

Dave
OCTOBER
1966

Well, this is the first edition of the Oread News since last June (yes it was this year). This delay has been brought about by the usual lack of articles and an overworked Editor! - someone might say overplayed- Even meet leaders seldom let me know about their meets so the following 'look back' only covers those meets I was fortunate to attend. Many thanks to those members who have contributed to this edition, I just hope it inspires others to 'hit the headlines'. The club is full of life and vitality so why not let all members know. I have heard rumours of people spending nights lashed to 'Cloggy' of many fine holidays both here and in the Alps and the usual incidents which are unprintable, all of which would make interesting reading. Heres hoping for the next edition!

Some Club Meets

The last meet to be reported in the newsletter was that of the 1966 Welsh walk and according to my meets card the Millstone meet followed in a fortnight. I did not attend and can't remember if anyone talked about it to me - sorry. I did go on the Working Party (for one day) but I did see the result of a very good week ends work and so will you all when you next drive up the track in Rhyd- ddu. The outside of the hut now really shines bright and white like a new moon over the village, thanks to the efforts and pains of many members who first of all wire brushed away all the green lichen preparing a base for two coats of paint in two days. With the aid of some extra large brushes this was done (I saw someone putting on the undercoat with a large stiff yard brush!). Also all the woodwork outside was painted once again to blend in with the new colour scheme. Inside one front bedroom was striped, the fire place filled in and the whole room re-decorated the occupants of this room were seen frantically painting into the small hours of the night, I suspect not through choice but because they could not get at the beds until it was finished. Many small cleaning jobs were done by the girls who also provided food and drinks for the painters. Outside the trees were lopped this provided winters fire wood for one member! In all a very successful working party!

Whilst talking about the hut it may be as well to mention that an electric immersion heater has been fitted to the main tank. This will provide hot water without always going to the trouble of lighting the back room boiler. Also a new window has been fitted in that room. Future plans are for a new window to be fitted to the front of the lounge. Eventually it is hoped to renew all windows where necessary. The small stove is to be placed in the lounge for additional heat this winter. There is also a reminder from the hut warden about parking of cars near the hut and also noise at night outside(if you can't take your beer please be sick out the back - remember the neighbours!)

I believe there was a full house at August Bank Holiday at the hut for the 'Cloggy' meet. I was not there but I did hear it was a good meet

but I never did find out if anyone made 'Cloggy' The overflow from this meet went to the Lakes!

In July Brimham and Gardale was visited. This was another good meet despite camping being split in two very separate fields. Brimham with it's fine spires and walls was popular on the Saturday and early Sunday. (No one managed to dodge the shilling collectors, they are on duty all the time and even collect their dues from the corting couples who drive up after dark!) Almost everyone went around to Malham Cove and Gordale on the Sunday. It rained so all went a walk some even managing to circuit the Tarn.

Mention Dove Crag to anyone who went on that meet and they will still show you the dodden car floor coverings. The highlight of this meet apparently was when the stream near Franarth rose rapidly overnight and it was "as wide as the Trent" the following morning! - With the cars in the middle tales were told of waist deep wading and boots floating level with steering wheels inside the cars also of water rushing out when doors were opened, I hope someone took a photograph. Wallerbarrow was visited and climbed upon on the Saturday before the rains but Sunday was spent bailing!

The Cadder Meet was once again blessed with magnificent weather and the few that were there had a wonderful week end. Thanks meet leader for your write-up which is included in this newsletter.

The ladies meet was combined with an unofficial Mens Welsh Walk at least as far as Cerrig Druidion. Here after the pub had closed the ladies motored on to the hut for a Hen two days whilst the men trudged on for a night under Pretys fly-sheet! Many a good meet has started under this old fly-sheet and this was no exception. Of course it was raining very hard in the morning but eventually a start was made for Cefn-garw the objective for the following night. Some interesting un-pathed country was traversed which was completely new to everyone. A fine night was spent in Cefn-garw with a magnificent fire and endless tales from Pretty and Janes with Williams and Handley taking most of the raps and Hobday and Myself as insignificant observers comfortably perched on our air beds. It came as something of a shock to everyone when looking at the map on the Sunday to realise that only one third of the walk had been completed. However in brilliant weather everyone reached the Gwynant for the evening to the welcoming arms and cars of the ladies and so back to the hut for a comunal hot beth (men only I'm afraid)

Of the Ladies Meet details are a bit vague but we did find out that Snowdon was ascended by all and a successful men hunting evening was had by at least some! Perhaps we will get some further tasty details later!

Finally just a short report on the Lyke Wake Walk. This for me will I expect be 'The meet of the year'. To cover about 45 miles of completely (almost) new country in under 24 hours in wonderful conditions (that is anything from thick fog in the dark to hot sun in the day, with fantastic cloud and mist effects with a Brocken Spector thrown in for good measure) is something I and I'm sure all the others will always remember.

We realised it was going to be an epic when on the Friday evening Gordon, Chris (Prospective Member) and Myself arrived in Wakefield in John Crosse's Car (John is also a prospective member. We were welcomed by Jean Russell and had coffee and chips whilst awaiting Rusty's return from York. He and friend Jeff elected to sleep the night at Wakefield

Some Meets Continued.....

We soon found that fog on the A1 was going to hold us up and arrived at Osmotherley about 1am on Saturday. Here we found Mick Berry and three friends including one female who was sleeping out alone by the stream. Gordon and myself like true Oreads elected to protect her by sleeping either side! It may have been because of this that Mick, Malcolm, Les, and Josephine departed into the night and mist at approx 5am, after arising for breakfast at 3am! A little later Rusty's party arrived and departed for the first trig point leaving us still a little dazed lying in our bug bags. So now the meet was split into three parts which of course is true Oread. Not dissatisfied at being left at the post the Nottingham four left at first light and reached the first trig point at 7.15 am. 17 and three quarter hours later the whole party minus one C.C. member including the female and one lad of 15 (Chris) arrived triumphant at Ravenscar 45 miles, at least, away!

During these hours of day and night occurred many incidents. Our party of four had the bit between our teeth and managed to meet up with the other two small groups some 15 miles from the start when we rendezvoused with Jean and the Rusty mini van. Here Les Hughes dropped out with badly blistered feet. The Oread took control of his woman from then on! Up to this point we had all encountered fantastic weather conditions - a magnificent sun rise with the whole of the Yorkshire plain covered in ground mists and the moors clear. Then just the occasional tree top would appear to be suddenly swallowed up again. As the route ascended and descended we were often plunged into the thick mist but were pleased that another short climb would soon bring us out once more into the dazzling sunlight.

By the time we were ready to move off from that first rest point it was really hot. Shirt sleeves was the order from then on as sacks were sent on by van to the next check point. We were informed that a boy of 7 years was about half an hour in front of us but we never did catch him, and his father, up (the father was on his 8th crossing). As you can imagine with this walk becoming increasingly popular and up to 150 people attempting the crossing each week end, there must be quite a good track at least up to the stage where most stop out! However despite this track we all had to wade sections of the moor (Wheeldale) that followed and Mick Berry capped the lot by sinking up to his waist at least twice. The seven year old who was now in sight gradually drew away on this section as he just trotted over the bog! Another stop for tea etc on a road near Wheeldale Youth Hostel lost us quite some time as people tended to their feet, tried to get lifts in the over full van and generally enjoyed lazing about in the hot sunshine. At last we all moved off together saying farewell to Jean. This was to be our last check point and we were on our own untill the end at Ravenscar with all of Fylingdales moor to cross in the now gathering darkness! Fen Bog House was soon reached (well named for we all had to wade it here!) and soon afterwards as it was just dark the main road before Fylingdales. Here we joined up with another team who had started out about the same time as ourselves. After supping their beer and making eyes at the girls in their support party we all decided to cross Fylingdales together. The Early Warning station quite close to the road is not marked even on the latest map. We decided to turn it to the South. Setting off in the mist we soon found ourselves at the main gate! The Oread party then said thanks for the beer and walked back to the road to try going North the other party said not likely as they had seen it in daylight and went further south. We later found out that they returned to the same spot and knocked on the front door of the station, were invited inside, shown a detailed map of the area went out

and got completely lost on the moor arriving at the finish well after us. We had lost another hour getting back to the road and walking North. On compass bearing we set off once again only to run foul of the station barbed fence and perimeter track. This was a bit disheartening as we were not sure of the direction it would eventually lead us. We carried on and after a stop for food and general commiseration we were joined by a party of boys led by a hard man with torch who seemed to know the way. Following another chap with a torch (Charlie) at the rear, we followed thinking all was now well. About two hours later the Oread were in the front leading this chap with a torch (Nod Kaput) off the Moor. He had managed despite having crossed the same moor earlier that day when going to meet the boys, to get us all lost exhausting his party in the process, falling waist deep into a water hole and in the end having to admit defeat and fall in behind us!

Another road was reached. Here it was a hive of activity despite it being thick fog and well after midnight. Various support teams were searching for their charges as the Oread (swept?) through. A final extremely wet and muddy path across the last moor and we were there in the welcoming arms of Jean!

That was not the end of the tale at least for some, including myself for it was elected that I being the youngest! should travel back with Mick's party of four to the Osmotherley and sleep what was left of the night there and return with John's car. It sounded O.K. until Mick started to fall asleep at the wheel the fog got so thick to continue and the girl I was sitting next to in the back got cramp! It was a little before six am when I thankfully climbed into my bag at Osmotherley, you can tell how tired I was I did not even look around to see where the girl was sleeping!

Once more back in Ravenscar in the fog at mid day on the Sunday I was not a bit surprised to see the Oread having breakfast on the road! - the grass was wet and spare van wheels make good seats after Lyke Wake Walks!

- here's to the next Lyke Wake next year - you should try and join us you virgin dirgers!

Geoff Hayes (dirger)

SOME FUTURE CLUB MEETS

The Social Season of the climbing world is now upon us and the Oread provide many interesting meets and get-togethers of that nature. First we have the Photo meet on Saturday evening Oct 29th. This year held at Bakewell. Douglas Milner that old friend of the club will once again judge the slides and provide the acid comments he is so renown for. On the Sunday following the Photo evening the Oread Mountain Rescue team should be out in strength on Black Hill North of Bleaklow when all local rescue teams take part in the annual practice search. All team members should assemble at Crowden Youth Hostel at 10 a.m.

Although there is unfortunately no pantomime at Ilam this year there will still be a bonfire and the usual cross country dash on the Sunday Morning November 6th. Members are recommended to either join the ranks of the runners or be at the stepping stones in Dovedale to cheer them on.

Affect Of Tar Oil On Nylon Rope.

The chief Instructor at the Coteard Bound Girls School (Wales) has informed the Council that flotsam tar oil, washed up onto beaches, contains quantities of Phenol which have an injurious effect upon the filaments of Nylon Ropes. A test was carried out at the Physical Testing laboratory of British Nylon Spinners with the following findings:-

"A piece of multifil rope yarn treated with tar in the middle of it's length, and left for 6 weeks at 20 °C, was tested against a control piece, untreated but left in the same conditions. The untreated piece took a suspended weight of 78 grms. before snapping and the treated piece took only 53 grms., representing a weakening of about 20%, which could have serious consequences".

The tar oil can apparently be removed by washing the affected portion in petrol (or better still petroleum ether) without any injurious effects.

NOTE

This amplifies the warning given in B.M.C. Circular No 404, "Your Rope" regarding Chemical attack i.e. "DON'T allow a rope to come near mineral or organic acids or alkalis, such as battery acid, creosote, carbolic acid, lysol"

Cliff Climbing at Durlston Castle, Swanage.

The Secretary has a map of the Durlston Castle area which shows where climbing is allowed and where it is prohibited. Any member who is intending to climb at Swanage is advised to contact the Secretary and check the map and the circular advising of an agreement drawn up between the owners and the B.M.C.

New Member. Mrs Judith Appleby was elected a full member at a recent committee meeting

New Address

E and H. Phillips have now moved to 8. Kingsley Road, Allestree, Derby. Telephone Derby 50078.

Huts Available to Club Members.

An addition to the B.M.C. Hut list is the "Chamois Hut" of the C.H. A. Mountaineering Club. It's situation is part of a farmhouse adjacent to Snowdonia Park Motel at Tyn-y-Maes, Caerns (on A.2 2 miles from Bethesda) The hut is available from 1st February 1967. Charges 4/- per night inclusive. Hut Warden Mr. J.G. Harvey, Mickledore, 2 Glyn Estate, Menai Bridge, Anglesey.

Milk Bottles The Hut warden reminds you that milk bottles taken to the hut should be taken away again and not left at the door as they will not be collected as all deliveries in the village are now made with milk in paper containers. (It's less noisy for the neighbours!)

Tuesday Evenings.

Don't forget that there are always some members congregating in the Wilnot Arms Borrowash every Tuesday evening when there is no indoor meet at the Scout Hall. Unfortunately no one seems to get there before 9pm.

Bruce's Solang Weisshorn.

In chapter five of his book 'Kulu and Lahoul', Brig. General J.C. Bruce describes the first ascent of the mountain he named Solang Weisshorn, 19,450ft., on the Kulu/Bara Bangahal divide, a few miles north west of Manali. The ascent was made on June 23, 1912 by his Swiss guide Heinrich Fuhrer of Meiringen accompanied by a Gurkha soldier. Elsewhere he enthusiastically describes the climbing of the great Solang peak and its associates as : "A very fine climb and very fine expeditions."

The second ascent of the Solang Weisshorn, known to the paharis (hillmen) as Hanuman Tibba, which is likely to become the official name in India, was made nearly fifty-four years later, on June 3, 1966, by an Indo-British party organised by members of the Bombay Climbers Club.

The party elected to approach Hanuman Tibba from the south-east via the precipitous gorges of the Manalsu river, held by local hunters to be impassable, and attempted on three previous occasions by Pettigrew. The eventual route, a strenuous undertaking, took seven days to cover nine miles and gain 5,300ft. In addition 520feet of fixed rope was employed on the cliff sections as security for the Tibetan porters who, though getting progressively more reluctant to rock-climb with 65 lb loads, saw the caravan through to Base Camp, 11,500 ft.

Base Camp was established in the remote Upper Manalsu valley, three miles south of Seri on May 27, beneath a spectacular rock wall some 3,000 ft. high, and close to a spur inhabited by a herd of ibex containing some splendid heads.

Subsequent days were spend in reconnoitering a route northwards and establishing Camp 1 at 14,500 ft. Beyond the camp the route soon climbed out of the Upper Manalsu valley, over its west containing wall, and across the Kulu/Bara Bangahal by easy but exhausting neves to the foot of the South face of Hanuman Tibba. Camp 2 was duly established at 16,500 ft. on June 2.

From this camp on June 3 two ropes consisting of Pettigrew and Pasang, Ang Nima and Rinzing, set off at dawn to make a summit bid by a route which weaved through the triple-tiered ice-cliffs of the South face.

Progress was encouragingly swift as far as the upper tier of the ice-cliffs some 600 ft. below the summit cone. The snow condition was just beginning to perplex the party when suddenly, with a loud report, a quarter-mile wide wind-slab avalanche split off at the exact level of the leading rope and swept the two ropes helplessly down the slope for 500 ft. only to discard them on the narrow terrace above the second tier of ice-cliffs. A later examination of the debris showed that the avalanche had continued for a further 1,500 ft. below the second tier, and had come close to obliterating Camp 2 before it stopped.

Uninjured but bereft of an ice-axe, the party quit the South face and traversed eastwards to gain the crest of the corniced East ridge. Climbing steeply past small outcrops of vivid yellow rock, the snow summit was reached at 11,30 a.m.

Bruce's Solang Weissborn continued.....

After brief session of photography and observation on top the party retired to the nearest rocks for a meal. An hour later, after depositing a thermos flask containing names on the outcrop, they began an uneventful descent to Camp 2, re-entered at 3.30 p.m.

Two virgin peaks of 17,400 ft., and 16,524 ft., were also climbed by the expedition which returned to Manali by a high route on June 7.

Cader Idris Meet.

Dave Weston.

Once again the weather was very good for this meet and everyone got in quite a good bit of walking and climbing. Cader was climbed on Saturday by various routes, the biggest party walking to Llyn y Gadair. There the party split, some to go by the Fox-s Path and others to climb the Cwfry Arete. Wally Richardson, Tony Bamford and nephew were the first three to set off up the Arete. Pam and I had mixed feelings about carrying Clare up the Fox,s Path and whilst we sat sunning ourselves Geoff and his uncle arrived on the scene, Geoff going straight to the waters edge to see if it was wara enough for swimming.

After a breather they set off for the Arete, and we made for the Fox's, meeting up with Paul and Christine. Who should we see on top, none other than Anne and Geoff's Aunt. They had accended by the Pony Path. An excellent day in glorious weather, Anne doing very well indeed to reach the summit in her present condition.

Sunday turned out another good day with one party going to the beach at Barmouth and the others to Cwm Cau, where the Great Gully was climbed.

Those present on the meet were: Wally Richardson, Tony Bamford and nephew, Geoff and Anne Hayes with Aunt and Uncle, Paul Craddock and Christine, Dave, Pam and Clare Weston.

Anne Hayes now prefers two star camping after a night ^{at} Gwernan Lake Hotel !

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

The New telephone number of D. Burgess is Repton 2465.

Lost at the club hut - 1 pair of swimming shorts colour light blue
please contact G. Hayes. 18 Endsleigh Gardens, Beeston, Notts.

Club Meets are now being advertised in the Derby Evening Post and Nottingham Evening Post in their Out-door columns on Thursday evenings.

There are still a few members who have not paid their subscriptions - are you one?

The Hut Warden is asking for frying pans and small saucepans for the club hut. If you have anything to offer please contact John Cordon or any committee member.

Conversations

" It's tricky to find, wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't misty. He seem to be following a path. Yes this is it. I remember from last time! Mind, it's a long time ago, was hostelling then, which I'd taken things in more but this is the start, I'm sure. We traversed in from one side and missed out that start. You want to do it direct? What up that nice sopping wet moss clinging boulder, and I've got to lead? Don't forget the leader finds all the gash gear. The dripping sound changes as you soaking it up, and I thought I'd got wet on the first little bit. They've had a week of fine weather here! I'll have to take the sack off, it's no good. There's a sling here where the last party got off. I've made it now, I really got wet - had to use my head and the rest. It's good to see you again- your looking a bit damp. The rest is quite easy I remember it quite well now- vertical grass and two pitches of rotten rock. Put your sack over your head I can't help knocking stuff down. Every move dislodges a bit. What was that about glad your doing it but never again. What a way to talk. The last two pitches are on quite good rock and that's it. What a perfect view. It must be one of the sunniest days of the year - now we are out"

Great Gully - Craig Cau DW - GH

Scrambles in the Dauphine

Jack Ashcroft

Our decision to visit the Dauphine was carefully contrived by Brian Cooke. Throughout the winter months Roger and Beryl Turner, Brian and myself discussed various venues for our alpine holiday. At one stage a Monte Rosa circuit was favoured. This was not to be: Brian favoured something of a little less magnitude with minimised walking. So complete with Moor's "The Alps in 1864", Coolidge's 1892 guide and Boell's "High Heaven" plus the latest French A.C. guide we found ourselves bound by dormobile for La Bararde on Cooke's historic tour of the Dauphine.

On a Monday evening, despite our heavy rucksacs, a steady enjoyable walk from La Bararde brought us to the Chatelleret Hut. The south face of the Meige at the head of the narrow steep side valley presented a most impressive peak in the evening sunlight but the Pic Nord de Cavales commanded the eye. The Pic Nord de Cavales though a smallish peak rises impressively to the west of the hut and completely dominates the aspect. It did not take long to decide that we would make this our first peak ascending by the ordinary south ridge route.

We were away by five o'clock the next morning in the warmest air conditions I can remember on such a start. Short sleeves were the order as we followed the path zig-zagging up the valley side for some 2,500 ft. which gave way to a boulder strewn basin followed by a snow couloir. The exit lay hidden until the last 100 ft. or so where a loose rock gully gave access to the Col du Clot. We emerged from the shadow of the couloir into brilliant sunshine and there chose for ourselves a slab of rock on which to relax a while. Moving again we traversed neve on the other side of the Col soon revealing the south ridge and the east face of the Nord Cavales. What a delightful chunk of rock! Some 700 ft. of typical alpine ridge of sun-baked granite gave us our summit by 10 o'clock. Our descent, taken with ease, was punctuated with rests in the afternoon sun to study the difficult west ridge of the Nord Cavales and the Meige traverse.

Our next day, by common consent, was not to be too strenuous. An obvious choice appeared to be the Gondolier on the valley to the Cavales. The finest feature of this climb was the lengthy glissade down. It certainly wasn't the morning's tedious snow plod the type of route which Brian had planned all along to avoid. In contrast to the Nord Cavales the Gondolier proved to be a steadily disintegrating heap of rock - so much so that we only bothered to attain the north peak several hundred feet lower than the true summit. The heat of the day and the debris being dislodged by a party ahead were enough to convince us that our efforts should terminate. We rested on the north peak which is little more than a pinnacle and photographed the magnificent panorama of the Meige, Pic Gaspard, the Cavales and Ecrin.

Next day, the weather having been perfect for the last few days, we resolved to make for the Promontoire Hut in order attempt the traverse of the Meige, despite the information of the hut warden that the traverse had not been done that summer because of continuous bad weather. However the weather decreed otherwise when a storm broke in the late evening and lasted the best part of the next day. Thus our plans were changed to an attempt on the West Ridge of the Nord Cavales, which we knew would be a one day expedition compared to a probable three day expedition over the Meige and back. Choice of route was now important if we were to see as much of the Dauphine as possible in our short stay.

The Nord Cavales by the West Ridge proved to be a fine rock route. Difficult with two Grade IV sup. pitches, the route which rises immediately behind the Chatelleret is comprised essentially of two great rock steps. Once again we made a five o'clock departure from the hut but with two French climbers pipping us to the start. Beryl and Roger were a second rope with Brian and myself last. The ridge starts with slabs gradually steepening to the first real difficulty, a 50 ft. chimney smooth and under-cut at the base. The first few moves gave food for thought but we were well protected and Brian led away with expertise. His exit from the top involved a short traverse to the left giving way to a 10ft. easy slab and good stance. I found the exit from the top of the chimney time absorbing and when I eventually reached Brian the two leading parties had already negotiated the next pitch and were out of sight. This situation called for a conference, which was the route? We chose the north side of the ridge only to learn that we should have followed the thinnish looking crest of the ridge. Once committed Brian, with his 25 years of Lakeland cragsmanship behind him, soon got to grips with the situation and had the rope moving swiftly up pitch after pitch. Suddenly a levelling of the ridge revealed a watery sun and a full view of the second 1,000 ft. step towering way above us. In the relative scramble over the intervening 500 ft. to the foot of the step we watched Beryl and Roger moving delicately on the initial pitch. As we drew near to the first verticality our companions went from view and the rock took on a more overbearing appearance. However Brian was now in fine form and the first pitch, a wall with a particularly delicate start, went with ease. A few pitches higher we reached the second major difficulty of the climb. This involved a 100 ft. run out up a slanting chimney on the north side of the ridge followed by a well protected traverse to the right which lead to the crest of the ridge again. Now it was raining but of the final 500 ft. there was little more serious rock. We arrived on the summit - damp but happy. The ascent from the hut had taken 9 hours.

Through a break in the cloud we could see the Prom. hut precariously balanced on the initial buttress of La Meige traverse. There was little doubt in our minds that sitting on the summit of the Nord Cavales with one of Boells famous rock routes behind us was preferable to sitting in a small hut in unsettled weather conditions preparing for one of the greatest alpine classics. Maybe some would disagree, but at dinner that evening we were all of one mind..... we would move to another valley the next day.

Cook's enthusiasm had been stirred and it took all our powers of persuasion to convince him that our best move would be to the Pilatte hut and Les Bans. He kept chanting the Dibonna - another classic rock route of the area in fairly close proximity to La Bararde. It's proximity influenced Brian as much as the reputed quality of the climb since there was no doubt about it the Pilatte was a fair walk from La Bararde. The Turner's went into conclave. Cooke and Ashcroft bantered. Finally a decision was reached and the next day, Saturday, was spent in transit to the Pilatte our rucsacs being replenished with many pounds of food at La Bararde. Beryl simply loaded her rucsac with cheese! She, in fact, seemed to exist for the whole holiday on cheese and wine.

We climbed Mont Gioberry on Sunday. From the summit we traversed onto Point Richardson and thence descended to the hut - an easy day for a lady but quite an insult to the lady of our party. Two fine features of the climb though were the snow arete silhouetted against the south face of the Ailefroide and the superb views afforded of Les Bans. The weather remained fine for our Ascent of Les Bans.

The Glacier, the Col de la Pilatte and the pleasant ordinary north ridge route combined to make a perfect alpine day. The afternoon 'plod' down the soft snow of the glacier gave cause for amusing situations which Beryl said improved her cruder vocabulary. Our crossing of the Bergschrund probably compared with Moore's description of the first crossing. But let us not dwell on these less elegant moments of the holiday and pass to the final ascent of the tour.

Determined to make the best of the remaining time available to us we moved next day down the valley to the Temple Ecrin Refuge. From where on the Wednesday, we climbed Pic Coolidge which is neither a big nor a hard peak, but there's no doubt it is a peak of quality, in a fine situation worthy of any mountaineers' time.

That same afternoon we walked down to La Bararde having spent an entire 10 days in the valleys. The big routes of the area had eluded us - as we them- but for those who do visit La Bararde one could not do better than make for Pic Coolidge, Les Bans and Pic Nord Cavales. The quality of any alpine holiday is closely related to the weather and ones companions. The weather steadily proved and companionships were strengthened during a memorable and lively holiday.