

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

Vol. 4, No. 10.

August, 1957

EDITORIAL

I know I'm continually grumbling about the lack of contributions to the Newsletter - editors are expected to do so - but things really are going from bad to worse. I know this issue looks well-fed, but it contains two months' material, most of which has arrived during the last three weeks. The fact is that the Newsletter has failed and is failing in its principal purpose - to serve as a focus for Club activities. No-one can deny that the majority of members would grumble if the Newsletter stopped appearing, but precious few of them ever do anything to ensure that it doesn't. I'm not asking for miracles - two hundred, five hundred, a thousand words at most, a couple of lines on a post card at least. If you've been on holiday or had a good weekend somewhere, the rest of the Club would like to read about it. And they don't expect literary masterpieces, just a straightforward story with maybe a few wise-cracks thrown in. If you've done a new route, you might think of your own Club's publication, humble though it may be, before rushing into print in, for example, the C. C. Journal (if the cap fits, wear it). If you've led a meet, your duties include writing it up (not to mention attending it). If you've got an opinion to express, the correspondence page is waiting for it. If you don't like the layout of the Newsletter, or the type of article it prints, say so. You can't expect me to know without being told. I'm doing my best. Are you?

NEWSLETTER EDITORIAL (EXTRACT) AUGUST 1957

The news about Bryn y Wern (see "Oreacs in Shorts") is most disturbing. Of course, if the estate were sold it would not necessarily mean that we should lose the hut. In all probability the new owner would be willing to sign a new lease. The disturbing feature is that when Mrs. Hall nearly sold the estate last year, we asked her to give us the first chance of purchasing it if she decided after all to sell. We are at present negotiating for a longer lease. Yet we have not been told officially that the estate is up for sale. The whole thing is being done almost surreptitiously, behind our backs. Of course, Mrs. Hall is not under any legal obligation to offer the property to us, but she is under a moral obligation. This by-passing of the Club does not suggest very good faith, and makes one wonder what sort of relations will exist between our landlady and ourselves if after all she should fail to find a purchaser.

D.C.C.

MOUNTAINS IN SPACE ... .. by HARRY PRETTY.

In the north west corner of Scotland there is, above all else, space. Here one may still experience the true wilderness. The mountains of Lochaber, of

Knoydart and particularly those of the Cairngorms rise in confused masses. They are grouped in undisciplined confusion, and seldom is it possible to grasp the shape of any single peak at a glance for they are invariably crowded in by adjacent summits and a tangle of connecting ridges. Inevitably there are exceptions like the Buchaille from Rannoch Moor which owes much of its fame to its particular situation. Wester Ross is, to some extent, marginal ground in this context. Liathach, from any direction, is a unified homogeneous mass; a mountain with the strong simple lines of good architecture. The same may be said for Alligin, Slioch and Beinn Dearg Mor. Nevertheless, in Wester Ross it is relatively uncommon to stand back and view your mountain across miles of deserted country. For this you must go to Sutherland.

From any one of a hundred rocky knolls in the region of Lochinver there is a vast panorama to the east. In a line fifteen miles long, as the buzzard flies, six mountains rise, each isolated and erect. Their names are strange and beautiful, familiar to those who care chiefly for mountains remote and difficult of access. From north to south they are Quinag, Canisp, Suilven, Cul Mor, Cul Beag, and Stac Polly. The latter three are narrowly within the confines of Ross and Cromarty but it is of no importance when they are all so self evidently related in general character. Between each of these mountains is trackless country - a disordered, undulating confusion of bald archaean gneiss, containing within its many hollows a thousand hidden lochs. There is a suggestion of the tundra and the last Ice Age is suddenly much closer in time. Not one of these mountains exceeds 2,800 feet in height and yet they all convey an atmosphere of physical greatness which is forever difficult to reconcile with the calm black figures of the Ordnance Survey.

The massive keep-like structure of Caisteal Liath (the western summit of Suilven), as seen from the region of Lochinver, must surely be one of the most remarkable mountain shapes in the British Isles. In photographs, unless a relatively long focus lens is used, it has a tendency to be diminished in scale owing to its considerable horizontal distance from the peaks on either side - Canisp and Cul Mor. Looking at it for the first time, from a distance of seven miles, I was startled by the power and symmetry of this western buttress, sheer sided for close on a thousand feet above the surrounding screes which, in themselves, form a finely proportioned plinth. It is well named the "Grey Castle". On a June night when you are prepared to swear that the very air is the colour of a well bloomed lens, and the rocks are in transition from pink to mauve, Suilven has an air of unreality which, transferred to a colour slide, will be disbelieved by most and considered vulgar by the remainder. This is the time to feel the still singular remoteness of these mountains - to stand, as it were "on the edge of the world", to come close to understanding the Gaelic "fey".

At the southern end of these chosen peaks is Stac Polly, miniature and gem-like; spiny with slender fingers stabbing at the sky. At the opposite end is Quinag, the largest in mass, and comparable with Ben More Assynt further east, but not as high. The only roads breaking through to the west coast in this area run close to the base of both Stac Polly and Quinag. They are, therefore, the most accessible.

Ian Brooker (Doctor of the British South Georgia Expedition 1954/55) and myself traversed much of Quinag, and to the climber it probably offers a greater acreage of good rock than any of the others. In plan it is the shape of a "Y" - the long down stroke includes the highest summit (2,653') and terminates in the abrupt and impressive buttress of Sail Garbh - slightly in excess of 1,000 high, and split by two enormous gullies which combine to form an almost perfect "V". Both gullies are cut back so deeply into the main cliff that it is impossible to see the bed of either from any angle. They are very steep. The northern extremity of the other arm is similar in general form, but less steep and more broken. From Kylescu Ferry across Loch Cairnbawn these two buttresses completely dominate the landscape in much the same way as the N.E. face of Nevis dominates the road from Spean Bridge to Fort William. Nevertheless it is the long western wall of Quinag that will tend to draw the exploring cragsman in summer and the adventurous snow and ice man who in winter prefers his gullies to be near the vertical.

From Bealach a' Chornaigh to Sail Ghorm the wall of Torridonian is continuous for nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. For much of its length it would appear to average between 400 and 500 feet in height. Close by the gully that Brooker and I used in descent, and immediately below the fine rocky head adjacent to, and north of, point 2448, the cliff is somewhat stepped back in its upper part but would almost certainly provide close on 800 feet of climbing on fine steep rock beset with overhangs and gargoyle formations. Another feature of the crag is the numerous parallel cave like slits which score the face at middle height. Most of these rather curious gash formations are a minimum of 200 feet from floor to roof and several are twice that height. Many do not seem to have clearly defined gullies, either below or above, and any ascent would almost certainly be interestingly exposed in the upper section.

From Tumore croft on the north shore of Loch Assynt a good path leads over a col at 900', runs on down Glen Leiriag, past Loch an Leothaid, and so down to the coast at the head of Loch Nedd. This track skirts the entire western side of Quinag and Brooker and I used it as a natural means of access on the morning of June 29th. It was warm and sunny but with massive cumulus beginning to build up over the peaks further inland. We walked in shirt sleeves and Brooker carried a trout rod and his usual paraphernalia of flies and minnows. We carried no rope for we intended a rapid traverse of the main summits of Quinag with a further sortie to Loch an Leothaid wherein we planned to seek tomorrow's breakfast. But, just in case, I carried a tin of sardines.

We rested for a while on a great pavement terrace of grey pink Torridon sandstone near the crest of the pass, and eventually carried on up the steep heather, scree, and broken rock below Bealach a' Chornaigh. Here, the wind was strong and we hurried across the broad col until the ground fell away at our feet into the eastern corrie containing Lochan Bealach Chornaigh. With the wind at our backs we traversed diagonally to the left and up onto the arm of the north east spur. In half an hour we reached the highest point behind Sail Gharbh. The wind was cold and continuous, an amazing change from the conditions a thousand feet lower. Brooker's hands were white and numb and

mine were little better after taking several photographs. Starting back by the way we had come, our route eventually diverged onto the northern face of point 2448' and thus we reached a narrow col above the crags of the western face.

Ten miles away in the west the sea shimmered between dark fingers of land. Only four miles to the north the great indentation of Eddrachillis Bay culminated in the hidden ravines of Loch Cairnbawn, Glendhu and Glencoul. Vast cloud shadows moved with solemn inevitability across the scraped landscape of archaean rock; a lochan in every depression, here dark, there a brilliant jewel of light. At our feet several prow like buttresses projected into space, the top of each a weathered ridge narrow as a garden wall.

Brooker was impatient to reach the water of Loch an Leothaid. We therefore ploughed our way down the nearest refuse chute admiring the crags on either side as we slowed down to negotiate several miniature cave pitches.

Keeping to windward we dropped down below the scree onto a small herd of deer among a tangle of rock and heather. Within seconds their white rumps were faintly visible crossing the stream half a mile away. Over such ground their speed was astonishing.

FROM MOUNTAINS IN SPACE - NEWSLETTER, AUGUST 1957 - A. PRETTY

..... By Loch an Leothaid we fished and shortly five 8 oz. trout were lying in the heather. On the southern shore of Leothaid, which is three quarters of a mile long and 500 feet above sea-level, there is the camp site that mountaineers dream of among the industrial grime of a winter's day in the Midlands. There, you will find a strip of pink sand by the water's edge, much of it chewed up by the countless feet of thirsty deer. Behind, rises a steep amphitheatre dense with ancient twisty oaks, birch, and rowan; and lush with fern and moss. A mile to the east is the long west cliff of Quinag. Three miles away is Drumbeg on what must be one of the worst roads in Scotland - and long may it remain so. Twelve miles away by track and road is Lochinver. Nine miles by similar means is the Inchnadamph Hotel. The remainder is wilderness.

For myself I shall remember Loch an Leothaid as it was on the evening of June 29th - the solitary figure of Brooker thigh deep in the shallows - a black shape moving slowly across a broad avenue of light that glittered down the water. A lone Northern Diver fishing in his own polished fashion on the edge of the light blaze. The only noise the intermittent humming of the reel and the light splash of minnow touching water. "Are you tired of watching me fish", said Brooker after several hours. "No", I replied, for this was the kind of night that had to last a long, long time.

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EVENING MEETS - UP TO JUNE 20th ... .. by MARION COOK

The evening meets so far have been extremely pleasant, being blessed with good weather and good beer. Although, naturally, poorly attended, the leader himself has been present at each - quite a record as so far we have visited Black Rocks, Harborough Rocks and Chornwood Forest. The first was

memorable for the appearance of the faces of the Morris's (Colin & Jeanne) over the top of the rocks, announcing their determination to enter the teaching profession. Thereupon the women (Marion & Jeanne) left the men to climb and discussed teaching and midges. It was a pity the Bury bus contingent missed the short social 'meet' afterwards.

The Harborough meet was particularly attractive to the writer as it was the first time they had ever been seen near to - previously they had been so enshrouded in mist that it was only possible to see the next hold if it was within 1 foot range. Nothing "excess" was climbed, but Ashcroft's leading made one wonder at one time.

Chornwood Rocks again provided us with a pleasant evening - the rocks were new to Jack, Geoff and Mick, and they revelled in some of the problems, especially Geoff, fresh from Skye, on an "impossible" overhang. Brian decided we must visit the quarry, and never before having found it, set off in the wrong direction, having been told to "walk straight across the Course". After a long, botanically interesting ramble, neither the climber nor the geologist led us to rock, so we were led back at a smart canter in order to reach the rocks on the course before dusk. There we found the Handleys and Nobby disporting themselves on further "it's impossible but will go" type of problems. They told us where the quarry really was, i.e. not to follow the path straight through but from the entrance go straight ahead - we decided to keep it for another Thursday evening and left before 10 pm to replace the loss due to the physical exertion of the aforementioned canter.

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14 PEAKS AND ALL THAT ... .. NEWS LETTER - AUG. '57:- by BOB PETTIGREW

The weekend June 28/29th is listed innocently enough in the Club calendar as "Welsh Training Walk" to be led by its instigator Dave Penlington.

As a club institution it is youthful since this was the first anniversary of the mountain crossing from Penmaenmawr to Bryn y Wern in the Pennant valley. There is little doubt that the original plan arose as a direct result of the abandonment by the Club of long training walks over homeland moors such as the Marsden-Rowsley and later the Colne-Rowsley. These were subjected to a good deal of adverse criticism because the limits were expanding and the pace increasing until Rowsley was once reached in under twenty-four hours from Marsden. That was not a good time, but it illustrated that the Oread had the potential to ~~approach~~ approach the great feats performed by the Bog-Trotters, one of whom, Alf Bridge, is now an honorary member of the Oread. Destructive criticism such as the taunts of "Cross-Country runner" and the like should not deter those who wish for good general fitness in preparation for the Alps, or else-where, from attempting ambitious mountain walks. By this means, stamina and speed, qualities for which average British parties in the Alps are not noted, can be improved, the resulting efficiency makes for more enjoyable ascents and a greater margin of safety.

I have long been an avid protagonist of long mountain walks, and together with Falkner and Penlington have taken part in all those organised by the club.



Now Geoff Hayes, Jack Ashcroft, Mick Smith and others are carrying on the tradition whilst some of us must absent ourselves from the Oread scene.

*Summarise the remainder as a record of time taken etc.*

On Friday evening, June 28th, two Oread transports rolled out of Derby on the first leg of Penlington's celebrated Welsh Training Walk. Their arrival at the ubiquitous campsite was staggered by some three hours - Falkner getting his head down first, owing to the lure of fish and chips in St. Asaph and an unusual quarry approach to the campsite advocated by R.G.P. from the navigator's seat in the Trojan.

The mean time spent in sleep by the two parties was under three hours and by 4 a.m. the participants were roused by Hayes obviously under the erroneous impression that he had to meet the newspaper special. The ladies having received sealed orders for the day, Messrs. Falkner, Penlington, Ashcroft, Hayes, Smith and Pettigrew departed Craig Lwyd and headed South at a good pace.

Stopping only to write "Penlington" on a grinning horse's skull, the party moved over Drosgl into dubious navigational prospects. Fortunately the early morning cloud cleared and the summit of Drum, 2529 ft., was crossed at 06.00 hours. The uplands had yielded all their water and some time was spent searching for a spring from which to fill water bottles. The party was well strung out on Foel Fras and the rock-strewn summit was crossed independently about 07.00 hours (3092 ft.). This had the aura of our first three-thousander that day.

On Foel Grach, 3196 ft., Phil decided to repeat last year's "bee-line" route. A short discussion took place on Carnedd Llewelyn, 4384 ft., at 07.45 hours about the possibilities of covering the Fourteen Peaks over 3,000 ft. en route for the hut. The out-come was a deviation West by all except Phil to embrace Yr Elen, 3152 ft., at 08.15 hours.

The long curving ridge bridging Llewelyn and Dafydd was entertaining and afforded magnificent views to East and West. The Craig Yr Ysfa col did not look unattainable as it does from the end of Llyn Llugwy on a warm day.

Carnedd Dafydd, 3427 ft., was ascended at 09.40 hours and we approached the last obstacle, Pen Yr Oleuwen, 3210 ft., 10.00 hrs., by the rocky sweep of ridge bounding Cwm Lloer. The party split up to descend to Glan Dena each by the route of his choice, but Penlington's cunning and skill in cutting back to good scree in Cwm Lloer must be recorded. At Glan Dena the project was stimulated by the presence there of Cyril Machin, an ex-President of the Oread, who appeared very fit. He kindly offered us tea and a general refreshment halt was called. The party became attenuated again since a start was made for the North ridge of Tryfan before Mick Smith arrived at the hut. However, he was spotted plodding down the track, and the assault of Tryfan proceeded. Some way up the ridge Dave complained of foot trouble and withdrew from the Fourteen Peaks attempt. Jack Ashcroft and I then set off after Geoff Hayes and Phil, who had rejoined at Glan Dena. With some surprise, we encountered tents on the summit of Tryfan, 3010 ft., at 12.00 hrs. Obviously some-one has been reading Pip Styles' Weekend Book.

During the descent of the South ridge of Tryfan into Bwlch Tryfan, the minute figures of Hayes and Falkner were seen occasionally straddling the Bristly Ridge. We toiled after them and were united on the summit block of Glyder Fach, 3202 ft., at 13.15 hrs. Here Falky startled us all by going down on all fours and lapping like a dog from a small rain puddle. He showed such enthusiasm that pausing only to remove a snail, I proceeded to drain the puddle.

We had arrived at another cross-roads, for those anxious or fit enough to attempt the fourteen had to deviate Westwards to cover the outlying Elidir Fawr etc. After Jack had gallantly shared out a small tin of pears, Geoff and I veered off towards Glyder Fawr, 3279 ft, and crossed the summit block at 13.45 hrs. During the descent to the Devil's Kitchen, we met the Mountain Club party engaged in the traverse of the fourteen peaks from the South. We attribute the finding of a cheap pocket watch to their passing. Larry Lambé please note! Y Garn, 3104 ft, went very quickly from the col, we were climbing swiftly and in identical rhythm. We skirted the cairn at 14.40 hrs. The prospect before us now revealed a wide crescent-shaped ridge, with points to the South, terminating in the craggy bulk of Elidir Fawr - a quarry-scarred mountain. Quarries or not, it had a dark dignity enhanced by the cumulo-nimbus racing up from the South-West. The rain was refreshing at first and we allowed it to soak our shirts before we donned anoraks against the chill wind which sprang up. Cramp attacked Geoff's left knee at frequent intervals now, and a halt was called for massage. Quick shelter was obtained in the summit rocks 3029 ft, and at 15.30 hrs. the descent to Nant Peris over slippery slate remnants was begun. As lower levels were gained, a watery sun broke through and reflected from Llyn Peris and beyond the shapely Padarn.

We entered the general store at Nant Peris at 16.00 hrs and bought foodstuffs ranging from tomatoes to dolly mixtures. A roadside cafe provided first two glasses of salt water each, second a jug of coffee made with milk. The good lady in charge philosophically accepted our order, but later we caught her eying us strangely from a safe retreat.

Passing the time of day with Frank Fitzgerald, ex-President SUMC, we entered Ynys Ettws drive en route for upper Cwm Glas. The cloud protection had vanished and the ground was dancing under the impact of the sun. Opposite Cyrn Las we ascended directly into upper Cwm Glas and turned North East towards the upper North ridge of Crib Goch and spontaneously we each remarked upon its rich red hue.

Though a useful and speedy descent by its nature, the screes of the North ridge do not recommend it for upward progress. The descending escalator action brought on another attack of cramp for Geoff, and he sat disconsolately nursing his knee. Ploddingly, we made height and approached the summit, 3023 ft, at 18.15 hrs. The top and the ridge were deserted and, expressing surprise, we started the traverse. Beyond Bwlch Goch we met a party from which a familiar face emerged. It appeared that I had helped to carry him down from the Cioch in Skye where he broke his leg fourteen months ago. He gave us news of Jack and Phil seen on Snowdon summit three-quarters of an hour before. Encouraged by this, we tackled Crib Y Ddisgl with new zest and crossed

the summit plateau, 3493 ft, at 18.45 hrs. Making good speed up the railway track we arrived on the summit of Snowdon, 3560 ft, at 19.00 hrs. The fourteen peaks had taken us eleven hours and forty-five minutes.

Three glasses of milk and two bottles of limeade were taken aboard in the summit hotel. There seemed to be no limit to the amount or type of liquid we could imbibe. Before we parted on Tryfan, Penlington had gripped my arm and announced in dramatic tones that, "It won't mean anything unless Yr Aran is pulled in too!". When I mentioned this to Geoff he merely linked Penlington with an obscenity, a fine piece of spontaneous alliteration. We arranged to meet at the Forestry camp site beneath Moel Hebog, now towering up impressively across the valley. I set off for Yr Aran from Bwlch Main and climbed it by the North ridge, 2451 ft, at 21.00 hrs. Descending over Craig Wen, I met Geoff as arranged and we set out to discover a diagonal fire break which we had picked out from Snowdon as a good route to the East ridge.

Although in theory it provided an excellent approach, its surface was littered with recently felled timber and the climb became an extended steeplechase. Ultimately we emerged onto the East ridge which reared up as the last obstacle, apparently twice as high, steep and long as any other in the previous seventeen hours. We learned later that Moel Hebog had mutely borne the curses of Phil and Jack so it knew what to expect as we dragged our protesting frames up and over its elusive summit, 2566 ft, at 22.30 hrs. But what bliss to sink down by that cairn! Side by side we sat without conversation and within seconds were dozing. Realising the futility of a rock couch we commenced the descent down the long gentle spur towards Pennant. Sufficient after-glow remained to indicate dykes and barbed wire entanglements, we called these Celtic Mantraps. Two bright lights convinced us that Phil, anxious for our safety, had placed them in the windows of Bryn Y Wern. I am not suggesting that Phil was not anxious for our safety, but the fact remains that the lights did not belong to B.y.W. and in getting to a remote farm, a mile north up the valley, we crossed the river and the road, under the impression that they were further "Celtic Mantraps". We reached B.y.W. thankfully, at 0030 hrs, on 30th June, having taken nineteen hours over the route.

The total distance is approximately 44 miles with 14,000 ft of ascent. A rate of 2 miles per hour was maintained, including ascent.

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C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

100 Shepton Crescent,  
Aspley,  
Nottingham.  
5th July, 1957.

Dear Sir,

On page 4 of the June Newsletter, you published under the title: TITLE AND AUTHOR UNKNOWN a corrupted version of Professor A. D. Godley's classic poem from "Second Strings" - published by Methuen in 1902.



A. D. Godley, scholar, poet, and mountaineer, was orator to the University of Oxford, and Vice-president of the Alpine Club.

In "The Romance of Mountaineering", R. L. G. Irving describes him as in appearance the most melancholy, with his pen the most humorous, and in heart the most devoted of mountain-livers.

If anyone wishes to read the original version of the poem you printed, it can be found on page 354 of the Mountaineer's Weekend Book, by Showell Styles.

Yours etc.,  
Bob Pettigrew.

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THE RUBAIYAT OF GEORGE SUTTON - V ... .. by GEORGE SUTTON

My adventure weekend, June 22/23, went "according to plan". We camped on White Hall lawn on Friday night. On Saturday, we set off about 10 a.m. across Goyt to Windgather, climbed all day. Harding, the best bymnast at Domestic Mission, did the Quarry Traverse first time. Jennifer did Green Crack solo, and the Overhang on a top rope. Later we went via Cat and Fiddle to Axe Cave, and spent an hour and a half in that. Returned along the old railway track to White Hall, after a 13 hour day, to find Marion and Brian camped alongside the other tents. On Sunday, some walked to Castle Naye, and some went on Brian's M/C. Again a good day, with many climbs done. Danny Rice drove Brian up harder and harder stuff until the last "easy climb" ( a VS) tested Brian and brought tears into Danny's eyes as he was hauled the last ignominious foot or so! Jennifer led another VD, and shows promise of becoming a very good rock-climber - recently she did Kaisergebirge Wall with Harry Smith and Brant and other stuff with "the apprentice". Brian did a ferry service returning, the only incident being an assault on the machine by a cow which endeavoured to eat Gillian's hair.

Danny Rice was the first boy to go on an adventure weekend with me under my new scheme. I am raising a small fund to take boys and girls on adventure weekends where I consider that it would benefit them to be placed in an entirely different environment and class of people and to be subject to different standards of endeavour and conduct. It is mainly aimed at those young people who cannot afford to pay for such a weekend themselves, though they do undertake to repay some of the cost, at about 2d a week over a period of a year, though this is not pressed. I have put money and effort into this because I live in this area and know what it means - the Pitt St. Juvenile Committee has offered some financial support - and Marion and Brian have given both leadership and financial support. If there is any hero in Danny's life at present, it is Brian. The purpose for writing about all this is the usual request for financial aid - I will say no more than that £1 can give some boy an unforgettable weekend, and perhaps release forces inside him of quite immeasurable value.

I have a typewriter and two Brynje string vests (new) for sale if anyone is interested.

NEWSLETTER - AUGUST 1957 - George Sutton

----- All this waffle about which Sutton did the White Hall rocks guide - let me reveal the horrid truth. That indefatigable writer of guide books, Uncle Eric,

despatched the inevitable wad of notes to Geoff Sutton, who asked me what I thought about them. When I had exhausted my full range of blasphemous comment, having but recently rescued the then President of the Oread (one H.P.) from a dilemma on these same cliffs, we decided on a fateful evening just to have a look at the crag again. Of course, the first climb Eric told us about in Mosedale's day was up a detached buttress (this, of course, is not unusual on White Hall rocks, since nothing is attached very firmly to anything else). By sitting on the main crag, six of us put our feet against the detached buttress and pushed - thus erasing one climb in entirety from any future guide book. It was some hours before Eric deigned to speak to us again - but, as you perceive, this setback did not deter him from writing his guide notes. On this fateful evening, I just missed Geoff's head by a bare inch by knocking a rock out of a V.S. which I was imprudent enough to climb (on a top rope). Several other near misses occurred, and one that wasn't - the non-combatants stood out of range and watched the fun. Eventually we gave it up. If Geoff has since been on these cliffs, he is madder than I thought - they should be blown up! (New members, please note - there will be no blood feud or libel case between Eric Byne and myself - he knows me too well, and I've said the same thing for years anyway!).

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NORTH WITH "ERMINTRUDE" ... .. by ANNE GADD

We all knew that it was rather tempting Providence to expect "Ermintrude" to carry the four of us (the Roger Turners and the Gadds) plus gear up to the North of Scotland, but we decided to risk it. Anyway, she had had a thorough check-up, so we were hoping. Accordingly, we set out in high spirits late on Friday evening. The first part of the journey went smoothly enough, but on the A.1 Mike began to notice queer noises from the back end. We stopped at a garage near Catterick, where a garage-hand, whose knowledge probably didn't extend beyond the working of petrol-pumps, told us that we wouldn't get another 10 miles unless we went very slowly indeed. "Ermintrude" must have heard and accepted the challenge, because, not liking the idea, we pressed on at usual speed, and survived another 1,300 miles.

We camped near Appleby for the night, with the intention of attempting to reach Kyle of Lochalsh on Saturday. This we did in true Gadd (and probably Oread) manner, arriving just as the last ferry was drawing up its boards.

With regard to this holiday, one could well quote Burns (Rabbie, not Laurie). We had set out with great intentions, but Fate wasn't having it that way. One loose arrangement did materialise, however, in the person of Gentleman Jim (Super-Tramp) Kershaw, who strolled up to our temporary camp near Glen Brittle House disgustingly early next morning. We moved camp onto the beach itself, then, starting as we meant to go on, set off for a ridge of the Cuillin. Only Roger and Jim had been to Skye before, and, as we descended into Coire Lagan, from Sgurr Alasdair, the rest of us were much impressed by the

way, we sighted a sea-eagle and several seals. The weather had started fair, but on the ridge it began to snow and hail. For a while the question was, to go back to the jetty and await the boat's return at 5 p.m. or carry on. But just then, the sun broke through the clouds and one of the finest rainbows any of us had ever seen appeared below us over Loch Coruisk. We took this as a sign from Providence to proceed. A couple of hours later we decided we had been tricked, but in retrospect, perhaps it was worth it. In spite of the weather, which continued to get worse, we were very much impressed by the ridge up to the Dubhs, which consists of rock scrambling all the way. We continued on over the Dubhs, finally descending into the Coire sometime about midnight.

We decided to make the next day an "off" day, and spent most of it following the traditional mountaineering pursuit of damming streams. Naturally, this was the only really fine day we had on Skye. On Wednesday, it poured with rain all day. A party of M.A.M. set out for the Island of Rhum, but, finding the sea too rough, put into Loch Coruisk instead. Unfortunately, a girl hurt her ankle, and most of the party stayed out all night, being fetched back by the boat early next morning. On Thursday, we couldn't even see the Cuillin, so we decided to pack up and return to the mainland. In some ways we weren't sorry to go, as we all, with the exceptions of Roger and Jim, had picked up a germ, possibly from polluted water, and had not been feeling too well. Or maybe from the Portable Dish-Washing Machine, which was a large dog that made the rounds of the numerous tents twice a day.

One must, of course, meet some-one one knows in a place like Skye. In this case it was Ken Clarke, with wife and sister, Gerry Britton, in attractive female company, and several Polaris members.

So, on Thursday afternoon, we said goodbye and recrossed the ferry, Jim making his own way, as "Ermintrude" was filled to capacity. At about this time, the starter began to go wrong. Eventually the only way was to push the van down a slope, if one was handy. This caused great amusement on ferries.

On the mainland we were met by fine hot weather. It was difficult to believe that only a couple of days previously we had been in hail storms. We made our way to Gruinard Bay, where we again camped by the sea. On Friday Mike was still suffering from the after-effects of the "bug", so Roger and Beryl climbed An Teallach while Mike and I visited the Gardens at Inverewe. Here they can allegedly grow in the open plants that can only be reared under glass at Kew. But it seems that, over the last 50 years, the climate has become more severe. We found the Gardens very interesting, but rather haphazard and untidy. Later in the day, we were again joined by Jim.

The rest of the holiday was rather marred by midges and an overdose of sunburn, acquired on the beach at Gruinard. A trip was made to Suilven, in the blazing heat, which rather spoiled the enjoyment. Here we said goodbye to Jim, who decided to continue his solitary tramping and fishing in Sutherland.

Our next move was South to Torrion. On the way there, in Gairloch, "Ermintrude" had a puncture. Ever tried getting a puncture mended in those regions? Without possessing a repair kit, or enlisting the help of the Highland

Patrol, that is! We first tried the blacksmith in Kinlochewe. He had the patches, but no rubber solution, but his brother-in-law, Mr. Munro at the Post Office in Torridon, would be certain to do it for us. Mr. Munro was apologetic. He had the rubber solution, but no patches. The problem was finally solved by taking another trip to Kinlochewe, taking the patches with us. Mr. McIvor, the blacksmith, was most helpful, not only helping to mend the puncture, but also scraping the plugs, refusing any remuneration for his services. From Kinlochewe we went back to Gruinard, a coat having been accidentally left behind on the beach 3 days previously. Miraculously, it was still there! Before we left Torridon, however, we did find time to make further acquaintance with Sgorr Ruadh and Ben Alligin.

Thus ended our stay in Scotland. Very little achieved in the way of mountaineering, but, on the whole, an enjoyable time had been had by everyone. Surprisingly enough, "Ermintrude" was still going, though theoretically, she shouldn't have been. The so-called roads up to Lochinver had taken their toll. However, we arrived back in Nottingham early Friday morning without further mis-hap.

A few days later, "Ermintrude" arrived back from a further spell of doctoring, once more as nearly as right as rain as she ever is. But we've not had the bill yet. It's likely to be us that will be needing medical treatment then!

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PENMAENMAWR - BRYN Y WERN, June 29th 1957... .. by P.R.FALKNER.

As before, the party slept out in the woods at Craiglwyd above Penmaenmawr on the Friday night. Four of last year's team - Penlington, Pettigrew, Hayes and self - were there again; the other, Mick Smith, John Ashcroft, Laurie Burns and John Bridges were new to this particular marathon. Janet and Jim Bury drove the vehicles to Bryn y Wern.

From the start, Burns and Bridges decided to spend two days over the walk, and so were in no great hurry to start. The other six of us got away at 4.50 am, and made a cracking pace over the Carnedds, reaching Foel Fras at 7.00 hrs and Carnedd Llewelyn well before 8.0. The main party visited all the Carnedd tops; P.R.F. dddged Yr Elen, Pen Yr Oleu Wen, and thus arrived first at Glan Dena (9.15). The others came in about 9.45. We were delighted to find Cyril Machin in residence; Cyril promptly organised cups of tea all round.

Now the party began to get scattered. Smith was a long way behind at Ogwen, and during the ascent of the N. Ridge of Tryfan, Penlington was lost to view. The weather was too hot for comfort; we all suffered from thirst, and had difficulty in forcing a sufficient number of calories, in any form, down our parched throats. About 13.00 hours, Pettigrew, Hayes, Ashcroft and I were on the summit of Glyder Fach, and Ashcroft nobly shared out a tin of fruit. Pettigrew, Hayes, bent on doing all fourteen three-thousanders, then set off for Glyder Fawr, Y Garn and Elidir Fawr, whilst John and I, with more modest ambitions, descended to Pen-y-Pass for very welcome cups of tea. At 14.30 we set off again for Crib Goch, a short fierce rainstorm helped to keep us cool and was quite welcome. Over Crib Goch and Crib y Ddisgl we were above

the clouds and enjoyed spectacular lighting effects. Y Wyddfa was reached at 17.00, and neither of us had any scruples about taking advantage of the refreshments on sale in the Hotel. The Beddgelert Road was crossed at 19.30, and a short delay ensued whilst we refreshed our tired feet in the valley stream. The long, monotonous ascent of Moel Hebog was sheer purgatory; everyone who took part in the walk came to loathe that unhappy mountain.

Just below the summit we met up with Mick Smith again. Realising that he was far behind at Ogwen, he had hitched a lift to Pen-y-Pass, and resumed operations from there, and must have been only just in front of us for a long time. The summit was reached at 21.20; there remained only the long steady descent to the hut, when we literally staggered in at 22.35. We were surprised to find Dave already there. Leaving Pen-y-Pass after us, he'd omitted Crib Goch, and putting on a spurt up Snowdon by the PyG track, had taken the lead.

Finally, about 11.30, the two weary heroes, Pettigrew and Hayes, arrived, having done all the three thousanders (time from Foel Fras to Y Wyddfa, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  hrs) and Yr Aran and Moel Hebog too for good measure - a most magnificent performance.

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CLUB LOG BOOK ... .. by MARION COOKE, Log Book Keeper.

Many of the newer Oreads may not realise that a Log Book has been kept since the birth of the Club in March, 1949.

Until recently, it has taken the form of handwritten accounts in a loose leaf file. Only single copies exist of these, so they are protected with care, residing in what is known as the "Club Archives" - at present my bookcase! They can be examined on request, and present most interesting reading and the photographs are quite entertaining. If any typist ever has any spare time and enthusiasm, we would be grateful if a copy could be produced for deposit in the Library at Bryn-y-Wern.

Last year, the Committee decided to alter the form of the Log Book and relieve the tedium of much hand writing. Now, the Newsletter is sent to me in duplicate for filing. At the end of each volume, it will be bound, complete with any other accounts and photographs sent to me.

I am about to bind Vol. 3 and Vol. 4 of the Newsletter, so please send me any material for enclosure at once. Any additional accounts can be typed (fairly well) by me, but please send duplicate photographs, not too large, plus details of time, place, personality, etc., on the back.

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### OREADS IN SHORTS

The Prettys, equipped with a new Edginton tent, spent their holidays in Scotland - Glencoe, Morar, Skye and Sutherland. Ian Brooker extracted one of Molly's teeth in camp - Harry's comment: "It was a bit rough". Weather was magnificent during the whole holiday.

George Sutton's book on the South Georgia expedition has been published and has received excellent reviews. It will be reviewed in the Newsletter when the Hon.Ed. can afford a copy!

Ronni Phillips and Margaret Hooley, occupied in taking up the bathroom lino at B.y.W., found behind the lavatory waste pipe a perfume bottle labelled "Sweet Pea".

Chunky Cartwright has had his feet rearranged, by order of the Securite Sociale. His doctor has recommended a seaside holiday this year. Chunky will be back in circulation as from September 1st, as he is returning permanently to England.

Bob Pettigrew has gone to Malaya.

The President and Ann Johnson were married on July 20th and are on honeymoon in Europe until the end of August.

Ray Handley had a fall whilst leading a new route on the Ogof, Cwm Silyn, but escaped unhurt. His second, Fred Allen, suffered from rope burns.

Charlie Cullum broke his collarbone and a bone in his hand, lacerated his scalp and bruised his bottom severely in a car smash near Edinburgh. He is now nearly as good as new. He recovered just in time to nurse his wife, who has had acute tonsillitis. It's just not their year.

"We led the Bacchanals on the leafy summits of the mountains and on the yellow shores of the seas. The Naiads and Oreads mingled with us at our play" - Anatole France, "The Revolt of the Angels."

OREADS IN SHORTS - NEWSLETTER - AUGUST 1957

Bryn-y-Wern was recently offered for sale in the Manchester Guardian, though we are still negotiating for a three-year lease. The Club has not been officially notified. - See Editorial.

Send your account of holidays, weekends, births, marriages or deaths by the end of August for inclusion in the September issue. The Hon.Ed. is D.C.Cullum 11 Corkland Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester 21.

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(The following article is published mainly for historical reasons - Ed.)

THE BRYN Y WERN - MOELWYNS MEET,

March 1st-3rd 1957.

... .. by BOB PETTIGREW.

The journey to Wales occupied most of Friday night and it was decided to spend Saturday in the vicinity of the hut, depart early Sunday morning and visit the Moelwyns en route for home.

Saturday dawned fine and every-one agreed that Spring had come to Pennant. Encouraged by this phenomenon, a large party perambulated North-Westwards from B.y.W. towards Craig Cwm Dulyn with the intention of doing all or part of

the Pennant Horse-Shoe. At an early stage, Chuck Hooley was stripped to the navel and remained so all day presenting, with his black beard, a paradoxical sight. Fred Allen disgraced the senior members of the party by a clumsily executed leap which allowed all but his feet to clear a high wall. Thus caught by these outsize appendages, he pivoted face first into a deep brown bog, whereupon the impact emptied a thermos full of coffee into his new rucksack. This was the signal for Penlington to discover copulating toads "as big as kittens" and, later, when traversing alone Craig Cwm Dulyn, a red fox "bigger than an alsatian". No one else saw these new found fauna of the Pennant highlands.

Throughout the day, snow-streaked Snowdon and her satellites stood crystal-clear across the valley. But the "other" horse-shoe could not have held more attraction than "ours" this day. The complete traverse of the Pennant horse-shoe must be an eloquent answer to any critic of the situation of Bryn-y-Wern.

The following summits were crossed: Craig Cwm Dulyn; Carnedd Goch; Craig Cwm Silin, Mynydd Tal Y Mignedd; time off to explore mine-shaft in case Ray Handley had buried treasure there; Cwm Dwyfaur; Moel Lefn and Moel Hebog. The idea of the last summit was repulsive to certain starving members of the party who descended from Lefn. The rear-guard reached the hut at 19.00 hrs.

Malcolm Hunt and Mike Smith on their first major outing with the Club showed great promise. The following gents participated: Tom Frost, Pete Gayfer, Kay White, Mike Smith, Malcolm Hunt, Fred Allen, Chuck Hooley, Joe Johnson, Dave Penlington and Bob Pettigrew.

Basically the same party moved round to Croesor on Sunday morning, ordered tea from Pip Styles in the Mountain Shop, and set out for the traverse of Moelwyn Mawr and Moelwyn Bach. This proved an entertaining circuit and excellent views were obtained both of the Snowdon group and of Cader Idris. After a thoroughly worth-while afternoon, the party descended to a pleasant tea in the company of Mr. & Mrs. Pip Styles.