

## OBITUARY

CAPTAIN B. J. MARDEN.

Basil Jack Newton Marden was born in 1893 and educated at Cheam and Winchester, later passing into Sandhurst. He joined the 9th Lancers in 1912, was wounded in the Battle of the Marne after going through the Retreat from Mons, and again wounded in the head, this time seriously, at the first Battle of Ypres.

He was not passed fit again for service in the Field, and spent the remainder of the War on regimental and staff duty in England and Ireland. After the War he was invalided out of the Army on pension.

In 1913 he won the Army Boxing Championship in the Featherweights; he played a good deal of polo, hunted with several packs, and won various steeplechases. While at Winchester, where he was in the Gymnastic Eight, he obtained his bronze and silver badges for Skating, English Style; after the War he got his gold.

He then turned his attention to ski-ing, which became a real passion with him, and in a short time became a first-class runner, eventually winning the British Championship in 1926. He was not in Switzerland last season, so that he did not defend his title. He returned from the United States early this year, and in May set out on the expedition to make the first winter ascent of Aconcagua.

His tent and a certain amount of stores were found at 13,000 feet on the Horcones Glacier, which he had apparently left on the morning of the 19th to make an attempt to reach a 19,000 feet point. Various search parties have been unable to find any trace of Jock Marden, who has died in a gallant attempt to prove his idea that high ascents were practicable on ski.

P.F.F.

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## WANDERINGS THROUGH EASTERN AMERICA

By the late B. J. MARDEN

NEW YORK

Being compelled by a harsh environment to spend my winter in the States and therefore to miss my Swiss holiday, I decided to make the best of things and to spend what time I could in exploring the Eastern Coast of America. I had brought with me two pairs of skis and my equipment from Switzerland. This was a wise precaution, as it is almost impossible to buy good skiing necessities in the States. The New York shops are in the stage that London passed through before the War; they sell pretty woollen hats and colored sweaters. It is true that some houses specialize in Norwegian goods, but they have little of these, confining their merchandise to jumping and flat racing skis. I was unable to get a good pair of sticks, seal skins of any kind, B. B. bindings, good gloves, ski wax (Swiss or Norwegian), or wind-proof hat. I got better service in Montreal than in New York.

During November and December I got into communication with as many skiers as I could. I joined the Norsemen's Club and the Green Mountain Club. I planned to attempt the 270 mile trail over the Green Mountains. But I reckoned without the weather. I had formed a mental picture of Indians on snowshoes passing over deep deep snow. I dreamed of the frozen North. But I was to have a rude awakening.