

diminutive, snow dome. We had just enough room to congratulate each other, to photograph each other (Ourkien insisted on borrowing a camera to take one of Hamish and myself) and the world below us, and to enjoy the most blissful meal ever. The sun shone warmly, with little wind, and apart from the 21,380 ft peak eight miles to the N.W. we had the world at our feet and no doubt that we were on 20,430.

An hour of gloating, and we came down as we had gone up, reaching camp after a leisurely descent at 3.30, to bask in sun and virtue. As our route up the ice-fall was soon under bombardment we spent another night in our high camp. This left us with nothing but Irish stew for breakfast, which I cannot recommend, but we cramponed down in safety in half an hour in the half light and made the long trek back to Base Camp in a further seven hours, to be feasted and feted.

A rest day, and we were off to re-cross the Chandra, but the water was now much higher than before and after nearly drowning Numbe and Hamish (who had gone to Numbe's rescue) we retreated to Base Camp. Next morning the water was still higher, so we returned to Manali by the Bara Lacha La and the Bhaga—a march of 100 miles, which we completed in eight days. The going was rough as far as the Bara Lacha La, with several wild tributaries to ford, but beyond the pass we had the well-trodden trade route which comes down from Leh. The bridge at Darcha was washed out and we spent much of a day ferrying our loads and selves painfully over a cable. This is a grand walk, of great variety and beauty, but it involved crossing the Inner Line and we had to protest our innocence at many successive levels of authority up to the Deputy Commissioner at Dharamsala before we were free to leave for Delhi and home.

Our times were : London to London, 45 days ; Manali to Manali, 32 days. Once over the Rohtang we had one wet day. Doing ourselves well, the total cost was about £450 per head. We went dressed as if for the Alps, and used no oxygen but what we extracted from the reluctant atmosphere. Bobby Burns' Yak tent was ideal. Our Sherpas were splendid company and first-rate mountaineers ; Ourkien learnt to toss chappaties from watching us toss pancakes. Our mapping has yielded homework for months. I lost two stone, since replaced in full.

Frank Solari

Land's End to John o'Groats

My age is 82. I mention this with extreme diffidence but it is the only factor which affords the slightest justification for inflicting these comments (upon what is, after all, only a humble road-walk) on those who I hope will be tolerant, if long-suffering, readers.

My reasons for undertaking this venture were primarily to make agreeable use of unrestricted leisure by walking for walking's sake, with the added novelties of seeing numerous fresh scenes and making many personal contacts, together with the mild excitement of daily speculation as to where, in what conditions, and with whom, each night would be spent.

The reason for taking two bites at the cherry instead of making one continuous journey lay in the fact that I am a keen match bowler and therefore was averse to missing the entire season, which runs from May to September inclusive. Consequently I decided to lop off from this season only a fortnight at the beginning of May and another at the end of September, thereby enabling

me to have four months bowling (mid-May to mid-September) under what proved to be delightful conditions.

I set out from Land's End on April 1st. I believed that a normal Spring would then prevail in the West Country and that as I moved northwards it would mature to what passes for the same season in the rude and barbarous North. Similar considerations applied as regards the Scotch section, where agreeable weather conditions might reasonably be expected during September and early October. This decision eventually turned out to be a fortunate one in another respect, because it would have been very hot for walking during the summer and, what is more important, owing to the great increase in the number of visitors lured by the abnormal weather, it would have been almost impossible to obtain lodgment for single nights.

I reached Penzance by train from Paddington after visits in the London area during which, incidentally, I saw something of the Boat Race. The rail distance from Manchester is 391 miles and as my proposed route would run the same course, more or less, it might be reckoned as 400 miles, admitting possible deviations and plus the short mileage from Penzance to Land's End.

As I had done no serious walking for some years owing to my wife's illness, I was naturally very uncertain as to my capacity for a consecutive day-to-day walk of long duration, but taking a line from the necessary to and fro of everyday life I thought that a minimum of eight miles daily in spasms of two miles each, with a prolonged lunch time, should be within my powers. This calculation, however, soon broke down for many reasons; either it rained or there was no convenient resting place, or I was far from tired after only a two mile stretch. At 22 I might have ignored the rain, possibly even revelled in it; but definitely not at 82. Apart from this division of daily mileage, the estimate was almost exact, for I arrived home on May 14th.

For the second walk I travelled north by service buses to start on September 4th, hoping to complete the tour by mid-November, and eventually arrived back home on November 5th. To do this on the eight mile basis it was necessary to estimate the mileage, to obtain which I placed three Esso road-maps, scale 1"=5 miles, so as to cover the entire distance. This in a line from point to point was 66 inches, giving 330 miles, to which I added 250 miles for divergences and obtained a total of 580. The eventual number was 559. As a matter of fact the daily average worked out at $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles for the whole distance, and I often covered 7, 8 and 9 miles without halting to rest.

As regards equipment, I arranged for clean clothes to be sent to sundry Post Offices during the first trip but for the second decided to rely on the good offices of kindly-disposed landladies to do some washing, which my earlier personal contacts assured me would not be lacking. By careful selection I contrived to keep my rucksack weight down to 12 lbs and I can't recall ever having to regret the lack of a necessary this or that.

The average daily overall cost was approximately £1. But there was great variation in the charges. At Tain and Invergordon I was only asked 10/- for tea, bed, and breakfast and some washing, whereas at Bridge of Orchy and Abington the charges were 32/6 and 29/6 respectively for the same services, washing excepted, but plus receptionist, Brussels carpets, liveried waiters, T.V., and frigid politeness—the vice last to be found in the kindly, homely atmosphere of the humbler places. At midday I ate very sparingly; on very many occasions, especially in Scotland, cottagers refused to accept any payment for a simple meal. Fortunately there was usually a child's money box. At Bathgate I had the pleasant experience of being fed and housed for the night

and told I was their very welcome guest by a charming couple, Mr and Mrs Hay of the Old Manse, who did not cater for visitors.

I lost one day through asthma and three or four days through torrential rain ; but generally I got temporary shelter, or the rain fell before setting out or at evening. I should say 75 to 80% was agreeable weather during both journeys.

I don't propose to rhapsodise about scenery, because the following abbreviated itinerary will probably conjure mental pictures of familiar scenes to a majority of members, but I was much impressed by the beauty and charm of two countrysides, both in England, which were new to me. These were that part of Gloucestershire where the western scarp of the Cotswolds swoops down in a maze of deep wooded coombs to the broad Severn estuary, and the upper reaches of the Eden and the Lune, especially around Armathwaite and Tebay.

Route 1 Penzance, Truro, Liskeard, Tavistock, Princetown, Tiverton, Taunton, Radstock, Stroud, Bridgnorth, Newport, Nantwich, Alderley.

Route 2 East coast of Caithness through Wick, Beaully, Caledonian Canal, Fort Augustus, Fort William, Glencoe, Crianlarich, Killin Junction, Bridge of Orchy, Callender, Stirling, Linlithgow, Lanark, Beattock, Moffat, Gretna, Armathwaite, Kirkby Lonsdale, Clapham, Whalley, Haslingden, Whitefield.

Difficulty in getting accommodation forced me several times (cleven in all) to take a bus to the nearest town in the hope of better luck, to return next day to the point of embarkation for resumption of walk. This actually happened on my first day in Scotland, when failure at Keiss (pr. Keese) entailed a ride to Wick.

A point of minor interest is that I had nails replaced by rubber soles in Glastonbury and they are still in good condition.

It was a great surprise to find that my progress was regarded as news value and that several Press reporters deemed it worth their while to interrogate me.

J. H. Entwisle

The Scottish Four-Thousands.

This is certainly a walk to fire the imagination. Neither Jim Rostron nor I had done any of the route previously ; our only claim to foreknowledge lay in our having ascended Nevis by routes other than the Pony Track, diligent map study, study of the joint article in last year's *Journal*, and helpful conversations with the Masters themselves.

It seemed clear that it would be hard to improve on Philip's plans of last year. So we adopted them for our own and booked our sleeping carriages on the same train and meals at the same places, except that our journey's end was to be Coylum Bridge and not Aviemore. As the walk progressed we realized how bold and masterly those plans had been, and how intrepid was Frank Williamson in tackling the unknown Cairngorms solo after 70 miles of hard walking and two nights out.

Pre-walk weather was not encouraging. Two weeks beforehand Scottish hills had been treated to heavy snowfalls. We were uncertain whether to take ice-axes or snow-raquets ; in the event, we could have usefully employed both. As we travelled York-bound in a deserted train we had only the stimulus of our own witticisms to keep us from dwelling on our ordeal, for the weather was wet and dreary, like some of the Yorkshire scenery. Philip last year described the antics of the shunting engines on the post-York journey ; we laughed more ruefully still as we endured similar vertebral shocks. When the train got