

ONEAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

Vol. 3, No. 11. June, 1956.

EDITORIAL

The double triumph of the Swiss expedition to Everest and Lhotse is a very notable event in the history of mountaineering. Lhotse, of course, was the world's highest unclimbed peak, and its ascent, therefore, a great pioneering feat. (I've never understood why Sir John Hunt's party never tried it. There must be a reason - having got within 2,000 ft. of the top it must have been an obvious temptation.) But the general public are getting a bit blasé about first ascents. We've had so many of them since the war - Annapurna, Cho Oyu, Manaslu, Kangchenjunga, Nanga Parbat, K2 and, of course, Everest - though, of course, the mountaineer will appreciate every new conquest. But the re-ascent of Everest is in a sense a more praiseworthy achievement, for it lacked the kudos of a "first" though requiring as much skill and effort. Perhaps it is a hopeful sign that climbers are beginning to approach the Himalaya for the sport they offer as much as for anything else. The highest Himalaya have lost much of their aura of impregnability. Perhaps the next decade will see more parties going there for the challenge these mountains continue to offer, instead of choosing their destination just because no-one else has been there first. And a good thing too.

Artificial aids have been creeping into use since men started climbing mountains. The tricouni nail, the ice-axe, the rope itself, and nowadays, pegs and wedges. Oxygen and walkie-talkie sets are considered essential for high-altitude work. What next? Where is the frontier between climbing and science-fiction? Commandos have already used rockets to carry grapnels over insurmountable cliffs. Why not helicopters for placing and provisioning high camps? And how about portable atomic generators for heating and cooking? Or small H-bombs for bringing the summit down to you if you can't get up to the summit? Will future climbers carry synthetic-diamond-tipped, atomic-powered cutters for providing adequate but unobtrusive holds where nature has failed to do so? How long before the first parties enjoy climbing on the moon, where there are mountains twice as big as Everest, and only one-sixth of the Earth's gravity? And there's no air anyway, so you don't need to worry about reduced pressure at great height. The final phase will be complete automation, with robots doing the climbing and leaving climbers free to indulge in pure gamesmanship. "I'm having Cenotaph Corner done today, old boy." "Really, old boy? Don't much like short climbs - I'm having a new route put up the Eigerwand." And a conveyor-belt to bring beer from Portmadoc to Bryn-y-Wern, so that we need never leave our armchairs. (What? Oh, someone will find a way round even that!) But that's the way the Romans ended up.

D.C.C.

FOLLIES OF 1956 - PENMAENMAWR TO BRYN-Y-WERN by P. R. FALKNER

Prologue

Many years ago, when I was a young lad (Yes, I really was young once), I used to spend my summer holiday with my people at Penmaenmawr. From there I used to make excursions into the mountains, and, venturing a little farther each year, in 1943 I succeeded in walking from Penmaenmawr to the top of Snowdon. In later years I looked back on this feat not without a certain pride, but nevertheless regarded it as a piece of juvenile folly which I would not care to repeat. This year, however, with the Colne-Rowsley walk deleted from the Meet List, someone (Penlington, I believe) decided that a new marathon must be invented. So it came about that at 10.30 p.m. on Friday, the 1st June, I found myself bivouacking in a wood above Penmaenmawr in the company of four other maniacs (and more arrived later), bent not only on repeating my youthful exploit, but extending it to include Moel Hebog and thus to end at B-y-W.

The Event

We all rose at first light on Saturday, and before we set off arrangements were made with our gallant lady drivers - Betty in the Bedford and Janet in the Pilot - to take our gear and meet us at strategic points en route, to supply us with food and pick up casualties. (I was going to say simply "to attend to our needs", but then realised that the average Gread would certainly misunderstand my meaning.) The cars thus functioned as mobile canteens and ambulances.

A start was made at 5.30 a.m. In the lead were four enthusiasts, Penlington, Pettigrew, Hayes and Russell, who had a wild notion of including all 14 "dreitausers" en route. The other group, Dearden, Parslow, Kershaw and Moore (Mike), confined their ambitions to reaching B-y-W by any reasonably direct route. Somehow I became separated from both groups and did most of the walk on my own.

The weather rapidly deteriorated and we crossed the Carnedd summits in heavy rain and a furious gale - conditions which threatened to exhaust us all very quickly. Fortunately, the weather began to improve about 10.00 a.m. and for the rest of the day, though generally cool and dull, it was not actively unpleasant.

Descending direct from Carnedd Llewelyn, I reached Glan Dena at 10.40 a.m., actually before the cars. The "enthusiasts" arrived about 11.00 a.m., having already stained their escutcheons by omitting Yr.Elen. They set off again at 11.30 a.m. for Tryfan and the Glyders, whilst at the same time I set off for the Devil's Kitchen col. The other party arrived at Glan Dena just before we left. Ron Dearden retired at this point.

From now on, apart from contacting the car drivers at Nant Peris at 2.00 p.m., I was on my own until nearly the end of the day. Ascending Snowdon via Cynr Las, I reached the summit at 4.30 p.m., whilst the enthusiasts went via Crib Goch and were naturally later. At the summit was a B.E.C. mobile T.V. unit, which I presumed to be awaiting Pettigrew's arrival. I contrived to make a brief appearance before the cameras, then set off down to Ddgelert. The final pull up Moel Hebog was distinctly tiring; rather reminiscent of the pull up Win Mill

at the end of the Marsden-Yorkshire Bridge Walk, only much more so as Moel Hebog is much bigger. Just below the summit I was delighted to meet the two surviving enthusiasts, Bob Pettigrew and Geoff Hayes. We reached the summit at 9.00 p.m., and feeling very weary but mightily pleased with ourselves, plodded into B-y-W at 10.00 p.m. The others had all crossed into Cwm Pennant by Bwlch Cwm Trwsagl (N. of Moel Lefn) and arrived half an hour earlier.

THE SAGA OF THE BRYN-Y-WERN BOG by ERNIE PHILLIPS

The majority of members will no doubt have heard that Lionel Smith blew the bottom out of the B-y-W bog at Easter. Some have it that it was due, indirectly, to the ravages of the "74" weekend, while others assert that it was the "Double Diamond" - !

Be that as it may, the damage was done, and Oreads were taking to the woods left, right and centre, and the matter obviously had to be rectified. Accordingly, a task-party comprising Penlington, the Bird, Judy Handley, myself, and another who shall be nameless, journeyed up to Cwm Pennant intent on doing "a rapid, half-hour reconstruction".

Penlington had carried out the initial research required, and had discovered that the ramifications in the design of lavatory pans almost defies the span of the human mind, and it seemed likely, on close inspection, that the operation would be more complex than we had thought at first.

We commenced by ripping out the broken ceramic - no easy task, as it seems that a special tool, in the form of a bog-fitters screwdriver, is required to remove the holding-down screws, corroded into position by years of dribblings. Eventually the deed was done, and Penlington applied his sinews to the remains; a mighty heave and twist; and they parted company with the pipe. His already rapid backward movement was accelerated by the effluvia, and we evacuated for a while to a safe distance while it "spread out" a little.

At last things became more tolerable, and the pipe was blocked off with the working end of a mop, so that we were able to adjourn for tea and nourishment with whetted appetites.

The battered remains were purified and stowed in the rear of the van, and so to Portmadoc, where we recounted the incredible happenings to the vendor of such wares. After suitable expression of astonishment, and exchanges of the obvious and appropriate time-worn jokes, he led us off to a nearby building, and up some steps, where we saw row upon row of the gleaming monsters in white, pastel, and other shades.

Naturally, a suitable specimen was not available, but we selected one that would be "near enough" - we hoped, with the assurance that we could return it if we wished, and went on our way rejoicing. The next problem was to obtain some suitable sealing material for the pipe, and we sent the girls to exercise their talents by making eyes at some builder's labourers working on a shop nearby. After a while they returned triumphant with a box of sand-and-cement mixture, and we departed at high speed for the hut.

The magnificent white edifice was placed reverently in position, and "offered up" to the pipe and, as might have been expected, it did not fit. Dave, who happened to have his boots on, jumped on it, and as it happened to be made of lead, it gently sank into position. After a lot of marking, drilling, screwing, sweating and swearing, all was in proper position, and it only remained to seal it. We had gratefully received the gift, from Fred Allen, of a quantity of a remarkable liquid which he guaranteed would make the cement, if mixed with it, set in five minutes, and be absolutely waterproof. The noise mixture was concocted and applied; its most notable property seemed to be the ability to remove the skin from one's hands completely and instantaneously!

The girls had redecorated the seat in a delicate shade of French Beige (somebody whispered diarrhoea yellow -) and it was replaced in the crowning position, complete with chromium-plated screws. A quick run over with a rubbing-rag, and it stood out like a beacon to guide the wanderer back from Moel Lefn.

While the rest of us retired gracefully, Penlington performed the opening ceremony by giving it the acid test, and it worked! The next morning, however, we desecrated a pool of liquid on the floor at the critical point, and concluded that, in spite of Fred's assurance, he had not taken into account the violence of Dave's onslaught, and the cement had not had time to gather together sufficient strength to meet it. The pipe was accordingly re-sealed, and the whole thing left to meditate on its problem until our next visit. We understand that it was eventually broken-in by a party of young ladies, under the guidance of John Disley, who came down from the C.C.F.R. establishment at Capel.

The only criticism that we have heard is, firstly, that the new "shine" on the seat hardly permits of an adequate grip when in extremis, and secondly, that the flush seems rather less effective than it was before, but with the water pressure that is available at the hut, the wait for "a second shot at it" is quite brief, and, fortunately, everyone is not made like Welbourn!

Finally, if anyone ever suggests the installation of an additional bog at Bryn-y-Wern, they are quite welcome to have a go at it!

ROUND THE WORLD IN SEVEN YEARS

Jack Leeson and three friends set off on a round-the-world journey last summer. They have now reached Australia. The following is extracted from a letter from Jack to the Editor:-

"As you know, our small party of four left home last August high in spirits but low in profits. Our old van carried us to Greece, but before she finally disintegrated, we sold her because the roads in front were even worse. After a wonderful month in Greece we decided to hitch-hike. Our travels took us through Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, across the Syrian Desert to Bagdad. Unfortunately, we had a third of our assets stolen in Turkey (subsequently we have heard these have been recovered), so this meant missing out Afghanistan and W. India. We thought perhaps we could earn money down at Basra but on arrival there everything was for two years - no, thanks! From Basra we sailed down the coast of Arabia calling in many spots, e.g. Muscat. Eventually we ended up in

Bombay, where to the delight of all the beggars and the horror of the pukka-sahibs, we camped on the city cricket ground. This spot the next day became the centre of the riots, so we had a grandstand view. From this city we went across Central India to Madras where we lived in a horrible native hotel until a cheap ship arrived to take us across to Singapore. En route we saw the high mountains in Sumatra. In Singapore we had sufficient money to send only two to Perth. A friend and I were really on the rocks, but fortunately a chic newspaper reporter put us on to a skipper who was prepared to take us to Sydney. We two of the crew were the only ones who hadn't been in jail! Nevertheless, apart from mess room fights, we had a great trip down past Borneo, the Celebes, N. New Guinea, the Coral Sea, Thursday Island, the Barrier Reef to Sydney. After one hilarious night somebody steered the ship out of the Coral Sea on to an island!

"During the months since leaving England, we had grown fine beards. We must have appeared rogues because we were captured five times as spies. I had a whole reel of film confiscated in Turkey. Many of our episodes I am sure will fill a book.

"The Taurus Mountains in S. Turkey were quite a surprise, and many of the Turks regard them as like to Switzerland Mountains. The structure is quite rugged and I believe they are or dolomitic limestone. People do climb them.

"During the last week I have been down to the Australian "Southern Alps". The scenery is somewhat like Wales, but without the crags and sharply defined features. The average height is about 5,500 ft. and reaches the highest point Kosciusko at 7,301 ft. I was camping and we had some heavy snow falls and keen frosts. I did the "Alpine Walk" and en route met some very fine snow slopes. The main interest in this area is ski-ing, but there are some clubs who are doing pioneer work in climbing an area called Little Austria. Some of the ridges from Carruther's Peak seemed to merit further inspection.

"Please give my best wishes to the Club members."

PANTHER ON THE PROWL by THELHOR PANTHER.

On the evening of Friday, the 13th May, I travelled in the car of one Frank Bacon, a London climber, to Llanberis Pass, arriving at 3.00 a.m. It hardly seemed worth while going to bed, the night was perfect and I felt very wide awake. However, nobody else seemed to want moonlight climbing on Three Cliffs, so I went to bed for a few hours, for what turned out to be a cold to broken sleep.

I was unfortunately under the handicap of an injured leg, strained muscles and torn ligaments caused by a large body falling on me several days previously in a gymnasium.

However, I managed to lead Cracks Route on the Mot, Dives with a variation traverse below the Forest on the Cromlech, Crackstone Rib and Wrinkle on the Mastad, and Flake Chimney. Also two new routes, one a V. Jiff on Dinas Bach called Broken Pleasure and the other a Severe called Toccata and Fugue on Craig Back.

Craig Bach is the small diamond-shaped cliff beneath and further left of Craig Beudy Mavr. Its most notable feature is a huge hanging flake in the centre of the cliff. The cliff is of astonishing steepness and the rock is very good.

Toccata and Fugue is a one pitch climb of 65 ft. starting 25 ft. left of Hanging Flake and ascending direct to the top of the cliff.

Throughout the holiday the weather was excellent and the rocks glowed, hot and dry. The great natural forces were certainly at rest this Whitsun.

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BORROWDALE MEET - WHITSUN by MIKE GADD.

In spite of the gloomy forebodings of the majority of the Club, like "no pub within walking distance of Langstrath" (what is walking distance?), "no rock worth climbing", "too many cuckoos", "too many trippers", etc., etc., "we happy band" (Kershaw, Phil Falkner and two friends, Brian and Marion, Mick and Alison, Ronni and Les Langworthy, Anne and self) assembled in Langstrath, and, in all truth, enjoyed ourselves very much.

On arrival in the van (which is grey at the moment, nothing to do with its owner's driving), what should we see but Phil Falkner's car closely embracing a wall! It was eventually prised forth with the aid of a coal hammer (not a peg hammer, can't afford one), and after a further brush with the wall, we camped in what appeared to be a quiet, rather idyllic spot, though we couldn't quite make out what the rows of white objects in the next field were. However, the morning left no doubt. Heralded by bugle calls and blasts on whistles - Manchester Youth Club Camp! Eventually we were ourselves surrounded by tents and cars, so I must concede a point to the Wasdale-ites, though did I hear a report of the womenfolk being chased by hordes of burly service types? Also, they're definitely one up for being "caught out of hours" at the "Wasdale Head". We couldn't even get into the Borrowdale!

Still, these things didn't spoil the weekend by any means. Once out on the hills, and we almost had the place to ourselves.

On the Saturday, Mick and Alison, Phil Falkner, Anne and myself did an enjoyable route on Raven Crag on the slopes of Glaramara, afterwards conquering the north summit of this fine rock peak, and spending some time enjoying the sunshine and view over Derwentwater and Skiddaw and over Wasdale - in fact most of the Lake district peaks stood out clear, a thing I've never seen before, so pardon me if I eulogise.

Sunday was yet another glorious day, and we spent most of it walking to and climbing Troutdale Pinnacle, a route I shall long remember, and can recommend to anyone for continuous interest and situations. In fact, I think it might be an idea to run an "intermediate meet" - as is often requested - some time when Borrowdale is less crowded.

In conclusion, all the people present had an excellent time - even if Phil and party did make a double ascent of Pillar, I believe - and I hope all Creads and supporters had as good a time as we did.
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BRYN-Y-WERN, JUNE 16-17 by CHARLIE CULLUM.

By the late evening of Friday, 15th June, the grounds of B-y-W looked like the site for a preview of the 1957 Motor Show. Inside the hut, a distraught Penno was trying to fit 36 people into 26 beds. About half of those present were members of the Barnsley Mountaineering Club. Late into the night there was talk of the morrow's routes.

Saturday dawned bleak and wet. Most people passed the day playing bridge or gin rummy, reading, eating, and inspecting the weather - vainly as it turned out. The President and some other notables passed much time in removing the waste pipe from the kitchen sink. When this was finally achieved, amid much horseplay, they knew by the bend and the kink in the end that a new pipe was required, and a party was sent to Caernarvon to procure one, which was duly fitted by Penno. Meanwhile, another expedition had returned from Portnadoc with supplies of beer. A few hardy spirits ventured on to the local crags, but the only climbing done seemed to be a short but pleasant new route on Craig y Llan by Brian Cooke and John Russell. This route is well situated - an ingenious driver could step straight from his car on to the first holds. The evening devolved into the usual cheerful chaos.

Sunday started more promisingly, but the weather looked uncertain and many parties made an early start for home, intending to do some climbing en route. Others had a pleasant day on Craig y Llan, where two more routes were put up by Fisher, Cooke, Betty Bird et al. One of these was a V.S. crack. Details of these routes are to be found in the log book at B-y-W.

So ended a weekend more notable for social than mountaineering activities. But why must people leave the hut littered with partially-consumed cans of food? This is wasteful and unhygienic, and encourages vermin. So please don't. And if you had to sleep on the floor, you will remember to book early next time, won't you?

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THERE WAS SOME TROUBLE ON KINDER THE OTHER WEEK by JIM KERSHAW.

The aristocracy had gone,
The landed gentry sunk to low estate,
The shooting rights on Kinder's barren lands
Were leased through agent delegate
To a financial brotherhood,
Seeking to wash with feathered blood
The taint of commerce from their hands.
Rag and bone kings and magnates in cotton.....
Assumed the sports of long-forgotten Dukes.
A guard of keepers stood with gun in hand
To turn away with shot and foul rebukes
The gentle trespasser upon the land.

National Parks and rights of way
 Were granted for the public use,
 The People's Park Police were formed,
 The Nag's Head made a calaboose
 And some spare bureaucrat or other
 Appointed the climbers' Big Brother.
 Where formerly we roamed at will
 Avoiding far-flung keepers,
 Now voluntary Polizei
 Sleuthhound our steps in creepers.

Ten little Oreads
 All in a line;
 One camped in Edale
 And then there were nine

Nine little Oreads,
 Grinds Brook in spate;
 One stepped off the path
 And then there were eight.

Seven little Oreads
 In streams as black as Styx;
 One relieved nature
 And then there were six.

Five little Oreads
 Lost on the moor;
 One trod on grouse eggs
 And then there were four.

Three little Oreads
 The Snake view halloo;
 One knocked a wall down
 And then there were two.

CHORUS (After each verse):
 Please don't be rude to my wardens
 Please don't be rude to my lads,
 They're only doing their duty
 In stopping you Oread cads.

Eight little Oreads
 On Kinder's barren heaven;
 One knocked a cairn down
 and then there were seven.

Six little Oreads
 Very much alive;
 One dropped a paper bag
 And then there were five.

Four little Oreads
 Brewing up for tea;
 One set the grass on fire
 And then there were three.

Two little Oreads,
 Their journey nearly run;
 The last defaced a notice-board
 And then there was one.

The one remaining Oread being myself, surviving to write and publicise the truth about the Kinder Meet. The fate of the nine lost Oreads is still unknown. Whether they are still in the hands of the People's Park Police, and will appear at some future date after brainwashing and a suitable confession remains to be seen. Watch your fellow Oreads closely in future. Anyone behaving in a civilised manner should be closely suspect.

..... by ERIC BYNE
 "UNCLE ALF"

You may have met him in the Peak. His reputation is now legendary, and his kindness to the young enthusiastic mountaineers is proverbial. Usually one can be sure of seeing him at one of the annual dinners of the Oread Mountaineering Club, for Uncle Alf is often an honoured and privileged guest, either of some individual member, or of the club itself.

More people will perhaps know of him as the Oxygen adviser of the successful 1953 expedition to Everest; others perhaps will think of him as the secretary of the successful 1955 expedition to Kangehenjunga; but I, who have known him over 20 years, remember him as a great lover of the Peak, a great bogtrotter, a superb cragsman of Herculean strength and considerable courage, the companion of Maurice Linnell and the great Colin Kirkus, and the man who introduced, taught, and practiced the "Technique of Falling".

To go back to the start of Alf Bridge's career is to retrace one's footsteps back to the period that was principally noteworthy for the enterprise of Fergus Graham in forcing a direct route to Moss Ledge on Scafell Pinnacle. It was an era noted for the climbing tigers who were reared or trained on the gritstone outcrops of the Peak District. Rice K. Evans, the American Vice Consul in Sheffield, and the one time leading light on Stanage, had departed back to his native land. J.W. Putterell was 56 years old, still climbing, and an established authority on the geology and the cavern systems of Derbyshire. And such ferocious tigers as A.S. Figott, Morley Wood, and George Bower were now truly exploiting the techniques learnt on gritstone, adding new routes over a widely distributed area in the Lake District, Scotland, and North Wales. Harry Kelly, using his gritstone knowledge, was also busy vomiting forth new routes on Scafell with the precision of a machine - and of these, perhaps his best effort was the discovery of a new route up the Central Eutress, by way of "Moss Gull Grooves".

This then was the period which saw the introduction to climbing of Alf Bridge, a young Manchester lad with unusually prehensile fingers, and a great strength of arms, shoulders and legs. This initiation took place at the Staffordshire Roches, under the tuition of Robert Burns of the Mucksack Club, and it is said that on this, his first day, he revealed the promise of the skill to come, by leading the climb known as "Via Dolorosa".

So the fire was lit, the ambition to do great things was born - not only in the climbing world but also on the high moorland plateaux. As a walker he proved superb, being possessed of lungs of leather, and leg muscles of spring steel which nothing could completely tire. He became a member of that brilliant band of Peakland fell walkers, "The Bogtrotter's Club", whose feats soon became legendary with such routes as the Double Marsden Edale, Colne to Nowley, Penistone to Macclesfield, and Greenfield to Macclesfield, all being traversed in exceedingly fast times. By 1927 his toughness and popularity received full recognition, for he was elected the president of this group of "grough greyhounds".

These were the halcyon days, with such great personalities in the walking world of the Peak District as Eustace Thomas, Fred Heardman, Harry Gilliat, and many others, to look up to. With such people as an inspiration, to be used as a "mighty yardstick", is it any wonder that the "Bogtrotter's Club" became fell walkers of the highest grade? With Ben Bennett, reputed to be one of the most brilliant members, Alf Bridge succeeded in walking the full length (North to South) of the one inch Ordnance Survey Peak District tourist map - from Penistone to Ashbourne in the remarkably fast time of 10 hours 20 minutes - a fantastic speed for this 51 mile journey, made possible no doubt by the fact that the southern portion of this route included many miles of roadwork, thus giving rubber shod feet the opportunity of accomplishing faster times than would normally have been possible had it been purely cross country travel.

During this period the classic "Marsden to Edale" bogtrot took on almost a competitive note, with various fell walkers trying to achieve fantastic speeds. Under reasonable conditions, Alf Bridge, shod in rubber gym shoes, would complete this exacting course in under 5 hours, going via Black and White Moss, and not by the usual easier route up the Wessenden Valley. Others there were who made efforts to complete this cross moorland course in under the 5 hour limit - such people as Vin Skelton, a famous Sheffield Harrier, who piloted by Bridge succeeded, and Phil Altmann who achieved temporary fame by dying on Bleaklow during his attempt.

It must not be thought by any means that Alf Bridge was a specialist. On the contrary, for his love of general mountaineering and especially that which could be found in the Peak, far exceeded any definite desire for any particular branch of the sport. Perhaps he loved best a combination of climbing-cum-bivouac-ing-cum-bogtrotting weekend. To him, and to many others of like mind, the 9.15 a.m. train from Manchester to Chinley, or the 7.50 a.m. to Marsden, were the "clarion calls" of those days, and this usually meant a walk into Manchester from the suburbs as a prelude to train catching.

One of his famous excursions during this period was a walk from Greenfield to Chinley, travelling light, with only food, primus and pans in his rucksack, rubber gym shoes on his feet, and going via Laddow, Wildboar Clough, Slippery Stones, Stanage, Cratcliffe Tor, Castle Maye and Combs. It started as a lighthearted affair, and the intention of doing various climbs at each of the famous outcrops and edges which he reached. All went well as far as Cratcliffe, where a rapid ascent of the Hermitage Crack and the Giant's Staircase, followed by the twin towers of Robin Hood's Stride, saw the passing of a precious hour and the appearance of several fine specimens of blisters on each heel. This, of course, was not to be wondered at, for approximately 24 hours had passed since his departure from Greenfield at noon on the Saturday, and for the majority of this time he had been either walking or climbing.

The continuation of the walk from Cratcliffe to Castle Maye, via the limestone Gales, is a long and tedious one, and Bridge, traversing this section during the hot afternoon of this sunny day, found it to be "sheer purgatory". It was 6.30 p.m. before, tired and thirsty, he could gaze down from the crags of Castle Maye at the "promised land" of the valley of Combs. Worn out, he struggled up A.P. Chimney, trod gingerly on blistered heels across the "Scoop", and flogged himself wearily up the safe but clinging cleft of Deep Chimney.

The last lap to Chinley took all his fortitude. The spirit was willing and fought to overcome the flagging flesh, for even his legs of steel were now feeling the strain and alterations of gait were necessitated by his blisters. Fortunately there were friends to greet and accompany him on this, the last lap, but Bridge, who would always and on every possible occasion be the one to force the pace, now for a change found himself like the Duke of Plaza Toro - "leading his regiment from behind".

(To be concluded next month)

CORRESPONDENCE

"Lucerne",
40, Palmerston St.,
Derby.

7.6.1956.

To the Editor, the C.M.N.L.

Dear Sir,

I was delighted to read in the May Newsletter the amusing, but no doubt apocryphal, account of the experiences of your correspondent "Pegasus" on the Continental Railways; it might almost have been culled from the pages of Jerome Klapka Jerome's "Three Men on the Bummel", or should it be "The Alps in 1864"?

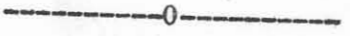
However, I can assure you, Sir, that we were unlikely to emulate his misfortunes, and, if I may, I will quote from the Travel Agent's "plug":
.... these coaches are the last word in modern transport. By day the compartments have the appearance of superior 2nd. class accommodation.
.... deep soft seats and large wide windows. By night the attendant (it should read attendantesses - curves like linked Christies) transforms the interior into a sleeper
.... three wide foam-rubber berths
.... pillow and blankets
.... reading lamps
.... air conditioning
.... etc. etc.

The fact lives up to the description, and one travels in this style, in one compartment, from Calais to Innsbruck. As far as I can see, there can be no snags - one can drink unlimited quantities of "vin ordinaire ouvert", and sleep until 9.00 a.m. with an easy mind.

I can only assume that "Pegasus" is a bloated plutocratic spendthrift and not a pennyless proletarian like myself. Let us hope that his wings prove to be better than those of Icarus when he reaches the alpine sunshine!

Yours faithfully,

Ernie Phillips.



OREADS IN SHORTS

Two couples have each claimed to be the Oreads who were mysteriously married recently - the Leeses and the (Roger) Turners. Best wishes to these four and any others.

FOR SALE: Tent, 8'6" x 4'0" with extra Oriel end. Complete with flysheet and sewn-in groundsheet. A-poles at front. Price £5. Apply to Jim Bury.

Roger and Beryl Turner are getting out into the Peak most Sundays and would like to team up with any other Oreads who can only get out on Sundays.

"Female Oread, looking at photos of second F.O., "Oh, how lovely - they're not a bit like her!"

Phil Falkner has been elevated to the peerage - that is, elected to the Alpine Club. That august body seems to carry conservatism to extremes - the current Journal contains an account of Hannibal's well-known Alpine expedition.

Phil, Chunky Cartwright and one Les Pratt, who is known to many Oreads, are shortly going to Northern Norway for eight weeks.

John Fisher insists on having a one-way ticket out to the Alps. He refused to say whether he was expecting failure to survive of a lift back.

Going on holiday? Tell the Club about it when you come back by posting an account, long or short, to J.C.Cullum, 11 Corkland Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester 21. Failing that, how about a post-card with brief notes on your activities during the last month?