



JAN '61

JOURNAL
OF THE
OREAD
MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB

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EDITORIAL

The proposals to build reservoirs at the head of Glen Nevis and the Goyt Valley and the long dispute about the laying of electricity cables in Upper Borrowdale must arouse doubts as to the effect the outcome of these schemes will have on our appreciation of the mountains in these regions.

The changes, which arise from these schemes, are always basically unwelcome to people for the concept of changelessness of the mountains is disrupted, that characteristic which according to Winthrop Young philosophy renders us young again each time we revisit.

We will all know the three situations mentioned above. The first, the Nevis scheme is certainly controversial as is inevitable once the Electricity Board's general Hydro-Electric Policy in Scotland (and N. Wales) affected a very popular area.

It only recently occurred to me how intimately the pleasures of mountaineering are linked with the generation of hydro-electric power and general water storage. The sun by whose warmth the tenseness of the climb is drained away on the summit, and which brings out the colours of the moorland that so instinctly appeals to us, provides the driving force for the raising of water in a continuous cycle. The clouds sometimes floating serenely across a deep blue sky, more often writhing round the summit adding splendour and awe to our surrounds, are visible signs of the sun's power. The mountains themselves promote the downpour that soaks us, then act as an enormous storage sponge, but yet can provide the heat to dry us once back in the valley. Indeed, we ourselves act as tiny cells of the sponge but detract from the efficiency of the system by carrying our sodden clothes back to the valley instead of wringing them out on the summit.

So the warmth and comforts which we enjoy in the valley hut and in our homes are linked to the surroundings which have only recently enveloped us.

Although for a time the balance of nature and orderliness will be disturbed by the spoils of man, when all is over peace will reign and nature can quietly get to work to repair the ravages.

The Swiss are a practical nation, they utilise their mountains for power generation without running down the world's natural source of fuels and without the inevitable hazard of nuclear power generation. From Val Ferret Swiss to Saas Fee, the Pennine Alps resound to the blasting of rock tunnels causing the unwary climber high above the valley to fear the approach of a storm. An enormous scheme intended to harness the water energy of 200 square miles. Yet in years to come the valleys will resume their former peace and from the snow fields and ridges the climber will see them enhanced by the green of water and will wonder what is wrong with his Landeskarte maps usually so accurate.

There will be more jobs now in the valleys thus arresting the general move to the bright lights of the cities and the impending desolation of some of our remote Welsh Valleys - for instance the Upper Pennant Valley. For without the valley life where would be the hill farm breeding its own characteristic strain of sheep and wool; thus releasing the lowlands for crop growing.

In this context it is surely wrong to deny the valley dwellers of Upper Borrowdale the advantages of electricity because of an interminable wrangle between the Electricity Board and the Local Planning Board and the National Parks Commission.

If those of us who wish electricity cables to be placed out of sight of our tired eyes for our occasional visits then we should be willing to pay for the extra cost relative to an overhead installation.

The ramifications of these new schemes are many and so complicated as to deter the hasty reaction based solely on the immediate physical changes. Taking the long term view they are to be welcomed providing they are protected by the inspiration of enlightened architects.

MARSDEN - ROWSLEY 1960

T. Smith

As we bundled from the train into the black, cobbled, gas lit streets of Marsden, someone echoed my feelings:

"Why do we do it!"

This querulousness was amply justified during the plod up to the Isle of Skye, as both wind and rain intensified.

There is now a sign on the site of the Isle of Skye, commemorating the departed Inn and informing us that Hammonds beer may now be enjoyed in Holmfirth.

After an unsatisfactory night under this contraption, we rose early. I have a poignant memory of Jim Kennedy sitting bolt upright in his sleeping bag cover, staring disconsolately into a sullen dawn breaking over Holmfirth.

Once on the move, the spirits of the party improved progressively with each step nearer the George and Dragon. Compasses were necessary for the first few miles, and used to good effect (and with a certain amount of luck), since we "hit" the Trig point on Black Hill precisely, to Ashcroft's chagrin. Jack was relying on his six-fold Marsden-Rowsley experience, rather than his compass.

Tea was enjoyed at the George and Dragon, and Wild Boar Clough proved the usual diversion. It was here that the party broke up, re-assembling for a meal at the foot of Win Hill.

Saturday evening was spent in convivial company in the Yorkshire Bridge Inn, and it was with the greatest reluctance that we shouldered packs and plodded up to the plantation. I fell asleep to the sundry sounds of Ashcroft, Burgess and Haydn, brewing tea and preparing cheese "butties".

Sunday. Along the Edges in excellent weather. Usual stopping places, Longshaw Lodge and Grouse Inn.

QUESTION & ANSWER

The following two poems, the first written two years ago, the second about 25 years ago, are by chance to some extent complimentary. Both were written by climbers, one of this generation only known within the Oread circle, the other of the last generation well known to all mountaineers by his exploits and books:-

WE THAT ARE YOUNG

As we grow older in years does life become more drab,
Does the world lose its colour as the eye lens does its range?

Do we sink into a torpor of relaxed insensitivity,
Of calm acceptance of the happenings of life?
Does the excitement cease to surge in exhilarating lustiness
Through strong young bodies as they pit themselves to win?
Sometimes I've watched the mountains as they rise above the plain
And I've wondered if they know they help us grow
If they know the exultation that breaks through the climber's body
When he stands above the route and coils the rope.
When the ranges, misty tweed in the everlasting distance
And the U-shaped valley straight beneath his feet, ease out
Into an angle and set the right perspective
On his ant-like city-world of narrow crowded streets.
And beneath this thrilling triumph there is a sense of peace
That quietly offers comfort and a willingness to live.
For the brilliant Scilly sunshine strikes hot upon his back
It makes the quayside motionless in soporific light.
Slowly contentment comes flooding through his mind
And the world goes sliding by in the slight swell of the sea.
Thus the cool silhouettes and the daubs of scarlet colour
Synchronise together to create a living dream;
But does the dreamer wake to a tepid dim reality
When energy saps thin with the dilute passing years?
Or is there in maturity, which binds the flecks of youth
A deeper, richer knowledge of God's all-trust in man?

ENVOY

I have not lost the magic of long days
I live them, dream them still.
Still am I master of the starry ways
And freeman of the hill.
Shattered my glass ere half the sands had run
I hold the heights, I hold the heights I won.

Mine still the hope that hailed me from each height
Mine the unresting flame.
With dreams I charmed each doing to delight
I charm my rest the same.
Severed my skoin, ere half the strands were spun.
I keep the dreams, I keep the dreams I won.

What if I live no more those kingly days
 their night sleeps with me still,
 I dream my feet upon the starry ways
 my heart rests on the hill,
 I may not grudge the little left undone
 I hold the heights, I keep the dream I won.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEET - OCTOBER 1960

The placings in this years competition were as follows. Judge was Mr. E. R. Brealey, Derby Photographic Society.

COLOUR SECTION

Mountaineering British Isles

- | | | |
|-----|---------------|-------------|
| 1st | ELEA TARN | G. Heves |
| 2nd | SCOTTISH LOCH | J. Welbourn |
| 3rd | TEYAN | R. Turner |

Mountaineering abroad

- | | | |
|-----|-----------|-------------|
| 1st | BERNINA | J. Ashcroft |
| 2nd | LYSKA | D. Burgess |
| 3rd | PIZ SELLA | J. Ashcroft |

Action

- | | | |
|-----|-------------|-------------|
| 1st | SNOW ARETE | D. Burgess |
| 2nd | JOHN FISHER | J. Ashcroft |
| 3rd | GIMMER | D. Cooke |

MONOCHROME SECTION

Mountaineering British Isles

- | | | |
|-----|---------|-----------------|
| 1st | ALPORT | J. Ashcroft |
| 2nd | CORNICE | R. G. Pettigrew |
| 3rd | CADET | J. Ashcroft |

Mountaineering Abroad

- | | | |
|-----|------------------|-------------|
| 1st | BREITHORN | D. Cooke |
| 2nd | GRANDES JORASSES | D. Cooke |
| 3rd | KARWENDAL | R. Welbourn |

Action

- | | | |
|-----|------------------|-------------|
| 1st | GROOVED WALL | J. Ashcroft |
| 2nd | HARBOROUGH ROCKS | D. Cooke |
| 3rd | WILL HE | R. Welbourn |

JUDGING

Every slide and print entered was marked out of 10 points. The top three competitors in each group (as shown above) then ranked for overall winner. The final points total resulted in:-

- | | |
|-----|-------------|
| 1st | J. ASHCROFT |
| 2nd | D. COOKE |
| 3rd | D. BURGESS |

The cup was duly awarded together with book tokens as prizes. Cat calls and boos echoed freely - the committee invite correspondence on a fairer basis - if needs be - of judging the entries.

P.S. At the annual dinner the winner J. Ashcroft was presented by R.G.P. with the cup inscribed "Sinner of 1960 Photographic Competition - J. Ashcroft AGAIN."

Ed.

ANNUAL DINNER - GREEN MAN, ASHBOURNE, NOVEMBER

Ed (TOM FROST)

Shamed by last year's debauchery in Baslow, 120 Oreads and associated friends, guests etc., sat down to a chic-chic dinner in more opulent surroundings than usual.

And in more distinguished company than usual, for among the guests, including the youthful Miss Sue Hunt and the Countess Gravina, (remembered

for her example and leadership on Cho-Oyu) was at last seen that elusive flamboyant representative of the Brazilian Ladies Alpine Club; Carmello O'Higgins. Her entrance, reception by an outwardly startled, though obviously prepared Pretty, and subsequent speech of welcome must rank as the peak of Oread humour for many years to come.

What is also so commendable is that the whole hoax was one of the most closely guarded secrets of the year, for not even ~~the~~ Gringo Handley knew of it, though from the speech of welcome he was obviously well known in O'Higgins' skidier haunts. Much suspicion must rest upon our Assistant Secretary, for the ebb and flow of O'Higgins' presence was in complete harmony with his own movements. One is therefore bound to enquire in Committee as to who paid for whose ticket. If our Assistant Secretary, then his wife must feel a little non plussed. If our Lady, then Pete Jones is a bigger rogue than we had previously realised.

The speeches from RGP, Harry Pretty, Douglas Milner and John Jackson, the two chief ~~guests~~ and Doug Cullum were consistently good. The President must be admired for his non-stop survey of Oread affairs, idiosyncrasies of individual members etc., which left Ashcroft muttering "I'll get that fellow Pettigrew yet" in quite a venomous tone; Pretty for reading out a letter from Canon ~~James~~ and giving a graphic account of Douglas Milner's arrival at the Alpine Club; Douglas Milner for some of his subtle jokes and account of a nailed boot ascent of the Grepon; John Jackson for some common sense (at last), and Doug Cullum for some doubtful jokes. The speeches from our members must be almost incomprehensible to many of guests unfamiliar with the tight circle of the Oread.

The general scene: A riot of colour and dress from men and women alike, in contrast to, but yet in harmony with, the more formal character of the room, creating an atmosphere of freedom for conventionality and normal functional conformity.

Oliver Jones piped round four pairs of married couples to receive their mugs, one half of one pair - Margaret McCarthy being chaperoned by Fred Allen. Oliver then gave us a short excerpt from the Bible and then led us in a few ditties.

Many members subsequently camped the night at Brassington and climbed on the Sunday.

OREAD IN SHORTS

At the fireworks meet RGP imploded the bottom of Fred Allen's favourite dustbin with a thunderflash. The dustbin went into a small orbit and nearly decapitated Chuck Hooley on re-entry. Amended hut orders in respect of refuse disposal are shortly to be issued.

Geoff Hayes finished 21st in the annual cross country race in Dove-dale, organised by the Derby Mercury Club. Roy Handley and Derek Burgess also ran, the former losing chance of fame by running up an unnecessary hill.

It is reported that the Derbyshire Himalayan Expedition (guess who's the leader) are taking local billy goats to act as porters and high altitude camp comforters. They were recently seen training in the main streets of Derby under the eagle eye of the Derby School Sports-master. All enquiries to the expedition office:- La Cima, Duffield.

Harry Pretty managed to prang his can on the way back from the dinner.

OREADS IN SHORTS - JANUARY 1961

Visit Chatsworth and see ~~the~~ the room in which the Duke of Devonshire met RGP. All proceeds to expedition funds. (D.H.E 1961)

~~Oliver Jones~~
"I've got to get a few pints of beer in side me before I get rid of my shyness".

From that Oread Amore - D. Burgess

ROACHES - EDALÉ - (Bullstones) NOV. 26 - 27th, Tom Frost
- NEWSLETTER, JANUARY 1961

Anyone in their right mind would be hard pressed to consider this Derbyshire marathon in the middle of summer let alone in the middle of winter with a bad weather forecast on the Friday. So must have thought our meet leader on reflection for he was conspicuous ^{BY} his absence all week-end.

Despite this ill-omen a lively bunch of ten gathered at the Bus Station and in due time wandered round Leek looking for chips. Haves started badly by leaving his purse on the bus, later by leading a splinter group of three astray on the way up to the Roaches barn and finally by turning the floor of the latter into a shivering trampoline with his heavy footed jumps. The barn provided good shelter and warmth for the night. Ashcroft found himself by chance next to the two unattached young ladies of the party and was heard to regret the absence of his double bug-bag. Breakfast may best be remembered by the contrast between the menus of those ~~who~~ who carried primus stoves (and bug-bags) and those who had neither.

The weather was foul and still dark as the plastic mack brigade left. Way above the Dane valley on the cut across the the Cat & Fiddle it was so bad that even Ashcroft was heard to give vocal encouragement to a defeatist policy towards which end he had come equipped with all the bus time sheets that he could lay his hands on of the area. At the Cat & Fiddle the first set back, for we had dissuaded Jack with hopes of tea there. Alas the management was hard-hearted and desirous only of supplying luncheons, as advertised in the window, to respectable clientele in cars, so away we went cold and hungry.

Conditions improved on the way down into the Goyt Valley. On our left was the wooded hidden valley scene of many Oread bonfire meets, straight ahead the moors had a beautiful deep red tinge quite striking and comforting on the bleak November day.

At Whitehall the primus stove contingent got ready and produced soup and tea. Gordon Gadsby reclined in a barrow refusing all comfort including Doreen. Here the party split up, five electing to descend into Buxton, the other five setting off on a rather uninspired attempt to get to Bullstones that night. Over Coombs Moss and on to Sparrowait where the "Wanted Inn" received us with true hospitality.

In the quiet and peace of a waning day we trudged up Rushup Edge, the rain had stopped and the clouds had lifted. Suddenly, and surprisingly

for these Derbyshire hills, as we neared the col, the bold outlines of the Peak sprang into view across Edale, the colour not quite gone from their slopes. Simple - but effective compensation for the day's toil. Soon we were descending into the valley towards Edale and its twinkling lights.

It was full night as we reached the Nags Head with no moon to induce us farther. Here my chariot appeared to take me home to a comfortable bed leaving the remainder to cook on the front step of the Nag's Head and sleep their full in Poltegeist's barn. Sunday for them was a quiet potter down the Edges.

~~My view is that a balanced party travelling light could make Bullstones in a day in winter provided stops were kept to a minimum and Edale was reached by 2.0 p.m. A bivvy farther up the Dane Valley would be significant here though it would be hard to trudge past the Roache's barn in peering rain.~~

FIREWORK MEET AND OFFICIAL OPENING OF P. Gardiner.
TAN-Y-WYDDFA. - NOV. 4TH - 6TH - 1961

Summary

Everyone had a wet trip to Wales on Friday evening. ~~However, the Ale~~ However, the Ale was delivered intact and tapped with all speed. The hut was full and the lounge was used to accommodate the overflow from the bedrooms.

Saturday started fine and several parties went out to climb. Fred Allen and John Brailsford swam up Eastern Arête in sock feet. The President spent the day thinking about all the jobs which should have been done by the previous working party and, in consequence, a number of people beat it to the "Fleece" at Tremadoc least they be detailed for a job.

Everyone arrived back at the hut in time for the opening ceremony to be performed by Allan Hargreaves at 4.0. p.m. At 3.59. p.m. it was found that the front door knob was nearly off and a hasty repair was carried out. A.B.H. arrived on the dot, the rain came down in sheets and a tape across the doorway was speedily cut to the click of cameras

and the report of a fire-arm.

Pettigrew introduced Hargreaves to the assembled company in the lounge and treated us to frequent displays of that fine set of 32 which, it is understood, are at present being signed up as advertising material for Gibbs S.R. A tour of the hut ensued.

Everyone turned out in heavy rain to see the village bonfire and the fireworks commenced at 6.30. p.m. The proceedings got off to rather a slow start, mainly attributed to the unfortunate absence of R (Rocket) Handly and "Burnt Jacket" Burgess, until a Pettigrew special was used to put one of the hut dustbins into orbit. ~~"
He was nearly the first man in space from standing too close to
the fire."~~

Sunday was fine but cloudy and parties left the Hut in every direction, some to Snowdon, some to the Hebog area and a few to the coast.

The old saying "A good time was had by all", sums up this meet.

The full speeches of the occasion are reproduced in full below:-

PRESIDENTIAL WELCOME TO ALAN HARGREAVES

"A. B. ~~Handly~~ - on behalf of the Oread Mountaineering Club, welcome to Tan-Y-Wyddfa, and may this be the first of many visits.

We are, sir, as you know, an informal Club and we would wish you to treat this occasion informally and enjoy yourself.

However, I am going to ask you in our presence to cut this tape and enter with this key, be the first mountaineer officially across the threshold, then to sign the visitor's book, and finally to accompany the demolition & re-building experts on a tour of the hut. You will recall Bryn-Y-Wern and your visit to Pennant in connection with reciprocal hut rights with the Fell & Rock Climbing Club - Tan-Y-Wyddfa is the Oread's answer to the expiration of our lease in the Pennant Valley. All the labour here has been done by members of the Club, devoted to the cause.- And now, I ask you to declare this hut open!"

R.G. Pettigrew

ALAN HARGREAVE'S SPEECH

"Mr. President Pettigrew, and my good friends you Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oread Club:-

I am very much gratified by being asked to do this official opening of Tan-Yr-Wyddfa - and, incidentally, what a delightful name! - I feel it is an honour.

Perhaps you intended the invitation to be a compliment to the Climbers' Club, which would be quite right having regard to our standing in North Wales, and if so, I thank you for that in my representative capacity. But perhaps partly, at any rate, it was intended to be a personal compliment, and I have wondered why, if that is so. For about my only contact with you - apart from the privilege of using Bryn-Y-Wern as a Fell & Rocker - has been my pretty awful speech at your Dinner at Great Longstone a couple of years ago, when I completely forgot to propose the Toast I was supposed to do. However, you all seemed to enjoy that Dinner, nevertheless, and so did I very much indeed. Indeed, until 2.30. a.m. when to my astonishment I discovered that the Landlord, when he was putting me out, had sparkling diamonds let into most of his teeth!

Now this is not the first Hut opening I have been at - not by any means the first - for I have been concerned one way or another, in the setting up of all the Huts of the Fell & Rock, Wayfarers and Climbers Clubs except for the original Helyg which was just a couple of years before I began to climb.

My first opening was of the Robertson Lamb Hut in Langdale way back in 1928 when I had been appointed the first Custodian. I didn't last long on that job, as a matter of fact, because I had very little time to spare from climbing for the usual Custodians chores. I was the world's worst custodian, so they sacked me and put in Harry Spilsbury, whom many of you will have encountered, as he is still there. But the opening I remember best was when we christened the Helyg extension in October 1932. That job was done by my most illustrious predecessor Dr. Tom Longstaff and we actually did break a bottle of champagne on the door, though it was surprising how much of the stuff got caught in tooth mugs and other receptacles, without being wasted. That was an occasion of extreme bad weather, but nevertheless we did the job outside in spartan manner.

So now, attempting to speak as an authority on Huts and the opening of Huts, I let my mind run over this one. And, if time permits, over your Club and its present doings and intended doings.

As I take a look at Tan-Yr-Wyddfa, I recall with nostalgic regret that most delightful spot Bryn-I-Wern, a house of character in a beautiful setting and a convenient, if somewhat remote, location. But here, even though this is a pretty sorry specimen of Welsh architecture - excuse me, but it is true, isn't it? - you have an even more convenient location, with nearly as much room to swing cats in: and it is your very own I understand and not held on the end of a short string by some old witch of a Landlord.

I would be interested to know how and when this building came to be built, but I guess it was put up in the 1880's at about the same time as the Railroad - perhaps even it was a Railway House? Perhaps the Station Masters? If so, let's just work our imaginations for a moment on what the old Caernarvon, Beddgelert, Festiniog Railway was like in its heyday. I remember having a ride on it once when I first came to Wales, and it was quite fun. Emmet in real life!

But however Tan-Yr-Wyddfa came to be built it is quite different, and pleasantly different now after all you have done to it and I hope and trust you will be able to settle down happily here for a very long time. It has at least one amenity which Bryn-Y-Wern had not, and that is Licenced premises only 100 yards away. I hope you are able to train them to let you in at the back door on Sundays!

No, now I look at my watch I see I am getting 'long winded', so I won't go on to say much about your Club except that I have a high regard and respect for it as, likewise, has the Climbers Club. Small numbers - greatest average activity! But I would like to offer one word of Good Wishes for next year's Derbyshire Himalayan Expedition which, as I understand it, is mostly an Oread show. The best of luck to them - and may they be borne up during their inevitable privations and harrowings on Indrasan with the thought that they have Tan-Yr-Wyddfa to come back to - - -

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I declare this Hut well and truly opened, and I hope it never folds up or falls down upon you.

1				2	3		4	5
6								
7								
8					10			
11	12	13	14	15				
16	17		18				19	
20				21		22		
			23		24	25		
			26			27		
	28		29			30		

Down

- 1 Tie them in ropes (4)
- 2 Famous climber (4)
- 3 Found in gullies in winter (3)
- 4 White spider (5)
- 5 A stange climb (9)
- 11 Found on Glaciers (5)
- 13 Used in the mountains (3)
- 14 Mountain Pasture (3)
- 17 Animals (Rodents) (4)
- 19 Climbing Club (5)
- 21 Thin rope (4)
- 23 Type of Donkey (3)
- 24 Lakeland crag (3)
- 25 See 29 Across-(3)

Across

- 1 Snap Link (9)
- 6 Snowfield Above snow line (4)
- 7 Continental Club (3)
- 8 Female (3)
- 9 Making knot in rope(4)
- 10 Foreign Currency (4)
- 12 Waterproof (8)
- 15 Geoff Hayes Favourite Food (5)
- 16 Age of climbers (3)
- 18 Gritstone crag (6)
- 20 Absiel (6)
- 22 See 16 Across (3)
- 23 Medical Attention (3)
- 25 Fresh & salt water animal(3)
- 26 Useful for winter sport (4)
- 27 Short for Wally (3)
- 28 Could happen to the lights at the club hut (4)
- 29 Moorland Animal (3)
- 30 New Zealand Climber, Christian name (2)

C. Hobday will not be held responsible for arguments, fights, drunken brawls or sleepless nights in trying to solve this crossword.

23766649 Pte. McCarthy M.
Int. Sec.
1st Bn. The Sherwood Foresters
c/o GPO SINGAPORE

Sunday 27th November 1960

Dear Bob,

So sorry I could not get to the Annual Dinner, my most efficient wife, having done the honours, will have explained my absence.

Margaret did, in fact, supply me with a report on the proceedings, saying how much she had enjoyed herself. Obviously everyone else did likewise. Our newly acquired trophy has been described in detail to me and I would like to add my own thanks for this magnificent vessel. May it ever be damp. Please convey my gratitude to Fred Allen for playing the role of chaperon.

Singapore, I am sorry to say does not comply with my idea of geographical paradise. Indeed, Malaya as a whole is very disappointing from the escapists' point of view. 250 miles north in Perak, the map boasts some delightful contours which included G. Korbu (7165) and G. Yonk Kap (7113) but from all reports the peaks are covered from bottom to top with jungle. Four fifths of the country are in the same state (you have probably experienced it) and crashing through that sort of vegetation rather defeats the object of the climb. Another consideration is that the district is "out of bounds".

The heading to your notepaper, Bob, has caused me some considerable puzzlement - Derbyshire Himalayan Expd., 61 - . It would seem that I have been out of touch for so long that I have remained completely ignorant of this great adventure. Well anyway I am extremely pleased for you and I wish you the best of luck with both the planning and the expedition itself.

Back in Singapore: I contrive to keep myself in fair trim (you must try a layback on a coconut palm), and pacify the urge

to abscond with well thumbed volumes by Frank Smyth.

As far as I can tell, I should be home next June. I look forward to seeing you then, and attending as many meets as possible during my leave.

Best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Malcolm McCarthy.

P.S. A merry Christmas and a Happy New Yearand all that.

P.P.S. Please excuse the typing, it is all my own work.

The front piece is published by kind permission of British Ropes Limited, Doncaster. It has been taken from an advertisement for 'Viking' nylon rope and adapted to our purpose by one of our members.