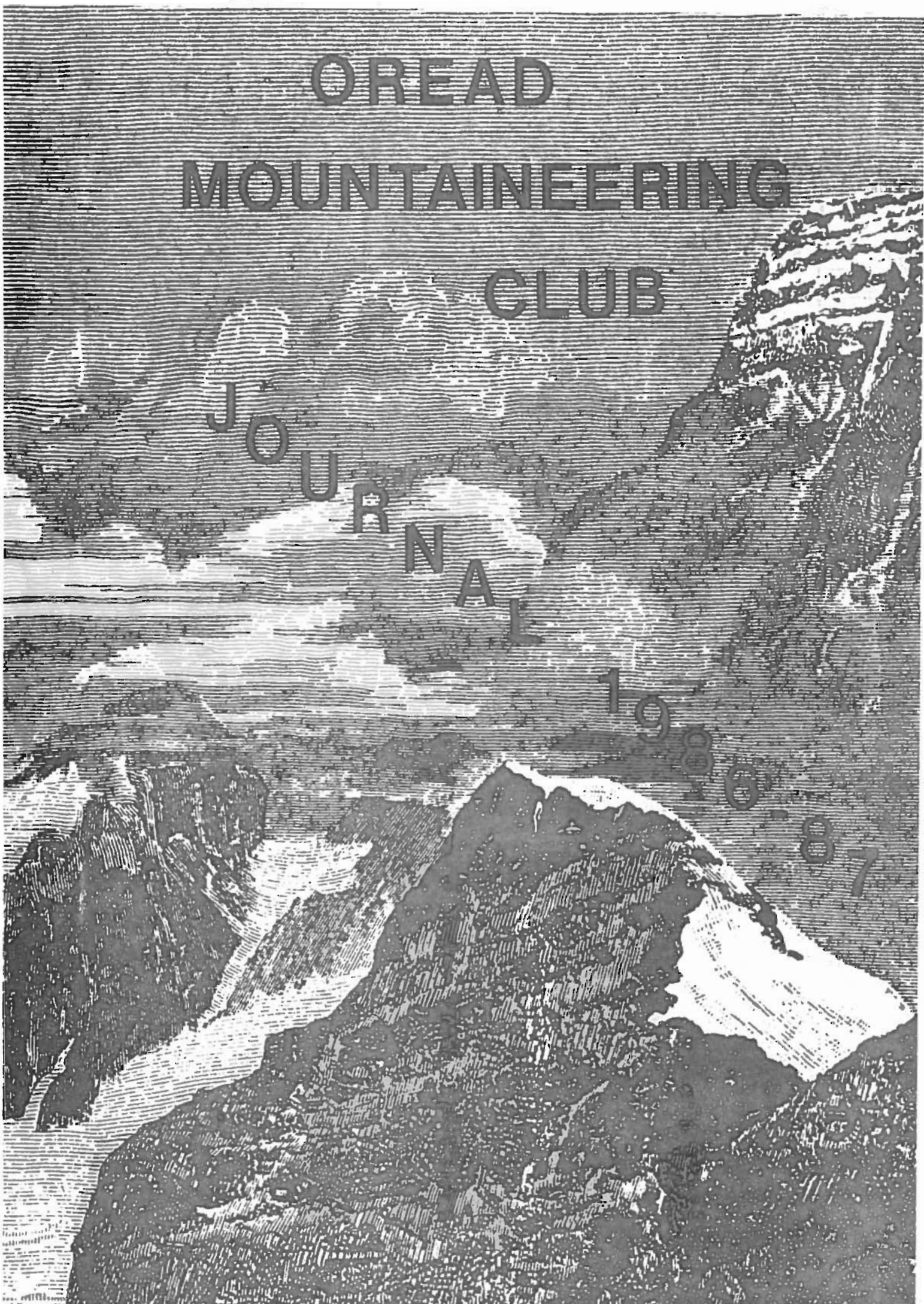


OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

JOURNAL

1986-87



Editorial 'Rock' Hudson



Its ten months since your meet.
Admit it!! You don't want to
write an article for the journal.

I had hoped to produce the 1986 Oread Mountaineering Club Journal for early in 1987, but this was found to be impracticable due to the lack of contributions. I thought that my previous year's pleading and an additional year's experience in kicking and pester-ing people on sufficient occasions would have born fruit. However, I failed to do so. There is a very broad spectrum of response to my requests. Some members send in an article within weeks, others are asked many times between (say January and December) while sadly others promise to put pen to paper though nothing ever materialises.

However, I've at last been able to get it off press though you will notice that the journal is for the two years 1986-87. Although rather late

in relating the club's activities for 1986 it incorporates articles dealing with recent events.

I trust that it contains something of interest for everyone by their 'rock man', walker, mountaineer or someone who now looks back on past days out on the hill or crag.

In the last two years members have been to many locations, both with the club and as individuals, though only a few experiences are recounted below - a great pity. It appears that in the last two years there have been more members visiting the ranges beyond the boundaries of Europe. Why is this? Ease of access, relative cost reduction or is it that the Alps are too familiar, busy and commercialised?

Apart from the Alpine reports printed below, a number of other notable routes were climbed. In the Mont Blanc area these were West Face of the Petit Jorasses, complete traverse of the Aig. du Chamonix and the Cordier Pillar (TD+) on the Aig. du Chamois. During a very brief stay in Chamonix before heading for the Himalayas, Robin Beadle was able to knock off the Walker Spur on the Grand Jorasses. Pauline and Gordon Wright have undertaken another of the major Alpine Walks, this time around the Dauphine.

Further afield Mike Wynne was again trekking in the Karakoram, and even visited Kashgar in Tibet. He was also back again in Morocco and the Atlas Range. Malcolm Otter, after his long trip in 1986 (see his article below), appears to have been bitten by the travelling bug, and was in the Himalayas and Karakoram in 1987, but this time leading trekking parties. John Theobald was in Turkey in 1986 and soloed Mt. Damouvend and also some peaks in the little known region overlooking the Black Sea. He was in the Karakoram in 1987, but injury prevented him from reaching the top of his objective. John O'Reilly reached the summit of Yazghil Sar (cf 5920m) in the Shimshal Valley, which is situated in the NW Karakoram and four Oreads were successful in making the first ascent of the North Ridge of Kharcha Kund (see the article by Bobby Gilbert).

Nearer to home many members' activities can be mentioned. Neglecting those that would come to the attention of the law, I will just pick out a few. Skiing parties were active in Austria, France, Italy and Switzerland. In fact more

people appear to visit the Alps for skiing than mountaineering these days!! Unofficial meets included winter climbing on the 'Ben', Cairngorms and the NW Highlands. In the summer months there is always a large turnout in the evening meets in Derbyshire, even if the two previous summers were mostly associated the tail end of the Monsoons! Finally perhaps I should mention the Annual Oread Dinner. The new venue is now established and the Club has found it provides just what is required: late drinking, good food and the chance to socialise with dancing and music: in fact something for all. For the first time this year the committee thought it would be a good idea for some reading from mountaineering literature, particularly with the present cost of books. Therefore, perhaps we will hear at the next dinner John Fisher reading the whole of: Travels in the Alps, Around Kanchenjunga, Pioneer Climbs in..., Climbs of my Youth, Everest Years, The Shining Mountain etc etc!!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First of all I wish to thank all those who have made contributions to this Oread Journal, however lengthy or short, for without their efforts the journal could not be produced.

Keith Adlam (BGS) has again given me a great deal of help in sorting out a different type of electron from those used in the last Oread Journal!

My special thanks go to Beryl Strike for spending many hours in correcting my poor typing and removing the idiosyncrasies of contributor's texts.

Colin Hobday has again produced the plates and then arranged for their duplication.

Pete Scott arranged for the duplication of the text at Derbyshire College of Higher Education.

If there are any errors or omissions, I am alone responsible - I think.

I am now looking forward to seeing the contributions, which I'm sure you will soon write for the next journal. Please don't let me or the Oread down.

Illustrations: Details about the illustrations used in the text and their origins are given below:-

Title page.	Matterhorn from the Theodule Pass (from, Scrambles... E Whymper)
2	Crianlarich Hills, Ben More - Stobinian - Stob Garbh - Cruach Ardain (from: West Highland Way Guide)
3	Mt. Disgrazia (from: Alpine Club Journal, E Whymper)
4	The Vermillion Cliffs (from: Expedition to the Colorado River... J W Powell)
7	Pillar Rock (a drawing by C Douglas Milner)
9	(from: Scrambles.... E Whymper)
13	Village of Wachey (from: Mountain World 1968-69)
14	Masherbrum IV (from: Mountain World)
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| Plate 1 | Colin Barnard, Bobby Gilbert |
| 2 | Rock Hudson |
| 3 | Richard Hopkinson |
| 4 | Ian Spare |
| 5 | Jack Ashcroft |
| 6 | Colin Hobday, Marian Cooke |

The cover shows Lisa Welbourn on Spiral Stairs, Dinas Cromlech and was taken by Ian Spare.



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A LONG WEEKEND

RICHARD HOPKINSON

This year offered Dawn and I our first opportunity to visit Scotland in Winter outside school holidays. The trouble with flexibility however is that you either wait for good conditions and then for a variety of reasons e.g. other commitments, lack of accommodation, end up not going; or you commit yourself and take pot luck with the weather. We chose the latter course.

Conditions had been good all February and it was inconceivable to expect them to last until the end of the month, when we were going. However the scene at the Kingshouse when we arrived at 11.30 on Wednesday evening could have come straight from one of W. H. Murray's descriptions. Out of bitter experience I had come to the conclusion that either the time spent in the P.O.W. camp had caused Murray to fantasise or that there had been a significant climatic change since the thirties.

We had booked ourselves into the bunkhouse and were a little apprehensive about what to expect. However we need not have feared for the accommodation was very good and the penalty for administrative error (overbooking) was that some people had to sleep in hotel bedrooms! The atmosphere is totally different from my previous experiences there of ten years ago when it seemed that climbers especially and anybody else for that matter was not particularly welcome.

We were up fairly early on Thursday, and the sports plan was to have a crack at No. 6 Gully on the West Face of Aonach Dubh. This trip nearly ended in disaster before it started when Dawn was bitten by one of the sheep dogs as we were walking across the field by the farm. The air was so hot nearly all the snow melted! I don't think the farmer knew Sassenach ladies could talk like that!

The day and the conditions were perfect. There was plenty of good ice for us to brush up our technique on, and only one other party on the route. Having done the route it would have been criminal to go straight down on such a brilliant day. There was plenty of time for another route, but it had been a long time since I had been on the Glencoe tops in good weather and I longed to savour the views from Bidean again. So Dawn readily agreed, well nearly, on a walk round Lochan, Bidean and Bieth in spite of our sacks full of gear. The views lived up to every bit of my memory and I could have sat on the top of Bidean until sunset. However we wanted a early start for The Ben on Friday and so we headed down fairly early, avoiding the farm this time!

We were up and away before dawn on Friday, and the walk up the Allt a Mhailinn was almost a pleasure. The bogs were frozen rock hard and it was so cold I didn't melt in a lather of sweat like I usually do walking up there. I noticed afterwards that some people had worn their crampons all the way back to the Golf Course car park! We made good time to the CIC hut where we stopped for a bite and to put some gear on. There were quite a few people around and the hut residents had done the usual trick of getting a half hour start on the valley parties.

Our target was Point Five Gully but on rounding the Douglas Boulder into Observatory Gully two things became immediately apparent. Firstly we would be behind three other parties in Point Five, and secondly it must have been a bit windy on top as the infamous spindrift avalanches were doing their usual stuff in Point Five! This necessitated a revision of plans. Point Five would still be there another day. (We in fact climbed it in perfect conditions at Easter and had it to ourselves.)

Hadrian's Wall Direct seemed a viable alternative although I had not seriously contemplated it. Anyway as it was near at hand and only had one party on it we decided to give it a go: an amazingly naive approach as retreat in the light of failure would have been at least extremely exciting if not nearly impossible for the first three belays were tied off ice tool picks and tied-off ice screws.

Anyway I set off and was seen wondering why ice pitches always end up being steeper and further than they look. I never reached the rock and hoped-for belay I was aiming for and ran out of rope at a prepared 18"x4" stance. Belaying was definitely more frightening than climbing as the mind has more time to contemplate the consequences. The climbing was basically quite secure as the placements were good, although Dawn was wingeing about her hammer. Quite justifiably in this case I felt as the old Chouinard Alpine Hammer is not the most secure of tools for the occasional ice climber to try and do her stuff at grade IV/V! I made a mental note that if she didn't fall off and pull me off in the process we'd get a new hammer next year.

The next two pitches continued in much the same vein: psychological belays, superb steep ice with occasional very steep bulges. By the time I got to the first rock belay (after all the difficulties of course!) I was ready for a mental break! The second half of the climb wasn't as steep although there were several "good value" bulges and it was ice all the way to the summit plateau. It was late afternoon by now and we walked down into a superb sunset before descending No 4 Gully and eventually returning to the car by torch light.

We celebrated that evening in the Kinghouse bar before turning-in, tired but well satisfied. The good weather continued on Saturday and to continue with the "sports plan" I had a long standing ambition to climb Deep Cut Chimney on Stob Coire nam Bieth as this was the only "easier" classic Glencoe gully I had still to climb.

The climb proved to be "good sport" with a couple of fairly difficult bulges made worse by the lack of ice caused by many ascents in the previous month of good weather. The main event of the day was provided by a solo climber who had fallen off on one of the bulges and had been literally caught by a member of another party climbing in the gully. The views from the top were as good as two days previous and we even allowed ourselves a good hours stop before descending - a rare event as Dawn will testify.

We hadn't got a "sports plan" for Sunday as I hadn't dared to tempt fate by contemplating four days in a row in Scotland. We didn't want anything too difficult as an epic wasn't in order for the last day. The weather was still brilliant and whilst we were both feeling a bit tired it had to be another trip up the Ben. We decided to travel "light" and go for Tower Ridge. We'd done it before, but in very murky damp conditions, and as Sunday promised to be a cracking day this would make a superb way to finish off the holiday instead of being stuck in a gully.

The temperature touched -20C overnight and I take it all back about Fords being poor starters. We must have been getting fit as we managed to keep up with all the local lads on their Sunday morning race to the CIC hut. Two parties beat us to the Ridge but let us by when we explained we had to drive back to Derbyshire that day!

I wouldn't know how to ask for better conditions, very cold, no wind, a clear sky and perfect neve from top to bottom. We moved fairly quickly but with frequent stops just to savour the atmosphere and take photos. The famous landmarks, Little Tower, Eastern Traverse, Great Tower, Douglas Gap passed by and all too soon we were on the top.

What a way to end a magic long weekend!, especially as the weather broke the following day!



THE NORTH-WEST FACE

COLIN NOBODY

"It's time we should be up and started", I heard Rock's voice through my sleepy haze, "Come on or we'll not get it done if we don't start soon". It was nice and warm in my bug bag. I could see the sky was a dull grey with quite a strong breeze blowing. Not the best of days I thought, perhaps I can manage another 10 minute kip. However, Tony Raphael made sure there wouldn't be any extra sleep for anyone. He was busy getting breakfast ready with all the noise that goes with it.

After a quick breakfast (it was already after 8.00 o'clock) we collected all the gear which had been sorted out the previous evening and after a short walk we arrived at the foot of the wall. "Looks very green on the bottom part. I don't fancy that." muttered Rock but he soon got off the ground and made steady progress. After a while Tony took over the lead and made good time, despite a heavy shower. We were quite fortunate that the face dried out quickly. It was then my turn up in front and although it was getting quite exposed, we reached the top of the face by 1.30 p.m., by finishing with a nasty chimney.

On our descent the voice of Chuck Hooley came drifting up to us "Tea and soup's ready".

So ended another working party, painting the outside of Tan-yr-Wydffa.



I have always thought that heroism must be rarer at dawn than in the evening - I often observed the fact in alpine huts: in the evening everyone is praying for fine weather the next day, and when the next day comes they wish it was raining.

THE WASP

TONY HINKS

There we were sitting having a pint when I realise I'm trapped.

We'd been on the Mot. Superdirect. Gil and Gail first, Roger and myself next. The overhang on the top pitch is brilliant and I felt on form.

Then Gil suggested Vaynol, having a drink then another and perhaps a couple more - well who's counting? They then suggested Tremadoc because its a bit cold in the Pass. Then Gail says she hasn't done 'One Step In The Clouds'; neither had Roger. In chirps Gil "Yeh, and me and Tone could do the Wasp!", with a big grin on his face.

We'd been to do the Wasp before and I'd backed off because we'd been climbing all morning and I wanted drinks and food, so I'd managed to winge my way out of it.

But this time I was already watered and fed.

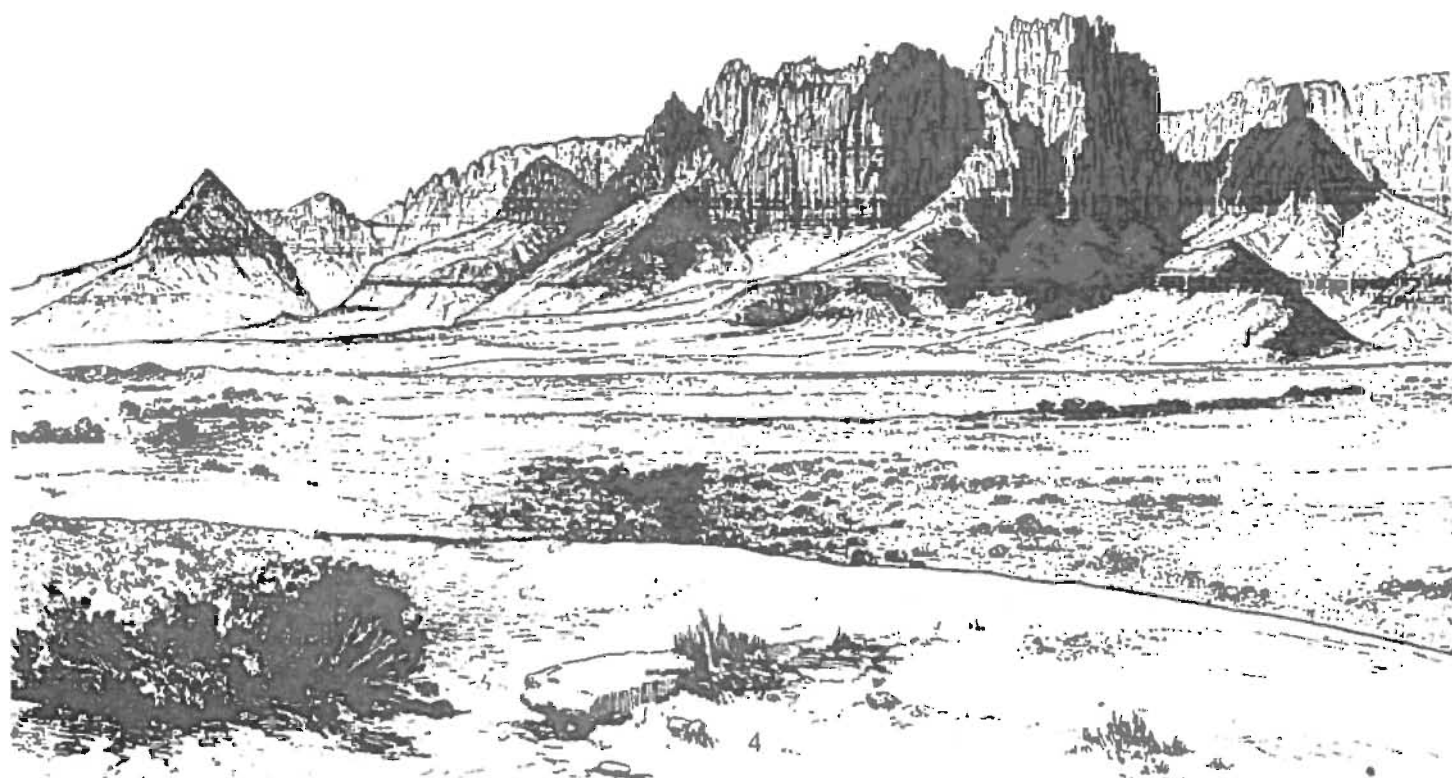
Well here I am again standing on the pinnacle, looking up at this overhanging crack sloping off to the right. Looking down to Gil I call out "looks jolly strenuous youth". He just grins back like a Cheshire Cat when looking at a trapped mouse.

Once started on the crack though I find its brilliant; good gear if you can stop to put it in and I managed to do that. Nice technical jamming - only problem is your feet get in the way. On we go jam jam, runner, jam jam, runner, then the final pull over onto the ledge. Didn't think I was going to make it - about knackered; warned Gil to watch me but he was away with that silly grin again.

Belayed, "Come on you bugger its your turn now; where's the grin gone now hey" I said. It was my turn to grin. Halfway up the pitch he agrees with one of my earlier statements that its jolly strenuous. He pulls onto the ledge "Bloody hell I'm glad you led that" he says.

Now its his pitch - a vee groove. On he goes after a little rest, cries of delight; he's obviously enjoying it. When I get on the pitch I find it to be a fine piece of technical bridging, pity theres no jams though!

At the top both are grinning and agree a 'brill' route with two contrasting pitches, my name written all over the first pitch, Gil's all over the top pitch.



Ten Years Of The Oread Fell Race Rob Tresidder

In 1976, there was an explosion (to more than 450!) of the numbers competing in the Dovedale Dash. That was the last year the Dash was run from Ilam Hall and a "dischuffed ginger group" persuaded Nat Allen to organise an Oread race. Nat made it clear in the notice for the first race, that attendance was "compulsory": those with sick notes and war ribbons would be allowed to marshal. I can find no record of how many competed in the race which went from the barn to a checkpoint on the top of Birchens, another at the trig point on White Edge and the last at Wellington's Monument. It was of course a handicap event. Competitors were assigned to three groups but handicaps were secret. The first, with "the likes of Beryl, Reynolds and Handley". The second, "a more athletic group" was to leave twenty minutes later. The third and last, containing "the Resales and Ladders" would leave after a further twenty minutes. Ironical really, since Chris Radcliffe contrived to be unavailable for the first five races. The race was run in four inches of snow and won by Brian West. Since then he has competed in every race and been a consistently strong performer, coming second more than once, but never repeating his early success.

In February 1978 the weather was again very cold. The first marshal was hiding at the foot of Apple Butress. Nat was sheltering in the quarry at the south end of Baslow Edge. The track down into the village was hard white ice; then through the park to Queen Mary's Bower and a long pull back to Heathy Lea. Robin Sedgwick won from a large field of 38 in the days before he really was a runner: maybe it was Nat's oft repeated promise of maidens queuing up to give him the kiss of life. Perhaps it was all too much for him: in the following year, Robin failed to finish in a field of 24 that set out first to Dub Edge. Hailer Reed was the eventual winner, the only person ever to do so from group 1. In 1980 Nat Allen relinquished the organisation which passed to Keith Gregson. Keith retained the same format: secret handicaps (fiddle factors), three groups, three checkpoints. As befits a mathematician, Keith's handicappings was sophisticated - based on the last two fell races and two most recent Dashes. Inevitably one checkpoint was outside a pub (The Chequers). The others were near Curbar Gap and below Gardoms Edge. David Wright was the winner in a field of 29. Tim Barnett ran for the first time in this race. He recorded the fifth fastest time but at 14 was too young to join the Oread and so not in contention for the trophy.

In 1981 Richard Freestone organised the race: he saw it as the only legitimate way out of competing! The event followed the "tried and tested pattern" for the last time. Checkpoints were at the Hunting Tower, Hob Hurst's House and on top of Birchens. A better size field of 36 trailed in behind Paul Bingham.

Come 1982 and the committee were scratching around for another organiser. I volunteered and was given free rein. I felt the time was ripe for a change and was daunted by the task of finding a new configuration of three checkpoints in the Heathy Lea area. Eventually, competitors were nearly submerged with innovations. For the first time, runners started according to their handicap. The master map was not posted in the barn before the start: it was only available to competitors after they had started - orienteering style. Unfortunately hints in the form of crossword clues gave too much away before the start. Also included were two special climbing stages with time penalties for failure to complete. Climbing HMS Victory (one minute) presented no problem. An allowance of 3.5 minutes on the Eaglestone posed a sharper dilemma. One senior member of the club spent more than 3.5 minutes failing! Brian West and Roy Eyre had started from Heathy Lea at the same time and were still fairly close together as they approached the Eaglestone. Roy did not attempt the climb: Brian knew he could not beat Roy in a straight run, so had to do the climb. In the end Roy got back first and won the event: with his time penalty though he was only 22 seconds ahead of Brian. As

well as taking the trophy, Roy won the folder and responsibility for organising the 1983 race - a tradition taken from the photo meet. I had been tempted to hang onto the race because I had enjoyed organising it so much, but I couldn't bear the thought of missing another run.

Since 1982 another "tradition" has creped in: each race since then has been different from the previous year's race and many have included some completely novel feature. In 1983 Roy set an eight mile course via the ruined corn mill to a second checkpoint in the woods above Beeley. From there we had a long run back via the last checkpoint somewhere on Harland Sick. Roger Larkam had the fastest net time and took the trophy for the handicap event as well.

In 1984 Roger programmed a computer "Line 10 Print Dash Time 83 Fiddle Factor...". His event was an orienteering score event. Points were awarded for visiting checkpoints (Dobb Edge 12, Gibbett Moor 20, Back of Birchen's Gap 48) and points were deducted for being more than an hour away from the barn. Results were then multiplied by fiddle factors: Chris Jonson emerged gleaming from the computer.

The following year was the first time without fiddle factors. Handicapping was made flesh - in the shape of one's partner. Like Roger's race the year before, Chris's was an orienteering score event. The two runners of each team did not have to run in harness, but they were only allowed an individual running time of 1.5 hours each and 2.5 hours aggregate - time penalties for late returns. Cohabiting heterosexual couples were allowed to run in the same team. The rest had to take their chance with their names drawn from a fast hat and a slow one. Checkpoints were in the rhododendrons below the Hunting Tower, in the woods above Beeley, the old corn mill (again) and Kilton Houses. Free Phillips and Roger Larkam (again) were most successful, achieving seven checkpoint visits and a fairly modest time penalty. Hellion Griffiths and Robin Sedgwick ran a very intelligent race just two minutes over time, but with fewer checkpoints than Fred and Roger; they had to be content with second place.

The early races were described as the Oread Fell Race. Later the name changed to Heathy Lea Fell Race - perhaps a reflection of Keith Gregson's view that the course chosen should favour those who use the hut frequently. In 1986 the race moved away from the hut for the first time. Perhaps Fred, too, felt daunted by the task of finding new permutations around the Baslow; perhaps it was to entertain the regulars at his local. They certainly joined in with gusto and he definitely produced a very different event. Fiddle factors were again secret. We set off from the Sun Inn at one minute intervals armed with a six-figure reference that turned out to be the trig pillar on Crich Cliff which we had to stand on while singing a nursery rhyme. As a reward we received another map reference which proved to be the No 2 Robin Hood Quarry in Whatstandwell. When I got there, there was a large noisy group of Oreads scrambling all over a rock face down which two ropes dangled. The Third map reference was written on a half inch dowel wedged in a crack half way up Chantilly (VS). There was a two-minute penalty for using the rope and a swingeing 30-minute penalty for asking the marshal the location of the next checkpoint - no wonder everyone was trying to climb the crack at the same time! The next checkpoint was well hidden in Crich Chase and involved executing a short Tyrolean traverse between two trees. Already dry mouthed, a cream cracker had to be eaten at the last checkpoint on Crich Tors followed by a solo whistling of the national anthem. It was just as well there were no marks for quality of musical performance otherwise I should never have won the tenth fell race... I look forward to seeing you all in 1987 - once again at Heathy Lea.

There is a Japanese proverb that says,
"The man who has never climbed Fujiama is
a fool; the man who has climbed Fujiama
twice is twice a fool."

DOG DAYS

Colin Barnard



It was clear from the outset that the one person whom the Honorary Editor never really envisaged writing an account of my recent intimations of mortality was me. There was logic in this view since I had been unconscious for rather more than eight days, and have only a patchy recall of the events immediately preceding the tumble we took. Nor was I especially receptive or alert once I regained consciousness, though the unkind might say that this is typical of me anyway, and is indeed a necessary qualification for membership of the OMC Committee. Had I been able to follow the events that took place during my spell in the Intensive Care Unit of Brig Hospital I would doubtless have felt a particular interest in the outcome; but since I was not able to take any interest or conscious part whatsoever, I am by definition the person least able to write about these proceedings.

Nevertheless, there are one or two things which I alone can say and which I cannot and should not leave unsaid. Basically, the words I have to say are simply "Thank you". Thank you first of all to Toni Lotscher (Pilot), Thomas Lauber and especially Gerhard Kobli (the Doctor) and the crew of Helicopter Alouette 3 HBXOM who flew me out. Although I was apparently conscious at the time I cannot remember what any of these chaps looked like, said or did; but I know that I owe my life to their promptness, their care and their skill. At Brig Hospital the doctors and nurses were, without exception, magnificent and I particularly mention Doctors Vogelbach and Simon and the man who had especial oversight of me, Dr. Theo Lemke, whose skills were rewarded by his never being allowed to live down his promise to me of a "local Anastasia". Not only did I never meet her, but after all that anticipation all I got was a desensitising jab in the neck! But to be serious, it is thanks to the skill of these three and their colleagues that I was able to spend the days preceding my discharge from hospital as a sort of moving exhibit for the Junior Doctors to come and marvel at in great droves.

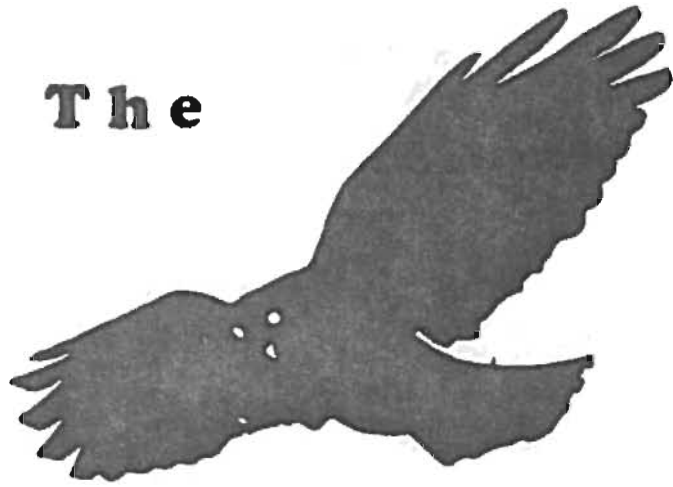
Usually I am rather hesitant about admitting to strong emotions and dismissive of anything that might be labelled sentiment. I have to say this time however that if I spend too long thinking about the manifold kindnesses of my friends in the Oread, the little knobs behind my eyes are liable to turn to the 'on' position. So many cheered me with their good wishes, both whilst in hospital and afterwards whilst I was convalescing at home; many lifting my spirits with visits. Especially moving was the preparedness of two or three folk to drive out from Britain to Brig to help. A chain of communication was soon built up from Brig to home which performed the essential tasks of alerting my family and my friends outside the Oread and then keeping them informed of my progress.

It is a little invidious to single out individuals when there are so many kindnesses I could record. However, I cannot omit an especial thank you to Gordon and Pauline (Wright), who performed a marathon of hospital visiting, keeping me company morning and evening every day and doing no end to raise my spirits.

One man carried an especial burden and though he won't forgive me for singling him out for a particular thank you, I am nevertheless going to do so. John Hudson's promptness in raising the alarm - despite the fact that he was in nothing like a fit state himself - was without question the most crucial single factor of all. I owe him too for everything he did for me whilst I was "out"; for looking after my needs and coping with my demands once I came round; and for getting my gear and my car safely home for me. Thanks, Rock and thanks too to all the rest of you.



The



Mountain

High above the alpine world
Twisting, falling, gliding, soaring.
Loops of delightful play
Against the dark dramatic Dauphine.

Chough

Crumbs of comfort
Scattered on the tops
Left by climbers
Of the old snow ways
Snatched greedily to help survive
Those cold embittered windy skys.

Gordon Gadsby

Black bodies shine reflectively
As flocks of Choughs with feathers blown
Wheel and stall, then fall
Like pearls from heaven
On the Bosse Le Môme.





PATTERDALE
MEET
GRISEDALE TARN
WITH

R-L
TONY RAPHAEL
ROGER CHAPMAN
AND
RICHARD COGLHAN
IAN BRINDLE



CWM EIGIAU HUT
JUNE 1986

L-R

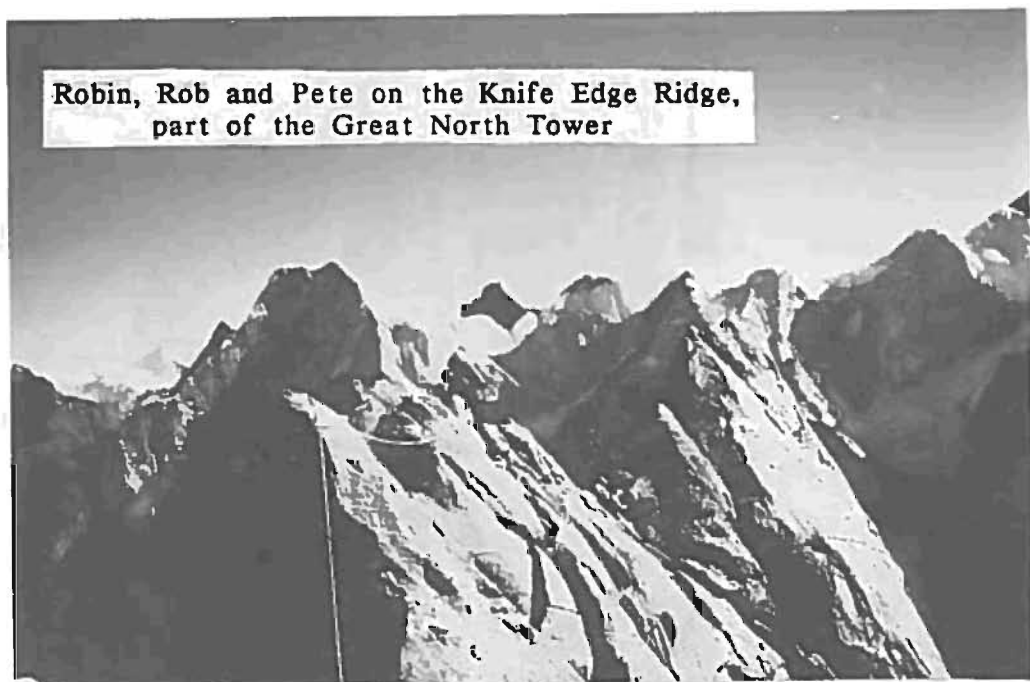
'RUSTY' RUSSELL
JOHN LINNEY
SHEILA RUSSELL
REG SQUIRES
BRIAN WEST
HELEN GRIFFITHS
ROGER LARKAM



ALPINE MEET
VISP 1987
RIED HUT
AND GLACIER
WITH THE
DURRENHORN



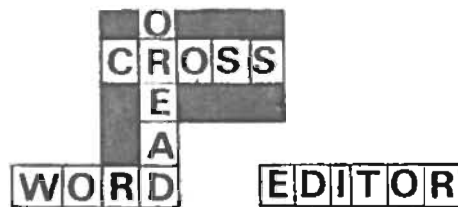
1986 Annual Dinner cabaret, with Reg Squires. L-R Helen Griffiths, Robin Sedgwick, Pete Scott, Sharon Russell and Lisa Welbourn.



Robin, Rob and Pete on the Knife Edge Ridge,
part of the Great North Tower

L-R Das (L.O.), Rob, Bhajin (Cook), Robin, Pete, Bobby
with Shivling in the background.





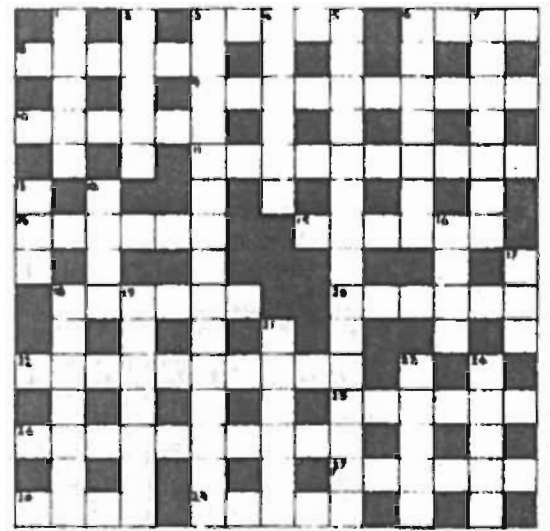
Another chance for you to win a small prize, if you are the first to hand in a correct solution. All the solutions are associated with climbing, mountaineering or the mountain environment, so put your thinking caps on and have a go.

ACROSS

3. A fissure (5)
6. A poison from Aconite; said by natives of the Himalaya to cause high altitude sickness (4)
8. First major Himalayan peak to get a second ascent (6)
9. A state of water in a condition unsafe for climbing on (3 7)
10. Mountaineering attachment developed by Vitale Bramani (6)
11. A mountain in the realm of Arctus and Neptune found by thinking of an alcoholic drink but you need to add an ice cube to finish it off (10)
14. Wintery action by finance houses prevents assets reaching hard-up climbers (6)
15. When starting from a 1:63360 map; wet conditions later, you miss the last two metres of the top - a fool atop of Sutherland (6)
18. English spelling for a steep-walled chasm, gorge or ravine (6)
20. Austrian mountains, best found after looking south from a town split between the sun and the home for Ursus (6)
22. Highest projection which crowns a hill or mountain, but partly covered in precipitation (5 5)
25. In Arabic gebels, dragomans would equal those in the Alps (6)
26. An étrier is a short one (4 6)
27. A winter piton (6)
28. To step on a hold in the past (4)
29. While in Horasan find the name of a 2578m peak on the way from Kashmir to Birjand (5)

DOWN

1. A path (5)
2. Department of France known to Oreads for its skiing and mountains (5)

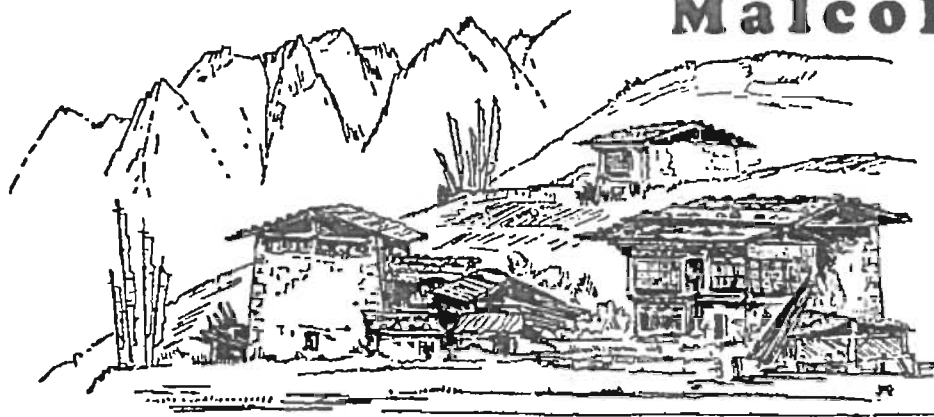


3. Started by "The Great Beast" in 1894 on soft limestone (8 2 5)
4. An acute rugged crest on some countries' mountains (6)
5. Being at a German school without a garden, BP's offspring took to climbing on coarse sandstone near to home (11 4)
6. Perhaps the name for a young male if helping to brighten the soles of mountaineers! (4 3)
7. While between a long lived "who-done-it" and a horse headed spirit a VIP rodent escapes upwards from a black lake to a broad summit (4 3)
12. Leaving a route very prematurely! (3)
13. Remove its start and you have an association between this island and between a North American state and a missionary, though long after an adjacent volcano became dormant in Pytheas's Thule.
16. The female of a team is no help for protection on a bolt route! (4)
17. A summer pasture (3)
18. Not to lose or gain height on a hillside (7)
19. Ticking off a route the first time and an Eskimo not continuing his walk over ice (3 4)
21. Unwind the double helix with the Elk and you find yourself in the Lake District (6)
23. Originally a name for one who reached a high col (5)
24. Name of a 'Scottish type' fjord, shortened by 14km at the 'town of the straight' near to the narrow vale (5)



PILLAR ROCK

DOUGLAS
MILNER



Malcolm Otter

Letters From Abroad

Introduction During the spring of 1986 Malcolm had found a singular lack of purpose to his life. He felt a need to sort himself out. The mountains kept recurring in his dreams. Visions of mountains; wanting to become a part of them. A realisation that they might be the answer to solving his problems. Before setting out Malcolm had done a little walking, some scrambles in the UK but that is all. The following letters were written to friends during a proposed eighteen month trip visiting various mountainous areas while travelling around the world and show that with 'drive' you can achieve a lot with little experience!

DASSU, BRAKDO GORGE, AUG 20TH 1986

Success! K2 base camp at 16,500ft. beneath K2 the second highest mountain in the world, was reached at 1.00pm on Sunday 10th Aug. after a twelve day walk in from Dassu. My mind has been bombarded with so many new experiences that it will take some time to assimilate everything. I feel it is impossible to describe the country in words. It is so vast - the scale difficult to comprehend.

We visited the Rajah Bazaar in Islamabad on Sunday 27th July, still jet lagged from the 11 hour flight from Heathrow, arriving in a thunderstorm at dawn. The Bazaar I can only describe as bizarre! We travelled there by Pakistani 'Flying Bus' - a terrifying experience! Everyone was very friendly and greeted us with "Hello, what is your country?, How are you?" I bought a Pakistani shirt and trouser suit which proved to be extremely useful in the heat.

An incredible dawn flight from Rawalpindi took us past the flanks of Nanga Parbat, one of the 14 8,000m peaks in the world and spiralled down to Skardu, our starting point at 7,600ft. Another Maniacal minibus drive to the K2 Motel from the airstrip for hot showers and Coke. We packed food and equipment into 25kg loads and checked tents. There are many expeditions in the Karakoram, including the British K2 NW Ridge party. As a result there was a shortage of porters. (Australians had taken 300, Germans had taken 380!)

After meeting our cook (Jared) and some other porters, a 5 hour jeep drive brought us to Dassu, a small village at 8,500ft in the mountains. The Urdu music at full volume on the jeep certainly added atmosphere!

The first day's walking (Wed. 30th July) included an adrenalin-pumping crossing of the Brakdu River in a wooden basket attached to a pulley. The weather is unbelievable. I have never seen a sky so blue. We camped beneath the apricot tree at Poljo, where I meet the Polish lady climber Wanda Rutkiewicz, exhausted and limping from frost-bite having just climbed K2. She tells me of the death of two of her companions - one on the mountain, the second on the walk out, drowned at a river crossing. She tells me to take care and offers me Earl Grey tea. We talk about the English Lake District and her plans to climb Makalu. I wish her luck and a safe journey home. I have a long chat with Jared about wives and children and expeditions. The porters are amazing. I have learned quite a lot of Urdu and Balti words. Gwala Hamat

Brings tea at 2.50am. The next two days are the most dangerous and arduous with traverses on narrow sandy paths hundreds of feet above the roaring Brakdu and always with unstable rubble cliffs above. We start early to avoid swollen rivers and rock falls in the afternoons. Heat, flies, dust, filth are the order of

the days. I am getting to know the porters. I was offered some Hashish which the porters chew constantly and spit out leaving green deposits everywhere. We meet local villagers at Tonga and Suranyo. These villages are pleasant with green fields, flowers and birds after the first few days of arid desert landscapes. We reach Askole, the last inhabited village on 1st Aug. and chat to some of the British K2 team - John Barry and Adrian Burgess who have given up on the NW Ridge. Part of the team have stayed to try on the NW Ridge. Part of the team have stayed to try the Abruzzi Spur. Adrian tells us of the death of the Italian climber Ronaldo Casarotto in a crevasse close to base camp. We are at 10,000ft. now. A sleepless night despite the altitude pills - Diomox. We cross one of the longest glaciers outside of Antarctica - the Biafo. The heat is ferocious. One or two of the porters suffer from heat exhaustion. Some more hairy traversing and a second Jola bridge brings us within sight of some 6,000m peaks. Only six days to Concordia.

The following day includes magnificent views towards the Baltoro Glacier and the Cathedral Spires - the stuff of dreams. To offset this incredible spectacle we camp for two days in the turd fields of Paiyu, where it rains for the first time. Through binoculars we can see the Mustagh Tower. It takes us three hours to cross the Baltoro Glacier. I have an altitude headache. Two of our party, including the doctor have diarrhea. Meeting various expeditions returning from the mountains, we learn of many deaths on K2. We camp at (?) where a French woman earlier had had her foot chopped off by a falling boulder during the night! This trek is certainly living up to its reputation as the toughest in the world. The weather is poor now. A river crossing with the aid of ropes and up to our waists in freezing water brings us to Urdukas. The last green place before venturing onto the glacier proper. The scenery is fantastic - rock walls of the Trango Towers looming 8,000ft above our heads.

Our next camp is on the glacier itself at 14,000ft. and in sight now of some of the highest and most spectacular mountains in the world - Gasherbrum IV, Broad Peak, Mitre Peak, Hidden Peak, Mustagh Tower, Masherbrum. I witness my first avalanche on a huge ice face opposite.



We are forced to spend the next day playing cards under a tarpaulin in the rain. The rain? makes me pee during the night so I have to get out of my sleeping bag into the rain. Saturday 9th Aug. we reach Concordia, the junction of three glaciers in improving weather. The altitude is really telling now but the effort is well worth it as the mountains slowly appear out of the clouds. K2 is awesome! Sunday 10th Aug. is an incredible day. I meet Michel Dacher at Broad Peak base camp, hoping to climb her 9th and 10th 8,000m peaks. On the ice of the Goodwin-Austen Glacier we meet a porter returning with bandaged, frost-bitten hands from the Korean expedition. He tells us that eight more climbers are missing on K2. The Australian army expedition to Broad Peak shows us great hospitality, plying us with food and drink.

With our ultimate objective now in sight I feel tremendously fit and in full

stride. However, our jubilation at reaching K2 base camp is short lived when Jim Curran tells us that Alan Rouse, Kurt Diemberger, Julie Tullis, 3 Austrians and a Polish woman are missing presumed dead on the Abruzzi spur after six days of bad weather. The atmosphere is morbid and oppressive: I go higher to escape this.

My teddy bear mascot is with me at 16,700ft. The view down the glacier to Chogolisa, Broad Peak and Baltoro Kanyri is stupendous.

As we descend K2 becomes wholly visible for the first time - indescribable! I am totally exhausted when we reach camp at 6.00pm to be welcomed by the most spectacular sunset I have ever seen, with alpenglow on Gasherbrum IV and K2.

The following sunrise is even more dramatic. Our thoughts turn to getting ourselves to safety. More magnificent views on the way down particularly of Masherbrum at sunset and sunrise - I am overwhelmed with emotion. At Urdukas I have my first wash for ten days - ecstatic!

Many worrying days in the dust and heat. We sleep out under the stars and a full moon.

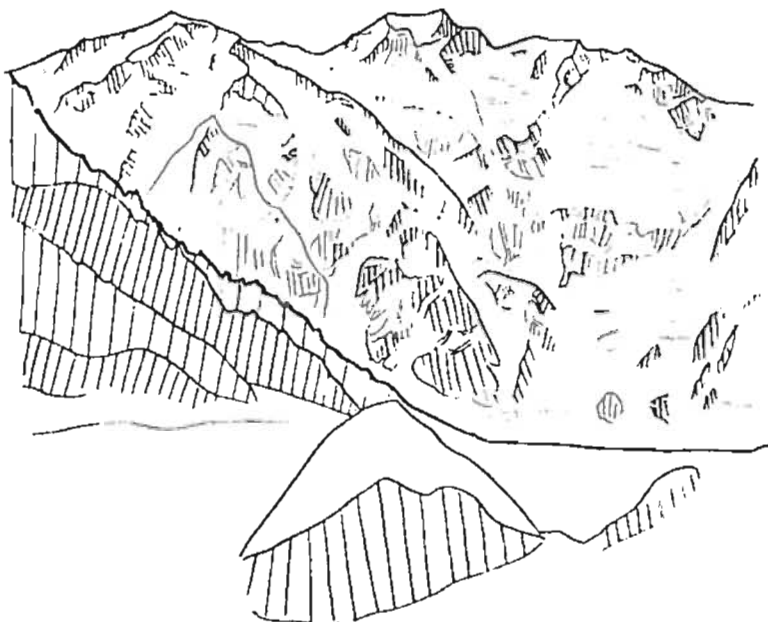
We hear that Diemberger has survived (with the loss of both hands and a foot) and one Austrian. There is little hope for the rest. The porters slaughter a bullock at Chongo as part of their religious festival. We have kebabs and chapatti - delicious.

Eventually we arrive at Dassu. It is raining again as we wait for the jeeps I am desperate for news from home.

SKARDU

Arriving in Skardu after the four hour jeep drive we find problems with flights. Information from travellers coming from Kashgar is of hassles and delays with transport from the border. I decide not to visit Kashgar in the interior since this will take too long. Instead decide to go for 'Fairy Meadows' Nanga Parbat, a short trek from Gilgit in Hunza. I have my first attack of diarrhea on the 22nd Aug. and spend the night on the hotel corridor floor. Though rough the following morning, I joined Ian Coldwell on a gruelling six hour bus ride to Gilgit through the spectacular Endows gorge. I am in no condition to enjoy it. I rest up for two days whilst Ian travels by bus to Islamabad. I have diarrhea for the next nine days. I meet a lot of locals who are kind, generous and hospitable. (I meet very few rogues) Desperate for news from England, I book a flight to Islamabad - a terrific flight for only £6, lots of photos. Islamabad is very hot and humid. I encounter a very weird manic depressive American woman and get rid of her fast. A cardand letter from England - great. I book a flight from Lahore to Delhi only £30. Unfortunately there are no seats on the flight back to Gilgit. After a couple of days in the oppressive heat, I long to be back in the mountain air. So I decide to take a bus. A taxi driver is great to me and helps me eventually to locate and catch a bus that night, which sets off in a terrific electric storm for Gilgit, 500 miles up the Karakoram Highway. The journey is horrendous. After twelve hours in the very cramped rickety old bus (a bit like an old dust cart) with the dead weight of a very sweaty Pakistani sprawled over me I realise we are only half way!! We stop at dawn for prayers by the roadside. I have no sleep and become irritable. The constant stares become noticeable. We shudder and crash into Gilgit 22 hours after leaving Islamabad. I am bruised and battered and stagger into the Hotel loo. Diarrhea returns. I feel dreadful.

The following day Tim and Ian arrive by plane (I know!) There are many travellers at the hotel mostly from China. I spend a few days trying to get rid of my stomach problems whilst swarms of flies and wasps buzz around. We decide to go for Nanga Parbat whatever and buy provisions (600 rupees total for 5 days). A 2.5 hour bus ride brings us to Rakhiot Bridge where we camp under the stars with a huge dog prowling overnight. We begin the first days climb at dawn with 22kg. pack. (Later found we had taken wrong path) this took us from 3,000. to 10,000m (Editor not bad going!!). A good track to begin with then horrendous loose and steep scree. We had been without water for 22 hours when we stumbled on a spring. This was a little too close for comfort for me on reflection! We camp at Tato. The villages are very helpful.



The following two days are incredible. I have indigestion but diarrhea has gone. We climb through pine trees and tinkling clear stream to paradise! Fairy Meadows is an idyllic spot - a flat green field with pine forests around, a lake for bathing, rippling brooks, flowers, grazing sheep, a boulder for bouldering and even a table and chairs! And more - this is beneath the magnificent Diamir face of Nanga Parbat towering 14,000ft. above the camp. We watch the sunset and are helped by villagers. They bring us eggs, milk and chapattis in the morning. An incredible sunrise, the Diamir face shining red and gold - completely clear - Wow! During the day I walk alone through the woods up towards base camp and climb a little knoll at about 14,000ft. overlooking the mountain. I can trace Messner's solo route very clearly. An indescribable mass of rock, snow and ice. I cook curry at camp. There are no other expeditions or trekkers here. On 2nd Sept. we descend all the way to Rakhiot Bridge (6 hours) again the heat is unbearable and I try for one hour at the bridge waiting for a lift to Gilgit. That night Montezuma's Revenge returns - I spend a night in the loo. A day's sleep and fluids nearly sees me better. Return to Skardu on 5th. Sept. in relative comfort. Again I meet some great people. In Skardu there are letters ... We learn of more deaths from the British Chogolisa team and Swiss Hidden Peak expeditions. P.S. Am now convinced I am a masochist!!!

HIGH SUMMITS - INSH ALLAH!

Back in Skardu the diarrhea persists (Doc reckons it is Giardia and prescribes Flagyl) The next party of trekkers arrives with British newspapers More deaths in the mountains - British trekker on the Biafo glacier, Chogolisa team doctor. The new team for the Gondoro Peak consists of three married couples, Glenn Rowley and his girlfriend Allison, Chris Slade from the British Embassy, Amos Dorran (Karakoram Experience guide) and Helen. I meet Nazir Mohammad again and we talk for hours about everything, but mainly women and music. They seem to have a preoccupation with frequency of sex - something to do with Islam I understand? I survive the extremely dusty jeep ride to Khapulu (6 hours) only to go down with flu! Two days with high fever. Eventful jeep ride to Hushe village. A near capsizing into a deep nullah when the road collapsed under a rear wheel. A close shave. Hushe is fascinating. I feel much better for the walk up to the Masherbrum glacier. The weather improves slightly. Everywhere is green - a total contrast to the desolate barren Baltoro. After lunch - Montezuma's Revenge strikes again and I barely make it to camp at 14,000ft. The next night is the worst of my life! Sphincter control - zero. Delirium. I work out out the fastest time to England - one week. I decide to descend to Hushe for convalescence. The weather is atrocious. I am glad to be resting in Jared's house - the whisky helps! (c/o British Embassy) It was like being an animal at the zoo - strange. After sticking a

plaster on a boy's foot I get inundated with requests for treatment for anything from cataracts to severe burns. I explain - me no doctor! A young girl with beautiful eyes asks me to help her with a huge water jug she is carrying. "Thankyou sahib" A good meal of fresh vegs sets me up for the walk up to join the others at Siacho. The ensuing few days are spectacular as we ascend onto the Gondoro glacier in super weather. The scenery is fantastic. The camp site amazing. We decide to go straight for the mountain next day. I have the advantage of acclimatisation. The new arrivals are not so well acclimatised. We set off at 2.30am by a full moon. Excitement is intense. When we reach the snow line we begin to doubt the feasibility of a summit attempt - the snow is appalling - 2ft. of fresh powder over ice. Despondency creeps in. This is dispelled by a magnificent sunrise when the snow crystals glisten and Masherbrum is lit up with a golden flash. Five of us want to go further and we have a look! Glen leads Patrick and Nick whilst I have Tony on my rope. We press on from our high point at 17,700ft. Up to now the going has seemed easy, but now the altitude really tells. A few steps then pant for breath. Glen goes like a train breaking the trail. We plough through deep snow up the final 800ft. slope. Belays are non-existent. The atmosphere is tense. I am not a little worried. I think I would rather be soloing. A very steep step is avalanche prone and avoided on the right by some loose rocks. Then we are confronted by a 150ft. final bulge which ends 10ft. from the summit. We debate whether to go down. Glen tries twice to find a way. No belay. Grade III. 150ft. of 7mm rope runs out. We all follow. No belays. The view from the summit is incredible.



It is 11.30am. We can see Hidden Peak and Chogolisa over the ridge. Altimeter reads 18,800ft. I am very anxious to descend. The sun is melting the snow. I lower the others down (Glen's descent is frightening but rapid) then down climb the last steep step; the axe sticks several times and I struggle at this altitude to remove it. The exposure is terrific. I slump with my head against the ice gasping for air. The rest of the descent proves to be a slide/wallow to the glacier where I collapse in the snow and cry convulsively with relief and joy. I have completely blown my mind! Adrenalin overload. Brain can't humble the experience. Its too much.

That night is spent camped at 17,700ft. A full moon - totally physically and mentally exhausted. The dawn is out of this world. Alpenglow on Masherbrum. A sea of clouds breaks the turquoise sky. Blinding lights. The next summit party arrive at 5.30 and begin their climb at 8.00am. reaching the summit at 11.00am. We watch them through binoculars from base camp, which we reach in two hours. I break out the Glenfiddich I have been saving. Pure nectar! The rest of the team are well satisfied with their height record, except Helen who is disappointed not to have tried for the summit. Next day I decide to take a porter and descend

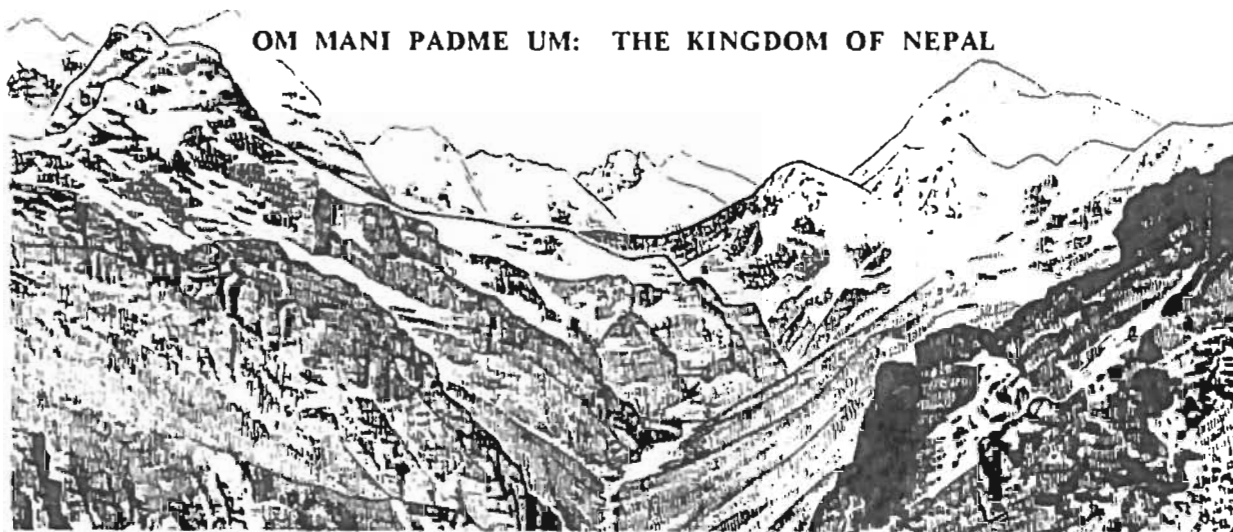
alone right down to Siacho and explored a side glacier as far as the junction with the Chogolisa glacier and spend a fabulous day amongst the now autumnal trees taking photographs. The lighting and cloud effects were incredible. At Hushe next day there is a wild party with the Balti porters singing and dancing. A bumpy eight hour jeep ride takes us back to Skardu. Some of the boys smoke. The air is aromatic! I have a shave in the company of a huge rat! The flight is cancelled. A 24 hour bus journey through the night gets us to Pindi. A good night at the British Embassy club.

INDIAN SUMMER

My ten weeks in Pakistan had been tremendous. Great country; terrific mountains; lovely people. The last few days were spent eating roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, listening to Beethoven, watching videos and sipping Drambuie in the Embassy club. The bus journey from Rawalpindi to Lahore was a jumble of memories - camels lollopping, horns tooting, buffaloes, oxen driving carts, skeletal donkeys, Suzukis, fancy decorated trucks, green green trees, dire straits, flat flat countryside, weird huts, graffiti in Urdu, hunger. Tannoy speakers on top of mosques 'sultans of swing', brown mud, brown Pakistanis, Van Gellis in the restaurants, bus swaying like a 2CV, the Chenalor River, huge birds of prey (kites?)..... standing in the centre of the huge courtyard, I suddenly felt desperately alone Came as close to death as I had all trip when a crazy rickshaw driver took me to the International Hotel.

India - I don't know if I really want to think about my experiences there let alone write about them - I didn't enjoy India, but I guess I wouldn't have wanted to miss the experience.

I met some great people and fellow travellers Everyone bound for Kathmandu.



Desperate for the mountains after the hassles of India. I decided to go immediately to Pokhara and the Annapurna Sanctuary trek on the early morning bus the day after I flew into Kathmandu.... The genuine smiles and greeting of 'Namaste' from the Nepalis contributed to my now more positive outlook. Looking back on over a month of climbing and trekking in this wonderful country it seems impossible to write about all the great things that have happened....So I'll describe some of the highlights.

Kathmandu was a fascinating jumble of gompas, pagodas, bright colours and packs of rabid dogs. I would have liked to stay longer but the pull of the hills was too strong. After getting a trekking permit I set off alone in the bright sun for the distant high mountains over-looking Pokhara. That night at Dampur I witnessed the first of many incredible sunsets in the Himalaya, with Annapurna South, Himmchuli, Ganga Purna, Machapuchare, Annapurna IV and I, Lanyung Himal, Phungi and Manaslu glowing red against a dark, almost black, sky and later silhouetted against the deep red. The next three days to Annapurna base camp were

strenuous but delightful, beginning with a forest walk on a carpet of blue gentians, past blue-green mountain torrents, up steeply to the lovely village of Chomruny overlooking the Mhodi Khola gorge. Even more steeply through an amazing bamboo forest before a hard last day in the thinning air to the Sanctuary surrounded by high peaks. Sunset and sunrise on the 'Fishtail' summit of Machapuchare more than made up for the temperature which plummeted well below freezing at 2.30pm. after the sun had disappeared behind the ridges. I had a touch of altitude sickness and rested for an extra day before returning in one day to Chomruny. Got lost in the jungle ascending to Ghorepain where a short uphill walk to Poon Hill gave a stupendous view of Dhaulagiri south face and the Kali Gandaki valley which I was to travel through later. Annapurna I could be seen from here as well as the beautiful triple-summited Nilgiri and a snow peak called Tukuche.

The lodge at Poon Hill was the best I was to find in Nepal with excellent food and service, hot water and a cosy atmosphere round the roaring log fire in the evening. I had had a lot of trouble with the weak ankle I sprained in Pakistan and decided against my plan to complete the Annapurna Circuit trek to meet the friends from Pakistan in Manany and returned to Kathmandu for a rest. I realised how tired I was on the way down to Pokhara. I was even more run down after a ten hour journey to Kathmandu involving two blowouts on the "mountain road", and various stops - one to watch a fight which had broken out on another bus. I had so far, thankfully, avoided the gut problems that so many visitors get. The food had been pretty basic, dahl baat, potatoes, eggs and black tea. Friendships were made easily with the fun loving Nepalis and the trekkers. Foreign vocabularies were stretched to the limit. I soaked for ages in the solar heated shower provided by 'The Captain' - a terrific old gentleman in Chomruny, who saluted me and invited me to stay at his lodge.... so many memories from this short ten day walk.... one of the more memorable was the horrendously overloaded jeep ride from Phedi to Pokhara in which there were 26 people! I had one of the better places standing on the bumper. I met the boys from Pakistan 'pigging out' in a restaurant in KMD after starving in China - they had some incredible stories of Tibet.

THE ASCENT OF CHULU DOODLE AND OTHER PEAKS KATHMANDU 5-12-86

After only a few hours in the city and I wanted to get back to the mountains. What a crazy idiot I am. I was quickly involved in gathering gear and planning our next sortie. In Pakistan we had stuck a pin in a list of trekking peaks for Nepal and now decided to get a climbing permit for Chula West, a 6,640m mountain north of Annapurna. This is the highest of the allowed 'trekking peaks' and seemed a worthwhile objective - it was at least over 20,000ft. I collected more letters.... then set about buying expensive climbing equipment. After a few days we were ready to go with a sirdar KC from the trekking agency. A bus ride to Dumre and a vertebrae-shattering truck journey to Bote Odar left us at the start of what was to be a superb and varied trip. There was twelve of us altogether including four porters, four non-climbers and three climbers (myself, Glen and Mat - an Outward Bound instructor from Seattle whom we had met in KMD).



I had picked up a stomach bug in Kathmandu and was weak and unable to eat much for the first five days of the walk in. Eventually my body said "no

more", and I stopped for a day in Latamrang and caught the others up two days later in Humre having slept and eaten solidly for three days. I felt much better for the climb to base camp but had to turn back from the summit attempt with stomach cramps and diarrhoea, floundering in the deep snow before dawn. It was one of my worst moments. The others returned triumphant from the summit but confirmed what we had suspected earlier - that KC had taken us up the wrong mountain! This was not Chula West but a peak much lower (5,800m) further to the east. Still the experience had been worthwhile with terrific views and we were all now well acclimatised for the walk over the Thornug La (5,400m) to Kali Gandaki gorge. The party was breaking up now, some travelling light for the fleshpots of Kathmandu. Matt and I decided to satisfy our masochistic tendencies by shouldering huge packs of camping gear, climbing equipment and food to attempt, unofficially, a peak to the south of the pass from a camp on that pass. We reached camp in two days, pushing through the amazing Tibetan town of Manang where I slept under the stars on the roof of the lodge and watched the dawn brighten up the flutings on Annapurna III.

At the pass I felt awful again due to the heavy pack (25kg) but soon recovered after a magnificent meal of tomato soup, poached eggs, ham and fruit cocktail. Unfortunately the tea and water tasted of petrol from a leaking stove. Getting up at 3am the following morning after a good sleep we scraped the ice off the inside of the tent and melted snow for a brew before setting off by head-torch across the moraines to the foot of the route - hard ice which eventually led to 3,500ft. of steep but perfect neve, interrupted by a worrying crevassed section for which we roped up. It was a question of patience and slow progress-10 steps at a time before gasping for air, doubled over the ice axe. But for the tremendous views and now above the ridges into Mustang and Tibet I guess it would have been quite boring. We reached the summit at 10am So this was 20,000ft. plus. I whooped into the clear blue sky. We descended 9,000ft to Muktiwath that day and took a further nine days down to Pokhara, bathing in the hot springs of Tatopain and pigging out on apple crumble and buritos there (they even had video films!). The variation in scenery each day was remarkable. We got back to meet the rest in Kathmandu on 2nd Dec. They were all off to the beaches of Ko Samui in Thailand. I prepared to go to Everest - glutton for punishment.

CHOMOLUNGMA MOTHER GODDESS OF THE WORLD

The two months I had spent in Nepal had been a constant battle against health problems. I had continuously permed two out of seven: giardia, stomach cramps, diarrhoea, 'flu, kidney pains, hacking cough and sheer exhaustion! Thankfully I had avoided altitude sickness by careful planning of acclimatisation days.



The climax of my whole trip so far came on 13th. Dec when I climbed a small hill (5,545m) joining the south ridge of Pumofor a magnificent view of the highest mountain in the world. I felt a terrific sense of history as I looked at the huge mass peeping in and out of cloud as the weather worsened. Features of the mountain I had read about appeared through the mist. The two steps on the North Buttress, scene of Mallory and Irving's epic attempt in 1924; the 'American' West Ridge; Bonington's SW face route of 1985; the South Summit - the limit of the Swiss attempt in 1952; I could just make out the South Col and the NNE Ridge where Boardman and Tasker disappeared in 1982 before the cloud obscured the

mountain and I was forced to abandon the summit of Kala Pattar since the wind was now very strong and the weather closing in. It snowed next day when I descended to Thyangboche. Against my better judgement I chose to explore the Gokyo valley for another view of Everest. This turned out to be very strenuous especially with the heavy sack (17kg.). By the time I got to Gokyo I had diarrhoea and 'flu. I was denied a second view of Everest by the weather. At 5am the sky was overcast, at 7am the summit of Cho Oyu was covered in cloud, by breakfast it had begun to snow - I decided to go down. three hours later I was struggling to reach the lodge at Maccherma through a raging blizzard! This lasted all night but the following morning was fantastically clear. I ploughed sometimes through waist deep powder snow with two Frenchmen for four desperately tiring hours to Dole then continued next day through picture postcard scenery and pine forest down to Namche Bazar. Views of Ama Dablam from the high traverse path were breathtaking. Everest peeped mockingly above the Nuptse-Lhotse wall - a great plume of cloud streaming from the summit. I staggered into Namche completely burnt out and raced to the loo because of more diarrhoea -it was a long way! I had a rest day here and decided I must have a porter if I was to make it down to the airstrip at Lukla. It took a further two days to get down with a worrying pain in stomach and kidneys. I was still in Lukla on Christmas Eve where we had an impromptu celebration meal of fried chicken and potatoes, apple pie and lots of beer, with pine branches and, - appropriately -toilet rolls for decoration! I composed a song - "Cloud down, Lukla Blues" especially for the occasion (after a few drinks) and a great time was had by all. We spent a frustrating Christmas Day watching queue jumpers grab the helicopters and eventually flew out to Kathmandu on the 26th where I sought the advice of the doctor at the clinic.

I had obviously pushed myself too hard after the Annapurna trek and left myself open to all sorts of bugs. The diet of greasy food without fresh fruit or vegetables also didn't help. Still I had seen some fabulous scenery; realised my ambition to see all 8,000m peaks in the world (I had had a fantastic flight into Lukla, spotting Kanchenjunga and Xixapangma from the plane) and met so many friendly and interesting people. A terrific experience and a Christmas time I will not easily forget. I had thought of home a lot, as I always do when I am feeling ill but I am sure that as I recover, my resolve to complete the circuit will return. I look forward now to New Zealand after 'resting' in 'Sin City' Bangkok and in Singapore.

I could do with a holiday!!

INTERLUDE- SE ASIA, OR KEEP TAKING THE TABLETS

I felt very weak when I left Nepal.... I had thought seriously of returning to England since the dysentery was still with me, but made a New Years resolution (the first of my life) to press on....We landed in Bangkok.... I actually liked the big city. Not just a concrete jungle, but buzzing with life and activity, seething with people and colour.

The Grand Palace (Wat Phra Keo) was magnificent.... I spent a lot of time getting lost.... stuffing myself with exotic food....I was impressed by the hundreds of lovely girls....

Another superb executive class flight took me to a very wet Singapore in the grip of the monsoon. The girls here were even more beautiful and the food even better!....

I was taking a different set of tablets now and felt that the stomach problems were at last decreasing....

This afternoon I fly across the equator to Sydney and look forward to the next climbing expeditions in New Zealand. But my wallet is now feeling the pinch. However - you only live once, I guess.

SOUTHBOUND AGAIN - TO

.... I was jet lagged for the first week in Sydney.... my aunt was surprised that I had sussed the transport systems so quickly since I was waiting for her at the house there followed three weeks of total relaxation.... the hottest February

day for 99 years!

I spent a day in the impressive but commercialised Blue Mountains.... then a memorable birthday.... all in all a fantastic time in the land of Oz

There was an enforced two night stop-over in New Caledonia on the way to New Zealand. I paddled in the turquoise-blue South Pacific Ocean on the white, topless beach beneath the palm trees. Noumea was not impressive though - the town was dirty, very expensive.... it was difficult to understand how the obviously very poor natives could afford to live there....

Soon after the wine had been served to the hungry passengers on the UTA flight to Auckland everyone was drunk! but tucked into the first meal for two days! We arrived in NZ at midnight.... A great surprise too - I was met by a friend I had met in India.... I 'crashed' out at his place - and slept.

VOLCANOES OF THE NORTH ISLAND

I was introduced to the rest of the family of the friends with whom I was staying.... and made to feel at home by looking at a Coronation Street video....

The whole of NZ closes down at the weekend so we didn't do much....

Whilst shopping in the very quiet city, I was absolutely amazed to bump into Tim Greenway who I had last seen in Nepal. We had a few beers and exchanged tall stories of our adventures since then....



My plan was to hitch to Tongariro National Park to look at the volcanoes.... the thumbing didn't work too well and I was stuck in the middle of nowhere overnight....

Next day I managed a lift to the Park Headquarters where I found the accommodation was geared to millionaires! So I decided to walk in the park which turned out to be much smaller than I had expected. My planned two weeks here took three days!

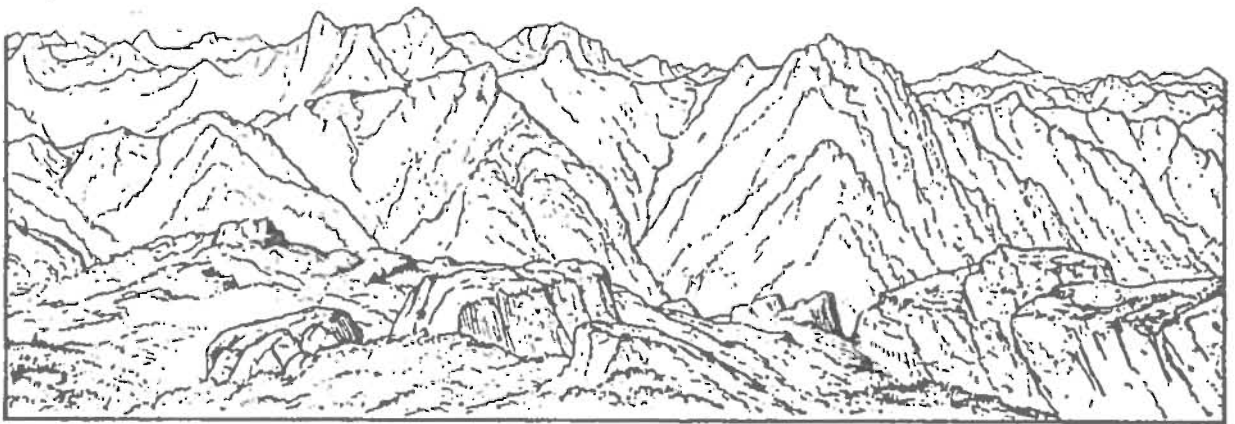
I was disappointed in the (at first) boring landscape and at the very eroded trench of a path marked every 30yds with 8ft. white posts bearing red markers! Huts were placed every five hours. I spent a night at the Mangatepopo Hut with a magnificent sunset and a silhouette of Mt. Egmont - a classic volcano shape on the horizon. Next day I wandered through the lava flows (following the ugly white posts) to a saddle and left my sack there to climb my first active volcano - Mt. Ngaurahoe (2,200m). One up and two down on the very steep scoria was hard work but the view from the summit was superb, across the enormous steamy, smelly crater was Mt. Ruapeha (the North Island's highest peak) and in the distance a clear Mt. Egmont (a rare occurrence) above a sea of cloud due to a magical temperature inversion. The sun shone from a clear blue sky as I ran down to my sack in 15 minutes! Across a sandy crater I climbed a ridge and was surprised by the sight of three bright green lakes - the Emerald Lakes - which steamed and stank but were crystal clear. I was now walking through a moonscape with fantastic and weird lava flow shapes and sculptures and amazingly coloured

craters and boulders. The sun burnt so I pushed on past the next hut to the Waitotuhonu Hut - beautifully positioned in the forest by a mountain stream. It had been a hard nine hour day. An equally tiring next day due to heavy rain saw me across the scrubland back to the HQ and out by bus to the NZ capital - Wellington. Again it was the weekend and the place was deserted. I caught the ferry to the South Island....

TRAMPS IN THE SOUTH ISLAND

I arrived late in Christchurch after a ride in the rickety 'toy train' from Picton. Depression deepened....After a couple of days in this pleasant city I decided to seek inspiration in the hills....The coach trip took five hours through rolling sheep and deer farming country, past huge lakes with a backdrop of snow-covered hills to Mt. Cook village. There was an excellent view of Mt. Tasman above the Mt. Tasman Glacier and Mt. Cook, the highest mountain in Australasia, was clear and very high. I should have been impressed but instead felt total lethargy. After camping for a night and half-heartedly looking for a partner I decided to go home!...

But, fortunately the plans didn't work out.... I changed my ticket and ended up in the old gold mining town of Queenstown that night - the stepping-off point for the classic walks (tramps in NZ) of Fiordland. Suddenly everything changed - I had regained my positive attitude and bought provisions for my first tramp from the tiny hill village of Glenorchy by the side of Lake Wakatipu - a five day walk up the Rees River valley, over the Rees Saddle and down the long, long Dart Valley, with a days side trip to the Cascade Saddle for splendid views of the Dart Glacier with its cirque of mountains and over the Matukituki River to Mount Aspiring and the mountains around the Bonner Glacier. The weather was generally very good on this trip, especially the Cascade Saddle day, where a seed of an idea was sown - to climb Mt. Aspiring - a beautiful peak of nearly 10,000ft. - an inspiring sight against the clear blue sky.



The heavy rain on the last day of the Rees-Dart cleared miraculously the following day so I pressed on with the next planned tramp - over the Routeburn via the high Harris Saddle. Good weather days on this super walk were apparently few and far between. Though it was cloudy by the time I reached the pass, tremendous views of the Darran Mountains near the Hollyford River Valley could be seen - dark ridges thrusting up into a stormy sky. The heavy rain passed overnight as we spent the night in one of the many well organised huts along the track - the Mackenzie Hut by the liquid jade Lake Mackenzie. I walked for only 2.5 hours the next day - fabulously clear and rested a lot in the sunshine taking in the scenery. After a night at the scenic Howden Hut it was just an hour to the road and a hitch to the famous Milford Sound....

On impulse, since I had enjoyed the tracks so much, I decided to get onto the Milford Track. Since this is probably the most popular in NZ it was necessary to book in advance. But luckily there was a cancellation and I could go next day (with 39 others!). Despite the regimentation, I enjoyed the four days on the Milford immensely. Again I was extremely lucky with the weather - no rain on the Milford Track! - impossible!

The birdlife was outstanding -each days walk was accompanied by birdsong. The excitement of spotting a new bird was new to me - rifleman, bellbird, paradise duck.... all so tame. The trail followed the crystal clear, green Clinton River then climbed up over the spectacular Mackinson Pass to Quinton where I took a shower in the freezing cold Sutherland Falls tumbling in three terrific leaps from the hanging valley above. I struggled on to the hut just before dark since I had taken a side trip to another pass (the Wilmur Saddle). With Chris the Hut Warden at the Mintaro Hut below the Mackinnon Pass. We climbed up terrifyingly steep tussock and vegetation to the top (~4500ft) and relaxed among the white gentians growing in profusion here away from trampers boots. The descent was horrendous but we were well satisfied as we parted company....We had had a taste of what it must have been like for the original explorers in this area - Mackinnon and Sutherland - hacking paths through the dense bush. A small launch met us on the last day and we cruised into Milford Sound with Mitre Peak towering straight up from the sea....I was tired and footsore but depression had been replaced by elation at the sheer beauty of this country....

Next day saw me in Queenstown....then on to Wanaka....by the lake sussing the possibility of climbing Mount Aspiring. The rain hammered on the tent for days!

ASPIRING TO ASPIRING

Wanaka was not what I expected. It seemed very unlikely that I would find a climbing partner here - the place was delightful....but deserted!I asked around. There was a professional guide here in the village called Geoff Wyatt -a renowned mountaineer. I called to talk to him and subsequently hired a guide Ewan Paterson for an attempt on the North Ridge of Mount Aspiring a classic and popular route up this splendid peak. The rain was still pouring and rivers rising but Geoff was very optimistic about the forecast. We could start tomorrow! The adrenalin had already started pumping as I made my way back to my tiny tent for another wet night.



I met Ewan in the morning, sorted gear and loaded myself with carbohydrate! In the afternoon we drove into the Mutukituk Valley past herds of Hereford cows, flocks of sheep and swollen streams. We were stopped by one torrent which had washed the road away....The mist was very low and rain still lashing down as we made our way up towards Shovel Flat and the private hut there. The valley seemed like an enormous witches cauldron - dark and sinister with terrific waterfalls everywhere - as we struggled with heavy packs, sometimes up to our hips in the rivers. Ewan kindly helped an old German tramper over one dangerous crossing - he seemed like Rumpelstiltskin! We managed to reach the hut

without being swept away.

The packs were even heavier the next day as we picked up the axes, climbing gear, more food and crampons. It took us many hours of careful flogging through the forest across the river and up some horrendously steep, slippery and exposed rock slabs before we reached the high pass called Beian Col and looked down on the Bonnar Glacier which we had to cross to get to the exposed Colin Todd Hut below the North West Ridge. Though it had been dry during the day, cloud obscured the view of Aspiring and other peaks around the glacier, but we could make out huge séracs of blue ice looming through the mist and a great many crevasses straddling our route. We made fast progress to the hut, roped together with hearts in mouths - afraid that a crevasse might suddenly swallow us up. It had taken us ten hours as we climbed the final snow slope and broken rock to the orange painted hut perched on the ridge with its tiny dunny (loo) in an even more exposed position! I was dead beat. Weird and ominous wavy clouds could be seen over the Tasman Sea in the distance. The sun went down giving a great flash of fire on the clouds over the peaks. The wind rose during the night and next day kept us in the hut as the rain lashed down and the hut shook with the Nor'Wester storm.



It was an inspired decision to stick it out for a day. On Sat. 14th the wind had dropped and stars were out as we made our way down to the glacier by head torches and through the crevasse field to the foot of the route. At dawn we were thrutching and scratching up the iced rock to the start of a steep ramp, which led to the ridge proper. The rocks, normally covered in snow had been exposed by the sun since it was very late in the season. Five tremendous ice pitches on front points at a steepening angle gave way to one last crevasse before the ridge. We had had to stop on the steepest section to repair my broken crampon! Very tricky, as we teetered above a long drop. Once on the ridge the summit looked so near and we basked in the sun. But it was another 2.5 hours moving together before we reached the final sharp arête of ice and looked down on the rocky peaks far below. I had saved a long loud whoop for the summit. It was 1.30 - eight hours from the hut. The view was stupendous - all the way to Mount Cook poking from the clouds on the horizon. We had to be careful not to stray too near the actual summit which overhung the South Face in a great cornice. After an hour we started down as the sun had already begun to melt the snow which balled-up in our crampons making the descent dangerous. We quickly reached the top of the ramp and down-climbed this rapidly. An abseil took us to a tricky climb past a crumbling wafer

of ice through to the glacier where my other crampon disintegrated! Ewan led on through the impressive ice formations and huge slots making a traverse directly to the hut as the mist swirled around and played light games with the westering sun. Two Alpine Club guys were at the hut, having arrived by helicopter in 20 minutes! They provided us with a great meal of T-bone steaks. It was 6.30 - the best mountain day of my life.

It was a long hard walk out to the car the next day.

Conclusion. After this trip Malcolm was finding it even more difficult to continue with his trip. He had become unsure about his lonely existence. There were no more letters. One evening Malcolm just turned up at a friend's house back in England.

ROCKFALL ON THE RATEAU GORDON GADSBY

The steel grey fingers of dawn moved slowly across the steep ice encrusted slopes and lows of the Glacier Girose. Earlier near the icefall's chaotic jumble, groups of French and Dutchmen fumble, ropes and slings and metal things, in haste to start the alpine snow before the sunrise early glow.

We follow close behind the ordered line, across crevasses dark this unrelenting army marched. Yet something plain looked wrong. A facile route a happy throng on everyone a helmet shone.

The Tete Replat majestic rose, as sunlight swept its curving crest. We shunned its splendid icy form and headed west, towards forbidding crags above the Rateau's breast.

The first rocks fell as thirty stood below the sharp cut shelf. Men, women, children jumped and swayed to dodge the cannonade. Then all was quiet and still as hold by hold and ledge by ledge, in file climbed on the crocodile.

Grunt, puff, blow, directions shouted from below. What jumbled motion this, as Le Écrin's crown appeared at last above the abyss lip. Soon multi-national ropes were gone, the British occupied the Breche as one.

Our vanguard silhouetted dark against the sun. "Good rock at last!" he cried. What pun! A thunderous rumble high above caught the words and fast, as rocks and boulders crashed into the ranks below. James was cut, Darren struck and Owen headed into touch. My team below dismayed, awefilled, my eldest son yelled "What's up Dad? Are you trying to get us killed?"

We gave the Rateau best that day; abseiled off with much to say. Bloody, bruised, shocked, bemused, tired, deprived, but best of all alive.



LOOKING WEST
FROM THE TOP
OF
BIDEAN NAN BIAN
GLEN COE
WITH DAWN
HOPKINSON

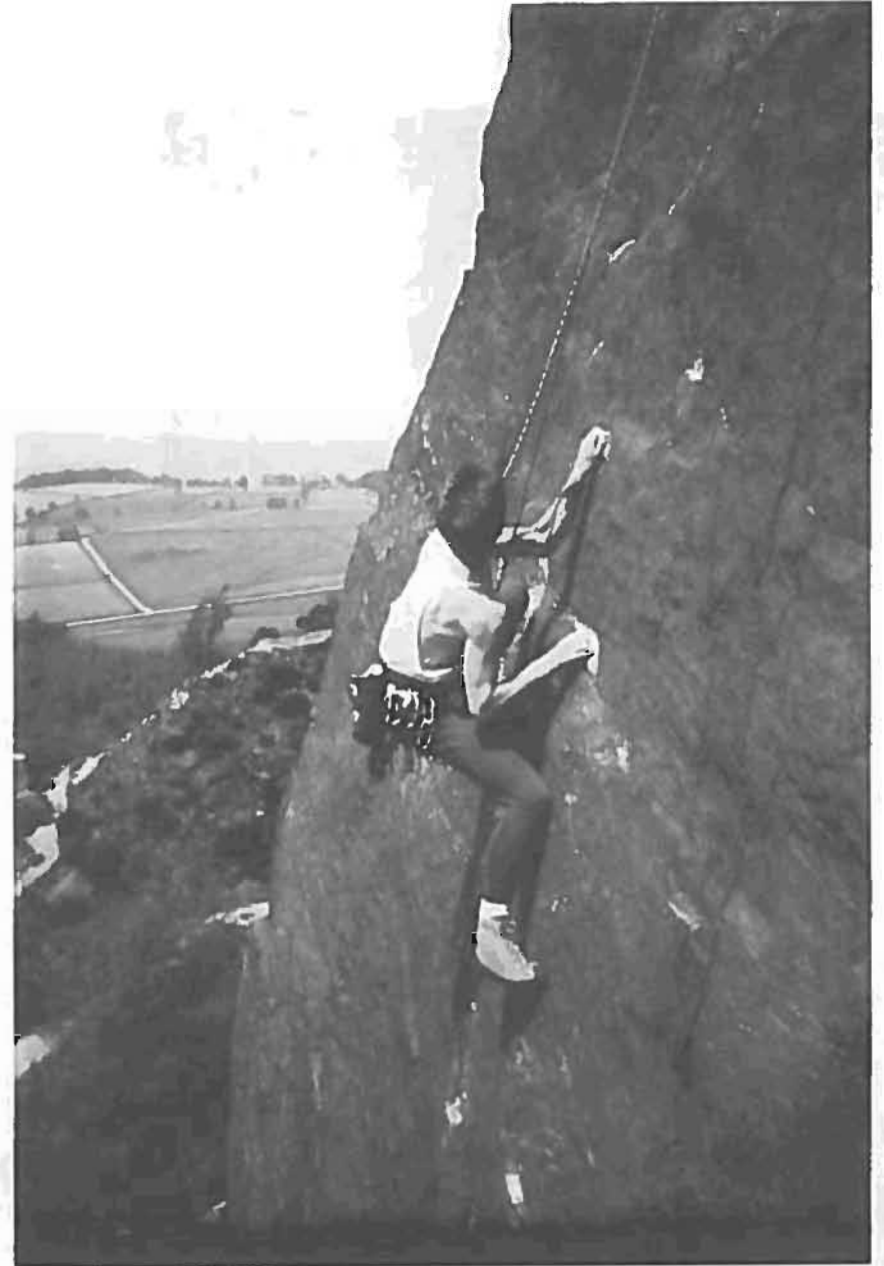


SUNRISE
ON THE NORTH
RIDGE OF
THE WEISSMEISS
WITH DAWN
HOPKINSON

Vince Smedley
On 'Knightsbridge'
E2 5C
Millstone Edge



Ian Spare
Seconding
'Knightsbridge'



A tribute to Antoine Gill and Gail Male

Once upon a time, many years ago, it came to pass that Antoine was born, or was he passed? Little did his Mother and Father know that this little child held in the midwife's arms would have such a dramatic effect on all who came close to him. From the doctor's first slap he groaned, ground his gums and passed wind. His mum was very proud, the doctor was asphyxiated.

At this early age Antoine had not developed the swashbuckling ways which were to make him a mega-star. That was to come later when he grew hair and learnt, as he so accurately describes it "to strut his stuff". He did, however, show some early characteristics by demanding Marston's Pedigree on his rusks and having a potty shaped like a pint pot. He even had a cuddly toy to take to bed. It was shaped like one of those Jacob's Flock sheep that you see on Derbyshire hillsides.

The first significant sign that Antoine was to become a creature (and I use the word purposely), of the hills was when he was playing Peek-a-Boo with himself, hiding in the dark under a large boulder. In the dark Antoine found it difficult to find himself so that he was there for a long time. He got bored, like small kids do, and went to sleep. This was Antoine's first bivvy. He loved it - Up to his in mud, lying there in the cold and damp. To this day we don't know how he survived. Nowadays it is different; he has dreams to keep him warm. At that age kids don't have those sort of dreams... do they? In Antoine's case we may never know.

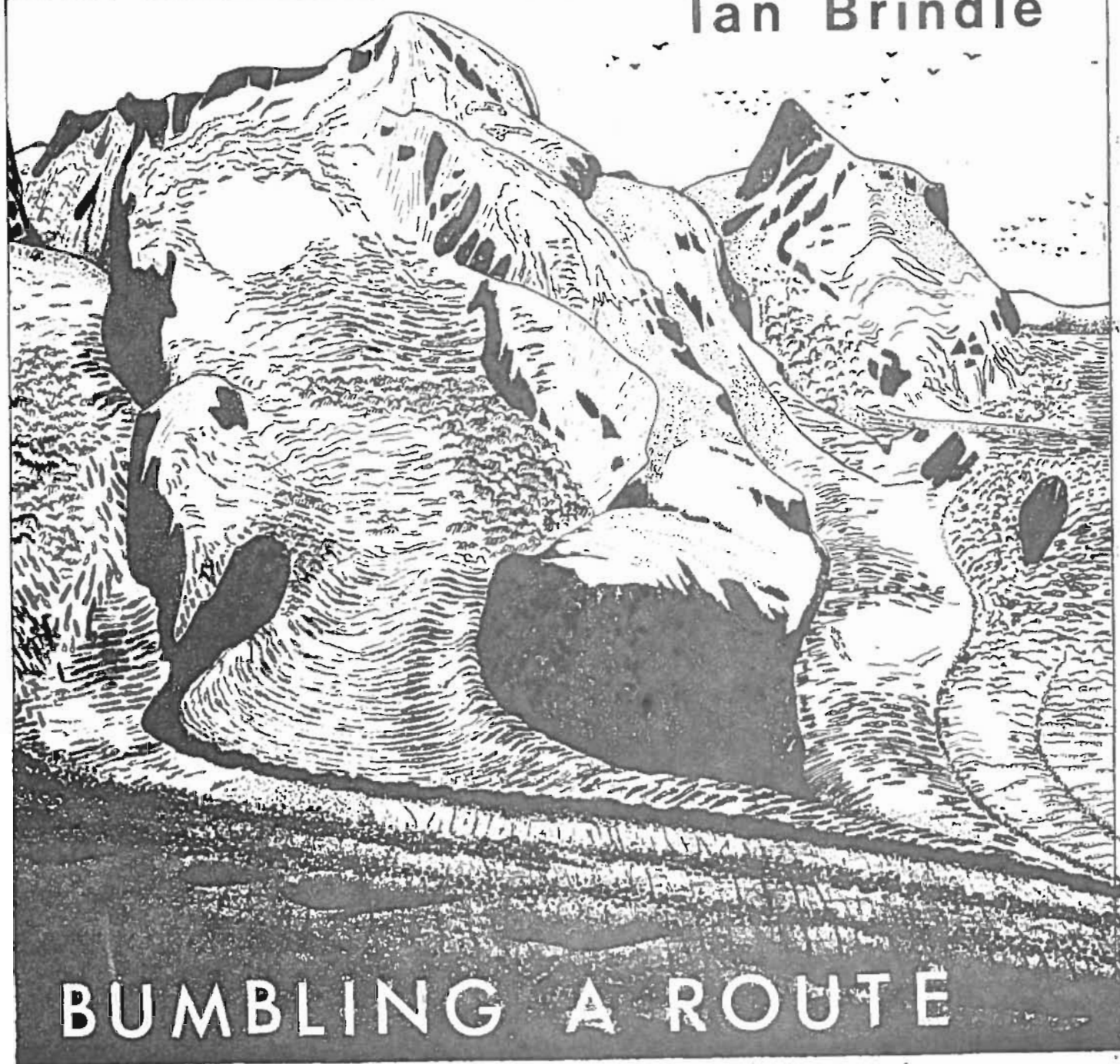
Antoine's memories of those early days are not stored in that place of knowledge and cunning that he calls his brain cell. That is reserved for much more important things. It is reserved for route-finding purposes to the multitude of pubs that he has frequented over the years. Name an area, he'll tell you the best pub in the district, what beer it sells and the last time he got paralytic in there, i.e. the last time he was in there. Truly this man is a most useful person to have around when the going gets rough. Someone to rely on. When the mist is down, the body is weary and the throat is very dry follow Antoine. He needs no compass. He has almost certainly thought of the danger before you. Stick with him and you will certainly never miss opening time. Like a compass points north Antoine locks onto the nearest pub.

Now what has all this to do with climbing you may ask? Well our swashbuckling hero has a very astute mind, considering it consists of only one living cell. He realises in his own mind that climbing and drinking are both sports in which you compete with yourself. I suppose from my own layman's position it can be summarised by saying that, to Antoine, thrutching up an "aesthetically pleasing" off-width crack is a similar sort of challenge to supping a firkin of beer in one session and holding it down. The amazing thing is he does both regularly and not necessarily in that order. Even more amazing is that he has been developing this "art-form", as he prefers it to be known, for nearly two decades now.

Many have tried to match the performances of this legend of a man and some may have come close in single sessions but like all true professionals - Ron Fawcett, Mohammed Ali, Mike "the bike" Hailwood - none could match his consistency of performance. He is a champion amongst all men.

* WE SALUTE YOU ANTOINE *

Ian Brindle



BUMBLING A ROUTE

The mega car park at Tasch was the starting point for a long and dusty uphill tramp to Rotboden. Our objective was the North Spur of the Breithorn; an entertaining route up to the shoulder of the dying leopard of the alps. Paul Baldwin and myself were taking a rather idiosyncratic walk up to the route based simply on a straight line across a map taking into account not at all the contours. From Rotboden we had to follow a footpath down to the Gorner Glacier. After casting about at the top of some crumbling moraine we re-examined the map and noted that the path was curtailed at the exact point of the lateral moraine. A significant deviation from the prescribed route was not a welcome prospect, and we weren't going to give up before we had started the route, so we hurried down the quaking slope onto the glacier.

A meandering tour ensued; up and down icy walls, skirting large turquoise ponds, springing across melt-water and circumnavigating deep chasms. At dusk we arrived at the snout of the Theodule Glacier, only 600 metres below and a kilometre distant from our intended bivouac site. The best laid plans of mice and

men can be thwarted by setting out three hours too late.

The weather was set fair and we had a splendid isolated spot on the Eoner Glacier for a night out. To make up for lost time we set off at some ghastly hour in the morning and had an invigorating start by front-pointing up the steepest section of the glacier snout to avoid the rubble.

The kilometre up the glacier went well and we arrived at our intended bivouac site two hours after the time we should have departed from the spot. We crashed on up the snowy arête and across the hanging glacier to the foot of a couloir: the only place on the route with any significant objective danger. A serac barrier threatens the route at this point. Another team of Brits had avoided the couloir by moving right onto some steep ice. We had observed them savouring the ice pitches for some time; as we climbed an arête and crossed two glacier terraces, so we opted for a thrash up the left side of the couloir and a traverse across broken ground on the spur.

We made reasonable progress up to a couple of hundred metres distance from the summit and here we ran into unconsolidated powder snow. At this precise moment a strong chill wind whipped up the powder; the damp rope froze in a instant, wet straps became hard bands and we were perishing cold. The last four pitches to the top were dispatched in double-quick time, and we didn't linger for long at the summit to admire the view.

Descent was straightforward, although ruinously expensive, on the Kleine Matterhorn cable car.

**"Here lies the body of poor Tom Best,
Who climbed this mountain in summer vest,
Who loved the lonely hill to roam,
But left his compass and map at home,!!
He lived a blameless life, t'is clear,
But he certainly was'nt a mountaineer!!!"**



Nearly a Hundred-Thousand Feet Rock Hudson

Like other Oreads I wondered where to go for the summer holidays, when I received an Alpine Club circular. It informed me that the meet for 1987 was to be held in the Andes. I was immediately drawn to the idea, forsaking the Laps and venturing to one of the greater mountain ranges. However, on reading further, the venue was to be amongst the volcanic peaks near Arequipa, which although high where noted in the literature as offering little sport. I turned again to the alpine guide books, but with more than ten years' uninterrupted seasons, together with the numbers of people, the gross over-exploitation of the alpine environment and of course, (but not least) in recent years the grim weather, my interest waned. The next circular solved my dilemma, for the meet was to be in the Cordillera Blanca. A range appealing for many reasons to mountaineers throughout the world. I rang up and booked a place. I was thus committed to a trip to the 'big' hills with its new facets of mountaineering and travel.

Why does the Cordillera Blanca particularly appeal to so many people? Its a combination of factors, some of which I will point out in the hope they may also lead you there.

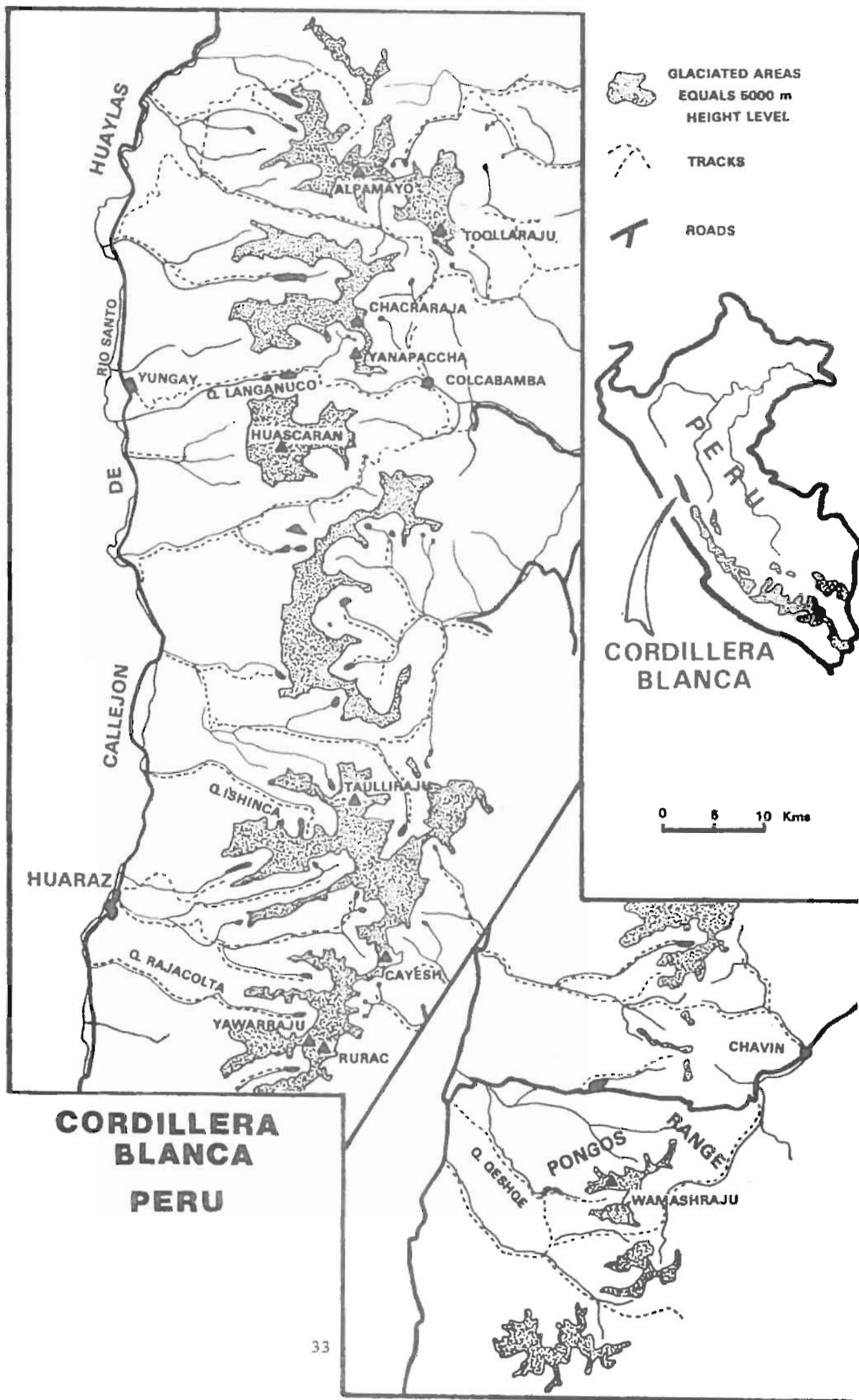
The range extends some 150km and is 25km wide and has 18 distinct summits over 6000m in height with many hundreds between 5-6000m. They are now traversed by dirt roads and paths lead into many valleys, which generally run in a E-W direction from either the Callejon de Huaylas or the Callejon de Conchucos. Huascaran Sur (6768m) is the fourth highest mountain outside of the 'Greater Himalayas' and produces a relief of 4000m, though the relief in many areas is around 1000m. The climbing takes place in the dry season which runs from June-Sept., when you can expect the weather to be stable, with only local and short-lived storms of a few days in 2-3 weeks. (But not in 1987!) Access is easy, both from Lima and then from Huaraz and you could be at base camp within 3/4 days of leaving England. Mountaineering and its organisation is extremely easy, for there are no rules or restrictions, even if much of the range now falls within a National Park.

A wide range of activities associated with a mountainous area are available - walking to serious trekking, easy snow peaks to extreme ice routes. Although most of the mountains above 5000m are heavily glaciated, in recent years long hard rock climbs have been accomplished.

Base camps can be established easily in 1/2 days from the main valley using a mixture of pick-ups/buses then donkeys (burros). An arriero (muleteer) is needed to drive and care for these and it is thought safer to keep a camp guard in some areas. You can organise an arriero-transport-food etc. yourself though without Spanish or Quechua it could lead to delays. Wasted time is frustrating; a flight is expensive for a short holiday, so the use of a 'travel agency' is worth thinking about, though more expensive. We used Pyramid Adventures, who were generally very helpful and carried out our instructions well. There were, however, problems on some occasions when one's donkeys failed to turn up, or were unattainable, and when an arriero lacked basic gear and once in the mountains demanded extra money before continuing to your proposed destination. You can't really blame them for trying to 'screw' the gringo. I found whisky a help, and fingering a sharp ice axe!

Huaraz is a large town, with hotels costing £0.5-2.0 per night, while a three course meal cost £0.5-1.0. Though edible the food was uninteresting. Most foods are available - bread, cheese, veg, jam, and tinned fish for example. Light weight hill food is best taken out from the UK. Climbing gear can be bought or hired, or at least the non-specialist type. The Swiss AC are developing an information service similar to those in the Alps. For those on rest days the region offers ancient monuments, native markets and music, festivals and coca.

The group consisted of eight people, ranging in age from 27 to 75 with a



wide range of experience and abilities. In general we gone on well, sub groups doing their own thing or all mixing together. Two of the party never acclimatised, while another was bitten by a dog and therefore had to seek medical attention (rabies is quite common). We used Viasa Airways and got 100% excess weight allowance. In very general teams the cost of the holiday worked out at - air fare £550, insurance £80, food/travel/accommodation £280 for six weeks.

Four Alpine Club members including myself arrived in Lima on July 17th after an uneventful flight by Spain, Caracas and Bogata. The taxi driver soon had us fixed up with a colectivo, which although more expensive than a bus, it did deposit us in Huaraz the same night. In contrast the second group rested in Lima, got robbed and had to suffer knife fights on the overnight bus. On arrival we were very surprised to be expected at the Hostal Landauro, which turned out to have all the features associated with a third world country's hotel. The water and electricity were off; there were no plugs in the sinks, while the shower was half tiled and switches hung from the walls. An unfinished aspect, but it was clean, while the beds soon induced a blissful sleep.

At dawn on the 19th we stood waiting for the pick-up, a pleasant rest considering the previous hectic day of trying to fix up the first trip, buying food and cooking utensils plus deciding on which valley would be suitable for acclimatisation and hopefully knocking off a mountain.

As we traveled up the rough track, I took in the bare slopes of the Cordillera Negra, the adobe-built hamlets, the marginal agricultural lands, staring kids and barking dogs, together with the stands of eucalyptids and grassy pampas.

We picked up Juan, the arriero (muleteer) at Pitec, who with typical native experience lashed the gear onto the donkeys. We set off along easy paths, crossed streams and traversed smooth rolling hillsides. Like eager school boys at a tuck shop we picked out the 'best routes' on the mountains as they appeared. Being very fit Rob was out in front, while Richard and I fell behind feeling sick. I expect this was from rushing up to altitude too quickly. The party headed up the Quebrada (narrow canyon/valley) Rajacolta lined with granite slabs to where it terminated against glacial moraines, beyond which reared up the western face of Huantsan (6395m) - an impressive mountain with its sérac barriers, ice falls and flutings.

A reconnoitre showed a suitable peak and the following day found us before dawn strung out across the mountainside, which indicated the pace was too fast for some. (It is important to remember that 5000m can be reached within 2/3 days from sea level if you 'push it', but this can give rise to acclimatisation problems and a real chance of getting pulmonary oedema). Only two of us scrambled up the rocks to reach the W-S-W ridge. A new experience was in store for the glacier was a complex series of ribbed pinnacles up to two metres high and called penitente. It was slow going and to save time we thought a direct attack on the rock buttress below the summit would be quicker than trying to outflank it on the glacier. The whine of the splintering rocks at no great distance from us caused a retreat. It was too late to return to the glacier route. Perhaps we were biting off more than we could chew was my thought as we wandered back to the campsite. No top! Later on the trip we had a better view of the mountain which showed it to be topographically more complex on the western side than we had suspected, so our ridge is still virgin. Ho yes!, the name of the mountain was probably Wamash-
raju Este, but it might be Point 5734m.

The sack was heavy even before reaching the moraine and my abdominal parts complained about the cold greasy potatoes eaten from unwashed pans while the tea water never came to the boil. At least I didn't have to eat the 'concrete' often called Readybrek.

The beautiful deep blue Laguna Tambillo, with glaciers cascading into its head was little recompense for the steep climb up to Laguna Awash. Two huge rucksacks with Germans tucked underneath passed with only a pause to say that they had failed on Huantsan's west face. We plodded up beneath darkening skies, for although we had started in hot sunshine it was snowing as we pitched camp at

about 4650m. Two of us had had enough of donkey's work for one day. The plod upwards continued the next day, but the combination of steep loose boulder-covered moraines which crumbled under foot, losing one's balance, and rapid movements to grab something only to find oneself slipping backwards was terrible.



Wish I was back in the Alps, I thought. Ho! for the struggle of getting a place in a cable car. There's no beer at the end of this walk. A chap can be a mountaineer in the Alps, not like here a bloody ass.

We camped amongst the polished rocks just below a broad ridge which abutted the nose of a glacier, while only fifty metres to our left was a chaotic jumble of seracs associated with Huantsan.

The following morning found the three of us scrambling up the rocky ridge, then through the penitente fields before we were able to gain height quickly on hard snow. We reached a rock buttress; the bottom 50m pitch was not easy and I found my heart beat racing in the rarefied atmosphere. Easy ground then led up to the summit snow dome. We traversed beneath the unstable corniced top and then decided to traverse Yawaraju (5675m). The descent was horrendous: such loose rock with no protection, and a rope chopped in half by falling boulders only just allowed us to reach the glacier by a free abseil. Rob was not pleased because the rope was on its first outing.

Richard was unwell, so we left him taking in the tropical sun while we headed across gently rolling snow fields and the prospect of a second summit, that of Rurek 5700m high. The view was impressive down to Q. Rurek and Laguna Tararwa, but what took my fancy was the South Ridge of Huantsan: narrow, highly corniced, complex serac and crevasse terrain and steep connecting ice fields. Had it been climbed? I was not sure.

The sack was still too heavy on the descent to base camp and I was therefore pleased to be rid of it and tuck into a meal of pasta and tinned tuna, plus soup. Tuna of course is cheap in Peru and good food value, but after eating the hundredth tin your taste buds long for something like a good fry-up. The pans now had a weeks accumulation of grease and burnt scum on them. Juan arrived back, but with no tent, so we had to endure a strong pong all night, but at least we got those billies bright!

Back in Huaraz we planned the second trip, while stuffing pancakes coated in honey down us. Our plans were thwarted due to a National Holiday and Limaian's had commandeered all the donkeys in the Pongos Range, though in any case it was thought that the arrieros would be drunk for several days. After much to-ing and fro-ing between Pyramid Adventure and more pancakes two of us picked out the Ishinca Valley.

The pick-up was piled high with gear and eight people, as it took us early on the 28th to the village of Collon. No donkeys (burros) were to be seen and

while Juan set off for the nearest hamlet to find some the group could be seen reading, talking, nibbling food, while I moaned and moaned about the loss of precious time. The sun climbed into the sky; the temperature increased and the areas of shadow decreased. Opposite us it took a group of fifteen locals to plaster the porch of a tiny building!

After lunch, with transport loaded, we set off up the valley with the surrounding hillsides dotted with cattle or sheep; the latter tended by shepherdesses no older than ten who hid their faces from us. With altitude the hillsides became rocky, while beyond their rims the nevados of Jangyraju came into view. We walked at a steady 3km/hr, the arrieros encouraging their animals by talking, kicking, hitting or throwing stones at them. The only stops allowed were for adjusting loads. We entered a narrow defile, then into woodland consisting of the papery-barked Quenval tree.



The campsite was in a beautiful situation amongst these trees and boulders, while above soared 1000ft plus cliffs. Route upon route - a rock climber's paradise. The upper Ishinca Valley opened out and base camp lay just below a huge moraine. Unfortunately this time there were other mountaineering groups from Peru, Italy, France, Spain and the United States. It was helpful to be able to pick up information about the adjacent mountains, but some picked up 'gut rot' no doubt due to contaminated water. At the head of the valley stood Toqllaraju and Pallkaraju both ice-clad peaks. Three of the party liked the look of the former and sorted out gear in the anticipation that it would take 2/3 days to knock it off. I looked apprehensively at my sack, for although it was no heavier than those belonging to the other two they stood about 6'4" and 6'6" tall!

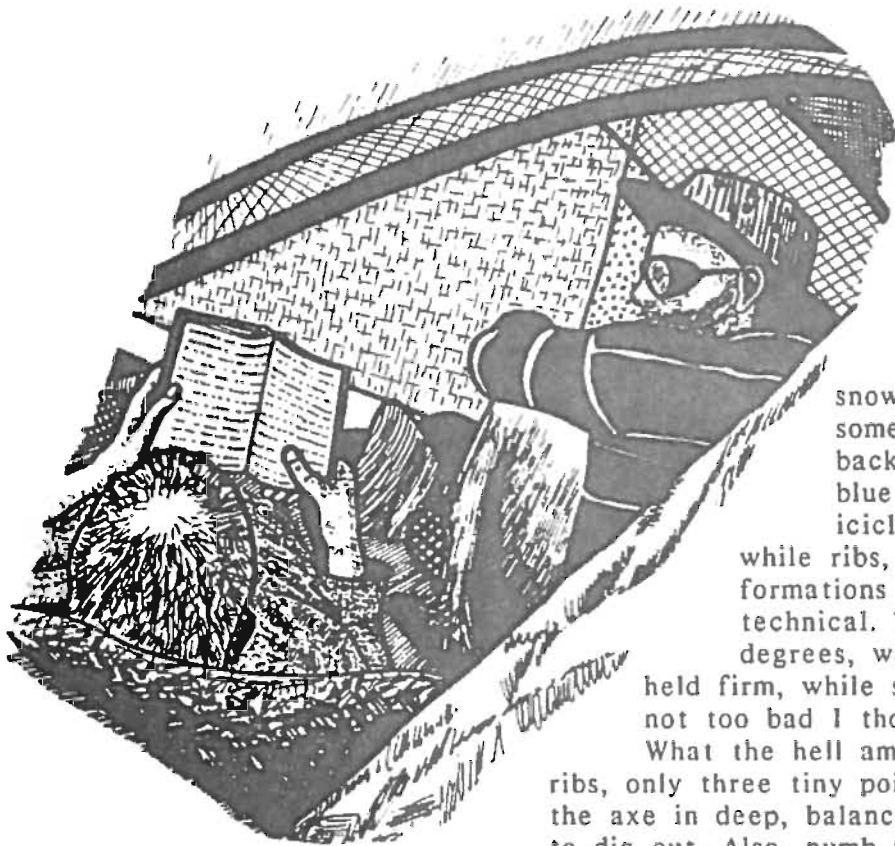
At 5.30 the next morning the 30th of July I forwent the portion of Readybrek, but got down half a cup of tea before setting off up the lateral moraine. Up the rocky hillside, then easily onto snow slopes of any easy angled glacier with few crevasses. A steady pace was set, which steadily gained us altitude. The sky darkened and we noticed the clouds had truncated the tops of the mountains. The first flurries of snow were felt. We passed a lonely tent. Each slope appeared to be steeper, each detour around a hole longer, and we could no

longer see what progress we were making being in thick cloud. Rests become more frequent and finally two of us stated that we were at the correct height to pitch the tent, not that we knew this fact, but we were too tired to continue.

A platform was chopped out at the very lip of a huge crevasse beyond which ice cliffs festooned with icicles could be vaguely seen. We were a little unhappy about our site because blocks of ice were present close by and the slopes above might prove to be avalanche-prone with heavy falls of snow. It was hot in the tent and we spent the time making drinks of soup, Lift or Horlicks between dozing and dreaming or listening to Richard being sick. He was coming to the conclusion he was not going to acclimatise.

Upon waking the next morning I felt awful and could not even face a drink and hoped that Rob would confirm my thoughts that the weather was grim and therefore let me snuggle back into my 'pit'. However he wanted to see if it would 'go'. With difficulty I found my gear and kitted up, then stepped outside being careful not to fall into that hole.

At the third 'run out' I found myself belayed to an ice peg, while above Rob could just be seen front pointing as the heavens gained their first flush of colour. Snow flakes settled on my goggles, guts complained, heart raced as I followed, only to slow down when the angle eased. We moved together trying in the mist and snow to pick out little marker flags. This removed the notion that we were on rarely-visited terrain, but considering the weather conditions these flags were a godsend. I set a pace which would allow me to keep going. I saw only



vague shapes, changing slopes and directions. We out-flanked walls of ice and yawning crevasses and twisted our way between seracs, only taking greater notice of the surrounding during the crossing of a snow bridge or when front pointing.

The weather had worsened, snow was falling fast and I worried somewhat about finding the way back. Also the 'walk' was over, for blue ice reared up above us and icicles indicated overhanging cliffs, while ribs, corners and 'mushroom' - like formations were indicative of something technical. The next two pitches were 50/55 degrees, with good ice and the crampons held firm, while swings of the ice axes bit deep - not too bad I thought. Not so the next pitch. What the hell am I doing bridged out these ice ribs, only three tiny points of contact. Too steep to get the axe in deep, balance all wrong and a 'bloody' peg to dig out. Also, numb fingers, lungs about to burst, a rope running out at 45 degrees, goggles misted up and I

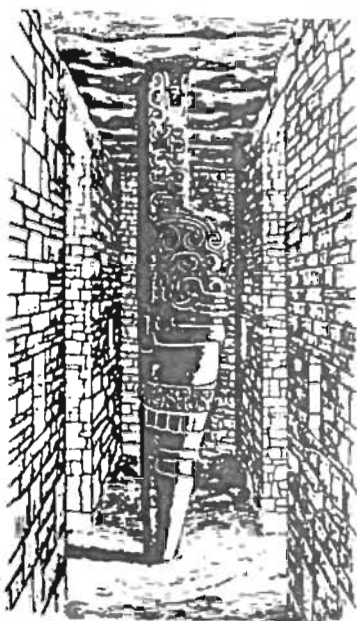
wondered if Rob had a good belay. I did not come off! Both agreed a good Scottish grade IV pitch. Easy slopes ran up to the summit and only greyness. Happy at my first 6000m peak? Not 'ruddy' likely, for I was already thinking of how to get off!!

The descent was a blurr, the weather deteriorated again. we could hardly judge up from down, crampons balled up every ten paces, the layer of new snow caused a real danger of avalanche. On finding a flag our chances of finding the tent increased. At the campsite we brewed up, then hastily stuffed gear into bulging sacks and set off. It was no place to linger, though I would have dearly liked a rest and quiet 'bog', for 'gut rot' had returned. I was happy again when the first snowy rocks appeared, then the murky features in the valley and tiny speaks of colour, for those were our tents. Back at camp, congratulations! 6000m plus was a tick, though Ashley offering a large tot of whisky really made the day.

The following morning found the tents covered in snow and the mountains shrouded in cloud. This prompted two of the group to head for town and the tourist spots of Cuzco. With new snow ascents were unlikely for a few days, so Juan was sent off to get hold of some transport. Whilst he was away several walks were undertaken. On one walk views were obtained of Ranrapallka (6126m), its north face vertical rock walls seamed with a web of icy cracks and couloirs.

Back in Huaraz the clouds hung over the Cordillera and we took the opportunity to visit some archaeological sites. For \$5 we took a trip to Chavin by way of Punta Cahuish (pass) at about 4500m. The dirt road was very spectacular, climbing continuously for 40km with never more than 100m of straight before more hair-pin bends climbing across thousands of feet of mountainside. Once over the Continental Divide, you are in a different world, the world which passes into Amazonia and the waters which flow to the Atlantic. In fact the headwaters of the Amazon rise only 50/70km away to the south in the Huaywash Range. Vast hillsides are covered in a patchwork of tiny fields, while hamlets cling to the narrow spurs running down to fast-flowing rivers. Tropical flowers provide points of vivid colour and people can only believe in manana to relieve them of the drudgery of their lives. The Pre-Inca ruins at Chavin were impressive with their massive stoneworks, plaza and underground vaults. We took lunch in the local restaurant, cuy was ordered, not much meat, but you can't expect much from a

guinea pig!



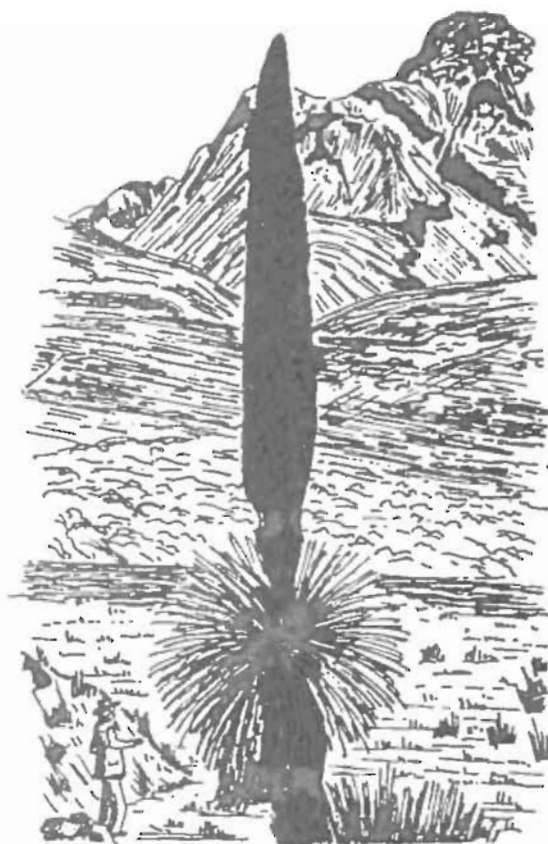
After more delays August 6th found eight (there were no seats on the flights to Cuzco, so the two returned to the hills) of us set out for the Pongos. At Kashapampa we waited yet again for the arriero to appear. This did, however, give us a chance to look at the *Puya raimondii* plant. The plant is only found in this region and one area in Bolivia in the whole world. It belongs to the pineapple family, but its height of up to 13m makes it very impressive.

Once started I was out in front, for I was feeling fit though I'm sure I could hear the pony's heavy breathing trying to keep up with me. We were making for Q. Qeshque by way of Laguna Aqoqocha. That evening tents were pitched by a lake with an unnamed peak descending into the valley in a series of huge boiler plate slabs, while the hanging glaciers of Pongos Sur were poised above the valley floor.

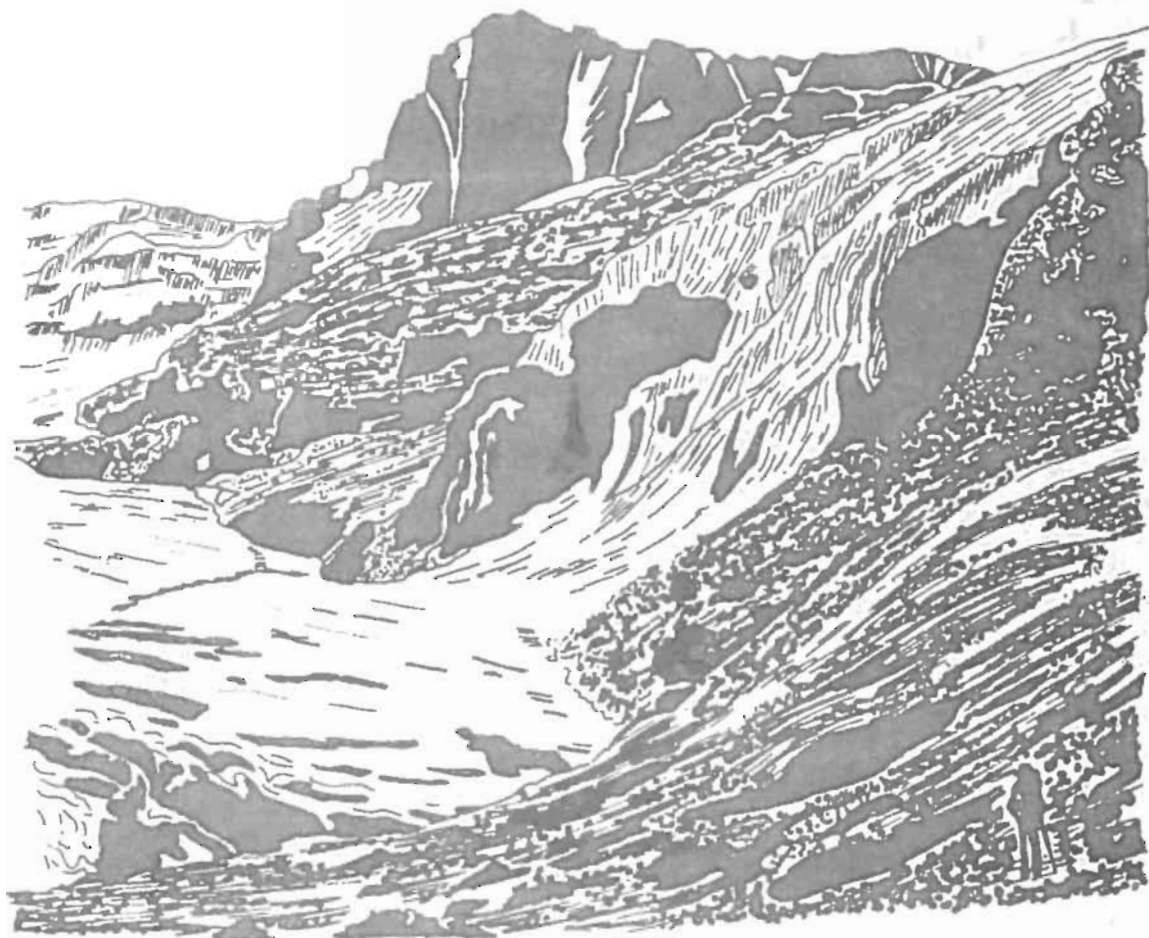
While in the Pongos we had good weather apart from a nearly continuous cold wind, which even at midday, coupled with a near vertical sun,

prevented us from feeling comfortable.

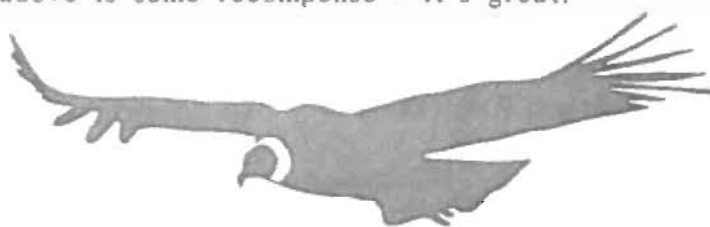
The ascent of Wamashraju (5303m) was with Belinda. The late start at least prevented us from wasting time trying to find the best way through the boulder fields and we could aim for a point where the glacier had a gently-angled snout. However on turning the last huge boulders we found that the snout was nearly vertical apart from a narrow zone which fell back at 45/50 degrees. The leader ran out a full 45m and then found it rather difficult to belay because of the brittle nature of the ice. Every time you swung the axe a sheet of platey ice fell away and crampons never felt really firm. Similar difficulties on the next pitch then a leftwards rising traverse brought us to easy angled snow slopes. We now had to contend with windslab over deep soft snow. This required no technical skill so I took the lead. A hundred paces then rest, fifty paces then rest, twenty five paces... Give up it's too late to reach the top I told myself. A change of slope produced better snow and quicker progress so I continued. We topped a rise and saw the top - well, several tops of similar height. Although the summit looked a long way off we soon gained a narrow ridge and in front of us a new panorama opened up. Two pitches needed care because of the carnicies before we stepped onto the summit rocks. It was not the highest point, for along the ridge another cut the horizon - say 40m above us.



A period of some frustration now set in for me as the party was weakened by members having to return home and others not being well, while one person had been hit by a boulder. Several days of late starts and some lack of commitment prevented us from reaching any summits, though I did reach three cols above 5000m in height. With more time at our disposal these trips would have shown us how to reach other summits. They did show that Pongos Norte was probably far beyond our capabilities from Q. Qeshqe. Yet again the frustration of 'wasting' time: for instance, trying to reach a lateral glacier by what looked like an easy rock barrier, though once on it we had to retreat for it was ice polished and not a scrap of protection. Later we found a short and simple ice ramp onto the glacier then easy ground appeared to lead to our objective Pongos II. We had now enough idea of the terrain to get in probably 3/4 ascents in this valley, but it was time to leave. We decamped on August 14th after a really cold night and with such a cutting wind that one member even got frost nipped fingers.



Huaraz again! The smells of the native market, the colour of the native produce, the shimmer of distant snowy peaks and the nearer brown foothills. The sitting in cafes ordering a third pancake, the frustration of spending two hours over lunch, which in any case only amounted to an omlette and rice. A whole morning wasted standing in a queue at the bank. And finally for that day, the evening meal: either beef (but really veal and that bad to terrible), fish (usually not enough), chicken (a drumstick, but a kiddies at that), papas (pale and soggy), soup (at least hot) and chivasa (only 0.1% proof). Listening to the native music while eating the above is some recompense - it's great.



Belinda , Luthero a (porter/guide) and myself were dropped in the Langanuco Valley. We were here after considerable thought. There had been three possibilities: to climb Huascaran, go trekking or come to this valley. Huascaran was a gamble, for Belinda had not been high during the holiday and we had been told that people were experiencing high winds on the mountain. Although trekking would give me a chance to see more country. I wanted to get in two more summits. The Langanuco had two suitable, Yanapuchara and Chopikalki. The Langanuco had been very impressive on the way up, with its long sweeps of bald granite walls, while beyond these stood the North Face of Huascaran, the upper part of the face between 19000-22000ft being a daunting proposition with rock pitches graded at 6a.



The path to Yanapuchara led by a swift stream, through open woodland before climbing steeply to reach a delightful lake in which was mirrored the south wall of Chakraraju. Lionel Terray climbed this mountain in 1956 and he described it as "the hardest ice climbing of his career." The sacks were too heavy yet again and I was not pleased carrying all the camping gear only to find a crude hut in which to stay. The weather was not pleasing either, for by evening thick clouds were boiling over the ridges from the Amazonas, the first for five or six days. The ascent of Yanapachara was over for the ridge dropped away on all sides, but for how far we could not say. What should have been a panorama stretching from Allpamayo to Huascaran and on to Nevada Contrahierbas was lost in the mist and snow flurries. Therefore we quickly headed back along the snowy ridge, then down a broad rocky shoulder and onto the undulating glacier. Once out of the clouds we could see another top further along the ridge in the opposite direction to the one we had chosen on reaching the ridge. We concluded that this was the NW summit

and therefore ours was Point 5290m, some 90m lower. (at least from the crude maps available).

Back at the hut we brewed up and headed down to the valley and the anticipation of finishing the holiday on a high note, for earlier in the day we had had a brief glimpse of the East Ridge of Chopikalki and it looked most impressive. I asked myself " Why was my sack heavier on the way down than on the way up?", as I plodded slowly towards the valley.



We had hit bad weather again - not fair. Snow was lying on the hills just above camp, when we looked out the following morning and mist hung over the mountains. We waited to see if conditions improved before moving camp. We spent the time talking to fellow travellers both British and American. Both had been in South America between 4-6 months and the hours soon passed listening to their tales and experiences and all at a very moderate cost to

them of \$2-3 a day. Ho! to be young, free and neglectful of social conventions.

The weather deteriorated and Luthero wished to go home. It was not practical to wait for better weather, so we took a lift on a lorry to Colcobamba. By luck we reached this hamlet as the trekking team were pitching camp. The group spent the afternoon sitting on logs amongst pigs and chickens and dirty kids outside a filthy mud shack with lots of local beer. What a great atmosphere is to be had with locals when they are still untainted by modern tourism.



From Colcobamba situated deep in the folds of the Andean foothills excellent walking is possible. Three of us took good paths to the village of Yanama where again the people were most friendly and the children most polite. A longer walk up the Quebrada Waripampa would have brought us under the notorious ice clad peak of Taulliraju. However, the clouds never lifted and we decided to get a lift back to Huaraz.

This time we had to sit on the top of a lorry. What a trip! Hour after hour on a rough dirt road, grinding up thousands of feet of mountain side. Hairpin after hairpin bend, spinning horizons, wheels skidding on slushy snow, wheels crumbling the edge of the road away and no protection. Witness the number of crosses along the road side! Forty or fifty paralleling sections stacked directly above each other, rock walls only inches from the lorry's side. A glance down onto the top of 'Dinky

Toy' sized vehicles and you feel yourself sliding to the edge of the lorry's top! You don't worry, for snowy peaks and sheer precipices show through the billowing storm clouds.

Walking through 'Old' Yungay, which consists of only the cemetery mound and four palm trees I thought of that day on May 31st 1970, when over 20000 people were killed in minutes due to a huge mud and rock avalanche descending from Huascaran. I looked up to see the scarred mountainside and then the summit, for it was now clear. Perhaps I should have had a crack at Huascaran, for the holiday was over and I had reached a tally of only 92,550ft - back home I had aimed for 100,000ft.

AN OBITUARY RONNI (VERONICA) PHILLIPS JOHN FISHER

There were numerous facets to Ronni's life but it seems appropriate to select four in order to give a view both of her life and times. Known to many in the Oread was her reputation as : climber and skier. Ronni was a constant and close companion of the able climbers of the immediate post war period and these included Peter Harding, Tony Moulam and naturally enough, Ernie himself. As bold and determined as the men, though diminutive, she accompanied them upon the new, unprotected hard climbs of the period, mainly on gritstone, especially Black Rocks and Cratcliffe and further afield in North Wales. To quote two examples; Ronni seconded Peter Harding on the first ascent of Suicide Wall on Cratcliffe Tor (see Iyne's "High Peak" for her own account) and ascended Narrow Slab on Clogwyn C'ur Arddu in nailed boots. Climbs of this type were undoubtedly in the vanguard of the sport at that time. In those days of great personal freedoms but material restrictions the always practical Ronni repaired worn-out plimsolls and generated anoraks from cut-down raincoats for her companions. Few will argue with the view that she was almost certainly the best woman rock climber of her generation, albeit generally unrecognised and certainly never promoted by Ronni herself. Self-regard was never part of her nature and that aspect of her character fitted with the tenor of the time. Climbing continued but skiing had already taken root as a major interest as early as 1947. Ski touring (Oetztal, Stubai and Silvretta) in the early days was replaced in the later years by a preponderance of piste skiing in all the major European centres. A stylish and highly competent operator on skis, she coped with difficulties without obvious effort. Calmness and foresight both on rock and ski were Ronni Phillips' hallmarks which created confidence in any accompanying novice. Naturally enough she brought these characteristics to bear in another sphere, that of caving, mainly in the districts of Mendip and South Wales. Losing the way in a cave was never a prospect; at turning points a knob of clay, bit of stick or other recognisable remnant previously placed by Ronni pointed out the correct direction for the exit.

To her years of work she gave the conscientiousness, assiduity and attention to detail she devoted to anything she did. Such were her efforts that on retirement more than one person was required to cope with her duties - a true public servant. Perhaps most important is the simple observation that she was the

loving wife and partner of Ernie for forty years. They were in many respects a truly complementary couple, taking their parts of mutual life in a defined way. Her attention and service to Ernie was remarkable and one remembers in hut and home, the outstretched hand of E. at suppertime having placed in it the cup of cocoa and plate of food, albeit with his eyes closed. Observers will remember that with pleasure, indeed amusement and a recognition of wifely personal service. Last of the four is a comment on her outlook towards us, her friends and companions in a variety of circumstances. Never known to lose her temper, never to be other than benign whatever the provocation, were characteristics of her temperament. Always self-effacing, Ronni was an example to anyone valuing competence, honesty and bravery. The Oread M.C., which she joined in 1953, is fortunate to have had Ronni as a member.



In 1875 a certain Capt. Lawson was reputed to have discovered and partly climbed a mountain in New Guinea, Mt. Hercules, 32,783ft. From a base camp at 2000ft he claimed to have reached a height of 25,000ft, ascending 12,000ft in the first five hours and 11,200ft in the next four, his only assistant a native dwarf. "The Alpine Club remained unimpressed."



MEET



REPORTS



1086

Little Langdale

4-5th Jan

This meet was again organised by Gordon Wright who provided wintery conditions, with snow lying around the Fylde Hut. There was a welcome surprise upon entering the hut, for it had been decorated, though the heating arrangements were still pretty ineffectual.

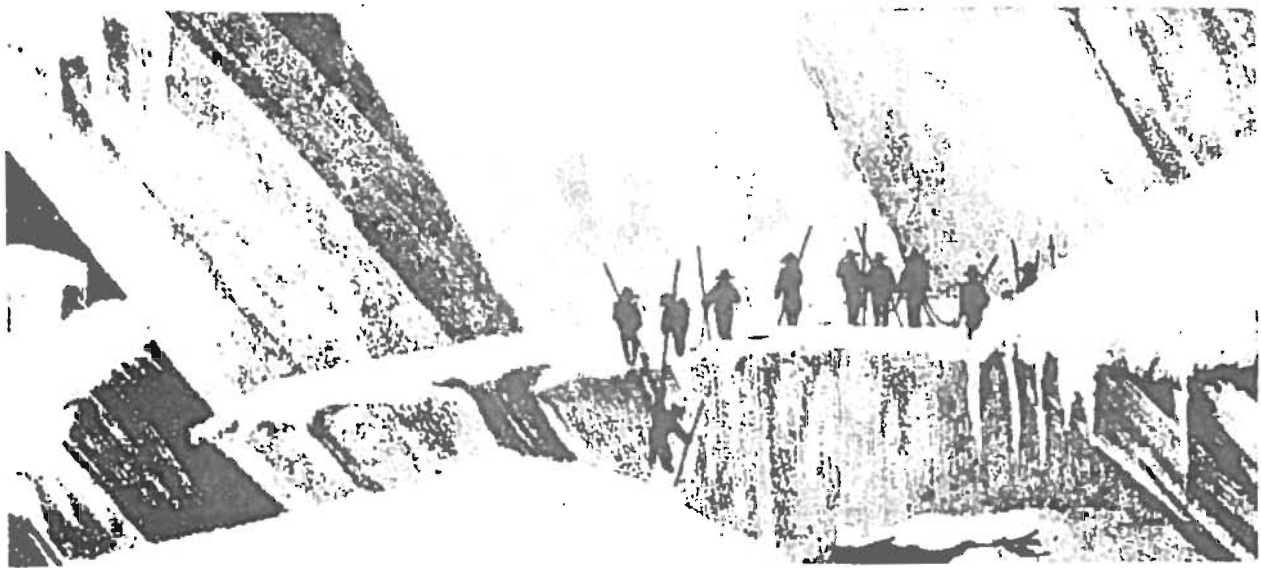
On Saturday some parties set off very early with the clear intent of getting in some winter routes. However, conditions proved rather poor and little was achieved by their keenness. The bulk of those present walked over to Hard Knott Pass in dull and cold weather. Although the pass was blocked the winds had removed much of the snow from the surrounding hills. The party continued over Crinkle Crags before deteriorating weather and those with a thirst cajoled the rest into heading for the Old Dungeon Ghyll. A steady pace was set until someone (? Keith Gregson) got the first whiff of ale, then it was a two mile dash. After several rounds the final members of the party arrived. Colin Barnard stated "he was late because he had been appreciating the conditions of the Lakeland Fells in Winter", in other words he had been lost! On leaving we headed into driving snow and little visibility. For the sake of safety we followed the road back, thereby removing the possibility of having to form a search party to locate any stragglers.

It snowed much of the night, so the first job on Sunday was to get the cars up the lane and onto the main road. The cars regrouped at Skelwith Bridge, where some of the party took to bird watching and the feathered variety at that! Most of the group walked to the Drunken Duck by way of snowy paths and lanes, often through woods blanketed in snow. The weather was again poor and any on-looker would have seen an extended caterpillar of Oreads with heads down and muffled voices grumbling that the leader was not taking the shortest route to the pub. This appeared to have been a correct assumption for we arrived at about 12.05, which indicates on a rough calculation that the leader took us out of our way by 378m! It was warm and cosy in the pub and the conditions outside were soon forgotten as some tucked into their own prepared lunch. This got them turned out into the winter weather again!

Not a very dynamic weekend, but Gordon has no control over the weather. However, he's trying to get his act together in the future, or so he says.

EDITOR





Tan-y-Wyddfa

25~26th Jan

Richard & Dawn Hopkinson

January again found Dawn and I leading a meet to Tan-y-Wyddfa. Although there had been no build up of ice this year, Saturday found the tops snow capped and the skies clear.

The hut emptied early. One party of Rob and the two Ians heading for Craig-yr-Ysfa where they spent an enjoyable day sampling parts of various routes. A second party of Westy, Scotty, Helen and Dave went to Lliwedd to put Westy's summer reconnaissance of the West Peak by Bilberry Terrace (see Scrambles in Snowdonia) to the winter test. It certainly seemed to provide a good test with a moonlight descent, talk of Friends for aid and Scotty self-actualising at every opportunity.

Dawn and I eventually joined up with the two Robins on the top of Snowdon, after an ascent of the Y Gribin Ridge, to walk back to the Pen-y-Pass via Crib Goch. Finally Dave and Colin went for a walk on the ridge Moel Eilio - Foel Goch.

The weather had stayed fine all day and everybody sampled some superb views, even if some were by moonlight.

Roger arrived on Saturday evening and brought with him a change of weather. We also had a visit from "Merle" Wallis, who will be remembered by some of the "older" members. She also joined us on the Sunday. Sunday dawned misty windy and drizzly, a real anticlimax after Saturday.

The two Robins eventually left for some caving in the slate mines of Blaenau Ffestiniog, whilst Rob and the two Ians optimistically set off for Tremadoc. After much deliberation by the leftovers Dave (Penlington) offered to guide the rest of the party up a peak within walking distance of the hut which no one had previously ascended. It was with some trepidation that we set out to climb Moel Smytho, however the ascent went without incident (absolutely no incident at all!). After this the party split with some going straight back to the hut whilst others walked back over Myndd Mawr in ever deteriorating weather. Not a particularly inspiring finish to what had been basically a good weekend.

Those present:- Robin Sedgwick, Robin Tressider, Colin Barnard, Brian West, Pete Scott, Dave Owen, Helen Griffiths, Rob Ward, Ian Spare, Ian ?, Dave and Roger Penlington, Dawn and me.

Easter — Ben Nevis

John Linney

As usual the weather looked evil; no heroics here, instead the welcome warmth of the Bridge of Orchy Hotel. A good place from which you can observe the foul weather and allow Colin to relieve himself at leisure. Several pints later we agree it's not getting any better so 'lets regroup at the Kings House for tea and sticky buns' an Ashcroft suggestion, indicating a status for higher-than-ordinary Oreads. Nevertheless we can mix with the best of them so we all agreed. Unfortunately for Rock he had to sort out a Glaswegian who, on pulling in for petrol, had driven his car into the back of Rock's Escort. Outnumbered and belying his national trait he coughed up £20.

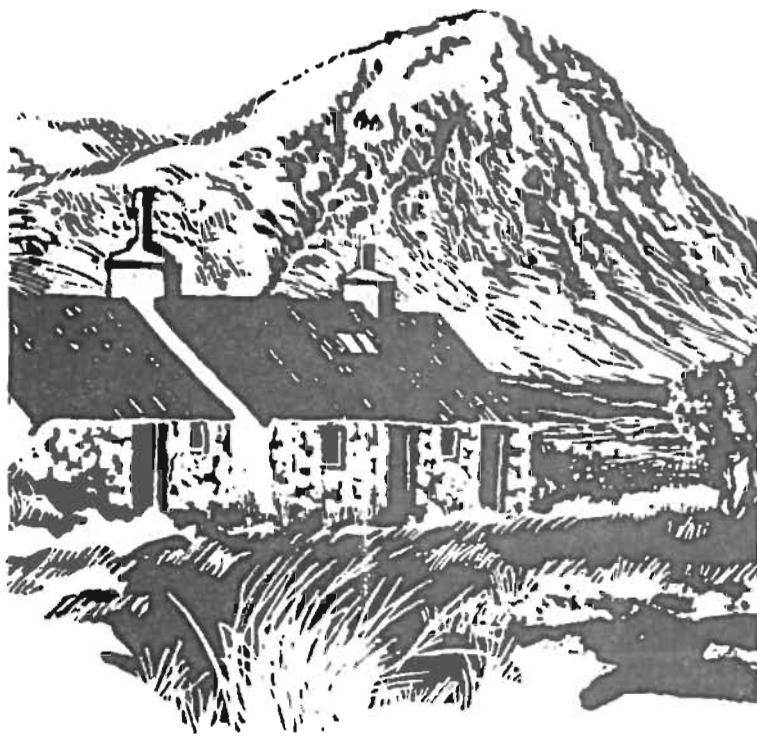
That evening having sorted out our accommodation and drawn up a rota for the use of the one potato peeler between the two cottages we repaired to the Onich Hotel to plan the morrow. Two schools of thought developed: the good and the bad weather parties, the latter in my opinion an excuse for a lie-in.

Colin, Roger, Helen and myself made plans to climb Great Gully on Garbh Bheinn. Unfortunately we hadn't reckoned on the Sunday timetable for the Corran Ferry, so a quick change of plan was called for. I had, for a number of years, fancied a cluster of peaks situated south of Loch Shiel near Glenfinnan. Now was my chance; proposed and accepted we headed for Glenfinnan via Fort William.

Most of the year's activities in the mountains are spent in familiar surroundings but our annual visits to Scotland have usually been to areas not visited regularly and new ground is explored. It is this coupled with the sheer majesty of the mountains which produces an uncertain feeling but nevertheless the thrill of setting off into the unknown. Once geared up we set off for our first peak, Meall a'Bhainne. The sky was gradually breaking up and only a hint of blue sky could be seen as we gained height slowly. The view from the top was spectacular, looking straight down Loch Shiel. The wind was very cutting so I retraced my steps to find a little shelter for a rest. Colin came surging past, followed shortly by Roger and Helen, who much to my surprise asked if I had seen Colin. Turning in the direction of the summit, some 30 feet away I saw that the whole top had disappeared in a white-out. It soon cleared sufficiently for us to see Colin and we discussed the merits of continuing. Within a few minutes the sun had reappeared and our question was answered so we picked up our sacks and set off for our second peak Sgorr Nan Cearc. Dinner was taken on the top of Sgorr Croabh a'Chaorainn followed by a long flog (due in part to the now soft snow and our tiredness) to the top of Sgurr Ghuibhsachain which again gave us superb views to Loch Shiel. We had planned to descend the NE ridge to Guesachan; however tricky snow conditions on steep ground forced us to descend into Coire Ghiubhsachain with the allt roaring uncomfortably near beneath the snow. Once on the shore of Loch Shiel a good road rapidly took us to our starting place. As is fitting on such occasions this fine day was celebrated in style with a pint or two in the Alexander Hotel on our return to Onich.

That evening we heard tales of bogs, mud and steep hillsides, from the other team consisting of Jack and Janet Ashcroft, Rock, Keith and Helen. They had walked through the woods to Amhainn Righ and then up Glen Rìghe on a good path. A very pleasant broad valley. We reached Lochan Lunn da Bhra before setting off up Doire Ban. Snow flurries added to the thick cover already lying on the tops. It was rough going along the ridge to Tom Meadhair, from which we dropped down to the main road at Ballachulish.

Monday had the promise of good weather. We left our car at Keil 1.5 miles south of Duror Inn and headed for Coire Dubh Frochaidh. The first two miles were rather rough going, but once past Meall Ban and through the forest we climbed a fine ridge which twisted and turned all the way up to the summit. The view was magnificent across Loch Linnhe to the peaks of Ardgour, which stood out, snow capped in a blue sky. Inland the view was dominated by the Beinn a'Bheithir mas-



sif, fine pointed summits along a ridge. Through binoculars figures could be made out on the highest summit, Sgurr Dearg and we wondered if these could be fellow Oreads who had made this traverse the object of the day. After sandwiches we descended from the summit and continued along the ridge. Our problem now was "where do we leave the ridge and descend through the trees of Glenduror Forest." Having by now topped the last rise on the ridge and conscious of the fact that the further along this we walked the further we had to walk back, we turned and plunged down. Like apes we swung from tree to tree, sometimes on all fours and bent double. Eventually we reached the bottom and landed on a good forest road, which took us back to the Duror Inn

and a pint or two.

Beinn a'Bheithir is not often plastered in snow for it lies too near the coast. For this reason Rock, Helen and Keith set off in anticipation of traversing in winter garb. A short cut through the forest was not the best way to reach the Beinn Bhan Ridge of Sgurr Dhearg, but once above the treeline speed increased and we were provided with a different view of mountain and sea loch. The ridge was excellent with continued interest all the way to the summit on gleaming virgin snow. White scimitar-shaped ridges led us on towards the top of Sgurr Dhonuilly with not a rock to be seen. A couple were getting in another Munro before having to drive the same day back to SE England. We completed the ridge reaching point 2470ft much to the chagrin of Keith who wanted to get in an early drink. Although steep the descent to Gleann Chaolais went easily, so don't be put off if you pass this way.

Although not on the meet, the Hopkinsons were staying only a short distance away. On this day the Hopkinsons had had a great day on Point Five Gully.

The Aonach Eagach is the name given to the notched ridge surmounting the north wall of Glencoe and stretches for over five miles from the Devil's Staircase to the Pap of Glencoe. To mountaineers it is famous for its ghostly pinnacles all of which have to be climbed in the traverse of the ridge. It is the narrowest and most sensational on the mainland. (so says Poucher in his "Scottish Peaks"). Having left my car at the Clachaig Hotel we parked the rest at the recommended place. Several hundred feet up, I had been running a check list of gear through my mind when I suddenly realised I had left my car key in Rock's car, an auspicious start? Eventually the steep path began to relent and at one point actually goes downhill to enter into a narrow gorge. No virgin snows here as in the previous two days, but a long line of steps leading 1000ft to the ridge and the summit of Am Bodach. The start of the ridge is heralded with a steep descent over mixed ground. Crampons fitted, we descended led by Keith. Colin wanted to return. I'm sure, like me he kept thinking of the notice near the car park and warnings in the guide book, which makes it very clear that once committed, no attempt should be made to descend the ridge until the last peak has been passed. Keith's voice from below brought me back to reality. Colin and Helen roped down, then I descended part way so as to safeguard Rock who climbed through to reach the others. I followed down a steep gully onto a ledge and then traversed across to join Rock and Keith. We regrouped into ropes of three and two. Keith, some-

what complaining, surprised me when he charged off with me in tow stating "that we had just spent three-quarters of an hour in descending 150ft!" By how the mist had closed right in with visibility down to about 50ft. We descended some little slabs and then onto a much narrower section with very narrow gaps and little gullies together with several pinnacles, all rather fine and in places delicate. For what seemed an eternity we pressed on until the ridge started to rise and we knew we were on the central peak, Meall Dearg. The descent meanders through rocks on its south side. About half-way along we came to the Crazy Pinnacles, three of which stand at the top of gullies falling down both sides of the mountain. We pressed on with no escape until eventually reaching the last two pinnacles which form the narrowest and most sensational of them all. Exercising care and balance we negotiated safely until we encountered the Stone Shoot at the next col which descends on the left just below Stob Coire Leith. The ridge widened but sections were still covered in deep snow even though patches of grass started to appear on the way to Sgor Nan Fiannaidh. In the swirling mist we had unfortunately wandered off the ridge too soon. Keith had by now untethered himself and disappeared. Having lost about 400ft in altitude we realised our mistake and spent the next half hour regaining the lost height back to the summit and from there found ourselves nearly avalanched into a gully. We followed this and it brought us out of the mist to a spectacular view looking straight down Loch Leven and Loch Linnhe. The time was 3.30 so we decided to have lunch! We dried out in the Clachaig but could not resist a beer.

What a day!

On Wednesday we went shopping and looking for a decent fish and chip shop. We did not find one, much to our disgust.

Helen and the Ashcrofts had gone home, which left Keith and Rock heading for the Buachaille and Curving Ridge, while the rest of the group spent the day on Cairn Mor Dearg Arete. The weather continued to be fine and both teams were pleased with their outings. Curving ridge was soloed in 1.5 hours. There was a lot of snow on it and they commented that for grade II it gave some pleasant situation. If you want to save time, take the 'bum' glissade down Coire na Tullaich to reach the main road.

Friday again saw two separate teams out on the hill.

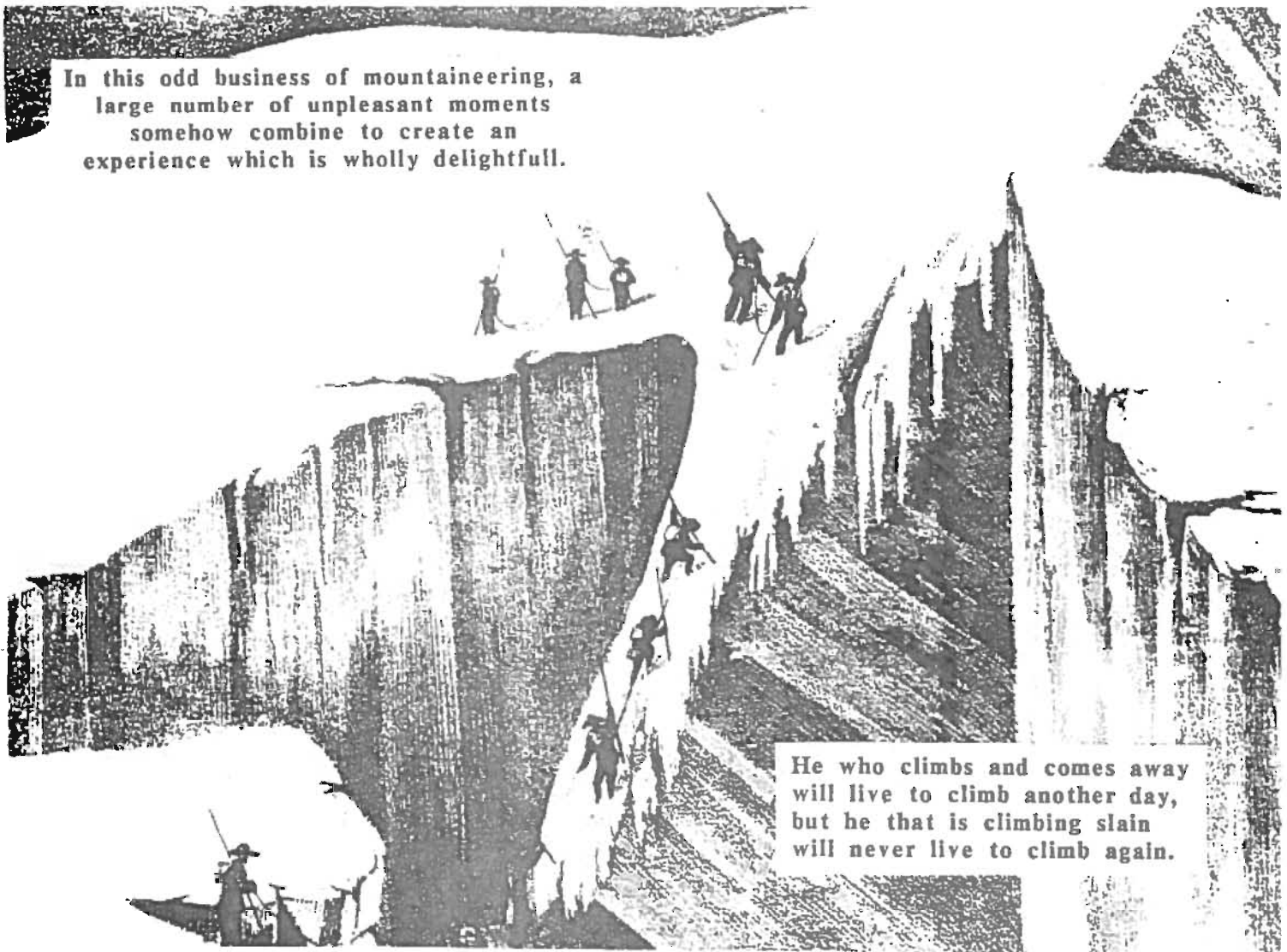
Colin, Roger, Andy and myself spent a day on the Mamores and made a rapid ascent of Binnein Mor from Kinlochleven. The summit ridge was well endowed with snow, though well trodden by a large party in front.



At 6.45 Keith and Rock left for Fort William and by way of the Allt a'Mhuillinn reached the CIC Hut. Two hours found them at the foot of the Douglas Boulder. The ridge was seen to have a thick coat of new snow on it. The pitch above the Douglas Gap was tricky and it made you think. Both had been on the route before, but this time they hoped not to be forced into a retreat from high on the face in storm conditions. Rock remembered the easier ground above the first pitch and the awkward rightwards traverse to below the Little Tower. Here they were held up by a party in front who were making heavy weather of it, and were probably at the limit of their technical skill. They waited, a little apprehensive in case the pitches were difficult, but found them relatively easy though it was not practical to get good protection. Soon they reached the Great Tower, which was coated in encrustations of wind-driven frost rime. The Western Traverse was led by Rock, who found it easier than it looked. He met up with the other team again and had to spend such a long time that a very annoyed Keith was heard to shout "What the bloody hell are you doing? I'm about frozen down here, so bring me up now". Keith found the gully above formed by fallen blocks quite difficult, so removed his gloves. Rock saw the rope nudge one of them and it slowly gathered speed and dropped out of sight. Being involved with the climbing they had not noticed the weather closing in. Thick clouds were spilling over the plateau and a chilly wind gave a little impetus. Tower Gap was particularly narrow but caused no hesitation as Rock danced across, though Keith believed it was the fear of again getting caught by another storm. A few tricky pitches followed before the ridge broadened out and merged with the face below the plateau edge. Features were, however, very vague now with driving snow and spin-drift. The plateau was pure whiteness, nothing, so attention was given to setting the correct compass bearing and the hope that the next point of reference would be the Red Burn. Dead on! and a wild picture of the Scottish hills appeared.

The last photographs taken and it was time to return home full of memories and a determination to return again next year; the only problem was where!

In this odd business of mountaineering, a large number of unpleasant moments somehow combine to create an experience which is wholly delightful.



He who climbs and comes away
will live to climb another day,
but he that is climbing slain
will never live to climb again.

Goyt Valley - April 13th

Colin Hobday

The drive up to the Goyt Valley on the Sunday morning had all the makings of a good day as hazy sunshine crept through the broken cloud.

Arriving at the car park, quite a few Oreads were waiting and by 10.30 a.m. over 30 Oreads and friends set off along Fernilee Reservoir on route for Windgather. The climb up over Hoo Moor gave us our first hint that the weather was about to change. With the first spots of rain in the air we put on cags. Upon reaching Windgather Rocks a full blizzard was blowing. No one even suggested doing a route, the only thought being to get to the shelter of the quarry at the far end of the crag. The best place for shelter was already occupied - a sheep had decided to die there. It turned out to be a bleak and hurried lunch, before wrapping the younger children up against the snow and setting off across the moor, now white over with snow.

It was only when we reached Errwood Hall that we dropped below the snow line and things started to improve, the last half hour's walk through the woods was very pleasant after the bleakness of the moors.

So ended another Goyt meet, not going quite as planned, but one to remember.

Thanks to all who attended.

Stanage - June 14~15th

Roger Larkam, Gordon Gadsby

In the dismal summer of '86 only two days stood out, two fantastic days of unrelenting sunshine and blue sky. Dave Wright said it was better than being in the Greek Islands and he should know, he'd just come back from there.

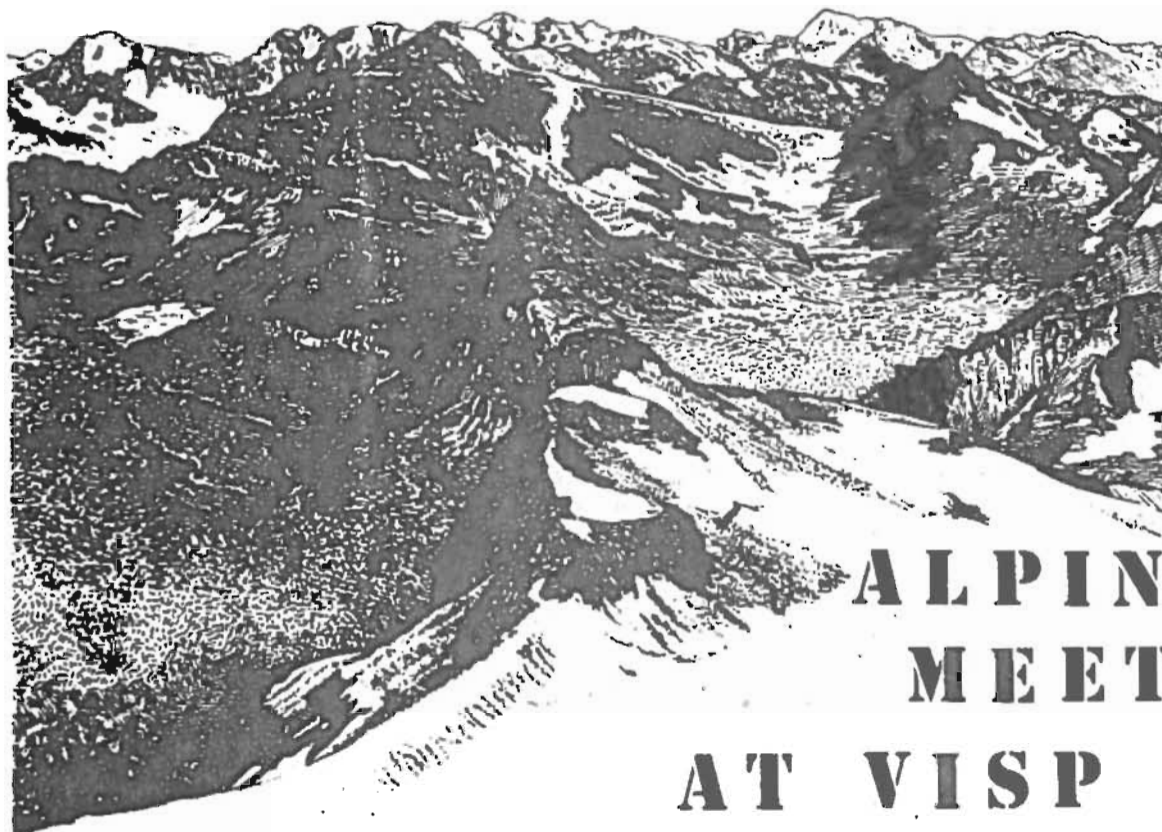
The rocks were warm and friendly with a complete lack of wind, making suntrap conditions below the crags. The Oread teams were out in force on Saturday and Sunday both on and below the edge. Shorts were the order of the day with very few exceptions; even the bees and butterflies came out.

Saturday night we camped at Bamford with Roger and Phil Larkam. Earlier we'd had a meal at Hathersage and my lads enjoyed a great time in the excellent swimming pool there.

Sunday was equally hot and again a great turn out, although by this time Lisa Welbourn, Ian, Nick and the other young bloods had finished off Stanage and moved over to Burbage.

During the weekend I climbed with many old friends and a few new ones - those who were there will wonder why it's not on this year's meet list - I wonder too!

Oreads and friends that I saw, or who were reported to me as on the meet were: George and Janet Reynolds, Ron and Cath Chambers and Children, Colin and Uschi Hobday, Clive and Sheila Russell, Graham and Margaret Foster, Margaret and Peter Gadsby with Emmett Lee Van Clay, Nat and Mrs Allen, Gordon Wright, David Wright, Dave Penlington, Gill and Gail, Ian Brindle, Rock Hudson, Stuart Bramwell, Shirley and Julia Goldsmith, Reg Squires and Ann, Dave Owen, Paul Grainger (Rock and Ice), Chris Radcliffe, Roger Penlington, Keith Gregson, Pete Scott, John Doughty, Vincent Smedley, plus numerous others, and prospective members.



ALPINE MEET AT VISP

ROCK HUDSON

The Oread Alpine Meet was based on the small town of Visp, which was found to be convenient for making trips to either the Pennine or Oberland ranges. There was ample room and good facilities, while the camp guardian was extremely kind and helpful. He even waived charges for some, after they were involved in accidents. The campsite was only a few minutes' walk from the local bars.

The Wrights and the Burton Crew had been installed for a while by July 19th when the bulk of Oreads and their friends settled in. The group now consisted of Gordon and Pauline Wright, Brian and Lynn Wright plus friends, Roger Penlington and partner Mike (the Ploddy), Rock Hudson, Colin Barnard, Steve and Linda Tempest and friends, Ian Brindle, Paul Baldwin, John Gresty and Chris Jonson and family.

The following day was beautiful which prompted Gordon and Brian to head for the Tasch Hut, Steves party to go up to the Britannia Hut (see their holiday report). A party of six went up to the Simplon Pass from where they walked up the Spitzhorn. It provides a fine panorama along the Bernese Oberland and the Rossboden Face of the Fletschhorn, while across the Simplon are the less familiar peak of Mt. Leone in the Western Lepontine Alps. The day was excellent for removing drivers' cramps and getting those muscles used to Alpine slopes. On the 21st Gordon and Brian climbed the Ober Gabelhorn by the ENE Ridge. A number of parties set out very early from the Rothorn Hut, but only two ropes reached the top. Only graded AD- in the guide book the pair were surprised at the difficulties. This was due to much new wet snow and a dry season which exposed a number of smooth rock pitches. They had to reverse the route and only arrived back at the hut after an 18 hour epic. On the same day Rock and Colin drove to Saas Fee and the former was not pleased with what he saw. For since the last Oread Meet the town had spread over what was verdant alpine meadows. The approaches to the village are now one vast carpark. Having to pay for parking is a disgrace, for visitors are providing its income in any case. Beware!! by mid morning the carparks are full. On stepping out of the Felskinn teleferique we were dismayed on finding a bulldozed track to the Britannia Hut. Has the Swiss God - Money - completely taken preference over their love for their country's scenery?

Steve's party were having a bit of an epic on their descent from the Al-

lalinhorn. Although their report does not state it, a conversation back at camp indicated their route down was at 180 degrees from what they intended! Also Gordon had become unwell on the walk back from the Rothorn Hut. The atmospheric conditions were quite eerie for Colin and Rock as they ascended the Hohlaub Glacier. Lighting cut through the mists that hung in the hollows and across the slopes producing ghostly shapes and patterns, but these dispersed in the early morning sun.

Rock and Colin set off down the same day for Visp, as did Roger and Mike. These latter two were disappointed, for they had retreated from the North Face of the Matterhorn from somewhere near the top of the ice field due to the face being out of condition. No frost and little snow caused a constant bombardment from stones.

The next day saw rain and storms. The right type of weather for Mike to set off home in. Gordon prepared for his first, but by no means last, trip to hospital. Not a climbing accident - one due to 'extreme old age', or withdrawal symptoms due to not having any beer for just a single lunch time.

Then more rain the following day; gloomy Oread faces peered from tent doorways. Was it going to be a lengthy period of bad weather? However, by lunch it was fine and Ian, Colin, Paul and Rock walked up the Baltschiederthal. It's a walk not to be missed. We followed a narrow path by a water flume towards a very steep shoulder at the entrance to the valley. The contours closed, the grass vanished and near vertical rocks took its place. Cliffs shot upwards and plunged down to the river far below. The path became a mere nick across the face; path and flume no more than three feet wide. It became yet narrower! No path, only wooden planks laid over iron stanchions driven into overhanging rock. The slopes lay back and we could see up the beautiful valley, quiet and isolated, with its boiler plate slabs, talus cones and gnarled pines. Our eyes were drawn to the head of the valley and the South Pillar of the Stockhorn.

Chris and John had enjoyed their trip and with good weather were able to carry through their plans laid out while sitting sun-bathing on the campsite. From the Tasch Hut they ascended the Alphubel by the normal route and then without difficulty dropped down to the Mischabeljoch Bivouac. It only holds ten and they found it overcrowded. The next day they continued to the top of the Taschhorn. They had hoped to continue over the Dom, but decided to descend the NW (Kin) Face to the Dom Hut.

Steve's party had run out of time even if the weather was perfect on the 28th. Colin and Rock drove to Gasenreid where the path to the Bordier Hut starts. The path zigzags through the forest before following a prominent hollow formed between a lateral moraine and the mountainside. Colin was making heavy weather of it having only just recovered from shingles. The Bordier Hut is well situated and was uncrowded; the only sour note being the guardian.

Other Oreads were down in the valley festering, at the swimming baths, or trying to reach a compromise menu when one eats fish the other not and one likes tinned meat but the other not.

July 26th was a disaster day for some. Colin and Rock set off for the Durrenhorn by a 45/50 degree couloir to the Hohbergjoch and then up its SE Ridge. We descended the couloir until some 350ft above the double bergschrund and then very quickly the rest! Colin was injured and it took me about 1.5 hours to reach the hut. I was highly relieved to hear the chopper heading over the ridges within 15 minutes to rescue Colin.

Nick Moyes and John Moudue had arrived on the 25th and set off for the Tasch Hut, and others on the meet now started the hospital visiting routine. I and others visited Colin in the Brig hospital, while Pauline went to see Gordon at Sion (I think). A pity the club could not get some co-operation from the medical world. Rob Tresidder pitched his little tent in hot sunshine and took to eating more vegetables. A party traversed Ochshorn from Visperterminen, though ending the day's outing in rain. Ian, Brian and Paul set off for the Monte Rosa Hut by way of the Gornergrat railway.

During the meet three Oreads were to be seen on the Driselwand of the Lenzpitze though on two separate occasions. Rob was the first, making a fast solo ascent. Without the need for rope-work he was up and along the Lenzpitze-

Nadelhorn Ridge before some parties were three-quarters of the way up the face. He had been in Austria before joining the meet and with several fairly difficult ice routes under his belt perhaps he had got his eye in. Several roped parties were on the route when John and Chris did the route. They also noted that some of the ropes were very slow, for as they picked their way along the ridge above, they could see climber making only slow progress. They thought the guide book time for the ridge was unrealistic - so be warned!

The end of the month saw clouds covering the hills, with strong winds and rain. However, this did not stop John Gresty and Chris Jonson planning an attack on the North Face of the Matterhorn. From the Hornli Hut the traverse to the foot of the North Face was covered in new snow. All indications were that the route was again out of condition. They opted for the Hornli Ridge, and although it was rather crowded, were not delayed. John found it a very worthwhile route with definite sporting interest. Nick and John arrived back from Zermatt with two summits in the bag, but the Monte Rosa team had failed on the Cresta Rey due to a storm. Rob also returned from a solo attempt on the Rothorngrat on the Zinal-rothorn. The ridge was in bad 'nick' and after a bivvi Rob descended the route without making the top.

Bel Alp, situated above the snout of the Rhone Glacier, was walked to from Bladden. This famous Victorian mountaineering centre was overrun by people, but more importantly the number of new tracks being cut across the slopes was disturbing - there appeared no good reason. On another occasion Nick, John Moudue, Rock, Chris and John Gresty walked to Eggerberg, then through the forests and into the Baltschiedertal to the houses at Erl.



Brian left for Chamonix looking for better weather, while John Green called hoping to find good weather. In general the summer had not been good - poor weather and accidents common. For instance, the Matterhorn alone claiming 27 lives. Oreads continued to visit the invalids in one of the hospitals. After four critical days Colin showed some improvement, but it was only at the end of the

meet that he was sufficiently out of danger to be allowed out of intensive care.

Nick and Rock went round to Saas Fee and took the cable car to Plattjen and traversed the Mittaghorn-Eggner Ridge. I'm sure it did Rock some good after the fall and Nick was pleased to lead. They were surprised to see so many chamois and even more so to get so close. They nearly missed the last cable car down trying to secure photographs.

On the weekend of 8th Aug. Oreads were setting off for home (apart from the Wrights, of course: they had to stop until Gordon had recovered from a minor operation). They were also on hand to visit Colin until he was air-ambulated back to England.

Richard & Dawn Hopkinson

Whilst in terms of quantity of routes and peaks the holiday must be rated a success, we were both a little disappointed not to have done some of the more major routes or peaks. This was solely due to the weather which, whilst generally quite good, was not always good when it was supposed to be, and vice versa. This caused the sports plan to be modified to fit the conditions and on occasions found us resting or hut walking on good days. Several peaks were ascended in conditions more akin to Scotland in winter, the Lagginhorn and Nadelhorn in particular, and on both days the "plan" had to be curtailed, and the top of the Weisshorn wasn't reached in conditions very much like Scotland plus thunder etc.

By going for the last three weeks in August it was certainly possible to avoid the crowds, and this more than compensated for any slight deterioration in the conditions. No hut was busier than half full except the Weissmies at the weekend, and in one case at the Tasch Hut there was only one other party in good weather! Also the campsites were nearly empty.

Finally for those who like active rest days or just cragging there is a new guide book out, "Rock Climbs (cragging) in the Valais" - it's mainly photos so it's not too difficult to follow.

LIST OF ROUTES UNDERTAKEN ON THE ALPINE MEET

Jagihorn	SE Rib	Richard and Dawn Hopkinson
Lagginhorn	WSW Ridge	Richard and Dawn Hopkinson
Weissmies	N Ridge	Richard and Dawn Hopkinson
Fletschhorn	NW Ridge	Richard and Dawn Hopkinson
Nadelhorn	NE Ridge	Richard and Dawn Hopkinson
Ulrichshorn	SW Ridge	Richard and Dawn Hopkinson
Weisshorn	E Ridge	
	(failed)	Richard and Dawn Hopkinson
Alphubel	SE Ridge	Richard and Dawn Hopkinson
Allalinhorn	by traverse	
	of Feechopt	Richard and Dawn Hopkinson
Lenzspitze	NNE face	
	(Dreiselswand)	Rob Tresidder
		A route of 490m, graded D. No névé, mostly poor ice all the way. Time 2.75 hours from the bergschrund. Descended the

Alphubel	SE Ridge	NW ridge to Nadeljoch and then climbed SE ridge (PD+) of Nadelhorn, traversing all the gendarmes. Time taken 2.5 hours Chris Jonson and John Gresty Continued down the North ridge to the Mischabeljoch bivouac hut, an easy descent.
Taschhorn	SE Ridge (Mischabelgrat)	Chris Jonson and John Gresty A pleasant ridge with no difficulties; time taken 4 hrs. Descended to the Dom Hut by the Kinz face.
Lenzspitz	(Drieselwand)	Chris Jonson and John Gresty Very icy, very monotonous, bloody hard work. Traversed Lenzspitz - Nadelhorn, very pleasant. Descended to the Mischabel hut. A 14hr. day.
Matterhorn	Hornli ridge	Chris Jonson and John Gresty Very busy, but a better climb than anticipated. Time for the round trip 9hr.
Egginer-Mittaghorn Ridge		Steve and Linda Tempest, John Cassy
Allalinhorn	East Ridge	Steve and Linda Tempest, John Cassy, Kev
Robinson		
Strahlhorn	WNW Ridge	Rock Hudson and Colin Barnard
Durrenhorn	Hohbergjoch Couloir	Rock Hudson and Colin Barnard A fairly steep snow/ice slope of 45/50 degrees, the ridge above is only scrambling.
Egginer-Mittaghorn Ridge		Nick Moyes and Rock Hudson
Breithorn	North Spur (Triftjigrat)	Ian Brindle and Paul Baldwin
Strahlhorn	WNW Ridge	Nick Moyes and John Moudue
Allalinhorn	ENE Ridge	Nick Moyes and John Moudue From the Tasch Hut they crossed Allalinhorn pass and traversed round to the east flank. An interesting route on a rocky/snowy ridge.
Alphubel	SE Ridge	Nick Moyes and John Moudue They descended by the east flank and then traversed back to the Alphubeljoch.
Weissmies	(Triftgrat)	John Moudue
Ober Gabelhorn		Gordon and Brian Wright



NEWS ABOUT THE BURTON CREW

Well here we are stuck in the contra-flows enjoying the start of another holiday. It's Friday night and we were hoping to make the pub before we camped ready for the morning ferry. We did not make the pub. Good old motorway maintenance! After a day or so travelling across France and other bits, with a few hours bivvi somewhere we arrived for our hols proper. The weather looked very 'iffy', and changeable.

We spent a few pleasant days in Lesyin: mainly walking plus a little rock climbing under Tour-d'Ai's towering white walls. From what we could see the climbs were mostly bolt routes, all jolly intimidating anyway.

Midweek we moved on to continue our holiday in Visp. As was expected it was in a cloud of dust baking in the sun, while the tops were covered in clag and fresh snow.

Luckily we found a cosy campsite (no caravans) in Lalden. We pitched tents under shady plum trees and retired to the bar which was open all day.

While camped there (and in between eating and drinking) we took the cable car from Saas Fee for a day on the Egginer-Mittaghorn ridge. It turned out to be a great introduction to the area. The weather was glorious and the ridge exhilarating with fine views. It left us hungry for more. Enthusiastic plans were made for the days ahead. Down we went with a 'slight' thirst to the nearest pub clutching our guide books.

Next morning broke in a mist, so did the weather. We experienced low cloud and rain for the next day and half. We moved back to Visp and took up residence next to 'mine hosts' Gordon and Pauline Wright, and their travelling beer garden (caravan and cool box). Well I suppose those lumps wriggling about on the back of cars do come in useful sometimes. Cheers.

We fell back and awaited the arrival of the main party of 'Orids'. Also 'the Robinson', non-stop from Burton, 'just popped over'. Good old B.R. As soon as he arrived the 'Scote' declared, "I feel rather peckish, a snack wouldn't go amiss." We then embarked on an eating competition which left us immovable for hours (except for staggering to and from the pub.) The following day we spent at Brigerbad's swirlpools getting a sun tan and practising high speed torpedo manoeuvres.

The weather promised to clear for a while so we decided to grab the cableway and make our way to the Britannia Hut for a night's bivvi - much more pleasant than actually stopping in it. We found a decent spot some distance from the foul smell and litter, and settled down for some serious sleep. We spent a glorious few hours under a clear sky of winking stars and beaming moon. We were all awake around 2 a.m. (Well I was, which meant the others did not have any choice.) We were rewarded with a resplendent picture postcard spectacle of writhing cloud in the valleys and dazzling snow-white peaks all around us. Breakfast was made from the warmth of our sleeping bags. Kit was stowed, stashed and packed and we were ready for the off around 3.00am. Our target was the E.N.E. ridge of the Allinhorn. It was a longish trudge but the excellent weather made it extremely pleasant. It was a reasonable angle on good firm snow, without any serious crevasse problems. We made our way back to the hut by descending the Mittal-Allin ridge, via the new jet-set metro affair. Very posh. The dangerously loose blocks and abseils after the tourist area became a nightmare. Everything we touched or trod on moved or rattled as we inched our way along, trying to avoid looking at the sheer 1000ft drop either side. We were glad to get off and glissade back to the Britannia Hut for our gear.

As we arrived back at the campsite we noticed the weather was changing again, for the worse. This meant the end of our holidays. One last night out on the beer and back to Burton.

Steve Tempest

Dauphiné

Ruth and Alistair Gordon

Visited the Dauphine between the 16-31st of August and camped at La Berarde. We went up to do the Ailefroide from the Pilatte Hut, but the hut guardian and local guides disclaimed all knowledge of such a route despite its appearance in the AC guide book. Instead we did the ordinary route ÉNE Ridge on Les Bans at PD standard then returned to La Berarde. Later we walked up to the Soreccier Hut and traversed the Aiguilles du Soreccier then climbed the Boell route on the Aiguille du Dibona. The route is AD with a pitch of IV. After this route the weather became rather mixed so we went round to La Grave, from where we traversed the Aretes de la Bruyere. From Ailefroide we walked to the Glacier Blanc Hut so as to be able to climb Montagne des Agneaux by the South-West Face. We reached the summit rocks in poor weather to find them wet and slippery so we retreated back to the hut.

[[[[[[[[[[]]]]]]]]]]

Alpine information:- We found two excellent campsites just off the Bourg d'Oisans - Briancon road at Villar d'Arene and Les Colchiques near Le Casset.

[[[[[[[[[[]]]]]]]]]]

Austria

Rob Tresidder

Before joining the meet at Visp I spent a short period in the Austrian Otztaler Alpen and soloed the following routes.

Liebener Spitze North Ridge (Eisnase)

A very nice snow climb with a beautiful approach up the Gaissbergal. Straightforward climbing. 4.5 hours from the village of Obergurgl.

Similaum

North Face (Schopf route)

A 350m route at 55 degrees. Fairly complex approach up the Marzell glacier. Bottom half of the face easy neve, remainder on hard poor quality ice. Time 1.5 hours from the bergschrund. Descended the East ridge and then traversed the west and central peaks of the Marzell Spitzen.



Oread Photo Competition

I felt a bit conned into organising this meet, although I didn't really mind. It's all very well changing the club rules so winners aren't expected to do the following year's meet, but it's a bit of dirty trick not telling them this until after they've agreed, thinking it was their duty to do it.

Anyway enough of the wingeing - I felt it turned out to be a good meet. We had to pay John Beatty to do the judging, although the fee was relatively modest for such a well known photographer and the amount of work to put in. It was also probably less than it cost the club to keep some former guests in whisky!

There were about the usual number of entries. It would be nice to see a few more members entering some slides. Discounting the overall winner it was also encouraging to see plenty of slides by the younger members getting credit along with the old timers. John Beatty made a very good job of judging with plenty of tips and constructive comments, although he did get a little bit absorbed in his comments at times. Like when he described a slide by Gail in the Dolomites as a good example of "a-broad" and couldn't understand why the audience fell about laughing. (Sorry Gail!)

The clear winner was Tim who had put a great deal of effort into producing some stunning alpine shots. Gil won the interest section with an "interesting" shot of Tony (alias "Anthoine") with a number 4 Friend in his mouth!

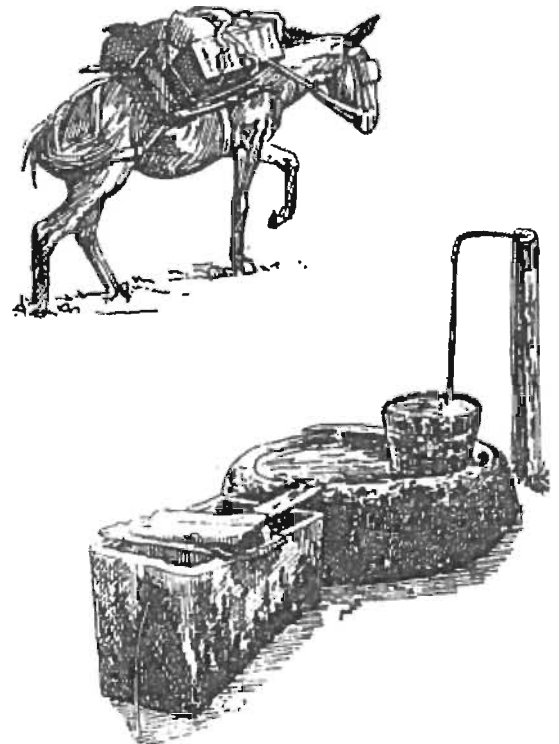
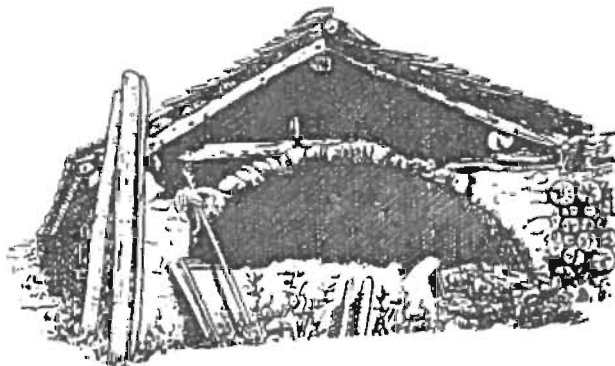
RESULTS

Alpine Action	1st. Tim Barnett
Alpine Aesthetic	1st. Tim Barnett
U.K. Action	1st. Rock Hudson
U.K. Aesthetic	1st. Colin Hobday
Club Interest	1st. Gil Male.
	Tony with Friend!

Richard Hopkinson

OVERALL WINNERS

- 1st. Tim Barnett
- 2nd. Gil and Gail Male
- 3rd. Paul Bingham
- Gordon Gadsby
- Colin Hobday
- Rock Hudson



STROLL ON: A LITTLE OUTING FROM THE HUT

TAN - YR - WYDDFA JULY 5 - 6TH

KEITH GREGSON

A committee meeting was held in the Quellyn on the Friday evening at which all motions were passed and the usual compromises reached the arrangements for the attempts on the 14x3000 and 4x1000m were thus concluded in total chaos.

However, it seemed that the "A" team (Penlington's Perverts) were to arise at 3.00am and head for Aber. Gregson decided on a kip and a start at 6.30 (ish) to take the more idle "B" team around the 4x1000 course. Careful timing will show that an earlier start ensures that the cafe at P-y-P will be shut, and, further, that the P-y-G will also be closed as earlier teams pass by. The stage was therefore set.

The weather was miserable with low cloud for most of the day and the odd spell of rain. I'm assured that it was evil at Aber, it was pleasant in bed at 4! The "B" team (Richard, Dawn, Chris B, Brian, Helen and me) eventually set off at 7.00. We had a leisurely tea at the P-y-P having done half the target of 1000m peaks! At this point Dawn's knee was causing problems (an old war wound) so she and Richard opted for the Glyders and a stroll homeward. We plodded on Ogwen bound. All went surprisingly well, though we nearly got lost on Carnedd Dafydd and unnecessarily ascended the Heather Terrace on the way home! We also had a pantomime at the col, but that's another story. Beer was taken at the Gwryd and, by way of special request we all followed 'Westy' up a route on Lliwedd on the way home - another epic. We just missed the pub - though they stayed open till two had we known.

The "A" team meanwhile had been giving it best at various points with Robin the only finisher, though everyone else turned in credible efforts. Thanks are due to Leslie and Sue for stirring rescue effects (especially of the grey haired old geezer who was apparently dying at the Pen-y-Gwryd)

We all survived! and Sunday dawned. Yet another Oread epic.

BRYN HAFOD - CWM COWARCH OCTOBER 4 - 5TH

JOHN LINNEY

Saturday was clear with a blue sky, Colin and I left the rest of the party who went climbing whilst we did a favourite walk up Hengwm onto Dyrsgol and the Arans. This was the first time in the mountains for Colin since his accident in the Alps, so a steady day was ordered. Fine views and mountain solitude added to a memorable day.

On Sunday all of us decided to head for a pub marked on the map at Llanymawddy. Colin, Richard and myself found our way via Pistyll Gwyn - a spectacular waterfall which in the right conditions gives a very fine ice climb. Unfortunately the pub had long ago been closed so we walked all the way back to the hut having been thwarted in taking a short cut by a local farmer who turned us off his land!

Another Cowarch meet which proved that time actually spent climbing there is often restricted by dirty weather and greasy crags. Oh for a really dry summer!

Thanks to all who made it enjoyable all the same - Colin Barnard, Richard Cogihan, Brian West, Dave Owen, Helen Griffiths and Pete Amour.



Friday night found several cars bouncing and lurching up the track from Tal-y-Bont to the breached dam wall of Cwm Eigiau. Rock found his car so overloaded that it 'bottomed'. He turfed out Roger, Colin and Reg, who tired themselves out in trying to keep up. All the party arrived late except Helen and Brian, who had been able to get in a late afternoon solo ascent of Amphitheatre Buttress. Before turning in, all brewed up and afterwards nudged their way into obtaining the best bunk position in the limited space available.

Saturday was dull, misty and wet, but all present took to the Carneddau hills or the cliffs of Craig-yr-Ysfa. On the crag Brian and Helen showed their skill by climbing Mur-y-Niwl and Pinnacle Wall with trickles of water dripping from hold to hold. Roger, Tony and Rock formed another rope. Rock was left behind on the approach walk and his plaintive cries for help in trying to locate the others could be heard drifting through the mist and rain. Once united they set off up Amphitheatre Buttress. The slab pitches had ripples of

water rolling down them. Although only graded V.Diff. it has some good moves and in the prevailing conditions care was required. Each took to slithering over the greasy rock or 'squeezing out the excess' liquid when jamming the cracks. The crux was found to be too slippery for Rock, for Roger distinctly felt the weight come on to the rope.

The walking party reached Foel Grach by way of Glanrffordd and continued to Foel Uchaf and Fras. On arriving at the shelter atop of Foel Fras they came upon a girl and a 'Phantom' runner. He was completely exhausted (with running!) and fatigued, plus all the signs of exposure. John Linney even thought he might be near death. Being a worthy future President, he dug out some spare gear, even an anorak and provided his address so that the 'Phantom' could return the equipment. However, the minute John left him he had misgivings about his loaned gear.

That evening the small dining/cooking room was a scene of wet gear, rows of used cups, bottles of beer and people trying to produce a meal on the couple of working primuses. Reg Squires had volunteered to cook a meal for some. He stood by the flickering tilly lamp, stirring and mixing a strong curry with rice and okra, and followed by sweet-meats from India (province of Normantroad). Later we all vented our opinions on the state of the club and changing attitudes and interests.

The warm sun soon evaporated the water on the crags on the Sunday morning. Most on the meet headed for Craig-yr-Isfa. Colin Barnard and Colin Hobday together with Sheila and 'Rusty' Russell, Reg Squires and John Linney climbed on the back wall Amphitheatre and reached the ridge by way of Amphitheatre Rib after a bit of a pantomime. Roger led Rock up Mur-y-Niwl. Rock had looked forward to this great route after first seeing an illustration of it in 'Climb If You Will' many years ago. He was not disappointed. They continued to the top by Pinnacle Wall. Helen and Brian followed The Grimmatt, which they stated was worth doing.

Apart from John and Reg, the rest of the group arrived back at the Cwm Eigiau Hut by late afternoon just as the sun sank below the hillside. A distinctly chill wind started to blow down the valley. John had informed several people of which stone the key was hidden beneath before starting out in the morning. But which stone? The black one? The one on the corner? Above the door, window or by the drain pipe? No! We looked and looked, but with negative results. We walked up and down. Stamped our feet and donned another pullover to keep that

wind a bay. We all got fed up and a little irritable to say the least.

Tony Raphael could stand it no longer and looked for a method of entry (breaking in). Nothing obvious until he spotted several tiny holes through the window frame used to secure the shutters. Having found a rusty piece of fence, he proceeded to bend it at right angles, then again and then back on itself before finally forming a lever mechanism. What a waste of time and we all shook our heads. Tony poked it through the tiny hole (the wire, the WIRE!), rotated it made some slight readjustments and by a pure fluke (he said "skill") lifted up the latch.

It was warm inside the hut. The hot drinks produced a rosy glow and we had all but forgiven Reg and John for delaying the journey home. The cause of their late arrival? John had had a severe attack of piles, while Reg had suffered from 'Curry Gut Runs'

Postscript. John looked forward to receiving his gear back through the post. Days and weeks past. He wondered if the 'Phantom' runner was a conman. Had he set up his situation, only to lure 'good' gear from kindly 'hill folk'? Was he going to be a cad and bounder after being saved on the mountain, then too tight to pay the postage for their return? John thought a little more. Was he dead? However, it did eventually did turn up.

Note. Tony is really a chemist not a burglar, but remember his skill for future meet situations.

+++++

NIGHTFALL

Now the violet tint was upon us, but the summit
of the mountain was still burnished with a line
of bright gold. It died away, leaving a lovely
red, which having lingered long, dwindled at last
into the shade in which all the world was enveloped,
and left the sky clear and deeply azure.

.....

TAN-YR-WYDDFA

15+16th November

RUTH CONWAY

There was a fine turn-out for this meet although genuine Oreads were rather outnumbered by sundry friends and relations and we were favoured with acceptable if not wonderful weather for the time of year.

Saturday was very pleasant until mid afternoon when it started to blow a gale and there were some heavy showers. The most popular route, taken by several parties, was along the Nantlle Ridge to Cwm Sylin where close and yet closer encounters with a large black bull enlivened the day. Pauline Wright got top marks for the best action replay of this event. Top marks for achievement went to Paul Harris and family; Glen (4) and John (9) not merely for getting themselves up Snowdon in less than ideal conditions via every muddy puddle on the way but were still able to play Rummy for hours at the top of their voices afterwards. Colin also demonstrated his return to health and strength by "doing" Snowdon but

didn't play Rummy. The prize for valiant failure went to Helen, Brian, Dave and Richard Coghlan who were repulsed by Main Wall and after a long and bitterly fought campaign also gave Gambit Climb best - losing a sling in the process. They subsequently managed the Clogwyn-y-Person Arete and attained the heights of Crib Goch. Meanwhile Richard and Dawn ascended Grim Wall Direct/Meshach in five different ways in search of the perfect ethical ascent - nothing if not determined this pair! Alistair, George and I had gone off with the declared intent of climbing on Craig-y-Bera but having found it our courage failed at the prospect of the long descent and messing around in the cold trying to find a route so we continued over Mynydd Mawr, down to Salem and past some lethal mining remains on our way up Moel Eilio. That has to get top marks as the most unutterably boring hillside in Britain. It is in dire need of a ski-tow. Our return was slightly prolonged by a mildly hostile farmer who insisted that there is no right of way along the railway.

At least as much effort was put into the evening's festivities with parties tackling fish pie, chops and bacon, spaghetti bolognese, cannelloni, pork vindaloo chops and sausages; half a ton of potatoes were consumed by Gordon Wright alone.

Sadly, after all this magnificent work on the carbohydrate loading, Sunday dawned with so appalling bad weather-wise that it was only fit to turn the Wrights out. They had a grand plan of a walk around Betwys-y-Coed finishing at a mysterious hostelry well known for its Youngers No.3. Next out in to the teeth of the storm were Austin and Ian who climbed Yr Aran before retreating to Cobdens and then home thereby missing the best part of the day. The rest of the team, having spent several hours cleaning the hut(which was spotless and gleaming anyway after recent working parties), suddenly realised it was far too late to go walkies before retreating to the pub and by a strange process of herd mentality all ended up at the previously unknown pub in Betwys favoured by the Wrights: the Pont-y-Pair Hotel. All that is, except Richard and Dawn who struck a blow for Health and Sobriety by tackling the Nantlle Ridge. Pauline and Gordon arrived in the Pont-y-Pair at the last minute with virtue on their side having completed their circuit.

Well lubricated we set out on a follow-the-yellow-dots forestry walk in much improved weather - it was almost quite pleasant. The major events were encountering the Wrights, alone and palely loitering on the wrong side of a bog on the shores of Lake Elsi, attempting to find the way back to their car; a travelling dog-fight between Poppy and Jake and the discovery of a rather fine quarry in the woods complete with 'Chasms in the Ground' and much barbed wire which didn't repel the invaders for long. Meanwhile Helen, Dave and Brian braved the unknown territory on the other side of the railway - come to think of it I haven't seen them since!

The party consisted of:-

Helen Griffiths, Dave Owen, Brian West, Richard Coghlan, Richard and Dawn Hopkinson, Gordon and Pauline Wright, Colin Barnard, Alistair Gordon, George Fowler, Ruth Conway, Chris Burt and Sharon with friends Marcus and Ann (and their car dwelling dogs Poppy and Jake), Austin Plant, Ian Birkenshaw, Paul, John and Glen Harris.

|||||

First it rained and then it blew,
Then it friz then it snew,
And then it fogged then it thew,
And very shortly after then,
It blew and friz and snew again.



B-B-Q at HEATHY LEA

Reg Squires organised this Oread Barbecue, based on the Heathy Lea hut. He was unable to provide a balmy tropical summer evening, though at least it was dry - a real surprise considering the poor weather experienced throughout much of the summer.

Some 30-35 folks turned up, including families, young and prospective members and some in their middle years. The only group missing were the older and senior 'mountain nymphs'. Those attending gathered on the 'lawns' adjacent to the Geoff Hayes Memorial Hut, where some set out chairs and tables and others collected twigs to get a fire started. Reg set out his barbecue equipment, not the type or design sold in every garden centre, but one which would not have been out of place at any 'pukka' safari campsite established in 'darkest Africa'. Reg explained that, having lived in East Africa for many years and 'giving his life' to the development of that continent; Idi Amin would only allow him to bring out his favourite barbecue grill!

This barbecue grill pan was constructed from 2.0 inch steel plate and so deep that Reg had to have the charcoal supplied by 20 ton lorry. Steps were constructed up to its rim so as to allow those wishing to cook food to have a reasonable chance of placing it on the grill plate. The grill plate was not some flimsy construction of spindly wire; it was very substantial, being made of iron bars 3.00 inches in diameter. The whole edifice, for that's how it appeared, soaring into the evening sky above the tree line, extended for many yards in each direction. "Why so large?", was the chant from the assembled nymphs.

"Well what do you expect if you are barbecuing elephants!" answered Reg.

With time the fire consumed the twigs and children threw branches and small logs onto it, producing a leaping and dancing fan of flames. However, these were now dwarfed by the incandescent thermonuclear fireball of pulsating light and heat coming from the charcoal grill.

Reg now informed everyone that they might start cooking! People, shrouded in asbestos suits, and reversed space blankets, sprinted towards the fireball, rushed up the stairs and hurled their sausages, hamburgers, mutton or pork chops, spare ribs or 'T' bone steaks onto the grill before they were shrivelled up.

While the hungry were engaged in this, others quietly stole away to sip (gulp) at some free-standing beer or grab a tasty sandwich, having forgotten or been too tight, to provide their own. Others offered to others their cheap 'take-away' beer, knowing that they could then expect to be given a better brew later on. Other nymphs tripped over blades of grass, became disorientated (had too much 'pop') and like all Lepidoptera, were drawn towards that fireball only to be timely plucked from becoming part of the menu by another who wanted a lift home.

From the forest came the crashing of timber and into the circle of light the mini nymphs, and some older ones too were seen dragging huge logs and even whole trees. Once on the fire sparks and flames shot up to heaven and clouds of smoke drifted eastwards no doubt causing whole forests in Scandinavia to choke, splutter and die.

People now looked forward to their food. Not so! Sausages had turned into black strands of carbon, while some had silently slipped between the bars only to explode and send out gristly bits in the form of red hot shrapnel. Spare ribs had less meat left on them than a mouse's skeleton picked clean by a 1000 starving vultures. Hamburgers and bread could not be told apart now, being the size of buttons. Pork chops could only be differentiated from mutton ones because they were on fire.

People argued over which was their food now that one lump of amorphous-looking anthracite could be either a cheap cut of meat or an expensive 'T' bone steak. Others of course hoped to take advantage of the amorphous lumps by trying to pick out what at least appeared to be a 'T' bone. Others panicked and stabbed at pieces of meat while peeping through slits in their asbestos suits and poked it through the grill, where it for ever passed beyond the reach of their stomachs.

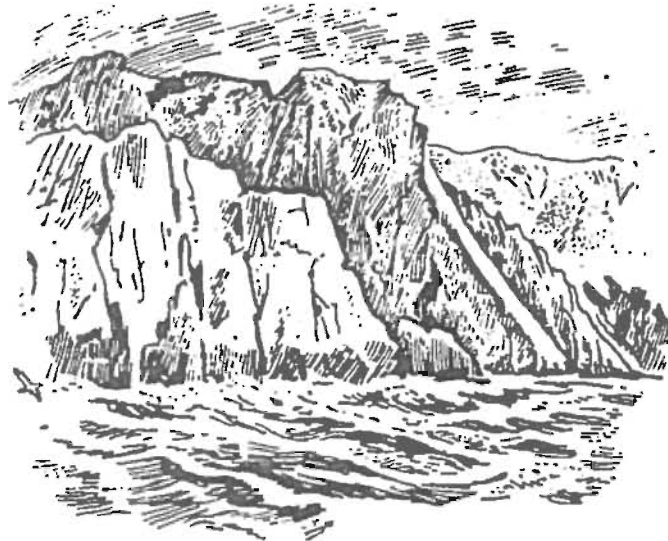
At the edge of light those on a liquid diet just smiled and reached out for another can of beer.

Reg had by now lost interest in the proceedings and retreated to the edge of the 'Heathy Lea Jungle', depressed that the locals had been unable to do justice to his barbecue by providing him with a fat elephant.

ST. DAVIDS

Aug. Bank Holiday

Editor



A small party of Oreads were camped at St. Justinian by late Friday night, or early Saturday morning.

Saturday produced weather in tune with many of the other weekends during the year. The morning was bright to start with, but soon turned dull and by 4.00 o'clock it was raining heavily. However, before then Ian Brindle, Rock Hudson, Mark Pearce, Keith Gregson and Ron Sant had set off at a respectable time for Llanrae Slabs. These of course are only a short walk from the campsite and therefore have been used by numerous parties of Oreads while on meets organised by Derek in the St. Davids area. A variety of routes including Flaky Pastry and Mosaic were ascended before the rain put an end to play for the day.

Les Peel, Patti and Derek Carnell spent a quiet day, for Derek was unwell, but in any case this group were down for the whole week, hence the marked attitude of manana - manana. Yvonne, Ollie and Eileen took to caring for the children. This of course was why the menfolk were down on the cliffs! The Raphael family took off along the coastal path for a rather bracing walk and it's thought that the Fosters indulged in some form of water sport. Nat and Ruth packed and then set off later in the day to follow part of the Coastal Path Walk.

Most people were up late on the Sunday due no doubt, to a late departure from the pub the previous evening. The weather had improved so the 'rock men' visited Initiation Slabs and Square Bay in the St. Non's Bay area. Routes from V Diff (Galtieri Groove) to VS (Rosary) provided some pleasant routes, though of no great difficulty.

Children were able to build sand castles, the walkers to take in the coastal scenery, while the Allens set themselves a more serious mileage, so as to be back at the campsite by Monday morning.

The weather deteriorated on the Sunday night. A storm developed producing torrential rain, which was later augmented by steadily increasing wind speeds. By early morning the ground was awash and the wind now of gale force severity tested the tentage. Ian and Rock, then the Raphaels packed as quickly as possible, but had difficulties in striking their tent as the wind pulled and tugged at billowing canvas. As they left they spied faces looking longingly from half-unzipped tents, sagging flysheets full of water, tipped-up deckchairs, and cooking equipment moving down-wind like rolling Tumble Weeds.

The weather worsened and conditions were quite untenable for camping. Poles were at breaking point, pools of water lapped against, then slowly crept under, tent flaps and one member was even seen opening up an Airfix model of Noah's Ark!

It was a matter of everything into bags - any bags, leave the dirty pots and pans, just bundle the kids into the car and then throw the sopping tent into the boot. Jump in the car. Skid or even hydrofoil over the field and a final quick glance behind to see if anything is left behind. Nothing, only a grey leaden sky, rank upon rank of 'White Horses' out to sea, nearer sheets of wind-driven rain and in the corner caravan. Patti, Derek and Les partaking of a second cup of tea and eating a hot scone. And yes! perhaps a wily little smirk on the face of one of them?

Lliwedd June 28-29th

Editor

This meet was based on T-Y-W and was blessed for the most part with very hot weather on the Saturday, while Sunday started with rain and overcast skies, but brightened up by lunch time. The hut was nearly full with the following members being present on the meet:-

Brian West, Graham Foster, Helen Griffiths, Ian Brindle, Mark Pearce, Keith Gregson, John Hudson, John and Sheila Fisher, Stuart Firth, John Welbourn, Gil Male, Gail Searby and four prospective members. A party of four, consisting of Pete Scott, Roger Larkam, Margaret Osman and Phil camped on the side of Llyn Llydaw.

On the Saturday a large contingent walked over the Yr Aran Col and traversed the hillside to the top of Lliwedd. Graham Foster became ill with (?) sun stroke and had to rest before joining a party on the crag. John Welbourn started out with the rest, but soon digressed after stating that the approach path was too serious!

The Triple Buttress of Lliwedd was found to be rather crowded upon our arrival. A real surprise, for this crag is not thought to be very popular these days due to the routes being at the lower end of difficulties. The party met the camping team, who had walked up from their campsite.

Brian West and Helen Griffiths followed Ridge Route and then Soul's Groove. Ian Brindle and Mark Pearce reached the top of the cliff by way of Route II, Red Wall and Ridge Route, while Rock and Keith Gregson climbed Avalanche Wall, Purple Wall and a connecting climb. Judging by the comments which passed from party to party and even between those on the same route there was considerable doubt as to which climb each was on. Certain members obviously don't have photographic recall. The location of the above routes are perfectly illustrated in numerous guide books and even better in 'Classic Rock'.

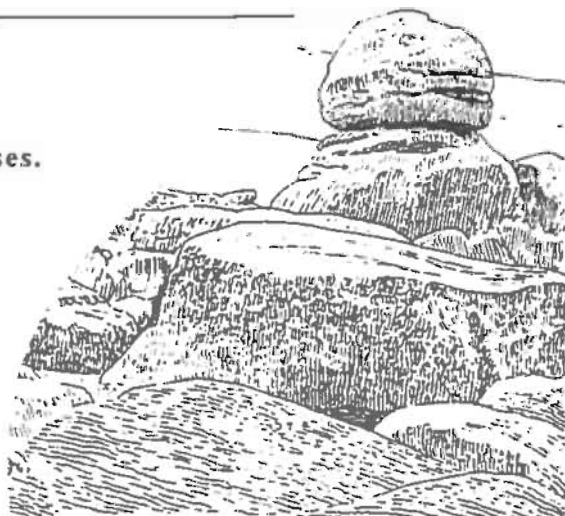
The meet leader has been unable to recall the routes undertaken by the camping team.

Gil and Gail, with the prospective members, declined the delights of Lliwedd and headed for Cloggy. Several routes fell to their determined efforts, including White Slab and Lithrig, if I recall correctly.

On the Sunday Cwm Dyli enticed Brian, Helen, John and Sheila, where Adam Rib fell to the first two and the latter two ascended Knight's Move. The camping party took to the Llanberis cliffs and Keith and Rock went off to the Lledr Valley, where they knocked off Lavaredo Wall. These two had been wanting to tick off this route for years. It's well worth the wait. It's not known what happened to the six 'hard' men, which of course includes Gail. That only leaves one other member on the meet who cannot be accounted for - Stewart Firth.

In the Alps, man proposes, weather disposes.

There are no hills like Wasdale hills,
when spring comes up the dale.



HOLIDAY IN THE JULIAN ALPS - 1986 COLIN HOBDAV

With reports of terrible weather in the Alps, Yugoslavia seemed a safe bet for some good weather! We, (Uschi, Annette and Myself) took the Autobahn from Salzburg to Villach, the tunnel toll costing 27DM, the traffic being very heavy and many passes being closed due to floods and landslides, the result being 1.5 hours to pass through the town of Villach at the end of the Autobahn. Once we had crossed the border on the top of the Wurzenpass, the roads into Yugoslavia deteriorated. We had a brief stop at a "Supermarket" to stock up with food, only to find that it was lacking in many items (i.e. the only meat you could buy was Salami). Then it was on past Lake Bled, looking very picturesque in the afternoon sunshine, even though it was rather touristy. A further 14km took us to the head of the Zlatorog Valley, where we found a pleasant campsite in the woods on the shores of Lake Bohinj, overshadowed by the massive limestone cliffs of the Komarka.

The following day was spent walking up to the Vogel, only to find that the path had been bulldozed away in places to provide a ski-run leaving ugly scars on the mountainside. After an overnight storm, we left the campsite in mixed weather to drive to Stara Fuzina, a nice little village, where we left the car, for the start (10 a.m.) of our walk up to Triglav, the highest peak in Yugoslavia.

The path climbed steadily up the meadows of the Voge Valley and with short periods of sun, made a pleasant start to the day. After an hour the path began to climb steeply up through the limestone cliffs.

Eventually we reached the Vodnikova Hut (1805m) in misty conditions at about 3.00pm. We then continued up to Kurica where the path divided. One path went to the Triglavski Hut and ours went to the Domplanika Hut. We arrived at the hut an hour later and in a thick mist that drenched our clothes. The hut, at 2404m is fairly big; however that day it was literally bursting at the seams with people, all of them Yugoslavians. The hut warden's way of solving the bed problem was simply "two to a bed" or "sleep on the floor". Apart from the hut being overcrowded, there was no food available apart from soup, there was no water whatsoever, and the outside loos were rather draughty to say the least.

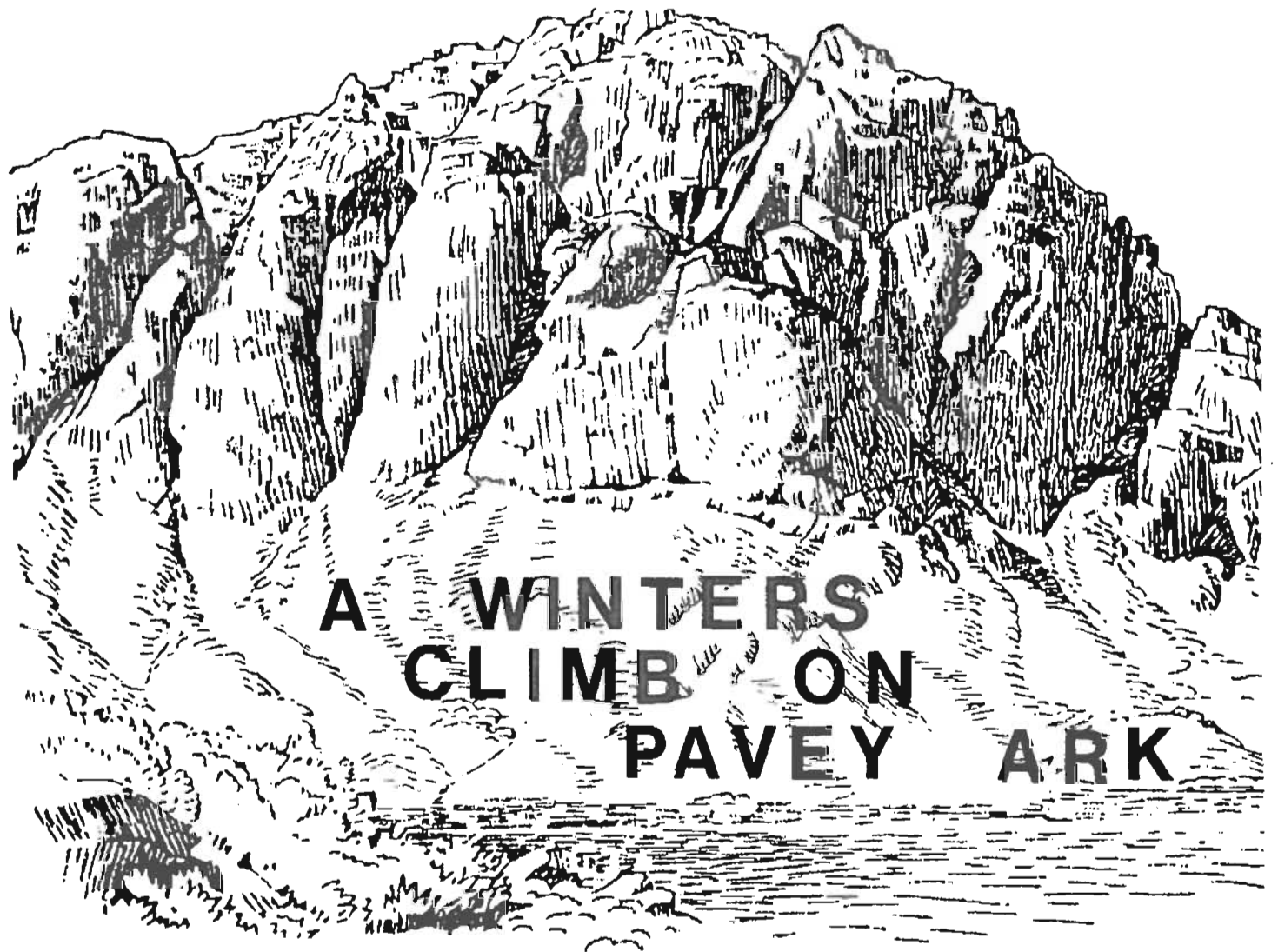
Later in the evening the mist decided to clear, giving us our first view of Triglav in the setting sun, towering above the hut. The night passed in utter chaos and it came as a relief to us when it was time to get up at first light.

The route to the summit consisted of easy scrambling (Tryfan style) with fixed ropes in the more exposed sections. Half way up the ridge the path from the Triglavski Hut joined our own route, making the ridge quite busy. Also from the ridge we watched the summer skiers in full force on the small glacier below the Triglavski Hut. However, as we approached the summit, the mist quickly descended on us, denying us the view from the summit top.

The descent was uneventful and a quick snack at the hut for second breakfast was much appreciated. From here we took the high level route (Dolici Way) passing the Trzaska Hut, a steep climb took us over the Cez Hribarice Pass (2385m). We descended down to the "Seven Lakes" in a light drizzle. This is a very beautiful part of the Triglavski Narodni Park, where even bears still survive. It was nice to come down again to some form of vegetation. We saw enormous glaciated slabs of rock, wild orchids, pine forests and "sunshine", and the most enormous trout in the lakes.

By 5.00 p.m., feeling already a bit weary, we reached the top of the Komarka, a steep 1000m wall that had to be descended to reach the valley and our campsite. It took us over two hours to get down the wall, balancing on pegs and steel ropes. Although very tired at the end of it, we were well satisfied with our twelve hour day.

As it rained again all night, and the campsite fee being £5 per head, plus extra for tent, car, hot water, taxes etc. we decided to leave having settled a bill for £55 for only three nights and head for the sun and sea on the Istrian Peninsula.



A WINTERS CLIMB ON PAVEY ARK

That winter chill,
Bitter sweet to the cragsman.
Beloved rocks ice glazed cold and dark,
Old snow leads the eye up a dancing
ribbon of light across the unrelenting
steeps of Pavey Ark.
Glistening bulges of clear ice, Invite
gloved fingers and a cat like tread.
The red rope snakes, no fear nor dread
Only height above height and a frozen tarn
Thrills and delights as silvered teeth bite.
Heart pounds, Terrordactyls strike and
flashy blades send tinkling crystals
of winter white
Across the Langdale Pikes.



**Gordon
Gadsby**



ACCIDENTS IN THE ALPS

STATISTICS FOR 1986 PUBLISHED BY THE GERMAN MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

29% climbing accidents
22% walking accidents
12% glacier accidents
25% ski touring accidents (16 people died in avalanches)
11% ski accidents on ski-piste
1% sundry accidents

337 accidents were reported; out of those 88 ended in death (26%) or are still missing.

42 accidents ended in serious injury (12%)

129 accidents resulted in slight injury (38%)

while in 78 accidents the rescued or missing were unharmed.

The relatively high number of uninjured is due to the fact that the rescue operations are quickly carried out by helicopter from nearby huts, especially where only one member of a party is involved.

As always, lack of experience, too much confidence, insufficient protection and inadequate equipment, are the PRIMARY reasons for accidents (181 or 54%). Lacking physical constitution (17 or 5%). Falls while soloing on rock or ice (8 or 2%). A total of 206 accidents (61%).

Objective reasons for accidents are avalanches, stonefall, icefall, falling into hidden crevasses, change of weather, etc.

First on the list are avalanches	(30 accidents or 9%)
followed by stone and ice fall	(25 accidents or 7%)
change in weather	(8 accidents or 2%)
falling into crevasses	(7 accidents or 2%)
lightning	(2 accidents or 1%)

As with some of the objective reasons for accidents such as a change in the weather, avalanches could be avoided by listening carefully to weather forecasts. The total percentage of accidents which are self inflicted is 70% (ie 54+5+9+2, taking into account both the subjective and objective factors which cause accidents).

Uschi Hobday

AUTUMN 1986

WINTER 1987

INDOOR

MEETS

Editor

Mike Pearce took on the task of organising the indoor meets. It was noted that the group normally standing at the back of the room at the Royal Oak was not always present. Perhaps members had learnt to arrive on time or there was no longer a pressing need to make sorties to the bar.

The session kicked off with Howard Lancashire giving a slide show entitled Kangaroos, Koalas, Kookaburras and Karibiners in which members were shown a spectrum of modern hard routes on various crags throughout Australia. Countless slides were projected showing "flies"

clinging to featureless walls many of which appeared to have unpronounceable "Abo" names. At least we now know that Australian climbers are blessed with hot and rain-free weekends; a factor singularly lacking in "Pommy Land".

Tim (Timbo) Barnett gave the November talk and slide show. Everyone present was impressed by the "action" skiing, many of the shots of such a high standard that they had provided Timbo with food, lodging and female company for a season in Chamonix. An insight was provided into the mechanisms of being a professional photographer, from contacts, costs, magazine management and setting up that perfect shot. It appears that the U.K. 'mags' have a lot to learn and more to pay for their 'snaps' compared with their counterparts in France or the U.S.A. Is Timbo now going to break into the art of action photography in the alpine environment?



December found the club involved in its first 'Mountaineering Master Mind'; a quiz designed to stimulate the reading of mountaineering literature or perhaps mire climbing 'mags'. However, before the quiz we viewed the film with Terry Bolger climbing Debauchery on High Tor. It produced a smile on everyone's face, though most thought the commentary quite unsuitable for Sportsnight!

Could the Oread book other films on climbing and mountaineering?

With darkened room, 1000 second-rate candles lit up the faces of Team 'A' consisting of Paul Gardiner, Derrick Burgess and Dawn Hopkinson and Team 'Z', consisting of Ray Colledge, Sharon Russell and Roger Penlington. Mike Pearce and John O'Reilly read the questions and added up the points from behind a bullet-proof screen!

Dawn's provocative attire, consisting of 'cut away' helmet, skin-tight duvet, thigh-length see-through ski boots and crimson bloomers with the elastic removed caused the question master to take off 100 points from team 'A'. The audience awarded Dawn 200 points, while team 'Z' wanted to mix with the 'A' team.

Fairness was beyond reproach. Roger giving the correct answers to such questions as - "the shop which provided Whymper's rope?" "or how many climbers in Russia have the Lenin Medal for sport?" and Sharon got the correct answers to "the club who owns Tan-yr-Wyddfa?" and "who sells the cheapest gear in Derby?"

Some of the panel were less well-versed in our sports history and development. Paul thought a gendarme was a petrified French policeman, while Derrick understood it was Tensing who told Carrol to sod off down the Matterhorn. Ray stated that crabs were developed only because climbers could not get soap on the continent and Dawn formulated the hypotheses that female climbers have taken to gritstone only to provide wash-day hands after secretly buying automatic washing machine with their husbands' beer money. After many hours of intense concentration the winner was announced. "A" team 23.29 points, "Z" team 23.29 points and the audience 23.291 points.

January's indoor meet was a Members' Slide Evening in which about ten people contributed photographs. These showed a range of club and members activities, situations, characters and social events of the previous year. Pets Scott produced shots taken on the complete traverse of the Chamonix Aiguilles, while Rock showed some of the happenings on the Visp meet, as did Nick Moyes, though in this case with a commentary on flowers. Gordon Gadsby, no doubt with the aid of a 1500mm lens picked out features not normally seen by the human eye! "Cordee du Oread" draped across crags at home and abroad showed that the hard

Mike Wynne, a club member, was the speaker at the February indoor meet. His subject was trekking in the Greater Himalayas - the trek to Everest base camp, Annapurna Circuit, trek to K2 and trekking in Ladakh. These brought out the great variations in topography and geography, from the deep afforested valleys of Nepal to the desert plateau of Ladakh and to the crowded and rubbish littered paths in the more popular areas, while in others the still unspoilt native villages. The broad spectrum of people on the treks was also shown and several funny stories recalled.

March saw Tony Howard give a spectacular slide show on Jordan. The first part on the area near the 'rose red city of Petra', described in Shelley's poem as 'half as old as time itself'. Then on the rock climbing in Wadi Rum, situated in the south of the country - routes from S+ to HVS and up to 1800ft long on near perfect sandstone and a spectacular rock bridge with an 800ft drop below. The slides whetted the appetite of many, and with such perfect weather many voices were heard saying that... the club ought to pack up running wet meets in England and head for Wadi Rum for the weekend meets.

In conclusion, a very successful set of winter indoor meetings.

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**Climbing philosophy of Mark Twain:
Hotel Veranda!
Bottle of Whisky!
Telescope!**

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Aiguille d'Argentiere by
the Millieu Glacier Route
Richard Coghlan

After three or four days of unsettled weather and incorrect weather reports which kept us down in the valley even on the good days, there was a requirement for an easy route that could be done in moderately bad conditions if necessary. Join Gresty and Chris Jonson had just come down the glacier above the campsite and recommended the route that they had just done on the Aigille d'Argentiere, the ordinary route up the Millieu Glacier which was sheltered from the high winds that had been blasting over the tops for the past week. For Nick Moyes and myself, this therefore, became the next target, the last route before returning to England.

We went up the Grands Montets telepherique to the top, from which we actually had to walk downhill to the Argentiere hut at the foot of tomorrow's route. While crossing the Argentiere Glacier we had a good look at the route which would save time the following day. The guidebooks said that the top section was like a steep couloir, easy when in condition but awkward if left later in the day, so we accepted the advice for an early start next morning. We know that Roger Penlington and John Salmon planned to do the North Face of the Aig. d'Argentiere on the same morning as our route on the south side, for which they were going to use Roger's bivi tent on the Col du Chardonnet, rather than staying at the hut.

Come morning we were the first of the 3.30am dormitory to leave the hut and we stayed ahead of those following all the way up. John Gresty had told us to stay left on the way up the glacier but we still encountered plenty of deep, wide crevasses spanned by flimsy snow bridges. Thankfully the glacier was dry at this point and even by headtorch we could clearly see what was underfoot. One

snowbridge was so bad that an ice-screw belay was called for. A pity that we had tied on so close together, Nick got half way across when the rope came tight and I had to follow after pulling out the protection.

The crevasses provided a bit of entertainment in that was otherwise a hard slog snow plod. At about 3700m, as we approached the so-called plateau in the glacier, just below the bergschrund, it became very apparent that I had lost all the acclimatisation to altitude that I had gained earlier in the previous week. Also, Nick's knee started to play up at about this point. He had twisted it badly just before coming out to the Alps by training in Derbyshire with a rucksack full of rocks.



The bergschrund was a walk-over, literally, and progress up the steep snow slope to the summit was steady but slow. There were many teams ahead who had all "cheated" by getting up before 3.30, but they didn't seem to be sending down any rocks or ice so they didn't worry us. We popped onto the summit ridge sweaty and lightly clothed to be greeted by a truly cryogenic wind which gave credence to the Chamonix met offices claim for a 120km/h wind at 5000m for the day. Having stayed for about five seconds to admire the view and the giant summit cornices, we headed down again. A French pair that had just come up the North Face said that they had seen no one else on that side of the mountain.

The descent was quick and easy, though Nick was clearly in some pain. The top section of the route was clearly going to stay frozen all day so our early start had been in vain. In daylight the easy path to the left of the crevasses could be seen, against the very boundary wall. We hadn't gone left enough on the way up.

We stopped to rest on our slow descent at a convenient point also chosen

by a Scottish pair and a guide with two clients. The latter was having problems with his rope, cursing as he tried to undo a bird's nest tangle. "In Britain we have a saying: a bad workman always blames his tools" shouted one of the Scottish lads. Nick joined in with an offer of the services of his penknife!

Down on the moraine at the foot of the Millieu glacier we waited for a short while as we watched the "rock stars" on the "south west face of the Lower Plateau" -one of those new ED crags close to the hut. Still no sign of Roger and John.

For a North face route they ought to have started just after midnight so we, on their descent route, ought to have met up with them by now, ie lunch time back at the hut. Had they given up or were they having an epic? In fact we learnt later that they had had a very successful ascent, only they hadn't even got out of their sleeping bags on the Col du Chardonnet by the time we were on the summit.



THE DERBY MOUNTAIN CENTRE ANTHEM

NICK MOYES



NOW IF YOU WANT TO CLIMB, come to dmc
FOR HELPFUL ADVICE OR daylight robbery.
WITH GEAR for the Alps, and cream FOR YOUR ACHES,
get an eighty litre sack FOR A DAY IN THE LAKES.

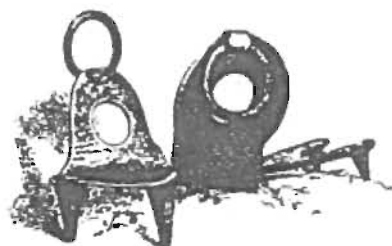
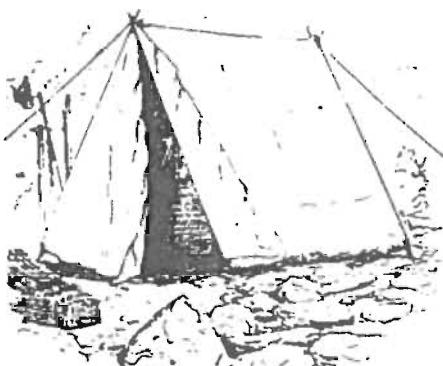
IF YOU SPEND A PACKET WHEN YOU buy your tent,
AND YOU THEN GET WET, you'll know what they meant
- FOR TWO HUNDRED QUID and a leaking roof,
AT THE DMC, a cheap tent's no proof.

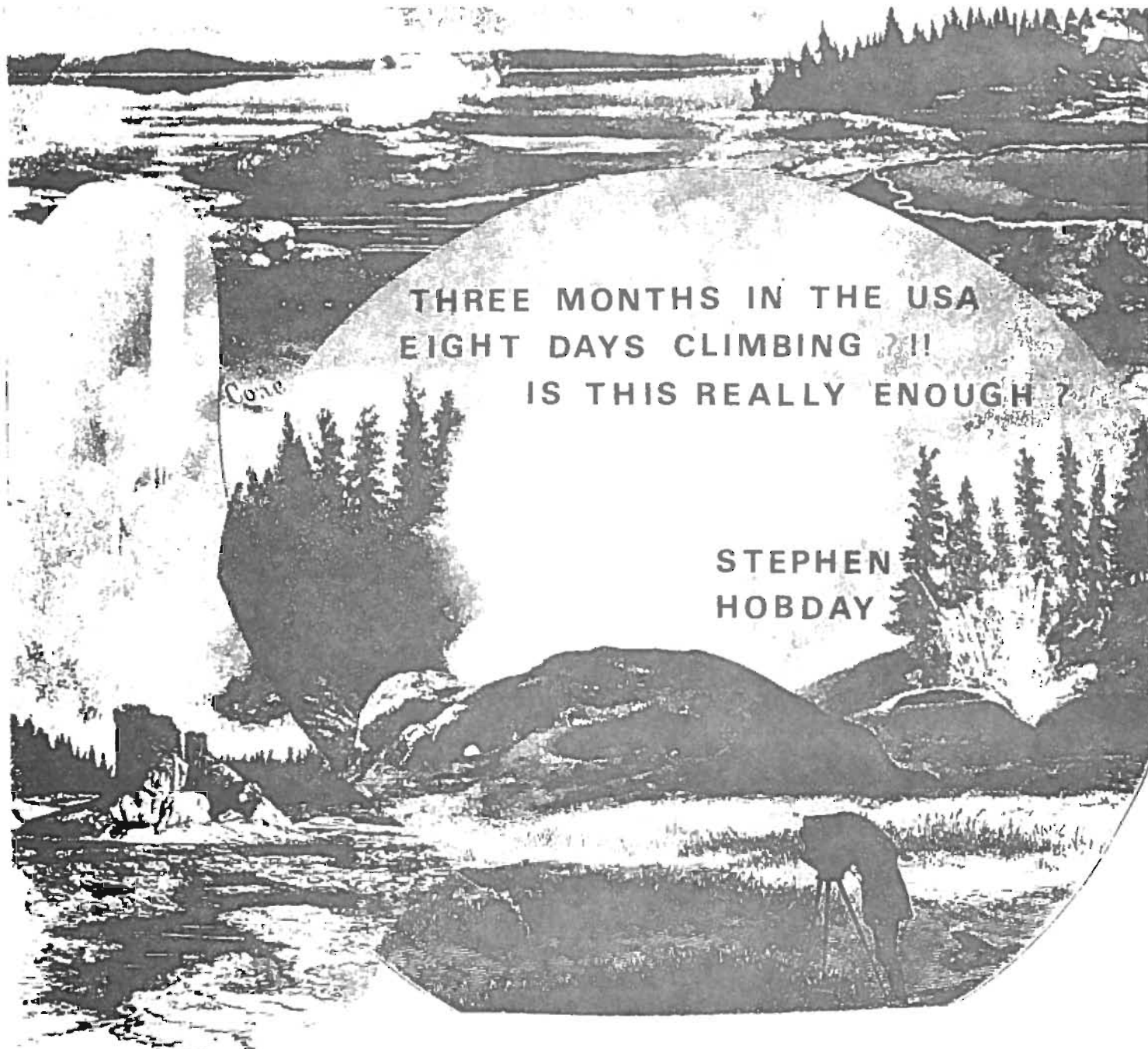


But if it's shelves you want, WITH VARNISH TO GO,
Rob Tressider's your man - HE AIN'T THAT SLOW.
When the job's NOT DONE, and space GETS RESTRICTED,
Don't forget - it's SHELF INFLICTED.

THERE'S NOW A HIMALAYAN branch OF THE DMC
selling rain damaged COATS for a very HIGH FEE,
and the Sherpas ALL COME just to buy THOSE GOODS,
from that lovable couple - A PAIR OF HOODS!

SO GO SEE O'REILLY OR Michael Pearce,
BUT DON'T FRUSTRATE those men, OR COMPLAIN too fierce
IF THE GEAR'S no good, OR THE SHELVES too weird,
THEY MAY PULL OUT THEIR HAIR, OR RIP OFF A BEARD!





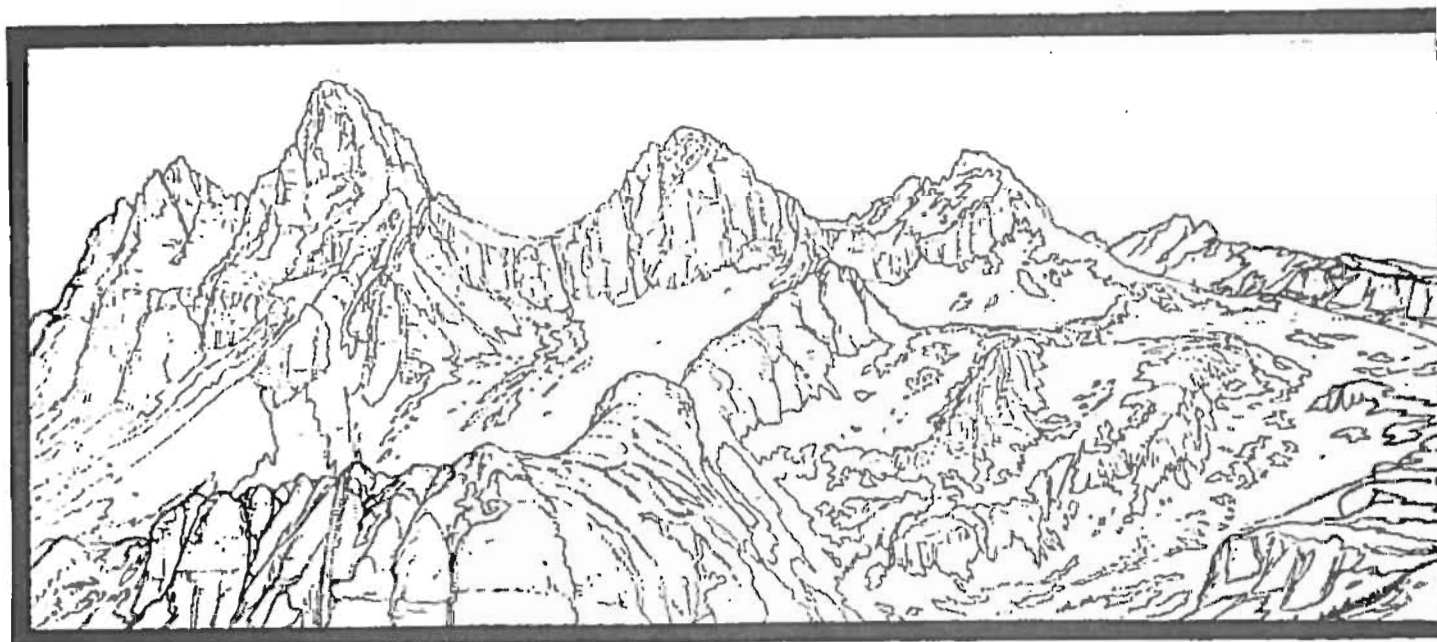
THREE MONTHS IN THE USA
EIGHT DAYS CLIMBING ?!!
IS THIS REALLY ENOUGH ?

STEPHEN
HOBDAV

The answer to this is quite simply NO! The first two months of my vacation were spent working at a Sports Camp for kids, to earn enough money to pay for my flight and the next month's holiday costs. I was working just outside Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where the nearest rocks were 150 miles away, a short drive by American standards. So most of my time was spent sailing, windsurfing, waterskiing and climbing on the camp's free-standing wooden climbing wall, which had wooden blocks in it, fastened by bolts, which invariably worked loose and spun when you stood on them and which frequently saw me eating dirt. After leaving the camp I travelled west to Chicago, via Boston, Toronto and Niagara Falls (great for canoeing and ice climbing - in winter?!). From Chicago I headed N.W. via Milwaukee and South Dakota, probably the worst place in the world to live; it brags a high desert, a road that is 110 miles long without a curve in it and the largest concrete cow in the world, which is the highlight of a desperate 48 hour bus journey. I arrived at Yellowstone, unlike my rucksack which somehow got off the bus 8 hours previously. I spent a day looking at geysers, hot springs, mud pools, waterfalls and wild rivers. My rucksack turned up eventually the following morning.

From there I went through Yellowstone National Park to Grand Teton National Park. It took an hour getting the necessary permits and paperwork filled in in order to climb the Middle Teton. However, on the walk up the road to the car-park I had a lift from two Austrian guides, over for three months intensive climbing, who offered to let me join them in doing the Grand Teton (4120m). As soon

as it got dark we crashed out. It was a perfectly clear night, cold, starlight and a full moon. No sooner had I got into my sleeping bag when a low howling noise started which gradually got louder and closer. So much for a good night's sleep. Not that getting up at 4.00a.m. the next day constitutes anybody's definition of a good night's sleep. I hid deep in my sleeping bag, drawing the cord at the top tight, hoping the wolves or were they Coyotes would be put off by the smell of my not having washed for ages. We had decided to do the Grand Teton in one day, as the two Austrians had this obsession against carrying weight and did not want to camp on the ridge. We walked for the first two hours in the dark, hoping we would not meet a bear, we did however, almost tread on a guy who was sleeping on the trail. We arrived on the ridge about 8.00 a.m. when everybody who camped there was just getting up. We scrambled up some scree until the climbing started. None of the climbing was harder than 4b, but the exposure and position etc. necessitated the use of a rope. The first pitch was called Wall Street, which was a rising ledge across the big wall. We then carried on up through the chimneys to the friction pitch which is a whole rope's length with no gear! A scramble across patches of snow followed (not recommended in Fires) to the summit which gave great views of the Southern Yellowstone, Prairie on the east and High Desert to the West, and the Middle and Southern Teton. We had lunch on the summit at almost mid-day. After our rest we scrambled down to the first of the 50m abseils which brought us to the top of the scree slope. Six hours later back at the car, I collapsed after my 14 hour day. We actually knocked 3 hours off the guide book time.



I said goodbye to my Austrian friends and went on to Boulder for three hard days' climbing. I managed to team up with an American with whom I climbed in Boulder Canyon and Eldorado Canyon.

We climbed the first pitch of a 5.10 before the regular 4.00p.m. rainstorm hit us and we had to abandon the climb. One hour later everything was dry again, so we did Worksupp 5.9 and Off Width 5.9 (2nd pitch), which was bad enough without being attacked by a nesting pigeon. We then went to Eldorado Canyon and climbed on Cab Rock, doing some desperate 5.10d cracks, then doing the classic N.W. Corner 5.7, followed by Castle Rock, aptly named as it really looks like a castle, a 300ft free-standing rock. Then we tackled Jackson Wall Direct 5.9. The

next day it was back to Boulder Canyon to climb on Bastille Wall, the route being Hair City 5.9, an excellent route to second, scary to lead, as the bolts are rather sportingly spaced in my opinion.

My last day was a Sunday, so in order to avoid the crowds we walked up the side of Red Garden Wall, which is the most enormous rock massif that I have ever seen (that is until I went to Yosemite). We climbed the first two pitches of Grand Giraffe 5.8/5.9, then did Super slab 5.10 a real classic with a desperate start and a desperate finish when you come onto a massive slab about 300ft above the ground, which proved rather exciting to say the least. When we reached the top of the slab we arrived at the "Meadows", where there is a break in the rock and it then soars up again, so we did the last five pitches of T2 5.9. The second of these pitches is a perfect rope length of superb jamming and from then on easy scrambling in a fine position to the top. The walk back was by no means as easy as it looked. Large easy-angled slabs led downwards. So you pick what appears to be the easiest descent route which invariably leads to a vertical drop, so you consult the guide book, which reads "from the summit (there are at least three on Red Garden Wall) go 200 yards east then descend for 75 yards, then go 300 yards west, descend for 100 yards, go east for 500 yards, etc. etc. etc." This goes on for a good half page and unless you happen to have a yardstick on you, it is almost impossible to follow the description.

Quote of the day came from woman with whom we shared a stance. When asked what she thought of the 5.11 Off Width she was in the process of leading, after a brief thought she replied "character building".

From Boulder I headed to Yosemite via the Grand Canyon, which is like mountaineering backwards. You start off early in the morning and descend the 4,500ft to the valley floor where the temperature gradually rises to 95 in the shade, most of the walking being done in the sun. I got down in two hours, but spent most of that time on my backside as the dust is about one inch deep on the path and I had to walk in trainers as I had no boots with me. By the time I got to the bottom, the layers of white and red dust had built themselves up in alternative layers on my legs and the only option to clean up is a really refreshing swim in the Colorado River. The descent down the South Kaibab Trail is steep and has no water on it. It is therefore recommended that one takes four litres of specially formulated energy drink and enough food for two days but I managed on two litres of water and a tin of sardines. The way up the Bright Angel Trail is considerably longer but less steep. I spent the night hidden amongst the rocks avoiding the Wardens, the reason being that I had not been able to obtain a trekking permit, essential to venture below the rim. These are only issued first thing in the morning and as my time was short and I could hardly afford a day's wait, I just took the risk and went without the permit. From the bottom of the canyon I also made a phone call to England the receiver being so hot that it burnt my hands and my ear. That night I washed all my clothes in the river and they had all dried about two hours later despite it being dark, and about 10.00 p.m. For my climb up to the rim I got up very early and did most of the ascent before the sun hit the trail. It only took me four hours but I heard of people taking between eight and twelve hours.

At about mid-day I left for Yosemite and arrived there by bus after needing about nine hitches to cover the eighty miles between Fresno and the park border where the attendant took pity on me, a lonesome weary traveller, and let me in free.

I found hitching in the States very easy, especially in the National Parks -longest wait 5 minutes, longest ride 285 miles.

The first day in Yosemite was spent walking around the valley floor gazing up at all the cliffs which rise straight out of the valley bottom and go straight up. Even the free shuttle buses have windows in the roof to enable tourists to gaze at the rocks. Anyone who does not have neck-ache after their first day is obviously a complete tourist, who has probably got it confused with Yellowstone National Park and is looking for the geysers. It took no longer than five minutes to find a climbing partner, a Bavarian guy called Peter. We went up to the Apron that afternoon and did Mother's Lament and Transistor Sister to get used to the rock. As usual Sunnyside camp ground was full by 10.00 a.m., so we bivvied out in

the woods below El Cap, the best place in Yosemite to sleep, as you look straight up the Nose Route and get a fantastic sunrise on its eastern side.



The following day we climbed the Lower Yosemite Falls and Royal Arches, wanted to do Severity Crack in the sunset as it gives spectacular views down the valley, but there were two groups in front of us, so we abandoned the idea and climbed it instead early the next morning. I led the second pitch which follows a good finger crack until it peters out and you have to make a long reach into a new crack to reach a stance. The final pitch, which looked deceptively easy, I led.

Other routes done included Five Fingers, Astro Spam and Nutcracker. On my last day in the valley I walked up to Glacier Point to watch the sunset over Half Dome, which is definitely worth the two-hour walk up. I was, however, pretty disappointed when I found a massive car park at the top, a shop and hundreds of tourists. However, it is probably one of best locations for giving the most spectacular sunsets in the world, and a very apt way of ending my climbing days in the USA.

The next day I hitched out across the High Sierra and then on to Las Vegas (no, I did not gamble as I am still under age and one has to show identification before admission is granted). In Las Vegas I caught a flight to New York and then back home to rainy England. Still, it was nice to climb on wet, greasy, green limestone after a month in the hot arid climate of California, or was it?!!

Mountains! What stuff has been written in praise of them,
what bunkum from dithyrambic pens.

The First Ascent Of Kharcha Kund North Ridge

What we did on our holidays

Bobby Gilbert

Rob and I arrived at Heathrow Airport at 7.00 a.m. We had made the mistake of arriving a mere three hours before the flight was due to take off and there was already a long queue of Indians, complete with Hifis, T.V.s, Walkmans and masses of other baggage, all waiting for the 10.15 Air India flight to Dehli.

After some preliminary investigations we established that the duty officer had no record of our 20kg extra baggage allowance, possibly because she didn't have any record of us on the flight at all!

This information was conveyed to me by a somewhat perplexed, and dispirited Tresidder saying "I feel that maybe there has been a mistake."

I thought to myself, "Now what would Pete do in a situation like this?", and then left Rob to guard the luggage whilst I set about making the next three hours of the Duty Officer's life a complete misery. I got her to check her list, check with other people at the airport, check at head office, taking every opportunity to ask, very politely, how she was getting on. At 10.15 she cracked, and said there were two seats available and then weighed our luggage. She would then see if she could get it on the flight!

Now we were allowed supposedly 40kg each, but reckoned the lighter it seemed the more likely we were to get on the flight, so we off-loaded all our heavy gear into our hand luggage (Rob was promptly told to swop it around again, as they suspected his dead man belay of being a garrotte!) and I discovered that a Scarpa plastic boot is a wonderful thing when accidentally placed too close under the edge of the scales. (You try smiling and explaining the finer details of Kharcha Kund's north ridge when you are supporting 10kg with your foot and fatigue is setting in!)

Anyway, 10.45 saw us sprinting down the corridors in plastic boots to arrive on our delayed flight, bodies covered in sweat.

After a relatively uneventful flight, we were met by Robin and Pete in Delhi and bundled off to the Indian Mountaineering Foundation (IMF) and the heat and humidity of India - 36 degrees in the shade.

Due to a cock-up in our supposedly 'Beadle-tight' arrangements, our liaison officer was going to be delayed for a week. So to make the best use of the time available we went on a whistle-stop tour of the area around Delhi. The next three days were a bit of a blur from which several distinct memories remain.

Our first taste of Indian driving - seemingly total chaos, but after you got used to it a sort of organised chaos (but none the less frightening). Cows asleep in the middle of the fast lane. The Taj Mahal at sunrise, monkeys on the roofs, beggars, touts offering everything from postcards and jewels to the view of a body at an open air cremation! The posh tourist bungalow where I was able to pinch some 'bog' roll. (I had forgotten to bring any and it is impossible to find any in India. It had looked as if I would have to rely on the Hindustani Times for the next seven weeks.) The nights lying on top of your bed sweating and the frequent power cuts - one just as Pete had turned to the last page of his Jeffery Archer, Blockbuster, Ha Ha.

Souvenir shopping in Jaipur, buying clothing, and jewels from a local gem merchant.

Pete couldn't get over the prices of the souvenirs, as he said whilst buying presents for his nieces;

"The thing is, I'm so used to being a tight bastard, I can't get used to spending all this money".

"Your nieces will be surprised by their Uncle Peter's generosity then?" I asked.

"Surprised? They will be bloody flabbergasted!" Pete answered.

And then the taxi driver getting totally pissed on the last evening back to Delhi. Pete ordered him to stop after he had nearly run into a parked lorry, confiscated his keys and we all got out. Rob tried the use of clever and subtle argument, to convince him of his folly while we waited for him to sober up, but in the end we found another Indian who said he could drive for us and so Pete and I bundled Sechendra (our driver) into the back and we were driven rather erratically back to Delhi.



LOCATION OF THE GANGOTRI AREA

The following day, in our non-stop, action-packed trip, Pete and I went on ahead to sort out porters, while Rob and Robin stayed behind to meet our L.O.

The trip to Ultarkashi must be the worst journey I have ever had on public transport. We arrived at Delhi Bus Station with over 100kg of luggage packed into eleven various rucksacks and bags. I scouted ahead to find our bus, which I discovered was leaving in two minutes from a point 500yds from our luggage. I sprinted back to Pete and we managed to grab all our gear and do a high speed stagger across the station. Getting across in time without dropping the eight kilograms of fudge that was threatening to drop out of the grip of my left hand was at least 6a. I couldn't use my arm properly for two days afterwards. We managed to throw the gear on the roof of the bus just before it tore out of the station.

It was a fourteen hours of driving to Ultarkashi, with a four hour stop in the middle. The bus soon filled up until it was absolutely crammed full. Our knees were crushed against the seat in front. There was nothing to lean on, it was dark, cramped and noisy. I resorted to a Walkman on full blast for the "get me out of here" treatment.

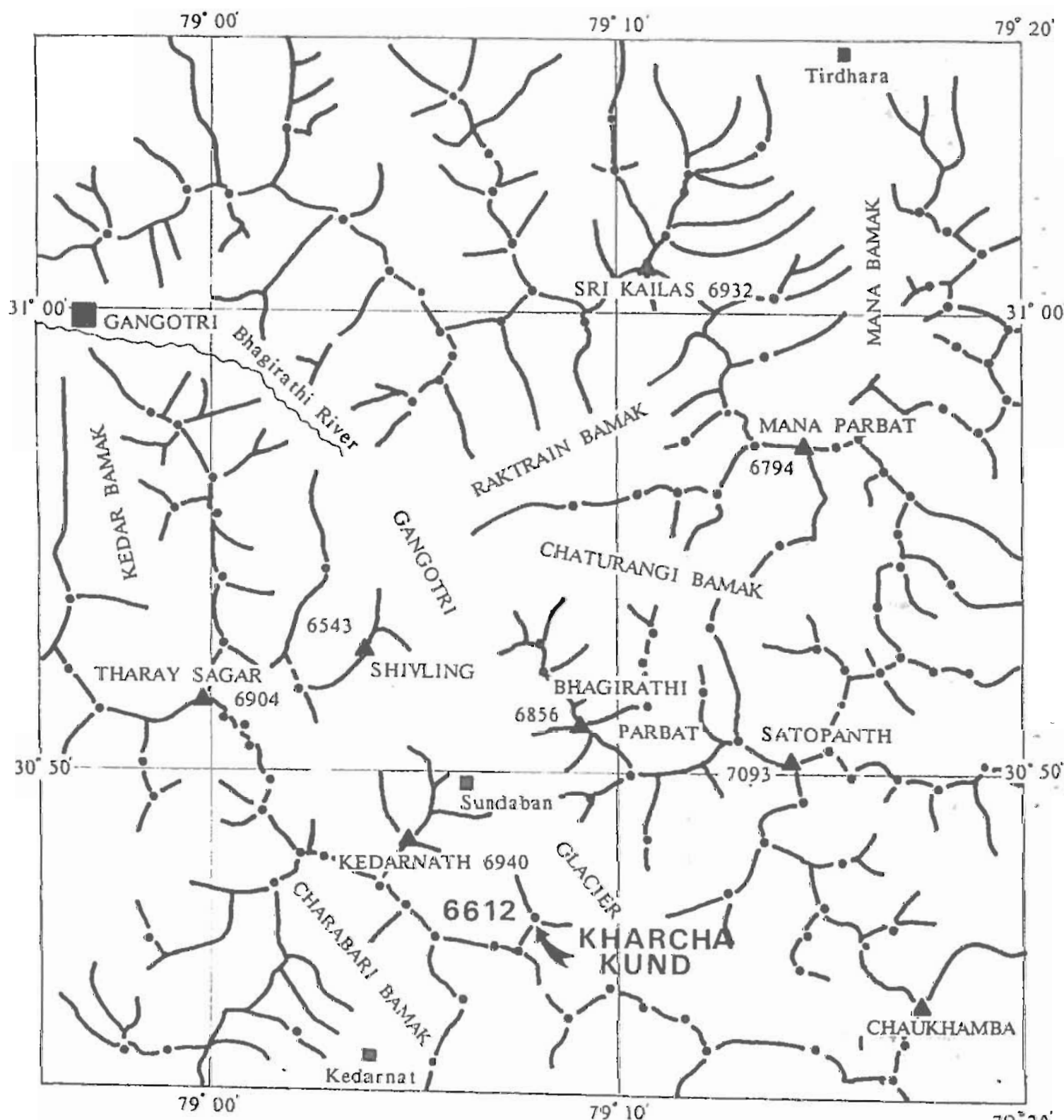
As dawn broke it started to rain torrentially and water poured in through the roof and windows, while the children behind me screamed their heads off and the child next to me threw up all over the floor.

We arrived in Ultarkashi a good ten years older. We then found a room and slept for sixteen hours.

A week later we were at Base Camp. The walking had started with a six hour bus journey covering only sixty miles!, then a three day walk. We had nineteen porters, and over half a ton of gear - mainly food.

Finally the preliminary organisation was over, we had reached Base Camp and could now concentrate on the actual climbing of the mountain. There were a few problems with the team's health. Robin was recovering from a bout of possible dysentey, Pete was between bouts of "the runs", Rob was suffering from the altitude - a bad back - a stomach infection -sunstroke and finally Base Camp las-

situde. The porters hadn't known what to make of him, walking in his underpants, with his shorts on his head to keep the sun off! I was still unaffected by any illness. However, after two reconnaissances, (on one of which Pete and I climbed the first 2000ft of the route) we were all fit enough to make a proper attempt on the route. The weather was good, the conditions were excellent; we had done all the preparation we could and so with five days food we said goodbye to Das and Bhojas (L.O. and cook) and set off for the summit!



SKETCH MAP OF THE GANGOTRI MOUNTAINS AND LOCATION OF KHARCHA KUND

The walk from Base Camp to the foot of the ridge took four hours. We had fairly light sacks, as we had done carries of sixty-four pounds each during the reconnaissances. The route went up a lateral moraine by the side of the glacier for about one hour. We then took to the tortuous and loose moraine of the main glacier. This led up to the Kirti Bamak, a side glacier which we had then to cross on more horrendously loose and unstable boulders forming another moraine. On reaching our reconnaissance bivouac site we had several hours before scrambling up eight hundred metres to our gear dump, where there was a good ledge on the crest of the ridge, for our first bivouac.

The following morning we were brewing up at 4.30, ready for a 5.30 getaway at first light. The first few pitches were solo-able, but then it became necessary to rope up. Robin and I were on familiar territory as we had made a reconnaissance of the first part of the ridge, leaving belays and one or two fixed ropes on the hard pitches so as to speed us up. We went ahead following our previous route and putting in more bits of fixed gear for the other two who were coming behind retrieving the fixed rope, which we would need higher up.

This initial rock section had some quite awkward pitches at about alpine grade 5, but with the help of the ropes we had left, we were soon up to our previous highpoint at a small patch of ice. We put on crampons for a pitch and then I headed off on new territory - a steep bulging wall which I felt sure would lead to the foot of the first of the five pinnacles. This was an excellent pitch: hard, steep and exposed. Robin left some fixed gear before leading through up a steep unprotected slab which then led to the top of the first pinnacle. It was still only lunchtime and we were making good progress. There was no sign of the other two, so we tied one of our ropes off and left it hanging down the slab, so as to speed them on their way.

The far side of the first pinnacle involved a steep abseil. We sorted out a belay, but had to wait for the other two because we realised that we needed the fixed rope. Still no sign of them. After waiting for one and a half hours, having had lunch and basked in the sun, relaxing we heard a hail of oaths and shouting from below - Pete and Rob were on the ice, but all I could hear was something about "crampons... most dangerous mountains in the whole world... bloody philosophical debate...". It became apparent that Rob's crampons weren't fitting onto his boots properly and he resorted to step cutting!

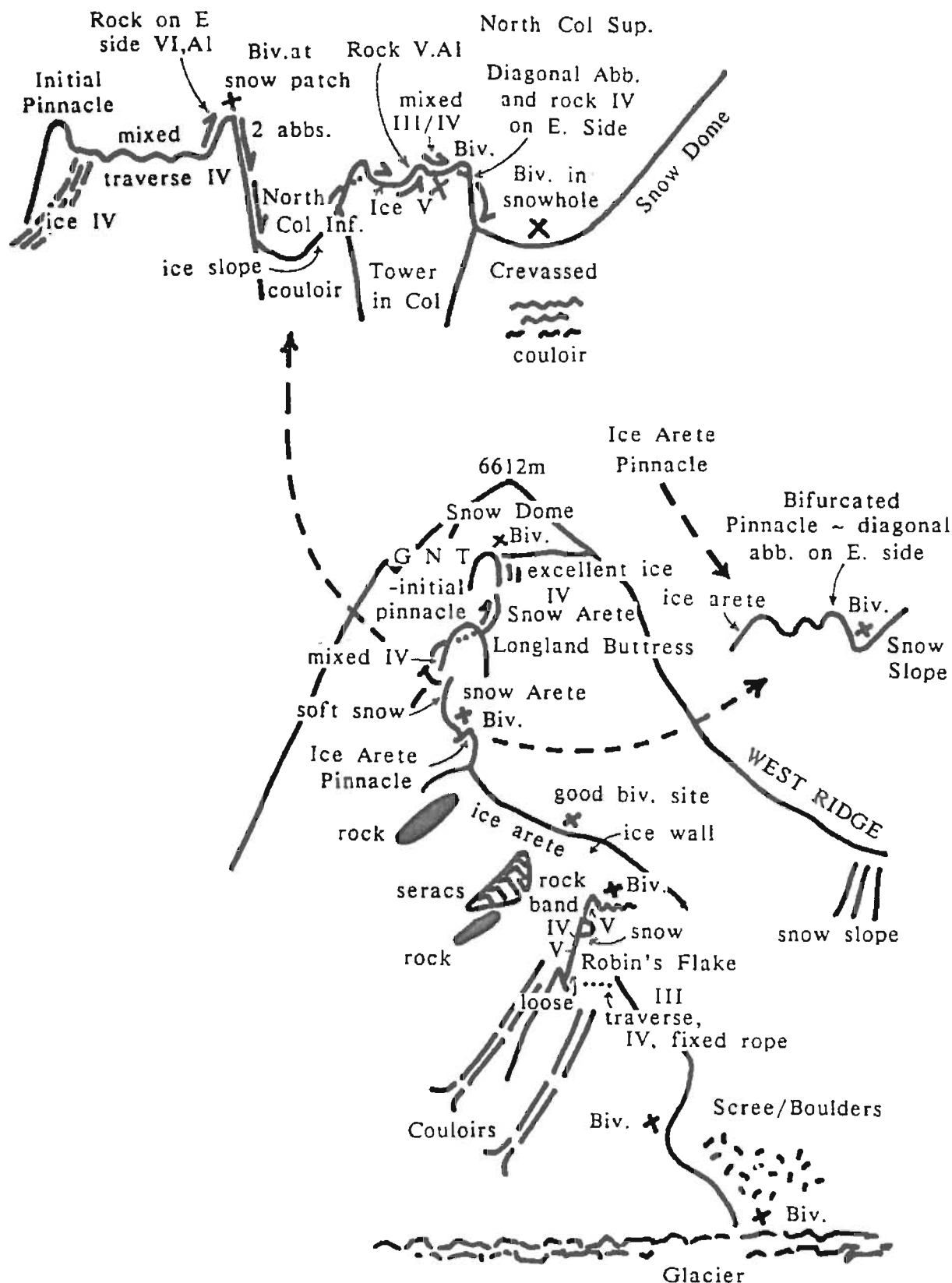
After another hour during which time Robin and I had discussed every possibility, from going back down to pushing them off and getting on with the route by ourselves, Pete jumared his way to the stance, panting like Ivor the engine. When Rob arrived we were able to modify his boots with the aid of my penknife and so make his crampons fit.

It was now only possible to get over the first three of the five pinnacles before bivvying. The abseils were quite spectacular on overhanging rock. With a heavy rucksack on, 'abing' on a 7mm rope with a sticht plate was no fun! Since none of us were particularly into the sport of speed abseiling, we used prussiks to slow us down. Halfway down, Pete got tangled up in his prussik, there was a crunch, and his digital watch informed him it was 88.88 on the 8/8/88. With a few more healthy oaths he committed it to the abyss, where it is no doubt 88.88ing to this day!

Our second bivvy was on a small ledge that we had to rope ourselves on to, on one side of the sharp ridge, with a patch of ice that it was possible to hack at in order to get water, while hanging from a rope fixed on the other side of the ridge.

We had all been told we should drink 6-8 pints of liquid a day, so we all dutifully drank as much as we could, and then spent the rest of the night getting up to go to the loo!

Next morning Robin and I led off again. We traversed the 4th and 5th pinnacles to reach the bottom of the large snow wall dominated by huge seracs on the left hand side. It was here that I lost my first bit of gear to the hill. My lens cap slithered down my legs, paused on my foot before happily bouncing down the snow slope. I'm sure Rob could have caught it if he'd moved a bit quicker, but apparently he didn't fancy making the Gordon Banks dive whilst halfway through a 'crap', with his harness round his ankles!



TOPO OF KHARCHA KUND NORTH RIDGE

Robin lead up through a really good bit of mixed ground (Scottish grade 3) onto the snow wall proper. We then moved together for about eight rope-lengths up to the ice arête. It was the first really knacker thing we'd done. Wallowing in steep soft snow produced the usual case of ten steps then collapse with exhaustion due to the altitude.

When we reached the ice arête we got a magnificent view from a huge platform, which would have made a suburb bivvy spot. Above us stood the Great North Tower and below us we could see Rob and Pete pitching their way up the

snow wall.

After some food, and writing of diaries, we decided to set off and see what the next obstacle would be. It was a large ice arête leading up to two large pinnacles. The ice was quite straightforward, and of good quality, (about 25 steps before the body suffered a seizure!). Robin got to the top first and started hauling me up on the rope. Just to show willing, I ran up the last fifty steps to collapse gasping for air for the next five minutes.

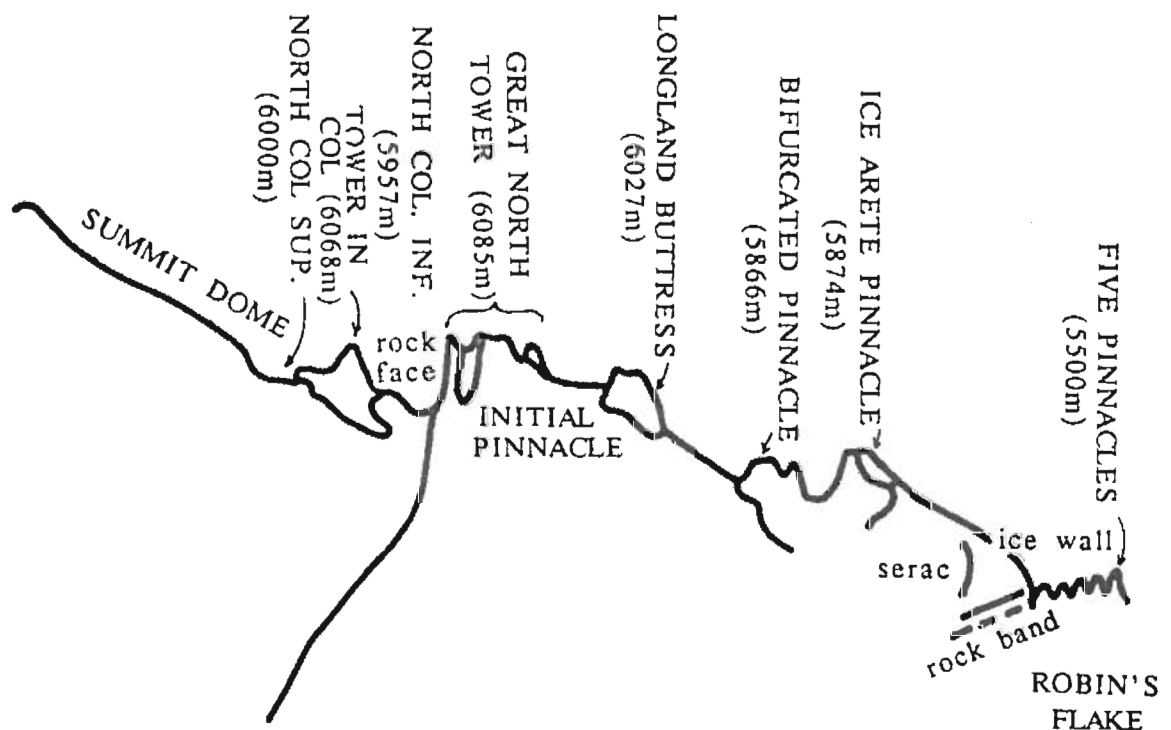
We descended straightforwardly, then climbed a very steep wall of soft snow. It was my lead, and I felt distinctly unsafe as I slid down two steps for every three up.

Getting round the next pinnacle was extremely tricky, but eventually Robin conceived a devious system of fixed ropes, diagonal abseils and traverses across steep flakes of rock to reach a large platform.

It was only 2.40p.m., but we bivvied here as the others were a long way back and Rob was feeling very rough. (It later turned out that he had a parasite living in his stomach!)

Dawn saw us climbing up the next steep ice wall, then a steep grade four traverse onto rock skirting Longland's Buttress. (Thanks Jack!) More snow plodding took us to a heavily corniced snow arête which led to the Great North Tower. We paused here while I took some advertising photographs of Robin looking butch and mean wearing his Snowdon Mouldings Mitts.

We pitched up the arête, knocking great chunks of the cornice away with our axes and then continued up a steep grade IV gully which took us, after two rope lengths up onto the start of the G.N.T.



KHARCHA KUND NORTH RIDGE IN PROFILE

The G.N.T. is a ridge that runs from NE to SW, and so it was a lot longer than we had expected, as we had only seen pictures of it from oblique angles. After having something to eat we decided to go ahead and check out the route. I felt absolutely done in, and found it a major effort to do the next few pitches. They were almost horizontal but had awkward rocky steps, and short icy chimneys requiring short bursts of energy to get up them.

At the far end of this initial ridge was a very steep blank-looking buttress with a steep off-width crack in it. It looked next to impossible. Robin was belaying in a bergschrund which he had dropped into just below the rock wall. I

decided to traverse left on the snow and see if there was a way up, or around, on the side of the tower.

As I got to the edge of the snow I peered round the corner to see a steep solid granite wall. Straight above me was a vertical wall made up of big flakes, but slightly to the left of that was a leaning groove which I hoped would also have flaky holds.

Robin told me to hurry up, and not to sack-haul unless absolutely necessary because of the time. "Great", I thought.

The traverse across was thin bridging on very small rounded holds. Quite exciting with big plastic boots on. I traversed twenty feet into one of the grooves, then climbed another ten feet where I could place a Friend. I didn't feel at all tired now, but full of energy due no doubt, to large amounts of adrenalin. The grooves were in actual fact very blank, with none of the big flaky holds I had hoped for. However, I still thought it was possible, and so climbed another thirty feet, with one more runner, up very smooth rock: square-cut quarter-inch handholds, and rounded eighth-inch footholds. About 5a or 5b I'd guess, but terrifying with big boots and a large rucksack on.

I arrived in a corner with a very steep exit, placed a large rock runner and pulled up on it to see what I could see. The groove above was blank. So was the one to the left. The runner was wriggling around quite alarmingly, but a couple of blows from my ice hammer had it well jammed in (it was probably Robin's). The thought of coming off with a big sack on, and understandably being pulled backwards didn't bear thinking about.

I decided I would have to aid the next bit, and so clipped a sling into the runner, stood up, and managed to bang a three-inch blade in about a inch. I tied it off, thinking it would have to do, and stood up on it, praying it wouldn't pull out. The groove above was under two inches of thick lichen and I spent five minutes hacking this away with my hammer before placing another very small bendy blade. This I clipped into and stood on, watching it bend.

From here I could just step into the next groove, again on very small holds. I put my right foot on a tiny hold as the vertical wall, smeared my hands on small sloping holds, and leaving the safety of the sling, swung my unwieldy weight across and grabbed a good hold, thankful that my feet hadn't shot off! I was totally exhausted. Hard stuff at 6000m. The last seventy feet was all steep but on huge holds, so I shot up, belayed and brought Robin up. Whilst he sorted out a bivvy ledge I 'abbed' down to take the rope across to the others who were waiting at the bottom. I then had to prussik up the pitch again.

Robin had found some small sloping ledges which we tied ourselves onto, and bivvied on. We were fairly well sorted out by the time the others arrived. I had my food and brew as quickly as possible and got into my pit. Meanwhile the other two were sorting out their belay in the dark.

The ledge I was sitting on sloped at about 30 degrees and so every time you started to relax, you slipped and were grabbed in the crutch by your harness. This called for careful positioning.

About half an hour after we'd settled down there was a bit of a disturbance from the boys next door. There was a great crash and jangling followed by loud oaths and raised voices. Apparently Rob had put a peg in, belayed to it, hung all his gear, rucksack, crampons, etc on it and sat underneath it, and the whole thing had come crashing down on top of him! I just pretended to be asleep. I didn't want to have anything to do with it.

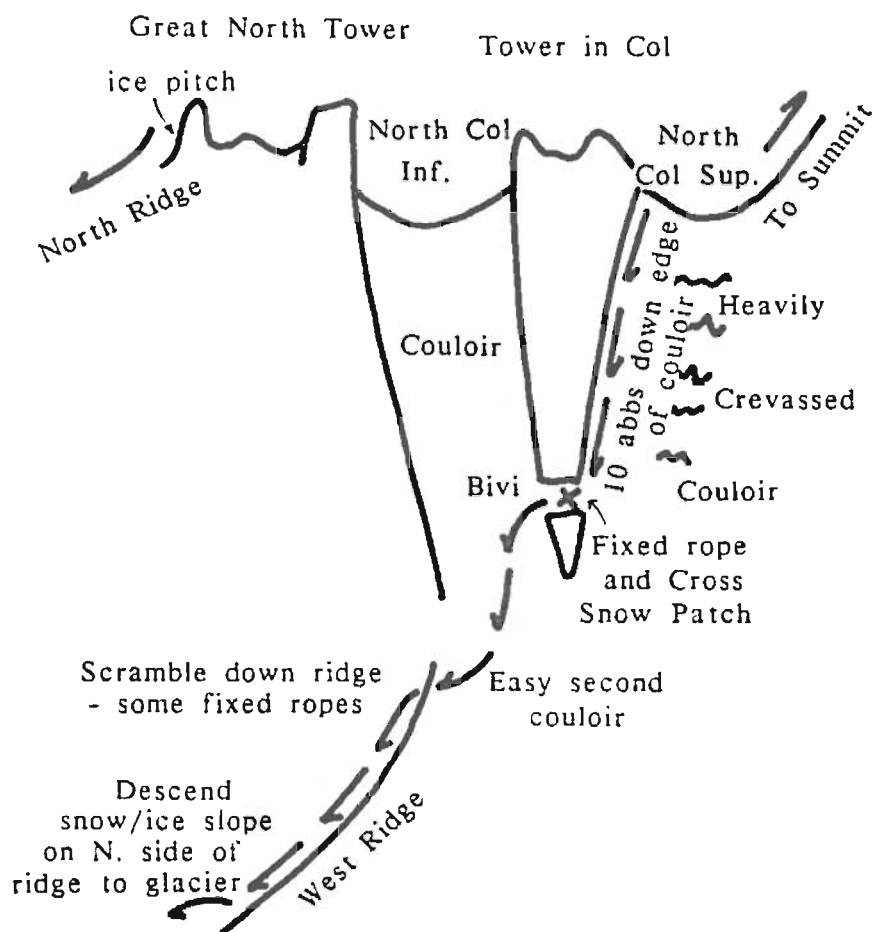
Next day we got over the next of the GNT, a knife-edged ridge, and then abseiled down two vertical pitches into the unknown to arrive at the North Col. Unfortunately there was another pinnacle in the col, which we were unable to get around, and so had to climb over. This involved hard ice climbing, one pitch led by Rob on rock, hard vertical ice, which he had to traverse. A superb lead, which we took advantage of by all tying on and seconding him. A Scottish Grade V pitch! Then more hard rock climbing up a chimney and some awkward abseiling and climbing on poor snow led up to another bivvy site. Our fifth on the mountain. That night the temperature was -15°degrees Centigrade. Fifty degrees colder than Delhi!

We were within three pitches of the far side of the North Col and so got

there in good time after a hard traversing ice pitch, (Rob Tresidder speciality) and jamming one rope, making it necessary to cut fifty feet off it. (Yes it was my bloody rope!) We spent the rest of the day digging a snow hole in the col, ready for an early start for the summit on the following day.

The summit day arrived as our alarms went off at 3.00a.m. We all had a brew, then promptly all went back to sleep again. Everyone seemed pretty dispirited at this stage. Finally we got up at 6.00a.m., and after a long plod up the steep snow of the summit dome made the summit at 9.00a.m.

The weather was brilliant. Clouds in the valley with mountains sticking through them, clear blue sky above. We could see for miles in every direction. We spent half a hour on the summit, taking pictures, shaking hands, looking at the view. It suddenly all seemed worthwhile. All the months of preparation, all the hassles of getting to base camp, all the hard work on the climb, but we made it. The first ascent of the North Ridge, and the first British ascent of the mountain.



TOPO OF THE DESCENT OF KHARCHA KUND BY THE WEST RIDGE

mornaine all totally knackered, staggering back into basecamp in the dark to find that Pete hadn't turned up. What the hell, we couldn't do anything about it. We collapsed in the mess tent where a smiling Das had made sure there was food and drink for us. We just sat around bathing Rob's feet and talking about the climb well into the night (well until 8.30 a.m., the latest we'd been up for days!), cheered by the thought of Pete stuck on some glacier for another night without food!

The descent took us a further day and a half to base camp: first back to the col, then down a steep gully on the West Ridge to a bivvy on the shoulder. It was during the many awkward abseils down the gully that I felt at my worst, absolutely run-down, and having to contend with diagonal 'abbs' on hard ice, abbs off snow bollards, over seracs, across crevasses. As I said to Pete at the time "I don't think I've felt this bad since the last time I went drinking with Sedgwick"

The descent became easier as we got lower down and towards the glacier, Pete going off to get the gear we had left at the bottom of the ridge. Rob unable to frontpoint because of frostbite. Robin and I carrying his gear back to basecamp for him. This gave us incredibly heavy sacks with which to cross the horrible

Domplinika Hut
from the
Triglav Ridge



Looking towards
the
Triglav Hut



OGWEN 1987
Ian Tucker, Ian
Spare and Richard
Coghlan on
Brail-yr-Du
Pen yr Oig Wen



ALMSCLIFF
1ST JULY 1956
PIGOTT'S STRIDE

I would like to thank Beryl Strike for bringing my attention to the following poem, which was written by Prof. A D Godley. It was first published in "Second Strings" by Methuen in 1902.

SWITZERLAND

In the steamy, stuffy Midlands, 'neath an English summer sun,
When the holidays are nearing with the closing of July,
And experienced Alpine stagers and impetuous recruits
Are renewing with the season their continual disputes -
 Those inveterate disputes
 on the newest Alpine routes -
And inspecting the condition of their mountaineering boots:



You may stifle your reflections, you may banish them afar,
You may try to draw a solace from the thought of "Nachstes Jahr"
But your heart is with those climbers, and you'll feverishly yearn
To be crossing of the Channel with your luggage labelled "Bern".
 Leaving England far astern
 With a ticket through to Bern,
And regarding your profession with a lordly unconcern.



They will lie beside the torrent, just as you were wont to do,
With the woodland green around them and a snowfield shing through;
They will tread the higher pastures, where celestial breezes blow,
While the valley lies in shadow and the peaks are all aglow -
 Where the airs of heaven blow
 'Twixt the pine woods and the snow,
And the shades of evening deepen in the valley far below:



They will scale the mountain strongholds that in days of old you won,
They will plod behind the lantern ere the rising of the sun,
On a "grat" or in a chimney, on the steep and icy slope,
For a foothold or a handhold they will diligently grope -
 On the rocky, icy slope,
 (Where we'll charitably hope
'Tis assistance only Moral that they're getting from a rope):

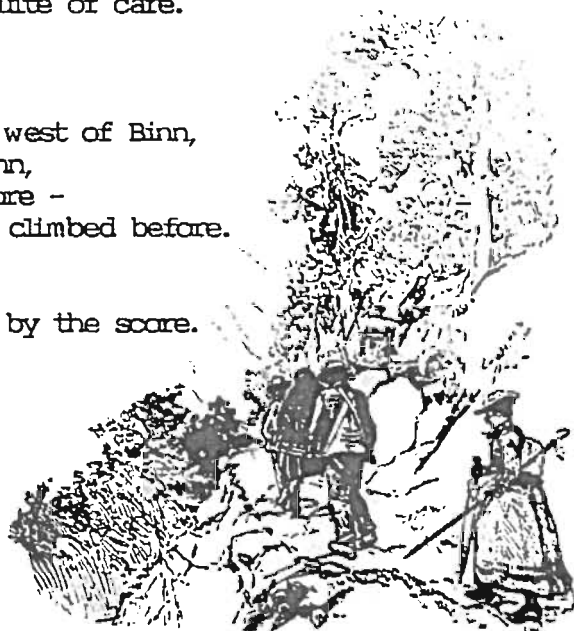




They will dine on mule and marmot, and on mutton made of goats,
 They will face the various horrors of Helvetian table-d'hotes
 But whar'er the paths that lead them, and the food whereon they fare,
 They will taste the joy of living, as you only taste it there,
 As you taste it only There
 In the higher, purer air,
 Unapproachable by worries and oblivious quite of care.

Place me somewhere in the Valais, 'mid the mountains west of Binn,
 West of Binn and east of Savoy, in a decent kind of inn,
 With a peak or two for climbing and a glacier to explore -
 Any mountain will content me, though they've all been climbed before.

Yes - I care not any more
 Though they've all been done before,
 And the names they keep in bottles may be numbered by the score.



Though the hand of Time be heavy; though your ancient comrades fail;
 Though the mountains you ascended be accessible by rail;
 Though your nerve begins to weaken, and you're gouty grown and fat,
 And prefer to walk in places that are reasonably flat -

 Though you grow so very fat
 That you climb the Gorner Grat -
 Or perhaps the Little Scheideck - and are rather proud of that;
 Yet I hope that till you die
 You will annually sigh

For a vision of the Valais with the coming of July
 For the Oberland or Valais and the higher purer air,
 And the true delight of living, as you taste it only there.



thirty years ago

rock hudson

The Oread started producing a Monthly Newsletter early in its history and the period Jan. 1956 to Sept. 1957, some thirty years ago, is covered by vol. 3 part 7 and vol. 4 up to part 11 (the club archivist is not in possession of a full set).

Each month a varied set of articles, comments and editorials were printed, together with official and semi-official accounts of the meets organised in the period prior to the Newsletter's circulation. It appears that in those days many more members were able, or at least found the time, to contribute to this publication, though sadly this, at least in more recent years, has not been continued for its successor - the Oread Mountaineering Club Journal.

I now bring to your attention a few writings of thirty years ago in the hope it will recall those times for the people involved and for we 'younger' ones to notice the differences between now and then, but also to point out the many similarities. I've also printed in full one of the meet reports.

In the January 1956 Newsletter the editorial gave the following predictions:

'Joe Brown will lead the hardest rock-climb and a new grade will have to be invented for it. The C.C. will refuse to follow Continental practice and just call it Grade VIII. An attempt on the world's seventeenth highest peak by a party of Brazilian school-mistresses will be unsuccessful'. What a far-sighted editor!!

Meet reports gave the following information:

C.Welb during the Kinder-Bleaklow meet acted as a modern Raleigh offering to carry a lady - one A Harper - across a raging stream. He tripped and both were swept away!

John Fisher, attending the Christmas Meet at Bryn-y-Wern, refused to be part of the festive activities and social scene and worked on a new guide book. (How many would be so conscientious these days?)

In March a skiing party visited Kuetai in Austria and the report states 'the place was quite delightful, having four small hotels and a couple of 'sport shops' and the Dortmunder Hutte'. I wonder what the place is like now?

The weather thirty years ago was just the same as now. For instance, a joint meet with the MAM at Glen Dena during 3-5th March reported 'low mist and heavy rain', the same as for 21-22 Feb. 1987. In vol. 4 part 6 for Feb 1957 the following comment was published, which this winter appears very appropriate. 'The Oread Exp. to Austria departs on March 2nd and are now wondering whether to take climbing gear instead of skis, owing to the reported absence of snow in the Tyrol'.

The Firework Meet organised by Mick Harby was a joint meet (again!) with the MAM and was based at Bryn-y-Wern. The bonfire took place at Black Rock Sands. The meet report told of the following incident:

Ray Handley, yet again trying to impress people, let off all of his fireworks together, then spent much time dancing on them, but in vain in an attempt to put them out. Derrick Burgess stood too close to the fire and a spark ignited a pocket full of 'Roman Candles' etc.etc.

The Newsletters show that meets took place in many locations which have not been visited for many years now. For instance Ardnamurchan, Eire and central Wales. The titles handed into the editor today are so mundane - Swanage 5-6th May, Bill Bogs, while in those days you read Ogwen Anathematise by Jupiter Pluvius.

The editor in the Dec. 1956 Newsletter was concerned about the problems caused by petrol rationing and how to avoid a complete abandonment of long-distance meets. Perhaps someone should inform some of the younger member that rationing is over and the Oread continues to run meets outside Derbyshire!! (and also that giving lifts is a good way to get to know other club members)

In those days there was a strong feeling for and against caving. For some this was quite serious. A member was grieved by a lack of response to an appeal for funds to aid the fight against caving, when he received a 2 lire note (in poor condition), a single kopek and some used bus tickets.

In many of the Newsletters members contributed poems, often with some merit, at least many would think so. A leader in this field was Jim Kershaw, with such titles as: Ascent of S C Gully, the last lines being -

"Treasure the moment passing fleet
As toiling up that frozen labyrinthine street,
The cornice, promise,
Gold in the dying sun.
Heralds the rising star on Bidean."

Eric Byne provided the "The Fireside Mountaineer" which starts -

"When icicles clothe the Downfall
And streams begin to freeze,
When gales come forth from East and North
And slash the naked screees."

Or "Lament at the passing of a friend." The author was not provided. The first verse is:

"Oh Johnny dear, the time is here
To leave the life you love so dear,
No more wandering down the lanes
For your feet are soon in chains."

This of course relates to some member (male) who was about to get married.

A final extract from these Newsletters, deals with the 9th AGM held at Baslow on March 23rd. 'The club was informed that Mrs Hall, owner of the Club Hut, Bryn-y-Wern demanded £5000 for the estate (hut and farming land). The committee decided there was no chance of raising this amount.'

What a tragedy, for the club members could now be in a position to organise cheap expeditions from the subsidies given to Hill Farmers by the EEC!!!

I wonder if a similar situation could arise today in the club if it found itself with similar problems (and again resorted to short term solutions, but long term regrets).

April In Llanberis Garry Pretty

The meet -leader was roistering in Uruguay (awaiting that legendary vessel the "SS Fitzroy") but this did not deter a remarkably large group of Oreads from enjoying perhaps slightly more prosaic pleasures in the Llanberis valley - although on

reflection, is there one among us with so little soul as to describe Welbourn's weekend zest as "prosaic"?

With a coach of 24, four car loads and several motor cycles (Cooke and Cullum were astride their combinations - and Andy Renville had come from Kent) there was a positive glut of Oreads. Some camped, others used a reconditioned Cwm Glas Mawr, and some did both. It was particularly good to have Doug Cullum with us - in fact the "matratzenlage" in Cwm Glas bore a distinguished company. Incidentally, Dave Thomas is to be congratulated on this most comfortable piece of hut equipment. Perhaps if Penlington were to seek inspiration at the same source, he might increase the sleeping accommodation and leased the barrack-room sterility of "B-y-W" and at the same time earn the gratitude of us, the gregarious Oread.

Except for the latter part of Sunday afternoon (when it rained in response to an unpopular prophet crying aloud upon the slopes of Cromlech) conditions were excellent on the rocks, and a wide variety of things were climbed.

Handley, Janes, and Millward with Bird were performing on Dinas Mot and Main Wall. Penlington, Cooke and Fisher were taking it in turns to leap up and down the first pitch of Curving Crack. Kershaw and Hatchett were seen on the Rectory Chimneys. There were people strolling round the Horseshoe and others taking tea in the summit hotel. There was the fastidious person who refused to go to the summit of Snowdon "at this time of the year". He was last seen standing at the top of the P-y-G track speaking in nostalgic terms of Crib Goch, ice and moonlight.

There were parties on Carreg Wastad and the Cromlech (Ernie Marshall and Brenda Goodwin on Cemetery Gates).

"P-y-G" was thick with humanity on Saturday night - hopelessly overcrowded and no place for a quiet beer. A small crowd descended on the Cwm Glas before turning in.

As if compelled by some invisible force, nearly everyone went to Dinas Cromlech on the Sunday - and stood in a queue under Flying Buttress. Of course there were those like Penlington, Cooke and Fisher who can climb things on the Cromlech other than "F.B.", and there was Handley flailing about on Kaisergebirge Wall lower down the valley, but, generally speaking, Sunday was sociably enjoyable with an Oread head round every corner and an Oread boot on every hold of this delightful climb.

When you tire of watching the procession or of listening to Peter Janes (who talked himself up the climb without a noticeable break, from the first to the last hold), you could go down and join the gallery beneath Cenotaph Corner - across which Ron Moseley was stretching a network of slings and double ropes. It was raining by 3.30p.m. and it was time for most of us to be off the crag.

We watched the small concentrated figure clinging to some invisible means of support in the back of Cenotaph Corner. There was the occasional staccato ring of hammer on peg - it all seemed rather casual, and yet the immense technical competence of these men who can swing for hours across such walls was suddenly very clear - but it was no whit less fantastic.

Beneath the overhang of Ivy Sepulchre a second man struggled desperately and fell off again and again - it all seemed rather pointless, unless, perhaps you care to compare him with Bruce's legendary spider.

It was raining harder now, but it gave most of us plenty of time to catch the bus. Others were less conscious of passing time and Fisher was heard to murmur something.

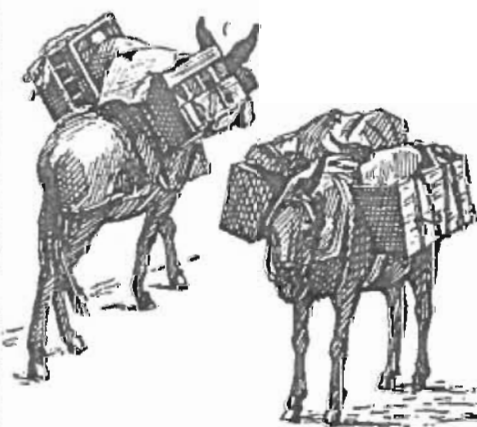
There was only one sad occurrence. Murial Tucker, recently recovered from an ankle fractured on Snowdon, took a falling stone on the nose on Dinas Cromlech. Perhaps she was fortunate that the stone was no larger and had fallen no further.

I was left with one rather unpleasant impression. If the weekend crowd was typical of the number of people who inhabit Llanberis during good weather - then give me a weekend in Winter, or perhaps we should be grateful that "B-y-W" is not too far away. It was altogether too much like a vast open-air gymnasium floored with rusting cans and broken glass.



A black and white photograph of a steep, rocky mountain peak, likely Mount Everest, with a small structure visible near the base.

A black and white photograph showing a steep, rocky hillside in the background. In the foreground, three people are walking across a field, holding hands in a line. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, almost stencil-like appearance.



Patterdale 1987

7th — 8th March

Colin Barnard

Some days live in the mind for no clear or good reason. Days when maybe nothing was achieved. "What did you do?" "Oh we walked to the pub for lunch."

It did not start off like that of course. The meet Leader abdicated responsibility on the Saturday morning and consoled himself with the thought that this was democracy in action. The democratic vote was for the High Street Ridge via Pasture Beck; however it was not one team but a multitude of dribs and drabs that set off. Out of these fragments eleven coalesced to form the main team whilst Clive, Ian, Ann and Sheila formed one splinter group, Gordon, Stuart and John another.

Not totally awful weather but a nasty wind is whipping up the spindrift as we plough up Pasture Beck. JD's tongue is perpetual motion incarnate. He categorises the weather as "reasonably unbearable", which is not far off. His ardour is dampened when the wind blows him off balance crossing a stream and he gets a wet boot in consequence. We struggle up to the col and seek shelter. Where's JD? Still coming. Linney signals him. "What about a water bottle Biddle" comes the call from the all-encompassing mist and spindrift.

No way is anyone going on the ridge today. Linney emerges as the Leader of the Pub Team. Eleven for, no dissenters, no abstentions. So down to Troutbeck. But the wind is coming straight at us as we try to cross the Col. Repulsed totally. Back the way we came suggests someone. But Hudson is not to be denied. We must all try again and do better next time he tells us.

We try. Head down and charge into the wind. Keep the momentum going, imagine you're going for the corner flag. Helen, who ought to be blown away, emerges as the star performer. Over the lip, keep going. No one would last more than minutes trying to walk into this wind. Lose height quickly but don't stumble. Then magically the blizzard is merely ferocious. Hope we don't have to go back for anyone. One, two three, four grey shapes. "I counted them in" Nine, ten, eleven.

Objectively considered, it was a long and wretched walk down the Troutbeck Valley but spirits were high. The Queen's Head was magnificent - Webster's Ale and the biggest log fire I, for one, have ever seen. Our sodden gear was dried in minutes.

There was no alternative way back but by the Kirkstone and outside it was now snowing steadily. Funnily the windward south side was easy going but on the lee side it was drifting. A fiasco of a walk downhill, largely because of the recurring calls for assistance from motorists who had misjudged their cars' likely traction in these conditions. A battered team struggled back into the warmth and comfort of the George Starkey Hut just after dark. They should, of course, have lynched the meet Leader, but I didn't even get a caution.

Sunday was uneventful by contrast - blue skies, fine views and the hills plastered with snow. The Fairfield range took some wellie and most people seemed to have a good day, especially the photographers. Thanks to all of you who turned up and come again next year!

**"Here lies the body of Annie Vickers,
Who climbed Ben Lomond in only her...."**

It is easy to make ambitious plans at the foot of a mountain,

Derbyshire Barn Meet

March 21-22nd

Richard Coghlan

A good idea of Rusty's this, to arrive in Parwich one evening, drink some beer (well, quite a lot actually) and eat some filling food before spending the night in a local barn, well placed to explore the local countryside the following day. Comments were made in advance that this was going to be an Oread-style pub crawl and true to expectations the routes and pace of the second day were dependent more on pub opening times than anything else.

For the Saturday, the previous day's forecast had been hail and snow but the day itself revealed the usual Met. office complete screw-up. One party, including myself, made best use of the sunshine by walking in to Parwich from Ashbourne on the Saturday afternoon. Another party walked in from Hulland or thereabouts. Our short journey from Ashbourne was by no means without incident. We wasted half an hour getting lost in Ashbourne itself (we looked pretty silly standing there with large rucksacks, maps and compasses at the ready, asking a bystander which way to go). Eventually out of town and up towards Agnes Meadow, we came across a llama in a field by the path. No doubt someone will soon be offering this as photographic evidence of their recent Andean adventures. The walk was completed with a hyperactive farm dog following us all the way from Kniveton to Parwich. Having made sure that the dog had latched onto someone else going back in the direction of Kniveton, we were still early and the intended meeting place, the British Legion club, was not yet open.

We did the obvious and went in the pub just down the road. As more and more Oreads converged on the same spot, what had happened to Rusty eventually became known. Three of his cattle had "escaped" (we never found out whether this was by tunnel, glider or the vaulting horse trick), with potentially horrendous insurance consequences if they got up to any mischief with the local roadside traffic. In the darkness Rusty had to give up the search but this was a very worrying time for him.

We all piled into the British Legion club for even more beer before setting off up the road to what was clearly someone's music room annexe for an excellent meal of stew with a sweet course and coffee to follow. The setting and cuisine was a cut above the rough manner of company ravenously devouring the food. Mike Wren then had a go at playing the organ in the centre of the room. It was one of those things which have to be pumped with the feet like pedalling a bicycle. The set of songbooks used by Mike for the music provided the official version of the words. The Oread choir led by Dave Weston invented their own "not recommended for young children or people of a nervous disposition" version of the libretto.

On then with the rucksacks, out with the maps and up we went following Rusty's directions to Twodale barn, about a mile north of Parwich. Rusty had obviously prepared the way by laying a thick layer of clean hay on them floor. Some barn this, it even had a built-in hay strewn matrattenlager which looked purpose built, except that there was no ladder up to it. This taxed the technical ability of not a few people. The worst ascent was made by someone during the night who climbed up the wall at the wrong end of the barn, embarked on a lengthy traverse of the inside wall and then fell off when only a couple of feet short of the sleeping platform, landing on someone sleeping on the floor below. To save unnecessary nocturnal preambulation there was a hole in the matrattenlager down which one could urinate as one wished. It was not obvious where the liquid ended up. Sleeping down below on the floor, I'm sure I felt something splashing lightly onto my face during the night, but in my drowsy state I didn't think too hard about it at the time. Before settling down to sleep, there was a short, sharp burst of much promised "outrageous repartee", one classic example being "last time I saw one the size of Harry's it had a harpoon in it". Draw your own conclusions.

The next morning began with an early foray by "cowboys" M. Wren and C. Russell to round up the missing cattle. This they did with such alacrity that they were back well before anyone else had bothered to move from their nice warm

sleeping bags. A leisurely coffee drinking and bacon buttie eating session pushed the Alpine start back even further to about nine o'clock.

Rusty took us off to Minninglow hill and hence to Gotham Granges along the High Peak Trail. The only climb of the day was a mass ascent of a stone wall sided embankment leading up to the latter. Someone remarked that this was a "library climb". You can take out your hand-holds, have a look at them, then put them back into the wall. Those participating got totally gripped on the loose rock, but were helped along by encouragement from those already on the top (more accurately, threats and abuse). At Gotham Granges we basked in the sunshine and coffee was kindly provided by Edith and Allan Ryder. Next, off cross-country to skirt Biggin and thence to Biggin Dale, Dove Dale and the George at Alstonfield.

The "A" team in the vanguard consisted of Gordon Wright and Helen Griffiths among others who, realising that they would be pushed to get there before closing time, accelerated away and "burnt-off" the rest of the party. I was nearly burnt out trying to keep up with them. It started to rain but the beer was good. A few pints down and the group split again, most back to Parwich and myself back to Ashbourne. John Gresty named all the climbs for me as we passed them in Dove Dale. A good few were adorned by worried-looking climbers finding it a bit slippery in the worsening rain.

Over all a very successful weekend, even Rusty's cows probably had an enjoyable night out.

ROACHES MEET

GIL MALE

Not a good weekend this!! Very windy and cold but, nevertheless, a fairly well attended meet.

Saturday was spent bouldering and climbing on the Upper and Lower Tiers. In the evening the mandatory few pints of ale were quaffed in the Rock Inn, to enliven the circulation and dull the senses.

On Sunday a meeting of tribal elders was called to discuss the state of play. No competition! Over to the Cavalier Inn at Grindon then on to Beeston Tor for the afternoon. Once again Beeston Tor turned out to be a haven in the storm and therefore plenty of STUFF was done.

MAM GLAN DENA

Feb. 21-22nd

Anon

This was the most well attended meet of the year , with nearly thirty people out in the North Wales mountains. No doubt the numbers indicated a wish to take advantage of the traditional winter conditions usually experienced on this meet. However, this was not the case this year.

Since the Oreads last at Glan Dena great changes had taken place. The old wooden hut had been knocked down and been replaced by a purpose designed one constructed from stone and brick. Inside was a smart lounge, very spacious kitchen/dining room, numerous toilets and even showers and hand basins for those who feel a need to use such things on a weekend meet. However, even with all the new designs and modern constructional techniques the hut remained just as cold as the original hut!!

There was little snow on the hills and the weather on the Saturday morning was poor, with low clouds and very damp underfoot. These conditions affected those on the meet in very different ways, as is shown by what activities were undertaken during the day.

John Linney, Colin Barnard and Roger Chapman had a day's walking on the Glyders, as did Reg Squires and party, but as separate teams. Ian Spare and Richard Coghlan took to the crags on the East Face of Tryfan and ascended Grooved Arete and First Pinnacle Ridge. A second climbing team consisting of John Gresty and Roger Larkam walked over to Little Tryfan and were found to be still knocking off routes when other parties were heading back to the hut at dusk. Mark Pearce, Ian Brindle, Dave Owen and Peter O'Neill drove around to Craig-yr-Bera after hearing reports that the deep gullies on this crag still held respectable amounts of snow. They found that it was only a rumour, so resorted to rock climbing instead - we think. The final team of 'crag rats' consisted of Derrick and Gary Burgess and did battle with the greasy and polished rocks of the Milestone Buttress.

Another team consisting of John Shreeve, Pete Amour, Rock Hudson, Keith Gregson, Dave Penlington, Helen Griffiths, Roy Sawyer and Ian Tucker climbed the North Ridge of Tryfan, then continued over the Glyders, before the poor weather and the smell of beer drifting up from the Pen-y-Gwryd drove them down in that direction. After closing time the party returned by the track which leads to the col. For the whole of the afternoon John and Roy supplied the rest with never-ending jokes and rude stories. How they could remember so many was impossible to conjecture. The hills reverberated with laughter; the only sore point being that apart from the two telling the jokes the others had already forgotten them by the time they reached the hut.

I have forgotten what the rest of those on the meet did, but I'm sure they all ventured somewhere into the surrounding hills. For completeness they were Ron Chambers, Jack and Janet Ashcroft, Beryl Strike and Graham Foster.

The weather on Sunday was a little better than on the previous day, though still cold and misty over the hills.

I recall that a number of people stayed in the hut, while others walked down the Nant Ffrancon and a party led by John Linney headed for the tops of the Carneddau. Reg, Ians Brindle and Spare, Richard, Rock, Pete and Keith climbed Pen-yr-Ole-Wen by Pinnacle Ridge on Craig-Braich-Ty-Du. They said it was a more interesting way of reaching the top, but it's a pity the rock is not more continuous.

A really good turn out, with a wide spectrum of club members joining in a variety of activities. I think everyone got something out of the weekend, even those who perhaps prefer something more serious. A pity that all that winter gear was not needed, but that's beyond the skills of the Oread's present membership!

STROLL ON: ANOTHER LITTLE OUTING FROM THE WELSH HUT

JULY 4-5TH.

KEITH GREGSON

The team (Gordon, Dawn, Richard, Dave, Helen and Keith) left Tan yr Wyddfa at 6.00 - the early start was due to John Shreave's snoring! Dave and Gordon took an early lead and promptly got lost within ten minutes of the hut, a record even by Digger William's standards. Once regrouped we made good time over Mynedd Mawr and were on the summit of Foel Fras by 9.00 o'clock. Conditions at this point were ideal. At Snowdon summit Gordon complained about the beer (all three of them) and we were met by J. Shreeve with the girls; Leslie and Sue. We all headed off for Beddgelert and the sun.

Most of us made the Llewelyn where Gordon complained about the beer (this time it was too good/hot/much etc) and I lost count. At this point the sane and more credible of the team opted out and the rest plodded up Hebog. This ascent was horrific with extremely hot conditions and the remainder of the walk was a trial of mind over anything. Eventually we reassembled in the Quellyn about 8.30. Gordon decided that he could definitely not drink another pint of this rubbish (seven times to my knowledge).

During the day other OMC members had opted for the more soft option of Great Wall etc.!

As for the remainder of the weekend J S tried hard but never made it, Gordon passed his first aid bandaging test and Pete Kenyon successfully fired up, then put out his motorbike.

Congratulations to all the walkers, a great effort, especially Gordon Wight and Dave Penlington.

DOW CRAG! SEPTEMBER 5 -6TH 1987

TONY HINKS

I arrived in Torver about 7.00 o'clock having gone up on my motorbike, pitched the tent and set off to the pub to wait for those attending the meet to arrive. They drifted in during the evening and a good night was had.

In the Saturday morning we awoke to the 'clag' down on the fells and pouring rain pounding on the tents. Therefore the main party took a walk over to the Duddon Valley by way of the Walna Scar road and a stop-over at a pub before returning over the top of the fells through mist and more rain. Other parties went on different walks, while another group visited the Ambleside Climbing Wall.

Yet another good night was spent drinking in the Church House.

Sunday morning was still not very good with regards to the weather. One team went round to Wallabarrow Crag and reported a reasonable days climbing by all accounts. A second group went walking, while the main party went to look at the crags in Yewdale. They didn't look at all inviting, so the party moved on. The group continued round to Langdale. A sub-group had a reasonable afternoon's climbing on Raven Crag. The other sub-group climbed to Pavey Ark, then traversed Jake's Rake and continued over the Pikes before returning to the valley.

Not a bad weekend, given the weather. Many thanks to those who came, which amounted to about twenty Oreads and friends.

I'm running the same meet in 1988 and hope we'll be able to see the crag at least on this next visit!!!

CWM

DYLI

MEET

NOVEMBER 1987

RUTH GORDON

The team - all 13 of us - met up in the Tyn-y-Coed on Friday 13th November - but we didn't let that spoil our enjoyment. Eventually, after a couple of pints, mindful of my responsibilities as Meet Leader I went on ahead to get the lights on and the fire lit. Everyone assured me that they knew where to turn off the main road and I know most of them had walked past the hut in daylight so we left them to their revels and George, Alistair and I went on ahead. I amused myself by lighting a fire with the benefit of only one firelighter. We pinched the prize bunks furthest away from the mushrooms on the ceiling and we waited. We waited and waited. Eventually George heard a strange chirruping sound and peered out to see if he could see if he could see any signs of life. A wondrous sight met his eyes. Well to the right of the footbridge, like stars in a midnight sky, the Oreads were scattered across the fields, head torches twinkling feebly as they bobbed back and forth among the trees and boulders; outlandish curses and blood-curdling shrieks drifted up to us. Eventually Brian West staggered into the hut, damp and bedraggled, clutching a cardboard box and swearing most horribly. I went down to the bridge and waved my torch and managed to field a couple of more cautious souls. The rest were by now in the middle of the stream perched on boulders and squawking like seagulls but chose to battle on. There were those who arrived barefoot, their only pair of shoes clutched in their hands, there were those with wet trainers and damp trouser bottoms and - in a totally different league - there was Helen. She had decided it wasn't worth messing around falling off stepping stones, she had just gone for glory and waded straight through. She was soaked to the waist.

Saturday dawned damp and clear - there was so little sign of life I began to wonder if the mushrooms - or Vince's shawl - had got them all in the night. I was first up - this is almost unheard of. The day was yet further proof of the extreme folly of early rising. By the time we had all dragged ourselves into some resemblance of life and readiness for action the day had got a grip on itself and from a miserable start was rapidly turning sunny and warm. My team made for Craig y Gesail where the beauties of nature and warmth of the sunshine were only exceeded by the incompetence of the team and by the intransigence of the rock. We only achieved one and a half routes but did a lot of basking in the unaccustomed heat. Meanwhile the keen team were down in the slate quarries where the days achievements included Fools Gold, Massambula, Solstice, Gnat Attack and Wusty Woof. The traditionalists; Brian, Helen and Pete went on a manly traverse via Dolwyddelan Castle and back over Moel Siabad. As they staggered down the hillside in the pitch dark, tripping over boulders, they were sustained by visions of food and beer and the welcoming warmth of the Pen y Gwryd. They were greeted by a small notice pinned to the door "Closed until 30th December". This is the Wales we all know and love. Serves them right for turning down my offer to cook for them.

Meanwhile, back at the hut Nick had continued to light a magnificent fire with the benefit of only one match -and even more amazing he and Brian had eaten the meal I'd put in front of them. The young'uns who had decided they were less likely to get food poisoning by patronising Pete's Eats came back, snatched all the fireside seats while we ate and let the fire go out. We decided we might be warmer in the pub and were just about to clear off as the cold, hungry, thirsty walkers returned. We adjourned to the Prince Llewellyn. It had

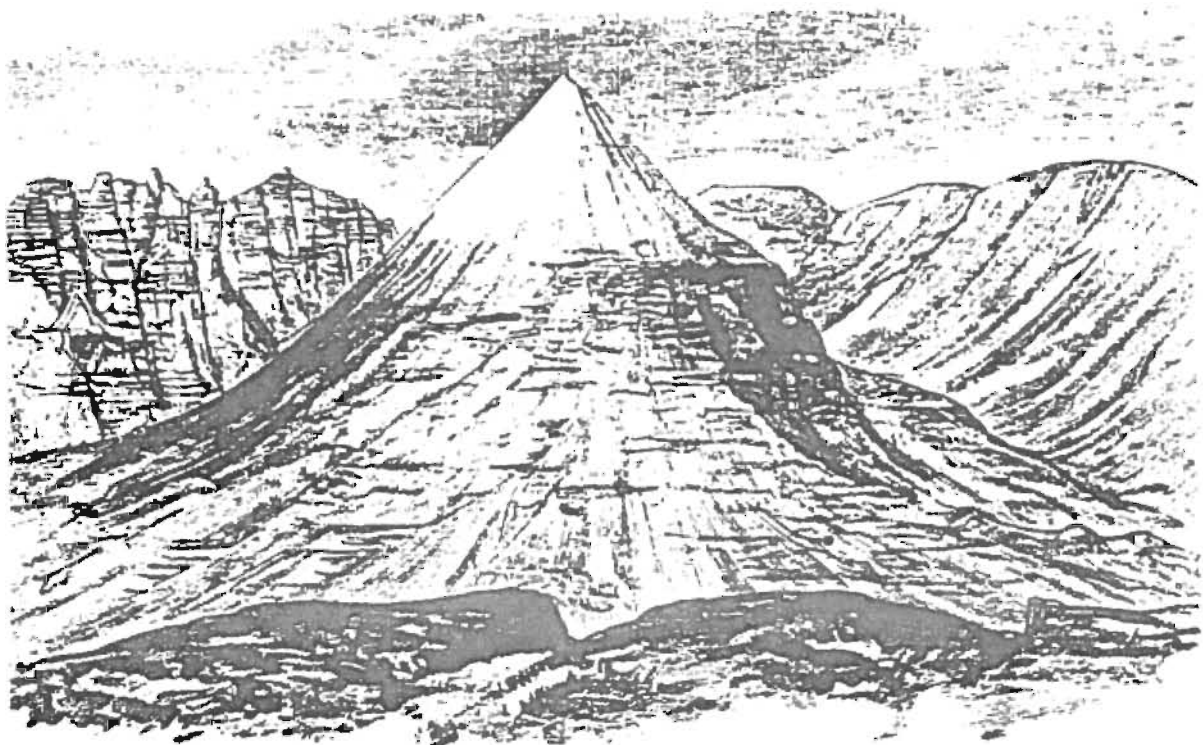
were less likely to get food poisoning by patronising Pete's Eats came back, snatched all the fireside seats while we ate and let the fire go out. We decided we might be warmer in the pub and were just about to clear off as the cold, hungry, thirsty walkers returned. We adjourned to the Prince Llewellyn. It had started to rain heavily and we got soaked on the way up there and soaked on the way back. However I am happy to report that the dampness was of the falling not the rising variety. Everyone found the bridge this time.

It rained heavily all night and Sunday looked seriously unpleasant. Alistair described the delights of Carreg Hyldrem Girdle in such glowing terms that all the keen team rushed off to do it. It turned out to be soaking wet. They eventually found themselves back in the slate quarries where they took advantage of a brief fine interval to Pull their Daisies - or so Lisa tells me. Pete, Helen, Brian and John realised that such a vile day was only suitable for that vilest of experiences and went off to do battle with Lockwoods Chimney. A reliable witness informs me that their screams could be heard for miles around and that Helen looked more like a drowned rat (and a much dirtier one) than she had on Friday night. However she was probably safer stuck in Lockwoods Chimney - the stream had risen very considerably overnight.

By the time I had done all the brave and noble deeds that fall to the lot of Meets Leaders (emptied the Elsan) and we had argued about where to go and driven three times round Gerlan looking for a parking space it was one o'clock and had stopped raining. We set off up Carnedd Dafydd and soon the sun broke through to give a most glorious interval of brilliantly clear lighting, sunshine and mist boiling in the valleys. As we walked along the ridge towards Carnedd Llewellyn we had Brocken Spectres to play with and the first snow of the year to throw snowballs with. We scuttled on over Yr Elan and down with all possible haste as darkness and dampness were setting in with equal enthusiasm.

We made our way home via a meal break at the Jervis Arms at Onecote and thus ended a remarkably pleasant weekend - in fact it was a lot better weekend's weather than a lot of the miserable ones we had this summer and many thanks to all who came to make it such a fun do.

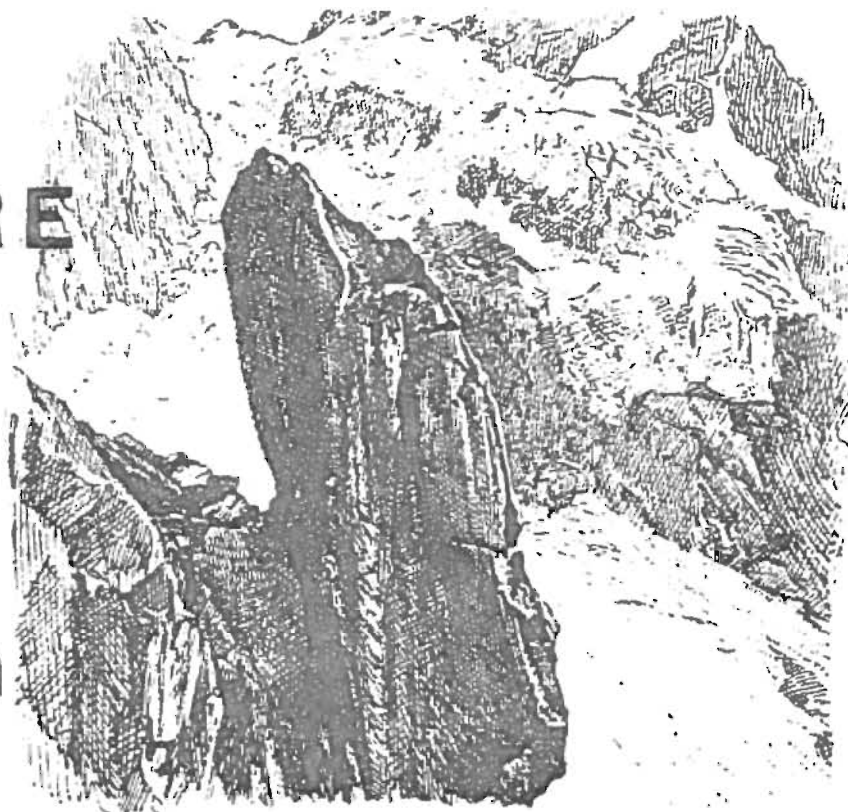
Present: Pete Amour, Nick Evans, George Fowler, Bobby Gilbert, Alistair and Ruth Gordon, Helen Griffiths, Brian Ottewell, John Solmon, Vince Smedley, Ian Spare, Lisa Welbourn and Brian West.



ALPINE MEET ARGENTIERE

1987

Roger Penlington



The memorable feature of this year's Alpine Meet was the weather - generally very unsettled, with few good days coming together and the forecasts not being as reliable as usual. These forecasts used British Bank Holiday tactics - 'Scattered showers with sunny intervals, with rain at times'.

The campsite in Argentiere again proved to be the best in the valley and is now heavily used by any 'Brits' wishing to avoid 'Pierre d'Orthe's/Snells' and the Chamonix shop prices, but more importantly beer prices are substantially cheaper than in Chamonix.

Dennis Gray was on the campsite for several days whilst making arrangements for the possible 'Don Whillan's Campsite'.

The importance of the 'Piola, Topo Guide' was underlined during the unsettled weather as use could be made of single dry days or odd afternoons etc. Valley crags and boulders provide a very pleasant alternative to sitting at a bivvi site in the rain. The West Col/AC Guides again provided their usual crop of inaccuracies and often the best idea is to find the starting point of the route and where you should finish - then just climb. You can read the guide book later when back at the campsite. This is particularly pertinent in the case of the route climbed on the Stockhorn. For anyone with a basic understanding of French the current two-volume selected climbs guide are very good although they are too large to take on the mountain and soak up water like blotting paper. They give some good looking lines that are not in the AC Guides and also are more up-to-date with glacier changes etc.

Those present on the meet were:-

Bev Abley and family, Richard Coghlan, John Gresty, Chris Jonson and family, Nick Moyes, Dave and Roger Penlington, John Salmon, Vince Smedley, 'Digger' Williams, Chris Wilson, Tim Whitaker, Gordon, Pauline, Dave and Brian Wright.

ROUTES ASCENDED DURING THE MEET

Aig du Chardonnet (3824m)

East (Forbes) Ridge 600m AD C Jonson, J Gresty

descent West Ridge

North Buttress 500m

descent West Ridge

T Whitaker, R Penlington

The team made a direct

start up the lower buttress

Aig. Du Tour (3544m)
North Ridge PD+
descent East Flank

G Wright, D Penlington
R Coghlan, N Moyes, J Salmon

Tour Noir (3837m)
North Ridge 300m PD
descent South Ridge

G Wright, D Penlington,
J Salmon, B Abley, N Moyes, R Coghlan
Sixteen hours in very snowed-up
and insecure conditions, also high
winds. John Gresty states he must
learn to check the route (which way
to leave the hut!) because he added
two false starts.

Aig. d'Argentiere (3902m)
SW Flank (Milieu Gl.) 950m PD
same descent
North Face (Original Route)
700m D. Descent SW Flank

J Gresty, C Jonson, N Moyes, J
Salmon, B Abley, R Coghlan
J Salmon, R Penlington
Very strong and cold winds

Pointe des Ecandies (2873m)
S - N traverse D-

B Wright, C Wilson

Aig. du Peigne (3192m)
Vaucher Route, E Face of Pt.
3068m 400m TD-

B Wright, C Wilson
D Wright, V Smedley



Aig. du Midi (3842m)
Frendo Spur 1200m D+

D Wright, V Smedley
Loose rock on the lower
buttress and the upper rocks
were turned, using steep ice

Grandes Jorasses (4208m)
Normal Route (Italian Side) PD+ G Wright, D Penlington

The party was in thick mist all day

Les Courtes (3856m)
The traverse

J Gresty, and ?
Cold and windy weather. A good
route, but not worth the long
approach and the messy descent.

Stockhorn (3211m)
(Oberland above Visp)
South Ridge 1000m V+
descent East Ridge

R and D Penlington
Well worth the long walk in.
Probably the 3rd British ascent.

Also the following rock climbs were ascended.

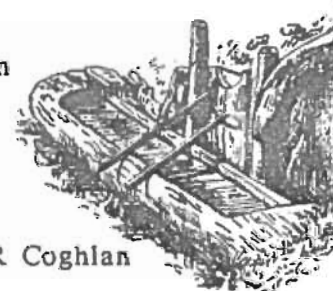
Dome de Chapeau
Au grand dam de ces dames 90m AD+ T Whitacker, R Penlington

Slabs of La Joux
Dalle de Moentieu 70m D+

C Jonson, J Gresty

Chapelle de La Gliere
South Ridge 400m AD+

R Penlington, N Moyes, R Coghlan



South West Face of
Tour des Crochues
Voie de Galbert 170m D-

R and D Penlington, N Moyes, J Salmon

Remuaz Slabs
Various routes

R Penlington, J Salmon, N Moyes,
R Coghlan

East Face of the
Pyramide d'Argentiere
Voie de Gauche 200m D

T Whitacker, R Penlington



Other routes attempted include:-

Mt Blanc, Ordinary Route

B Abley, J Salmon

Stopped near the summit by
very strong winds and poor
visibility.

Aig. du Jardin, SE Ridge

D Penlington, G Wright

Unable to cross the bergschrund

Dent du Geant, SW Face
Roche fort Arete

B Wright, C Wilson, R and D
Penlington

These routes attempted on
separate occasions and in both
were turned back by low clouds
and very strong winds.

|||||

Richard and Dawn Hopkinson visited the Pennine Alps. Their base was at Saas Grund. They started well with ascents of:-

Traverse of the Portjengrat
Rimfischhorn
Stralhorn

A period of bad weather then set in, so they headed south to find some good weather and warm rock to climb on. They stopped at Sisteron in Southern France and climbed at Bacux and Orpierre.

|||||

OREAD PHOTO MEET 1987 JOHN LINNEY

Tim Barnett was unable to organise this year's Photographic Meet and Competition, so it fell upon me to find a judge and collect in all the entries.

The judge I drafted in was Ian Smith from Sheffield, now deputy editor of High magazine. His credentials were just what the meet required, for he is a professional photographer. His work involves taking photographs for magazines and he is responsible in part for the higher standard of action shots now produced in current climbing guide books.

He reported that the standard of photography was very high, with a wide range of subjects and locations, which of course represents the many and varied activities of the Oread. He was pleased to see a club like the Oread having so many members wishing to record on emulsion their days out on the hills or upon the crag. He said that he had enjoyed the evening greatly, as everyone else did, and asked if he could give a talk and slide show at one of the indoor meets. Those present were pleased that Ian could provide some useful comments and were surprised that he was able to recognise so many of the places and routes shown on the slides.

The number of enterants for each of the sections is as follows:

Action UK 70, Aesthetic UK 58, Action Abroad 36, Aesthetic Abroad 70, Club Interest 20.

Below are details of the four top slides in each section.

ACTION UK

- 1 Mike Wynne Ice climbing on Kinder Downfall
- 2 Richard Hopkinson T. Bolger on Arch Angel, Stanage Edge
- 3 Keith Gregson Front Line (HVS), St. Govan's Head, Pembroke
- 4 Richard Hopkinson Walking near Todmorden, on Pete Scott's Meet

ASETHETIC UK

- 1 Tony Smedley Clouds over the Howgill Fells
- 2 Lisa Welbourn Winter over Chatsworth Park from Birchens Edge
- 3 Mike Wynne Cloudscape, Glyder Fach
- 4 Lisa Welbourn Sunset over Loch Linne

ACTION ABROAD

- 1 Sheelagh O'Reilly On the ridge of the Aig. d'Argentiere
- 2 Richard Hopkinson On the Rimfischhorn
- 3 Chris Wilson On the traverse of the Aig. Écandies, with Brian Wright.
- 4 Richard Hopkinson At Buoux, with unknown climber

ASETHETIC ABROAD

- 1 Sheelagh O'Reilly Head of the Argentiere Cirque, Chamonix
- 2 Pete Wragg not known
- 3 Colin Hobday Bohinj see, Julian Alps
- 4 Richard Hopkinson Cloudscape from the Weisshorn, Pennine Alps

The points awarded and the winners are as follows:

R. Hopkinson	9	1st place			
S. O'Reilly	8	2nd "			
M. Wynne	6	3rd "			
<hr/>					
A. Smedley	4	4th "	C. Wilson	2	6th place
L. Welbourn	4	4th "	C. Hobday	2	6th "
P. Wragg	3	5th "			
K. Gregson	2	6th "			

Family Meet Oct 17-18th

Gordon Gadsby

After reading in the Friday morning papers of the worst gales and destruction to hit Britain for over 300 hundred years, it was a relief when Saturday, 17th October in North Wales dawned bright and clear. This umpteenth family meet had been booked for the weekend of October 24th, but like many Oread events in 1987 had to be rearranged and I had feared the worst.

With the weather still good at 10 a.m., we decided on a mass assault on the North Ridge of Tryfan and assembled a party almost thirty strong including one dog, once we had been joined by those from cottages in Rhyd-ddu. In eager anticipation we tumbled out of the cars beneath the Milestone Buttress and soon the screes and crags of Tryfan trembled beneath the onslaught of Reg Squires' mighty boots!

By the time we reached the Terrace the weather was deteriorating rapidly, drizzle turned to hail in a freshening wind and then to steady rain. With the crags awash, the main group followed the easier track to the left whilst Paul and Michael Bingham took the direct route straight up into the clouds. It was a cold, wet party that reached the monoliths at around 1.30 p.m. We'd used the rope in one place for some of the children and Freda had charmed other kids up the final wet slabs onto the top.

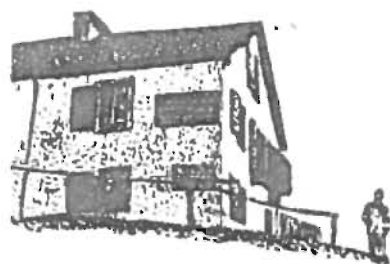
With the wind howling around the summit rocks it was no place to linger with children, not even for photographs. We made our way down towards Llyn Bochlywd under clearing skyies, with young Adam Raphael occasionally going missing and causing his dad to go rushing headlong down the mountain.

Back at the hut Pete Scott and Richard Hopkinson had arrived and after sprucing up disappeared to the C.C.Dinner. Merle called round and we all enjoyed a slide show and the continual chatter of friendly children.

By 7 p.m. the rain had started again; by 9.30 a.m. Sunday Caernarvon was cut off. The car park outside the hut was a wide lake with no grass or rocks showing above the water level. We loaded the cars at the hut door in four inches of water and torrential rain. The road to Beddgelert was a river of water, the Aberglaslyn cut off by fallen trees. We all made a dash for home in the gathering gale whilst Pete and Richard traversed Moel Siabod in appalling conditions.

Thank you all for coming and let's hope the committee get the date right next year (The weekend of 24th October was warm and brilliantly sunny!).

Oreads and friends on the meet: Reg, Ann and Adam Squires, Mike, Sue and Simon Wren, Tony, Freda, Jenny and Adam Raphael, Peter, Georgina and Robert Amour, Paul and Michael Bingham, Richard Freestone, Amber and daughter Holly (aged 6 the youngest child this year and climbing her first mountain), Margaret and Peter Gadsby, Emmett Clay, David and Judith Brown and family, Pete Scott, Richard Hopkinson, Merle Spouge.



Bullstones 1987

An Apology For A Hut

Commettee For The Training Of Meet Leaders

The last weekend meet of the year, yet again and as usual various members arrived at the Nag's Head in Edale during the Friday evening. Propping up the bar was Harry Pretty, a full pint in one hand and pulling heavily on a pipe of 'baccy'.

'Digger' Williams had returned from an extended trip to Derby library, where he had unfortunately got stuck on the top shelf of the mountaineering section. Brian West stated he had been on a very interesting course on toe tapping - he really meant phone and Chris Jonson was trying to explain why he had dropped the 'h' from Jonson. Rock Hudson had been offered a free holiday at a 'lonely hearts club', but on finding himself at the base of an Aztec Temple had returned to the Bullstones Meet. The rest of the group consisted of John Green, Helen Griffiths, Paul Bingham,

Richard Coghlan, Pete Amour, Fred Phillips and finally Chris Birt having a weekend away from the Hello Hello!

On looking around the pub, we noticed large numbers of youngish people studying 2.5 and 1 inch Tourist maps. They orientated them, took compass bearings and made notes. They had on expensive boots and the best Gortex anoraks together with bulging rucksacks. They were obviously aiming for a serious weekend out on the Derbyshire Moors.

With no more beer to be had, we left, as did the youngsters. We put on old tatty gear - the type which brings tears to O'Reilly's eyes. We were bound for the Jubilee Cabin, while the youngsters headed for the YHA! The Derbyshire Constabulary had a chat to us, shook their heads and informed us that they did not want to know where we were going, in which case they would not have to bother ever coming to our rescue. At the last moment a new prospective member turned up: Joe Crummy (honest!). Kitted out in the most suitable cragging gear - trainers, helmet, double ropes and fifty assorted nuts and runners. He informed us that Ian Sutton had given him the 'low down'. We believe that Ian has not been on a Bullstones Meet.

The pace increased steadily as we passed the last of the street lamps and within minutes the party was strung out across the slopes leading up Grindsbrook. A weak light produced by a full moon filtering through thick mist gave rise to ghostly forms. The party soon fragmented into at least three groups: one over Ringing Roger and then by compass bearings direct to Madwoman's Stones and to the cabin; Rock, 'Digger', Joe and Harry followed Golden Clough onto the plateau, where 'Digger' set off without a compass bearing which soon had us in deep peat groughs and at least 45 degrees too far NW. Joe was not pleased that he had stepped in every pool of water. Brian West was last onto the plateau, but knowing the ground better than his own garden, and without any bearing, reached the Jubilee cabin first. The 'Digger' team only changed direction after Harry had perceived that 'Digger' was in fact following car lights on the Snake Road!

Inside the Jubilee Cabin, by the light of torches or flickering candles you could make out those people that were organised and those that were not. Some were already in their 'pits', but others were trying to sort out their sleeping kit and others found, on attempting to make a brew, that they had forgotten to bring a mug, or tea. It was already crowded, which caused those of a claustrophobic nature to seek a niche by a gritstone wall.

By 8.00 o'clock the next morning people were cooking breakfast. For some this consisted of porridge, while others had egg, bacon, sausage and beans. Some without water bottles did without a drink, while others found a trickle in the stream and made tea, only to be told that a dead sheep was lying only yards from where they had obtained it.

By 9.00 o'clock everybody apart from Chris, 'Digger' and Harry (on his

third pound of bacon) were ready to move off, when Roy Eyre arrived with a smile on his face, having slept in a comfortable bed and then able to cross Kinder Scout in daylight instead like The weather was dull, damp and a mist hung halfway down the hillsides. These conditions persisted for the whole weekend.



Alport Dale was followed and the party passed Alport Castles Barn; a 'camping barn' holding 12 people situated adjacent to Love Feast Barn, scene each year of a traditional Methodist Church thanksgiving feast. In the mist above could be made out out Alport Castles, produced by one of the largest landslips in the Pennines.

We continued up the very wet dale, a condition caused by heavy rains of the preceding weeks. Several river crossings were deemed necessary by Brian (the leader) so as to take full advantage of the paths heading for Bleaklow Head. The now minor path traversed the steep hillsides down which flowed Glethering and Miry Cloughs.

At Grains in the Water a short halt was called, whereupon sandwiches were produced by some, and other were sorry that they had not thought of making a flask of hot drink. Others just sat, while Roy fell asleep and we nearly forgot to wake him as we pushed on over The Swamp, West End Head to Bleaklow Stones directed by Brian using nothing for guidance other than experience of the ground.

At the watershed, Pete, Paul and Chris left the rest and headed east to reach Grinah Stones, then Round Hill before reaching Lower Small Clough Cabin just as the light was failing. The rest continued north over Featherbed Moss and down Far Black Clough. There was no let up in the pace and people were soon isolated in the mist. At about 2.00 o'clock the shooting cabins situated at GR 1167 9929 were reached. John and Richard stopped outside to eat, while the rest went into the open building for a little warmth. Even outside it was very dull and murky by now and we watched with surprise a group of photographers with tripods and very expensive looking equipment practising their art. But what art!? With exposures running at f. .05 at 2 hours we could only surmise. With stiffening legs and a somewhat bedraggled appearance, we followed a 'crease', hardly a path, above the River Etherow, though everyone really longed for the easy walking along the road not more than a hundred yards away. Good training said some, other were less pleased, but did not abandon their illustrious leader out of pure loyalty - or was it stupidity?

The gloom deepened as we passed Lady Cross and headed to the divide between Loftshaw Brook and Laund Clough, with a short retracing of route as we noticed the road in front of us, when in fact it should have been 90 degrees to the left. A proportion of the party were quite tired by now and were only spurred on by Brian West extolling the virtues of Cat Clough Cabin. A great place, good roof, dry wooden floor, draught-proof - a real neat and tidy place, water close by and for those needing an evening in the pub it was only an hours walk. Rock's eyes lit up at all these points, for he had not been going very well all day.



We rounded the corner to see our cabin, now two neatly piled stacks of timber and corrugated iron roof. It was 4.25 and twilight was approaching. What to do? Only one thing for it - head back for Lower Small Clough, shedding all surplus gear. Knowing the tightness of the Oread this turned out to be a used bus ticket, a roll of soggy bog paper and a complete run of the Oread Club Journal.

In the twilight the party set off for Cat Clough, but upon entering the thick mist, two separate sub-groups formed, one on each side of a deep gully. In one group was Rock, Helen and Brian, while the other contained Roy, Joe, John, Richard and others.

As the darkness deepened torches were not used so that good night vision could be developed. Progress was now by slipping and sliding in soft sticky peat. Eyes struggled to discern a clump of grass and if missed, a sudden forward awkward lunge or trip found one on

all fours in that black wet peat. Feet splashing in pools of water could be heard as the pace was forced and no time could be spared for small deviations. In one team Brian was out in front, needing only occasional recourse to viewing the compass. Mostly he changed direction a few degrees when intuition dictated it, though to the rest of the party it was just magic.

Members stuck to their leaders like glue. Some, like Rock dropped back so far as to be just able to pick out moving shadows. At this point he probably panicked, having no night vision, misted-up spectacles and no idea of where he was or for that matter where he was going! At last the stumbles became too frequent and the torches were switched on, only to reveal a wall of featureless grey mist. Someone stated that if you took the torch off the helmet and held it low down you could pick out the surface features.

The slope levelled out and we said that this indicated we were at Far Cat Head. With no slope the ground became very swampy, and to avoid the water zig-zagging was called for. However, Rock missed out one of the zigs. His plight was soon heard by the other, as he yelled "hang on you ... I'm up to my thighs in water and still sinking!" The leader returned to find him as stated. More light was offered - but that was all!

The teams marched on to reach Stainery Clough Head. Some became apprehensive about what was the correct direction, but Brian said nothing, just stepped out again and soon had the party 'bang on' for the streamlets entering Stainery Clough.

By now the light emitted by the torches were feeble, though the terrain more complicated the steep slopes covered the hidden boulders and trees which delight in poking you in the eye. As we descended, we noticed lights and expected to rejoin the other sub-group and were therefore very surprised to bump into Pete Scott, Roger Larkam, Richard Hopkinson and Chris Radcliffe heading for Cat Clough Cabin!! They were not too pleased. We all continued down to the main track which runs up the Derwent Valley, then past Deer Holes and over the river to find the steep little bank which indicates the bottom of Lower Small Clough. The Radders Party had rushed ahead, keen and fit, but really not wanting to miss out on a seat at the cabin. The rest plodded slowly through the damp cold mist, slipped and slid even more before they at last reached the cabin door at 6.50.



Inside were those that had set from the Jubilee Cabin, plus Gordon Gadsby, Stewart Bramwell and friend, but not the Radders party. Some fifteen minutes later they too arrived, having missed the cabin as they rushed past!

The cabin had been repaired - a new window and renovated walls, but some of the wooden benches had been removed, while grotty plastic mini tables, quite out of place had been installed. Along the back wall people sat in duvets, or old anoraks. Some had balaclavas on, some were gloved, while others cupped their hands around a hot drink. From nails or just perched on protruding sharp stones hung removed gear; various designs of rucksacks could be seen by the flicker of candles or the search-light activities of head torches. Boots and gaiters caked in mud stuck out from beneath the table. The table was littered with all manner of things, many of which in any normal household would have been removed to the out-buildings: all shapes and sizes of plastic containers, plastic bags, with knives and spoons lying in congealing food, witness to some culinary failure. Loaves of bread were hacked apart by blunt knives, and clusters of tins, their contents of garden peas, chunky steak, baked beans or curry mix indicating what was in an adjacent billy. Bluet, primus and meta burners produced a steady roar and the steam rose upwards past concentrating faces which peered into the boiling cauldrons.

In one corner Rock stood in his sodden gear for there was no seat available. He stirred some revolting mess. A second course was tipped into the remains of the first; this was to produce a sauce! After a while a mucky handkerchief was clasped around the billy, so that he could lift it towards his mouth and tilting it at a slight angle towards him he shovelled the overloaded spoonsfulls down with greater ease. While licking the spoon, the billy was returned to the Bluet and a tin of cream-rice tipped into the left overs of soup, greens and meat. The warmth of the meal obviously reached his legs for he stopped trying to get warm by stamping his feet.

Along the wall Fred and Joe sat on their rucksacks, which at least raised them a little off the cold and wet floor. Fred had so little room that he had to jam his Bluet between his legs: not a word, nor movement apart from an occasional stir of his dinner. Joe struggled to bend one of those new fangled 'all in one' meals enveloped in tin foil into a billy far too small in size.

After a short interval most of the party produced some stronger liquids to drink: bottles of whisky, rum and beer. Some drank from the bottle, but many thought that the surroundings warranted better habits than a common saloon and

poured rather ample measures into plastic cups or lids of billies. Seating arrangements varied as Brian, Scotty, Larkam and others left for the less crowded lower cabin.

Rock peeled off inner and outer socks, replaced the outer, and with the permission of Stewart proceeded to toast his socks over a mark 5 primus flame. Nobody showed any interest until the strength in his arms gave out and he dropped them into the flames (ed. his arms?).

By 9.30 the booze was finished. The candles died one by one and several of those present acknowledged that their backs were chilled against the damp walls. With some of the furniture removed, the large table was turned 90 degrees and amid some overall confusion, but of course individually well organised, 'spats', airbeds and plastic sheets covered the floor - that is except where piles of boots, socks and gaiters had been thrown. People took care with unrolling sleeping bags above their allotted spaces, in case they dropped them into the filth and dirt. From sacks came extra cloths, which were then moulded into pillows. Others found they had misplaced a vital bit of night attire when snug in their pits, which only produced derogatory comments from the rest. Then again others thought that their thinning cover of hair at last warranted wearing a balaclava all night. Some real 'softies' kept their Duvets on only to wriggle and squirm like maggots on the end of lines on trying to get into their pits. Rock's spare pair of inner socks had (everyone told him) inherited the wetness of the outer ones, so he slung the lot into a corner, then knotted the arms of a pullover and informed us all of the excellent foot warmers thus produced!

Someone nipped out the last candle and we all dreamt of centrally heated bedrooms.

Breakfast was a hurried affair for most. This was because some had overslept, while others wanted to be off early so as to reach the Nag's Head at opening time. Those that stayed found that overnight the left over food had hardened in the billies, which removed the need to wash them out. Instant porridge could be cooked before it took on the flavours of tomato soup or curry and rice, and hot water does not need to be stired to produce a brew.

With the dirty gear hopefully separated from expensive down clothing by one of the greatest developments in camping in recent times - poly bags - rucksacks were packed. Wet boots and evil looking gaiters were pulled on, though accompanied by much cursing as the zips became jammed with dirt.

Parties of two or three and four set off slowly up the grough to Ridgewalk Moor and then quicker as limbs loosened and the chill of sodden clothing wore off. The route followed was of that generally taken on this meet. River Westwood, Ridge Upper Moor. Bleaklow Court, Flagney Clough and then onto Alport Castles. Here fast parties cut down into the Alport, while several people headed for Whitefield Pits and Rowlee Farm.

The pace increased as we crossed the Snake, for each person did not want to be thought of as slowing up the rest. The most direct route, at least of most, was taken over Kinder Scout to reach Ringing Roger and then to Edale. Although the top was still covered in mist there was no need to use a compass for those with trained noses could detect one part in ten million of ale in the atmosphere drifting north from the Nag's Head. Rock and Richard took the long way around Kinder Scout by way of Jagers Clough and Nether Booth. They saw Chris Birt not more than 200 yards from where they had last seen him on Saturday morning at the Jubilee Cabin! Had he been lost for thirty hours? or was he just a very slow walker? He informed them that neither was correct, for he had followed the rest over to Cat Clough Cabin. This raised a smile on both Richard's and Rock's faces. However, their smiles soon evaporated on hearing that he had not bivvied, nor had he struggled over the moors at night. No! On finding Cat Clough Cabin removed, he had continued down stream for about 300 yards and found another one, which had recently been completely renovated! So much for our leader's vast experience of the Northern Derbyshire Countryside!

Apart from those that had returned to the Derwent Valley where they had left their cars, by 1.30 everyone on the meet was in the Nag's Head. In the pub were Janes and the Reynolds, no doubt keen to hear the stories of yet another epic BULLSTONES meet.

RICHARD HOPKINSON

The meet found quite a lot of ice, but not much snow. Saturday was cold and fine and saw most parties heading towards Snowdon, and having a fairly successful day. Several parties went round to Cloggy. The pick of the achievements going to Robin Beadle and a friend who climbed Black Cleft. John Gresty and Richard Coghill went up Eastern Terrace and back over Snowdon whilst, Dawn and myself, Chris Bryan, Ian Brindle and Dave Penlington climbed the ice falls near the Eastern Buttress. Ian being very lucky to survive with only cuts and bruises a 259 feet fall whilst soloing!

Gordon and Pauline Wright went walking over Snowdon. Tony and Vince Smedley climbed Central Trinity whilst Robin Sedgewick also soloed it and then soloed on Cloggy. Scotty and Dave Owen also climbed both on Snowdon and Cloggy and then traversed Grib Goch.

Helen Griffiths and Brian West tried an icefall on the side of Llechog and then went up into the Llechog Basin. George Fowler and (?) Jane climbed the frozen stream to the left of the Devil's Kitchen, whilst Julia King walked back to the hut from Ogwen.

Those who got back in time consumed a lot of beer which didn't matter as Sunday was not a very nice day. After a late start various parties went for fairly short walks in Snowdonia, whilst others went off in search of better weather near Llangollen.

Another good winter meet with everybody enjoying themselves although Ian's experience underlines the thin line between enjoyment and disaster, especially in bad conditions.

Those on the meet were:

Tony and Vince Smedley, Dawn and Richard Hopkinson, Pauline and Gordon Wright, Robin Sedgewick, Robin Beadle and friend, Dave Owen, Pete Scott, George Fowler and friend, Julia, Helen Griffiths, Brian West, Chris Bryan, Ian Brindle and Dave Penlington.



VENEDIGER GROUP --- AUSTRIA

JULY--AUGUST 1987

COLIN HOBDAV

From the Inntal we took the Zillertal Road to Mayerhofen before turning off to go over the Gerlos Pass (Toll Road) to Krimml, where we were to meet the Welbourns at the campsite, only to find the campsite non-existent. However there was one at the next village about three miles down the road. It was a small and friendly campsite with free hot water.

In order to enable us to complete a circular tour we left the car on the campsite and took the bus to Gerlos Pass, from where we walked up the Hintergerlostal to the Zittauer Hut, 2329m (4.5hr). Most hut walks from Krimml are in the region of six hours unless one hires a private taxi. Most roads up the valleys are closed to cars.

From the Zillauer Hut we crossed over the Rosskopt Scharte, taking in the summit Rosskoft 2845m in rather windy conditions before a long traverse to the Richter Hut.

The next morning saw threatening clouds and strong winds, so rather than attempting one of the summits which involved crossing a big glacier, we decided to move on and cross the Windbachscharte 2695m. Soon the snow started developing into blizzard conditions and the going was rather tough, and slow. At a junction in the paths we had a choice of either continuing on a high level route to the next hut (2.5hr) or of descending into the Krimmlertal. We decided to descend and it was the wiser choice as the snow continued most of the day, even as we dropped lower down.

We stayed the night at a private hut, the Krimmler Tauernhaus, very nice but a little pricy; however it gave us a chance to dry out and warm up. Round the Krimmler Tauernhaus an army camp was stationed; the ordinary troops had to camp out and the officers were all in the hut living it up and having all-night drinking parties. However in the hut book we read an impressive account of their achievements over the last few days, climbing all the surrounding peaks in record time. We saw them the next morning, not just walking but running, and with full combat gear!

A bright blue sky greeted us next morning, the sun soon melting the snow on the meadows. Half-way up to the next hut we stopped at an Alm and had a light refreshment of fresh milk and an enormous chunk of freshly-made cheese - it was enough for all six of us! We arrived at the Warndorfer Hut, which has a high reputation for good food. We spent two nights, there devoting the day to climbing the Gamsespitze 2895m and the Hinterer Maurerkees kogel 3105m. On the glacier we did a bit of glacier work, practising with iceaxes and crampons. Colin walked in front, Annette, Lisa and myself behind, when suddenly Colin disappeared into a crevasse. Luckily his rucksack held him, he was jammed in with his legs dangling in thin air. After the initial panic and hurried belays, he got himself out again, and we all sighed with relief. The weather continued to be unsettled, cloudy, sunny and windy.

From the Warnsdorfere Hut we climbed up to the Gamsscharte, and down the Obersulzbach Kees Glacier to the "Turkische Zeltstadt" (where two glaciers meet), across a jumble of ice, this could be very difficult in mist. Once over the glacier we had a steady climb up to the Kursinger Hut (2540m) the largest and most luxurious hut in the area. It has recently been modernised for ski touring in winter and resembles more a hotel than alpine hut. There were shower rooms on each floor, tiled from floor to ceiling and with unlimited hot water. We had now arrived at our main objective, to climb the Gross Venediger. We made an early start in perfect weather. After an hour we reached the glacier, roped up and fitted crampons, then zig-zagged round a lot of crevasses towards the bergschrund. It was shortly before these that we said goodbye to John and Lisa. John was feeling under the weather and did not think he was fit enough to continue, so they

turned back, whilst Uschi and myself continued over the bergschrund and toward the Venediger Scharte, where we had a welcome rest. A steepish snow climb brought us onto the final snow arete and an airy traverse to the summit and the summit cross (3674m). The whole summit was just a sheet of ice so we did not linger there for long. We got safely back down to the hut where we met up the others.

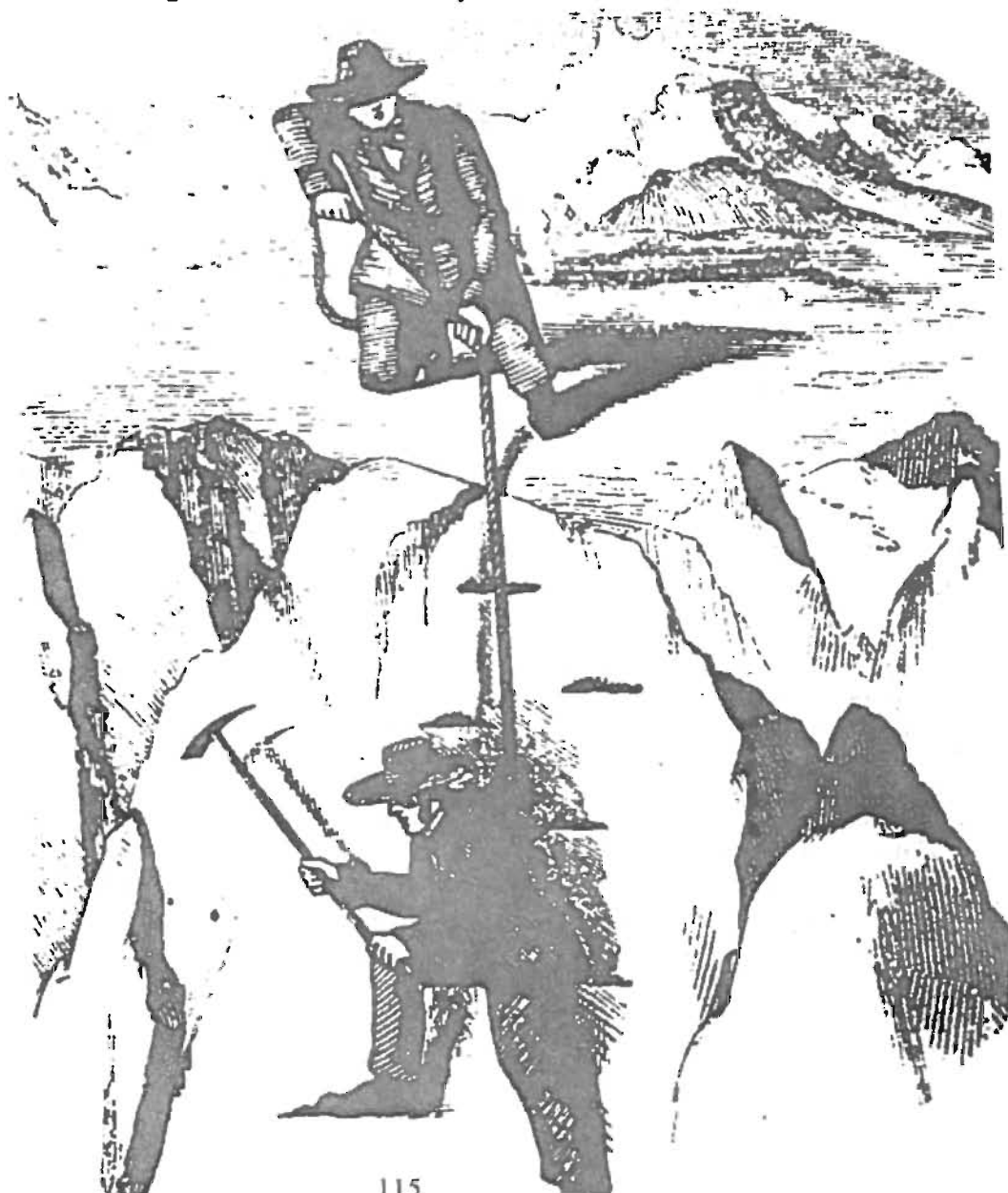
For our final day in the mountains we climbed the Keeskogel (3291m), which was a little bit like Tryfan. Again the weather had changed overnight and we sat on the summit in thick mist waiting for a view that never came. Back down at the hut we just picked up our gear and headed for the long walk back into the valley. It took us six hours fast walking to get to Neukirchen only to get caught in a tremendous thunderstorm, so we walked up the road to the campsite for about two miles in a torrential downpour.

We ended the alpine holiday by being real tourists for the day, visiting the famous Krimml Waterfalls, which are really worth a trip, despite the thousands of tourists. Admission is free when you produce your Alpine Club Membership Card.

The following day the Welbourns travelled by train to Innsbruck to spend a few days in the hills round about, and we headed towards Munich.

I can really recommend the area for a good walking holiday with some nice snow and ice peaks to be climbed which are technically not hard. The area is very beautiful, reasonably unspoilt as it is a National Park. The huts are pleasant and never full, also the food is generally very good in the huts. The area offers endless possibilities to traverse Hut to Hut and you can even go as far as the Gross Venediger which is the highest peak in the whole region, but rather overcrowded. On a good day you have to queue to reach the summit.

All in all a good time was had by all.



SOLUTIONS TO THE COMPETITIONS

IN THE 1985 OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL

Below is the solution to the Oread crossword competition which was published in the Oread Mountaineering Club Journal for 1985. No one got the correct solution and I can therefore keep the £50 prize!



The answers to: An Oread Competition, which again appeared in the club journal for 1985 are given below. Its a pity that no one was able to correctly identify all the locations shown in the illustrations. The £100 prize can therefore be added to any future competition which appears in the club journal!

- A Five Sisters of Kintail. (from: The Scenary of Scotland, A Geikie)
- B McClouds Maidens, Isle of Skye. (from: same as above)
- C Saussure-Balmat statue, Chamonix. (from: Earth Features and their Meaning, J Hobbs)
- D North Face of the Dent d'Herens. (from: The Alps, R W Clark)
- E Wetterhorn and Wellhorn from Rosenlaui. (from: same as above)
- F Marjensee, Aletsch Glacier. (from: Earth Features and their Meaning, J Hobbs)
- G Mount Everest, From the Rongbuk Glacier and Changtse 24720ft. (from: La Montagne)
- H Llanberis Pass, Llyn Padarn and Dolbadarn Castle. (from: Siluria, R I Murchison)
- I Shining Clough Pinnacle. (from: Climbs on Gritstone - Laddow Area)
- J Swirral Edge from Helvellyn towards Ullswater. (from: Lakeland Sketches, G Home)
- K Thornton Force, Yorkshire. (from: The Rivers, Mountains and Sea Coast of Yorkshire, J Phillips)
- L Grand Jorasses from Italian Val Ferret. (from: Scrambles E Whymper)

CLIMBING IN NORTH AMERICA

Chris Radcliffe

When I started rock climbing in the sixties, mention of America would bring to mind the big aid routes established in Yosemite with the first British ascents going, for example, to members of the Rock and Ice Club, such as the Whillans/Hadlum ascent of the NW face of Half Dome in 1967. Although Colorado did get some publicity, Yosemite remained the mecca for visiting British climbers.

Emphasis on the big aid routes gave me a distorted view of the American climbing scene. Free climbing was well established and I remember Royal Robbins visiting Leeds for a lecture in the mid-sixties and waltzing up our standard test pieces at Almscliff Crag. By the seventies the true position of American climbing was better documented and I was aware of bold free routes being established, especially in Colorado, by people like Jim Erikson and Steve Wunsch as excellently documented in Bob Godfrey and Dudley Chelton's book: *Climb!*, which appeared in 1977. Two years later Steve Roper and Allen Steck published *Fifty Classic Climbs in North America* and the tremendous variety and scope of climbing on the other side of the Atlantic was revealed for all.

Not that the variety should be all that surprising considering the size of the country. Ignoring Alaska and also Canada, the United States spreads a distance equivalent to that from Manchester to the border of Afganistan in the east and to Casablanca, Morocco in the south. Of course travel is a lot more straightforward and distances do not seem so great.

I first visited the States with Peter Scott in 1979. We climbed in the Rocky National Park and Eldorado Canyon in Colorado, then played tourist at a number of other climbing venues including the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, the Canyonlands and the Grand Canyon, before making a brief visit to Yosemite. It was little more than a sampler, but acres of good rock, generally excellent weather and a congenial life-style tempted me to return when the opportunity arose.

From 1981 to 1984 my job took me to the States on several occasions and I was able to fit in ski trips and some climbing at weekends. Then, at the end of 1984, I had the opportunity to take up temporary residence in the States for nearly three years and this enabled me, through the travelling which was part of my job, to visit many of the climbing areas in the States.

The revolution in standards that has evolved through the eighties has made a significant impact since I first visited with Pete Scott in 1979. Perhaps Americans have a greater affinity for the technical protection devices that now exist, or have generally higher incomes, but there has been a significant growth in numbers. I have even heard it said that climbing has become a Yuppie sport, no longer the beat up VW van at the road head, more likely a Nissan sports car. Yosemite no longer holds pole position as a forcing ground for the hardest climbs. Instead previously obscure areas like Smith Rock, Oregon or Index Town Walls, Washington have the latest 5.13d desperates. Arguably the top activists such as Todd Skinner or Alan Watts do not quite hold their own against Patrick Edlinger of France, or Johnny Dawes, the new British "young pretender". I am hardly qualified to make the comparisons. Nevertheless, perhaps the most well known American rock climber, internationally, is John Bachar. He is famous for soloing at a high standard and I consider one of the most impressive achievements in 1986 was his free ascent with the equally talented Canadian, Peter Croft, of both The Nose on El Capitan and the NW Face of Half Dome in a day. This was 16,000 feet of elevation change, including the descent from El Cap; there were 58 climbing pitches and they completed the two climbs including the descent from the El Cap and the walk up to Half Dome in 20 hours 40 minutes.

Naturally my own achievements have been rather modest by comparison. I have climbed in many different areas, but equally I have found the climbing scene somewhat frustrating. Partly this is because my wandering life-style does not lend itself to continuity of contacts. Also I was based in Pennsylvania, not exactly the centre of gravity for the climbing firmament. There are climbing clubs, but

these are more broadly based associations, such as the American Alpine Club or the Appalachian Mountain Club. The American scene lacks the locally based clubs typical in Britain which provide a crucial step to making contacts for people new to an area. Fortunately my travel plans allowed me to pass through Denver fairly frequently and here Dez Hadlum has been a tremendous companion, collecting me from the airport and driving me to the climbing areas. Hence Colorado has been the area where I have done most of my interesting climbing.

Colorado has 53 peaks over 14,000 feet high, but few offer any technical climbing, although in Rocky National Park, 30 miles to the NW of Boulder - often considered the centre of gravity of Colorado climbing - there are many summits over 13,000 feet which provide the climber with a variety of steep faces. Long Peak at 14,255 feet is the dominant peak in the Park and its E. face offers 2000 feet of vertical and overhanging rock with the Diamond as its centre-piece. Close to Longs is Hallet Peak, 12,713 feet, with a 1000 feet N. face which I had climbed with Pete Scott in 1979.



These are the classic high mountain faces, but today most interest focuses on the easily accessible roadside crags. Right on the edge of Boulder lie the easy angled rock slabs of the Flat Irons which provided the earliest recorded rock climb in Colorado; the 1300 feet E. Face of the Third Flat Iron, first climbed in 1906. Starting only .25 mile from Boulder is the 17 mile long Boulder Canyon with many small crags providing technical routes up to 200 feet long. Perhaps the most well known is Castle Rock with the classic 5.11 test piece, Country Club Crack.

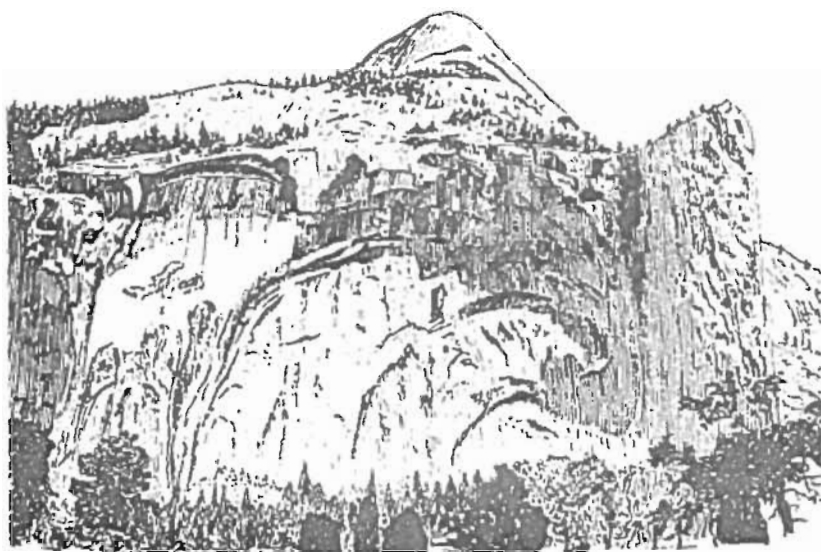
Seven miles south of Boulder is the location of Eldorado Canyon, long the show piece of Colorado climbing with routes up to seven pitches long. For me the circus-like atmosphere detracts from what is undoubtedly a tremendous climbing centre. This is the home of The Bastille with its classic Bastille Crack, Outer Space and West Buttress. On the other side of the canyon is the famous Red Garden Wall with its superb Naked Edge at 5.11. In 1979 Pete Scott and I had climbed the famous 5.8 Ruper with a traverse pitch giving 200 feet of instant exposure. We also climbed the rather more formidable 5.9 route of the Grand Giraffe. I visited it several times in the last three years with Dez, but my best route was done with Paul Laver when he made a flying visit in September 1986 and we climbed the beautiful Yellow Edge. Paul made a fine lead of the 5.11 penultimate pitch, free climbing past the bolt ladder.

Away from the well known areas there is a massive amount of climbing elsewhere in Colorado. Closest to Denver is Turkey Creek Canyon, but further south are the rolling, pine-forested hills of the South Platte area. Of the many crags in this area, one of the best is the Turkey Rock complex with superb crack climbs. In July 1985 I climbed Gobblers Grunt with Dez; this had some strenuous 5.9 climbing and it caused me to grunt alright.

Undoubtedly my favourite crag is Lumpy Ridge, just ten minutes drive from Estes Park, the Gateway to the Rocky National Park. The crag extends for three miles with the impressive 300 foot Twin Owls at one end and the 1000 foot cliff of Sundance at the other. The approach is easy across rolling meadows and one of the delights of climbing here is the fine view of Longs and other peaks in the RNP. I have never known the crags to be crowded by UK standards and although predominantly crack climbing there is plenty of variety.

One of the few 14,000 feet peaks outside of Rocky National Park with a

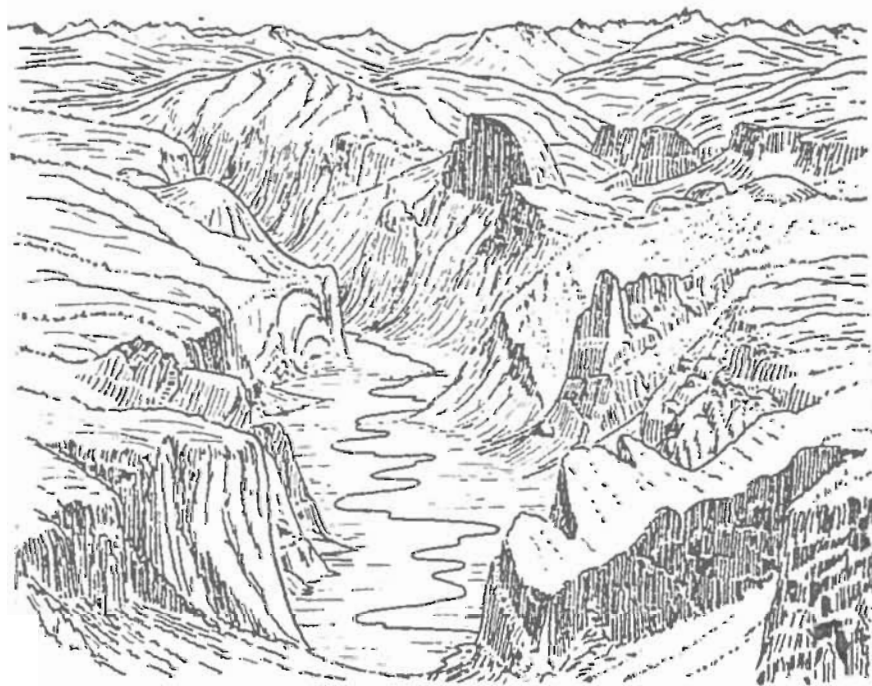
technical route to the summit is the Crestone Needle, hidden in the isolated Sangre de Cristo range of south central Colorado, about five hours' drive from Denver. This was our objective in August 1985 and we set up camp on Friday night after a final section up an old mining trail only feasible in a four wheel drive vehicle. We were up before dawn to set off for the ridge first climbed by Albert Ellingwood in 1925. He had learned to climb in the Lake District and the 5.7 head crack was a powerful effort by the prevailing standard of the time. For us the technical climbing was limited compared to the overall effort, but the isolation made this a Colorado experience of a different kind from that found on the more accessible crags. It was proof too of the opportunity for solitary mountain experience that one can find in the high mountain areas in the States, but which is increasingly rare in the crowded Alpine regions.



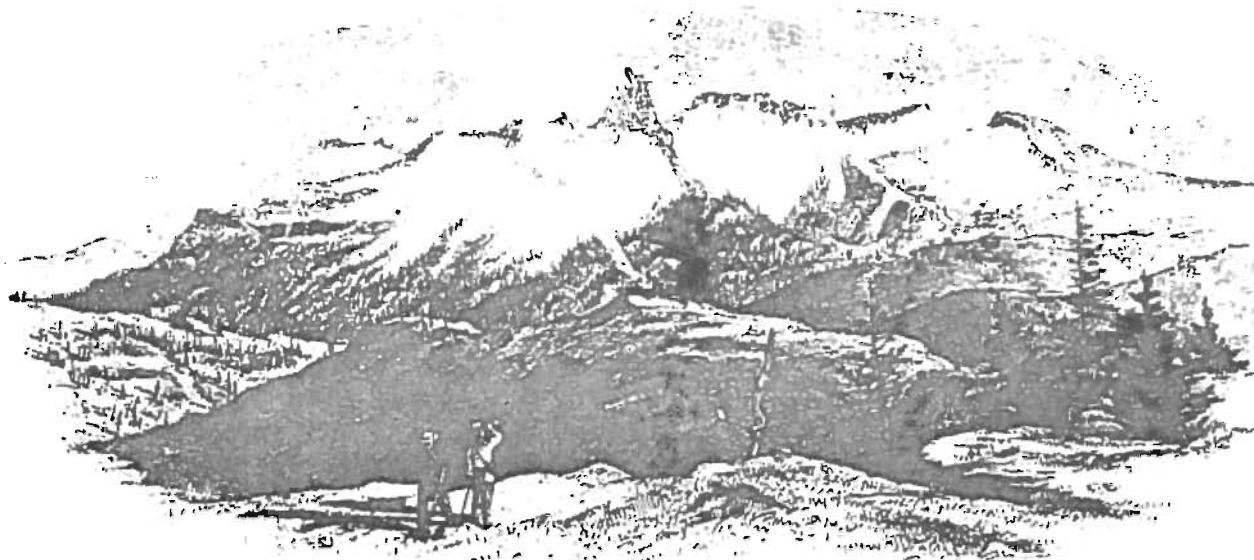
Although I made quite a few trips to Colorado during my time in the States, and this has to be the centre of gravity for American climbing, I want to focus on the opportunities for climbing in the Eastern United States because this is where I was living and the climbing areas are less familiar to most climbers.

Apart from well established areas like the Shawangunks, new developments at New River Gorge in West Virginia and Stone Mountain in Georgia are definitely in the modern idiom. Even in

Philadelphia itself there is a crag on the side of the Wissihicken in Fairmount Park. This was formed years ago when the side of the valley was blasted to lay down a sewer line. So was created Liverzey Rock, barely more than 20 feet high, where rock-starved locals can work out. However I rarely made the 30 minutes cross-city journey to the crag. Rather more extensive is High Rocks in Ralph Stover State Park, some 45 minutes from my home. This has about 65 routes on 60 feet to 150 feet high faces of slick shale. In summer the crag is covered by dense foliage and poison ivy abounds, so it is not particularly attractive. The best of my local crags, just over an hours' drive away, was Stoney Ridge. At first glance it looks rather like a gritstone outcrop. It is in fact firm grey sandstone and quartzite, nowhere higher than 70 feet and unfortunately for those of modest ability, it is overhanging from start to finish with a "mean-lean" of 110 degrees. It does however provide a high powered training area for local climbers.



Beyond these crags there are other esoteric local offerings which are not worth mentioning. For more extensive climbing there is no alternative to a long and tedious drive. One of my favourite areas is Seneca Rocks in West Virginia, about seven hours' drive away. I first visited here in Spring 1986 with delightful blossoms on the dogwood trees and an ambience akin to that of British crags. I met up with Don and Colleen, whom I discovered came from my area and together with John and Sandra we have formed a loose grouping for climbing trips.



Seneca is unusual because it is in the form of a fin, enabling climbs to be established on both sides of the rock. It is about 300 feet high and tops out 900 feet above the valley floor, so together with the steep climbing this makes for spectacular situations. In October 1985 there was a devastating flood which significantly altered the character of the valley, washing away the topsoil from already marginal farms and instead creating new boulder fields. In October 1986 our group made a trip here at the height of the autumn colours. After a long period of fine weather, the clouds rolled in and it started raining as we arrived. Fortunately, after one wasted day we were able to climb amid some of the richest foliage colouring I have ever experienced. Among the several climbs which we did was the supreme classic of the cliff: Triple S (Shipley's Shimmering Shimmy).

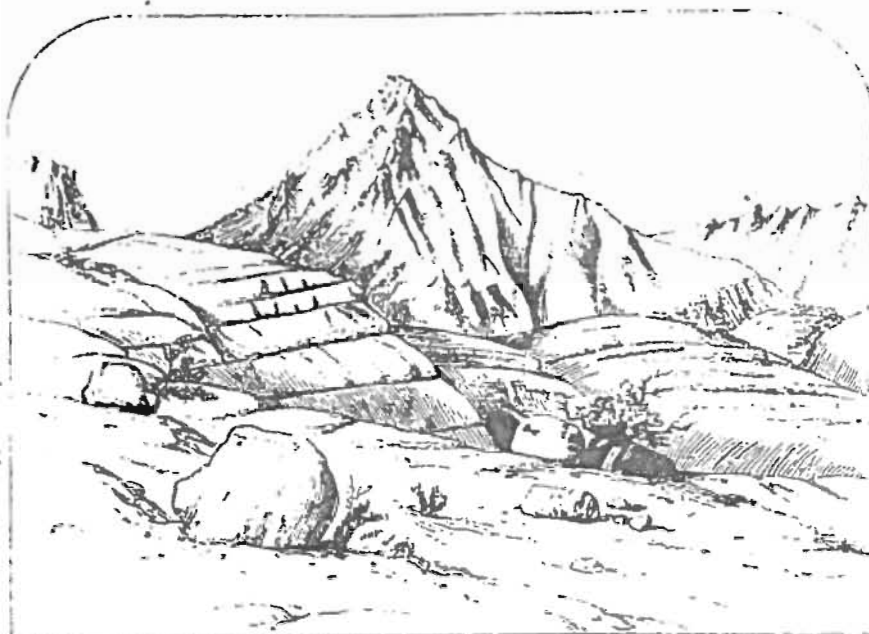
Six hundred miles north of Seneca lie the Shawangunks, the most famous climbing area in the east and about 3.5 hours from where I was living. There are four major cliffs and today there are close to 1000 climbs reaching a maximum height of 260 feet. Overlooking the Walkill River valley and close to the university town of New Paltz, this a very pleasant venue. The crags are only 70 miles from New York City and are inevitably quite crowded. This is a relative concept; there are plenty of climbs to go round and there are many climbs at every grade so I have not had a problem of getting on to a climb. The whole area is part of a tourist preserve and has a network of Victorian period carriage trails making for easy access. On my several visits I have found this to be an extremely amiable setting for rock climbing and I haven't come across a poor route yet. I have been content to tick off the classic climbs like High Exposure, Shockley's Overhang, Cascading Crystal Kaleidoscope, Arrow and Yellow Ridge. This is a tremendous area and would repay the attentions of any visiting British climbers.

Further north still, some nine hours driving from Philadelphia, are the White Mountains of New Hampshire. These provide some superlative granite climbing in a delightfully scenic area. Best known are the side by side crags of Whitehorse Ledge and Cathedral Ledge and I climbed here briefly in 1985. On the other side of the range is the 'alpine' cliff of Cannon Mountain with a height of 1000 feet and a length of 1.5 miles. This is a serious cliff, where a sudden onset of bad weather has led to a number of fatalities.

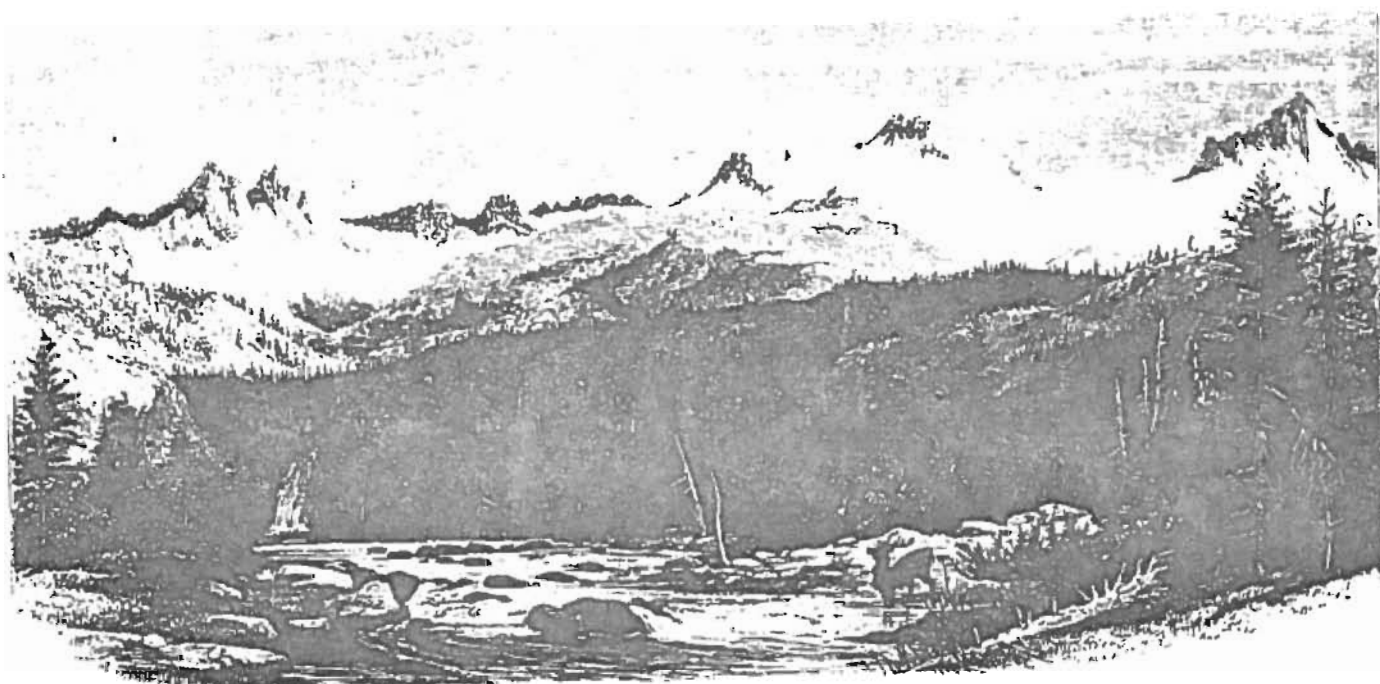
Over the border into Canada, I made a pleasant discovery in 1986 that there is a significant amount of climbing near Toronto, which I visit quite often on business. In early August I climbed on Buffalo Crag and Rattlesnake Point with

Peter Holden. These crags are only half an hour or so from the city. We also visited the more distant Eugenia Falls: all these crags form part of the Niagara Falls where the river connecting Lake Ontario and Lake Erie flows over the escarpment.

Before leaving the east, I should mention the excellent ice climbing which forms throughout the area. My only experience was early in January 1986 when I teamed up with Stefan Goldberg from New York to climb in the Adirondacks. In the Chapel Pond area, Roaring Brook Falls and Chouinard's Gully provided us with excellent middle standard ice climbing about 400 feet high. Nearby Pok O'Moonshine is the location of Positive Thinking, a spectacular vertical waterfall climb, one of the best Grade V ice routes in New England. I had plans to tackle more of the ice in New England during the winter season of 1987. Conditions were first class, but unfortunately a ski accident left me with a dislocated arm and put me out of action for several months. However I hope to return because the consistently cold weather in winter following a fairly high rainfall in summer provides the ice climber with a wealth of opportunities. The ice formations are so good by comparison with British climbs that one can normally use long tubular ice screws to good effort and achieve reasonable protection. From my limited experience I would rate the ice in New England overall as superior to that in Colorado and only inferior to that in the Canadian Rockies.



During my residence in the US over the last three years, Colorado and the US have provided most of my climbing experience. However I did visit some other classic areas: Tahquitz and Suicide near Idylwild in California; Joshua Tree National Monument followed by a trip through nearby Death Valley and a visit to Red Rocks in Nevada. By contrast to these sunbaked climbing areas, I also looked in on Index Town Walls in rain soaked Washington State and over the border in British Columbia, the magnificent Squamish Chief with routes up to 18 pitches long on classical vertical granites.

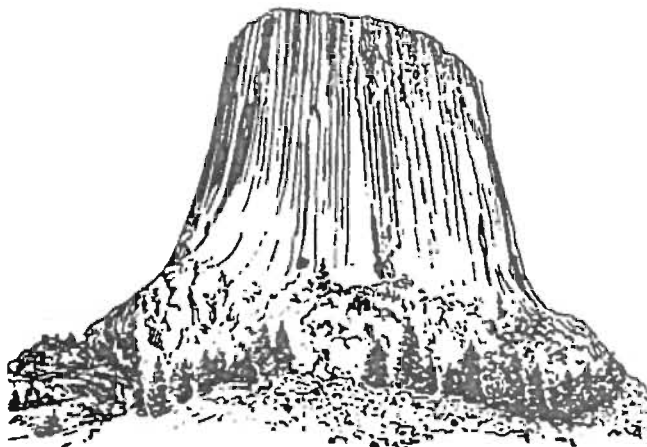


Sandwiched between Washington State and California is the State of Oregon, heavily forested and mountainous but merging into desert further east. Here is the location of Smith Rock where almost single handedly Allan Watts developed the hardest technical climbing in the US. His techniques however were based on the full blooded use of the prevailing continental ethic: bolting "en rappel", hangdogging etc. The bolting controversy here was more virulent than in the UK, with traditional ethics, bolts placed only in the lead, supported by the Valley locals whose climbing standard had been eclipsed by the new wave. The controversy lingers on, but in 1986 top French climber Jean-Baptiste Trubont established "To Bolt or Not To Be" at a grade of 5.14a (French 8b/c) making this perhaps the hardest climb in the US. It took over two weeks of effort and is a monument to the new wave ethic. As far as I know it hasn't been repeated, but John Bachar, a Valley local, certainly "inspected" it in 1987 and more ominously he himself has been seen at Tuolumne with a power drill. My own activities are in a different realm, but at the very least I feel saddened by this kind of debate.

My own brief visit to Smith Rock in 1985 was in a period (highly unusual) of rain, so I didn't get up a route. The weather mattered less for a different sporting activity that I indulged in: river running down to Class V rivers. I enjoyed these so much that in 1986 I signed on for another trip down the Middle Fork of the Salmon river in Idaho. The scenery was magnificent over the five days we were on the river, but the technical rapids, and hence the adrenalin charged excitement, were missing.

Southwest of Idaho and north of Colorado is the State of Wyoming. The total population in the State is only 250,000 and for the mountaineer it provides one of the finest venues in the United States. There is not space here to describe the excellent trip I made in 1986 with Pete Holden: this must be the subject of a separate article. In outline our main objective was to climb in the Wind River Range. A day's walk in from the road head brought us to idyllic high mountain country in the famous "Cirque of the Towers". Over a week of magnificent weather enabled us to climb every day on immaculate granite peaks. The classic E Ridge of Wolfs Head was followed by the magnificent NE Face of Pingora (a Shoshone word meaning "high, rocky inaccessible peak") but the hardest route was the N Face of Mitchell, freezing September temperatures adding to the seriousness of this formidable face with a hanging corner system right in the middle.

We moved on to the Teton Range, the most alpine of all the areas in the US but we were frustrated by bad weather and moved on to Yellowstone National Park with its remarkable hot springs, geysers and volcanic features before driving right across the State to the Devils Tower. This remarkable monolith (which featured in the film 'Close Encounters of a Third Kind') provides 600 feet climbs on every facet, none below 5.8 standard. They are almost all crack or corner climbs on perfect rock: superlative in every way.



The climbing in the US is tremendously varied yet despite the size of the country the pressures on the wild areas is intense. Nowhere illustrates this so well as Yosemite: an amazingly spectacular place which, apart from its attraction to rock climbers, is visited by an enormous number of tourists. On the whole I think the US Park service does a good job in preserving the wild places and yet making them accessible to all. Although inevitably they lose something in the process, perhaps the situation could be far

worse. It was on this theme that I concluded my audio visual presentation which I showed to the club in 1986 with a quote from a statement made in 1854 by the chief of the Duarmish tribe in response to an offer from the US President of the time for a large area of Indian Land. It is perhaps one of the finest statements about the environment ever made and I repeat it here:

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them?

Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience on my people. We are part of the earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters, the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadow, the body heat of the pony, and man - all belong to one family.

This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors... you must remember that it is sacred and you must teach your children that it is sacred and that each ghostly reflections in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people.

The rivers are our brothers they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes, and feed our children.... You must remember, and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers, and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He treats the earth..., the sky as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave only a desert.

I do not know. Our ways are different from your ways. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man.... There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in spring, or the rustle of an insect's wings.... The clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments of the frogs around a pond at night? The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of a pond, and the smell of the wind itself, cleansed by a mid-day rain, or scented with the pinon pine.

The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath - the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days, he is numb to the stench.... You must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh.... You must keep it apart and sacred, as a place where even the white man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow's flowers.

What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts would die from a great loneliness of spirit. For whatever happens to the beasts, soon happens to man.

This we know: The earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know. All things are connected like the blood which units one family. All things are connected. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. Man did not weave the web of life, he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself. Even the white man.... Cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We shall see.

The whites too shall pass, perhaps sooner than all other tribes. Contaminate your bed, and you will one day suffocate in your own waste. That destiny is a mystery to us.... When the secret corners of the forest heavy with scent of many men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires. Where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone. The end of living and the beginning of survival.

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