

Franz Josef



Me staggering up to Graham Saddle. BJM

Trip report from the Southern Hectors

“Dinners were cooked, and some rather threatening weather came across from the SouthWest as we retired. Winds rose to gale force during the night, and our flat campsite turned out to be something of a wind tunnel. Mary and I had a tent and fly; the fly had to be removed in case it lost contact, and the tent had to be re-pitched countless times. We eventually slept through its contortions and woke up with the nylon billowing in our faces. Spem’s tent fared little better - the tabs holding the poles in place came adrift and the whole party moved en masse to the shelter of a craggy rock at about 3am. Dave L had a good tent, but the wind proved too much, and it split open to admit views of scudding clouds in a black sky. The only structure to survive was Bruce M’s Olympus fly - the skill, Bruce explains, is in “wind inside = wind outside”. Just go tramping with him one weekend and he’ll demonstrate.”

