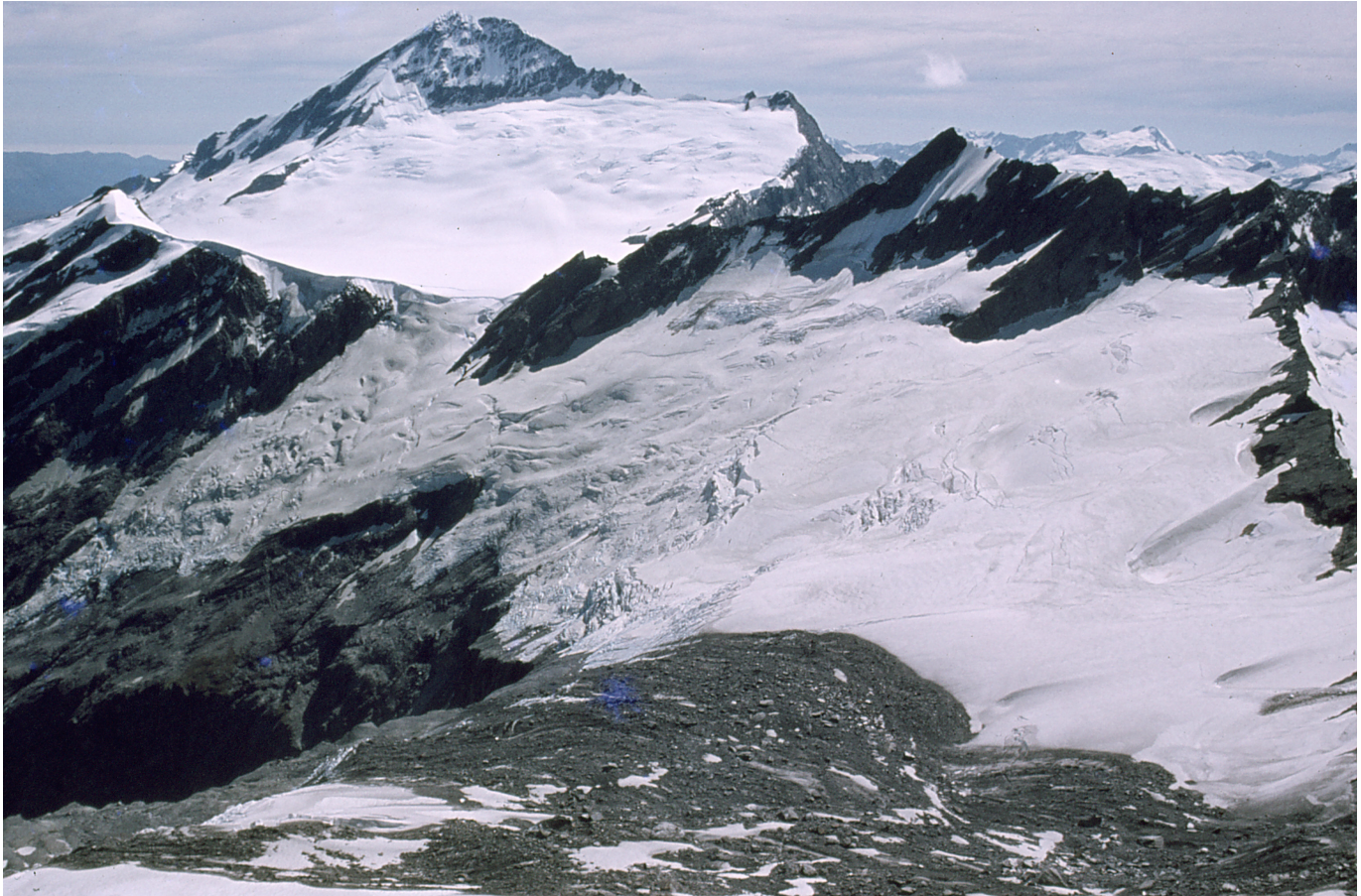


At times I suffer vertigo. Dick and I were roped up as we traversed the final snow arete to the summit of Rob Roy when an attack came on. Dick accepted my call to crawl but was perplexed by me laughing. My wacky sense of humour had me imagining an onlooker seeing what would have looked like a man taking a dog for a walk.



Aspiring from Rob Roy KDM



Martin Connell demonstrating 'the bugged look' after days of hard packing in untracked Olivine country KDM