

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

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Editorial.

HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Nearly all of you heard the President's announcement, during his speech at the dinner, that Eric Byne had been elected an Honorary Member of the Club. This is a token of the respect and affection which we all have for "Uncle Eric", as was demonstrated by the reception which the news received from those present. It is the highest honour the Club can bestow, and is reserved for those who have made outstanding contributions to the Club and to mountaineering. You've earned it, Eric.

THE CHRISTMAS NEWSLETTER.

In this enlarged issue of the Newsletter, it has been possible to offer a greater range and variety of material. New departures include: a first experiment in serialisation, of John Welbourn's excellent translation of a short history of Norwegian mountaineering; our first correspondence column; and a short story. Apart from the fact that it is set in Derbyshire, the last has no connection with mountaineering, but a little light fiction is not out of place in a Christmas issue, and I hope it will prove acceptable.

It is through the generosity of the nameless and unrewarded persons behind the scenes, who perform the hard labour involved in producing Newsletters, that this enlargement is made possible, and I should like to express the Club's gratitude for their efforts.

One other thing - a Merry Christmas to you all.

D.C.C.

"ON CAMPING IN THE BERWYNS"
or "IN A BABBLING BROOK"

It was about 5.0 p.m. one wintry Saturday afternoon, raining hard and nearly dark, when we pitched our two little tents on the first reasonably dry-looking bit of ground that we had found in many miles of sodden Berwyns. Chunky and Diane were in one tent, Ken, Betty and I in the other. We were soon organised inside, eating a first-rate evening meal. Then, inside our bags, we fortified ourselves with Cointreau before settling down to sleep.

A certain amount of fine spray was entering the roof, but this didn't account for the clamminess of parts of my bag. A quick inspection revealed a small spring coming up through a hole in the ground sheet. My tobacco pouch placed beneath the hole temporarily checked the flow, and I settled down again. We had no candles left, and expecting another emergency, we kept the Primus going to provide a little light. The next stage was a brisk flow of water from outside, coming in over the ground-sheet on my side. Whilst I crouched at the foot of the tent, Ken was able to organise a partial diversion of the stream. A small llyn, about half an inch deep, had formed inside my bag, but I was able to crawl around it without being quite in it yet. For a while, a precarious hydrodynamic equilibrium was established; we put out the Primus and tried to sleep.

The final catastrophe was swift. About 8.30 p.m., water entering from another direction began lapping about my ear. I sat up suddenly and water swished in all directions. Ken and Betty, who hitherto had been fairly dry, were now in it too. We managed to light the Primus after adding a certain amount of paraffin to the flood. One glance around sufficed; this was it. Sodden windproofs and boots were donned; Ken grabbed a primus and a few odd items of food, and we fled, leaving the wreckage as it stood. Then astonishingly, the rain stopped, and

we began almost to enjoy the four mile walk down to Cynwyd. We found improvised, but excellent, accomodation at the Prince of Wales. I slept happily on a couch in the Public Bar.

Next morning we returned, still in pouring rain, to collect the remains. The brook still babbled merrily through the tent. Chunky and Diane had survived the night, but were very wet, and now returned with us. Back in the valley we found a Dutch barn, where we fed. Unexpectedly, blue sky and sunshine appeared and we had virtually dried out a little by the time we went for the coach. We recalled our President's advice before the meet "No water on the Berwyns - you'll need to carry it". I was carrying several pounds of it - in an Icelandic sleeping bag.

P.R.F.

ROM Romsdalshorn TO TIRICH MIR

By climbing Tirich Mir (7700m) the Norwegians have established themselves in international climbing circles.

Norway as well as Himalaya can boast of its peaks.

Per Hohle, himself a climber tells about the historical first ascents of the Romsdalshorn and Skagastølstind and of the attempts to climb Slogjen in Norangsfjord, and about Lofoten's magnificent mountains.

During the summer of 1826 two young men, Kristen Hoel from Molde and Hans Bjaermeland from Romsdal were on the road, looking towards Romsdalshorn, and whilst sitting and drinking by the roadside they decided to try to climb the peak, which nobody had ever dared before. It is not known for certain which route they took but it is thought they climbed up the ridge on to Lillefjell and then up the vertical north wall, which, in these days would be classified as Difficult. Although more difficult climbs had been done in the Alps about this time, the ascent of the Romsdalshorn will go down as a milestone in the history of mountaineering, which at this time was only in its infancy.

In Norwegian Mountaineering history Hoel and Bjaermeland

stand out as two of its pioneers.

Fifty years passed before the historical ascent of the Skagastølstind by W.C.Slingsby on 21st July, 1876. This peak is without doubt the wildest and proudest of all the peaks in Jotunheimen. It was at the beginning of 1870's that Slingsby first set eyes on the peak and from then onwards it was his ambition to be first to set foot on its summit.

Shortly before the ascent of Skagastølstind, Slingsby and his two friends Emanuel Mohn, and Knut Lykken, a reindeer hunter, had climbed several of the better known peaks in Jotunheimen. Slingsby climbed Skagastølstind alone after his two companions gave up the attempt on reaching the col (Mohn's Skar).

Before descending, he built a cairn and put his handkerchief inside it.

FIRST NORDMAN ON SKAGASTØLSTIND.

Slingsby's climbing of the peak was one of the greatest events in the history of Norwegian Mountaineering. It introduced climbing as an independant sport in the country and has since been an inspiration to the first Norwegian mountaineers. In the audience at a lecture given by Mohn was a young man, who, when Mohn said the Nordmen were not yet experienced enough to attempt such climbs as Slingsby's route on Skagastølstind, vowed to change Mohn's opinion.

This young man, Harald Petersen, an artist and keen outdoor man, had been in Jotunheimen in 1873 climbing with Knut Lykken.

In the summer of 1877, the year after Mohn's lecture, Petersen arrived at Turtagrø in Skagastølsdalen. Climbing alone from M. Maradalsbreen (Glacier) he reached the vertical upper part of the mountain.

After a fall of several feet and a very lucky escape from death, he retreated down the Skagastøl Glacier, arriving at Skagastølen after making a dangerous glissade.

Petersen was successful however. Knut Lykken accompanied him to the Skar (col) and showed him Slingsby's route but refused to climb with him.

Petersen climbed alone and on reaching the summit found the Englishman's handkerchief in the cairn, thus proving Mohn's words to be wrong.

A DANE FINDS THE CAIRN ON ROMSDALSHORN

In the summer of 1880 several first ascents were made on peaks in the Hurrungmassive in West Jotunheimen by the Danish climber Carl Hall. Hall started climbing in Romsdal. After climbing Norde Trolltind he then attempted the Romsdalshorn. Told by local people that it had been climbed many years previously, Hall treated this as just a rumour.

Climbing with John Venge from Romsdal, Hall made four vain attempts. In 1881 these two again made two attempts, and both proved unsuccessful. After the sixth attempt Venge gave up trying, so Hall had to find a new climbing partner. The 1st September of the same year, climbing with Matias Sogemoen and Erik Norahagen, they tried from the East up Vengedalen. This route proved successful. It must have been a great moment for Hall when the party reached the summit. However, the joy of Hall was short lived. Suddenly they saw the cairn which the two "Romsdalers" had built 55 years before.

THE SUMMØRE ALPS

Along Hjørundfjord in Sunnmøre are many high peaks. The best known of these is Slogjen in Norangsfjord - a little arm of the Hjørundfjord. This peak, easy to climb from the East, offers climbing from all sides. The first ascent was made by Slingsby and three companions up the North West side in 1899 from the Jenteskar.

From the fjord Slogjen looks very impressive with its deep cracks and gullies, the upper section being nearly vertical. It was up this face that Harold Raeburn and Norman Ling made their great ascent on 28th July 1903. Climbing direct from the fjord they took 13 hours to reach the summit. This route is the longest and most difficult ever done in the Sunnmøre district. Raeburn wrote in his diary, "This side of Slogjen offered more climbing than some of the peaks in the Dolomites and demanded more of us than the Italian or Swiss sides of the Matterhorn".

(Translated by John H. Welbourn from the Norwegian, "Fra Romsdalhorn til Tirich Mir", written by Per Hohle for the magazine "Hjemmet".

To be continued.)

RECENT AND FORTHCOMING MEETS.

Harston Rocks, October 11th/12th. Joint Oread-M.A.M. Meet

The day that it was and the location of the rocks deserved a better turnout for a joint meet. Only eleven put in an appearance. However, enthusiasm grew the more they explored, for Harston is a place to improve technique. Everyone expressed a desire to come again.

The party, being small, kept together and worked from the Froghall end of the valley, searching and climbing wherever possible, to the Harston Rock where the highlight of the day was Ernie Marshall's ascent of the Helix Route - a magnificent climb. Ernie and Tony Smith having to depart, the rest of the party continued along the valley to the Oldridge Pinnacle which everyone ascended by various routes, watched with amusement by the inhabitants of the farms nearby. The day's activities were brought to a close by all abseiling back to terra firma. Back along the valley for a last brew before going their various ways, well satisfied with the day's activities.

C.W.A.

The Berwyns, October 30/November 1.

Oh, it all started well enough on the Friday night - a comfortable journey to Llangollen, supper at John's cafe, a convenient field for the tents and Gibbo's "bivvo", with water close by and a glorious display of autumn colouring to greet us on waking.

A little "seasonal mist" was to be expected, but as we moved to higher ground the mist enveloped us. The higher we went the wetter it became, and the wind increased in strength. The route to the main ridge lay via Moel Ferna and the leader went ahead unflinching, making a great show with a compass and a sponge like mass which had once been a map. Some observant types noticed that he didn't venture far from a line of fence posts which coincided exactly with the intended route. The posts came to an end, but a sudden lifting of the cloud revealed a col across the valley, and we floundered across to it.

We had covered about 11 miles and were soaked to the skin. Lawrie Burns and Mark Hayhurst, who had been missing (a trick picked up on the Sixteen Stones meet) since we started out, now rejoined us. Progress was tiring and with only an hour's daylight left, we turned off route about two miles short of Cader Bronwen and down a valley towards the Cymwyd-Ilandrillo road, looking for shelter. A shooting cabin was discovered, and we piled in, to change into the odd dry sock and pant. Primi were soon roaring, and Clive, with the ancient iron stove, soon produced a smog which completely obscured us. Five of the party were ejected into the darkness to make use of the tents they had brought, and to make room for the nine of us who hadn't. We learned later (to our shame) that Ken, Betty and Phil were washed out (see p.2).

By 6.30 we were all in our bag bags, and interrupted only by visits from Phil and Ron, stayed there till about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, while the gale screamed and tore at the cabin. The weather improved and we walked to the coach without precipitating another downpour. Perhaps next year will see us back there again, when the omens are more propitious.

M.J.M.

Guy Fawkes Meet, November 5.

A gathering of Oreads and others celebrated Guy Fawkes' Night in impressive fashion at 14 Queen's Drive. Phil Falkner was nearly consumed by his own bonfire at the start. A new contribution to the science of ballistics was the Clunie-Wright variable-angle rocket projector. (Stuart Clunie is not in the Club but is well known to many members. He belongs to what may be called the "lunatic fringe"). An interesting feature was the gradual transformation of Betty Wright from a harmless creature timidly holding sparklers to a self-confessed pyromaniac+discharging Roman Candles at her husband from point blank range. Some of Chunky Cartwright's activities with fireworks can only be explained on the basis of Freudian psychology. All the participants seemed to enjoy the proceedings immensely and casualties were comparatively light. P.R.F.

+ From the Greek "pyros", meaning fire. There is no corresponding term derived from the word arson.

The Annual Dinner Meet, November 14/15.

The Dinner was held this year at the Devonshire Arms, Baslow, a tolerant hostelry whose management made us feel completely at home, even providing a yard where a firework display was put on for members' children during the interval. Food was adequate and drink plentiful.

Speeches were of a high order. The President briefly outlined the year's achievements, and spoke of the more spiritual side of mountaineering. Amid applause he announced Eric Byne's election to honorary membership. Eric's speech of thanks was the highlight of the evening.

Harry Pretty, with a verbal economy almost equal to the President's, introduced each guest by name and character with an infinite personal knowledge almost clinically analytical, and proposed "The Visitors". Professor Graham Brown replied, in a thoughtful vein. Alf Bridge then proposed "The Oread", and Phil Falkner, Oliver Jones and Dick Brown also spoke.

Sunday's climbing gave Birchen's Edge the appearance of a cheese richly infested with mites. Leopold led Gerry Britton up several severes. The Professor speculated on possible profit in the sale of Guano from Nelson's Nemesis, from which one member peeled off while trying to use a stalactite of that same Guano as a handhold. Axon, Say and Jones did a few quiet ones out of the public eye. Eric Byne and Charlie were even more out of the public eye - they were stolen from their cots by fairies during the night, and never seen again. That almost happened to the President - last seen being led entranced towards Chatsworth by the fairy who was stealing him.

Everybody survived.

O.A.J.

Bamford, December 12/13.

A walking meet in an area not much frequented by the Club. I don't know what Ray Brown's (the leader's) plans are, but this promises to be a fine weekend. D.C.C.

Christmas Meet, December 24/28.

Last year's Christmas Meet was one of the year's best. We had the usual uproarious time at Tyn-y-Shanty, a very good dinner at Cobden's and some magnificent climbing, including a day on the Horseshoe which is one of the finest I can remember - and I'm sure that goes for everyone who took part. The Tyn-y-Shanty ghost also put in a very impressive haunting for us. Details of bookings, etc., have already been circulated. D.C.C.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Sir (!),

Re the book review, "Portrait of an Ice-Cap" in the November Newsletter, Gino Watkins never went South. He once planned, like Sir Ernest Shackleton before him, to cross the Antarctic from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea. This plan failed because of lack of money, so instead Watkins went to Greenland on the expedition in which he lost his life. The crossing of the Antarctic by sledge, often hailed as the last great feat left to the explorer, has never been accomplished.

George Sutton.

(We stand corrected. Also, in the review, "Seven Years in Tibet", in the same issue, the queried word "M.T.O" should have read "tutor". Apologies for this error.- Ed.)

The following anonymous communication has been received:

This Oread Newsletter? Nothing but the journal of an association of back-patters, and as far as that goes, written entirely by that horrible shower who seem to run the Club - that Nottingham crowd, I mean; Falkner and his gang of imbeciles! Nearly every article bears either his or D.C.C.'s initials. All very nice, of course, but a bit thick really, especially if you don't happen to live there.

Reading the thing, one would seriously think that the Oread only had about a dozen folk in it. Damn great long-winded chunks about past and future meets, a few senseless remarks by individuals we've never heard of, and an enormous Editorial, usually insulting the average member and suggesting he's barely literate. And they have the cheek to ask, "Dear member, contribute something please." No sir, I won't!

(Come, sir, a few facts! First, Phil Falkner is the only Committee Member (presumably your horrible shower) who lives in Nottingham. Second, apart from the offensive D.C.C. and the loathsome P.R.F. there have been twenty-three contributors to date. Third, only a dozen folks indeed!- forty-three of our membership of sixty-nine have received mention at some time. Fourth, if reports of meets and the doings of unfamiliar members are not the concern of a Newsletter, what the hell is? Fifth, no member has yet complained of insults to his literacy: perhaps self-consciousness is your trouble. Sixth, if you write sense as well as you write abuse, I request - may COMMAND you, sir, to write us a serious article! - Ed.)

You may be interested to know that the Karabiner M.C. has changed the format of its current issue to the same style as ours and the Cave and Crag Club's. It is a 16-page effort, full of interesting material. Another recent K.M.G. venture is a highly entertaining Song Book.

BACK ISSUES WANTED:

I have had one or two requests for back copies of the Newsletter recently, including the first issue of last June. I am unable to supply this particular issue, as all copies have now been distributed. Perhaps some of the Club's married couples can help me out, by sacrificing one of their two copies. If you can spare one, please send it to the Hon. Ed., D.C.Cullum, "Craigmere", 11, Cavendish Rd., Chorlton cum Hardy, Manchester 21. -Ed.

O R E A D S I N S H O R T S

Molly and Harry Pretty spent a holiday in the North-West Highlands of Scotland early in October, during which they visited Dr. Longstaff, one of the greatest figures of Himalayan exploration. It seems that Harry has joined the clergy - at any rate, whilst at Torridon on the journey northwards, he received a letter from Dr. Longstaff addressed to the Rev. H. Pretty. The Church is ever with us.....

John Adderley is back from a spell in the forces, which he describes as a "devastating experience". He came out on the Berwyns meet, which was also rather a devastating experience.

British and U.S. patents are pending for the "Gibson Nifty Biv". It will almost certainly replace the now obsolescent "Brown's Balloon", which it somewhat resembles.

Overhead in the Berwyns:

"What size is your camera, Phil?" "Thirty-five millimetres, if it hasn't shrunk."

Mike Moore has become a vegetarian. During a recent weekend meet he was distinctly heard to refuse to eat two maggots.

Department of Rude Remarks (Managers Falkner and Brown):

"You're not so much a seasoned Mountaineer as a pickled one, Cullum."

"Pretty, you look more like a worn-out male ballerina every day."

Bob Pettigrew has shaved off his beard. He denies that this has anything to do with the unfortunate episode during his last broadcast, when his beard became entangled in the microphone wires.

Pete Cole denies having led the Zinal Rothorn.

There was trouble with the Froggatts during the

Dinner Meet, over an alleged non-payment of camping fees. Whether this is true or not, members are requested to pay up promptly, in order to preserve the hitherto friendly relations between Froggatts and the Club.

Quote of the month is Malcolm Padley's definition of a hangover: "The Wrath of Grapes".

Colin Morris and a friend had a near miss at Stange recently. The leader came off the top pitch of Goliath's Groove. Colin held him safely, and neither of them sustained any serious damage.

The Cullums qualified for something or other a week or two ago by getting themselves benighted on Kinder, in mist. They escaped.

"THINK ON THESE THINGS"

"The best position for the rope is over both hips, held with the hands near together in front. In this position the climber is less likely to be pulled forward and lose his balance than when the shoulder belay is used. My theory was once severely tested and proved its worth".

-from "Falling off Rock" by Maurice Linnell, in the M.U.M.C. Journal, 1933. (How now, Tarbuck?)

"..... as soon as the blizzard commenced, Norah conked and refused to budge. They dragged her as far as they could, and in doing so lost their bearings, and because she was a big girl and they but small men, they decided to shelter in a peat trench. All night, Fred and Albert sang and acted the goat just to keep those two girls awake. They tried everything, but the trouble was that Norah had no will. She gave up and just wouldn't try, and so she died"

- from a letter relating to a tragedy in 1936 on Howden Chest, near Abbey Brook.

(These quotations, and the one on page 15, were contributed by Eric Byne).

THE DEVIL OF A ROW.

There was a thicker crowd than usual in the spit-and-sawdust at the old Cock and Bull. This was not unexpected as it was Christmas Eve. Occupying the cosiest seat in the house, as was his custom, the Owd Un was telling one of his yarns.

"Ar, 'e wor a reight bogger, was Jim 'iggins," he pronounced. "Course, it wor some time back. Nah, let's see..... ar, it wor year as Netherdale beat Castlebourne. Ar. Jim wor a young chap then - used ter play left-'alf fer Castlebourne. Ar. Rum thing 'appened ter 'im one Christmas. Christmas Eve, it wor."

He took a long pull at his pint of best bitter, which of course had been paid for by someone else.

"It wor like this. Young Jim wor fond of 'is pint in them days, an' 'e used ter come from Castlebourne of a evenin', seein' as 'ow me an' 'im was pals. 'E thought nowt o' walkin' ovver top o' Devil's Tor. Said it used ter gi' 'im a thirst, 'e did."

The Devil's Tor was a gritstone outcrop near the summit of the high, bleak moor lying between Castlebourne and Netherdale. It consisted of two squat, almost pyramidal towers springing out of the brow of the hill. Local imagination likened the Tor to the Devil's horns, and legend had it that the Prince of Darkness walked the moorland on stormy nights. Which was not difficult to believe.

"Well, this 'ere Christmas Eve, Jim 'ad come ovver ter 'ay a drink wi' the lads, an' 'e'd 'ad a gallon or tew t'much, for 'e wor a reight un fer the ale. When it come ter chuckin' aht time, it wor snowin' fit ter bust, an' we was a bit moithered ter think o' poor owd Jim crossin' Devil's Tor, seein' the state 'e wor in."

"Ah bet yo' was just as bad," said the landlord, who

had a realistic conception of the Owd Un's drinking ability.

"Not me," replied the Owd Un, allowing imagination to triumph over fact. "Ah allus knew when ah'd 'ad enough. Well, ter git back. Jim started aht up track, an' it wor snowin' an' blizzardin' like 'ell let loose. Then it started thunnerin' and lightnin'."

"Garn," said a voice.

"It's a fact," countered the raconteur. "It wor the on'y time as ah remember a thunner storm o' Christmas Eve."

His audience privately agreed with the voice, but they said nothing, and drew into a closer knot about the cheerful blaze on the hearth.

"Anyroad," he continued, "it wor lightnin' summat terrible. An' ah'd just got in, an' wor 'avin' a drop o' summat ter keep me warm in bed, when Jim come rushin' in through the back door. 'E wor wet through, an' 'alf froz inter bargain. An' 'e wor babblin' like somebody daft. ' 'Arry,' 'e says, 'ah've just seen Owd Nick! ' 'Wheer?' ah says. 'Up on Devil's Tor,' 'e says. 'Well, sit thee dahn an' tell us abaht it,' ah says, an' this wor 'is tale.

" 'Well, ah'd got up ter Tor, an' ah wor 'urryin' past, 'cos yer knows what fowks says abaht stormy nights up theer. An' suddenly ah tripped ovver summat. Come a real arser, ah did. An' it wor summat furry, an' wi' 'oofs.' ' 'Ar der yer know as it 'ad 'oofs?' ah says. 'The bogger kicked me wi' one of 'em,' 'e says, showin' me a gret 'bruise on 'is shin. 'An' a second or tew later there wor a flash o' lightnin', an' ah see it lookin' at me wi' its gret rahnd 'orrible eyes. Ar, it 'ad eyes, an' a white face, an' 'orns - ar, 'orns! - an' a 'orrible little pointed beard, like that theer chap Mike Moore as wor in boozer last Sat'day night. Ah tell yer, 'Arry, as sure as ah'm sittin' 'ere, it wor Owd Nick.' Ah luffed at 'im. 'Jim,' ah says, 'it wor nowt but a goat. Anyroad, tha wor drunk as a lord.'

" 'Drunk?' 'e says. ' 'Oo, me? Sober as a newt,

ah wor!" Which was perfectly true, if the stories one hears about newts are correct.

" 'Appen it wor Owd Nick, come ter tek 'im off fer 'is sins," said the landlord. "Worn't that the winter as Jim wor carryin' on wi' that gel from Bramsford?" This with a sly, obscene wink at the assembled company.

"There's some as says 'e did," said the Owd Un, wiping a trickle of beer from his grizzled, unshaven chin. "Anyroad, 'e wouldn't goo 'om that night, so 'e slept on our owd carch an went 'om in mornin'. An' it's a rum thing, 'e never touched another drop o' licker ever after. Ar, thanks, Albert, same again." He accepted a further pint.

"An' Devil or not, whatever it wor as 'e saw up theer, it browt 'im a power o' trouble."

" 'Ow come?" asked Albert.

"Well, supposin' you was ter stop aht of a Christmas Eve, wi' the kids waitin' up fer Santy Claus an' all, wouldn't your missis 'ay a mahthful ter say ter yer when got 'om, an' towd 'er as Owd Nick 'ad stopped yer from comin' 'om previous night?" replied the Owd Un. "An' Jim's missis wor a terrible un fer naggin' at a chap. An' ah reckons as a naggin' woman is woss'n Devil knows 'ar ter be. Pore owd lad, 'e wor a reight bogger in 'is time," he concluded. And to allow his audience time to appreciate the full truth and wisdom of his words, he drained his fresh pint at a single draught.

D.C.C.

".....let those of us who live near the Peak be thankful for our opportunities; and I suggest to the real gritstone climber (I have no fear that the acrobats will take note) that to know Bleaklow and Kinderscout on a black, stormy winter's night is to experience a worthy test of courage, stamina, and the exercise of good, sound mountaineering principles."

-from "Prelude", by A.W.Bridge,
in the Climber's Club Journal, 1949.

P R O F I L E M I K E M O O R E

Perhaps I can best deal with Mike by giving a few of the facets of the man and leaving the portrait to shape itself.

A picture springs to mind of a difficult pitch on Dinas Mot, where Mike Gadd and I watched with mingled admiration and foreboding Moore's upward progress, fascinated by the water pouring from above, in at his sleeves and out of his trouser bottoms. And of Mike at the stance above, blue with cold, shouting, "Come on, it's not so bad really." But, like the dentist, he lied.

Have you ever tasted the porridge he makes in camp? The Cave and Crag call it "Pidgin Droppins"! And I owe a debt to Mike for teaching me how to put up my tent. I'd only had the thing five years, and couldn't be expected to know. And those of you who have never slept with Moore would marvel at his alacrity in bagging a bed-space in a tent. Barely is the groundsheet down before he's there, and the others are left to discover that the remainder (if any) of the sheet conceals two boulders, a broken bottle, and a hollow in the wrong place.

On rock he is stylish and competent, with a flair for working his moves out, and possessed of a phenomenal memory for detail. Long walks over rough country are a challenge to Mike, and perhaps his best effort was the Welsh 14 peaks with Johnny Fisher. A grand companion for such affairs as this, he can be guaranteed to produce an inane remark in the most trying circumstances. And how many of you know that he once walked from the North end of Froggatt to Chatsworth in bare feet?

An all-rounder, he delights in everything connected with our sport - gritstone, the rough and tumble of Tyn-y-Shanty, Crib Goch in snow, and the animal humour of camp life. There's a world of good in that, and for Mike, a complete life.

G.R.G.