

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Monthly Newsletter

July, 1959.

EDITORIAL.

From January to June is, I think, the longest gap that has ever occurred between successive Newsletters and I realise, once more, that apologies are due from the Editor. I apologise freely for that part of the five months for which I am responsible. It is a fact however that until the end of April I simply had no copy worth speaking of, and any Newsletter produced in March would virtually have been written by myself. The circumstances have been aggravated by my own increasing responsibilities in other affairs and I have rarely been seen collecting information or badgering people since the turn of the year.

This latter point is significant as far as the Newsletter is concerned for there is little doubt that to produce well packed issues, successively and fairly frequently, the Editor should be spiritually, if not physically, at the centre of things. I have been finding myself increasingly on the fringe of late, and therefore at the first committee meeting after the A.G.M., I asked to be relieved of the Editorship. My resignation was accepted and a small Sub-Committee formed to handle future issues.

Since that date Tom Frost has come forward and volunteered to sit in the Editorial chair and he is now (I believe) officially appointed. His address is attached in block capitals at the end of this issue and here and now I would like to wish him every good fortune, and thank him on behalf of the Club for taking on the job.

I feel sad (now that I am actually writing it) that this is my last Newsletter and last opportunity to comment or poke fun at the "Establishment with an Editorial pen - although I have perceived of late that barbed humour at the expense of other peoples dignity is no longer quite so acceptable as it has been in the past.

In any event, the last A.G.M., gave us a new Committee. On it are men whose voices have not been heard before in this capacity - and they are mostly men with strong ideas. It is an excellent thing that this should have happened for when, in 1952, a rather similar election took place it resulted in a rejuvenation of the Club as a whole. I hope that there will be a similar result in 1959.

It is remarkable in almost every way that a club of our size has acquired its own hut, that it has rebuilt the interior to comply with its own requirements, and that it organises Indoor Meets of a standard unexcelled by any Club in Great Britain (with possibly one exception) - but all these achievements are, in my opinion, as nothing compared with the need for a lively set of uninhibited youngsters within our ranks. The average age of those on the membership list goes on increasing year by year, and everyone is nice and

Continued.....

cosy inside what seems to have become a kind of socially restricted watertight perimeter. Perhaps most people want it that way, and if the majority of the active members are in favour then that is certainly the way the situation will continue to develop. But I think it's lousy; and so do most newcomers who try to force their way into the "Bell" of a Tuesday night. Despite isolated examples to the contrary I know for a fact that it is virtually impossible for them to effectively "break through". The "Bell" has declined into a convenient place for those, who are accepted, to arrange their next week end, oft times regardless of a listed Meet, and nearly always regardless of the stranger. The "Bell", as I fully realise, is a difficult place and inadequate for our purpose. Therefore the sooner a room is found where any strange face is immediately noticeable the less excuse will there be for those who come, stand around, wonder who the hell all these people are anyway, and depart half an hour later more than a little disillusioned.

A.P.

Annual General Meeting.

"The Red Lion" - Baslow

28th February, 1959.

... .. Harry Pretty

The A.G.M. was preceded by the usual mass descent upon the bar - why is it that on these occasions everyone seems to drink with a determination quite unusual in other Oread indoor meets? Almost forgotten faces were to be seen, and particularly notable was the appearance of Chunky Cartwright leaping nimbly about on a pair of crutches. He was alleged to have a nurse with him (in some capacity or other) but I couldn't find her, so I rather disbelieve it. I did search thoroughly however, and when I returned to the area it was to find that the new President has already been elected and was exultantly in the throes of a well prepared exhortation in all directions - I never did manage to pick up the threads after this so the following sparse report is probably not very accurate.

Mr. Falkner, retiring President, took the chair at 7.45 p.m. (I know that is right, because it happened before some scheming clot made mention of the nurse). In any case he (P.R.F.) immediately swapped it (the chair) for a horse hair bench from which, in his usual extoverted fashion, he spoke in a standing position.

Minutes of the last A.G.M. were then read at great speed and, it being almost impossible to catch the alcoholic articulation, there were very few dissenters among the ranks. Most of these latter gents were, in any case, far more interested in the pros and cons of sundry private feuds that raged continuously among the back three rows. The minutes

Continued.....

were therefore approved, and the top table complex items concerning the changing of the circulated in October, 1958 mark you!). I talk about amendments at this point, but it seems to settle around these discussions in a dense fog and I don't propose to discuss the new Rule 7 and its five sub-sections which again is not surprising since only the Admiralty Divorce and Probate Division understand it at all. This of course includes and Geoff. Thompson who are celebrated Pro

The President then made a report (it or as noisome as some he has made) and me all of the following points.

- a. The new hut and the work put in by me
- b. An apology for not having attended a Meets in the past year.
- c. The retiring committee in connection of the legal establishment of "Tan -
- d. Some advice to the new committee - at the last Annual Dinner as being "quite e:

The treasures also presented a report of verbal corrections to the printed Balance Sheet. They were I believe mostly A figure of £35 0s 0d. was "banded" about the sum required to make "Tan - y - Wyddff hut", there was slight comparison at this thought he'd said £350 0s 0d. Fred did thought this last figure was too small or Balance Sheet was adopted.

Further Reports of the retiring officer Ernie Phillips (Meets Sec.) complained at not giving him information in time for it a Circular. He briefly referred to the both outdoor and indoor, and he was given for having made a particularly fine job of Programme.

The Hut Warden's Report ultimately general argument on the question of what fee should be extracted. There were (a those against. From among the shouts of discussion the following remarks were heard

"Only the Hut fees should be paid i

"A Booking Fee may debarr young people their fee in advance" (Hatchett).

"Does this rule apply in clubs with reciprocal arrangements?" (Webb).

Several pettigreiviouses at this point from some one I had never seen before, - off by the crash of a fully loaded pint (I think it was dropped rather than through guarantee it).

were therefore approved, and the top table introduced various complex items concerning the changing of the Rules (previously circulated in October, 1958 mark you!). There was certain talk about amendments at this point, but the haze which seems to settle around these discussions has now become dense fog and I don't propose to discuss them. Enough that new Rule 7 and its five sub-sections was adopted nem con - which again is not surprising since only those trained in the Admiralty Divorce and Probate Division are able to understand it at all. This of course includes Ernie Phillips and Geoff. Thompson who are celebrated Probate men.

The President then made a report (it was not as loud or as noisome as some he has made) and mentioned some or all of the following points.

- a. The new hut and the work put in by members.
- b. An apology for not having attended a great number of Meets in the past year.
- c. The retiring committee in connection with the complexities of the legal establishment of "Tan - y Wyddfa".
- d. Some advice to the new committee - and he also remembered the last Annual Dinner as being "quite excellent".

The treasures also presented a report which mainly consisted of verbal corrections to the printed Balance Sheet previously circulated. They were I believe mostly typing errors. A figure of £35 0s 0d. was "banded" about as being approximately the sum required to make "Tan - y - Wyddfa" a "serviceable hut", there was slight comparison at this point as Fred Allen thought he'd said £350 0s 0d. Fred did not say whether he thought this last figure was too small or too large! The Balance Sheet was adopted.

Further Reports of the retiring officers followed. Ernie Phillips (Meets Sec.) complained about Meet Leaders not giving him information in time for it to be published on a Circular. He briefly referred to the past years meets, both outdoor and indoor, and he was given a rousing ovation for having made a particularly fine job of the Indoor Meets Programme.

The Hut Warden's Report ultimately developed into a general argument on the question of whether or not a booking fee should be extracted. There were (as usual) those for and those against. From among the shouts of encouragement and discussion the following remarks were heard.

"Only the Hut fees should be paid in advance" (Padley).

"A Booking Fee may debarr young people unable to afford their fee in advance" (Hatchett).

"Does this rule apply in clubs with whom we have reciprocal arrangements?" (Webb).

Several pettigreiviouses at this point; shouts for order from some one I had never seen before, - all nicely rounded off by the crash of a fully loaded pint on the concrete floor (I think it was dropped rather than thrown, but I would not guarantee it).

Continued.....

It was then proposed that it be left for the Committee to make a decision, but apparently nobody took this very seriously, and the debate continued - even Ashcroft's voice was heard declaiming wisdom, but it turned out that he was talking about something entirely irrelevant. At length Pettigrew (by now almost in the saddle) got a grip on things and with a purple oath restored order by engineering a vote. The proposed Booking Fee or other form of deposit was not accepted by the majority.

The retiring Hon. Secretary was allowed to say a few words, and much to my own amazement he actually succeeded in saying them. They were "there has been an increase in membership - the total is now 101" (polite applause).

At this juncture there was a short break precipitated by the Hon. Editor leading a rush for the bar - and it is perhaps fortunate that as an eye witness I missed a great deal of what happened afterwards.

I discovered on my return that Bob Pettigrew had been elected President (one of the better things of the evening) and had just finished his first address - I had not realised that Panther had kept me so long! The meeting then went on to elect Officers and committee, and a very neat and quick job it was too. Everyone was unopposed and the comp-de-grace was delivered by means of a block vote - and there wasn't even Charlie Cullum to cry "Bloody Communism"!

In A.O.B. the meeting carried a motion increasing Hut Fees from 2s. 6d. to 3s. for members; and from 3s. 6d. to 4s. for guests.

Various votes of thanks were proposed in the usual way of winding up the proceedings. The customary jar of Rum and Pep circulated - paid for, I believe, by Clive Webb - cries of "Conscience money!"

The Oread Supper Meet

Ronni Phillips

The above meet took place on Saturday 18th April at the George in Alstonefield, and being the Meet Leader I am duty bound to write up a description of the happenings. Since I am semi-illiterate (I said "illiterate", I have certificates to prove the other) I find this the most difficult part of the job. I could make it look a big article by listing the names of everyone who came along to the supper, all 43 of them. It is no use writing in big handwriting with large spaces inbetween the lines (the holiday postcard technique) as the final results will be typewritten, so with apologies, I will just have to do my literary best.

The supper was scheduled to start at 8 o'clock, but many of us thought a walk or climb beforehand would aid the appetite, so we set out during the afternoon in order to do this, and were rewarded by pleasant weather showing up the countryside in all its new Spring freshness.

At opening time members began to congregate in the bar, and by 8 o'clock the room was bursting at the seams and we were all glad to move into the larger room. The supper I thought was quite a reasonable meal for the price, but a small side plate and butter led me to believe that cheese and biscuits would follow, but however they did not materialise.

Continued.....

Supper over President Pettigrew presided and with fumbling fingers Johnny opened a spoon, with a brass plaque attached, bearing the name of John Welbourn, "Chief Stirrer", O.M.C. & John for all the good work he does in stirring us out of our tents and general

Next a box containing tinned steak Bolognese, a packet of soup, biscuits and order to put members who were not at the repeating the reason for running the Rhyd Ddu we had to gain consent from the to be allowed to use the premises as a residential district, CURTAINS must be put with one proviso, which was:- 'In order to that effect. Now at the present moment of curtains, we have four good folkweaves are shrouded with table-cloths, antimacassar call goes out - have you any spare curtains

To get back to the raffle, which was to raise money for curtains. Jack Longland drew a batch of tickets, then they were circulated and a 3d. stamp was collected, which was made a ceremony the tickets were placed in a box by Chief Stirrer, Jack Longland drew a ticket for the other half. As Derek went to claim his and rude remarks such as "Good, now we will change, this weekend." and Derek was heard to say "first ticket I bought, I needn't have had

The evening passed pleasantly away and I have had his share of drink, because each time he met his answer has been "It is no use drinking by then", or "Can't remember Ron, on. Having downed our last drinks, we went to the barn and prepared for bed.

Now it appears that Betty made quite a mess of Oreads prepare for getting into their sleeping bags and with no more ado climb into their set of pyjamas, some just substitute climbing gear. One person puts his pyjamas on over his other clothes, has clean, others with inferior sleeping bags. When these preparations duly completed we all had a good laugh at Davids long white legs, Chubb and the others.

Sunday we rose, breakfasted and set out for a good walk, starting off in the Manifold at 10. Ten of us set off for Dovedale, which looks good at the waters edge, and Burgess half way up the peg-up Pickering Tour, Ernie inserted the peg more, then Paul had a bash, Bob took over and they had a complete and utter botch-up of mixed up in the karabiner. David again was a bit, and it was at this stage that they decided either side would come in useful for pegging and abandon the route, so David began to knock on terra firma and while we were sorting out the back another day and attack the route in a

Supper over President Pettigrew presented Johnny Welbourn with a parcel and with fumbling fingers Johnny opened it, to find a highly polished wooden spoon, with a brass plaque attached, bearing the following inscription:- John Welbourn, "Chief Stirrer", O.M.C. Supper.1959. This was given to John for all the good work he does in that line, stirring people into activity, stirring us out of our tents and generally stirring it up.

Next a box containing tinned steak, peas, milk, oranges, Spaghetti Bolognese, a packet of soup, biscuits and chocolate was raffled off. In order to put members who were not at the supper into the picture, I am repeating the reason for running the raffle. When we took over our house in Rhyd Ddu we had to gain consent from the Town and Country Planning authority to be allowed to use the premises as a Club Hut. We obtained their consent with one proviso, which was:- 'In order that the house should tone with the residential district, CURTAINS must be put up at the windows.' or words to that effect. Now at the present moment the hut has a very odd assortment of curtains, we have four good folkweave curtains, but the rest of the windows are shrouded with table-cloths, antimacassas and blinds etc. Once again the call goes out - have you any spare curtains or cash?.

To get back to the raffle, which by now you should have gathered was to raise money for curtains. Jack Longland very generously bought the first batch of tickets, then they were circulated round the room. £2 18s 7½d plus a 3d. stamp was collected, which was made up to a level £3. With all due ceremony the tickets were placed in a brass cauldron and stirred up by the Chief Stirrer, Jack Longland drew a ticket out and Derek Burgess produced the other half. As Derek went to claim his groceries he was greeted with cheers and rude remarks such as "Good, now we will be able to eat off Burgess for a change, this weekend." and Derek was heard to say "Dam me, I won it with the first ticket I bough, I needn't have had the other two".

The evening passed pleasantly away talking and drinking, Ernie must have had his share of drink, because each time I have asked him questions about the meet his answer has been "It is no use asking me I'd already had five drinks by then", or "Can't remember Ron, I was on my 8th at that time" and so on. Having downed our last drinks, we who were staying the night, retired to the barn and prepared for bed.

Now it appears that Betty made quite a study of the ways in which various Oreads prepare for getting into their sleeping bags. Some just kick off their boots and with no more ado climb in, some undress and put on a complete set of pyjamas, some just substitute climbing trousers for pyjama bottoms. One person puts his pyjamas on over his outer clothing to keep his sleeping bag clean, others with inferior sleeping bags, put fight their way in. All these preparations duly completed we all lay back in our bags, having had a good laugh at Davids long white legs, Chuck's puns and witty remarks passed by the others.

Sunday we rose, breakfasted and set out for the day, some went for a good walk, starting off in the Manifold and finishing at Ashbourne via Ilam. Ten of us set off for Dovedale, which looked very beautiful with the daffodils at the waters edge, and Burgess half way up White edge. Our intention was to peg-up Pickering Tour, Ernie inserted the first 3 pegs, David a couple or so more, then Paul had a bash, Bob took over from Paul and so it went on, until they had a complete and utter botch-up of pegs, entriers, slings and rope all mixed up in the karabiner. David again went up to try and sort things out a bit, and it was at this stage that they decided a Karabiner with a gate on either side would come in useful for pegging. Finally they decided to abandon the route, so David began to knock out the pegs and eventually return to terra firma and while we were sorting out the gear we decided we would come back another day and attack the route in a more workman like fashion.

Continued.....

most  
ting  
It is  
(the  
so

ought  
ing  
ner

ve  
al  
at  
e.

.....

At the same time as we were on Pickering Tour, across the river on the other side, Derek Burgess was demonstrating just how pegging should be done, in 3 hours he pegged his way right up the Whiteface on Ilam rock, making it look child's play. Well done Derek you deserved to win the food parcel. Ray went up second and Don came up last taking out the pegs. Meanwhile Nat, Tom and Mike were doing free climbing and pegging. All this activity provided the spectators with plenty of entertainment, I was seriously tempted to go round with the hat in aid of the Oread Funds. The respective wives of those pegging spent their time watching first the efforts on Pickering Tour and then descending and crossing the river to watch Derek and party, they also mingled with the spectators to listen to their remarks, such as "Oh Harold, I can't bear to look, it makes me come over all queer", or "That rope looks a bit thin and he isn't wearing proper boots with big spikes".

Out menfolk each having collected together their own ropes, pegs, slings, karabiners and wives, started to amble back up the dale, taking a last look at Don still extracting Derek's pegs and so back to the George for a brew, meeting Jack Longland again en route.

The Penlingtons, Pettigrews, Ernie and I rounded off our weekend very pleasantly by enjoying the hospitality of Betty and Paul in their new house. So ended a very happy weekend, we couldn't claim success in our route, but in the attempt we had a lot of fun and enjoyment and learned what not to do in future pegging, so it was well worth the effort.

A Letter to the Editor  
(Others later in this issue)

23584585 Spr. Martin. CD.  
Royal Engineers,  
R.E.B.C.S.  
Hameln,  
B.F.P.O. 33.

Wednesday 4th February 1959.

Dear Harry,

Just a few lines to ask for some information and also to find out how things are in the club.

Having now settled down at HAMELIN in Germany, I can get down to writing a few letters and gathering up lost news.

First and foremost of my questions is, how much do I have to pay subscription for this year while I am stationed out here and not returning to U.K. until 1960. I don't want other members of the club to think I have deserted the 'OREAD' with not being seen at Derby and on meets. I have every intention of returning to the clubs activities when I complete my N.S.

While out here I will try and find some news to fill the 'Newsletter' if it is still being published. If any members are interested I am hoping to go to Zermatt again from Aug. 15th-29th.

The other point I would like to ask is would it be a lot of trouble to have all correspondence posted direct to the above address instead of Nottm. The postage would still remain the same. I can then keep up to date with the clubs activities.

I hope you and Molly are still as fit as ever and that the new club hut is paying its way. Please remember me to the rest of the members and I will try and find an article for the Newsletter in the next few weeks. I am hoping to go to the HARTZ Mts. shortly as they are only 30/40 miles away.

All the best

Chris. D. Martin.

Ronni, Fred Allen and I 2am, meeting Barbara and Pete Janes and so to Victoria uneventfully. The trip Channel, with the sea like a millpond like sailing in daddy's yacht. We were up on the duty-free refreshment, and was roaring drunk. Three hours on t and we rattled on congenially across

The Janes' left the trail week at Galtür, and the rest of us we identified the other five members of guide. After coffee, a special bus then from Fulpmes to Neustift. The into a Land Rover which took the up t after 2½ hours on foot, and the conti Senn Hütte, the sacks being transport

The Hut was about full w plus the guide Heinz, who slept on t bedroom, the other two being on a mat than ourselves were sleeping on the f a good meal, we retired early to bed day's run.

Breakfast, for me, is always glad to get out on the snow, en route Hut is about 7000ft, and the Scharte -one found the climb somewhat punishing not dein to stop on the way up. We anyway, even on a climb lasting five l was somewhat marred by indifferent vis was excellent, and I think everyone wa somewhat the worse for wear.

The next day we went up th Schorte, where some rested while the up to Berglasferner, and then on skis 10700ft. The descent of the gulley v hidden under deep powder snow, and no ring-a-ring-a-roses, but we made it sa where it was too cold to stop, and we

The next day was a long or Breakfasted, and out just after 7.0 on This glacier is very long for this par go on for hours before we turned off t and then up to the Ruderhof Spitze, ll intense at this altitude in March, and little incentive to linger, so we skie now and again to collect the party tog

The fifth day was to be a of the way up to the Kraulscharte agai different route. As I was feeling ab was snowing anyway, I decided to stay result my physical condition improved of the holiday I was able to stop a do way up, and catch the party again easi

The sixth day was to be a our sacks and sent them down on the li only the vital necessities. Our route and then a climb over the Wildgrat Sch Schrankogel Ferner, which gives access t The top two or three hundred feet of th Heinz proposed to tie eleven people int declined the offer. He seemed somewha confidence, but the dislodgement of a cc which trundled down towards us as we st

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 a Land Rover which took the<sup>m</sup> up to the snow-line which we reached after 2½ hours on foot, and the<sup>n</sup> 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 matrazen 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 Verborggen-Berg Ferner to the Schorte, where some rested while the rest of us climbed a steep gulley up to Bergglasferner, and then on skis again to the Wildes Hinterhergl, 10700ft. The descent of the gulley 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 Kräulscharte 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 lookin 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 - skiboos 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 avalanche 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.

-----oOo-----

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 a 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 pushing 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 Lyme the temptation and rode up to the Hail (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: what 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. There 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 velle of delight. Just below the 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  $x c h s/a^m$ , 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 countyside 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 yells of delight. Just below the summit we passed two or three ponds which I inspected for wild life.

At last our panting 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 mountainside 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 cats 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 Chamonix, the only clue being a peculiar spented 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 rucsack 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 rucsacks 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 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 Sgurr 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 by which promoted in me the most ridiculous urge experience the sensation of hurtling down the

To be urgently summoned from the warm and be told that the camp site is in immediate the most glamorous illusions about camping.

position in bitter silence, while the continuation After a week of this voluntary prison this member, at least, went home to recover.

EASTER IN THE PASS.

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

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

I didn't feel particularly fit and had the "Cracks" on Dinas Mot and later I failed on the Grochan. I was very depressed by this to think that my climbing had gone for a complete

However, the mountains worked their us later we did "Dives" and "Better Things" on Dinas on the Tremadoc cliffs, "Trilon" on the Wasted mentioned was greasy in many places so the cliff V.S. We also paid the "Gambit" a visit on Cl with grease and was absurdly hard under these persisted and we walked on at speed around to descended via the Gribin as his boots hurt him over Llivedd alone. It was a magnificent eve banners of mist rolling about the cwms.

The next day was spent on the Cromlech went down to the Grochan to do "Spectre" but w make much impression on it. Alan led the fir 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 absented for carrying a chap down from the Mot. Event in the blood wagon we had a grand cook up, and Bertha for the usual throat ablutions.

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

GIEN 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 cwms.

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 Wildboardlough. 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 post er 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 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 this occasion. I humbly put them forward to members and the committee. Firstly, Bullstones Cabins, and if this proves in a reasonable state of repair.

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

An equestrian Gibson ? Gibson remember him as " I last saw him, a tall, thin, angle, knee length cords, cigarette in his mouth, finger pointing with absolute certainty

" I know this rock".

You

Jim

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.