

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

Vol. 4, No. 9.

June, 1957

EDITORIAL

Like the enormous majority of members, the Hon.Ed. didn't feel like bothering to write anything this month.

NEW ROUTE ... .. by NOBBY MILLWARD

CADER IDRIS

PEN-Y-GADAIK - EASTERN BUTTRESS

Half a mile along the East ridge of Pen-y-Gadair, a large buttress runs down to the head of the cwm containing Llyn-y-Gafr, which for want of a better name we will call Eastern Buttress (Ord.Survey Ref.718.135,Sheet 116).

At quarter-height a terrace runs across the buttress. The section above the terrace is split near its R.H. side by a gully, obvious in its upper section, but merely a shallow water course lower down. The right edge of the gully forms an arete, before the buttress falls back into a huge sweep of slabs.

To the left of the gully is an extremely steep wall with numerous overhangs. Further left the buttress degenerates into more broken ground.

Below the terrace is a 100 ft wall, the gully water course running down its centre.

In October 1954 R. Handley and B. Cooke made the first ascent of this buttress via the obvious arete to the right of the gully, starting from the terrace. (Eastern Gully arete - V.D. - 300 ft).

In May 1957 a direct start was added to the above route by climbing the lower wall, following the line of the water course.

On May 5th 1957 the following route was ascended by R. Handley, F. Allen and myself.

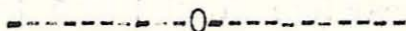
TRIAD - 450 ft - Hard Severe - Very Exposed - The standard is well maintained. The route follows the line of least resistance up the steep wall on the left of the gully.

Section 1 - 100 ft - Up the Wall to the terrace. Start approximately 10 ft to the right of the water course. Directly up for 50 ft, then bear right to a small ledge (70 ft). Continue up bearing left to the terrace (30 ft).

Section 2 - 100 ft - 100 ft above the terrace the gully proper commences, the section in between consisting of a fan of steep water worn rocks with an overhang at the apex. Ascend to the apex of the fan in the gully bed, either by following the L.H. edge and ascending the apex bulge direct or the R.H. edge to a grass ledge and turn the bulge on the right. (The latter is the route of the Arete Climb).

Section 3 - 250 ft - Traverse left out of the gully on to the wall, and up via a short crack to a grass ledge and belay (60 ft). Continue up to a series of blocks, then traverse left for 10 ft to a corner. Ascend the corner to a large grass ledge beneath the first huge overhang Nose (40 ft). Pass the nose on the right, then up diagonally right to another haven overlooking the gully (60 ft). Up the corner behind the belay to a higher ledge below the second enormous nose (20 ft). From the ledge hard-traverse right across the steep wall under the overhang to the corner, then move up and round the corner (exposed). Above is a flake pinnacle. Climb the thin crack which forms its left edge. Using the top of the pinnacle, ascend the wall above, bearing left to a grass ledge (70 ft).

Easy rock leads to the summit.



EASTER IN LANGDALE ... .. by BRIAN COOKE

Unfortunately or otherwise, I was unable to travel up on the bus, and enjoy finding Needles Cullum in Haystack Manchester, but slogged up on the bike on Friday night.

Everyone seemed settled in at Raw Head and the corpse-like figure of Paul Gardiner asleep in the "Map" room of the cottage. Jack Wolfe had waited up to welcome us in the Barn - he reported all well with the meet.

I told him he was going to Scafell for the next two days, he argued in vain, but was persuaded. In the morning, a sleepy Fisher and Burgess were also "press ganged". Fisher, however, had an engagement on Bowfell, so he might join us later in Hollowstones.

It was interesting to note that at this early stage, it was thought that Cooke was taking his "Bungalow". However, they did realise before we left that ours was only a two-man tent, but they would sleep out!

Rossett Gill was very hot and Jack and Derek soon outdistanced us to reach Hollowstones at 2.00. We arrived at 4.00, by a short cut which avoided

Scafell Pike. Derek had suggested Moss Gill Grooves to Jack on their arrival, however rest had been preferred. Another excuse was that nearly all the climbs had been occupied!

Camp site and bivvy was decided upon and we brewed up. The evening was glorious, and with the promise of climbing in the sun on Scafell Pinnacle, Derek, Jack and I set off for Jones Route to Hopkinson's Cairn from Ford's Rake. Derek led, and reached the first rest via the 2nd pitch of Moss Ledge direct instead of via the gangway. Unable to follow by this short cut, I was committed to the gangway. To me this was very delicate in vibrams (I noticed no scratches), but I reached Derek at last. Jack as a proper "tail end charlie" made the usual complaints about his lack of reach, put two fingers in a small triangular nitch, stood up on the "easiest bit of the Vertical" and thus got on to the sloping ledge, the so-called gangway.

This brought us all into the sunshine. Derek then led finely to the top of Herford's Slab, a cool run out of 60 ft. It's not surprising that the 1903 accident occurred here.

The sheer plunge into Deep Gill from Hopkinson's Cairn sent a slight chill down the back, which could not be entirely attributed to the cooling night air. It was getting late, so we made haste for the top of Low Man, by more energetic crack climbing and an interesting semi hand traverse move,

Climbing almost together now, we swarmed across the knife-edge arete and on to the top of the Pinnacle in the dusk. Derek, forgetful that this is indeed a Pinnacle, nearly stepped into a rapid descent of Professor's Chimney.

Into and out of the gap was done in half light. After a quick descent of Deep Gill and the West Wall traverse, Marion's torch guided us to the tent.

Since Fisher had not turned up, Derek convinced us there was room for four in our tent. At least it was warm, and although movement was restricted, we had quite a comfortable night. The rain started steadily with the dawn, and got gradually worse with strong gusts of wind. We realised it was in for the day, visibility was about 50 yds, so we packed up, struck the tent, and walked back to Raw Head via Scafell Pike. We all had a thorough soaking. Still, I would do it again, but I must admit one requires to be a bit fitter than I was to make the most of such a trip.

It was rather disappointing that so few came with us.

Naturally, with being away from the valley for two days, I don't know much about what others were doing during that time, but I do know that the Gordian Knot was climbed in White Gill, Gwynns Chimney on Pavey by several parties, Bowfell Buttress and the Plaque route by Welbourn's school. Nobby

and Ray went to Buttermere and attempted Eagle Front, and ascended Pigott's route on the Western Buttress instead.

Gimmer was also visited and I think the two Rays did the Crack, amongst other climbs. The Handleys and Allens stayed on until Tuesday, and found that it was the best day of all, Rake End wall on Povey being climbed.

The old firm of Penlington and Harby were regaining form together again by climbs on White Gill and Raven Crag.

Little was heard or seen of Ashcroft, Dearden, Mike and Margaret Turner and friends, who camped by Blea Tarn. Ron was, however, heard to have spring cleaned his tent prior to the arrival of Miss Ashcroft on the Saturday night. They also, I believe, did manage to climb to the Summit of Side Pike by the South Ridge on one day.

-----0-----

COMMENTS ON THE ABOVE ... .. by MARION COOKE

1. On the walk over to Hollowstones, we were met by two of McCarthy's party and were asked "Are you the Scafell Effort?". The latter word was correct.
2. Burgess' tent technique would not suit J.W. He carries no pricker - to save weight - primus is just thumped on the groundsheet in the centre of a tent (not his). Cooking takes longer on on third primus flame, but passage of time not noted as hopeful participants and food are suffocated.
3. Suspect Brian's choice of Bivvy in future. We gazed in awe in passing the site on the Sunday morning - it was obviously the largest lake in Hollowstones.

-----0-----

TITLE AND AUTHOR UNKNOWN

You will lie beside the torrent just as we were wont to do,  
 With the woodland green around you, and a snowfield shining through.  
 You will tread the higher pastures, where celestial breezes blow,  
 While the valley lies in shadow and the peaks are all aglow.  
 You will scale the mountain strongholds that in days of old were won,  
 You will plod behind a lantern ere the rising of the sun,  
 You will sense the joy of climbing on the steep and dizzy slope,  
 And you'll often feel the comfort of the middle of the rope;  
 And the top won't disappoint you though so often done before,  
 Though the cards in hidden bottles may be numbered by the score.  
 You will taste the joy of living as you taste it only there -  
 Unapproachable by worries and oblivious of care.

You will find yourself in Valais somewhere North or West of Binn  
Sleeping in a hut or chalet or a modest mountain inn;  
With a peak or two for climbing and a glacier to explore  
Any mountains will content you though they've all been climbed before.  
And now and then the shadows that are thrown up by the sun  
May reveal a route you think you'll "go" that's never yet been done;  
And your recompense is ample, free from pot or badge alloy,  
For you've found a new sensation in the Oriler or Savoy.  
Yet the solitude and beauties of the Viso or Rutor  
Leave memories just as good as what was never done before.  
It's the climbing that will lure you when you annually sigh  
For a vision of the mountains with the coming of July,  
For the Oberland or Valais, the Bernina or Savoy;  
For the heat, the cold, the mist, the rain, the fight, the hope, the joy,  
For the snow, the rocks, the glaciers, and the higher purer air,  
And the true delight of living as you taste it only there!

-----0-----

A SUN DRENCHED WEEKEND - 1/2nd June 1957... .. by FRED ALLEN

The Allen car-load arrived at Bryn-y-Wern on Friday night about 10 pm. Before the first Tilley lamp was lit, Ray and Judy Handley arrived with two friends. Shortly afterwards, came Peter Janes, Norman Millward and Charlie Hardy.

On Saturday morning at 9.30 am we left the hut in blazing sunshine to motor round to Cwm Sylin. We found the crag in swirling mist and so it remained until lunch time. Ray Handley led Peter and me up Kirkus', a very find route indeed, while Norman led Al and Charlie on the Upper Slab Route. The women and children spent the day sun bathing at the lake-side.

During the day Peter and Ray had been arguing about the quickest way to get to Cwm Sylin from Bryn-y-Wern. The argument ended in Peter betting Ray that he could run back to the hut quicker than Ray could motor back. Peter did the run in the fantastic time of 35 mins, but Ray beat him by 1 min. They agreed it was a close race and called off the bet, much to Janes's relief.

After dinner the party split up, some to Craig Isallt for an evening's climbing and four of us - Peter, Ray, myself and Ray Colledge (who had arrived in the afternoon) - to Portnadoc for a drink and the dance. Ray Handley was the only one to make a capture but as we had only one car between us, we couldn't allow him to drive her home to Blaenau Ffestiniog.

After a quick breakfast on Sunday, we were away to Craig-y-Sail in the sub-tropical sunshine - with the sea scintillating in the distance. The women settled down to more sunbathing, while the men split into three parties. Norman and Peter, myself and Charlie Hardy did Bramble Buttress.

The last pitch was very enjoyable, the other pitches being rather vegetated. The two Rays climbed Sheerline and later in the day, Princess.

After this, we could resist the call of the sea no longer, so off we went to the beach with one small towel and two pairs of trunks between us. Nevertheless, five of us managed a dip, tho' not all at once of course. We indulged in iced drinks, etc., at the cafe on the beach and arrived back at the hut about 6.00 pm.

After a meal and general tidy-up we left for home about 8.00 pm, concluding one of the most enjoyable weekends I have spent at the hut.

-----0-----

OGWEN ANATHEMATISE ... .. by "JUPITER PLUVIUS"

There were four of us in Dave's van, Janet, Len, Mick, and, of course, the vehicle's proprietor himself, Dave. The journey to Wales had nothing unusual about it, except that due to Mick being late, the arrival at Ogwen was considerably delayed.

At 12.30 am we stood outside Gwern Gof Uchaf debating whether to put the tents up or to go and take up residence in Glan Dena. The cause of our pondering was rain, which was falling lightly. However, there were weather prophets in our midst! One said, "Oh, the wind is from the East, that usually means fine weather." The second said, "Look, the clouds are fairly broken, we should be all right." The third said, "The weather forecast was promising." (We discovered later what it had promised.) The lass of the party, wise in her ways, said nothing. It was obvious from these statements that the weekend was going to be excellent for camping, so we got the tents out of the van and after much searching, found two level sites. Before the groundsheets were down, torrential rains were lashing us and before the tents were up, we were all soaking wet. Janet and Dave went to sleep, but Len and Mick sat up until half past two, to see if the tent (which was soaking wet) would leak. Due to sitting up - it didn't.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny. Mick who these days likes sausage sandwiches for breakfast, when he is out climbing, produced a large sliced loaf, bought, of course, by his ever-loving wife. His wife must have thought that he had peculiar tastes because it was a currant loaf. However, the mistake had a certain subtle flavour. Breakfast finished, we started out to climb on Tryfan. Whilst walking along Heather Terrace, we decided to climb Crevassed Rib. Ropes were arranged and Mick, climbing with Len, started to lead the first pitch. He got as far as an overhang at 40 ft, when the rain started. This caused the pitch to be descended and the whole party sheltered until the shower had passed. After the rain, Mick again climbed to the overhang rain again fell and once more the party retired to shelter. Following this shower, Dave decided that he had been idle long enough and started the first

pitch. He reached the overhang and the whole party held its breath, Dave because he was on the overhang and the other three waiting to see if it would rain. It did not, and Dave disappeared out of sight, only to announce that it was much too cold for climbing and that we would walk instead.

The party then proceeded to Bwlch Tryfan to be caught again in the rain. After sheltering, Dave decided we would go over Bristly Ridge, Y Garn and down to Ogwen. The lass of the party immediately mutinied. She was going straight to Ogwen. Under no circumstances was she going over "Bristly" under those conditions and coffee at Ogwen was far preferable. It was at this stage that a certain lack of co-ordination overcame the expedition. Leaving the shelter without really saying where any of us were going, the four of us made our own way, to where we thought the other three would be making for. The result was that three people arriving at Llyn Bochlywd and one at the foot of Glyder Fach. Much shouting followed until the party was re-united. A hurried consultation followed, what should we do next? A decision was reached and we departed to climb on Bochlywd Buttress.

We arrived at the bottom at the same time as another rain shower. Mick found the driest place and was in the "dinghy". Observing his companions getting wet, he invited Len to share his shelter, this being based on the assumption that Janet and Dave would rather be together wet, than separated and dry. Len feeling compassion for Dave invited him to enter the sanctuary. Dave, of course, did so, bringing Janet with him. The result of this was to force Mick back into the rain and to find himself another dry place. This he did amidst sullen muttering. The threesome in the shelter managed to occupy themselves during their enforced idleness. Janet watched the rain, Dave caught rain drops in a biscuit carton and Len ate sardines on ginger biscuits.

Rain, which had been falling for some little time now, stopped and climbing ropes were uncoiled. Dave and Mick decided to tackle the only V.S. in the crag, "Marble Wall", whilst Janet and Len climbed "Aretc and Slab". The mixed party were successful but the all male party found that the crux was too wet and looked elsewhere. A crack running upwards, some seven or eight feet to the right of "Marble Wall" was noticed. Intensive gardening by Mick produced some hand holds and a good runner. However, rain again interrupted and shelter became necessary. After the rain had stopped, Dave took over the lead, and eventually the crack was ascended, thus providing the Orcad with a new route in the Nant Francon Pass. Following this, the party returned to their tents, ate huge meals and retired in good order to the nearest ale house.

Sunday morning was outstanding. Dull overcast skies and frequent showers were our lot. Len, who was feeling internal pressure caused by beer, eventually made it and returned to the tent, dry both externally and internally. About noon breakfast was cooked and it was decided to pack up

before the tents and gear were sodden. A lull in the rain allowed us to take the tents down dry, but just as we got them into the van, the heavens opened up and what appeared to be a cloudburst descended. There was nothing for it but to return home.

Janet's parents live in N.Wales and we decided to call on them, Janet because she wanted to pick up some socks and other articles, Dave, Mick and Len because they thought a free meal was in the offing. However, no parents were at home, so we had to make do with our own food and Mr. & Mrs. Hughes' brewing materials. Dave seemed to be in a hurry, he wolfed his food down and hustled us into the van, then proceeded to crive out of Prestatyn at a furious pace. We afterwards heard that on his last visit he had damaged the gate of the Hughes aode with his van, and as a result was scared of Janet's father, or so it was assumed.

The return journey was uneventful, apart from the fan flying off and one hen nearly meeting its Creator much sooner than it would normally do. We also discovered that Janet would make a first class guide to N. Wales. Not only did she know what everything was and all the history attached to the various places, she also knew roughly all about the sex life of the inhabitants. Thus we heard such choice morsels as "Oh, there was a little bit of bigamy there" and "The last owner's wife but four slept with the farmer from the next but one farm."

There were four other people in the meet, namely the Rolls Royce contingent, travelling in a new "Esquire". Due to rain, we really didn't discover what they did over the weekend, apart from drinking ale at Llangollen and Capel Curig. Finally, I must say Betty knew what she was doing when she did not arrive to lead "Bird's Bochlwyd Bivvy".

--- 0 ---

### OREADS IN SHORTS

Geoff Hayes, still making the most of his time before being called up, (a) spent Easter in Ogwen with eight friends, sleeping in the old pill box below Ogwen falls. Climbs done included Belle Vue Bastion, Long Chimney on Tryfan, Tennis Shoe and original route on Holly Tree Wall. (b) on gritstone, has led Goliaths Groove and Mississippi Buttress on Stanage. One weekend in May, Hayes, George Potts (friend of Hayes) and Brian Cooke visited Yellowslacks and Laddow, camping on the edge of Bleaklow on Gossop side. Walked over to Yellowslacks on the Saturday evening and climbed Curbstones, Mantleshelf Buttress, Parallel Cracks, Nose Crack and Finishing Chimney. At Laddow on the Sunday, in between the thundery showers, climbs done were Long Climb, Pillar Ridge, Staircase, Gallic Buttress and Southern Arete.



Our Meets' Secretary requests all female prospective members' vital statistics before forwarding circulars. He also is seriously contemplating growing a beard, but requires tips (monetary or otherwise) regarding after care before proceeding.

Paul Morris is willing to go any weekend to the Roches with anyone who warns him in time.

Mrs. Pettigrew is an "Outward Bound Widow". Oreads (male) what are you waiting for?!

In the review "A New Gritstone Guide" in the last issue, George Sutton was credited with the authorship of a section of the Guide. This was an erroneous reference to the section on White Hall Rocks, which was actually by Geoff Sutton. Apologies to both gentlemen.

The new C.C. Journal contains accounts of several new routes by Oread parties. Pity they didn't think of putting them in their own Club's publication first.