

In addition to continuing physical disability I was personally feeling spiritually exhausted - an ulcerated mouth and inexplicable sores on my face seemed merely incidental.

Ironically the 23rd was a calm golden day. The crunchy glare ice of the Lyell Glacier reflected a fierce hard light. Sugartop, Paulsen Peak and Fluted Peak rode above us - uncompromising, majestic shapes. Magnificent in scale, beautiful in every detail of fluted ice face and pinnacled ridge they seemed a little unreal after so many weeks during which they had only been seen at infrequent intervals.

Late that night we crossed the barren scree of Echo Pass and glissaded the short snow margin of a tiny residual glacier. Above us snow petrels, insubstantial and slightly ethereal, floated about a spiny crag. Around us, in bat like flight, we saw the dark shape and white rump of Wilson's petrel. Visible only in flickering snatches close about our heads he was a friendly and familiar presence with none of the remote mysteriousness that seemed to surround those pure white birds nesting high above our heads on a snowy crag.

Below us was Grytviken, King Edward Point and our hut barely discernible against the steep scree of Mt. Duse. Beyond the Hobarts a single catcher with a red and blue funnel circled gracefully across still dark water that here and there reflected a coppery sun-glow. Two grounded bergs gleamed, as though lit from inside, against the monochrome uniformity of the Sandebugten mountains.

The physical misery of that last descent is now only a blur, but I recall with sharpness and precision the calm and peaceful beauty of that pre-Christmas night. Through Pesca whaling station, silent and seemingly deserted, across the flensing plan still slimy and blood red from the day's whales, and by way of the familiar shore track we returned to base. As though to remind us of other things snow began to fall before we reached the hut so that in our tatty snow decorated windproofs our entrance upon a party already hilariously in full swing seemed strange and incongruous.

Father Christmas came on the morning of the 24th. He came in the way that all things come to S. Georgia - from the sea, and we waited for him with almost the same expectancy as did the three young Falkland Island children to whom ships were as buses in other children's lives. He came in the shape of old Hans Kristofferson aboard the little "Sabra". Old Hans, a character even in a community of characters, wearing his ancient red dressing gown, and red woolly hat and an enormous white cotton wool beard made a curious though charming spectacle as he brought his ship alongside.

First came Hans with a little Norwegian Christmas tree decorated with tinsel, candles and flags - then came all the boxes and parcels, presents for everybody on the Point. This,

it seemed, was yet another S. Georgia - when Christmas came in as an old whaler dressed in shabby makeshift but so delightfully carrying out his mission that it was no matter. Easy to forget that he was familiar Hans with his bent leg and cherubic features. Easy to see him as a symbol of his race and kind as he handed presents to the three children who stood half bemused: beyond expression in their excitement. A shaking of limp hands, a quaint inclination of the head and he was off again - back to the minute open bridge of "Sabra" where his red bobbed head suddenly appeared above the side screen. Hands wrestled with the sticking plaster and cotton wool, which threatened to cut off his speech, and we heard his "Laggo - aft!".

The last we saw of Father Christmas was a blob of white and a waving arm as "Sabra", ever mindful of her whaling days, heeled over deck awash into the channel inside the Hobart rocks; and then he was gone, behind the headland that carries Shackleton's plain wooden cross - and I was left with an impression of a simplicity and kindness that would be difficult to forget.

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NORWAY 1958

Roger Turner

On the night of our arrival in Bergen we camped on a hill with a fine view overlooking the town, and we rose first thing in the morning to catch the Sognefjord steamer. We were soon speeding up the largest fjord in Norway, and we were reminded of the North West coast of Scotland with its Lochs and skerries.

Down in the saloon we ate "open sandwiches" and drank coffee with a party of "Paris-ites". They had a courier who talked with his hands. He was not dumb by any means, but he seemed to find it impossible to speak without waving his index finger at us!

There was a Portugese fellow with this French party, and after talking to him for some time, he discovered that we spoke English and he complimented us on our command of the language.

Right through the day we sailed up the Fjord, the mountains rising up to 8,000 ft., most of them green clad to the top and here and there broken by roaring white waterfalls hurling themselves into the Fjord. On the highest peaks the eternal ice and snow glittered in the sunshine.

Here and there the boat pulled into little villages, with their colourful timbered buildings contrasting with the wild and rugged combination of mountain and sea.

Each time we stopped at a village, everyone on board would crowd to the side of the boat and watch the locals with just the same interest as they gave us. There were a lot of Americans on board, the sort that "does" Europe in three weeks. Some of them were shooting off cine film by the yard, and others clicking Leicas and exposing colourfilm with almost the same

rapidity. We did not realise, until this trip, that some Americans actually do talk in the same lingo one hears in films: "Get a shot of the li'l one in blue Elmer. Gee! aint he cute". But we had to agree he was cute, and so in fact are all the Norwegian children - chubby, sturdy and smiling faces.

We were accosted by the Americans "Gee look Albert! Real mount'n climbers! Are you going up there? Do you have to have a publication to go up there?" We did meet a very charming American couple who told us that in order not to be confused with the globe galloping Yanks, they usually conversed in Spanish while on their travels.

Later in the afternoon we arrived at our destination - Balestrand. We unshipped our gear and dumped it outside the ticket office on the quayside. We didn't think that there would be a bus to take us any further that night, but thought that we would enquire before seeking a campsite. We were told that there was no bus, not even the following day, and that it started from further up the Fjord and we should have stayed on the boat! We grabbed our kit and rushed back on board again just as the boat pulled out from the quay. Needless to say this caused some amusement both on shore and on the boat, but we were very soon landing at our correct destination - Henningswerk.

You may camp anywhere (sic) and more often than not we found this to be true. On this occasion the local inhabitants indicated a large piece of ground in the centre of the village. We thought that this was a bit exposed, but there were no curious stares and once our tent was erected we felt quite at home.

The following morning we started the last leg of our journey to the Jotunheim and eventually we arrived at Turtagro, a good hotel high up in the mountains, with a very fine hotelier who speaks English; knows Dr. Fuchs (who tested out his Sno-cats there before going to the Antarctic) and Geoff Thompson. The latter qualification was rather interesting, especially as we found that previous acquaintance with an Oread had not affected his generous welcome in anyway. (Thompson, ever the toff - Ed.)

Here we learnt the truth of the rumour started by the finger wagging courier. The road over Sognefjell was still blocked by winter snow, and a helicopter was lifting people over the blocked bit. We were to be taken up to the helicopter later on in the afternoon, and so we cooked a meal and went out for a walk up towards a very fine peak: Skagastolstind.

We covered the next stage by lorry, and ultimately we pulled up outside a workman's hut. I say hut, but it is rather like calling "Bryn-y-Wern" a hut, since this was a palatial affair - a large centrally heated building occupied by workmen with their families. They were concerned with the construction of a dam for a hydro-electric scheme.

We climbed out of the lorry and went into the hut to wait for the helicopter. After some time we began to wonder whether the helicopter was going to turn up, and so did the Americans who came up with us. They asked their shepherd to "use that instrument on the end of the wire and find out". She did, and it turned out that the "egg-beater" was out of action or gone in for service or something, and that they would all have to go back to Turtagro for the night. In spite of suggestions that she should "get on to London", "We want to go to Oslo", and "I couldn't face that awful ride again", they had to, and did. We learned that their tour was organised by "Frames Tours", -quite obviously they had been framed.

One of the workmen told us that it was only about seven miles across the pass to Roysheim, and so we decided to walk over. About halfway up to the top of the pass we met a "Weasel" with a crowd of tourists bound for Turtagro. We shouted a greeting and plodded on following the tracks of the Weasel where we knew the snow would be hard packed.

The sun had set and there was a wonderful pink glow on the peaks. With the thought that Roysheim was just round the corner, we came upon a mountain hut and decided to stay there for the night. It was here that we discovered that one Norwegian mile is about ten Kilometres and that we had only covered about a third of the way to Roysheim!

There was no-one at the hut who spoke English and we scratched our heads wondering how we could explain that we wanted to do our own cooking. We held out the Frimus stove, and they passed it round admiring it! Eventually they understood.

The following morning was fine and crisp and we set off at a good pace. Here and there at the side of the road we saw skis which had been left unattended, apparently their owners left them there for their weekends ski-ing. This was just one example of the prevalence of honesty in this part of the world.

After a few hours of walking a bus came up the pass, a head poked out of the window and an indexfinger wagged. "I told you that the road was blocked" It was the French party, who gave us a lift to Roysheim.

We camped at Roysheim and from there made a number of excursions, but in our climbing expeditions we were hampered by the very poor snow conditions, so we decided to make an attempt on Galdhopggen at night, when we judged that the snow would be harder.

It was a beautiful night and conditions were near perfect, but on the lower slopes we met with soft deep snow, and I got my feet very wet with the result that they got very cold. We arrived at the Gjurvass Hut in very good time, and although it was closed we managed to find some shelter from the wind that had sprung up. It took about half-an-hour to get the circulation back into my feet. In view of the wind, the very low temperature and the fact that I had no spare socks, we decided to call off the attempt on the summit. It was not easy to admit

defeat, but we were rewarded on the descent with a wonderful sunrise. A few thin disc-like clouds on the horizon turned pink and then deepened to a vivid red, which gradually spread over our heads, and the snow glowed with a subtle reflection of the colour in the sky.

Within a few days the road had been opened and we decided to move over to Voss where we thought that conditions would be better. We went down to the Fjord at Leikanger where we camped in the apple orchards and the blossom was as white as the mountains we had just left. Across by steamer to Flom and up again by rail on the Flom Line which climbs up to 2,800 ft. in 12 miles. There the view was more than usually magnificent the train either slowed down or stopped to allow photographers and other travellers to make the most of it. It is interesting to note that each of the carriages on the train is fitted with five different brakes each of which is capable of stopping the train, and even in the middle of the winter snows the line is always kept open.

Voss has a great number of interesting old buildings, amongst them the church; built in the 13th century with walls between four and seven feet thick and a spire built of enormous timbers held together by wooden nails.

We camped on a farm where we had a job to pay for milk. (We finally got the farmer to agree to accept sixpence a quart), and during the next few days we walked and climbed in the surrounding country, and very quickly it seemed we had to start back for Bergen and home.

Regretably the late Spring snow had prevented us from doing any serious climbing, but we got to know some of the people and some of the country. The people are quite the most friendly and generous that you would ever wish to meet, and the country with its mountains and fjords has a charm quite different from the Alps, but just as attractive, perhaps even more so. It was a fine introduction for us and we shall certainly go again if only to have another go at Galdhopiggan.

KARWENDEL 1958

Ruth Welbourn

This extensive range of the Chalk Alps was one of the training areas of Hermann Buhl and he mentions it freely in his autobiography. It was the sight of the terrific walls and peaks in his pictures, that made us want to go there. The area seems little-known and it took a deal of correspondence to obtain guidebooks and maps.

The Karwendel lies to the north of the Inn Tal covering an area of 1,000 km.² It is a Nature Reserve throughout and no motor roads run through it. None of the dwellings are inhabited for more than 7 months in a year, as there is a lot of danger from

avalanches. The rock is lime stone and by our standards quite rotten - but the local climbers don't bother about loose rock etc. The German-Austrian frontier runs across the area from East to West, making it rather difficult at times to get from hut to hut. We finally decided to stay on the Austrian side, after spending a few days in the adjoining Wetter Stein range in order to climb the Zugspitze.

After weeks of anticipation, we finally left Derby on a very hot Friday night for London. We slept that night in a youth hostel and at 8.a.m. on Saturday our holiday started. The channel between Dover and Ostend was as smooth as a millpond and the sun shone. Then followed a very pleasant journey in an electric train to Bad Godesberg near Bonn, where we were to spend the first week visiting my family. I don't know how John felt, meeting his in-laws for the first time, but everything went off alright. We did all the conventional trips: sightseeing in Cologne, Bonn and Koblenz, taking steamer trips on the Rhine and drinking wine.

The following Saturday we continued our way south and after 10 hours of travel we arrived at Garmish-Partenkirchen. This village has been taken over by U.S. troops lock, stock and barrel (especially barrel). It was already getting dark and we had still to find a place to sleep. The hostels to be seen looked of the formal-dress-only variety, but undaunted we went to the U.S. Forces Billeting Office and asked about cheap accommodation. Thus we were introduced to the "Touristen Lager". For the equivalent of 1/8d. you get a mattress, pillow and blanket and pleasant company if you are lucky.

First week - Sunday

Left Garmish at an early hour and walked along the valley to the next village. From here a steadily climbing path through pineforest brought us to the entrance of the "Hollental Clamm", a terrific Limestone gorge. It takes a good 3/4 hr. to walk, and you are quite likely to get drenched by the spray. Snow was still lying in places up to 5 ft. thick, the remains of avalanches! After a further 1/2 hr. uphill we reached the hut and settled ourselves and gear on the matratzenlager. Turned in about 8.30.p.m.

Monday

The alarm rang at 4.0.a.m. and after a cup of coffee we were on our way. The rising sun was lighting up the peaks and slowly it became warmer. We followed the path to the head of the valley and after a short scramble we reached the foot of the climb, a 60 ft. wall. It looked rather uninviting, but iron rungs made easy work of it. A short traverse to the left brought us to one of the hair-raising bits of the climb: a 60 ft. wide slab, traversed with the aid of a fixed rope. It is very airy and a long way down to the valley floor. More scrambling and uphill walking brought us to the edge of the glacier. This is the eastfacing glacier of the Zugspitze, and is much smaller than

the others, which provide ski-ing until late in the year. We stopped in the sun and had breakfast. Then, refreshed, we tackled the gigantic screeslopes and finally the glacier itself. Big crevasses on the latter are easily avoided by keeping to the centre of the glacier. Unfortunately, mist had started to rise, and when we reached the rocks of the east wall we had none of the expected views. The route goes up in zig-zags on the wall of the Zugspitze, but beyond the fixed rope and the rocks we saw hardly anything. The sun had given up the unequal struggle and a stiff breeze swirled the mist around us. After 2 1/2 hrs. hard work we reached the summit to find it crowded with trippers in their best finery. We almost looked out of place up there.

A pause for refreshments and photos and we set off along the ridge to the Schnee Fernerhaus. From here we took the train down through the 4 1/2 km. long tunnel to the Riffelriss. Here, below the mists, the sun was doing its best for us. We walked down to the Elbsee and from there once more through lovely forests back to the hut. By 8.0.p.m. we were sitting behind steaming bowls of soup!

Tuesday

Retreat from the hut in pouring rain! Back to Garmish and by the first train across the border to Scharnitz. As the rain did not let off, we decided to spend the night in that village.

Wednesday

Good weather again. The Karwendel Haus lies at the head of a long valley and it took us all of 6 hours to reach it. Most tantalising was the fact of seeing the hut about 2 hrs. before reaching it. This last is the hardest part of the walk; the difference in height between valley and hut is about 1,000 ft.- taken almost vertically.

Thursday

Fall of optimism we set off on a dull morning, but within a short time were drenched to the skin. The rest of the day was spent around the tiled stove, singing to guitars. I'd never realised how hard it is to translate the German equivalent of Oread songs into English!

Friday

Clear blue skies and very hot sunshine. By 7.0.a.m. we were on the screes up to the Birkkar Spitze. The previous day's weather had laid down 6 in. of new snow on the peak and made the going rather difficult. The peak is above 3,000 ft. high and as the sun got higher we had to rope up. The views from the summit stretch far in all directions, but the snow was too cold to sit on to admire them! On return to the hut we packed up ready for an early start the next morning.

Saturday

As the Falken Hutte is only a short distance away, we hoped to reach it early and maybe do a peak later. The walk to this hut leads through a valley exclusively wooded by maple sycamores. This is regarded as a strange phenomenon, as the

altitude is well above the usual limit for these trees. From here we had our first view of the impressive Laliderer Wall rising sheer from the valley for 3,000 ft!

The sun was very hot, therefore we stopped frequently to admire the view! The first call at the hut was for refreshment and John daringly drank a whole bottle of beer, which here contains 1 litre. Needless to say, we had to abandon the idea of a peak after that! We did, however, find some lovely flowers.

The hut lies directly under the rock walls and one can see the constant small falls of rock. Existing routes are Grade IV and upwards, but we were assured they were quite safe, as constant climbing had removed the loose stuff.

Second Week - Sunday

Another very hot day and very early start. We stopped for a while to brew and sunbathe at lunchtime and reached the Lamsenjoch Hutte about 5.0.p.m. Mist soon came down and stayed down until next morning.

Monday

As we needed to cash more travellers cheques, we left for the nearest tourist town, Pertisau. It lies on the shores of a beautiful lake. Our business concluded, we went to the nearest youth hostel to spend the night. This is also a Childrens Holiday Home and we were very glad to get away in the morning.

Tuesday

In the valley the sunshine was almost oppressive and we had bad headaches when we left the train at Solbad Hall in the Inn valley. This town is very old, dating from the 12th century at least, and owes its existence to the local salt mines. Fortunately for us a bus was going to the mines that day, saving us at least 3 hrs. walk with a 3,000 ft. rise in altitude. How the bus climbed up those gradients I do not know! The Bettelwurf Hutte, our goal for that day, lies a further 3,000 ft. above the mines and we were very tired when we finally reached it.

Wednesday

Though it was very cloudy, we started off for the Bettelwurf Spitze. A minor hailstorm turned us back however, as rain makes that particular limestone very slippery and we were also wet through. We returned to the hut and picked up our sacks to walk to the next hut. The sun came out and we dried off very quickly. We spent quite a lot of time watching chamoix on the screes above us and reached the Halleranger Haus in the early evening.

Thursday

Full of good intentions we set off with rope etc. to attack an attractive looking ridge. We climbed the first peak in the sweat of our brows and, I'm sorry to say, that's as far as we got (a mere 6,780 ft.) The party sunbathed until it was time to return for the evening meal.

Incidentally, this was the day John interrupted a pleasant breakfast to have me take a photograph at 6.30! His camera had refused to co-operate earlier in the holiday. (Somehow it seems familiar - Ed.)

Friday

Another very hot day. I set off in shorts, but soon changed into slacks again when my legs started burning. We had to walk 20 km. back to Scharnitz, following the river Isar from the source and watching it change into a foaming torrent. At midday we stopped for a meal and a paddle.

Return to Scharnitz and the end of the holiday was celebrated with a grand meal at a hotel and a change into clean clothes jealously saved for this moment.

Saturday

With woebegone faces we boarded the train for Munich. But once there, our faces brightened, and our purses lightened. The sports-shops are a mountaineer's paradise. Too bad we hadn't got unlimited cash and, after all, there are Customs and Excise to think of.

Sunday

Definitely the last sunshine of the holiday was enjoyed during the channel crossing. Alas, we haven't seen much since. (You will have observed that John Welbourn paddled in Austria - so now the Austrians have seen them; but there is no truth in the rumour that J.W. was slightly wounded by a keen fisherman out shooting heron - Ed.)

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BULLSTONES CABINS November 15th/16th

P.R. Falkner

This Meet can be summed up briefly in two stages (a) the conveyance and (b) the dispersal. On the Saturday morning there were only two of us, Ron Dearden and myself, at the appointed starting place at Ladybower. In misty, map and compassy conditions we traversed Derwent Edge and Back Tor, crossed Abbey brook near its source, and, in thickening mist, ploughed over a waste of typical peat-bog in the general direction of Margery Hill. A brief clearing at one stage showed us that we were on the right course, then everything vanished again. Eventually we arrived on the top of Margery Hill, kept on over the Cut Gate track, until in failing light, Ron spotted the cabins below. We arrived there about 4.30.p.m. Almost simultaneously, John Welbourn and Ruth had arrived from the direction of the Flouch Inn, and Paul Gardiner and Tony Bamford came up from the Derwent valley. We all made ourselves comfortable and fed in the upper cabin. At one stage during the meal Paul appeared to be French-polishing the table, but it turned out that he was only mopping up spilt fat. Tony had a primus of volcanic tendencies which periodically provided some mild excitement. By 8.0.p.m. all having fed, and no one being eager for a very long moorland tramp in search of ale, we turned in.

It was known that Jack Ashcroft, Derek Burgess and Don Chapman were still somewhere on the way. A candle was left in the window to guide them and in due course they arrived about 9.15.p.m. It transpired that they had not left Foxhouse until 2.0.p.m., and had come all the way from Back Tor in the dark - a noble piece of route finding. The upper cabin being fairly full, they retired to the more primitive conditions of the lower one.

On Sunday morning the meet dispersed as rapidly as it had congregated. Derek and Don set off for Bleaklow; Paul, and Tony went up the Derwent Valley; John Welbourn and Ruth down the W. side of the valley en route for Alport Castles, and Jack Ashcroft, Ron and I down the E. side of the valley back to Ladybower. Jack and Ron were both troubled by their feet. Ron was breaking in new boots; he reached Ladybower Inn with blood oozing out of his socks, and on this evidence regarded his boots as well broken in.

O B I T U A R Y

"Bryn-y-Wern" passed away quietly on Sunday 26th October, 1958. Death took place at the time and largely in the manner predicted by our consultants some months ago. Emotional scenes were few among the family and friends who had come together to witness the old lady's passing on. Old lady she was, but game to the end, she showed signs of evident enjoyment when only twenty-four hours before death she was subjected to the irreverent high spirits of those who had gathered for the wake. A more detailed account of the events that preceded the quietus is given below.

H.P.

VALEDICTORY

We went down on the Wednesday - Molly, Laura and myself. For the last time we enjoyed the quietness and the seeming isolation of Pennant. There was little stimulus to activity for cloud sat upon the wooded green depression around Bryn-y-Wern like a lid. So we sawed wood, walked a little and ate our meals before roaring log fires in the lounge. It was utterly peaceful in a way that is not always possible to-day in other parts of Wales. But, as usual the hour was constantly in question after supper on Friday - anticipation of that Friday stream of arrivals always produces its own kind of excitement. There is never any certainty who is going to show up, or in what order, and I personally enjoy with an odd kind of zest that period of two hours when the house is full of clumping feet, whistling kettles, steaming cups of tea, and bodies relaxing after the drive. No other part of the week-end is ever quite like this - the week-end is yet to come - the atmosphere develops and is suddenly there.

Harry Pretty

During the three or four times that I have witnessed this I have noticed that among the "regulars" there is a pattern of behaviour; distinct and immutable. There is a feeling of permanence when Ernie Phillips descends into an armchair within a minute of arrival. You know that as certain as day follows night Ronni will be in with a cup of Milo five minutes later. An air of nostalgia will envelop Paul and Betty Gardiner on the corner sofa - Laurie Burns will be asleep within fifteen minutes of arrival. By midnight all will be quiet, but it is not likely that anyone familiar with the situation will have thought seriously about going to sleep - for this is merely the silence of anticipation. At 1.0.a.m. or thereabouts, there is sudden clamour that suggests the arrival of an armoured brigade. Organised marching and countermarching is taking place in the hall to the accompaniment of shouts and ringing oaths heard above the tumult of a Bacchanalian riot - even handbells have been heard on one occasion. This merely proves that Peter Janes and Lord Hailsham are in the same class as extroverts.

On the morning of October 25th the Janes-Handley entourage were still under the spell of a fair in Bala where they had apparently witnessed several exhibitionist forms of entertainment that hadn't improved Burgesses blood pressure, and required all of Janes' extensive vocabulary to describe.

Saturday was divided between preliminary "demolition" and the collection of wood for the evening's fireworks. Eccles cakes and beer were also procured - and Cwm Silin was visited "... we started on the bottom left hand side and finished on the top right hand corner" - according to Janes.

The night was amazingly warm. Beyond the vast pyre of fallen timber and derelict chairs Hebog was dark, soft and mamary.

Pettigrew appeared with a carrier bag packed with high explosives of the utmost violence, but Handley, compared with former years, applied his matches with considerable caution - and Burgess didn't even scorch his coat.

As one might have reasonably prophesied the day ended with familiar choruses around the lounge fire and somehow or other Jack Leeson contrived to finish a game of chess among the uproar.

For many of us the bare inhospitable boards of the lounge were/sad and depressing start to Sunday's departure, but the mood could hardly last amid the shambles of loading the lorry. How it all went on we shall never know. When the overloaded vehicle lurched and swayed down the hill and over the bridge we watched it in fascinated wonder - it seemed as if the journey to Rhydd-dhu might come within the classification of "high adventure". However, despite their somewhat grotesque appearance the lashings held. No unfortunate tourist in the Aberglaslyn was crushed beneath an avalanche of chairs, tables, steel bunks, cast iron boilers and stags heads - and by 2.0.p.m. "Bryn-y-Wern" had passed over into Oread history.

I rather think that whenever we find ourselves on the Moel Lefn - Y Garn watershed during the years to come most of us will look down into Pennant, down past the bend in the Dwyfor to the house at the foot of a wooded hill, and they will be few who do not remember the peaceful isolation of the place, the effort and the worry expended since that first night when Penlington and Moore bivvied on its bare floor and, in between listening for "the vicar", told each other that at last they'd found something. All of us will remember a score or a hundred episodes that even now are slightly "larger than life" - and, despite all the superficial casualness of our departure, the "Bryn-y-Wern" period will be recollected with great affection by most and by others with an affection more significant than they would perhaps admit.

FAMILY AND JUNIOR SECTION NEWS

P.R. Falkner

On Sat. September 23rd, 1958, three Falkners and four Cullums were stowed into the Vanguard, with an incredible amount of gear, and transported to N. Wales for a farewell visit to Bryn-y-Wern. We had a week of poorish, rainy weather. The care and amusement of three infants was a major operation; no serious mountaineering was accomplished, and only three visits were made to Black Rock sands. For most of the time we had the hut to ourselves, but we were joined by Jack Leeson and Janet for a few days. On the Friday evening there was an influx of Lancashire Caving and Climbing Club, whose members, on Saturday morning, watched the reloading of babies and gear into the car with considerable astonishment.

Our destination for the second week was Cwm Abereddy on the Pembroke coast. The drive there from B-y-W. took us through much attractive scenery in mid-Wales which was quite new to us. We stayed at a most delightful little cottage belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins at Cwm Abereddy. A few yards from the front door, pleasant slabs of moderate standard led down to the sea. A couple of hundred yards away was a sheltered beach; beyond that a rocky headland, and then another beach, a really superb one. We had good weather all week; we swam every day, and on one occasion Charlie achieved five swims in one day. We also found some short but enjoyable climbs and scrambles; I found two pinnacles which could only be ascended at low tide; one of these was a spectacular narrow wedge of rock, ascended by a route very reminiscent of the E. Ridge of the Inaccessible Pinnacle.

Our return journey was almost disastrous. A few miles out of Fishguard, the rear near-side wheel came adrift; fortunately I'd almost come to a stop when this occurred, and after a delay to get re-organised, we were on our way again and reached home without further incident.

CHRISTMAS PARTY AT RHYD DDU

Fred. Allen

Thanks are due to those members and friends who made this party possible by working during previous week-ends to produce accommodation and amenities for twenty-four people. It says much for their efforts that everything went like clock-work.

The Christmas dinner was a large success - thanks to Betty Gardiner and Margaret Hooley and all others who stayed behind on Christmas Day to help in the preparations.

Wendy, Richard and I walked to the summit of Snowdon on Christmas Day to meet the Langworthys (they had promised a bottle of something) but unfortunately we left the summit before they arrived. We were overtaken on the ascent by Tony Smith, Laurie Burns and Paul Gardiner.

On Boxing Day a party walked around Llyn Cwellyn to inspect the crag - Castell Cidwm. The rock was very wet but there are some distinct possibilities of interesting climbing when rock is dryer. We finished the day on Mynydd Mawr. On Saturday five of us, (Walter Richardson, Brian Lee, Doug. Cook, John Welbourn and myself) walked to Cwm Silin via the Nantlle Valley - what a flog - waterlogged too. We inspected the crag while eating lunch. The whole place was running with water so we decided to play it safe and do the Outside Edge route - the top two pitches, due to the amount of water, turned out to be very interesting. We returned to the hut via Mynydd Tal-y-Mignedd and we descended from Y-Garn in the dark.

Sunday morning was spent cleaning and tidying the hut and everyone was on the way home by 2.0.p.m.

I am afraid that I have made no mention of the convivial evenings when we smoked, sang and drank Paul Gardiner's nine gallons of Worthington 'E' - it was smooth as a liqueur with just as much bite. Needless to say it was all gone by the end of the holiday. Everyone had their favourite drops of "short" (if you've ever seen any of the Oread favourite "drops" in shorts you'll know what he means - Ed.), and together with two crates of ale from the "Cwellyn Arms" we managed very nicely.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the Oread Newsletter

Dear Harry,
I am obliged to comment fairly pungently on the question of children in the Clubs huts, raised in your last editorial. Before getting on with the main burden of this letter I should like to state that I feel very strongly on the subject of anonymous complaints. If the anonymity of the present plaintiffs has been imposed by the Committee, they (the plaintiffs) cannot help it;

if however, it is self-assumed, it would be completely wrong for the Committee to take any action whatever for such anonymity can only mean that the plaintiffs are ashamed of their views.

My own comments are on the complaint as set out by you and on your own observation, with some observation of my own. I shall write objectively from the viewpoint of an Oread who is also a parent and who hopes that his children will eventually become Oreads.

First, it is well nigh incredible to me that people having legitimate complaints about other members' children should complain to the Committee about it. The normal course for an intelligent adult would be to mention the matter civilly to the parents concerned, and only if satisfaction could not be obtained in that way would they be justified in going to the Committee.

As for the suggestion that it is not good for children to be at large among the Oread, the decision as to what is good and what is not good for children is entirely for the parents to make. It would be a gross impertinence for the Committee or any other group of members to attempt to make it for them. Regarding the allegation that members may be inhibited by the presence of children, I may say that on the occasions on which I have taken a child or children to Bryn-y-Wern (twice in all) I have enjoyed the company of civilised persons whose behaviour was unexceptional and not affected, as far as I could tell, by the presence of youngsters. It seems pathetic to complain that one cannot indulge in rowdiness or obscenity in the Club Hut because children are present. The third complaint is that the hut is essentially for adults only. I cannot for a moment accept this. On a recent visit to B-y-W. my two-year-old daughter did more mountaineering than an August Personage who was then in residence (no criticism of the said A.P. being implied). This is surely what the hut is for, and if Oread parents are prevented from using their Club Hut for taking their children climbing, they are likely to drift away from Club activities altogether. If single members may take non-climbing girl-friends to the hut (and so they should, and surely such girl-friends have an inhibiting effect on the grosser forms of conduct) it is unreasonable to forbid married members from taking their climbing children, even if their climbing is of a very gentle nature. I am not suggesting that an intention to climb should be a condition of admittance, for such an arrangement would exclude a fair proportion of all members and would in any case be impossible to apply. I am simply pointing out that parents are likely to want to take their children climbing and that their own Club Hut is the obvious place for such excursions.

This brings me to the first of your own points. A hut is certainly primarily a base for climbing, but there can be no reasonable objection to the (adult) bathing and fishing parties who have in the past used B.-y-W. And the hut is not likely to represent the communal spirit of the Club if there is a discrimination against members who are also present. As you

point out, the Oread has a high proportion of such members. Many of them cannot park their offsprings to go off for a week-end's climbing, and might not want to if they could. It is undeniable that if children were excluded from a Club Hut this would in practice mean that in many cases their parents were excluded too. They might, of course, then begin to wonder what they paid subscriptions for. Your final point is that a crowd of children may be a nuisance to members who like peace and quiet. This is perfectly true, but I must point out that we have quite a number of members who are capable of being a nuisance to those who like peace and quiet. There has to be a good deal of give and take in a hut in any case.

Next I should like to ask you to look at the composition of our Officers and Committee. There are twelve of them, and all but two are married. Four are already fathers, and there is a high statistical probability that most of the others will become fathers within the next few years. Is it fair and reasonable to accept the benefit of their work - and it is often very hard work - and at the same time deny or at least restrict their right to use the Club Hut? Of course, the composition of the Committee changes continually, but by and large it is the family men and women who run this and any Club. If they want to take their sons and daughters to Oread huts they have every right to do so, provided they exert reasonable control over their offsprings and that they pay for each bunk occupied by a child or children.

Finally I must point out that some of our married members have lent the Club money to buy the new hut. To take their money and then tell them that they can't use the hut would be the height of arrogance.

Let's have the kids by all means. If they are ill-behaved, the parents are the ones to talk to; not the Committee. For Pete's sake let's not have a set of regulations, which would engender ill-feeling and would be difficult or impossible to enforce, over such a trivial matter as this.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLIE CURRUM

Dear Sir,

Regarding Oread Children in Huts.

A word in the ears of these anonymous cowards - a strong word, but rightly put, I think.

How many outdoor types get married and fade away never to be seen again? 90% and what a loss of good material. Now about the other 10% You can say that 5% have children and 5% don't. The childless ones still continue to be active and mostly have transport of their own, but those with children I'm afraid often have to struggle along with public transport if they wish to go out at all. The latter may, of course, be fortunate enough

to have transport of their own, either by nature of their position in the business world, or by sheer thriftiness and hard work.

The offsprings of the married Oread are some of the best brought up children that I have ever met, and if a hut means that they can visit the mountains all year round and not just in the summer when it is fit to camp with children - then I'm all for it. It means that the father can still do his climbing, and the rest of the family can enjoy the countryside.

Regarding the behaviour of children in full huts:-

It is up to the parents to analyse the situation and control the behaviour of their children accordingly. I hope that they will take note of that. I like peace and quiet, and I still think that children should be seen and not heard too loudly. One parent, when asked about his noisy children was heard to say that he believed in free expression for the kids. Right then, let it work both ways, they make a noise and we'll quieten them!

I might remind the complainants that two officers of the club are family men and they work hard for your benefit. Would you do all that they do for the club? I doubt it, and don't forget if you are bachelors or married but childless, it may not always be so and I suggest that you think again. We are only on this world once, so why not live and let live.

C. HOOLEY (BARON)

Dear Harry,

Remembering how, on a recent visit to Stanton-by-Bridge, you hid a certain garment of mine (rainbow coloured with black lace) I thought you would be interested to know that the change in climate has inconvenienced Bob to the extent of his having bought two pairs of long, woollen underpants which now nestle beneath his flannels.

Yours,
DEANA PETTIGREW.

OREADS IN SHORTS

The Annual Dinner was, if anything, better than ever this year. A total of 112 sat down to Dinner and there were others in the bar who, not having booked a place early enough, were excluded from eating but who joined the gallery during the speeches. There was a record number of official guests from Kindred Clubs in addition to the three principal guests comprising Wynford Vaughan Thomas, Alan B. Hargreaves and Tony Moulam. All of these gentlemen spoke, and I have no fear of being contradicted if I call W.V.T.'s speech a tour de force which more than upheld the tradition of excellence that has come to be associated with after dinner speaking at Oread functions. Charles Cullum who, in the manner of his kind, had clearly carried out a lot of research from original type sources maintained, if he didn't

surpass his usual standard of pointed wit - and moreover Bob Pettigrew's reply on behalf of the Club (delivered with clean-cut young Englishman back in the fold type nuances) was not to be sneezed at, and nicely rounded off the polished performances of his predecessors.

Our Hon. Secretary was relieved to find that rigorous training since last year had improved the stamina of his wife - the set plan whereby Jack Longland was to slide noisily under the table in order to create a diversion did not need to be put in effect. Oliver Jones did not fail us and as usual Stan Moore was irrepressible when it came to the pinch. It was a pleasant surprise to find Clive Webb with us once more - and to see Eric Byne, Cyril Machin and George Sutton in their proper places - even though I felt a little sad that Brian Cooke was unable to join Marion.

Geoff Hayes was not allowed to forget that it was his 21st birthday. Tankards were distributed as is the custom but Geoff Thompson and Barbara (I must no longer refer to her as "his party") declined to return from Majorca to receive theirs. We were sorry that John Adderley was unable to be there to receive his.

For once the weather was magnificent on the Sunday and a surprising amount of climbing was carried out by what had only recently been described as "a club of rakes".

Alf Bridge, unable to attend the Dinner, sent a telegram to Alan Hargreaves advising him "to take a strong belay". It was noticed with pleasure that A.B.H. did not ignore the advice.

Fog defeated our first distinguished visitor in Ernie Phillips' Winter Lecture Programme. Joe Walmsley who was to talk to us on Kanchenjunga just couldn't make it, but has promised to try again. The vacuum was ably filled by Ernie himself who had brought along a set of excellent slides taken during his ski-ing holiday this year. He denies vigorously the suggestion that he'd fixed the whole thing as a kind of Phillips Benefit Performance.

Some recent Quotes:-

understand it, normally I'm not a bit chesty. - "...Can't

Bob Pettigrew referring to Dinner bookings - "Laurie's the sort of man I can't talk to on this thing - I'm frightened of him!"

Heard at a recent Committee Meeting - "The Hut Sub-Committee is established to administer the Club Hut not to act as a financial syndicate" - They've also been having trouble at Lloyds recently.

Bob Pettigrew has once more engineered his way out of a Bullstones Meet (there are some people who doubt whether he has ever been there). His attendance was eagerly looked forward to in November, but during the preceding week I received a note to the effect that he had been summoned to Dublin at short notice - allegedly to the I.M.C. Dinner - in the circumstances more likely to be a goblin party.

The Second of the Indoor Lectures was given by Messrs. Handley and Burgess on their 1958 holiday at Chamonix. The former gave his first public exhibition of colour slides that move - an ingenious business. Derek Burgess was content to show us some very excellent stationary slides. They are both to be congratulated on putting on a first rate show. There is surely nothing more satisfactory or stimulating to Club life than when members are able to entertain other members in this way.

Dave and Janet Penlington were prevented from attending the Rhydd Dhu Christmas Meet owing to breakdown of transport arrangements. They therefore joined the Annexe Meet which took place on Boxing Day at the Hatchett's Littleover residence and on Kinder during the following Sunday.

The day on Kinder was extremely enjoyable. In attendance were Janet and Dave P., Len Hatchett, Brian Cooke and the Editor. A highly traditional tone was noticeable and legs of chicken, turkey etc. were washed down by copious draughts of wine (supplied by the Hon. Ed). and a less notable potion which purported to be coffee laced with rum (supplied by Hon. Sec. - and mostly drunk by him). A deal of water made Grindsbrook an entertaining ascent and when, during the afternoon, a stiffish breeze blew the mist clear we enjoyed brilliant sunshine, long shadows, and a great richness of colour both at hand and in the crystal views over Bleaklow and Derwent Edge. Brian insisted on a climb (in addition to desultory cavortings on various monolithic problems of the northern edge) and he was temporarily satisfied with an ascent on Upper Tor above Grindsbrook.

We also received some advice from a young lad who pointed out to us how to reach Grindsbrook from the "Nags Head" and gave Dave some useful advice on the various landmarks and issued him with a stern warning about not getting lost. Penlington has denied the allegation that he was trying to hire the fellow to carry his ruck sack.

The Welbourn Conducted Party to the Photo-Meet ended the week-end with a flourish. At Chesterfield, in the face of a large crowd, they boarded, not the local train to Derby, but the Thames-Clyde-Express! Thank Goodness, the first stop was Trent!

Ruth Welbourn reports that in the Winter Catalogue of Sport -Scheck, Munich, that the Eigerwand has been successfully climbed for the 13th time. This was done on August 5th/6th by a close friend of H. Buhl (literally it said a "rope-companion"), taking 52 hrs. His second was not named.

GLACIER ISLAND by George Sutton

Published by Chatto and Windus, (21 shillings)

This book has the distinction of being the first to be published by an Oread, at least as far as I am aware. It is also George Sutton's first book, and a splendid first attempt it is. It has its faults, of course, but these are inherent in its subject-matter rather than due to failings in the author. For it must be admitted that the South Georgia Expedition of 1954/55, of which the book is the official account, was only partially successful. The Expedition's objects, too, were diverse. For these reasons it is inevitable that the story lacks the sense of unity and the central dramatic climax which one would expect in an account of, say, an attack on a Himalayan peak. It is rather a collection of related episodes, each more or less complete in itself. Those who are familiar with the author's articles in this Newsletter will not need to be told that these episodes are chronicled in a masterly fashion. Some are funny, some are dramatic, some are stories of misfortunes bravely borne, and yet others are magnificently triumphant. There is the additional attraction for Oread readers that we know these people who are pitted against a ferocious Nature or carousing in the hot spots of Grytviken, and it is sometimes difficult to shake off the impression that one is reading a sort of super Newsletter.

The accounts of the climbing, of glacier travel and of the people of South Georgia whose lives the Expedition shared for a while are all full of interest. There are 23 photographs ranging from the grotesque to the sublime; among these Ian Brooker's bird photographs are particularly fine. There are also four maps by Harry Pretty, which are things of beauty in themselves and which make it very easy to follow the various journeys described in the text. It would be hollow praise to describe this as the best book I have read about South Georgia, for I have read no others. But I did enjoy reading it, and if you are wondering what to get with that book taken from Auntie Agnes, you need wonder no longer.

D.O.C.

SNOWDON VIEW

Another attack was made on our hut, week-end 15th, 16th November - nine of us including Ernie and Ronni Phillips, L.K. White, Kim Rumford and girl friend Myrna, Betty Gardiner, June Telfer, Brenda Allen and myself.

Most of the week-end was spent tying up the ends left by previous working parties, painting, cleaning, arranging Bedroom furniture, mending beds, preparing the concrete floors against dusting, fitting the new Ingersoll lock as mentioned by Ernie in a previous circular. Any member wishing to hold a key on a semi-permanent basis can do so on paying a 10/- returnable deposit to me.

We have been presented with four more beds and twelve mattresses complete with canvas covers - a very acceptable gift.

Anyone wishing to use the hut early in 1959 can do so, bookings to me, maximum number of 24.

We are hoping to instal the hot water system, inside toilet, and bathroom early in the new year. Considerable decoration still remains to be done and gifts of paint, and brushes would be appreciated. We are also very short of cups and cutlery.

FRED ALLEN,
Hut Custodian.

-----oO-----

STOP PRESS

George Sutton intends to spend the whole of July traversing a section of North Norway - by way of the Svartisen Ice Cap, Sulitjelma and the Sarek area. Any Oread who reckons himself tough enough for a Sutton type journey of this nature, and moreover has the time at his disposal, should contact him at The University Settlement, Nile Street, Liverpool 1.

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DON'T FORGET YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY SUPPLEMENT.

SHORDON VIEW

Another attack was made on our hut week-end 18th, 19th, 20th November - this time including Eric and Ronald Phillips, I.K. White, Kim Huxford and Gini Huxford, Tom Taylor, Brenda Allen and myself.

Most of the week-end was spent fixing up the ends left by previous working parties, painting, cleaning, arranging bedroom furniture, mending beds, preparing the concrete floors against gusting, fitting the new louvered door as mentioned by Eric in a previous circular. My member ticket to hold a key to on a semi-permanent basis can be so on paying a 10/- refundable deposit to me.