

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

BULLETIN No 97.

JUNE 1985.

Dear Members,

Summer should be here soon. People away on holiday, dry rocks, hard routes etc. etc.

News

1. Bishopscafe will be having major plumbing work carried out in July. Showers for both men and women, and the ladies dormitory floor is being soundproofed. No work will carry on during the weekends and as little inconvenience as possible during the week. Please use the family quarters if that is necessary. It is difficult to get the best time for improvements as the hut is in use mid-week by parties all year.
2. A joint venture by The Westmorland Gazette and Legal and General Insurance, is to find Lakeland's Liveliest Pensioner. You do not have to live in the Lakes and the winner will be either a veteran sportsman, someone involved in dare-devil pursuits or someone working for the community. Please send entries to The Westmorland Gazette, Kendal. First prize £6,000, heat winners £500.
3. Tony Brindle is back from Everest. They didn't get to the top, but they had a happy expedition, everyone still speaking to each other on their return and they had no accidents. Tony reached just over 8,000m and gave ARCC a lot of mentions in the press. He is now working at Eskdale for the summer and on his return home he and Kathy announced their engagement. Congratulations to them both from us all.
4. Tradesman, who are also club-members and are willing to contract for major items of alteration or repair to club properties, are invited to register their names and trades. Minor items of repair, painting decorating and cleaning are still done by club members voluntarily.
5. Big Order. There will be a big order in October. Details will appear in the next bulletin, but prices are being negotiated with Frank Davies Climbers Shop in Ambleside.
6. For Sale One pair of brand new, lightweight Peter Storm green over-trousers, small size. £7 and a bargain. They were not collected after the big order last year. Please contact Joyce Foster.
7. For Sale
More Bargains:- 1 pair of unused E.B.s size 9. . . £25.
Scarpa Alpine Rock Boots size 9 (42) Little used £35.
La Dolomite 'Walker', double leather, High Altitude, Ski-mountaineering Boots. Size 9. . . . £60.
Clog Vulture ice-axe £15.
Contact Dot Wood, 41, Stonegate Rd, Thorpe Edge, Bradford.
8. Many Thanks to long-time-member Rev Anthony Owen, who has donated his climbing guides and books to the book shelves of the huts.
9. Ted Southworth almost smashed the record. He did the Leeds, Liverpool Canal Run, 127 miles, and raised money for charity. Report later.

NEWS CONT....

10. Alan Kenny and Jim Harding both did the Bob Graham Round. Alan did 21hrs 55mins and Jim 23hrs 20mins, the first allARCC attempt. They were very ably supported and wish to thank, Brian, Pat and Mike Fanning, Derek Price, Gerald and Paul Cooney, Mike Pooler, Leo Pollard Mike Lomas, Dave Parker, Andrew Barbier, John McGonagle, Phil Michlewski, Frank Whittle, Sandra Corbett, Claire Sutton, Claire Harding, Pat and George Partridge, Wilf Charnley and last but not least Ted Southworth, whose navigating is particularly impressive.
11. Dave Hall Completed the Fellsman. Was he the only ARCC entry this year? Next year will see a big turnout with Sandra, Frank and Roy celebrating separate decades of birthdays. Get fit and join the party.
12. Barry Ayre and John Whiteman completed the Pennine Way.
13. Glen Brittle Hut Wardens are required for July and August. If you can manage two weeks or more please telephone John Foster on Skye 047 852302. Help with travelling expenses may be payable, and accommodation for warden and friend in private wardens room is free.
14. John Fosters drinking partners recently have been Sean Connery and Christopher Lambert lately tarzan. A film 'the Highlander', set across four centuries with modern day explosions, roof top fights stunning locations in Skye and the Highlands. May be worth seeing.
15. The first wild sea eagle chicks for 60yrs have been hatched this year in Scotland. There are now 72 birds along the north west coast but the sites of the nests are being kept secret. Sea-eagles have a wingspan of eight feet and are larger than golden eagles.
16. SKI 1986 . . . SKI 1986 . . . SKI 1986 The new brochures are out, the season approaches. Risscul in the Maritime Alps, by coach? Red Guide from Blackpool to Flaine? Which cheapie do you fancy. Christine Benjamin, your elected committee member, will be pleased to hear from you if you are interested in a self-catering ski holiday. Phone her on Chorley 68917.

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THE LEEDS TO LIVERPOOL CANAL RUN (127miles).

Starting at the Leeds end of the canal, Ted Southworth set out on this epic run at 9am on Saturday 18th May and finished some 28½ hours later at Stanley Dock, liverpool. His time for the 'hundred' was a remarkable 20hrs 37mins and one can only imagine the pain of the final 27miles, from the time taken to complete them. The proceeds of the run will be donated and shared between Blackburn Special School Blue Bus Appeal and the Wigan Hospice Charity. Ted was ably supported throughout the run by members of Clayton le Moors Harriers and Jim Harding of ARCC Fame.

Roy Phillips.

(The run is even more remarkable : considering that a few years ago Ted could hardly walk because of back trouble, as indeed could Roy!)

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THE ANNUAL DINNER

Will this year be on Sat November 9th at the Red Lion Hotel Grasmere. Time, Menu and price will be in the next bulletin.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Will be on Sat. November 2nd, at Marian House, Tulketh, Preston. This is prior notice that nominations will be required for the following positions:- Chairman, Vice-Chairman and one ordinary member.

The Hut Wardens are nominated by the Management Committee on a three yearly cycle and members are reminded that they may put themselves forward for consideration.

The BISHOP'S SPONSORED WALK

Will be on Saturday October 5th and is now to be organised by our Founder President Bishop Pearson. It will again take place in Grisedale Forest but last years route will be shortened slightly, and the route will be less strenuous, more leisurely and more varied.

ARCC members are required for marshalling, marking the route and on the checkpoints. An evening meal for all the helpers will be served in Langdale.

TREES AT DUNMAIL

The trees at Dunmail are now mature and several were lost during the last two winters. Those remaining, are to be felled during August, and fencing and replanting will take place. ARCC is now being concerned with the environment and the sale of the timber remaining will pay for the costs involved in replanting. The new trees will be mixed deciduous and conifers.

FURNITURE is required for Langdale and Wales. Any offers please ring Joyce Foster 0744 894512 to arrange collection. Thanks to Mario and David Huddleston for the super Fridge.

Hut Wardens

Tyn Twr: John Foster, 29, Braeside Cres, Billinge, Nr Wigan 0744894512.
 Bishopscafe: Alan Kenny, 17, Rochester Ave, Morecambe 0524 414615.
 Buckbarrow: Frank Whittle, Old Strands, Nether Wasdale, Cumbria 265.
 Subs Sec: Nev Haigh, 752, Devonshire Rd, Blackpool. 0253 54505
 Secretary: Barry Ayre, 23, Low Rd, Halton, Lancaster. 0524 811899

A WOBBLY NUT AND A RICKETY PINNACLE.

by

BARRY ROGERS.

The Matterhorn, described by John Ruskin as the most noble cliff of Europe, stands alone and aloof above the quaint village of Zermatt in Switzerland.

As I trudged, heavily laden, along the main street, I tried to visualise what it must have been like on that hot July day in 1865, when Edward Whymper and his six companions stood on the summit of the Matterhorn for the first time. This was a triumphant moment for the people of Zermatt, but four of them were to perish on the descent shortly afterwards. They had climbed the Matterhorn by the Hörnli Ridge; we intended to climb it by the North Face, still regarded as one of the most dangerous routes in the Alps. The Matterhorn rises to over 14,000 feet and attracts bad weather like a magnet.

That night we (climbing partner Mike Lynch), found ourselves sitting out a violent storm in a small hut lying in the shadow of the mountain. We waited a further day for the conditions to improve. The following day was perfect, not a cloud in the sky. It should have been cold, but it was unusually warm. At 3am we were fastening our crampons onto our boots, preparing to descend on to the Matterhorn glacier below.

The snow would normally have been hard, which would have made the going easy, but it was soft, and we found ourselves floundering in knee-deep snow under the weight of our rucksacks. An hour later, we reached our first objective, a steep 300ft ice slope which would take us onto the plateau beneath the North Face. Unroped, we made good time, and were soon on the upper glacier plateau. A further 200yds of traversing brought us to the start of the North Face. We crossed the deep crevasse by a narrow snow bridge, just as the sun was lighting the top of the Matterhorn. Above us lay 1,500ft of steep ice, which would take us to the middle of the face - the most dangerous part of the whole climb.

Together, we climbed on upwards, jabbing with our ice-axes and kicking steps into the slope with our crampons. It had taken us just over an hour to reach a small rock ledge at the start of the difficult climbing. We had intended to climb the face unroped as far as possible, but due to the amount of unstable snow we had to rope up. Mick led on, crampons screeching on the rock. I followed, taking out the pitons he had managed to hammer into the shattered cracks. Eventually I reached him, and took over the lead. We climbed on like this into the afternoon. We had been ascending the notorious 'couloir' in the centre of the face, which is normally strafed by rock falls; today all was quiet.

For the next three hours we climbed up the shattered face. The difficulties never eased, always long pitches of 150ft at a time, and nowhere did we find a really good ledge or crack which would take a piton securely. The couloir ended at some steep slabs. Mick was leading, out of sight above me. I was belayed to a wobbly nut and a rickety pinnacle.

'Watch the rope, its desperate up here', floated down to me, and I pushed myself into a corner trying to become part of the mountain. Sweat ran down my back as I waited for the fall which would terminate on the glacier far below. The only sound to break the silence was that of Mike's axe, scraping snow as he looked for a crack which would take a nut or a peg.

Matterhorn Cont...

The tension eased when Mike found an in-situ peg. Old as it was, all that he needed to make the next series of moves. I was soon up at the belay with him, standing under a crag more than 200ft high. We consulted the book! It is amazing how one can make the surrounding terrain fit a description in a guide book. The steep chimney up which I was now thrutching, was not the one described. My chimney ended at a small overhang with an old peg and sling in it; I tested the sling and then put my foot into it and from this very exposed position moved up to a small ledge only inches wide. With calves burning I managed to place a peg in a horizontal crack. As I moved up the rope came tight, I grabbed the peg and returned to my small ledge.

'Give us some slack', I shouted.

'Its all gone', came the reply.

With the night not far away, we had to do something fast.

'We'll have to climb together Mick'.

'Climbing', echoed up towards me.

The situation was now very serious, with us climbing at the same time on difficult, ice-covered rock.

After about ten feet I placed a nut under a flake which seemed to be firmly attached to the mountain. The next series of moves will be firmly implanted on my mind for the rest of my days. The way ahead was barred by a wall of about fifteen feet with a thin crack running up it. On a local outcrop it would have been a nice problem. 'Hobson's Choice' was over to the right, a small snow-covered ledge and even with my 6'2" wingspan I was unable to reach it. Mick was telling me to take the slack in, I muttered an obscenity and tried once more to reach the ledge. I concluded that without at least twelve extra inches, there was no way that I would get there. Suddenly the idea of using the ice-axe came to me. I had to place the pick in the crack, lean off to the right. It worked, the next minute saw me over on the ledge. I gazed upward, and saw a large flake thirty feet above. 'That's where I'll belay', I thought.

Eventually, daylight faded and turned to night as I found myself perched on a ledge the size of a doorstep, 3,000' from the base of the mountain. Mick was on a small ledge 30ft below me. It took ages to get into my sleeping bag, my position being slightly precarious. During the past fifteen hours I had eaten only a bar of chocolate and half a slab of mint-cake and had had nothing to drink.

'How about a brew, Mick', I said.

'You've got the pan', came the reply.

The next fifteen minutes were spent in throwing the pan, tied to the end of the rope, down the steep face. Half an hour later I hoisted a plastic bottle half full of hot coffee back up the crag. I savoured every mouthful.

For the next five hours I sat on my tiny ledge, legs dangling into space. I thought of many things - people eating and drinking in the hotels far below; pints of Hartleys back at home; and of horrific things, Whympers four companions tumbling and crashing down the face only yards from where I now was sitting. The Japanese climber who, two days previously after climbing the hardest part of the face, had fallen to his death a few hundred feet above me.

At last, dawn broke - another beautiful day. By 6am we were on our way, bodies aching from our night's bivouac. A mistake in route finding cost us an hour, but we were soon on to the much easier upper third of the face.

'We'll be on the summit in an hour or so', I said to Mick.

This was to be just an illusion. We climbed on for 300ft, but at this point

Matterhorn cont....

realised to our dismay that we were too far to the left. It was too dangerous to retrace our steps and the only way out was a long difficult traverse on to the Hornli Ridge. We had failed 700ft from the summit, but we had survived; what an experience! We coiled up the ropes and climbed on down. The descent was relatively easy, but we had to watch our step as we were very tired. It had been two long days and a night.

Hours later back at the hut, dinner tasted good.

B.R.R. 1978.

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THE LONG WALK 1985.

The day before the long walk there was clag and thick drizzle, and it was dark and uninviting when my horrible alarm went off at 2.45am to get everyone out of bed. We arrived at Pant y Pas ten minutes earlier than on the previous Fourteen Peaks walk and it was still very dark. At least it was dry and the overcast clear of the tops as I ticked everyone off on my list.

Waiting in the Landrover for the rest of the support team it was chilly, and Cyril arrived 15mins before I had asked him to, but we still weren't early enough at Pant Y Fron breakfast stop. I hadn't realised how fit Paul Cooney was and he stretched Dave Armstrong out too, so they both missed their bacon butties.

The cloud thinned, blue sky appeared and a cool breeze to give a perfect day. Odd ones straggled in to the breakfast stop but not a single runner. I was unaware that they had pinched an extra hour in bed, and was worrying that if Paul was still scorching along over the Glyders, he would reach Ogwen before me as well. I haven't forgotten arriving at Cockley Beck three years ago and finding Tony Brindle waiting for me.

So I set off round with a sample of all we had to offer, and left Pat, Chris and Sue in the VW to replenish the stragglers. As it was I had a full hour to spare before Paul came and then it was another 55 before Dave arrived. Intervals between arrivals were growing longer and the last two set off to tell Tom to put up the shutters at Foel Grach. But where was the geriatric Section? I knew I had no need to worry about them on such a perfect day, but it was $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours since they left Pant y Fron and they rolled up another 65mins later having had their usual daily siesta up on the Glyders.

And so this perfect day drew to an end with only a couple of pints needed to round it off. The last two from Ogwen were still out, but I headed for the Douglas content that they were accompanied by our revered Chairman, who hobbled round with his ski-pole.

The weather is important and so is the support. Thanks to all the team, Tom and his helpers, the landrover crew and Freda and Marion who bought all the food and stayed in the hut all day.

The fitness of members taking part in long walks over the last 15yrs has steadily improved. Twelve years ago many were not confident of finishing but nearly all are today. I thought that Leo and Ted were supermen when they ran it all the way from the hut 8yrs ago. This time seven ran it, including the first 50yr old, our vice-chairman. When did we have such an active hierarchy in the Club? Chairman, Vice-Chairman and Secretary on the walk, sadly only one hut-warden and only four lasses.

Where is this improvement in fitness leading? In another 20years will the Long Walk in the Lakes be the Bob Graham Round? Impossible you may think now, but how many people running marathons today would have dreamed of doing so only five years ago? John Foster.

KASHMIR 1984 by Joyce Foster.

I tried to persuade them to change their minds. There had been the storming of the Golden Temple at Amritsar; there were riots and curfews; reports of tourists queueing at airports to leave the country; and now the Indian government required visas. I felt very timorous about the whole trip. I had got cold feet!

'Sacs bulging we left Heathrow for Delhi. Hi-jacks on my mind, we landed in three middle eastern countries and finally arrived in Srinigar, north-west India, about 40 hours after leaving England. We stayed two nights on one of the legendary houseboats, but on the canal not the lake, because it was cheaper. It was probably more interesting too, lots to see with all the passing water traffic; lots of birds, three kinds of kingfishers very close, and dozens of kites wheeling overhead. We were guests of a charming little Kashmiri entrepreneur Ali, very eager to please and he was able to procure anything we required . . . at a price. We thought that he must have something to do with 'the forty thieves'. The weather was hot and sunny, very pleasant. And the next day we took a trip in a shikara, similar to a gondola, lounging under a canopy, hand dabbling, we were paddled along the canals, through the city and out onto the lakes. Through the water gardens and floating lotus blossoms, ducks quacking, brown children swimming, magnificent scenery, was this heaven? Through the Mughal bridge we tied up in the shade and the boatman brewed up on an ancient, roaring primus and fed us cake, pronounced caker. We visited the elegantly laid out Mughal gardens and sailed back through the sunset for dinner.

"Don't get used to this" they said. "The holiday starts tomorrow".

In the morning, on the way to the bus, we saw police with riot-shields and guns and tin hats. Luggage safely on top, the bus crammed with people, I was mesmerised and didn't notice the heat and discomfort. Oxen dragging wooden ploughs in yellow-clay, cracked fields, waving rice, willow trees and cricket bats being made at the sides of the road.. Pahalgam in the Lidder Valley and the start of the Kolohoi trek which our very own ARCC Kashmiri Guru Tom Walkington had recommended to us. It was superb.

We managed to avoid the groups of ponymen, and shouldering our sacs walked in the rain, up the hill out of town. We dodged the Austin Westminsters, still made in India, and watched the galloping ponymen weaving between them. It took us three days walking up the valley, very reminiscent of the Alps, glacial river, green grass and fir trees. Dave and I got fleas the first night, but Ron was lucky they didn't like him. We passed the baggage-trains of the Gujjar nomads with their flocks of goats, all their belongings in orange-rope bags on their ponies. The women and girl-children wore lovely gold and silver filigree jewelry, and black velvet hats covered in turquoise stones to keep off the sun. Bare, brown feet, silver bells round ankles, silver-bell rings on toes, shy eyes underneath fluttering eyelashes, and handsome Caucasian men with wound turbans and bold eyes. We stayed in Dak bungalows and sheds with shelf-beds, saw troops wearing high altitude white uniforms, some blood-stained and heard about the glacier-battles which were being fought at 18,000ft on the border with Pakistan. At Kolohoi meadows we camped and we lost my sun hat and Rons glasses. Was it the goat or the goatherd? The mountains were magnificent, Kolohoi Peak the Matterhorn of Kashmir superb. We tried to find a way over the glaciers to Armanath, but the government map, four miles to the inch was useless and without crampons it seemed foolhardy, and a tremendous thunderstorm made us glad that we had retreated. What scuffled under the flysheet that night? Was it a dog, or was it a bear? They never told me, I still don't know.

Kashmir.....

We reversed our route, and walked back in one day what had taken us three to walk up. The guide book said it was a four day trek to get there! The torrential monsoon rain soon turned the path into a glutinous mud-slide. A group of smiling faces sheltered at the bottom of one steep part, hoping we would slip and lose our dignity, but with near perfect balance, we managed in good style. No wonder the locals carried their shoes in hand, bare toes must give better control in the slop. It reminded me of butterscotch colour angel delight.

I kept thinking they would stop at the next stage point, but they just kept on, and so fast that I couldn't catch them. They kept just ahead. I was tired, I had a big sac, we'd had a big day yesterday and twenty miles already today, plus torrential rain and mud... I began to hate them. Feet squelching, water bottle empty, it went dark and still we walked downhill. Feet hurting, hobbling, I even wished I was back at work! Exhausted still walking, raging river and wooden bridge, tilley lamps and fruit stalls and people staring at us. I leaned on a wall and followed again into an hotel. Luxury, beds with clean white sheets, marble bathroom if a bit smelly. Hot water, a shower, easy chair, rats on the verandah. By the time we were all clean and ready to eat, I had seized up and had to be helped downstairs to the dining room. Whilst they wolfed their food, I picked, too tired to eat and my feet were a dreadful blistered mess. By morning I was much better, but fearing revolt on my part I was allowed a rest day. I knew they were glad of the excuse, they must have been a bit tired too.

After that we set off for Armanath Cave. In the cave is a temple to Shiva; at the time of the full moon in July and August an ice pillar forms in the cave and each month approximately 30,000 pilgrims go this way to worship there. But this was september and we were on our own.

Walking past the fruit stalls in Pahalgam, feet fairly sore and sac heavy, "Baggage pony, memsahib?". A handsome young lad with a pathetic, bony pony and forty rupees, £2.75 for ten miles. Cheap at half the price, so with Ron and Dave still walking fast, the book said 5hrs, it took us $3\frac{1}{2}$ hrs, I limped up a tremendous gorge, very reminiscent of Nevis gorge but on a far grander scale. Chatting to the lad, they mostly had good English, he knew that Ben Nevis was the highest mountain in Britain. Amazing, half the people I work with, don't know that.

Chawandari the first stop place wasn't nice, so we carried on and camped by some nomads huts, being wakened in the morning by the men chirruping to each other as they gathered the sheep. The women went round the flock milking a few drops from each ewe, and one man and one dog sat on their haunches and watched us curiously. The path was fairly level above a huge gorge, and we reached the next stage point on the pilgrim route at lunch time. The man made us an enormous dal and rice and we sat outside on a carpet to eat, above a glacial lake, deep turquoise blue, a river in a canyon and beyond a huge triple-peaked beautiful mountain, sun on snow and blue-ice glaciers and it had no name. I couldn't finish my meal, cracked lips and hot dal don't go, So Dave fed mine to the sheep, they love hot curry, and off we went again. If Kolohoi had been magnificent, the scenery now was stupendous, beyond description. Towering mountains, aiguille tops on them, incredibly folded rock and as we walked up the pass, for two hours a herd of kashmir goats with long silky hair (cashmere) came down with their herdsmen. We camped high that night and it was cold, but very, very beautiful, the stars and moon only just beyond hands reach. The next morning down and down, wading the glacial rivers, so much scenery and on one mountain some enormous fluted ice-gullies, how high we couldn't tell. They could have been 6,000ft. We saw the Indian Glacial Survey tents and I was too chicken to cross a

Kashmir.....

..... a plank bridge over the river and felt fairly ashamed of myself. Dave had to empty his sac to get the safety rope, and although I tied on to it, it wasn't held. The photograph proved that later. Still we needed the rope afterwards to wade the deep river at Panchtarni. The air was fantastically clear. The scenery still breathtaking, and as we rested and gazed around, eating chocolate, a lone horseman chirruped to us from the other side of the silted valley and galloped away through the narrow defile following the river, which seemed to be our way out of the basin.

"No more uphill today", they had promised. But they were wrong, it was uphill, and steeply too; and down the track came two elderly Indian ladies on horseback. Very Lady Betjman, both in their seventies, they gave me heart. I would rather walk than ride a pony on that track, very exposed and a little crumbly at the edges, but when I can't walk that far then I'll ride a pony.

Up a side valley, we began to gain height rapidly. Now we were on the pilgrims route proper, and Dave reckoned that the gear would be OK and propped his sac safely against a boulder. Not wanting to carry my load one yard more than necessary, but feeling very uncertain about leaving it behind, I took mine off too. Ron was more sceptical and carried his with him. Vast limestone walls at either side of a glacier, another glacier and then a dip and nestling there a concrete hut with the reverse swastika Hindu symbol on it, heaps of rotting pumpkins, coconut husks or were they yeti scalps, they could have been; and a helicopter pad marked out. There must be rich pilgrims too. A lone pilgrim and his servant approaching, nods and smiles; and the huge cave up on the left getting bigger as we got nearer. Lots of steps, up and up, iron railings to divide the up and down queues, but there is no-one else, only us. Broken sandals litter the steps, corrugated sheet the remains of refreshment stalls; and as we approach the holy place, the overpowering smell of joss sticks. Ron is walking about the muddy floor in pale blue socks, carrying his boots; but we kept ours on. The ice lingam has melted, nothing to see except a small brass statue with faded posies at its feet, and hundreds of petitions fluttering and pinned to the railings. It feels like a holy place. The only noise the dripping of water in the cracks, and rock-doves wings in the roof. Then back out into the sunshine, it feels quite a relief. We seem to be much higher than the 4,800mtrs stated in the guide book; and all the time the nagging worry of the sacs. A borrowed monocular and a pair of socks were all that went, so not too bad. It could have been the lot.

The next day sun burning, down and down, pilgrims coming up the path, one elderly man grey-faced and gasping at the side. Knees aching, a long way down and then the green valley, an army camp of Sikh soldiers washing their hair in a turquoise glacial lake. More and more army camps, now the border road is in view and the village of Baltal where we thought to catch a bus is another army camp. So this is a big day too. We had to carry on to Sonemarg but I was fitter now and able to manage the extra miles. We sat in the Mess drinking apple juice after apple juice, it was rather Raj. But the Dak bungalow was fully booked and the one sreet smelly, smelly shacks, smelly shops and the tents at the Himalayan Camp Hotel were smelly too. So we used our own and were visited by high ranking officers in the army. They marvelled at the Saunders tents and Lightline sleeping bags.

We planned to catch a bus over the Zoji-la into Ladhak, Little Tibet and trek for another week. But the buses were full and I was glad that the careering lorries didn't stop for us. Ron and Dave stuffed their faces in a cafe belonging to a splendid Sikh. He promised to get us a lift in a bus and by 10.30am we were on our way, swaying from side to side in the ruts, round the hairpins, horrendous heights. Quarry roads in Langdale are safer than this