



CEJUNANT

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MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB

NEWSLETTER - OCTOBER, 1967

Cover Photograph -

S k y l o n, Carreg Wastad,

by Ken Wilson.

Editorial.....

Its been a busy summer in some ways, a lot of climbing has been done by a few members and Tyn Lon has been used more than ever it has before. A lot of work has been done too, also by a few members. Activity as regards the support of club meets has, however, declined.

The standard of climbing has been high, with in particular, Messrs. Holden, Hipkiss and Hurst who have been climbing in the "extreme" grade. Not many people visited climbing areas abroad this year, perhaps it was the currency restrictions ... however, those who did make the effort were rewarded with better weather this year than in recent years. Ken Hipkiss and Stuart Armstrong went to the Dolomites, Colin Brooks and Frank Stokes took a M.A. course at Kandersteg and some of the peaks they climbed included Wildstrubel, Balmhorn and Altels. A party of three members spent a fortnight in Chamornix, Pete Hopfinger visited the Zillertal district of Austria and John Daffern went to Norway.

A great deal of good work has been done at Tyn Lon this summer: concrete tables have been erected in the kitchen, a new floor has been laid from the toilet to the kitchen, a water heater has been installed above the wash basins, just to mention a few of the improvements. Another job that has been looked into is the rewiring of the electrical system. The great bulk of this work is to be attributed to the Hut Warden and the Beddards.

These improvements have of course cost the club a considerable amount of money but the club is at present comparatively affluent. One expenditure that is causing some concern, however, is the electricity bill which has risen alarmingly over the last two quarters and the Committee are wondering whether they have allowed too many non-essential fittings to be installed.

The Committee has also expressed some concern about the lack of support of club meets. The average number of people on meets this year so far, is well below last year's figures - perhaps they have lost their meet cards or perhaps it is because Tyn Lon is becoming too good and

people no longer want to face the hazards and inconveniences of Lakeland, or perhaps people are just too busy these days.

Dave Irons

Editor

Forthcoming Outdoor Meets

BORROWDALE	-	NOVEMBER	3rd - 5th:	Leader, D. Irons.
STONEY MIDDLETON	-	DECEMBER	3rd:	Leader, A. Holden.
LLANBERIS	-	DECEMBER	29th - 31st:	Leader, J. Pettit.
IDWAL	-	JANUARY	12th - 14th:	Leader, D. Stokes.

Meet Reports Buttermere May 19-21.

The meet to Buttermere this year was well attended (18 members and guests) but was marred as many Lakeland meets seem to be by bad weather. The campsite at Gatesgarth Farm seems particularly susceptible to flooding and come Saturday Morning several members had water-logged tents and soggy sleeping bags.

After everyone had breakfasted the whole party proceeded to walk the length of Buttermere and Crummock lakes to an inn at the entrance of Mosedale. After sampling their beer and sitting out several heavy showers of rain until well after closing time, we were eventually turned out by the landlord and began to make our way back to camp by trudging up Mosedale. At Scale Force the party, which had spread out somewhat, re-assembled and clambered up the ladders to the foot of the waterfall which, owing to much rain during the previous week was in full spate. To finish the day the Red Pike-High Stile-High Crag ridge was traversed finishing off some members also.

Sunday was foul. Most people packed up and went round to Black Crag in Borrowdale and for a time (short) it stopped raining but as soon as we got the ropes out and began to climb down it came once again making everyone - save Pete Holden and Dave Irons who managed with the greatest of difficulty to ascent Troutdale Ridge - retreat hastily.

So ended another club Lakeland meet. Perhaps the next might be somewhat drier - dare I hope !

Dave Irons.

Dow Crag

Late in the night in the rain on a windswept mountainside the half dozen representatives of the club struggled with unwilling canvas in their efforts to fashion some sort of shelter. Thinking of themselves as having the water absorption qualities of sponges they eventually squelched into the wet tents to spend an uneasy night listening to the loud flapping of the tents resistance to the wind and wondering if it would not turn to ripping. Feeling disgruntled with the weather's reception after dragging out the slow and inescapable monotony of a week in the stew of a hot and sticky Birmingham heatwave their loud and appropriate language was carried far by the wind to the unfortunate ears of the innocent sheep. The rain continued unabated into the late hours of the next morning, until in the uniform blanket of grey cloud, some internal turmoil caused small breaks in the mass and separated the clouds which now came to torment us only as lone showers. The sun made the occasional rather surreptitious brief appearance but took refuge again before giving any real encouragement. So, with the pattern of the day set, we went below the low clouds across to Tarn Hows dropping first down to the Coniston valley with only one stop on the way. From there we progressed in stages over Black Fell and into Hawkshead via High Crag and a farmers threats. A long circuitous route followed through the maze of paths in the forestry plantations of Hawkshead Moor which led us back to Coniston.

Sunday was slightly better but still rather windy with the mist cutting off the tops of the hills and swirling dramatically around the great towering buttresses of Dow Crag, plunging and rising in the black gulleys on ever changing air currents. Undeterred everyone made for the crag. Seen from the approach track it gives a rather impressive appearance, the buttresses seeming to be very high and of unrelenting steepness. It is an anticlimax therefore that most of the climbs, particularly on "B" buttress, are shorter than expected and usually leave one prematurely stranded on the steep broken hillside which from a distance looks so much a part of the upper crag. Routes such as Murray's, Abraham's, Trident Route and Hawks Route etc., were done.

Eliminate "A" was looked at; vague mutterings about the state of the lichen covered rock, the cold, the wind, the seriousness, the time, last nights beer, the lack of suitable equipment, the exposure, the many magnificent alternatives, the social disgrace of defeat, the possibility of failure to retreat, the social disgrace of failing the climb followed by the failure to retreat and other such feathered murmurings. After almost deciding to retire, an alternative, Trident was done, which started well, but ended unsatisfactorily by spreading its few feet of rock all over the hillside. The day continued to surprise us all by remaining almost dry.

We returned home to the heatwave which had continued uninterrupted and was to continue for a further week.

Joe Brennen.

Cwm Eigiau

Urdaunted by the rough nature of the road thence track up to the campsite by the dam, quite a number of members vehicles bumped over the boulders on the Friday evening. Much to the amusement of those encamped, lights were seen on the wrong road across the moor but eventually after much searching and retracing of steps everyone arrived at the proper campsite.

The following morning was a little overcast but the unusual phenomenon of seeing blue skies and bright sunshine over the crags enticed an early start up the valley. As the first parties moved up the valley the clouds withdrew to leave a magnificent blue sky and the sun beat down mercilessly on their heads. The ascent to the crag from the head of the valley brought pools of sweat from the bent backs of all who were carrying packs of equipment under the glare of the sun. Oh what a pleasure it was to be able to complain about the heat of the sun, the length of the approach walk and the weight of the sack - excellent training for those going to the Alps. On reaching the crag refreshments were taken and pleasure was gained from the sight of the late starters making hard work of the grind up the valley. From here the party split into three groups; firstly those who immediately roped up, put their sacks on their backs and proceeded to wander up the classic "Amphitheatre Buttress", secondly those who scrambled up the loose gully and then sat festooned with equipment at the bottom of Mur Y Niwl, and lastly those who just gave in to the sun and flapped out on their backs.

Amphitheatre Buttress climb and the gully wall opposite provide an excellent example of the contrasting natures of climbs and perhaps the attitude of climbers, though the climber is capable of adapting his attitude to the climb. The "Buttress" is long and gracefully defenceless, often climbed by the novice, not much experience being required, just a little care to follow the signs. In contrast, the wall is short, fierce and at first glance impregnable, standing aloof above the men of experience who have come with determination, to use specialised equipment and more subtle techniques to gain sway with it.

The climber on the "Buttress" enjoys his climb by the physical act of moving on rock and the mental act of taking in the beauty of the surroundings as he sits on one of the many capacious and often luxurious stances, the effort is almost wholly physical, the way ahead has no real problems for the mind. In his eye most of the time will be "those" climbers over there who are on what appears to be a vertical, holdless wall - I think he is impressed at the spectacle and if he is young and ambitious, a little envious but often he is just contented and will watch without envy but never I hope with disdain.

For the climber on the wall he also enjoys the physical effort which can often be quite great and sustained, but he also has the psychological effort of working out the moves of each pitch before he can rely on his, often small belay and then his pleasure is firstly, relief at gaining security and relaxation of physical effort, then a sense of achievement, then the sadistic pleasure of watching the second moving over difficult ground.

On this glorious sunny day nearly all types of climbers were performing, each ones actions being watched by the other side with either amusement or respect. We had the slightly incompetent novices

led by slightly less competent leaders, we had the more experienced mountaineers both young and old and inbetween we had the competent rock climbers. A great diversity of actors performing in that huge theatre.

The routes done on Saturday included two parties on Mur Y Niwl (a particularly good effort by Joe Brennan and Dave Irons; an ascent of Plumbagin which was found to be technical but a little disappointing, Grimmett was climbed by the same party. The remainder of the club spent the day on Amphitheatre Buttress or in Great Gully or generally wandering around the Carneddau.

Sunday was another perfect day and again Amphitheatre Buttress and Great Gully had ascents by members. On the gully wall Agrippa was ascended and found to be quite a difficult H.V.S., very steep and on superb rock. Pinnacle Wall also had a number of ascents during the day.

Peter Holden.

The Yorkshire Meet Sept. 15-17

It was rather disappointing to find a lack of support for this meet as the venue was camping at Gordale Farm - an excellent camping site next to a quiet road with Gordale Scar two hundred yards away. The Scar provides a range of artificial climbing from A1-A3, all very good routes and not too difficult and there is also a selection of short but good free climbs on the wings. For the none climber there is unlimited walking over the moors with a number of interesting things to see, i.e. Gordale Scar, Malham Tarn and that superb place Malham Cove with its exciting artificial routes which are all very safe to climb because of the excellent expansion bolts. Also at Malham Cove there is a good selection of free climbs in the severe to H.V.S. range. These places are the only ones which can be reached within a few minutes from the camp site but there is unlimited scope for walking and climbing a little further afield so can we have a little more support for any future meets there.

Only five people attended the meet - Robin & Hazel Costello, Dave Irons, Angela and myself. The routes climbed were all in Gordale and included on the Saturday an ascent of The Rebel, grade at present A2 with most of the equipment in place a very good climb. Cave Route was ascended to the cave but a retreat was forced upon us by oncoming darkness - from previous ascents I can recommend this route as being an excellent introduction to the longer artificial climbs but a little experience should be gained before attempting it, the standard being A2 as most of the equipment is in place.

On Sunday we climbed Face Route in Gordale which is a very good A1 with some free climbing and excellent positions. The remainder of the day was spent on some entertaining little free climbs on the wings and a short introduction to artificial climbing for Angela.

Peter Holden.

The North Face of the Cima Grande ..

"Gehen Wir Hier -- rechts oder links ?"

"What ?"

"Oh, I sorry. Ve go right or left here ?"

"Herman, who was about 60' above me, was gazing intently at two lines of pitons, one going diagonally left, the other right.

"I not know. You do Comici."

"No. I not do Comici. I thought you do".

"Oh"

"You have route book - Yes ?"

"No".

"Oh"

So there we were, about 400' up the north face of the Cima Grande, neither being able to talk to each other only in a mono-syllable type language, without a guide book and each under the impression that one's partner had done the route before. This I thought could be fun..

It all started the previous day when Tom and I were doing the Yellow Edge. Tom was leading the long diedre, which entailed the use of etriers. So preparing for a wait, I made myself comfortable on the ledge, when suddenly a head appeared from the left of me. Immediately I recognised it as the one that belonged to Herman. Now Herman, we all knew, was a very keen German lad, who had hitch-hiked down from Munich, in the hope of finding someone to climb with and for the last three days had been wandering round the camp site at unmentionable hours of the morning asking "Vot you do today - I climb with you, Ya ?" Unfortunately the answer had always been no, but today he was happy, he had managed to bag someone.

We got talking and he asked what routes I had done in the area. I told him I had done the Comici - Fabin and several others. This, I believe, is where the misunderstanding arose as I am sure he replied by saying that he had done the Grossen Comici, which he said was "sehr gut". At that moment Tom informed me that he was belayed and that I was to come up when ready. Just before I bade Herman and captive good day, I arranged to meet them in the hut in the evening, which was very crowded as the Italian Army had taken it over for the weekend.

After the third litre of wine, Herman said "Vot you do tomorrow ?" Now we were getting a little fed up with this question so Neil and I told him that we were going to attempt to do a Girdle traverse of Tre Cime, to which he responded quite enthusiastically, which was quite surprising considering, as anyone who had visited the area would know, that there is a gap of about 200' between Cima Picola and Cima Grand and likewise Cima Grand and Cima Ovest, which would present quite a problem so we did not know whether to attribute response to three litres of Vino or that he was just humouring us crazy British climbers.

Neil and I retired early as we were to try the Comici in the morning which would be our last chance this holiday as we were off to Lake Garda the next day. Two friends were going to try the Cassin on C.ma Ovest and they agreed to give us a knock at about 4.00 the next morning when they left. After a quick breakfast we set off for the North face. Neil complained of a very severe headache and said he was very dubious about starting the route if it did not clear up soon. As we neared the face I was very disappointed to see a party already on the second pitch - God knows what time you have to get up to be first on the route out there! After about 100 yards or so we were very relieved to see the party abailing off the top of the pitch. The first thought was that of relief that we still might be able to get on the route first. The second thought, which was a little more upsetting was "perhaps it's hard!"

Upon arrival the route was vacant but unfortunately Neil said that his headache had increased and that under the circumstances it would be foolish to embark on a long route such as the Comici. Feeling a little fed up we were about to set off back to the camp site but who should appear on the scene but Herman so before he had a chance, I jumped in and said, "what you do today - we do the Comici - Ya?" To which he replied, "Grossartig! Prima, smashing etc) Emptying his sack he produced a fantastic array of gear and started sorting it out. We ended up with about 50 crabs between us. With a final handshake with Neil, we set off up the face

After about 300' of easy ground we arrived at a ledge at the start of the main difficulties. Herman led off and took a stance in etriers as he had climbed past the minute ledge where one is supposed to belay. The next three pitches were very overhanging but contained an abundance of pegs in fact, too many to use due to severe rope drag. It was the 4th pitch on the main wall that led us to comment where the route went. The left hand line went across towards the centre of the face which looked very exciting, the right hand one went diagonally upwards which looked pretty straight forward. We followed the latter one. Looking across the wall, we could just make out a pair of English lads who were doing the Brandler Passe. Giving them a wave we continued up the face.

The wall overhung for about 700', which was mainly climbed up grooves and cracks. On some pitches we were able to climb free but on a few we needed to use etriers. On the whole belays were extremely small but adequate. No fiddling about with spikes and slings as in Wales but huge ring pegs on to which one could moor the Queen Mary - if necessary! One mentionable pitch which was the last but one on the main wall contained an assortment of old rubbish which was reminiscent of a Derbyshire A3, such as Mankey old wedges containing bootlaces, etc. Fortunately there were intermingled with very good pitons, so it did not require too much mental effort to move up on them. The last pitch (on the wall) took a black slab capped by an overhang out of which protruding about 5" was a piton. This enabled a very exciting swing out to be made to gain a groove above which led to a large ledge below the submit chimneys.

All the while we were on the wall, the scree were in constant bombardment from the rocks that fell clear for a thousand feet and detonated on the impact. As these fell about 30' out from the face, it did not worry us but now we were entering the chimneys, we were being in a very erable position so we thought we would just have a short rest and continue on up. Here I felt very superior as Herman's flask only contained water - mine blackcurrent juice! In typical German reasoning, Herman suggested that we first drank his water for thirst and mine for taste !!!

It had taken us $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours to climb the overhanging part of the face which would be about right.

What appeared to be quite suddenly, the horizon turned from a deep blue to a milky white to a dark black and in no time at all it started raining which was accompanied by thundering and lightning which was rather upsetting, as with each rumble, a barrage of rocks cascaded down the face from the summit so we started climbing as quickly as possible. It was on these pitches that Herman seemed to mistake the meaning of 10' of rope left to n' of rope as one or two pitches I found myself moving up about 20' off the belay to give him enough rope to reach a stance. On one pitch T saved a little time and energy by standing on his head to reach a very high piton. The next peg had a bright shiney cassin crab attached to it which seemed to make the whole route worth while. Fortunately Herman garotted one higher up which made things even. The final thousand feet was mainly pitches of 4 and 5 which was rather wet but quite straightforward but with one pitch of 6.

Upon arrival at the summit, as is usual with Dolomite storms it passed almost as quickly as it started giving a wonderful view of the peaks around.

Although the route was not hard technically, we found it rather strenuous and the positions very exhilarating. It had taken $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours to complete the climb and 2 hours to descend rather wearily to a wash and brew-up at the camp site.

Ken Hipkiss.

A Fortnight in Chamonix

Continuous heavy rain made the drive through France tedious and tiring but on arriving in Chamonix the clouds lifted and from the first moment we were able to see the famous granite Aiguille and the high, white shield of Mont Blanc; peaks, some of which we hoped to climb.

Hoped to climb I stress because one could hardly call our party - Bob Hay, Andy Dowell and myself - an experienced one when it comes to alpine matters and Chamonix isn't perhaps ideal for a first alpine holiday, which for Bob and Andy it was.

During our first week we didn't manage to do any climbs mainly due to unsettled weather and the best days being spent flogging (getting fit) up to Montenvers and the Plan de L'Aiguille chalet. On the Friday of our first week the weather improved and we went up to Montenvers - on the train this time - and walked up the dry Mer-de-Glace glacier and climbed the ladders on the right bank which lead to the track which winds over grassy alps to the Couvercle Hut.

The Couvercle Hut is probably the best equipped in the whole of Mont Blanc and is in a marvellous situation, well placed for many interesting climbs including the Moine which was our intended climb.

The Aiguille Moine is the nearest peak to the Couvercle, the base of the mountain barely an hour away. The route we chose was the S.W. Ridge (short way) which sounded more interesting than the normal P.D. route which we used for the descent. We decided to travel light, taking only one rope and one sack and leaving ice axes and crampons behind as it was a rock route. The ice slope below the S. Face of the Moine was, however, steeper towards the top than we had reckoned for and I had to resort to cutting steps with my peg hammer, which fortunately has a pick - rock pegs were all I had to offer Bob and Andy to use as ice daggers. We were relieved to get on to rock. The route was easy to follow, traversing left over ledges then diagonally right to a couloir which turned out to be full of loose rubble and rotten ice. At the top of the couloir we could traverse right on to

the ridge itself which had some pleasant pitches of 3 and 4 and one short wall of 5 sup. near the top. The descent route, down the S. Face is only a scramble and well marked but after a few hundred feet we came upon an incredibly incompetent French party who screamed at us for assistance - fortunately we had plenty of time to spare and so guided them down and back to the hut. At the hut they bought us each a couple of beers and before leaving shook our hands and thanked us gratefully for saving their lives.

Sunday we had planned to climb L'Eveque but when we woke at about 4 a.m. it was snowing and the mountains were wrapped in cloud - so back to bed for another six hours then the long plod back to Chamonix.

The next day was fine so we went up and did the N.N.E. Ridge of the Aiguille de L'M, a short, pleasant rock climb of about 800 ft. and difficult standard. We didn't start it until about midday because it's always very crowded in the mornings. This is the best time to do the climb - there were only two other parties on it when we did it.

The following evening saw us at the Plan de L'Aiguille chalet again as we wanted to do the Peigne the next day. The weather in the morning wasn't, however, very good, grey cloud was spread thickly in every direction but the summits were just about clear so a decision was made to set out for the climb but to watch the weather carefully should it become worse. At the bottom of the Face there was some discussion as to which way our route went, so instead we went further up the glacier to do a shorter and easier route, the ordinary route to the Aiguille de Pelerins. The climb was straight-forward, up a wide, crevassed couloir till ledges could be traversed leftwards into a secondary rock couloir which gave easy scrambling to the summit ridge, this was then followed on marvellous rock to the summit. We took a few photos then hurried back down and just managed to reach the snow couloir before it began to snow.

Thursday night we were up at the Requin Hut. On our way we had met two friends of ours who were coming down, they told us that snow conditions were very bad but on arriving at the hut, things didn't

lock too bad. Two members of the Cave & Crag were staying there. The previous day they had had a fall on the Plan Glacier on their way down, having just completed the Plan - Midi Traverse and as it was already dark had had to bivouac. They also told us that the snow was mushy but Friday was fine so we set out (rather late) to climb the Aiguille Du Plan which is the highest of the Chamonix Aiguille, the sun had, however, already made the snow very soft and about a third of the way up we were forced to turn back as one of the snow bridges had collapsed.

We now had only one day left of our holiday and we had only done three complete routes. The horizons were purple-grey with cloud but the Chamonix peaks were clear so Andy and I decided to have a go at a harder rock route. We chose the West (Papillons Arête) ridge of the Peigne as it is easy to reach from the valley by taking the Midi Télépherique up to the Plan de l'Aiguille, the foot of the climb is then only twenty minutes walk away. Being a ridge route the route was easy to follow, though on one occasion when Andy led through, it turned out that I had misread the guide and sent him up a grade 5 pitch having told him that it was only a 4. I shouted at him to get on with it as a French party were catching us up. When eventually he reached the stance and it was my turn to climb, I found it to be smooth and polished and quite hard and apologised for my mistake, congratulating him for a good lead. Many fine and interesting pitches of 3 and 4 followed and one very good and steep pitch of 5 which was tremendously exposed. The crux of the climb - though graded 5 sup. - was easy, a thin slab about twenty feet high with a peg stuck in the middle of it. This was the last real pitch of the climb and we had actually managed to knock an hour and a half off the guide book time.

So ended another annual holiday - they are much too short unfortunately; two months are more like what are needed for the mountaineer - perhaps next year

A Letter from Antarctica

Though we had just under a mile to go before we reached our base, the sound of other dogs coming from the base vicinity appeared to put new life into our own teams. For the last eight hours, two of us had been travelling through superb mountain scenery returning after five months field work, in which we visited areas seen only by a handful of humans.

"Aaah Now", as the last command of the day brought our dog teams to a halt, and so an end of our main sledging journey of the season. No doubt the dogs were as pleased as the drivers to be back on base after such a long absence, for this meant that the dogs would be fed on fresh seal meat instead of the usual dehydrated sledging ration, and that we could enjoy the comforts of base life - even some longed-for beer; I will leave it to your imagination as to how many of us managed to crawl up to our bunks that night !

To be able to work in the Antarctic assisting with the various survey programmes, Topographical, Geological, and Magnetometer, is, as you would appreciate, a tremendous experience. To try and describe fully the grandeur and ruggedness of the Antarctic, besides its vast loneliness, in these few pages would be quite a task, so I will try to give you a brief outline of the way we live down "south".

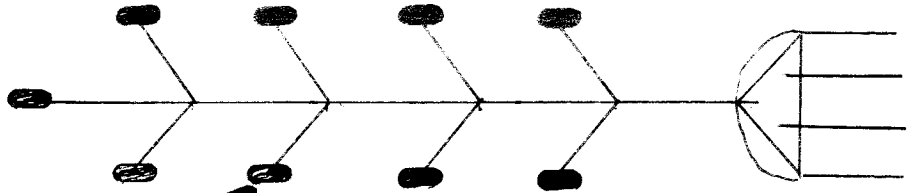
Our base, situated amidst spectacular mountain scenery, is on the south west coast of Graham Land which is part of the Antarctic Peninsula. The base is manned by ten people of whom eight are working in the field for more than half of the year.

After spending the winter months (May to August) on base doing needy repairs to the hut, sledges, tents and

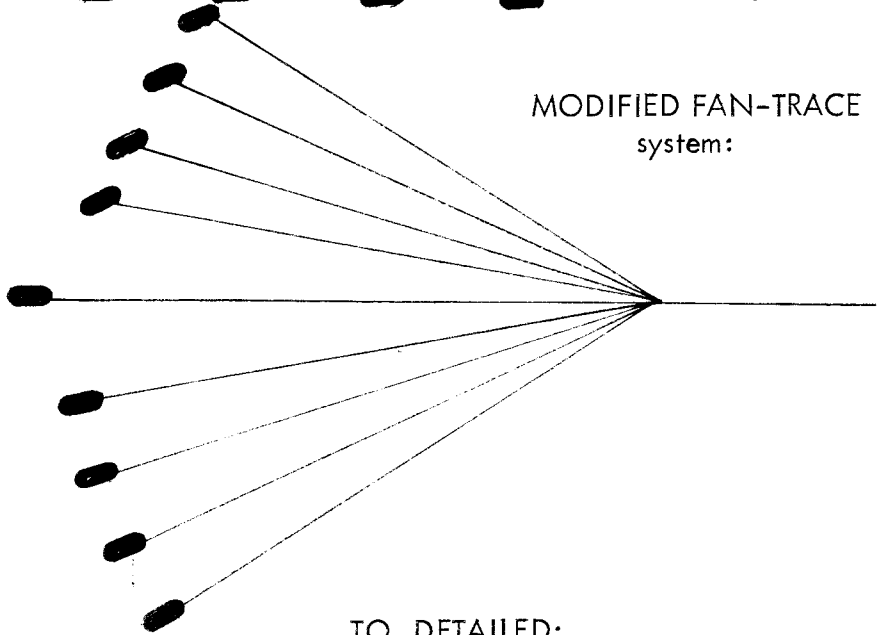
field equipment in general, everyone looks forward to the coming of the spring which, in the southern hemisphere, is September. From this time onwards, sledge parties are leaving to make journeys around the coast of Graham Land and also southwards to Alexander Island, carrying out surveys of the work mentioned above. Because conditions demand it, each sledge party is completely independent and self contained. Such a sledge party may consist of two or more men each with his own dog team, and may often be working a hundred miles or more from fellow sledgers. At various prominent features in the landscape on the way to their destination, food and fuel depots have already been laid the previous Autumn. This enables field parties to remain in the field far longer than if they had to return at intervals for extra rations. At the same time there is a single engined aircraft which plays a large part in supporting those in the field by transporting men, dog teams, and rations to distant areas in which otherwise a great deal of time would be wasted purely in travel.

From my own base (there are several others in Graham Land) most of our work is dependent on dog teams, one of the main reasons being that they are far superior to any other form of transport in really mountainous and crevassed country which we frequently meet. Naturally as soon as work takes us into a more hospitable terrain, then tractors come into their element, and will far out-do a sledge team in speed and payload. Though the sledger knows he can travel where the tractor cannot, he also knows he is limited to several hours of strenuous physical effort for himself and the team. At the same time he will accept this rather than have to drive an inanimate tractor.

CENTER-TRACE system:



MODIFIED FAN-TRACE system:



TO DETAILED:

The following Dog commands are corruptions from Artic terms.

To start -----" Up Dogs ---- Wheet "

To stop -----" A-a-a--now "

To turn right --- " Auk-Auk "

To turn left --- "I-r-r-re "

If these commands are not obeyed, one might well use other words which are somewhat stronger -- !!.

Some may find it of interest if I were to mention some of the methods of dog driving. Firstly, though there are a number of formations in which huskies may pull a sledge, we use only two methods namely 'Centre trace' and 'Modified fan trace'. Though the centre trace is used more frequently, in crevassed country it is probably not as efficient as the fan. If a dog were to fall into a crevasse whilst being run on a centre trace, he could very well (and they often do) pull other dogs in after him, whereas with the fan system each individual dog is on a separate trace, and is therefore able to run with more freedom and jump over the crevasse.

As the summer progresses the time arrives when one begins to look forward to the relief ships (having said farewell to the last relief ship some eleven months ago). On these ships will be our mail and 'Goodies' sent from home, and also new base personnel. It would not be such a rare occurrence if the relief ships were unable to make progress into the southern bases of Graham Land due to severe ice conditions which often persist even during the summer season, and it is often a matter for speculation right up to the moment when the first ship drops anchor in the bay. Though the summer relief period makes for extra work on base, it does not altogether curtail field activities, and therefore members remaining for another year may very well say their farewells to their home-going friends in the field, and not see the relief ship at all. For the others, though they may regret that their stay in Antarctica is over, it is not long before they are looking forward to the wine, women, and song ... !

J. R. Noble.