

Ronni, Fred Allen and I left Derby on Sunday morning about 2am, meeting Barbara and Pete Janes and Don Chapman at the mitre and so to Victoria uneventfully. The train finally delivered us to the Channel, with the sea like a millpond, so that the boat trip was just like sailing in daddy's yacht. We were immediately in the bar tanking up on the duty-free refreshment, and by the time Calais arrived, Fred was roaring drunk. Three hours on the top bunk slept it off however, and we rattled on congenially across France towards Basle.

The Janes' left the train at Landeck, to spend the first week at Galtür, and the rest of us went on to Innsbruck where we identified the other five members of the party, and were met by the guide. After coffee, a special bus took us up the Brenner, and then from Fulpmes to Neustift. The skis and sacks were loaded into into a Land Rover which took them up to the snow-line which we reached after 2½ hours on foot, and then continued up on skis to the Franz Senn Hütte, the sacks being transported on a cable lift.

The Hut was about full when we arrived and seven of us, plus the guide Heinz, who slept on the floor, crammed into one bedroom, the other two being on a matrasen loge. Those less fortunate than ourselves were sleeping on the floors in the corridors! After a good meal, we retired early to bed so as to be ready for the next day's run.

Breakfast, for me, is always a miserable meal, and I was glad to get out on the snow, en route for the Kräulscharte. The Hut is about 7000ft, and the Scharte over 10000ft, so that everyone found the climb somewhat punishing, particularly as Heinz did not deign to stop on the way up. We found out that he never stopped, anyway, even on a climb lasting five hours or more! The run-down was somewhat marred by indifferent visibility, although the snow was excellent, and I think everyone was pleased to get back to base, somewhat the worse for wear.

The next day we went up the Verborgen-Berg Ferner to the Schorte, where some rested while the rest of us climbed a steep gully up to Bergglasferner, and then on skis again to the Wildes Hinterhergl, 10700ft. The descent of the gully was a bit tricky, with many rocks hidden under deep powder snow, and no rope; it was almost like playing ring-a-ring-a-roses, but we made it safely down to the main glacier where it was too cold to stop, and we skied straight down to the Hut.

The next day was a long one, so we were up before 6.0am, Breakfasted, and out just after 7.0 on the way up to the Alpeinerferner. This glacier is very long for this part of the Alps and we seemed to go on for hours before we turned off to the left into a huge snow basin and then up to the Ruderhof Spitze, 11287ft. The cold is pretty intense at this altitude in March, and in spite of the sun, there was little incentive to linger, so we skied steadily back, pausing every now and again to collect the party together and whip in the stragglers.

The fifth day was to be almost an "off-day", going part of the way up to the Kraulscharte again, and returning by a slightly different route. As I was feeling about clapped out by now, and it was snowing anyway, I decided to stay near the Hut and rest, and as a result my physical condition improved enormously, so that for the rest of the holiday I was able to stop a dozen times for photographs on the way up, and catch the party again easily.

The sixth day was to be a long one. We had already packed our sacks and sent them down on the lift etc to Neustift, keeping only the vital necessities. Our route lay up the Alpeiner Ferner again and then a climb over the Wildgrat Scharte to the next glacier, the Schrankogel Ferner, which gives access to the Schrankogel, 11360 ft. The top two or three hundred feet of this peak are rock and when Heinz proposed to tie eleven people into 120ft of nylon we politely declined the offer. He seemed somewhat hurt at our apparent lack of confidence, but the dislodgement of a couple of rocks like dustbins, which trundled down towards us as we stood looking up from the col,



confirmed our suspicions. We skied off down the glacier to wait!

We made our way down in fantastic powder snow towards the Subztal, where the snow, having had the sun festering on it all day, had acquired an abominable breakable crust, so that we were glad to reach the gentler slopes below, and so to the Amberger Hütte for the night. Ronni and I found ourselves in a dormitory with a croud of German students who were tanking up on Schnapps for a last-night party. We did pretty well out of it!

Day number seven took us up the Sultztal Ferner, a complicated glacier with innumerable crevasses and bergschrunds - a place where a guide is really appreciated - and then a climb up to the Daunjach. The Hinter Daunkopf was climbed en passant, and then down the Daunkogel ferner to the Dresdner Hütte, where we spent the next fortnight, our rucksacks having arrived via another cable lift.

By this time we were really organised to the continuous climbing, and the eighth day to the Ostlicher Daunkogel hardly stepped up our breathing rate. The next day, however, was somewhat different. We started out up the Fernauferner in deep snow which had fallen during the night, and after a long climb reached the Pfaffen Grat, which we had to cross. The rocks were a yard deep in powder snow on the holds, with verglas underneath - skiboats definitely unsuitable - and having reached the ridge, we had to traverse it for about 300 yards, carrying the skis. Nobody fell off. The route then lead across the Subzenauferner to the Zuckerhütl, closely flanked by the Wilder Phaff, a magnificent pair of peaks.

We descended to the Pfaffenjack, and then steeply down the Pfaffenferner, at the bottom of which we paused to ingest a few calories in the middle of acres of avalanch debris. From here an hour's grind up on skins gained the Fernaujock, whence we were able to run down to the Dresdener Hütte again.

The next two days took us to the Schaufel Spitze, and the Stubaier Wildspitze, with the best possible snow conditions for the descent. The Skis seemed to steer themselves in snow as fine as flower, and one could almost turn by wiggling ones ears.

The twelfth day took us to the Westlicher Daunkogel, and was our last with the guide Heinz; Fred, Don, and the rest went off to Innsbruck to the train, leaving Ronni and me with another week in hand.

The space required makes it impossible to give details of the incredible flying involved in evacuating injured people from the hut; the commissioning of the new air conditioning system, delivered by helicopter; the chronic pong from the bogs; and a thousand and one other things.

If the hundred and ten slides come up to scratch, they might give some idea of the best skiing holiday we have had yet.

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AN OUTING FOR CHILDREN  
OR  
TRAVELS WITH A PUSH CHAIR

DOUGLAS CHARLES CULLUM

Once upon a time, long, long ago - in fact in the days when I was still a pillar of Oread Society, - I gave the first of the above titles to an untitled article which had been submitted for my consideration. The author, whom God preserve threatened me with G.B.H.<sup>x</sup> I should like to assure him and any others who have read this far that this is not a resume of that article, but is genuine, new, unused, and only slightly soiled round the edges.

<sup>x</sup>Grievous Bodily Harm.

At the time of the Suez crisis elderly all-leather steam-driven motor would in the national interest be has never moved since. without motor impossible to transport two adults Wales or the Lake District. For gear. The weight of gear required and ten years is given by  $x c h s / a$   
X = weight (in kilograms) required  
C = velocity of light,  
L = Planck's constant,  
S = the sex factor (1 for a boy, 2 for a girl),  
A = age of child in years,  
M = mass of child in kilograms,

So for a long time, our only Jacqueline, now just three, walked and has never looked back. Michael walking for five weeks, and we have (He's quite a virtuoso - he can walk can sit down without bending his knees fill a nappy on the march without help we decided that as the motor-cars p their way to Nevis hadn't stopped to organise our own expedition. So Don was ensconced in his push chair and A6, carrying a shopping bag which contained children, some ham and mushrooms (with the journey), a map and a bus timetable says "Inn" on the map we boarded a train of tenpence were transported to Lymington the temptation and rode up to the Hants (succumbed be damned - we rushed at the board).

The serious part of the our Hall in a southerly direction. All unsuitable for push chairs, so the next mile and a half he walked, he might have been tempted to sit down (Note for the technically minded: while there is a downward thrust through the towed there is a tension or upward weight upon the wheels. It therefore ground.) The walk through the Park scenery, affording some splendid views is through a picturesque wood. These which were successfully negotiated. about the first of these, but having them, she refused all assistance at the technique to her aging parents.

Emerging from the wood we woodland to Bowstonegate Farm. Here his vehicle and we paused to inspect stand there. These were decorated with obscenity perpetuated by vandals or that the stones, which are certainly involved in fertility rites. The view So far the day had been cloudy but dispersed by the icy wind, and in the sunshine we could see for miles. That worth seeing too. Windgather Rocks to our surprise the Roaches were plain (Later reference to the map shows them away.) We turned in that direction (1348 ft.) The going was rough - the push-chairs, but the passenger didn't he sat contentedly gurgling to himself valls of delight. Just below the su ponds which I inspected for wild life



At the time of the Suez crisis (oops, no politics) our elderly all-leather steam-driven motor tricycle decided that it would in the national interest be a good idea if she retired. She has never moved since. without motor transport it is almost impossible to transport two adults and two small children to North Wales or the Lake District. For one thing, children need too much gear. The weight of gear required by a child aged between zero and ten years is given by  $x c h s/a^2 m$ , where

- X = weight (in kilograms) required by one parent,
- C = velocity of light,
- L = Planck's constant,
- S = the sex factor (1 for a boy, 2 for a girl),
- A = age of child in years,
- M = mass of child in kilograms,

So for a long time, our only expeditions have been local ones. Jacqueline, now just three, walked five miles at the age of 1-8 and has never looked back. Michael, at 13 months, has only been walking for five weeks, and we haven't tried him over any distance. (He's quite a virtuoso - he can walk sideways and backwards, and can sit down without bending his knees, and often does. He can also fill a nappy on the march without hesitating.) On Easter Saturday we decided that as the motor-cars passing through Hazel Grove on their way to Nevis hadn't stopped to offer us a lift, we would organise our own expedition. So Dad put on his best suit, Michael was ensconced in his push chair and tied down, and we proceeded to A6, carrying a shopping bag which contained spare clothing for the children, some ham and mushrooms (weekend shopping not required on the journey), a map and a bus timetable. At the place where it says "Inn" on the map we boarded a bus, and for the reasonable sum of tenpence were transported to Lyme Park. Here we succumbed to the temptation and rode up to the Hall on the odd little transport (succumbed be damned - we rushed at the thing and flung ourselves aboard).

The serious part of the outing now began. We left the Hall in a southerly direction. Almost at once the surface became unsuitable for push chairs, so the lad was released, and for the next mile and a half he walked, except for the muddy bits where he might have been tempted to sit down. The push chair was towed. (Note for the technically minded: when a push chair is being pushed there is a downward thrust through the handle. When it is being towed there is a tension or upward thrust, and consequently less weight upon the wheels. It therefore runs better over uneven ground.) The walk through the Park runs uphill through charming scenery, affording some splendid views of Stockport. The last part is through a picturesque wood. There are several ladder-like stiles which were successfully negotiated. Jackie was a bit doubtful about the first of these, but having been shown how to get over them, she refused all assistance at the others and kept explaining the technique to her aging parents.

Emerging from the wood we climbed a short stretch of woodland to Bowstonegate Farm. Here the lad was again belayed to his vehicle and we paused to inspect the curious stones which stand there. These were decorated with carvings which may be obscenity perpetuated by vandals or may alternatively indicate that the stones, which are certainly very ancient, were at one time involved in fertility rites. The view from this point is superb. So far the day had been cloudy but the clouds were now being dispersed by the icy wind, and in the golden late afternoon sunshine we could see for miles. The countryside hereabouts is well worth seeing too. Windgather Rocks are just across the valley and to our surprise the Roaches were plainly visible to the South. (Later reference to the map shows that they are only about 14 miles away.) We turned in that direction and headed for Spond's Hill (1348 ft.) The going was rough - the limit of feasibility for push-chairs, but the passenger didn't seem to mind the jolting, for he sat contentedly gurgling to himself and giving ear-splitting wails of delight. Just below the summit we passed two or three ponds which I inspected for wild life.

At last our parting bodies reached the Col. D'Argentiere, the first Col of the holiday and we were rewarded by that dramatic unfolding of the new ranges beyond that is the delight of every Alpine traveller. 5,000 ft below us lay a little Alpine village set in the green of a valley floor but little did we know that we were to have this valley ever before us for another twenty four hours before finally reaching it.

None of us were expecting any difficulty in finding a way down from the Col, it had been easy enough on the way up apart from a little diversion in order to obtain some practice in steep ice slope work. However the snow slope up which we had been plodding for the last 5 hours ended dramatically at the col and plunged down in a terrifying sweep to the glacier below.

We realised that we were confronted by our first alpine problem. None of us had enquired of, or read about, the route down to the little village below. "We'll just plod over the Col. D'Argentiere", we had said the day before. These rather disturbing thoughts were relegated for the more pressing need of rest, food and drink and the luxury of soaking one's eyes in the surrounding panorama.

As a result of having started too late and too low down, it was getting on the afternoon when we at last left the rocks at the col and began the descent of the other side. A traverse to the left over steep rock enabled us to reach a tongue of snow. This led downwards to a snow arete jutting out precariously from the mountainside and then disappearing from sight. Jim went along to reconnoitre as footsteps indicated the passage of a party upwards. The wet conditions of the snow frightened us all and Jim only stopped on the arete long enough for Mike to take an imposing picture.

By descending the steep snow flank of the arete we were able to regain the loose rocky terrain of the mountainside. While descending this a stone was dislodged hitting Mike just above the eye, not wounding him seriously but reminding us of the playfulness of chance. We were now in an open gully which promised to be even steeper and looser farther down so we stopped for a bite and a look around. The twinkling lights in the valley below reminded us of sensible people going to sleep in civilised conditions. Tom traversed out left over a mound of snow and found a more open face into which we eventually traversed. The going was easier and safer apart from one or two vertical rock steps which provided some interest especially as it was nearing night.

As it was getting late we searched for a bivvy among the rocks and after quite a bit of scrambling we found an overhanging roof which gave some shelter from above and the sides. By a bit of engineering we fashioned out a platform to take two people sitting. Tom, by dint of pitons and rope, erected a cat's cradle to utilise a narrow ledge. Mike, dreading a night with Jim on the platform ferreted around and found a small cave sufficiently large to take his puny body, formed by rather loose rock.

Luckily, the night was warm, we had provided ourselves with bivvy sacks a primus stove and soup, so we had little worries about surviving the night. Our complacency was soon shattered however, firstly the primus refused to work on the parafin we had bought in Chamoniix, the only clue being a peculiar scented smell indicative of some impurity ( afterwards confirmed ) Wild theories of altitude effect and wrong jet size for continental parafin were soon debunked by experiment and recollection of previous experience.

We comforted ourselves with chocolate, the grandeur of our position and the friendliness of the lights in the valley below and arranged ourselves in our respective overnight postures - Mike in his hole, Jim on his platform, and Tom in his cradle. It wasn't long however before the happy home was disturbed. A crash, an oath and Mike just managed to crawl out of his rock bug-bag before it caved in, episode three, two up to Mike. It was then remarked that Mike was intended for greater things in life and would probably die jumping into bed. So Mike shared Jim's platform after all.

The rest of the night passed without further incident, and we were soon up after dawn basking in the early morning sun feeling very spritely. An hour brought us to the junction of the rock wall and the snow slopes above the glacier and, to us, a ferocious looking bergschrund. Rather overawed by the latter we decided to seek an easier way down and commenced to traverse across the rocky buttress. We could see far over to the left a rocky spur jutting out into the glacier far below. This seemed a likely way so we continued our traverse only to be brought to a halt by a huge chasm in the rock. Tom went off to prospect and came back with news of possible routes. We held a conference, an important one, as it was getting late.



"THE VALLEY". C+

11. a.m., a hot summer day and every hour's further delay would mean more danger at the bergschrund below. I remember thinking that we could possibly spend another night out and retrace our steps. At times like this one is severely oppressed by the uncertainty of the future. We all felt very weary and oppressed.

We retraced our steps to the place where we had first inspected a crossing four hours earlier and prepared to make an attempt. We used our piton hammer for the only time during 3 week's holiday to safeguard the crossing with a piton. Otherwise the hammer was used as ballast for Tom's rucksack and as an implement for making parts for the primus out of wire and coins of the realm.

Just before Jim began to move off we heard a shout from a hut across the glacier. Had we been seen and were we being warned of danger possibly of an avalanche on the lower snow slopes where there were no signs of tracks of previous parties to comfort us? Jim succeeded in finding a way across the bergschrund and Tom and Mike followed safely. There still remained one more bergschrund before we would join the tracks of other parties who had ascended the snow arete on the previous day. This proved easy as it was choked with debris at the point we chanced to meet it. Great was our relief to meet previous tracks.

All difficulties were now over and it was a very tired trio who eventually reached the little village of the valley - for beer, basketball and beds. Our arrival caused a little consternation as Mike still wore a mask of blood over part of his face, which accentuated his normal haggard expression.

Having experienced a rather hectic and spartan life in crossing the first col of the route it was very pleasant before striking further eastwards, to wallow in the comfort of the valley and, in particular - fresh strawberries.

GLEN NEVIS IN THE RAIN - By one who is NOT an open-air fiend. M.DEANA PETTIGREW. (In defiance of R.Gavin PETTIGREW. Ed.)

It was an unfortunate holiday from the very beginning. Mainly, I suppose as a result of comparing it with the previous Easter spent in a spacious British Railway's camping coach, which nestled in a sheltered western bay facing the beautiful Isles of Skye, Rhum, Eigg, Muck and Canna. Bob and I had arranged to travel north by a certain mountaineering club coach, which was to pick us up at Stoke on Trent, while my two younger brothers were to journey up by train and join us at Fort William. Fortunately for him, the youngest one was unable to go because of illness. Having taken an hour and a half to reach Stoke from Derby with bulging rucksacks in awkward buses, our initial enthusiasm rapidly waned as the awaited bus roared passed us, northward bound, without even a hoot in our direction. Half-heartedly we waited to see if our "friends" would return when they realised the mistake in arrangements, but after a couple of cold dispiriting hours we reluctantly trudged to the Railway station, where we wept bitter tears at the touching departure of seven pounds.

Arriving at Fort William in a foreboding drizzle we established camp with Harry Pretty and his friends, and were disgusted to learn that he had just become President of the club which had abandoned us so carelessly. The site was high in Glen Nevis, near Poldubh. With the usual sobre deliberation of campers we left Fort William seven miles behind us, with its shops, cafes, cinema, drinking parlours and certain other conveniences significant of civilization. "Communing with nature" can be, no doubt, a very rewarding past-time provided that Nature is agreeable to the communication. If she chooses, however, to send a constant deluge of water from her cloudy heavens, one's movements for a week can be confined to a few square feet of cramped space under canvas. Such was our fate.

Easter Monday stood out in marked contrast to the rest of the week as being a gloriously warm day, when we managed to dry out all our clothes and sleeping bags. It served to tantalize us by the thought of what the holiday might have been, had the weather proved favourable. I took coloured photographs sketched and sunbathed, while the male members of the party went on a climb involving four summits.

The previous day Bob and my brother had succeeded in coaxing me up Spurr a Mhaim. A mild blizzard raged and the upper 1,500 ft. were snow clad. I dutifully allowed myself to be taught how to use an ice axe with purpose and skill as we ascended the snow and ice slopes which covered loose rocks

GLEN NEVIS IN THE RAIN. Continued

and scree. The peak was approached which promoted in me the most ridiculous urge experience the sensation of hurtling down the

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EASTER IN THE PASS.

The holiday started with a cold and much cluttered up with luggage and somebody's motor bikes and wanted a lift to Wales.

It was 1. a.m. before Alan Baker, on my old Norton. He had taken 14 hours du like a broken oil pipe ( which caused the pi running into the back of a stationary van. and the Pass was full of wet tents, bodies, morning. During the day the girl and her b while Alan moved in with me.

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The next day was spent on the Cromle went down to the Grochan to do "Spectre" but make much impression on it. Alan led the f in boots and took a long time. My turn came tired and my fingers were opening as I tried called it a day as the hour was late and abse for carrying a chap down from the Mot. Ever in the blood wagon we had a grand cook up, ar Bertha for the usual throat ablutions.

Half a day was spent in making tempo shopping and a final day was spent in visitin peninsula. This was an interesting and amus delightful 90 m.p.h. belt down the coast road There we proceeded to lose each other and bot and mist until we met again at the bike. I off again, this time to Llandudno and located who stood us a splendid tea. That evening w Pass, in a very heavy wind which still increa of darkness. The rain lashed down and th mountain tent received a bad rip. It was al at New Year. It was also our last night, wet style for a long, cold, and soaking ride throughly enjoyable and very worthwhile holiday seemed to restore my ability to climb.



GLEN NEVIS IN THE RAIN. Continued

and scree. The peak was approached by means of a dramatic snow cornice which promoted in me the most ridiculous urge to jump over the edge and experience the sensation of hurtling down the steep slope of virgin snow.

To be urgently summoned from the warmth of one's sleeping bag at 2.a.m. and be told that the camp site is in immediate danger of flooding can shatter the most glamorous illusions about camping. The tents were moved to a higher position in bitter silence, while the continual downpour drenched everything.

After a week of this voluntary prison life the party disbanded, and this member, at least, went home to recover.

EASIER IN THE PASS.

TREVOR S. PANTHER.

The holiday started with a cold and uneventful ride on Bertha, much cluttered up with luggage and somebody's girl friend who loved large motor bikes and wanted a lift to Wales.

It was 1.a.m. before Alan Baker, my friend from London, arrived on my old Norton. He had taken 14 hours due to various interesting things like a broken oil pipe (which caused the piston to stop suddenly) and by running into the back of a stationary van. The night was wet and very windy and the Pass was full of wet tents, bodies, and clothes lines, by ten the next morning. During the day the girl and her boyfriend organised their tent while Alan moved in with me.

I didn't feel particularly fit and had not climbed for months. We did the "Cracks" on Dinas Mot and later I failed to lead the first pitch of "Nea" on the Grochan. I was very depressed by this dismal failure and almost began to think that my climbing had gone for a complete "Burton".

However, the mountains worked their usual cure and a couple of days later we did "Dives" and "Better Things" on Dinas Cromlech, "Hogmanay Hangover" on the Tremadoc cliffs, "Trilon" on the Wasted, and the Unicorn. The last mentioned was greasy in many places so the climb gave us its full dose of hard V.S. We also paid the "Gambit" a visit on Clogwyn-Y-Ddysgl. It was streaming with grease and was absurdly hard under these conditions. However, we persisted and we walked on at speed around to Bwlch-Y-Sythau where Alan descended via the Gribin as his boots hurt him and I continued at full bore over Livedd alone. It was a magnificent evening with a clear sky and great banners of mist rolling about the cwns.

The next day was spent on the Cromlech and late in the afternoon we went down to the Grochan to do "Spectre" but we were too tired by this time to make much impression on it. Alan led the first two pitches with much difficulty in boots and took a long time. My turn came on the third pitch but I was too tired and my fingers were opening as I tried to layback below the peg. We called it a day as the hour was late and abseiled down just in time to be roped in for carrying a chap down from the Mot. Eventually, after seeing him safely in the blood wagon we had a grand cook up, and thundered over to the Gwrydd on Bertha for the usual throat ablutions.

Half a day was spent in making temporary repairs to Alan's bike and shopping and a final day was spent in visiting "The Rivals" down the Lleyn peninsula. This was an interesting and amusing day, and started with a delightful 90 m.p.h. belt down the coast road to these lonely mountains. There we proceeded to lose each other and both went flopping about midst bog and mist until we met again at the bike. The day was still young so we tore off again, this time to Llandudno and located some old friends of my youth who stood us a splendid tea. That evening we drove back to our tent in the Pass, in a very heavy wind which still increased in ferocity during the hours of darkness. The rain lashed down and the outer shell of my recently designed mountain tent received a bad rip. It was almost a violent storm as the one at New Year. It was also our last night, and the Pass saw us off in the usual wet style for a long, cold, and soaking ride home. On the whole, though, a thoroughly enjoyable and very worthwhile holiday which gave us many laughs and seemed to restore my ability to climb.

WILDBOAR CLOUGH.

J.H. WELBOURN.

This meet was meant to be a walk, but as it was one of our snowiest weekends, a large party went skiing.

A party of 5 members assembled at Buxton and travelled by bus to F lash. From there they fought their way gallantly through deep snow to Wildboardclough. With a last gasping effort they struggled along the road to reach the barn so thoughtfully arranged by their leader. It was not long however before they met a convoy of cars. An angry mob surrounded the valiant five: the barn was inhabited by sheep and droppings, and what was the leader going to do about it?

By mutual agreement this discussion was adjourned to the nearest pub. The landlord, warmed, no doubt, by the prospect of an evening's drinking, rang up the vicar and obtained permission for us to use the top floor of a mill building. This place had all the conveniences running water and a W.C. without a door. It was sheer luxury on the floor after the prospect of a night in a hedge bottom.

On Sunday morning the skiers departed to their slopes and 12 members and friends walked to the "Cat and Fiddle". A snowstorm overtook us but good compass work by Bob "Himalaya" Pettigrew brought us to our destination. We had a belated lunch at Stake farm and finished the day by walking back to Buxton.

R. W.W.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

BIG JIM KERSHAW.

33, Teilo Street,  
Tiger Bay,  
Cardiff.

Dear Editor,

My situation at the moment is adequately described by the caption on a poster outside the Cardiff Labour Exchange. "They got me back to work". The happy, smiling figure in a natty trilby which it portrays, unfortunately bears little resemblance to myself at 7.45 a.m. However, in one of the brief intervals of rest from beating my brains out for meagre reward, the occasion of my first meeting with the Oread came back to me.

In November, 1953 I wrote to the secretary and learnt that a number of members would be meeting at Bullstones Cabin during the weekend. I set out from Stoines Inn on Saturday afternoon and made my way via Dovestones, Abbey Brook, and Howden Edge to Margery Hill. It was almost dark by this time and Bartholomews  $\frac{1}{2}$ " gave no information on the position of Bullstones Cabin. I had unfortunately forgotten to bring a torch so there was little I could do except find a suitable place to doss down and wait for morning. Morning arrived, and with it an introduction to those rarely seen figures, Ron Dearden and Jim Winfield who had spent the night on the bosom of Margery Hill. Together we made our way to Bullstones where Gibson, Clive Webb, Laurie Burns and a new recruit (who later became of note by his possession of an M.A. Walking certificate) were preparing breakfast.

We were soon bound for Bleaklow, a single file, in drizzling rain on a narrow path above the Derwent valley. It was here that we met a search party from Bamford who were looking for an old shepherd lost on the moor during the previous night. We reached the Snake via the Alport, skirting round Kinder on the Roman road, to Edale and the Church Inn. The outstanding event of the journey being the collapse of the holder of the Walking Certificate, on the last quarter mile.

Walking meets in Derbyshire such as Bullstones, Marsden-Rowsleys and Five Inns, have always seemed to me to be one of the most characteristic Oread activities, and it is in connection with them that I shall always associate Gibson, who now leads a shadowy existence somewhere remote from this weekend world. Many people in the Oread knew him better than myself, and it is only as a result of their silence that I put forward the suggestion of doing something in this tenth anniversary year to honour his memory. Gibson the man, is dead. Gibson the symbol, lives on.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR. Continued.

Two projects have occurred to me on occasion. I humbly put them forward to members and the committee. Firstly, Bullstones Cabins, and if this proves to be in a reasonable state of repair.

Secondly, the erection in the I to Gibson. This could take the form of a likeness of the man in stone or metal memorable Gibsonian incident. A well commision if sufficient funds were available conservative taste I suggest. I don't holes in, or done as an abstraction in a lively market in second hand sculpture. Aldermen are two a penny, pillars of the late Queen Victorias fetch little more. Likeness could be bought and knocked into Theres Fergus O'Conner in the Arboretum wants him and he could be moved away for a quiet evening.

An equestrian Gibson? Gibson we remember him as I last saw him, a tall angle, knee length cords, cigarette nono finger pointing with absolute certainty

"I know this rock".

Yours

Jim K



LETTER TO THE EDITOR. Continued.

Two projects have occurred to me as a means of commemorating the occasion. I humbly put them forward for the consideration of the members and the committee. Firstly, the purchase of one of the Bullstones Cabins, and if this proves impossible, the maintenance of them in a reasonable state of repair.

Secondly, the erection in the Peak District of a suitable memorial to Gibson. This could take the form of an engraved tablet, or a likeness of the man in stone or metal placed at the scene of some memorable Gibsonian incident. A well known sculptor could be given the commission if sufficient funds were available. The thing should be in conservative taste I suggest. I don't, somehow, fancy a Gibson with holes in, or done as an abstraction in wire. Failing this there is a lively market in second hand sculpture nowadays. North country Aldermen are two a penny, pillars of the Empire are put to base use, and late Queen Victorias fetch little more than aspidestra pots. A rough likeness could be bought and knocked into shape with little expense. There's Fergus O'Conner in the Arboretum Gardens for example. Nobody wants him and he could be moved away for the mere cost of transport on a quiet evening.

An equestrian Gibson? Gibson with scroll? I think not. I remember him as I last saw him, a tall spare figure, cap at a jaunty angle, knee length cords, cigarette nonchalantly hanging from the lip, finger pointing with absolute certainty to the Derbyshire earth.

"I know this rock".

Yours in exile,

Tim Kershaw.