

Editorial.

This Editorial, like Gaul in Caesar's day, "in tres partes divisa est". Firstly an apology and an explanation. I'm sorry you haven't had a Newsletter for two months. The reason is threefold: the late arrival of some of the material, Editorial holidays, (very wet, thank you), and excessive overtime by Mrs. Ed., which delayed the typing. So you've got a mid-season "bumber" issue which consists of two issues in one cover, and I have numbered it accordingly. I hope it will be acceptable - but don't expect one this size next month!

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Secondly, a word about the President's South Georgia Expedition, which sailed on August 19. It is a thousand pities that the preparatory stages should have been marred by the disagreement which arose between the leader and two of his team, which resulted in their exclusion from the expedition. But it is foolish to speak of making it a subject for dispute within the Club and I suspect that when the tumult of battle has died, and the dust settled, both sides may regret actions taken in the heat of the moment; and I hope that the two men concerned may eventually be able sincerely to join the rest of us in wishing George and his party a pleasant voyage, fair weather, successful climbing, and a safe return.

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And thirdly, my chance to waffle a bit. In Skye recently, I took two friends up a few routes I'd done before, one of which was the S.W. Ridge of Alasdair, the one with the celebrated "bad step", which the guide book rates as "Moderate". And I couldn't do it. To

my shame it was led - with consummate ease ~~and~~ grace - by an inexperienced girl. Now, it is over ten years since I did my first walk in the High Peak, and almost as long since I first tied on to a monstrous rope (one of those used by Hannibal when he took his elephants to the Alps) and with great misgivings ascended the Ordinary on the Milestone. Yet I'm scarcely any better now, technically, than I was then. In fact, if mountaineering was my job I'd have had my cards long ago.

I was talking to one of the "Nucleus", that group of human flies, the same week. He commented that an ounce of enthusiasm might do wonders for some Oreads. Well, good luck to the Nucleus; the skill and daring of its members can hardly fail to do honour to the Club's name; and make for a better standard of climbing among the less expert. But I defy any Oread to exceed the zeal with which I turn up at meets, wrestle with obtuse crags, propel myself on foot over enormous stretches of wet bog, ensconce myself in tents in ditto, and such like. Yet I've never led a V.S. (unless you count the Crow's Nest), and after ten years of trying I'm beaten by a Mod! And - I make no secret of the fact - I don't care! I'm afraid that no amount of keenness will ever make a tiger of me, or of those who, like me, are content to find a lowly place in the world of mountaineers and to enjoy the good things that the hills can offer even to the confirmed "rabbit".

D.C.C.

THE SOUTH GEORGIA EXPEDITION.

After desperate last-minute preparations the Expedition sailed from Glasgow on August 19 on board the "Southern Opal". The party consists of George Sutton (Lead), Harry Petty (supplies officer), Ian Brooker (Medical Officer), Dick Brown and Clive Webb. A message from George appears in this issue. -

"REMEMBER".

They say that a climber can live on his memories, and that one can lean back in an armchair, close one's eyes and live again one's days upon the hills. Have you ever tried to do this? Today I sat back and reviewed 5 years of the 'Oread', and what did I remember? Incidents and people came to life and flashed past, and with amazement I realised how rich is the mind with stored up memories.

I could almost smell that damp fuggy atmosphere as eight of us stood around eight blazing primus in a small marquee tent at Machin's Farm, endeavouring to dry out the clothes which had received such a soaking on Gardom's Edge. That was in 1949, the day we had attempted to prove that Undertaker's Buttress might be possible, only to be driven to find consolation by munching 'hot dogs' at the tea lorry at the top of Baslow hill. And there was the full course dinner which Frank Ewers and I once cooked on the down platform of Matlock station after another wet day on Gardoms, when Frank just managed to bolt his tin of strawberries before the train came roaring down the line.

I remember also the shocked look on Cyril Machin's face, as Harry, under the influence of several pints of best (deliberately supplied by others), stood up in that extra room at the Robin Hood and gave that superb rendering of the song concerning forty ladies of doubtful virtue who were lined up in the Strand. Those nights of song and wine have gone down in the history of the Oread. They were nights of gladness and madness, nights of moonshine and rum-inspired ascents on Birchens - of Oliver Jones and his guitar - and Dick Brown's presence, in top hat, swallow tail coat, and red football jersey.

There was the look of horror on Dave Penlington's face, as the half ton block on to which he was holding

President's Wall began to move and slide outwards. The wall had not then been climbed, and it was left to the President, Cyril Machin, to prove it possible. Many attempts he made, in nails, rubbers, socks, and bare feet, on that raw November morning, until he eventually had to cry off, and was lowered off the wall, vomiting up his breakfast of tinned spaghetti - a truly gruesome spectacle.

Memory flashes to Stanage, with clear cut pictures of the dinner meet which saw Wilf White climbing superbly in nails up Goliath's Grove, followed by Herr Toni Demetz in vibrams. The wonder of a Dolomite guide on gritstone, and his plaintive statement - "Nein, Nein, Nein, Vibram no good!"

Then the glorious summer day when Longland came to join us, and soon proved what a grand climber he is, and that moment of tortured thirst, when a heart-rending moan "Oh, for a Worthington!" was answered then and there by Longland's act of conjuring as he lifted his hand into a rucksack and produced three bottles. A moment to be remembered was that drink at the foot of Black Slab.

So memory conjures forth the past - the day when Bob Pettigrew and I took four women Rangers climbing in the deep snow on White Hall Rocks. They were Wellingtons, but despite their gameness such footwear meant we were constantly rescuing each other. And no longer do we see Denis Norman with us. He is now married and no longer climbs, but we have not forgotten the caravan he used to bring - Yes! a real caravan with the Oread, at Birchens, Stanage, and the Roaches, and a tea urn inside it, which did most useful service - and so it goes on, the magic of resurrecting the past. Today we hear whispers of young newcomers to the club doing wonderful things, and whispers of "deadwood" in connection with those of the past. The active member of today should not sneer at "deadwood". Remember that in a couple of years time he may be the "deadwood", and the old

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timer having passed the stage of self-renunciation may once again be in a position to be active in full strength. Life is like that, spanned by circles, and so long as the heart and will is there, so will a climber continue to climb - for believe it or not, and despite what I have written, Memory is not enough!

E.B.

RECENT AND FORTHCOMING MEETS

Gardom's Edge, July 3rd/4th.

No full report of this meet has been received up to date. However, Ron Dearden tells me it was a good meet, with 20-30 people present and bags of climbs done. He adds that P.R.F. took him up Emperor's Crack at 10.30.p.m. on the Saturday, in a not quite sober state. Phil admits this, and adds that the party included Mike Turner, Ken Wright and John Ashcroft. On the Sunday, Falkner and Adderley walked to Froggatt, did Green Gut and returned. Little was seen of the B.C. & C. types, who probably took refuge in the P.O.W. instead of the R.H., being based on their Baslow hut. This is all that is known of a weekend notable mainly for its foul weather.

D.C.C.

Laddow, July 17/18th.

Compensating for the sparsity of news of Gardom's, we have no fewer than two accounts of this meet.

Laddow, by E. Marshall: Arriving late on Saturday afternoon at Laddow Rocks in a steady drizzle, I was disappointed to discover that I was the only Oread present. However, two hours later Derek Burgess found his way to my tent and together we spent the evening brewing and cooking.

After a wet night we were awakened at 6'0.a.m. by

bright sunshine and two hours later were on the somewhat greasy rocks attempting to climb. After several routes had been done the arrival of George Kitchin and two friends gave the attendance a boost, and two figures, one of whom was presumed to be Falkner, flitted across the edge only to be lost within a few minutes of sighting.

Whilst in the middle of a snack the game-keeper arrived and we were told in no uncertain terms to strike camp immediately. This being done, and the angry keeper's wrath quelled, we were able to continue climbing.

After doing several more climbs, we departed to Crowden in a heavy shower. This weekend was quite pleasant in spite of the adverse weather conditions. Unfortunately the attendance was poor.

2. Laddow, by P. R. Falkner. Six of us arrived by car at the George and Dragon on the Saturday afternoon. There ensued the astonishing sight of six Oreads drinking pints of tea in a pub, during licensed hours. Later, in the absence of any sign of the meet leader, or of any other Oreads, we camped about a mile below the rocks by a notice board threatening us with dire penalties should we pollute Manchester's drinking water (A suggestion that we might be able to poison the Hon. Ed. was considered unsporting).

On Sunday morning a small amount of climbing was accomplished before the approach of a keeper caused us to pack up our tents, and heavy rain immediately after caused a precipitate retreat to the car. Jim Kershaw, who had come out on his own, was swept into the car with the rest of us, and the whole meet retired to the George and Dragon.

Footnote: It is possible to squeeze a surprisingly large number of ruck sacks into a car if the frames are first removed. It is also entertaining watching your friends trying to reassemble them again afterward

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

Dear Sir,

So Gibson, having at last mastered the intricacies of the bowline, now sees fit to dictate rope technique. He has never been the same since he went to Ken Tarbuck's lecture at Derby. After hearing this he immediately rushed out and bought 20 ft. of nylon shoe lace which he wraps round his waist like a corset. This, like the bunch of pitons which he takes to the Alps each year, is never used but is fully approved by Stephen Potter.

To get down to actual cases, I personally have never climbed with a coach and four. This I assume is just another example of Gibson's D.T.s. As the person foully libelled by him I must insist that I was climbing with two ordinary people. As leader I was sitting at the top of the climb - belayed with the climbing rope to a rock the size of the one at Gibraltar. My second was a few feet from the top on a ledge, back-stopped by me and belayed by a spliced sling. I could have further safeguarded him by rivetting him to the rocks with pitons but unfortunately I did not realise that Gibson was passing at the time.

However, I bear no ill feeling towards Gibson, and I wish him luck with his 20-ft of shoelace. Should he desire a change from his Tarbuck knot, might I suggest that he use the one advocated by Albert Pierrepoint?

Yours etc.,

R. V. Dearden.

(More letters on page 13)

FOR THE GOURMET-EXPEDITIONARY.

"Decapitate your penguin and hang for one week. Slit down the middle and skin like a rabbit. Remove blubber. As only the breast of the penguin is sufficiently tender to eat, this must be cut off. Slice the breast into thin slices, roll in flour and fry in deep fat."

- From a Penguin (sic) Book; actually used on an Antarctic expedition.

M.H.

THE SKYELARK.

Present : McHarg, Turner, Ashcroft, Bridges, both Deardens. Also 30 h.p. Hudson and three tons of luggage.

Sat. June 19th - Rained all day. Radiator pipe burst. Engine packed up. Three hours late meeting McHarg.

Sun. - Two hours spent trying to find start of track up Nevis. The Ben climbed in pouring rain. John violently sick.

Mon. - Repaired 3" hole in petrol tank. Crossed to Skye. Rained hard. John sick.

Tues. - Turner and Dearden set out to do Window Buttress in pouring rain. Found climb. Lost enthusiasm. River bank burst. Tents washed away. John sick.

Wed. - Now in bard. McHarg, Turner, Ashcroft set off to descend Dearg. Ashcroft got lost. Rained all day. John sick.

Thurs. - Poured all day. No attempt to leave bug bags. Nothing untoward happened. John sick.

Fri. - Ascent of Alasdair in pouring rain. Ashcroft got lost. Margaret and John sick.

Sat. - Rained all day. Returned to Fort William. Petrol pump burst. Janet unwell. (But who is Janet - Ed,) John sick.

Sun. - Returned home. Rained all day. Ashcroft got car lost in Leeds. John sick.

S A A S F E E

We started off as nine - eight Oreads and one who though not an Oread certainly ought to be. After a few days together at the Britannia hut above Saas we split into two groups intent on different destinations, and the following account deals only with the doings of three of the party, Pete Cole, Bob Parslow and myself.

The Britannia hut stands some four hours' walk above Saas Fee and gives access to a fine range of high peaks, most of which top the 4000 metre mark. The guardian of the hut, Robert Zurbriggen, seemed pleased to see us and I think we all enjoyed our stay with him. Our first choice, perhaps unwise in view of its height, was the Allalinhorn, a snow peak of no special difficulty, made interesting by a rock barrier near the top (climbed in crampons with much swearing) and a delicate snow ridge for a summit. It was Bob's first big peak and he seemed well content, and I for my part felt lucky to be there at all, having had a real dose of mountain sickness on the way up. We took a short cut on the way back, which got us to the hut at least an hour later than the others!

The Egginar, a rock peak within easy reach of the hut, claimed attention on our second day and after some hair-raising exploration by Clive Webb and Ron Dearden, Gerald Parsons and Mike Turner, four of us climbed to a minor summit of the peak but decided to return without pressing on to the summit proper, some 350 ft. above, owing to the lateness of the hour. It was on this day that Pete and I nearly wrote each other off and took a lesson in route finding, earning a proper respect for the mountain. Clive and Ron accomplished the traverse of the peak on the following day in good time.

Our next objective, the traverse of the Strahlhorn, starting with the N.E. Ridge and descending to the Adler pass, was knocked on the head by having to spend over an hour rescuing a man from a crevasse into which he had fallen some twenty feet. Although not able to speak English he seemed glad to see daylight again. (How about that for the Quote of the Month? - Ed.) We compromised

by climbing the peak from the Adler Pass (the normal way) and descending the same route, and the reward for a long snow plod came again with the summit, a short but exceedingly narrow ridge, no broader than a boot's width. We plunged down in rapidly softening snow and the lower part of the Allalingsletscher was a nightmare of knee-deep snow and crumbling snow bridges. We were all tired that day and the three of us decided to spend the next in idleness in the hut, whilst the others carried on over the Adler Pass to the Fluh Alp to attempt the Rimpfischhorn.

Our crossing of the Pass went well. It was cold and the snow was in good condition, and the negotiation of an ice-fall above the Fluh Alp gave Pete more than enough practice in step-cutting, until he protested and we donned crampons. The view of the big Zermatt peaks, from the Matterhorn in front round to the Weisshorn on our right was breathtaking, and we tried to record something of it with our cameras. Later in that day (Friday) it snowed lightly and we wondered about our early start for the Rimpfischhorn on the morrow.

But the morning seemed reasonable and we trudged in morose silence up the steep zig-zags of the path at 3 o'clock, and the light came with our arrival on the upper snow. A searching wind kept us on the move and we reached the final rock arete to find rather to our dismay that it was coated with verglas and a sprinkling of new snow. But we got up and down safely, at least more or less, since this was where Bob got three of his fingers frostbitten although we did not realise it at the time. The Rimpfischhorn has a reputation for being a cold mountain, the two main ridges by which it is normally climbed being in shadow for much of the day, but it seemed that on this occasion we had more than our fair share of frost. Dropping down to the hotel, we picked up the remainder of our gear and carried on to Zermatt, where we discovered that most of the others had left for Hörnli. Some substantial feeding followed.

Sunday afternoon saw the three of us crossing the flag-marked width of the Cornergletscher on the way to the Bétemp hut with Monte Rosa, the Castor-Pollux traverse

etc., in mind.

But the next two days we were forced to spend in sun-bathing, sock-darning and shirt-washing because of my feeling extremely unwell. When we did start (on the Wednesday morning), it was to be myself who was fit and Pete feeling dicky! The hut for Monte Rosa is low and the ascent of the highest peak, the Dufourspitze, involves some 6000 feet of climbing, most of it over easy snow. The final section, however, proved interesting with a steep snow ridge leading to a narrow arete of mixed rock and snow. It was misty on the summit and we were disappointed in a view after waiting some time for it to appear. Our descent was made more rapid by an ominous clap of thunder and a certain whispering sound from the heads of our axes! A fine peak and for me at least, an ambition realised.

This was to be the end of our climbing, for that evening it rained torrentially and the peaks were obviously out for the next day. And Bob's frostbite appeared that evening, so early next morning we scuttled off down to a doctor, who relieved our anxiety. A fine holiday with the weather not perfect, but good enough. G.R.G.

S K Y E, A U G U S T W E E K, 1 9 5 4.

Glenbrittle left me with more questions to ask than information to impart - not surprising, as my memory for names and the faces and/or figures that should go with them is phenomenally poor. Suffice it to say that this meet of Oread, Cave and Crag, M.A.M. and visitors, with the Karabiner close in the offing, kept everyone interested and amused despite rather poor weather. I had decided in February that Eric Byne, who was going to bring a pack of tigers, should himself be their guide, philosopher and friend - and pacemaker. I would just toddle around with folk of modest ambition. The tigers arrived, roaring of the Crack of Doom and Arrow Route. Why, by the end of the week, had the roaring subsided, with those two routes remaining unclimbed?

Half-way through the week the Editor arrived, intending to mail the Pinnacle Ridge of Gillean to his mainmast. Did he do it before he came away? (No. - Ed.) And why, in the name of paraffin, Dettol, D.D.T., Mylol and Dimp did his poor wee wife have to get so midge-bitten? (Because she preferred to be bitten rather than rub any of these substances in her eyes - which was where the wretched insects bit her. - Mrs. Ed.)

Who was the gorgeous amazon dancing at Carbest in jeans and a flaming tartan shirt, worn in the Russian style? She took on the toughest Lancashire type in Glenbrittle, to see who could swing the hardest in the Eightsome, finishing in a crashing heap of chairs in a flurry of legs and wings. Later, on the bus on the way home she crooned like a mother with a first-born baby - over the last surviving bottle of Younger's strong ale to be brought into the Glen. And who was the dazzling blonde who packed a party frock into Glenbrittle, preserving it under canvas to wear at the Carbest dance? I had previously seen her in the sunshine on the road opposite Scalpay, with a bunch of characters and a van which was perfect except for a broken chassis, axle, and front spring. Karabiner property? Too bad - well, what happened about that van in the end?

Why did everyone call John Smith of the Cave and Crag "Cholmondely"? And how, after a week of having seaweed in his bed and a night of Eightsome Reels, Strip the Willow and such, did he pump up enough energy to join the tough Lancashire type aforementioned to get on the Pinnacle Ridge by dawn and walk back from Sligachan in the rain? Why did the Tigers leave a sling at the top of the abseil from Sgurr Dubh Beag, and why did Mike Harby have to hold a flag day in the Glen to defray the cost of it to its owner?

Lastly, and I feel strongly on this point - why did I have to arrive at the foot of a climb - any climb - with my party, always in time to see someone making an

awful mess of it, or worse still, sitting at the bottom of it and telling the world he'd just fallen off it? This happened at the Window Butress, the Inaccessible and the Bad Step. It ought to be forbidden by law, for the effect it has on a party of limited experience.

O.A.J.

As a post-script to Oliver's report, may I add a note about our subsequent deeds?

After several wet days which we spent fishing (without success) and trying to catch rabbits (likewise) a reasonable day occurred and we climbed Window Butress and the South Crack on the Inaccessible, descending by way of An Stac. The next day we inspected the Cioch Direct, but finding it a watercourse abandoned in favour of the West. But this was also turned into a torrent by the deluge which drenched us within the half-hour. On the last day of the holiday we enjoyed the most glorious weather I have ever known in Skye. The sun was sizzling hot and the atmosphere so clear that the Outer Isles looked near enough to spit on. We went up to Coire a' Ghrundda and climbed the White Slab Route, then wandered round the Coire L agan skyline as far as the An Stac screes. It was with a heavy heart that I took my last last look at the lochan, the cliffs and the soaring summits, for it had been a happy fortnight. The Cuillin are one of the finest ranges I know. D.C.C.

CORRESPONDENCE (Continued from page 7).

Dear Ed.,

It is high time I stirred myself from this regimental life in order to write to the Mountain Nymphs. I read with envy of them, especially the Easter and Whitsuntide wanderings. My Whitsun was spent stinking in the flesh pots of Bremen accounting for a large number of lamb chops and "Eißebechers mit Frucht".

Have just come out of "dock" after a minor operation and find it somewhat difficult to eat, but I can still drink so am at least supporting the Club in one of its major pastimes.

ON August 30 I am due home for 3 weeks leave so hope to support a meet or two if I can jerk myself into action (providing some kind person will remind me how to tie a bowline)!

Good climbing to all Oreads, and keep the beer flowing.

All best wishes from

Paul Gardiner.

(Paul was out on the Roches meet. - Ed.)

FROM THE PRESIDENT. ON DEPARTING FOR SOUTH GEORGIA.

Dear Charlie,

Long ago you asked me for a report on the Whit holiday and I was unable to send one due to many worries and pressure of work. I have enclosed with this a report on it, called "The President Wore Pyjamas".

As you will possibly know by now the venture spent 3 almost sleepless days and nights prior to getting under way to Glasgow - mere work and worry there, broken by an evening in the Whangie Hills with Weir and Scott - a glorious view and sunset over Doch Lomond and the surrounding hills; a thing to remember.

Then we slid down the river with a drunken crew aboard but developed engine trouble near Gourrock and were laid up a day. Martin Lindsay shares a pleasant cabin with Harry and myself, and has settled in with us very well, though sometimes he wonders what is going to happen to him next - last night he was startled to hear a Churchillian voice, presenting the Founder's Medal to George Sutton (cheers!), coming from our recording machine! This morning he went back to bed, fondly thinking it was 6.15 a.m. and it was 8.0'clock! The clock had stopped. He enjoys our evening "turtle soup parties" when all the boys foregather in our cabin and drink turtle soup and whisky and eat munchmallows and Penguins!

The weather is not bad but worsening as we leave the Pentland Firth on a S.E. course for Norway. Food is plain but good and four of us eat with the "catcher

officers" and engineers - good lads. Brooker and Lindsay eat with the captain, mate and senior officers of the ship.

Everyone is catching up on lost sleep and eating like horses - Dick and Harry certainly deserve the rest anyway - I am working on my book of which I have to produce 80,000 words within six months of our return. Some order, still, we'll get it done.

Yours,
George.

THE PRESIDENT WORE PYJAMAS

The Girl said, "Let's take my dog at Whit!"

"All right," said the President, "I'll take pyjamas," treating the remark with the flippancy it deserved. On Saturday we collected the Hound from Manchester, later crossing Sty Head from Keswick to Wasdale in pleasant evening sunshine. The Hound bounded ahead, lighthearted and light-laden. The President laboured behind, carrying its "troff".

At Wasdale the trio camped behind the Wastwater Hotel, with other Caves and Craggs. The Hound ate a great slab of meat, trotted into the nice canvas kennel and lay down on the thick rug kindly provided by the President. The "P" kicked him off, sullenly donned pyjamas and climbed into the rug.

Next day it rained. The trio fought for the centre of the tent; the Hound won easily. At tea-time we could stand it no longer, and walked along Wastwater, and followed this up by conviviality in the Hotel. The Hound was put on half rations, so as to make his food last a further day.

Monday we visited Eric Shipton in Eskdale. Girl's comment: "He has lovely blue eyes." It rained again

on return; we sheltered in a convenient inn, then back across Burn Moor, the way we came.

The Hound's ration had disappeared, snaffled by a local beast - the Hound looked pathetic. Nobby Clark and Jean Brinsley ran a "Feed the Brute" campaign, and a very bloated Hound indeed finally crawled back on to the rug.

Tuesday, as a change, it rained. Fined up in the evening and we crawled out of tent and collapsed in the sun.

Wednesday, the trio crossed Sty Head and Esk Hause to Langdale. It howled and threw back at us wind, rain, cold, mist. The Hound did a funeral march with head hanging and tail tucked in. The Girl bore her troubles and a large rucker with admirable fortitude. The P found his spirit in tune with the elements and even managed an odd photo of Gable, emerging from the mist. Tea at the Old Dungeon Ghyll. Bus to Ambleside. Entered cafe where notices commanded us to "be kind to our dumb friends". Bought expensive tin of steak for the Hound. Enquired re camping - learned that there might be a place miles distant. Outside it was raining hard. Decided to camp on Wansfell, and risk being thrown off.

Thursday, farmer, dog and sheep passed within six feet of tent without seeing it. Farmer roared, "Come here, you little b-----" to the dog. Our Hound was definitely interested, and went to tent door. Girl x tackle. Girl didn't like the farmer's vocabulary - too wide for her peace of mind. We packed and strolled into Grasmere. The sun came out, and it was very pleasant by Rydal Water and Grasmere. Tea in continental style cafe - then we "did" the Wordsworth Cottage, and they "did" us.

That night we fell from grace. How can I say it? We sought a hotel and bath Next day again pleasant, so

x Line omitted.

Girl gave a little shriek, and captured him in a flying tackle.

we decided to be really daring and climb a hill. Nothing big, mind you - Helvellyn was hastily rejected - little Loughbrigg was our meat. You take your choice as to summit - there are at least fifteen. We did the lot; it was a warm day. Descended into Langdale - accosted by men on motorcycle - George Bassons of the R.M.C. Then back to Ambleside.

The Hound ate pork luncheon meat the previous night - today his stomach revolted over the rich living. We sped on to Manchester and home, with ruckers full of wet clothes, and very mixed memories for the mental scrapbook.

G.S.

MORE ALPINE HOLIDAYS

Ernie Phillips, Pete Janes and the Handleys went to Chamonix and Zermatt for their holiday. Ernie writes:

"At Chamonix we met Ray College, and both Rays went off via Courmayeur to do the Peuterey Ridge on Mont Blanc. In the mean time the rest of us went to the Couvercle hut and snatched the S.W. Ridge on the Moine. When we returned to Chamonix we found that the Mont Blanc party had been unable to get on the Peuterey at all, due to high wind and snow. We then adjourned to Zermatt by road, and then up to the Taschutte. I tried the Alphubel with Pete Janes, and the two Rays tried the Teufelsgrat on the Päschnhorn, both parties being turned back by bad weather. Back to Zermatt, and then up to the Hörnlihütte for the Hörnli Ridge of the Matterhorn. This just went, and took 14 hours from hut to hut in vicious conditions. This effort expended the party, and we returned via Grindelwald, Interlaken, Lucerne and places north. Judy still asserts that the first words which greeted her when she set foot on foreign soil were, 'Have you any food parcels for Yugoslavia?'"

Phabulous Phalmer was in Zermatt with Mike Turner and many other Oreads. The following rather fragmentary report is abstracted from numerous letters - he was there five weeks.

"We went up to a hut immediately on arrival in Zermatt, and knocked off three "viertausenders" in four days: Allalinhorn, Strahlhorn and Rimpfischhorn. The first two were snow plods. The Rimpfischhorn was rather more interesting; We did it on the way to another hut and this involved carrying sacks up to 13,000 feet. We descended to Zermatt on the Friday and after that got rather out of step with the weather. * After 1½ hours Clive felt unwell and decided to return. Gerald went with him and I continued with Mike. We reached the Solvay hut at noon. This was very late. We were in cloud and a few snowflakes were falling, so we retreated to Zermatt.

"Monday was an off day; the weather was perfect. Tuesday Mike and I plodded back up to the hut and the weather deteriorated again. But on Wednesday we did climb the Matterhorn despite a heavy snowstorm and several Swiss guides who used my rope as a hand rail while I was on difficult rock. Friday Colin Morris and I went to the Betemps hut. Saturday was wet but on Sunday we did the 6,000 ft. ascent of Monte Rosa between 2.45 and 8.00 a.m.

"The next Tuesday I went to the Täschhütte and on Wednesday did the Alphubel by the Rotgatz, a good climb but plastered with new snow. Chunky arrived on Saturday. The weather broke up and was bad for a week. We managed two climbs - the Trifhorn and the Zinal Rothorn. The next day we found 2" of snow and more falling, so we retreated to the valley. It really seemed like the end of the season. Chunky went to the Italian Riviera. I did one more climb - Monte Rosa again, this time with Dick Burgess. The weather had remained foul until nearly the end".

* Mike, Gerald, Clive and I planned to do the Matterhorn on the Sunday, but were foiled by infuriating weather.

MEETS (continued from page 6.)

The Roches, August 28/29.

About 35 members attended the meet and quite a village of tents sprang up in the field beside Well Farm.

The glorious sunshine on the Saturday afternoon encouraged many to assault the ramparts of Her Cloud, where the rock was dry and warm (and where the Yak was to be seen),

The upper tier of the Roches received its usual share of attention and many enjoyable and familiar routes were ascended.

After the evening meal, we briskly walked to the Three Thrushes for all and a natter, where the Rev. James presided in his newly-acquired clerical pack, whilst in a corner, Derrick Burgess, feeling the heat, persuaded Corie Marshall to spray him gently about the head with a Soda syphon. Undoubtedly a more sedate session than the Lyngen reunion meet but what can we expect without Phil, Harry, George and Oliver?

The weather changed during the night and we awoke to the sound of rain on the canvas and looked out into a wet, misty world where no-one stirred except the farmer, who (unlike Fisher) worried more about his camping-fee than about his rheumatics. Some clumbing was done, despite the rain and the grey mist, but we were soon back at the tents for a brew.

By the time we were ready to depart, the sun was out again and the walk to Leek was a race against time - the bus to Derby caught with but seconds to spare. M.J.M.

Pungent Tailpiece: Dearden's comment on reading July's Editorial on "heaven-kissing hills" was "I'm not interested in the sex life of mountains".

PROFILE.....JOHN FISHER.

John "Drws, Meall a' Bhuiridh", Fisher, for the benefit of Oreads who do not know him, is a tall thin person, who might be called good-looking by his friends but only when they want something from him. He has a long reach and fantastically thin legs, and thin face and a very engaging smile; in fact a physique and a personality all his own.

He began climbing well over three years ago and at once achieved fame by gerrinf a severe telling off from the late George Bower, for climbing in tricounis at Brassington. Shortly after that he attended a course at White Hall, where he met Penlington and Harby. Through "Penno" he joined the ranks of the Oread and has been rapidly on the downgrade ever since.

John has led or seconded the majority of the hard gritstone climbs and has had a hand in several first ascents. He has climbed in his native Peak District, Wales, the Lakes and Scotland. In all of these climbing centres he has either led hard climbs or done fantastically long walks, including the Welsh 3000's. At the moment it is rumoured that he is in strict training for an attempt on the Scottish 3000's, but I think that John will be the first to admit that this will take him a few hours longer than his Welsh slog.

Apart from climbing, John is a student at Birmingham University, where he is studying dental surgery. It has been suggested that he chose Birmingham because he could then become a member of the M.A.M. for five shillings per annum. University life has changed him. Whether for better or worse is hard to judge, but at least he has introduced one new song to the Club, which was culled from that seat of learning & a famous ditty entitled, "Good Morning, Mr. Fisnerman".

Altogether he is a most delightful companion, who can be relied on in any emergency; a first class climber cook, and perhaps even singer, and one thing is certain a solid, valuable asset to the Oread Mountaineering Club.