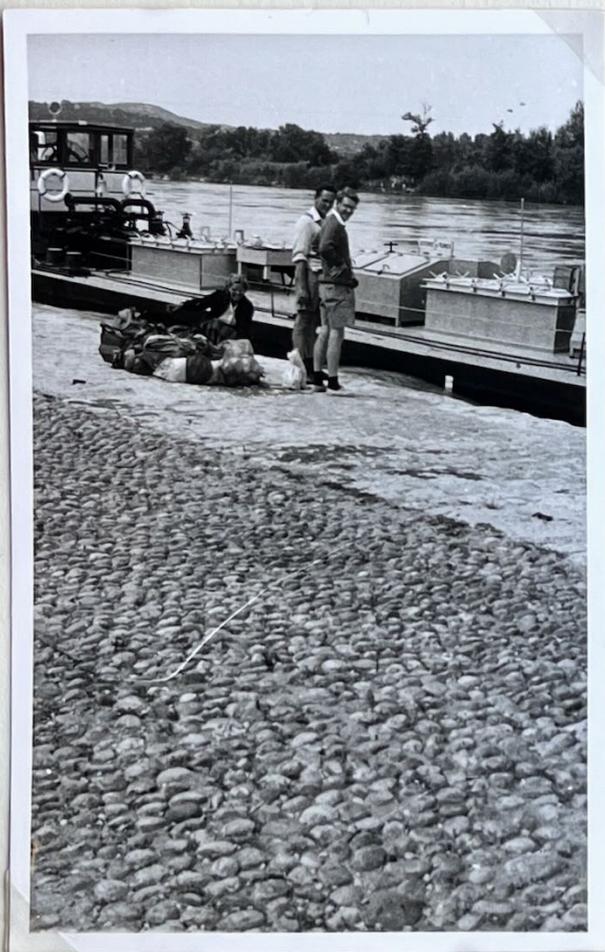
RHONE

AYGUES

OUR ROUTE

Avignon

MED



"All aboard"!

Our next project was to look at the two possible positions of 'The Island' - where Hannibal turned off from the Rhone valley towards the Alps. Quite unexpectedly we were given a lift on an oil tanker going up to Valence. (at 4 miles an hour!)

41



Goodbye to
the
Pont d'Arignon!

Opposite the meeting
of the rivers Aygues
and Rhône...
The French Atomic
Research Centre.



Sir Gavin de Beer's
"Island"
- the meeting point
of the Aygues and
the Rhône

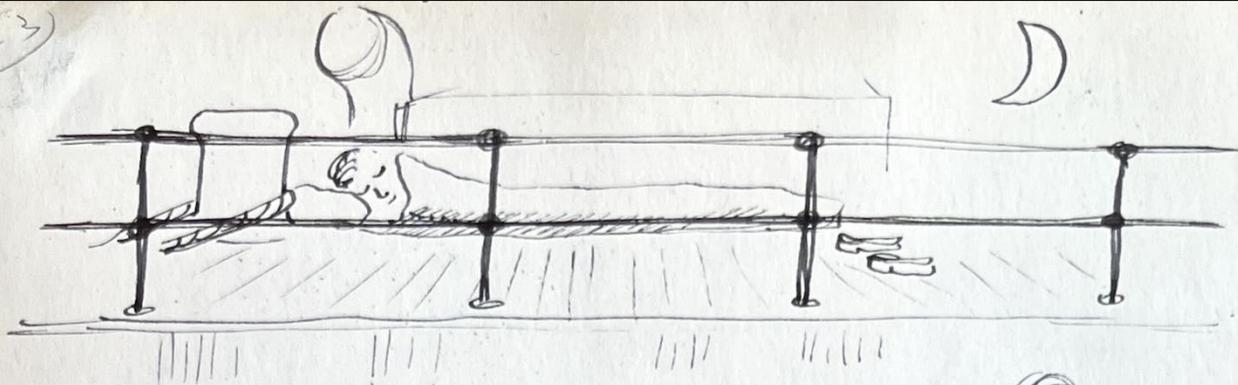
Lunch!



Our host and skipper
-at the helm.

The power station and dam
at
Donzere-Mondragon.





The tanker moored up at 11:0 pm
so we unrolled our sleeping bags and
settled down for the night - on deck! ~ till 3:0 am
when it started to pour with rain!

Saturday September 1.



Quiet day on tanker, writing up our diaries,
having discussions - on a whole range of subjects
and reading.

At last, as evening drew on, Valence
came in sight and we busily packed. The
youth hostel was right by the river so we
had not got far to walk to our lodgings. There
was a Canadian there who had strong views
about "the British snobishness". We had a long
discussion!



Table manners! A very realistic photo of supper at Valence Youth Hostel.

Sunday, September 2nd.

(last day of the expedition.)

On "The Island"

of Dr McDonald's theory.

~ with our borrowed
umbrellas!



The river Isère

~ with "The Island"
on the right.



'All France'
canoe competition
on River Isère.

45

~ ~ ~ And so ended our
'expedition'. We would at
last have to separate ~
Richard and David .. by
Lorry to Paris, Elizabeth
by train and I, with
another week to spare,
to go - wherever the
whim took me!

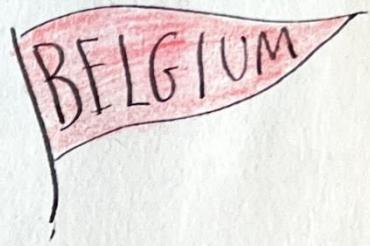
RETURN TO



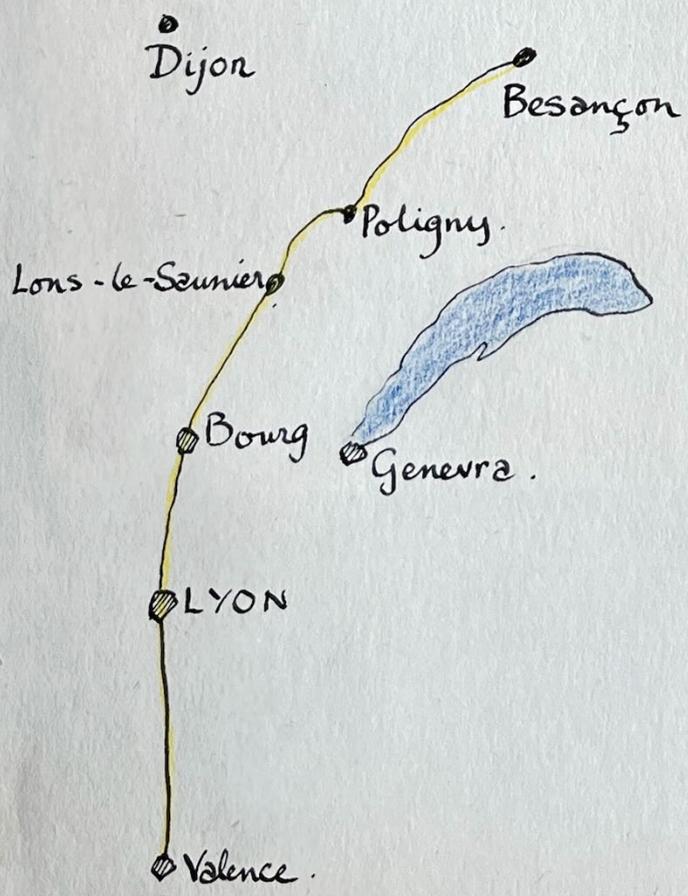
VIA



and



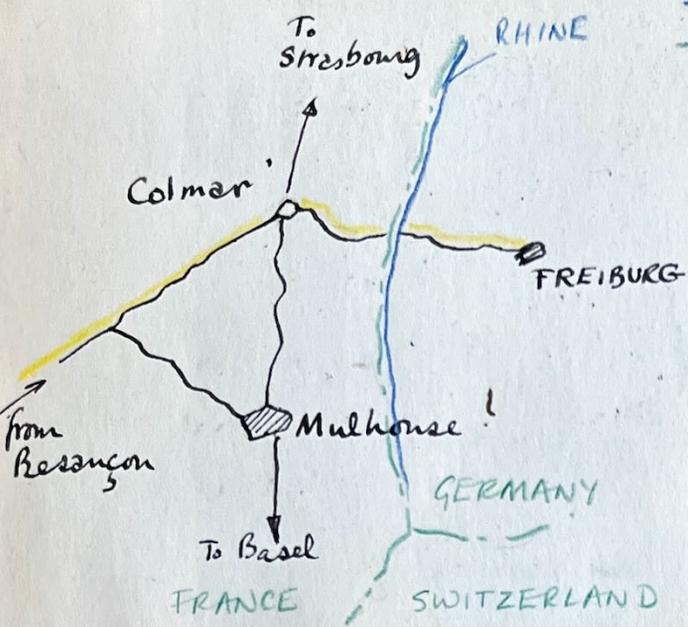
Monday. Sept 3rd.



"All on my little lonesome I set off from Valence. It was really slow going & at 6:50 that evening I was standing by the road out of Lyon." "I'll give it another ten minutes and then book in at a pension". At 6:57 sharp a car stopped and we were off! My new friend told me all about Pierre Ponjade and the complexities of French politics. We stopped in a little village - to catch the still evening air and have a drink and were off again into the night... and so to Besançon! - 208 km. beyond Lyon!

Tuesday. September 4.

— route
— rivers
— frontiers



The Besançon - Belford road was most beautiful - winding down the lovely Doubs valley. What a contrast there is between France and Germany. I teamed up with an American couple at the frontier and we settled down at Freiburg Hostel for the night.



Freiburg Youth Hostel in the Black Forest. 5 Sept.

Wednesday. Sept 5th.

Spent a fascinating day exploring Freiburg - the superb cathedral and old houses - and the deep dark woods that surround the town





Freiburg Cathedral

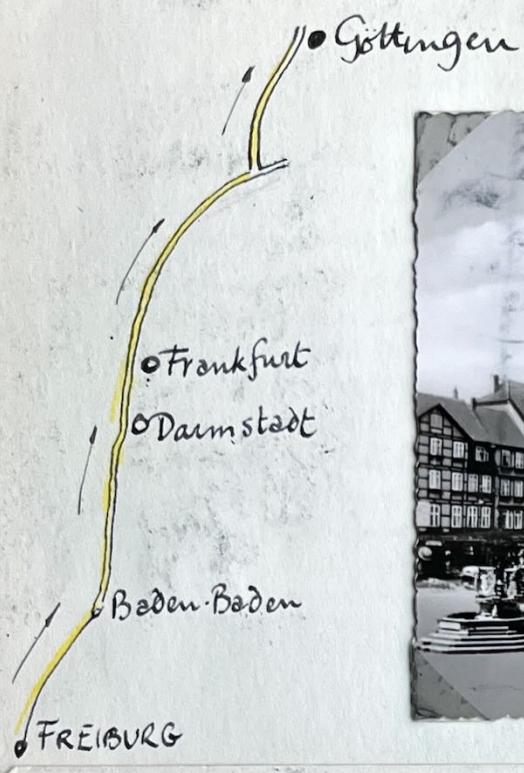


Walking in the chancel
Freiburg Cathedral . 5th Sept.



Freiburg . 5th Sept.

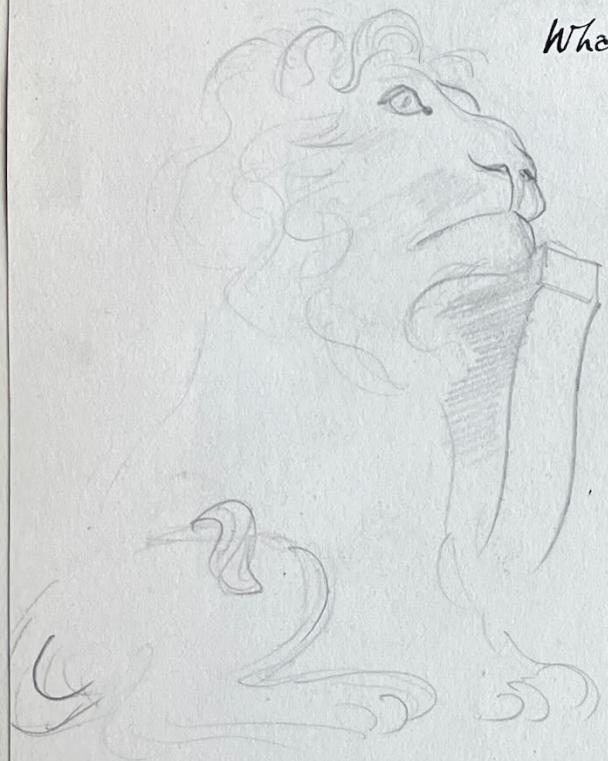
49
Thursday. September 6th. ~ spent - mainly in a fast
 Opel - at about 60 mph! on an
 autobahn. Covered 568 km
 = 355 miles. Snoozed at Göttingen.



The Town Hall. Göttingen.

Friday. Sept 7th.

What an
 expression!



lion!

Göttingen
 Lion, same

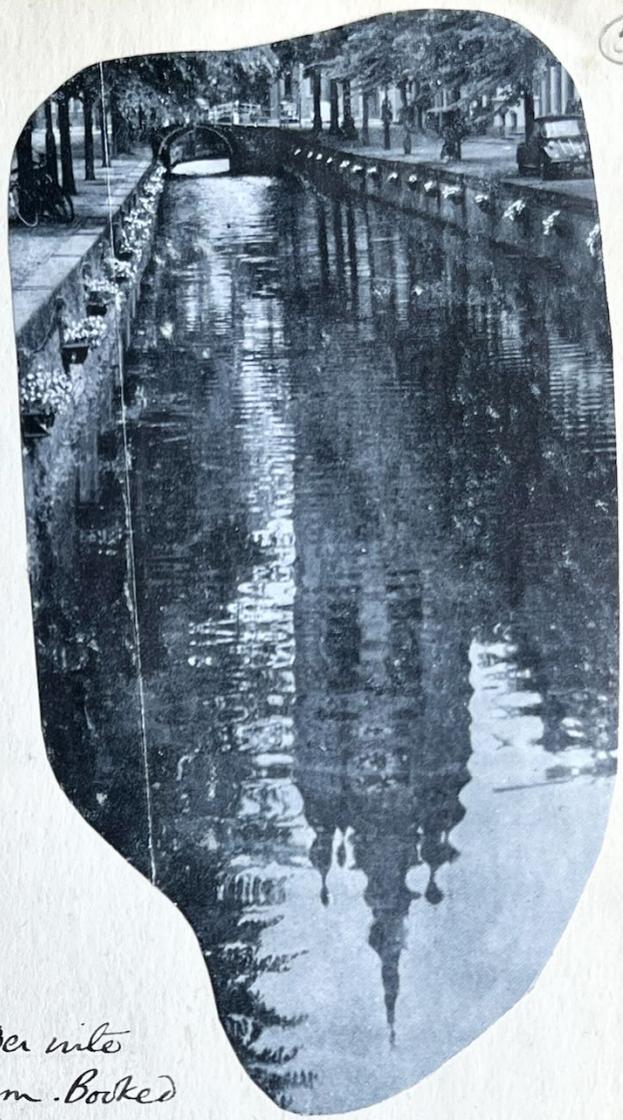
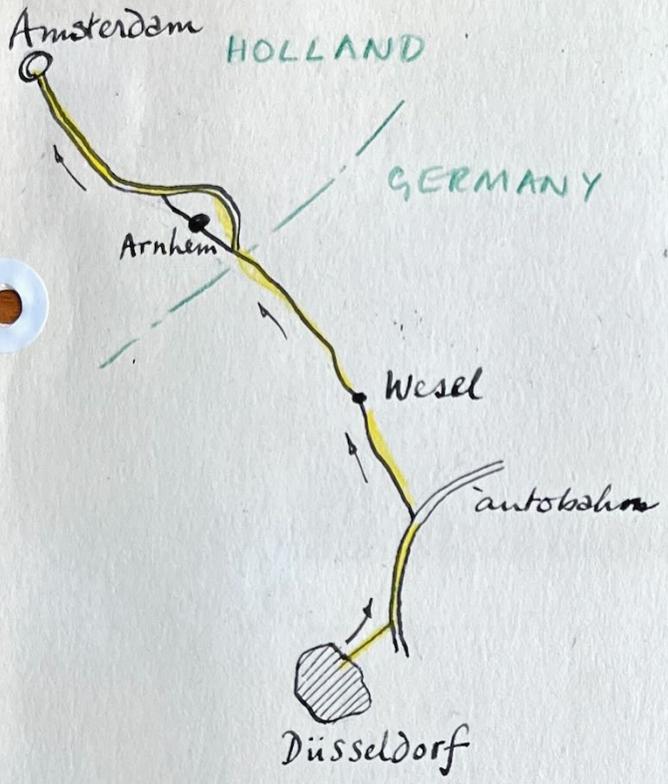
Morning spent in the
 beautiful Herz mountains!
 Our road wound in
 amongst rolling hills and
 charming old half timbered
 hamlets.

At Hannover I turned
 west towards the Rhur
 and was in Düsseldorf late
 that evening.

Stayed with Hans
 & friend at Oxford for the
 night. Most memorable event
 of the day.....

The beard came off!

Saturday. Sept 8th.



A safe, fast trip - over the boarder into Holland - and then to Amsterdam. Booked a bed at the Youth Hostel and then spent the rest of the evening exploring the lovely canals and quaint little back streets.

Sunday. Sept. 9th.



Companions of the road.
 ~ We talked gently of the beauties of nature ... and then they were gone.
 ~ You sentimental old fool!

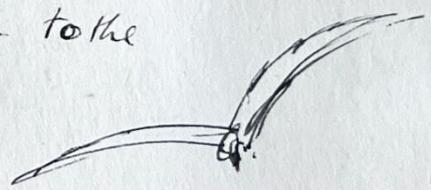
I went to the Haag - to call on a friend - only to find he had moved from the area 12 months earlier! Made all speed into Belgium - arriving for Ostend. Passed through Rotterdam, Dordrecht, Breda, Antwerpen and ended up with a very late night lift to Gent by a steward and his wife. They insisted I should spend the night in their home so....!



Monday, Sept 10. (My birthday) 1956
24th

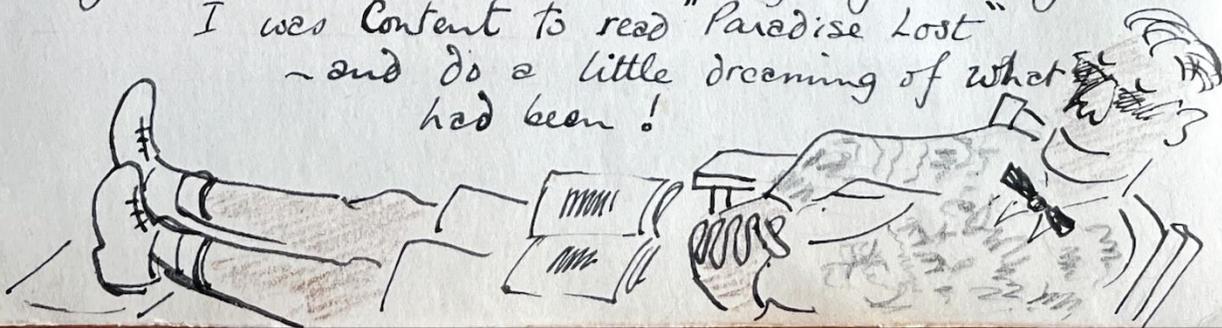


Paul Haesaerts - friend of Salvador Dali, Picasso and Matisse - gave me my last lift on the continent... to the ferry at Ostend.



I sat in a deck chair - on board, as the sea gulls wheeled overhead and the distant Belgium coast grew faint to our stern - listening to les Anglais returning from a holiday. Everyone was sun-tanned and talking vigorously.

I was content to read "Paradise Lost" - and do a little dreaming of what had been!



52

PART VII AFTERMATH

The prophet is without honour till the year
He prophesies the things we want to hear!

George Galbraith



he time for ease on sun-soaked oil tankers, for the luxuriant sleep of fifteen foot deep hay, for the heavenly breezes of summit ridges was over ~ and "each went back to plough his furrow" in life's great field ~ ~ ~

David ~ back to Cambridge ~ ~ theology ~ ~ and perhaps a little time for Eton Fives!



Elizabeth ~ to start teaching domestic science at Reading Technical College



Richard ~ to prepare for work among the Kikuyu in Kenya



and

John ~ to the complexities of industrial life at Joseph Lucas - Birmingham



To refer back to George Galbraith's saying, there is no doubt that on our return to England we found ourselves in an "honourable" year. It seemed that the British Public would never tire of hearing about Hannibal and his exploits

As regards articles in papers, it was decided at Valence to try and get something into the Manchester Guardian ~ a job allocated to Richard and also to send a report of our full findings to the Alpine Journal to augment Dr McDonald's writings.

Sad to relate this was never accepted.

53

The Birmingham Evening Despatch was quick to take up the story.

Evening Despatch
CORPORATION STREET
BIRMINGHAM, 4
Tel.: CENTral 8461



MR. JOHN HOYTE
—see "Hannibal's route."

Hannibal's route
FOR 24-year-old Mr. John Hoyte a break from 20th-century Birmingham industry means a chance to work on a report on what happened in 218BC—and so challenge the power of television.
Mr. Hoyte is a graduate apprentice with Joseph Lucas (Industries) Ltd. But in his spare time he is preparing a report for experts at Cambridge University on how Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, led an army, complete with elephants, over the Alps to challenge Ancient Rome.
With his sister, Elizabeth, a 22-year-old domestic science student, and two other students, he spent three weeks hitch-hiking through the Alps studying Hannibal's possible routes.
"Historians differ about the pass he used, but the choice seems to lie between two.
"But as far as the British public is concerned there is only one pass in it—the one Sir Gavin de Beer spoke about on television."

By tanker
SIR GAVIN, director of the Natural History Museum, says that Hannibal used a pass in the southern part of the Alps.
"But after travelling over the area we think he is wrong," Mr. Hoyte told me.
To gather their evidence, the students flew to Zurich before starting their hitch-hike which, for 36 hours took them up the River Rhone on the deck of an oil tanker.
Why did Mr. Hoyte, an engineering specialist, and his colleagues—one a theology student and another an economist—turn to history?
"It was something different...and we don't believe in too much specialisation in one subject."

The Robertson Travel Fund Committee at Cambridge wanted a full report of our findings ~ to make sure we had spent their money profitably!
I think they are happy about it now!
The Manchester Guardian wouldn't take Richard's article but ~ ~ ~

THE TIMES
THE TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE
LONDON, E.C. 4
TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 2000

September 28, 1956.

Dear Mr. Jolly,

Thank you very much for letting us see your article. As you will realize from the attached proof, we are hoping to make use of it fairly soon in The Times and shall be glad if you can let us have any corrections.

I am returning herewith the two negatives and prints we have had made from them, as I am afraid they would not stand reproduction in the paper.

Yours sincerely,

Hilary Hanna.

Secretary to the Assistant Editor

No comment, kid!

— Guardian sent it back, said it fell between two stools and they weren't interested. I didn't change it, but sent it to the higher clasp quon and.....
Read your Times boy!
Richard.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HANNIBAL WITHOUT ELEPHANTS

From A Special Correspondent

"Nous suivions la route d'Hannibal" was our stock introduction, reply and comment to those we met this summer during what we called the Cambridge University Hannibal Expedition. There were four of us and no elephants. We always found it best to admit right from the start that we hadn't any elephants. When we didn't people would listen, spellbound at our plans, and then excitedly ask: "Where are you getting the elephants from?" We never had time to explain; their interest was lost in laughter.

The challenge which inspired the expedition came at the end of a critical review of Sir Gavin de Beer's book *Alps and Elephants*, published last year. Sir Gavin argues that Hannibal's route across the Alps is farther south than most other theories suggest, and A. H. Macdonald criticizing this in the *Alpine Journal*, ends: "The best procedure would be to take Polybius and Livy (the ancient sources) in one hand and *Alps and Elephants* in the other . . . and travel the Alpine passes." We did just that—or nearly that, for we found that books in both hands might be all right when returning from a Heffers or a Bowes and Bowes, but for mountains and rock climbing—?

"FEMALES IN FRONT"

The start of Hannibal's route lay up the Rhône valley. He had crossed the Rhône at a point four days' march from the sea, not without difficulty both because hostile Barbarians lined the opposite bank and because the fast-flowing river set a problem of elephant transport. But he overcame the first by mounting a successful attack from the rear, and he solved the second by luring the 37 elephants on to earth-covered rafts, leading (as Polybius so significantly records) "two females in front whom the others obediently followed." After this he marched for a further four days up the Rhône (and for a distance of 106 kilometres as Sir Gavin's theory seems to neglect) before reaching "the island" where Polybius says Hannibal turned eastwards towards the Alps.

Because "the island" is described in brief detail by both Polybius and Livy, it becomes the key-point to identify for the western end of the route. However, as the arguments are philological rather than geographical, we contented ourselves with photographing two main contenders for the title and in undecided mood moved to the more interesting Alpine passes. These are important for the particular pass which Hannibal traversed must pinpoint the eastern end of the route.

Our plan was to cross two of the strongest contestants—Col Clapier, a traditional favourite which lies at the head of the Modane Valley leading out of the Isère basin between Bramans and Susa, and farther south Col de la Traversette, Sir Gavin's suggestion, which is situated between the Moris Genève and the Riviera and leads out of the Durance basin. Col Clapier was to be first and we hoped to sleep the night in a pleasantly primitive barn at La Planee half way up.

Only the latter adjective is applicable, for La Planee had a first and lasting impression of farmyard smell with which we grew strangely accustomed and perhaps strongly identified. But our chief memory is not of this, but of a sing-song with some Scouts and the chisel-chinned peasants round a bottle of wine and the dim light of an old oil lamp.

INTO THE MIST

It is difficult to convey our initial disappointment next day as the clouds were low and a gentle drizzle discouraged our plans. The number of different opinions as to whether we could cross in the mist was muddling, but we muddled through to a decision and left at nine-thirty. Our disappointment proved transitory. We climbed rapidly, the weather coldish, but the heavy packs uphill kept us warm. In 25 minutes we met our "guides"—two frontier gendarmes whom we had by good chance contacted the previous day. From them we had obtained the permission we needed to cross the frontier by the usually forbidden Col Clapier route; a smile and a joke had won where many letters to consuls had failed.

They now led the way; behind us snow-capped peaks, on our left a gorge curving towards a glacier and in front emerging on either side some cloud-obscured peaks, the higher on the left. After an hour and a half the climbing was over and our trek was straightforward—the scenery being a strange mixture of deserted planet with the odd tin-can evidence of civilization. As we neared the pass the grass wore to a thin finish, the snow drifts came down to our level and the gale gusts grew stronger. Suddenly we were there looking down on the Italian valley with a commanding peak on right centre, and on either side the heavy dark curves of the mountain-side.

Four days later we would be standing on the very different Traversette pass some 60 kilometres farther south. Here the easy part of the climb came first. Towards the end where it crossed a large area of rock scree it became uneven and steep. Unlike Clapier, which at the pass gave the impression of a wide grey valley, Traversette is a narrow U-shaped ridge like the crescent moon, but a mere 15 yards across.

WHICH PASS?

The dispute over which pass Hannibal crossed hinges on four main factors. Obviously where you place "the island" governs where you look for the pass—broadly, north or south. But also from the ancient sources we know that on the French side the way through the valley must lie through a deep gorge past a flat rocky area on which Hannibal bivouacked for the night. Also on the Italian side Hannibal experienced difficulty because of the steepness of the descent.

So we dismissed those passes which could not satisfy these conditions, thus eliminating all but Col Clapier and Col de la Traversette. The third point derives from the account of Hannibal assembling his men (they possibly numbered 38,000) on the pass and exhorting them while overlooking the Po valley. From both passes this view stretches out in front, but only Col Clapier is large enough to assemble the army. Sir Gavin counters by asserting that probably only the leaders assembled, but neither Polybius nor Livy's words suggest this limited meaning.

Finally, as regards the pass, we know that in October when Hannibal crossed there was still some snow left from the previous winter which caused him further trouble with the animals. In Sir Gavin's theory this is a crucial point in favour of Col de la Traversette against Clapier, for he argues that at nearly 10,000ft. it is sufficiently colder than Clapier at 8,173ft. for this to be possible. But for

us this argument has lost much of its weight because on neither col did we find more than the odd drift, and also Polybius actually claims that snow "lies continuously both summer and winter near the top of the passes." This claim must imply one of two things—either Sir Gavin's evidence that the climates of the two eras are broadly similar is misleading, or that Polybius on this point is unreliable.

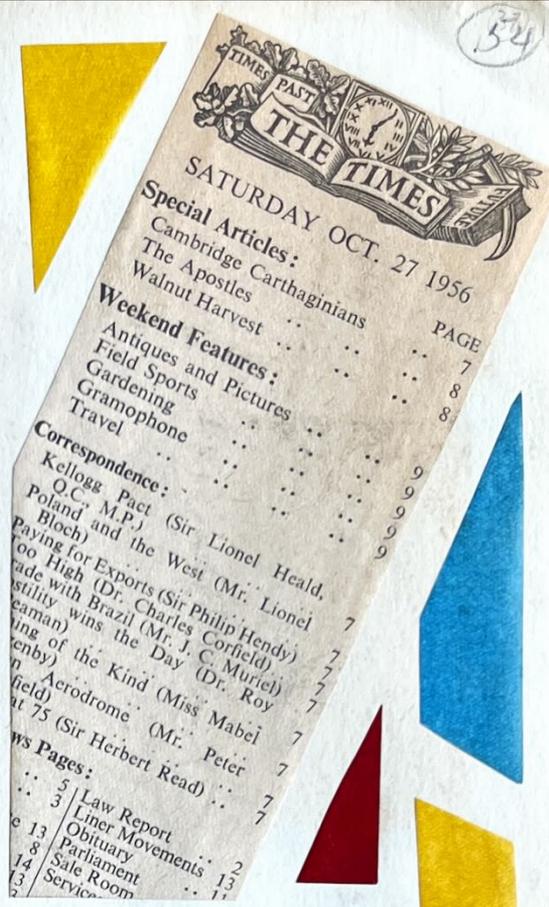
ACADEMIC COOLNESS

We found that the academic coolness of these arguments, and to a degree the climatic coldness of the elements, proved secondary to the climactic emotion of shivering on the promontory where Hannibal may have stood. We stuck our flag in the ground. We read aloud Hannibal's exhortation. Then we dropped down the steep ankle-straining path to the valley below.

Here we unexpectedly received a welcome to Italy that both contrasted and added to the thrill of following Hannibal. Inquiring the way from a few monks standing in front of a long set of buildings we were soon lost in a circle of song and happy friendship. Like the assembly of a crowd scene on a stage the few were joined by others and transformed into a choir with a balance and harmony as if long rehearsed, though actually spontaneous. This was continued after a supper they provided for us—though by now we had moved inside to the simple whitewashed hall.

Their singing can neither be described nor forgotten; each sang with every ounce he possessed, and it flowed to us with a gentleness yet pervading forcefulness, and an underlying rhythm. Their oneness was more striking: those unseen at the back gave as much as those at the front, and it was impossible to tell who was leading. The evening passed, beds were brought, and we slept the sleep, if not of the just, yet at least of those who had crossed the Alps on foot with 30lb. haversacks.

Someone (perhaps even someone who laughs when we have no elephants) will say: "Did you find his route?" We don't laugh, though perhaps with a whimsical smile and with a whisper of classical wisdom we reply: "Il n'y a pas de fin mais nous continuons à suivre la route."



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Moreover, a few days later the Statesman ~
"High class Newspaper" of Delhi and Calcutta reprinted
the article. ~ ~ ~

THE STATESMAN TUESDAY NOVEMBER 6 1956

CAMBRIDGE CARTHAGINIANS
— ♦ —
**IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HANNIBAL
WITHOUT ELEPHANTS**
From The Times, London

There were two results from the printing of the
article by the Times. ~ ~ ~

Firstly we received the exulted sum of £13
and celebrated it by having a reunion in London,
a dinner at the Royal Opera House Restaurant
followed by "Othello"

~ seen from a box!

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

COVENT GARDEN



Saturday Evening, 1st December, 1956

The 71st performance at the Royal Opera House
of

Otello

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

Words by Arrigo Boïto
after the play by William Shakespeare
Music by Giuseppe Verdi
Scenery and costumes by Wakhevitch

CONDUCTOR - RAFAEL KUBELIK
PRODUCER - PETER POTTER

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA CHORUS
Chorus Master - DOUGLAS ROBINSON
THE COVENT GARDEN ORCHESTRA
Leader - CHARLES TAYLOR

Secondly, there was a reply
from Sir Gavin ~ !

HANNIBAL'S ROUTE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES
Sir, — I never imagined that I should have
the honour of godfathering the "route
d'Hannibal" which the French authorities
have instituted in accordance with my
views, nor of inspiring the Cambridge
Carthaginians to repeat Hannibal's march.
As they so rightly say, "the island" becomes
the key-point to identify for the western
end of the route, but when they assert that
the arguments are philological rather than
geographical I must raise my eyebrows. The
geographical arguments are that "the
island" is a triangular piece of land, very
fertile, highly populated, seven days' march
(three of Scipio's, four of Hannibal's) from
the sea, south of St. Paul Trois-Châteaux,
bordered by a river which a thousand years
ago was called the Icaros. The philological

evidence is that this name represents the
Skaras of a thousand years earlier still,
and that the Greek word for "island"
means land flooded by the Nile. Why
despise philology?
Protagonists of the Clavier route have
to accept as their "island" the land north
of the Isère, not triangular, not fertile, not
highly populated, twice as far away from
the sea, north of St. Paul Trois-Châteaux,
and bordered by a river which can only
be made to agree with the classical texts
by faking them. As for the eastern end
of the route, if this year they found little
snow on the Traversette that weakens still
further the argument for the Clavier, for
I have no less faith in Polybius than in
natural science. I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
GAVIN DE BEER.
The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, S.W.1.
Oct. 27.

We never took the issue any
further ~ but don't be
deceived by our friend the
Curator ~ at such a late
stage in the game. As
Dr McDonald wrote to Richard ~

"I would have replied (to this) only the next day, you recall, was the Suez
crisis and thought it too serious to begin a "silly season". I feel
Hannibal would have agreed!"

"Reflections" - the Joseph Lucas magazine willingly published an article.



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IN HANNIBAL'S TRACKS

The account of an Alpine Expedition with a difference

by John Hoyte

Mr. Hoyte is a graduate apprentice with the company at Great King Street. In his spare time he is preparing a report for experts at Cambridge University on how Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, led an army, complete with elephants, over the Alps to challenge Ancient Rome. Mr. Hoyte spent three weeks hitch-hiking through the Alps studying Hannibal's possible routes.

It was an interesting and amusing discovery made while planning our historic trip that General Hannibal's Chaplain-in-Chief was called Bogus. Some might try, we hope in jest, to apply this name to the Cambridge Hannibal Expedition of 1956; we trust, however, that this article will persuade them to use better judgement!

My sister Elizabeth and I and two friends from Magdalene College, Cambridge, found ourselves one sunny morning in August posed on the trolleyed steps of a Dakota at Croydon Airport. We waved a Union Jack with elephant rampant, and tried to put on a faraway Himalayan look while the *Evening News* photographer took a snap. It was all rather like a dream—but then we were about to go over the rainbow anyway. In my pocket were twenty pounds kindly provided by Cambridge University, and by one side lay rucksacks which seemed terribly heavy in spite of the endless weeding out of unnecessary equipment. We had found it best to admit right from the start that any elephants would

have to be left behind, but this did not deprive me of a very interesting conversation on the subject with George Cansdale.

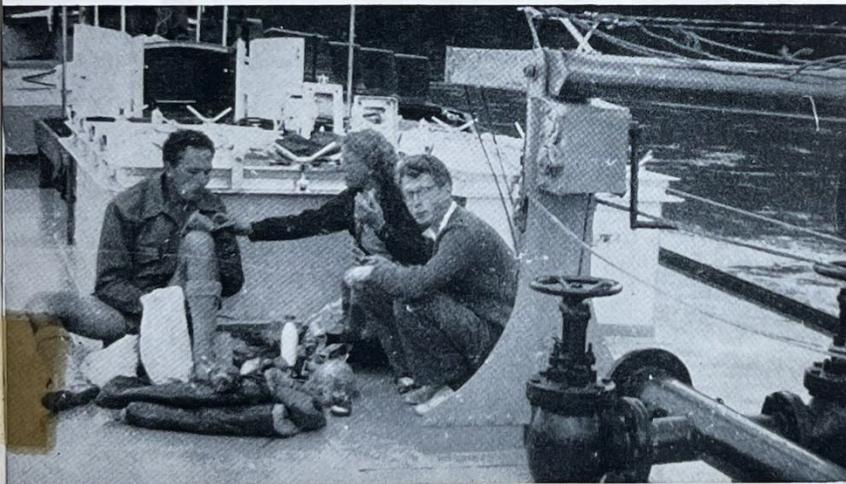
After landing at Zürich we spent an exciting ten days in Switzerland... no, not practising our rope technique or even sharpening ice axes but at least getting our walking legs, and when feeling more extravagant, dangling over wonderful fields of gentians on the occasional ski-lift. The diversity of the youth hostels was a study in itself for they varied from the "Black Hole of Zürich" to the exquisite little chalet near Gstaad where we were the only occupants. Can I ever forget the delicious apple crumble (my favourite pudding) that graced our table there—thanks to Elizabeth's cooking.

Wednesday, August 22nd, saw the expedition crossing the border into France, towards "Hannibal Country" by the perhaps not so elegant but at least economical method of hitch-hiking. Late that night we reached the little, remote village of Bramens high up in the

The crags over the Col de la Traversette.



Lunch on the deck of an oil tanker on the Rhone, we spent a day and a half on the tanker.



Evening. Mount Viso (12,609 ft.) is in the background

page thirty-three



—and my old school magazine bore a similar article.

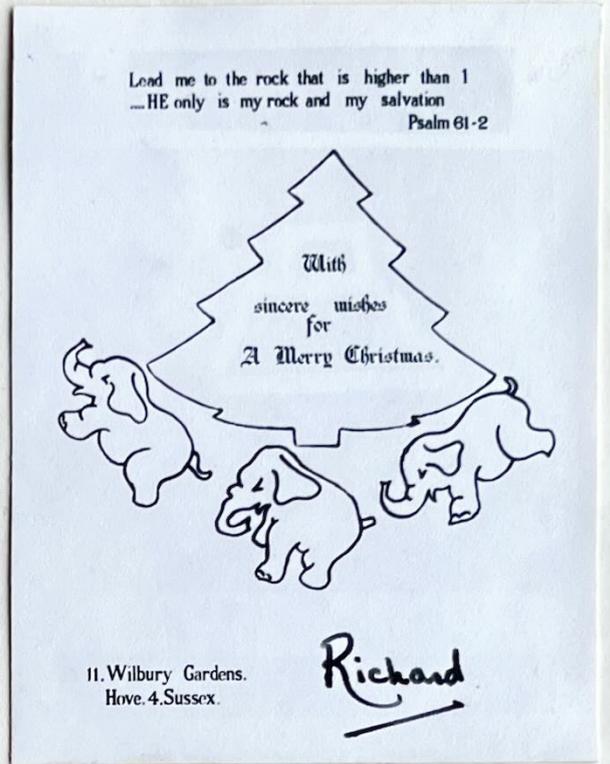
C.S.A. MAGAZINE

IN HANNIBAL'S TRACKS

The account of an Alpine Expedition with a difference!

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Richard's Christmas card that year not only incorporated a scene and elephants to connect it with the holiday but also, very beautifully, incorporated a spiritual application.



The cross & crags above the Col de la Traversette.





ALPINE FLOWERS



uring the holiday we saw quite a variety of Alpine flower and Elizabeth kept a careful record of these for future holidays. Below, I am going to show some that we found but am inserting an introductory note first to add to your interest ~ ~ ~

An alpine plant may be defined as one which grows high up in the mountains above the tree level limit. This limit varies in Switzerland from about 5,500 feet to 7,500 feet according to local conditions, such as protection or exposure to wind and the slope of the ground, whether north or south. It is a zone in which the hard struggle with the elements causes the last outposts of the mountain forests, the weather-beaten firs, larches and stone-pines - to assume a gnarled and stunted form. Above this zone lies the kingdom of the alpine plants which never cease to enchant us by the profusion, size and colour of their flowers. These too have a hard struggle for existence which can best be appreciated by considering the peculiar conditions under which they grow;

The TEMPERATURE on a fine summer day can be very hot but in bad weather, at night and in spring and in autumn it is very cold. Alpine plants must be able to endure these low temperatures and many of them have a protective hair covering. The seeds of some will not germinate unless they have first been frozen!

The PERIOD OF GROWTH is short, merely June to August. During this short alpine mountain summer the alpine plant must shoot up, grow, flower, ripen its fruits and disperse its seeds

SOLAR RADIATION increases with altitude and is especially rich in ultra violet light rays. This quality of mountain sunshine (which tanned on skin so easily) causes the plants to grow more quickly than in the lowlands. Their flowers are often larger and more vividly coloured.

Finally; The SOIL is often scanty and in many places rather dry. The plants must use thriftily the little nutriment available.



Saxifraga aizoon
Wassergrot



Crainkell
Engelberg and Clapier



Common
Houseleek
Near Col de Clapier
23.8.56



Globeflower
Near Zurich
15.8.56.



Campanula
Schneebühl
Engelberg



Aconitum
Lycostomum
Wassergrot
19.8.56.



Fragrant Orchid
Engelberg
17.8.56.



Centaurea
montana
Engelberg
17.8.56.



Col de Clapier
24.8.56.

Veronica fruticans



Yellow rockrose
Wassergrot. 19.8.56



Hedysarum
obscurum
Engelberg
17.8.56



Crepis aurea



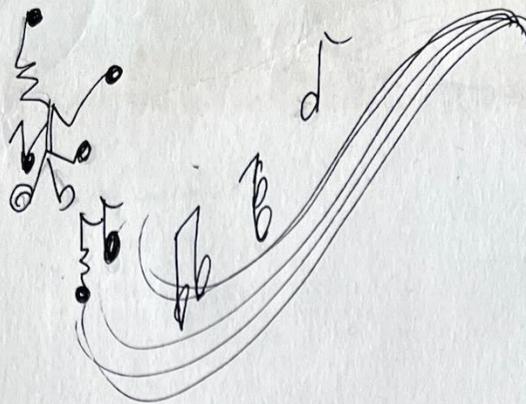
Alpine Clover
Engelberg. 17.8.56



Spring Gentian
Col de Clapier
26.8.56

Engelberg
17.8.56

SINGING



NEGRO Spirituals
Swing low - Sweet chariot
I've got a robe.
Old Joe.

An old cow hand.

Water water water

Dinah

Oh Shenandoah

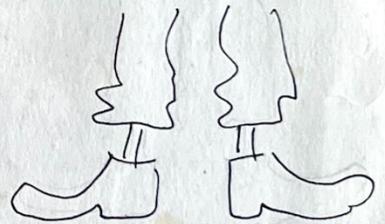
Rounds: Dona Nobis

Alhouetta.



Old Kentucky home
Old man River

Means of Transport:



1/ Aeroplane

2/ Bus

3/ Car

4/ Bicycle - with motor

5/ Hay cart

6/ Ski lift.

7/ Cable car

8/ Foot - now and then!

9/ Lorry (in America "Truck")

10/ row boat.

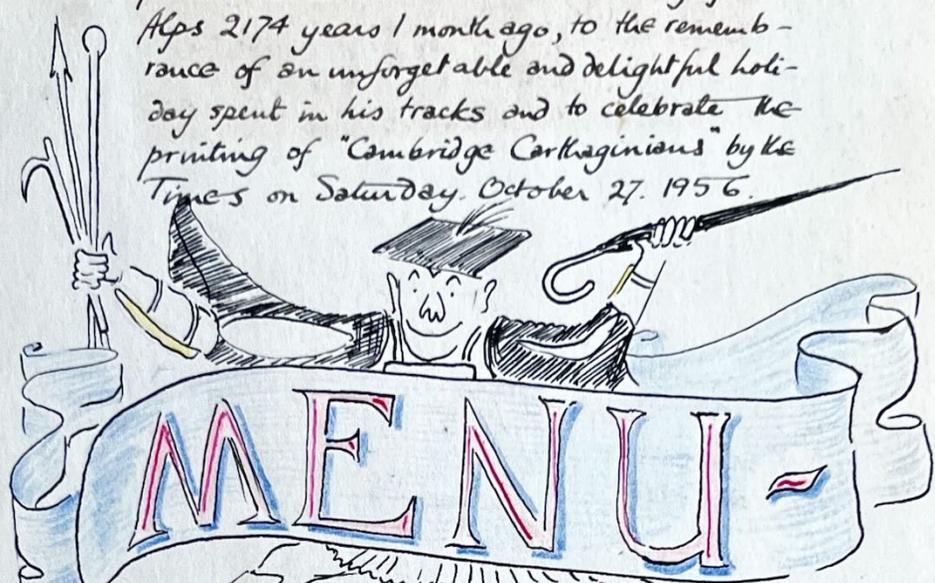
11/ motor bike

12/ Trailer behind bike

13/ Oil tanker (Arignon - Valence)

CAMBRIDGE HANNIBAL EXPEDITION
DINNER SAT. DEC 1956

To commemorate Hannibal's crossing of the Alps 2174 years 1 month ago, to the remembrance of an unforgettable and delightful holiday spent in his tracks and to celebrate the printing of "Cambridge Carthaginians" by the Times on Saturday, October 27, 1956.



at The Nag's Head
 Covent Garden

Hors d'Oeuvres — Iced Melon
 Smoked Salmon — Tomato Juice Cocktail
 Fresh Grapefruit — Creme de Tomato
 — Consomme aux Herbes —

Cheese, Ham or Mushroom Omelettes.

Fried fillet of Plaice Tartare — Trout Meuniere
 Grilled Dove Sole — Grilled Lamb Chop
 Grilled Gammon & Fried Egg — Grilled Pork Chop
 Escalope of Veal Holstein
 Fried Chicken Maryland or Florida.

Peach, Pear & Pineapple Melba
 Blackberry Flan & Cream.
 Ice Gateau

Bisuits & Cheese

Gorgonzola

English Cheddar

Double Gloucester

Caerphilly

Wensleydale

Port-Denis

Camden

Danish

Cona Coffee

Elizabeth

R.D. Jack.

Merrishaw

Richard

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Sweet Memories ~ ~ ~

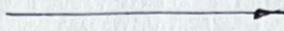
Zurich - the "Grace" through which we met Rudolf

Engelberg - spaghetti



How to dispose of it?

Interlaken - fantastic ice-creams



Gstaad - Elizabeth's apple-crumble !!



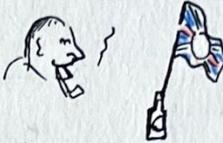
Montreux - The long walk to the kitchen & tomato & soup



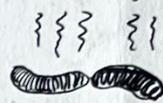
Bramens - that terrible, expensive! HAM.



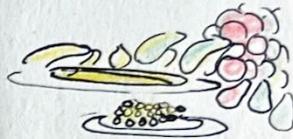
Le Planey - wine - and "Alphonette"



Col de Clapier - and its terrible dark sausages.

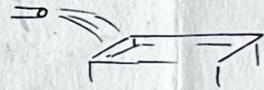


The Monastery - Green peppermint drink & OMELET!

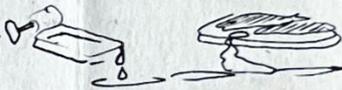


Aiguille - transparent soup with little bits in it.

Eshalpe - washing up (and ghost stories)



Traversette - sardine sandwiches upset everywhere.



The Rhône - meheons meheons meheons!



Valence - farewell chocolate ice creams



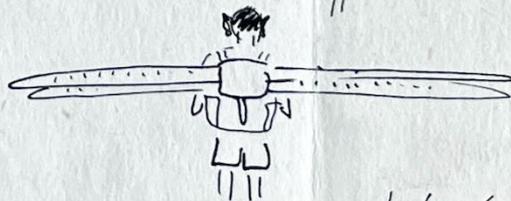
Also : ~ ~ ~

Water - tied to Richard! off on!!



Soggy continental cornflakes.

Bread - lots of knife resisting crust!



Jam - for Richard



Cheese - "Hi! Jenkins - let loose the gorgonzola"



Good hunting - all !

How someone else crossed the Alps ~ ~ ~ with a real elephant !

Late in December - 56 I came across a most fascinating book by Richard Halliburton. ~ ~ ~ Do you see the name connection? Hannibal ~ ~ ~ Hallibal ~ ~ ~ Halbut (oil, for the journey) ~ ~ ~ Hallikunt ~ ~ ~ Halliburt on an elephant ~ ~ ~ Halliburton !!

He as a young journalist had crossed the Alps between the wars on a real, live elephant - But let's hear about it in his own words ~ ~ ~

 he monks living in the St Bernard Monastery at the summit of the eight-thousand-foot St Bernard Pass across the Alps have been sheltering travellers of every nationality and every station for nearly a 1000 years. But it is unlikely that any guest will be remembered longer than one named Elizabeth Dalrymple! Because Elizabeth Dalrymple was an elephant, the ^{only} elephant to cross the pass in over 2000 years.

When this extraordinary visitor drew up before the hospice door, she was not alone. Riding on her shoulders was an amateur mahout who seemed none too sure of his seat, for he held on to his mount's enormous ears with both ~~hands~~ hands.

The Prior of the monastery, when he recovered from his astonishment, invited this odd pair of travellers to come in and sign their names on the register. The elephant could get only part of one foot through the door. So the mahout had to dismount and sign for both, taking the elephant's dictation through the window. For the elephant; Name - "Elizabeth Dalrymple. But please add," said the elephant, "that everyone calls me "Dally" - my real name is too silly." Address - "Jardin d'Acclimatation, Bois de Boulogne Paris". Profession - "Generally a lady of leisure, admired and loved by the entire population of Paris; but at present suffering servitude to an eccentric"

The mahout looked up, and hesitated to use such an adjective to describe himself ~ ~ ~ "Go on," Exclaimed Dally, "Write it down. I said eccentric American - who is riding me over the Alps, on the most hare-brained adventure I've ever experienced in all my twelve years. The American thinks he's the reincarnation of Hannibal - but (if you want an opinion) he looks and acts about as much as like Hannibal as I do."

The mahout made a wry face of chagrin on hearing his elephant talk about him so disrespectfully. But the elephant wouldn't let him change one word. So he gave up remonstrating &



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began to fill in his own registration blank: Name—"Richard Halliburton"
Address—"Carthage" (The elephant snorted with disdain seeing the ma-
hont write "Carthage". She knew his original home was Memphis, Tennessee.)
Profession—"Generally a respectable writer of books on travel and
adventure, but at present occupied with the caprices of a tempera-
mental elephant."—here the mahont gave Elysabette Dalrymple a very
superior look—"which I'm riding over the Alps in the tracks of
the elephants hidden in 218 B.C. by that terror of Rome, that greatest
of Carthaginians, that most famous elephant conductor of history-Hannibal!

—And so the narrative progressed—from the start when
the hunt for an elephant suitable for such a trip ^{reached} all over Europe
till the grand descent into Italy was made. A telegram had been
sent to the Paris zoo "I still want Elizabeth Dalrymple for
Alpine expedition. Can you start traffic-training immediately and have
her ready in two weeks? If agreeable will return to Paris at once..."
Louis Harel, Dally's zoo trainer accompanied the party—and after
hiring a small motor truck to carry Dally's food, blankets, buckets and
~~their~~ own personal baggage and with much trouble getting L. Loyd's
to insure them the party set off by rail towards the Alps. Up
and up they climbed as the summit pass grew closer. The second
afternoon was spent reaching St Pierre, the last village before
the summit. By now the entire country side was in a fever of excite-
ment. All day the crowds of mountaineers following at Dally's heels had
increased in number. Now at St Pierre they packed the villages single street
and little square. They came running down the mountain-side, or up from
the banks of the tumbling river, breathless and amazed. Some brought
their hay rakes and scythes. Some carried their babies, holding them
carefully out of reach of Dally's inquisitive snout. But generally
a great wave of sympathy flowed from the mountain people to the
elephant. Dally, despite her colossal size inspired immediate affection
from almost everyone. Women called her pet names, caressed her thick
hide, and bombarded her with sugar, peanuts and carrots. The children,
almost beside themselves with joy over the visit of the mamellous
beast swarmed about her and over her in dense and shrieking mobs.
At every opportunity Richard lifted a child or two upon the elephant's back
to sit tight behind him. And nothing the rest of their lives would ever
be for them such a memorable adventure. Without planning it, the
mahont found himself in possession of the magic power of the Pied
Piper and only hoped for Dally's sake that they did not attract rats!
How they eventually got across with many excitements & delightful incidents
and in spite of as many difficulties you will have to find out for
yourself as the story continues in Richard's book "Seven League Boots"!

Zürich



taken on arrival by an American Minuter (R.C.)

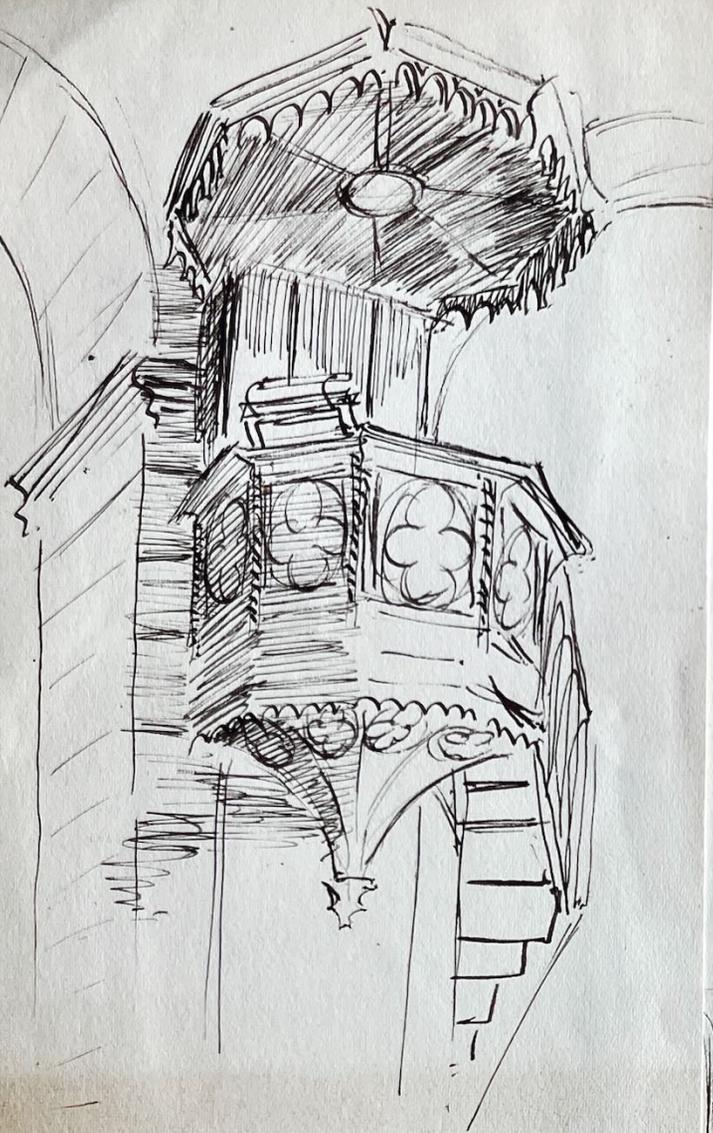
A very streamlined continental coach took us from the airport to the town centre and we made our way to the youth hostel to park our impediments. The rest of our first day off English soil ^{passed} in a glorious rush of sightseeing, shopping and boating on the nearby lake. This, as a hand, pointed us in a long shimmering gesture towards the dim, misty elps for beyond itself to the south. This as it were, was the Kathmandu of our journey to the high snow-capped giants waiting in the stormy winds beyond the beyond.



The hostel may well delight in the name "The Black Hole of Zürich". What a squish! The mens

dormitory was so crowded that David slept outside in among the bicycles. I found a few spare square feet near the door and had quite a comfortable night but Richard had a more difficult time, lying - as one of a row of sardines - on a vast communal bed!





The pulpit from which Zwingli preached
Grossmunster. Zurich. 15.8.56.



The telephone on the
chancel steps in the
Grossmunster (cathedral)
Zurich.

Why?

- we wonder!



Engelberg Youth Hostel turned out to be beyond our every dream and we found ourselves in the lap of luxury and - surrounded by the most superb mountain scenery! As we sat enjoying a very welcome and substantial supper the magnificent Spannort - Peaks were lit up with the sunset glow and gradually wrapped themselves in deep purple.



Thursday, August 16th.

~ was spent walking and climbing up the Engelberg valley

We found a very primitive mountain cable car and were taken, one at a time, up the mountain side, on giving the conventional signal of 3 taps on the cable with a stone!

At the top we found a

a little mountain farm, a few wandering cows - and superb views.

Elizabeth found some grass of parnassus and - our first bunch of wild Swiss gentians.

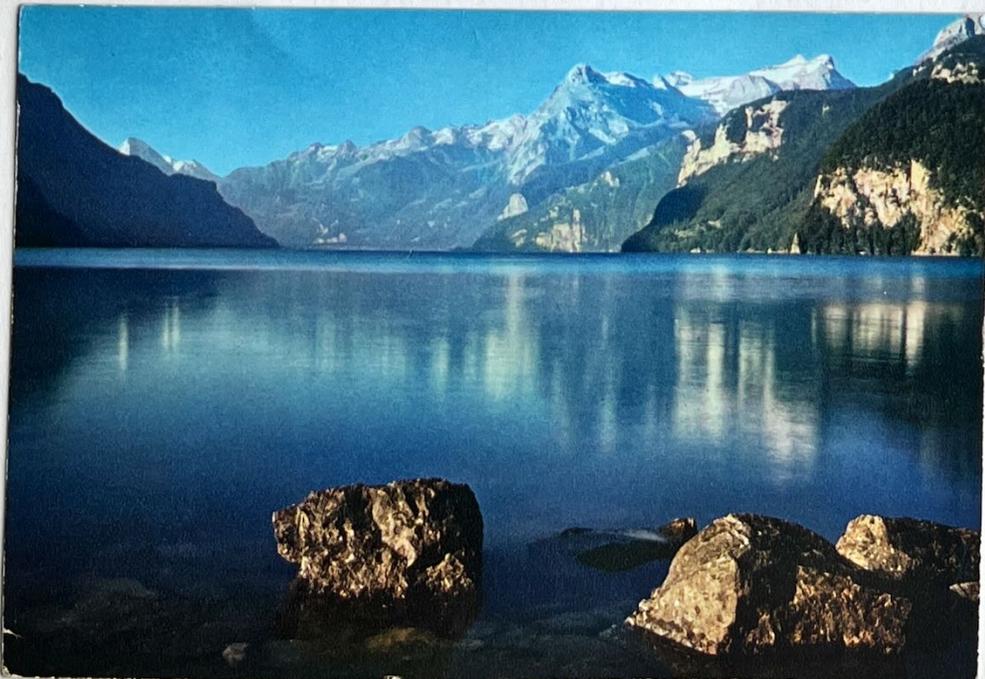
I undertook a fast, gymnastic shod climb - mostly on 35° rock slabs to try & reach the snowline. Didn't quite have time.. Back to Hostel for night.

Held a little service - hymns, chorus & a talk by Richard - "The Lord is MY shepherd" - for a party of school kids.





The valley beyond Engelberg.



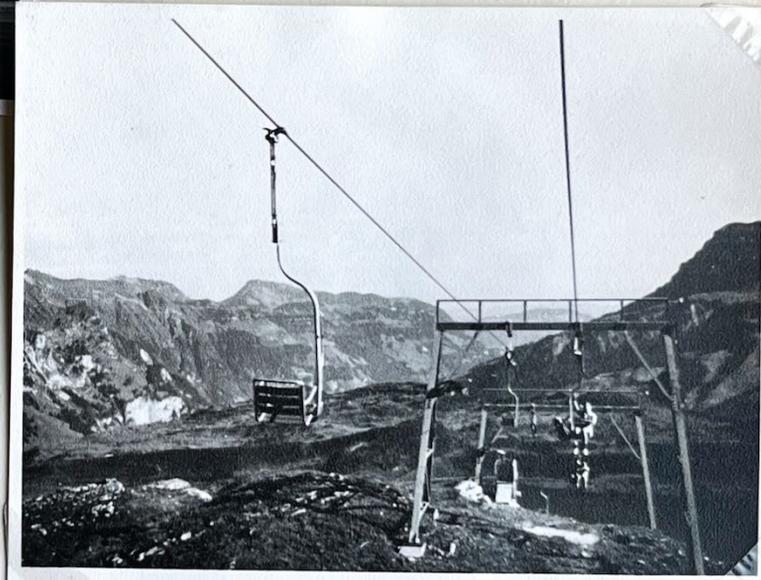
Lake Lucerne.

Friday August 17



The loveliest day yet - as regards weather and views. Only just caught the 7.30 a.m. mountain railway from Engelberg. Changed to cable car after $\frac{1}{4}$ hour and were taken as far as Trübsee (lakes hotel) at 5000ft. Finally, a ski lift brought us to the summit of the Joch Pass.

- the delight of skimming over the treetops, feeling the freshness of the early morning breeze on the cheek, views of blue, blue gentians, skimming up at us from the lush grass -
— "joy"!



At the Top - From Jochpass - looking towards Meiringen.

At the top I painted while the others went on. The path was downhill - all the way from now on and we reached the Enggöthen Läger Hotel and the view from it by lunch time. Then, down through the woods and beside a singing river. Elizabeth & David had a bath, Richard read his Economist & I sketched!



The Wetterhorn and Jungfrau range of the Bernese Oberland.



Hotel Alpenblick, Wilderswil

the Italian work men onboard! At last, Meiringen and then Interlaken were reached & we enjoyed huge ice creams at I'Hotel Alpenblick before setting down at the youth hostel. What a squashed!



Wednesday August 15th.

~our first day on the road!
 We got off to an early start and reached Lucerne by lunch time. The first lift was given by the Director of Surveying for the whole of Switzerland. You would never have thought so if you had seen the jocund angle of his little blue beret and the happy-go-lucky state of his small car ~ but me never knows in this world!



we were off again ~ ~ ~



~ ~ along the azure blue of the Lake of Lucerne and under the brow of Pilatus to Stansstad. From here the road wound up & up towards Engelberg ~ every turn revealing more & more beauty.

Grass- Spannort
3202 m 3149 m

Wichelplankstock
2976 m

Titlis
3239 m

Reissend Nollen
3012 m

Wendenstöcke
3044 m

Berner Alpen



Wednesday's route ---- from Stansstad to Engelberg (The Youth Hostel)
 Thursday's route - - - - up the Engelberg valley to snowline & then back to Youth
 Friday's route - To Trübsee & Jochpass [Hostel for night
 2215 m.

Saturday. August 18th.

Grand shopping expedition at Interlaken all morning - and then a two hour wait for a lift. Elizabeth utilises the time with learning her T.M.S. book and I with sketching, writing my diary, reading a very old St John's gospel and in prayer. Two Yank sailors took us to Speiz, an English family from Hongkong to Wimmis and a french printer (in Fresh Plymouth) to Zweisimmen. Bought a literal mountain of food - to last us the weekend. A Volkswagon took us - not only to Gstaad - but up a dangerous mountain road to within five minutes walk of the hostel. Pouring with rain. Wonderful evening in hostel warden's home - eating special Swiss dishes, singing negro spirituals and listening to Margarete and her father yodelling.



It was late before we said goodnight and we pushed uphill, against wind & rain to the little hostel. We got there at last and found it the most delightful little "Heidi home" ever imaginable - It reminded me slightly of Fjeldheim - in Norway - for the rooms were so cozy and intimate. One of the 3 bedrooms was over half occupied by a vast communal bed. David slept here! I lay - snug in my sleeping bag - listening to the roaring of the wind and the rain pounding down onto the ancient roof. There was no need for Tolstoy to order me to be infinitely happy!

Sunday. August 19th



tank

The scene, ~~to~~ which we woke up to discover next morning

There is the tank in which Richard had his early morning bath —
the hostel.

David got breakfast and led 'morning service' — being potential clergyman.

Sunday afternoon spent with Margarete, her sister and many friends — up at the hotel Wasserngrot. (Do you remember Heidi — and boots on floor boards?) We all sat in the sun, with our elbows on the table soaking in the scene —
Glorious views of mountain ranges for 270° range —



Richard playing Swiss skittles beside the hotel.

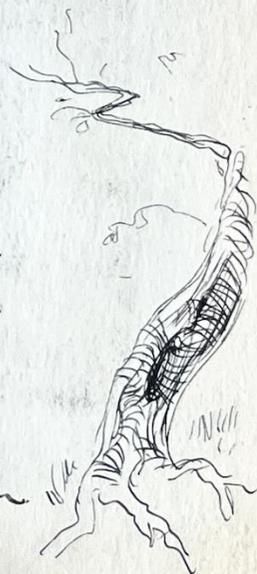
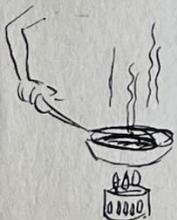




Monday. August 20th.

- a very rainy walk to Gstaad but things had gone so indescribably well so far we certainly could not complain! Memories such as this were enough to fill my mind. We had been going to bed the previous night - in our little mountain home, when the enchanting sound of yodeling came up the valley. It was Margerite, her mother and a friend coming back from the Wassergrat "fete". We all rushed out to greet them - I with a toothbrush in hand - and in the moonlight tried an 8-some reel and some rounds. In true English fashion we finished with Auld Lang Syne. I stood silent on the road, as David Elizabeth & Richard went back to the hut. The moon cast its delicate cloud shapes along the vast sweeps of lush purple pasture - and the yodelers slowly went their way home - on up the valley - . Their voices faded away and yet filled everywhere with sound. The valley sustained that melody; for, at that moment, I saw that they were made for each other - and married it to the faint rustling of the wind in the scree. Enough, I had lived. I looked at my toothbrush, laughed and scampered into bed.

The road now led to Montreux - via the Col de Pillon. We all arrived safely and by late afternoon were looking over the Chateau de Chillon.





Bonivard's
Prison
Chateau de Chillon. 20/8/56 Jean de Chillon.

20/8/56

Montreux Youth Hostel is beautifully situated - down by the lake - and after supper I went for one of my 'prayer-praise' walks along the front. The night wind from the lake had a wonderful tang to it and the riviera-like palm trees waved gently at its behest. Far over the lake, lights of St Gingolph twinkled - marking where France began and Switzerland ended.

Tuesday. August 21st.

... had some interesting lifts to Geneva and met for lunch there. In the afternoon we saw the Palace of Nations. The most striking thing was the painting - by a Spanish artist - in the council chamber. I queued for an hour at the youth hostel hoping to get beds and exchanged hitch-hiking stories with others sitting on the stairs. But, after a lot of shouting & screaming by the wardeness - and banging of doors, we found we could not get in! ... so got fixed up at the YMCA.



~ The Chateau de Chillon ~
and the Dents du Midi



~ Montreux ~
Lac Lemane
and the Dents du Midi