

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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EDITORIAL.

Your response to my appeal for material for the Newsletter has been magnificent. This is the biggest issue but one we have ever had, and I hope that it will not turn out to be only a flash in the pan. However, it is unfortunate (for me at any rate) that this huge volume of literature should have appeared in the only month of the year in which our usual typist couldn't do the key-pounding due to pressure of holidays. I've been obliged to do the whole whacking great thing myself, and what with my somewhat uncertain typing technique and a temperamental typewriter it's taken a long time and is probably full of mistakes. Why is it, I wonder, that when a professional typist makes mistakes she produces quite wonderful effects, while mine are absolutely dismal? I'll try to show you what I mean.

In an Editorial I had been going on in pontifical tones about the uses and misuses of climbing ropes, and just as I reached the final peroration the typist put these words into my mouth: "False SECUTIRY is worse than none at all." Oh yes. I quite agree. If I couldn't have the real thing I'd rather do without altogether. Nothing worse than this shoddy imitation stuff hanging in festoons all over the cliff. It's as bad as an Irishman demanding shamrock when over in Ireland there's whole mountains full of the genuine article. Real secutiry for me every time.

And then someone, writing up a new route, said, "Step out on to the fact of Marble Wall." Well, when you've been climbing on fiction for the last fifty feet there's nothing more comforting than a good solid fact to step out on. This proves, if proof were needed, that a lot of modern routes aren't really there at all. They exist only in the imaginations of the people who climb them. I'm not suggesting that they don't actually climb them, only that they aren't there at all for ordinary people. A Mod. Diff. is a fact. An XS isn't.

Or again, Harry Pretty once wrote that Dick Brown was "a man who understands the subtleties of clowing." Oh. Well, that puts him one up on me. and is it a thing to brag about anyway? You're half way up a severe pitch and suddenly, without warning, your second man starts clowing all over the crag. I don't care whether he understands the subtleties of it or not, I don't want him doing that sort of thing with me. He might be the greatest clower of his generation, but a mountain-top isn't the place to show it off. Even suppose he's leading. You get stuck on a hard bit. You call for a tight rope. No response. He's too busy clowing.

A The thing that puzzles me about all this is that no-one ever writes to tell me about these things. Not even when it says in black and white that two members had arrived on a meet accompanied by their chauffeur-Gust. Why? Do you take it for James Joyce-style prose, or do you think it's your own ignorance that makes it unintelligible, or don't you care? There wasn't the slightest comment when a write-up of an A.G.M. said that someone had sent the Committee a soecuneb recinnebdatuib. Well, they're very good with onions.



LOFOTEN HOLIDAY.....by RUTH WELBOURN.

On July 5th we left Derby on our way to spend the most remarkable holiday I have ever had. Remarkable not as far as climbing went, but as far as things seen, heard or smelt. The most important to me was that I wasn't really sea-sick, though we spent five days and five nights on boats, not including the hours spent in the rowing boat.

Our real adventure began with leaving Bergen on Sunday night for the coastal journey up north. As our cabin was directly over the propeller we weren't too keen on turning in, and anyway there was a lot to be seen. The weather was none too good as we left Bergen, but by Monday night it had cleared sufficiently to go ashore at Molde. This town has been completely rebuilt since the war and the houses have been painted in the most brilliant colours.

On Tuesday the heavens opened as we arrived at Trondheim and we had to confine our sight-seeing to the old Nidaros cathedral. It is very dark inside and one can quietly admire the beautiful stained-glass windows.

In complete contrast was the new church at Bodo, which we visited on Wednesday. It was opened only last year and is of a very modern design. Before reaching Bodo we had passed the Arctic Circle and received of the captain a certificate. The sun was shining and the Svartisen Glacier looked massive even from a great distance.

Shortly after leaving Bodo the Lofoten Wall rises above the horizon, looking black, forbidding and unapproachable. At midnight we said good-bye (regretfully on my part) to the comforts of the Goat and set about the holiday proper.

A journey in the company of 200 milk cans deposited us within rowing distance of the camp-site.

The following day was spent settling in, meeting the family at Korsnes and reconnoitring the coast. We had figured out an arrangement of mosquito netting over the mouth of the tene. This proved very effective and we had the last laugh on the giant mosquitos and four-engined clegs. The sting of the latter hurts abominably, especially on vital spots.

The vegetation of the mountainsides is indescribable: a tangled mass of low birch scrub, high ferns and grass and damp moss growing out of boulder screes. It has many unpleasant surprises in store and is, as Tom Weir says, ideal country for breaking a leg. I found this out to my horror when I had to descend 1500 feet with a sprained ankle to reach the boat.

Saturday was to see our first attempt on a peak. The sun shone brilliantly as we fought our way upwards to the Kjerna Glacier. The first difficulty was a bluff below the snowfield - 200 feet of glaciated slabs. We overcame this by crossing over and crawling under huge blocks of snow on the extreme edge. Needless to say we found an easy way on the return journey. The snow above the bluff was up to 12 feet deep with a 60° slope steepening to 70° in the upper part. We kicked innumerable



steps and finally reached the col. It had taken us five hours from the camp site! The view was bewildering. Peaks and ridges in profusion in all directions and the sun burning down on snowfields and smooth slabs.

We ascended Trollsadelen from the col and reached the top at 8 a.m. After seeing our fill and taking photos we started on the journey down, though the sun was still shining brightly. We reached the camp 12 hours after leaving it and gratefully retired after a good day.

Next day we made the acquaintance of a family from Svolvær, who came up to fish. We were promptly invited to dinner and departed at 11 p.m. with the loan of a rowing boat and fishing tackle.

During the following week we attempted to walk to Trollfjord along the coastal strip. This is a matter of a mere five km., but we gave up less than half way in disgust and retraced our steps. Our ice-axes were our faithful companions on all our excursions, serving as walking sticks and bush-knives and for sounding the depth of bogs.

Our next attempt was to climb Braksett-tind,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the camp. This time we used the boat to reach the valley we had chosen to start the ascent. After the usual fight through the under growth we reached a col. From here it was only a steep scramble to the top of the West Peak. We had in mind a traverse of the three points of Braksett-tind, but gave up the idea when we were faced with a 200 foot gap. The sides of this were smooth slabs arranged in the manner of roofing tiles, having no holds on them, except maybe for flies.

On going back down to the col I slipped and sprained my ankle. Climbing was out of the question on the following day, so I learned to row and John fished. We were catching more than we could possibly eat! John got very adept at removing the hooks and throwing the fish back in the water. No mean task this, when the fish is 2' 6" long and making enough commotion to rock the boat.

As we were running out of tobacco our next trip was to Stattholmen on the island of Hore Molba. We climbed up near-vertical grass and bilberries to the top of Havnetind, which has an odd-shaped rock pinnacle. This obviously contained iron ore; our compasses pointed to every direction except north. Though only 1400 feet high, Havnetind gives magnificent views all around, as it is perched on an island between Westfjord and Raftsund.

As the guide-book was very optimistic about Karsnetind, we saved this to the last. It should have been a steep scramble, but after two hours' hard work we were hopelessly entangled in the jungle and only 500 feet up. On the return to sea-level we resorted to swinging from branch to branch to avoid the deep holes between boulders.

On our last day Harold and Albert Dahl took us in the motor-boat to see the famous Trollfjord. Huge unclimbed rock walls rising sheer out of the water! At the far end of the fjord a power station has been built, producing 52 kw. This is sufficient to supply the few farms along the narrow coastal strip and provides labour for the locals during the off-



season for cod-fishing. The farm at Korsnes boasted a radio set, an electric cooker and light in the cowshed!

Early Monday morning we rowed across the fjord to catch the milk boat back to Svolvær. From here another boat took us back to Narvik. A taxi to the camp-site, and the rest of the day was ours! We ascended to dizzy heights on the mountain railway and spent a couple of hours sun-bathing in the snow.

The journey from Narvik to the railhead at Saltdal is terrific. The bus travels at good speed along the "Arctic Highway". To call it a road would be to pile insult on injury! A further 27 hours by train and we arrived in Oslo on the last part of our trip.

We derived the greatest fun from the people we met. There was the American lawyer and his wife on the Erling Yarl. We shared a table in the dining room and ate our meals to his lectures on English history. He assured us solemnly that he was no millionaire, he was only living on the interest!

Then there was the family party in Oslo; a Turk and his German wife speaking Swedish with another Turk who spoke only English, though he lived in Sweden!

There was also the child who cried in the bus for about 12 hours solid, but that wasn't really funny. Leastways not to John!

I think it's needless to say that I could do with another holiday in Norway any time. It was wonderful from start to finish.

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ZERMATT ..... by D. BURGESS.

After several years of repeated failures I at last visited the Alps this year accompanied by "Hank" Harrison of the Summit M.C. A visit blessed with good fortune from the start as we appeared to manage the only good overnight there has been abroad this year. Three days of fine weather had cleared the peaks of fresh snow and conditions were nigh on perfect for our arrival.

The journey to Zermatt, our centre for the holiday, was somewhat gruelling - 8 hrs. in the corridor of a French train saw us both cursing the travel agency that "booked" our seats. Honour was satisfied to some extent in Paris where we managed a crafty lift between stations in the corridor of a First Class sleeping car bound for Italy. Once in Zermatt camp was established in the Municipal fairground (misnamed campsite) and the town thoroughly explored for the cheapest shop. It was soon apparent that the word 'cheap' was unknown in Zermatt so we finished at the Co-Op with the promise of a 5% 'divi'.

After a good nights rest we set off on our first sortie - planned as



a two nights' stay at the Rothorn Hut. Needless to say we finished up staying three nights and living on packet soups, bread and jam. Our first peak was the modest Trifhorn which we traversed in glorious sunshine to the Point Montet and then back to the hut. On the second day we did the Zinal Rothorn via the Kanzelgrat, a snow and rock climb of considerable interest, and descended by the ordinary route. The following day we returned to Zermatt over the Wellenkuppe-Obergabelhorn traverse, this was a superb route lying over a perfect snow ridge and well worth doing.

The brief valley rest we allowed ourselves coincided with the Swiss 'Big Day' - August 1st., but we both felt far too tired even to get slewed.

We teamed up with two Nottingham students, Dick Knight and Harry Stevenson, for the next ascent; an attempt on the Weisshorn.

An early start gave us good conditions for cramponing across the glaciers below the South Face and we arrived at the Schaliyoch at 8-0 am., and reached the summit via the Kanzelgrat at 4 pm. - outside guide book time. Cornices on the easy angled centre portion of the ridge delayed us somewhat and must have accounted for the poor time we made. The late hour had its advantages however as the snow had hardened and we were able to make good time on the descent, arriving back at the hut at 8-0 pm. It appeared that ours was the first ascent from the Weisshorn Hut this year ( according to the hut book ) and that there is now a hut on the Zmutt side of the Weisshorn from which the Schaliyoch can easily be reached. The ridge itself was long and interesting, mainly rock with the odd pitch of about ' severe ' standard. In places it was, as Hank put it, " Like climbing along the top of a stone wall."

There was nearly a free fight in the hut that night. A guide, whom we had already antagonized by cooking on our own stove outside the hut, became most insistent about blowing the candle out. This we violently objected to as we would be eating in the dark, so the miserable old devil grabbed it and blew it out. After violent exchanges in a mixture of French, German and English it eventually came out that it was his own candle and all that he had for his camp the next day. Oh well! the soup was as good in the dark.

A leisurely stroll valleywards, enlivened by an attempted high level traverse to Zermatt, saw us all back at camp with energy to burn, so it was not surprising that we invaded a down-town cafe for a little celebration that evening. A few bottles of Fendant soon loosened our tongues enough to give a few rousing choruses, ribald and otherwise. Even the locals shared our gaiety and one 'slewed' Zermattian recited some monologue about the Matterhorn at least five times during the evening and gave a lusty rendering of " My Bonny lies over the Ocean " to which we supplied the alternative words. Hanks singing of such skiffle numbers as " Rock Island Line ", "Bring a little water Sylvie" and " John Henry " just about gave " the message " to Zermatt. Later residents at the Cervin Hotel were no doubt surprised to see figures splashing around in the ornamental fishpond-reputedly fishing, although no one had any luck.



The following day was again fine but there was some cloud about- especially on the Matterhorn where fresh snow had fallen, so we decided that was out and planned to tackle the other must from Zermatt - Monte Rosa. Harry and Dick left us and went to the Schönbühl Hut from where they ascended the Dent D'Herens and the Dent Blanche by the Quatre Anes ridge.

Our plans were not so ambitious and as we both felt rather lazy we caught the Gornergrat train as far as Roten Boden from where the way to the hut lay pleasantly downhill. The next morning we reached the summit of the Dufourspitze in snow and mist and although the route is mainly a snow plod we both found the final ridge interesting. We varied the route by descending to the " Silver Saddle " and down from there.

The weather cleared again as we descended and we had hopes of another ascent before our departure. Unfortunately this was not so as we were snowed off the Täschhorn when approaching from the Täsch Hut and were forced to retreat valleywards.

The next day (Friday) we packed and departed in ever worsening weather having had what we considered a very rewarding fortnight's holiday. The only noteworthy incident on the journey back was the Channel crossing - I contributed greatly to the contents of the already overflowing scuppers.

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SAGA OF THE BRYN-Y-WERN BOG. (MARK 11) .....by ERNIE PHILLIPS.

The persevering reader will no doubt recall the initial episode, which took place last year, after Lionel Smith had blown the bottom out of the original ceramic throne. Since then the inner circles of Oread had often mooted the desirability, or otherwise, of extending the existing facilities. Some argued that the situation when the hut was full was intolerable, while others could see nothing wrong with the neighbouring woods.

Eventually, with the brighter hope of a satisfactory lease arrangement for B-Y-W, a directive was issued by the committee, and the Vice-President agreed to approach Mrs. Hall in the matter. As the new privy was to be located in the spare room behind the existing bath-room, it was first necessary to replace the floor, and support the joists which had rotted in the back wall. Mrs. Hall agreed to the modifications and offered to contribute £10 towards the cost of the new floor.

By a happy chance of fate Wally Richardson, who is mixed up with this sort of thing professionally, happened to have a brand new low-flush unit by him, which came for a virtually nominal sum, with an elegant totally-enclosed stove thrown in for good measure. The latter was installed in the dining room by the Millward-Penlington group shortly afterwards, by the way, and an excellent device it is too. However, we digress; the next move was



carried out by the same group, and involved thumping a hole through the two foot thick wall of the back room to accommodate the waste pipe. The prognostications of the majority had been that this would prove to be the insuperable obstacle, but the majority as usual were wrong, and the whisper went round the Bell that it had been finished in a matter of two hours. The fact that it turned out to be in the wrong place later on is neither here nor there!

The Hut lay tranquil during the days that followed, little knowing what was in store when the Phillips-Hooley group arrived. The method of supporting the rotten joists had been the subject of lengthy and erudite discussions, and bending moments, cantilevers, moduli of rigidity and suchlike technical twaddle enlivened every conversation. Pretty held forth in terms peculiar to quantity surveyors, but when questioned closely in the matter had to admit that he was a little vague about the precis details.

When we were confronted with the problem, however, it was obvious that only one solution was possible. Saturday morning saw the four occupants of the hut away to Portmadoc, the women to the victual shops, and ourselves to the woodyard. A sixteen-foot long baulk of timber was selected and loaded on to the roof rack, together with the appropriate amount of floor-boarding conveniently cut to the exact length required. It later transpired that these were all four inches too long, but the odd bits made good firewood!

We cruised slowly back to Pennant, and a Master Mariner's certificate would have been more appropriate than a driving licence; it was nearer to sailing a barge than driving a car. We arrived back without incident or apparent damage, probably because we reluctantly passed the Golden Fleece without calling in, but the damage came to light some weeks later when the roof rack was removed, and brought four big circles of paint with it.

Having partaken of a little nourishment, the lump hammers and cold chisels were brought into operation and a large hole appeared through the wall into the yard, rapidly followed by another through the wall of the wood-shed. After a couple of dummy runs the beam was passed through from the outside, cut to length, wedged into position, and the wall cemented up.

The next job was to replace the old floor-boards, which had originally been torched in with plaster and fixed with wrought iron nails. The scene in the kitchen was indescribable, with the floor two feet deep in splintered wood, old plaster and horse-hair, but eventually the new boards were down and the place cleaned up. The job had started at 9.0 a.m. on Saturday and went on with about an hour's break until 2.0 a.m. on Sunday, at which time I sagged wearily into a bath of hot water, and then crashed into the pit.

Provisional arrangements had been made to complete the work at Whitsuntide but as a result of Geoff Thompson's machinations we found ourselves in the nether world of Mendip and it had to wait, but our next visit to B-y-W found us armed with blow-lamps, moleskins, pipe-benders and other curious paraphernalia which Chuck had been able to beg, borrow or steal. The suite was soon fixed in position, and then came the problem of breaking into the existing soil pipe, which we approached rather cautiously in view of our previous experience. Copious quantities of disinfectant cleared the way



for the application of the hack-saw by the bearded wonder himself, and in a matter of minutes the bottom section had been removed.

It proved to be much less noisome than we had anticipated, and after some pipe juggling reminiscent of the Original Chinese Puzzle, normal service was restored. During this period however, the water had been cut off and the bathroom door locked as a safety precaution against a shower-bath of excreta, and this no doubt gave rise to the anguished cry of a lady member of the Gloucester Club, "Where in Heaven's name ARE the woods?"

The connection of the water supply was a tiresome business, but eventually it was done and the water turned on. The result was a magnificent fountain from the tank unit, caused by a bad union, and it took another two hours' solid graft with the blow-lamp and solder to finaliss the job. During these operations we had removed the porcelain lid from one of the flush tanks while we worked on it, and placed it in the back of the airing cupboard for safety. It was removed from there by someone - we were never able to discover the culprit - who thought that a rag-bag shirt had more right to the space, and placed in the middle of the bathroom floor, where someone else immediately stepped on it. He (or she) will no doubt be pleased to know that these lids cannot be replaced as a separate item, and to make it good involves buying a complete new unit.

Our greatest regret was that a trial run could not be made, as the cement joint on the waste pipe had not "gone off", particularly as Falkner was present to perform the opening ceremony. We understand that it was broken in by Penlington on his next visit, but we feel it would have been much more in keeping with tradition to have had the scissors, white silk ribbon and beer bottle.

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COME TO SUNNY CORNWALL.....by BRIAN RICHARDS.

I have never had a climbing holiday in wholly glorious weather, so this year Walter Richardson and I decided to climb in the fabulous Cornish sunlight for a fortnight. We travelled each on his own motor-bike, and apart from getting lost on the Brum ring road had as uneventful a journey down as the chaotic A38 traffic would allow. A field near Okehampton gave us a comfortable bivvy, and the following afternoon we arrived, still under blazing sunlight at Poljigga near Land's End.

Our camp site was in the corner of a field, protected on two sides by a stone wall. The distinctly rural atmosphere was getting on Walter's nerves a bit by this time, and he kept on talking in nostalgic terms about black, overhanging crags, disappearing into a chill mist. As soon as the tent was up we took a five-minute bike ride and a ten minute walk to the top of Chair Ladder, "the finest cliff in Cornwall", and very impressive beyond doubt. Ash Can Gully, dropping steeply down to sea level between soaring, Dolomite-like pinnacles and faces, all plumb vertical, is the central of three easy ways down. Once on the sea level ledges the party can traverse the entire cliff base dryshod at low tide, provided the sea is calm.

The climbing on Chair Ladder is magnificent, and soon silenced our grumblings about "lack of atmosphere". When on those great sweeping walls



and slabs, reddish tinted, one can imagine oneself on Chamonix granite, except of course for the sea directly below, though in fact the sea adds tremendously to the interest of the climbs and the locality.

The rock, except on the VS and XS climbs, is simply plastered with holds, very much like that at Harborough. Its texture is generally smoother than gritstone but rougher than Welsh rock. Its strength is such that a jug handle 9"x4"x1" could be swung on with both hands with complete confidence. The colour is pinkish, except at the topmost spires which are enveloped in a vivid yellow-green growth, very short and close, which wet or dry detracts nothing at all from the climbable quality of the granite. However, the finest characteristic of the cliffs is its steepness. Walls are not just steep, they are plunk on the vertical for the whole two hundred odd feet. This factor, combined with the good holds, strength and fiction of the rock makes superb, exhilarating climbing.

During the first three days the afternoons were so hot ("worse than Hong Kong") that all we did between one and five o'clock was sunbathe and swim. We did our climbing in the morning and evening, while it was fairly cool. Each morning a powered fishing boat used to chug around just off the cliff, retrieving its lobster pots which had been set the previous day, and the fishermen, seeing us perched high on the face, would wave up to us from their boat. At the end of the day we would walk down to the motor-bike and ride back to camp through the warm evening, to eat a leisurely supper outside the tent.

This idyllic existence came to an end on the Thursday morning when we woke to the familiar sound of rain drumming on the flysheet. It didn't worry Walter and me though. We were in Cornwall. It's always sunny in Cornwall. Always Even in August. Even when climbers go there. Can't last long.

It did though. It lasted all Thursday, Friday and Saturday, while we exhibited extreme optimism and fine tentmanship. The locals were still calling the gale, which was by now playing havoc with the tent pegs, "a fresh breeze" although in Burton it would have been "the worst in living memory". The weather had its compensations though. To take a walk round that rocky coast in the tearing gale, with the grey, whitecapped waves crashing one upon another on to the jagged rocks and flinging a white spray high into the air, was well worth doing.

Returning from a shopping trip to Penzance on the Saturday afternoon, we climbed the wall into the field just as the gallant tent gave up its long-fought battle with wind and weather. The flysheet took off at one end and streamed from one pole like a banner, while the inner tent, suddenly exposed to the full force of the gale, snapped in and out in a terrifying manner. It was saved from damage by the collapse of one of the poles, and as we ran across the field, the tent became a shambles of aluminium, canvas and cord. Luckily the rain had stopped temporarily and we gathered everything into a large wet and untidy bundle and retreated to the barn where the farmer had let us keep our bikes. Later, when he discovered us in the barn with bug bags laid out ready for the night and wet clothes hung out over the climbing rope between the rafters he insisted that we sleep in their house for the night. Such is the hospitality of the Cornish folk, or at least this was typical of all those we met.



In the morning we made our decision. Our clothes were wet. We were wet. Our tent was wet. Our bug bags were damp, and local opinion was that with the wind in that quarter, the bad weather was there for another week at least. So we packed our sacks and set out through the pelting rain for Bryn-y-Wern.

14 hours and 438 miles later we were greeted by a dejected John Fisher outside the hut. The news was bad. Bryn-y-Wern was to be invaded on the morrow by a horde of schoolboys and their teachers, whose number totalled exactly the number of beds in the hut. For this reason John was leaving for home in the morning, although Tony Smith and Margaret had decided to stay the week.

The arrival of the lads fulfilled Fisher's gloomiest prophecies. For the rest of the week Bryn-y-Wern was like a Youth Hostel run on self-expressionist lines with a touch of time and motion study thrown in. Each morning reveille was at 6.30. By 8.30 the "duty party" was washing up in the kitchen and when we emerged from the Members' Room at about 9.30, having dozed only intermittently from 6.30, the "climbing party" and "trekking party" were being mustered in the hall ready to start, come rain, gale, hell or high water.

We would lounge in the lounge with the gusts rattling the windows and souging round the house until about midday, when the lads would return, soaked to the skin, to fill the bathroom (yes, the bathroom) with anoraks, scarves, socks and trousers. Around 4.30 the rain would stop and Walter and I, smiling supercilious smiles, would head for the local crags to spend a few hours on Craig y Llan or Craig Isallt. My first visit to the latter left me with a rather negative impression. To struggle through thick undergrowth, fight trees, flies and then thickets, and trip over a succession of bracken-hidden boulders on the way to a definitely nondescript crag seems to me rather futile and a very long way from mountaineering.

During our week at the hut we had two moderately fine days, and spent them on Cwm Silyn and Yr Eifl. Last Whitsun I did a new route - "The Weaver" - on Yr Eifl with a friend. At the time we were disappointed with the type of climbing on the crag, but were reassured when acquaintances said, "Ah, but you should just try the Eifl Tower." Walter and I did it on our visit, and except for the first pitch found it if anything worse than the "Weaver". There was nothing but an endless succession of short walls of loose rock, with grass and undergrowth predominant. It was a far cry from the enthusiastic descriptions in the Climbers' Club Journal - or perhaps we had got off the route?

On the Friday morning the sun came out. This commonplace occurrence seemed like a miracle to us after the sort of weather we'd been having. We snapped out of our lethargy, and even before the "climbers" and "trekkers" were mustered were heading, fully laden, for Llanberis. We gave Tony and Margaret a lift as far as Pen-y-Pass. They were going to walk from there over Snowdon back to the hut. Walter and I were glad to see the last of the place.

Arriving beneath Clogwyn y Grochan we pitched the tent under a grey sky, still not actually raining, then went up to Carreg Wastad and did "The Wrinkle" and "The Lion", leading through as is our wont. A good day and a fine finale to the holiday. The encore was scheduled for the next day, our last, but



inevitably it rained again, so we packed the gear and set off for home,

Half way up the Pass the rain looked like clearing up, so we walked up to the Cromlech. Everything was soaking wet, but we did that very pleasant route, "Spiral Stairs", before setting off for the last time.

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GUILNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU (THEY SAY).....by RON DEARDEN.

As I hung on to the tent poles and felt the rain trickling down my neck, I looked at my sodden bug-bag and wondered how the hell I came to be there, with the rain blowing straight across Galway Bay, straight through my tent and nearly straight through me.

It was the Ashcrofts' fault, all three of them. Joy, Jack and Janet, they said it would be all right - "Marvellous place, Ireland" - but I was still arguing when we got on the Aer Lingus plane bound for Dublin.

We spent the weekend in Dublin.....the memory still gives me pain..... and eventually arrived in Connemara, travelling to Galway by train, and from there to Recess by bus. From Recess we walked up the lonely Inagh Valley and from then on the holiday began to improve. The valley is about ten miles long and contains two large lakes, Dennyclare Lough and Lough Inagh; on one side rise the Twelve Bens and on the other the Maumturk Mountains. These mountains are different from any I have ever seen, rising from sea-level to 2500 feet. They are huge cones of near-bare rock standing out majestically from the lakes and woods of the valley.

The place immediately had us in its spell and the rest of the fortnight was spent camping in a small wood close by the only building of any note in the valley, the "Valley Inn", a lovely place surrounded by trees and fuchsia bushes. This inn alas was our downfall for such was the hospitality of the "boss", Mrs. Milne (Queen Nora) and her niece (Princess Della) that our time seemed equally divided between drinking at the "pub" and sleeping in our tents.

However we did sally forth once or twice and most of the Twelve Bens were climbed, also a few minor rock climbs were accomplished. The ten days we spent in Inagh passed quickly and all too soon it was time to go; after a riotous farewell spree at the inn on Wednesday we set out the next day to hitch-hike to Galway, having missed the bus (my fault - couldn't wake up).

At Galway we camped on the edge of the Bay and nearly finished up in it. The rain lashed down all night and the wind blew; by morning Janet, Jack, Joy and myself were all perched on Jack's lilo while the water lapped all round.

Friday saw a hasty retreat to Dublin, then home early on Saturday morning.

I didn't want to go to Ireland, I was dragged there against my will, but now I am looking forward to going back again and my destination will be Connemara. To any Oreads who want a change I recommend this area. From Dublin it is about 180 miles, and provides rock-climbing and fell-walking in abundance, with plenty of room to camp at no cost. The Inagh Valley is remote and the hills are free from tourists, but if you want company there's



there's plenty at the "Inagh Inn" where Mrs. Milne and the locals will give you a big welcome.

A climbing guide for this area is soon to be published, and the Irish Mountaineering Club are always very helpful to visitors. Also Della at the Inagh Inn has some information on the rock climbs, (as well as strong views on the "Super British"). These climbs go up to 1050 feet of rock, and are steep and exposed with good stances but few belays.

Of course we did not try the climbs - I did not even look at them, but I did see the sands at Dog's Bay not so far away, and these compare favourably with any I have ever lounged on. Also the salmon fishing in the lakes can be recommended. But best of all is the Guinness at Inagh Inn. That I can certainly recommend from my own experience.

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Editor's note: "Guinness" is deliberately misspelt in the above article in order to avoid accusations of unfair advertising from those members who live in Burton-on-Trent.

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ROCHES MEET, AUGUST 24-25.....by GEOFF HAYES.

Although it was one of the roughest weekends as far as the weather was concerned, there were quite a number of Oreads and friends out on this meet. Welbourn and party arrived on foot by way of Buxton and Flash, while Ken Beech of Beeston and I had a pleasant walk up from Waterhouses. Arriving at the crag I decided it was far too rough for tented life, so quickly staked my claim in the barn.

Burgess and Fisher had already been climbing, but the wind restricted them to two routes, one being Via Dolorosa.

Most of us spent the evening in the barn, and by the light of a candle discussed among other things the downfall of our President and others. Also the non-attendance of the Meet Leader who must have been recovering from his holiday in Ireland. At 9.30 p.m. the rains came and most Oreads departed to hold up tents and commence bailing operations. Although Harby stated on leaving that his "Guinea" would stand anything, I believe he got quite wet. Fisher joined us in the barn, and was first up on Sunday, but it was still raining. The weather caused some delay, but most of us were up for dinner.

John and Sybil Bridges left for a climb on Ramshaw and Brian Cooke, Mick Berry and Bernice Henson arrived by bike, then everyone sought shelter again.

Later Brian Cooke managed to get some of us out on the crag, and he and Mick Berry climbed Jeffcoats Buttress while I led Ken up the R.H. Route on the Great Slab. Bernice stood below ready to catch anyone who might be blown off.

The wind continued with great force and Brian said he could imagine crinolined ladies on the Great Slab being carried up Sloth while their frantic seconds tried to hold them down from below.



We all then turned to the Blushing Buttress area, where Brian led the Right Hand Route, a good one, while we struggled up Crack and Corner. Although it was quite early we were forced to go back to the barn and fester when more rain came.

The journey back home by bike was quite exciting - the Bantam did 45, its best speed for months. The tail wind must have been at least 30!

Those attending the Meet were: Jim Kershaw, John and Sybil Bridges, Mick and Alison Harby, John and Ruth Welbourn, Bernice Henson, Malcolm Hunt, John Fisher, Derek Burgess, Ken Beech, Brian Cooke and Mick Berry.

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

Dear Charlie,

I hope all is well with you and the Club. Please thank for me the chappie who sent along the Newsletters.

I noticed your remark about the sparsity of contributions, so before I say goodbye perhaps I had better say a little about the sport here in New Zealand.

My stay in this country is for only six months and this time is almost finished. During this period however I have been able to see and realise the magnificent opportunities a Kiwi mountaineer has before him. Here a climber often assumes the role of explorer because there are still many white patches on the map of the Southern Alps. Only last week I heard of a new valley being discovered. Of course, allied with the newly discovered tracts of land is the excitement of botanical, geological and other scientific research. Out in these virgin tracts you are really up against Nature; no maps, no well-worn tracks, no pleasant hut at the end of a strenuous day and the hard fact of carrying grub etc. for many days.

This exploratory role gives the genuine mountaineer a wonderful experience. He is used to living roughly, making his own maps and noting landmarks, and he has a healthy respect for the mountains. In many ways he is a greater "out-cast" from the general public than the climber is in England. The Normal New Zealander shudders below 45° and he resents any hardship; why anyone should want to leave the town atmosphere and comfort is beyond his comprehension.

The mountains offer unlimited scope in many branches of the sport. In winter the opportunities for snow and ice work are beyond comparison. Oddly enough the snow line and glacial level is the lowest in the world. One interesting technique experimented with is the building of snow caves; most climbers don't carry tents above the snow line as the caves have been proved very efficient. Climbing in summer or below the snow-line has one blot, however, and this is the general nature of the rock which is a fine-grained argillite called Graywack. The much altered Graywacks soon shatter so that climbing can be quite precarious.

Besides the usual hazards in the mountains there is one which accounts for a large number of fatal accidents. This is river crossing. During the drier parts of the year the rivers and streams are just fingers of rock debris but



after the rain they become quite a proposition. The trickles of water become raging torrents carrying boulders with them. As the river beds are masses of angular and rounded rock, footwork becomes difficult, especially when the water is chest high. Various techniques are used and these are an essential part of courses in mountaineering.

There are many mountaineering clubs and tramping clubs which have helped to open out the more remote parts and also build huts at the more popular centres. Most clubs have huts at the main centres of the South Island, Arthur's Pass and the Hermitage. Arthur's Pass is within easy access from Christchurch, and when you have had the 7000 footers you can go to the Hermitage for the larger peaks such as Mt. Cook (12342 ft.) and Mt. Tasman etc. The main club in Christchurch is the Canterbury M.C. and they have a fine hut at the Pass.

My last weekend in the Alps was spent tramping up the Waimakiriri River and trying to scale Mt. Murchison (7873 ft.). Bad timing prevented us from reaching the summit, but the weekend spent in glorious conditions was well worth while. We were fortunate in having good weather because the Alps are notorious for rain (90"+).

If you have the time and money the trip here is something I can recommend. I was supposed to go round the World in a year, but so far I have been two almost, and as my next stop is North America I expect it will be Christmas before I can enjoy a meet once again with you.

Yours sincerely,

Jack Leeson.

P.S. I'm still pottering about with the 7000 footers. Can't afford the equipment for high altitude climbing.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This letter was accompanied by four fine photographs which are being sent to Marion Cooke for the Club Log Book. In spite of his plans to visit the States, Jack is now back home in England.

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Dear Sir,

A point I would like to mention, a warning would be a better term, to all members who camp by the River Dwyfor on Mr. Evans' land near B-y-W.

On Saturday night, August 10-11, torrential rain falling all night caused the river to overflow its banks. The water was about 12 feet from the road between the two bridges and well beyond the church yard. The road by Mr. Evans' farm was impassable. He himself was out looking for sheep, up to his waist in water. A friend who was staying at the hut had to abandon his motor near Evans' farm and walk back to the hut, and the next day had to drain his crank case of flood water.

Yours etc.,

Chuck Hooley.

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**Top: The Waimakiriri River.**

**Bottom: The Anti Crow River (Peaks 6,500').**







Top:  
En route up the White River  
to Mt Murchison.  
Peaks in background  
Rolleston 7,500'.

Bottom:  
Canterbury M.C. Barker Hut  
6,500'. The hut is covered in  
high winter, a shovel is fixed  
to the flagpole to indicate  
location and also as a key.





LINES FROM THE LOWLANDS.....by LEONARD LEESE.

We have changed our address and with it our habits. Before, we used to install ourselves in bars and try to create the impression that we were climbers. It is easy to do this in Suffolk, where there are no mountains and we are not required to substantiate our claims. It is so easy, in fact, as to be unsporting; so we have decided to take up sailing instead. We are off to a fair start: if we stand on something we can see the Stour Estuary from our windows; A few miles to the North is the River Orwell, and a few miles to the South is the River Colne. What more could we want, apart from a boat ?

A fair amount of our climbing equipment could well be utilised on the river. Take the ice-axe, for instance: there we have a rond anchor. We shall bail with a billy-can. The tent, which really belongs to a fellow called McAlister, from whom we borrowed it some years ago, has become an awning. The rope, borrowed at roughly the same time, is now a warp, and is no longer coiled but flemished. Our noble President once noticed this rope on Leese's rucsac and said in tones of great distaste, "Whose is that decrepit-looking object ?"

"Yours," we said, and ~~quand~~ off quickly.

The state of the rope is, of course, the reason we have never attempted anything difficult enough to fall off. The climbing we do now will probably be confined to swarming up the mast to retrieve the block and tackle which somebody (B- Leese) forgot to hank on. As B. Leese also discovered on cracking her shins against a cleat, there is no difficulty in nautical terms; as in climbing these consist mostly of expletives.

We haven't actually bought a boat yet. That may come when we have taught Leese jr. to tie a reef knot and say "grog". Meantime we vegetate in the peace of rural Suffolk. Peace ? The racket is begun in the small hours of the morning, not, oddly enough, by the Leeselet, but by a chorus of pigeons, pheasants, chaffinches, eagles and so on. After that the tractor, then it's Leese jr.'s turn. Work goes on during the day amid the roar of forty thousand wasps drawn as by a magnet through the kitchen window. In fact the insect life here is beyond description. Penlington's Toads have nothing on our spiders. There is one in the bath now, a creature of truly horrifying dimensions. Nobody has had a bath for three weeks.

This year at Christmas we are not going to have turkey for dinner. We have got a book called "The Poacher's Handbook", and we are going to have one of those pheasants.

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SOME CORNISH ROUTES.....by RAY HANDLEY.

CHAIR LADDER.

GULLIBLE. 105 feet approx. Mild Severe.

The first 50 feet of the route is now called Gully Corner in the interim guide published by the Climbers' Club.

START: Between Bishop's Buttress and Terrier's Tooth is a right-angled corner



containing a vertical gully. The route goes up first in the corner and then on the right wall, to the summit of the Tooth.

1. 40 feet. Up the corner until it steepens and an obvious traverse leads out to the right and so to the shelf above.
2. 30 feet. Move across the skyline to the right and then up the crack to stance, etc.
3. 35 feet. Hand traverse right and swing up into a ledge beneath a slab with a thin crack in it. Climb this to the subsidiary summit of the Tooth.

First ascent June 1952, R. Handley and Mrs. V. Phillips.

**BULGING CRACK.** 230 feet. Very Severe. Named "Pegasus" in the interim guide.

**START:** On the left hand side of Bulging Wall a prominent crack with two overhangs faces Zawn Zinny. This is the route.

1. 1000feet. Climb the crack by hand jamming using holds on the left wall to overcome the overhangs. After the second bulge swing right on to a flat ledge, traverse right six feet until it is possible to climb to a good belay.
2. 30 feet. Climb a sloping crack in a corner to a stance.
3. 100 feet. Climb up the corner and slabs to a stance.

First ascent June 1952, R. Handley, E. H. Phillips.

**BISHOP'S BUTTRESS - DIOCESE.** Standard Hard Very Severe.

Between Wolf's Buttress and the Terrier's Tooth rises a buttress of rock over 200 feet high. The bottom left hand quarter is no longer there, leaving a very steep slab flanked on the right by a retaining wall and surmounted by a massive square-cut overhang. The route goes up in the right corner, then breaks out to the left at the overhang and regains the centre of the buttress above and following it to the top. 110 feet of rope is required.

**START:** At the centre of Bishop's Buttress, immediately below the obvious crack.

1. 20 feet. Climb up easily to the spacious flat ledge above, going slightly left.
2. 80 feet. There are two alternatives. (a) Climb the strenuous crack in the corner. Or (b) From the right hand outside edge traverse right across to the corner and up the subsidiary slab to regain the crack at about 25 feet, then the rest of the crack is quite difficult and is climbed by bridging outside it and using the smaller crack on the right until it is possible to swing into the wider crack and so to a stance and belay.
3. 25 feet. The crux. An awkward step up and to the left leads to a



sketchy traverse across under the overhang. On the first ascent a piton was inserted for protection about halfway. Continue to a stance etc. on the left corner of the buttress.

4. 110 feet. Ascend diagonally to the left for about 15 feet. Then break across to the slab above on the right. Up on good holds to the ledge below the final pinnacle.
5. 35 feet. Move a few feet to the left and then up the groove to the top of the pinnacle.

First ascent June 1952, R. Handley and E.H. Phillips.

RAKE CRACK - Bulging Wall area. 280 feet. Very Difficult.

START: On the rake that slants up Bulging Wall, which is most pronounced when looking across Zawn Zinny. Approx. 20 feet left of Bulging Crack.

1. 100 feet. Climb the rake to where it steepens into a crack. Climb this to a good belay.
2. 20 feet. Traverse upwards to the right to a good stance at the foot of a sweep of slabs.
3. 40 feet. Step on to the slabs on the left and climb these direct until a rock bay is reached. Piton belay.
4. 100 feet. Swing left from the belay and climb slabs and cracks to the summit.

First ascent June 1952, R. Handlek, Mrs. V. Phillips and Miss J. A. Hallam.

PEDN MEN DU.

THE CRACK. 90 feet. Mild Severe.

START: Immediately to the right of Shear Corner.

1. 20 feet. Climb to the stance beneath the crack.
2. 70 feet. Climb thr crack.

First ascent June 1952, R. Handley, E. H. Phillips.

JURAYONICA. 150 feet. Very Severe.

APPROACH: Easy way down to sea ledges. The first steep wall is split by two prominent cracks. The route takes the left hand one.

1. 60 feet. Climb the crack, difficult at 25 feet, until one can step into a groove. Take this until a belay is reached.
2. 30 feet. Climb the slab immediately behind the belay. Quite a difficult pitch. Belay.



3. 330 feet. The crack on the right is now climbed.
4. 30 feet. Climb directly up the corner to the overhang until one can swing with difficulty into the groove above.

First ascent June 1952, R.Handley, Mrs.V.Phillips and Miss J.A.Hallam.

The following climb in North Wales has not previously been recorded.

CRAIG DDU, LLANBERIS PASS.

Direct finish to Rib and Slab climb. Hard Severe.

Traverse left from the top of the first pitch to a bay with a fine tree.

40 feet approx. Climb the crack in the corner of the slab above. A difficult swing out to the right is necessary near the top. Moderate climbing to the summit.

First ascent March 1951, R.Handley, E.H.Phillips and Mrs.V.Phillips.

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CORRECTION: A line was accidentally missed out of Harry Pretty's article, Mountains in Space, in last month's issue. The second sentence on page 3 should have read: "In plan it is the shape of a 'y', the long down stroke running on the N.E.-S.W. axis. The short down stroke includes the highest summit....." Apologies for this error.

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#### OR E A D S I N S H O R T S

Quote overheard at the Roches: "Look at those calves - it looks as though his thighs have slipped!"

Conversation overheard in a barn:

Falkner: (to Parslow stirring contents of billy): "What's that?"

Parslow: "It's a cross between soup, stew and porridge."

Falkner: "Ah! That's exactly what it looks like - sewage!"

The editor denies responsibility for this one. Several members on holiday visited the Scilly Isles for two or three days. What a peculiar name for a group of islands, Scilly, isn't it?

The President and his bride have now returned from their five-week honeymoon which took them all round Europe. They ran across Chunky Cartwright in Italy. Phil refused to send a write-up to the Newsletter because they didn't do any climbing.

Please send articles, verses, letters, news items and "Shorts" to the Hon. Editor, D.C.Cullum, 11 Corkland Rd., Chorlton cum Hardy, Manchester. The next issue will be the first of Vol.5, and it is intended to give it a new look. This is only possible if you send a sufficient supply of contributions, including ideas for new features or criticisms of existing ones. By the beginning of October if possible please.