

# OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

## MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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Vol. 4, No. 8.

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### EDITORIAL

In this issue is a letter from Ernie Phillips on the subject of litter. He speaks of "abominations in Langdale", and he speaks truly. Broken beer bottles on the summit of Bowfell were taken there by climbers, not Teddy boys. And the Achille Ratti Hut, next door to Row Head Cottage, suffered damage at the hands of campers who broke in, and who must have been the owners of the nice respectable cars which were parked outside on Easter Monday. Also at Easter, property in Borrowdale was maliciously damaged. The heaps of cans and bottles in the Llanberis Pass reached an intolerable level a long time ago. Now the pertinent questions are, who is responsible, why do they do it, and what can be done to prevent them?

There is no doubt that Teddy boys and other youngsters of a like outlook are in some measure to blame. The police are doing their best to deal with them, but the most effective measures are probably those adopted by the locals, notably in Langdale. These measures are of a homely nature, like pitching the culprits into rivers. But I hope and believe that the cult of vandalism for its own sake is a passing phenomenon, and that rough and ready self defence will probably tide us over.

Equally there can be no doubt that motorists are major offenders with regard to litter. Poster campaigns and other such propaganda have only a limited effect but frankly I don't see any other feasible approach.

But let us face the fact that among the worst offenders are many bona fide climbers and campers. The offenders in this group can be divided into three main sub-groups. First there are the crowds of youngsters who have flocked to the country since the war. They are full of enthusiasm but many of them have not yet developed a real feeling for the countryside, though most of them will, given time. Secondly there are the new generation of rock gymnasts, who tend to regard mountains as the setting for technical problems, without any particular aesthetic value (I am not suggesting that no-one who does XS's has any profound regard for natural beauty). And finally there are the ordinary folk who really know better but who tend to be careless.

What's to be done? Ernie suggests, in effect, that the payment of a camping fee should entitle campers to be as untidy and destructive as they like, the farmers having the job of clearing up afterwards. Personally I

consider such an idea utterly unreasonable. Farmers have enough to do without the extra task of scavenging. No; the responsibility is yours and mine, and we must face it if we want to continue to enjoy the amenities at present available. The clubs (and this means the senior clubs as well as the proletarian upstarts of post-war origin) must keep on plugging a code of good behaviour among their own members, and those members themselves must spread the word. The personal approach will do wonders, and most litter-louts will abstain, at least temporarily, if their offences are pointed out to them. It's worth a few minutes of your time and it's worth arguing about. It's even worth helping others to dispose of their litter if necessary. Farmers can, however, help by keeping an eye on camp sites, and making a "black list" of the hooligans, who would then be refused permission to camp on future occasions. (But from the farmers' point of view it's easier to ban camping altogether).

Well, I admit that my suggestions don't amount to very much. Have you any ideas for an effective way of tackling not only the litter problem, but rowdyism in general? Please write to the Newsletter about it. And please, don't be guilty of any behaviour likely to get climbers and campers a bad name.

D.C.C.

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SEVEN OREADS IN GALTUR ... .. by ERNIE PHILLIPS

Ronni and I left Derby in the waggon at the dismal hour of two a.m. on a Sunday morning, accompanied by Ray and Judy. We arrived in London at the ungodly hour of six a.m., having seen one other vehicle up to St. Albans, and six up to Marble Arch! And in the whole distance, not one garage open.

By nine we had parked the car, registered the luggage, met the Langworthys and ensconced ourselves in the train, but of Cole there was no sign, however. The train drew out in a flurry of steam, and rattled its way through the hop-fields of Kent (the sight of so much embryo beer was delightful), taking us to the coast, and the miserable trek through the customs shed.

Eventually we fought our way aboard, homing straight down the beam to the bar, and thence to the boat-deck. A calm sea and brilliant sunshine made deck-chairs the order of the day, and Peter Cole materialised, having arrived, in true Oread tradition, one minute before the train was due to depart.

As we sat on the deck hundreds of gulls flew along side - no Oread received a direct hit, but there were a few near misses. The crossing passed pleasantly enough, followed by the journey across France and Switzerland, and so to the Arlberg and Austria. The only complaint on the train was from Peter. On leaving Burma he swore that not a single grain of rice would pass his lips during his leave. The very first meal provided by the Oesterreichisches

Bundesbahn included the forsworn vegetable, but since the meal was prepaid in England, he had to eat it with good grace.

The organisation went haywire with the bus from Landeck to Galtür, as there were more passengers than seats, but after a game resembling musical chairs the wheels finally turned and we wound our way up the valley, passing quite a number of avalanches on the way. We arrived in brilliant sunshine which lasted all the holiday, apart from two days when we had snow.

There were about twentysix people from England who travelled out with us, and before long we were divided into two groups; the refined, and the others (including us). One dinnertime we were pleased to receive a postcard, one side of which bore a photograph of Derby Post Office taken on a wet Sunday afternoon, and the other side an epistle written by a gathering of Oreads in the Bell, which said, among other things, that in Derby it was hissing it down with rain, in somewhat coarser terms.

The card found its way to the "other" table, by design, where it was greeted with cries of astonishment and disgust. One of the members of the elite asked Lisa Zuza, a Viennese girl, who was a kindred type with us, if she was quite happy with those English people, and that she mustn't judge everyone by our standard. The situation was, of course, magnificently retrieved on the day of the downhill slalom races, as the persevering reader will soon find out.

The days of practice and short tours with the ski-school passed pleasantly enough, under the blistering alpine sun. Our instructor, Eugen, did not ski with the elegance of the exponents of the New Arlberg Style, but I think that he taught us more, especially about difficult snow conditions, than all the other instructors that we have had before.

By this time Les and Ray had graduated to the top class, and in a moment of over-enthusiasm entered the downhill races. Les came in second, being beaten by two-fifths of a second for first place by another Englishman from "our" table, while Ray received an illuminated address, in spite of the fact that he bit the snow on the way down.

During the weekend some German types at the Hotel suggested that Ray and I should go on a three-day tour with them, and the next day we set out under the guidance of Herman Walter, one of the local Bergführers, in great style. The gear was carried on a horse-drawn sledge up to the Silvretta See some seven or eight miles away, and from there, after suitable refreshment at the Berggasthof, we went on skins up to the Wiesbadener Hütte.

The place was already bursting at the doors with people when we arrived, and by ten o'clock there must have been 150 people in the place. For some mysterious reason none of the members of our party had beds, except the

guide, and we spent a fitful night on the bare boards in bitter cold. Fortunately both Ray and I, by the grace of Judy, had Duvet jackets which prevented the blood from actually congealing, but how the others must have fared defies the imagination.

The next morning, feeling somewhat the worse for wear, we started out from the hut, traversed below the glacier, and then crossed the neve above it to a col, where we abandoned the skis, and went on foot to the summit of Piz Buin about 11,000 ft. The view from the summit was magnificent, but Ray and I were soon back at the col ready for the run-down back to the hut, and a late lunch. Little did we know!

We next found ourselves traversing an adjacent mountain to another col, and then across a mile or so of neve to the top of the Silvretta Gletscher. From here we had a fantastic run-down, in powder snow, for about half an hour, but in the opposite direction to the hut, until eventually we stopped by a **ridge** like a magnified Aonach Eagach. The ridge was crossed at another low col by climbing three or four hundred feet up vertical snow in huge bucket steps, and then down the other side into the Klostertal.

The snow here was the worst that I have ever skied on. The sun was below the ridge and breakable crust was the order of the day. Ray had a gutser on the way down, splitting his face and loosening a few teeth; fortunately Fisher's services were not needed, a quick gnash and three inches of sticking plaster soon put matters to right, and we eventually found ourselves at the silvretta See again. From here we flogged for two hours up the valley again, returning to the Wiesbadener Hütte just as darkness fell, in poor physical shape, twelve hours of concentrated effort with no quarter given or asked for. The hut was so crowded as we staggered in that we had to stand up for half an hour waiting for a seat to become vacant before we could sit down. This was just about the last straw!

However, we congratulated ourselves during the evening, as the German lads had wangled beds; it transpired that the beds were three in number, while the bods were six, and it is a matter for conjecture whether the floor would not have been better - Ray swears that he didn't have a second's sleep the whole night, and I must admit that it was strongly reminiscent of the worst excesses of the matrattenlagen at the Hörnlhütte.

The next day away again early, and up to the Jamspitze, and then a run down the glacier to the Jamtalhütte for lunch and other suitable refreshment. The guide was in no hurry to move; "It will be faster if we wait for two hours or so", he said! As the blistering sun dropped behind the ridge, the valley was plunged into shadow, and the soft snow turned instantly into a sheet of ice. A five-degree slope accelerated us up to 50 mph in a matter of yards, the edges wouldn't bite, and the whole run was a nightmare, to me at least, as I was out of control most of the way.

By the time the Guide and I reached Galtür the others had disappeared, but to our astonishment we were the first back at the Hotel. I can only conclude that they fell to the blandishments of some hostelry or bierhof on the way - they must surely have been beyond the stage where they could respond to the wiles of women! I don't think that I have ever been so tired before in my life, but a large glühwein and half an hour's rest soon improved things, and by dinner time I had pulled round again.

The guide's charge for the whole trip came to something under £1 each!.

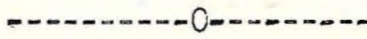
About three miles up the main valley was a magnificent peak called the Ballunspitze, which all the locals declared to be unclimbable under winter conditions. This, of course, got under Ray's skin, and he inveigled Peter Cole and me into having a bash. We set off with packed lunches, two ice axes between the three of us, and a length of nylon rope.

Not having made a proper reconnaissance of course, we found ourselves on a steep snow slope which we couldn't climb on skins, so we abandoned the skis and started to flog up on foot. The snow was bottomless (quite inappropriate for Oreads), and we took a beating for four or five hundred feet until we reached a rock outcrop which led fairly easily above. This had been only a taste of things to come, however; the snow above was fairly hard and we made rapid progress up a couloir, until it steepened awkwardly, so that we had to take to a rognon on the left. The rock was steep, holdless, and verglassed - **certainly not the place for skiboats, so back to the snow again.**

By this time it was afternoon, the angle increasing, the snow bottomless again and groaning ominously. If we had had a set of frogman's flippers we might have made progress, but the concensus of opinion was that the situation was hopeless, with 500 ft and a long ridge to the summit. We floundered back to the skis and ran slowly back to Galtür, where we heard that hundreds of people had been watching the mad Englishmen through binoculars and telescopes all day, from the vantage point of deckchairs outside the local bierhofs.

The locals were right. It was unclimbable under the conditions.

The rest of the trip was relatively uneventful, apart from the fact that the Channel was more often on top of the ship than underneath it. Five of us also learned quite a lot about Sonne Dysentery, by bitter personal experience. For those not familiar with this minor ailment, suffice it to say that according to the books fifty times a day is by no means unusual!



LANGDALE MEET - EASTER ... .. by CHARLIE CULLUM

We stumbled into Raw Head Cottage at about 1.30 on Good Friday morning and a few hours later woke to brilliant sunshine, the song of birds, bleating of lambs and other trappings of spring. Parties were soon off in

various directions and the morning was enlivened by Penlington changing his trousers in the middle of the public highway. Numerous parties went up to Pavey Ark where the Langworthys climbed Gwynne's Chimney, followed by Malcolm Hunt with the Vice-President and Hon.Ed., the latter two finding the chimney rather confining to their august persons. The Welbourns and some others were also in the vicinity. Meanwhile Penno, Fisher, Burgess and Harby, with their ladies, were defying death on White Ghyll. Some more enterprising members spent the day on Scout Crag.

In the evening the Cookes and the Allens arrived. The two small Alle at once commenced a display of regurgitation (continuous performance, matinees Saturdays and Sundays).

Saturday was an even finer day. An enormous crowd went up to Bowfell Buttress, and close behind them marched a family outing - the Prettys, Cullums, Brenda Allen and Judy Handley with their young. Passers-by were later astonished to see the V.P. and Hon.Ed. carrying a child's push chair up the track at the head of the valley. You could hear their theories ticking over - "..... a descending machine, old chap .....", "..... if one of the old gentlemen collapses, the other can wheel him home .....", et., etc. V.P. and H.E. eventually reached Bowfell Buttress, having deposited their families (and the push chair) in Langdale. A procession of parties did the Plaque Route (a delightful climb, nowhere too hard, always hard enough, exposure increasing steadily all the way) while others climbed on Cambridge Crag just across the way. Meanwhile the Cookes had been carrying a camp to the top of Scafell for the benefit of Fisher and Burgess. The evening was perfect and the tramp back to the hut a delight.

Sunday was a complete contrast. The rain poured down, so the married men offered to look after the children so that their wives could go out. Mary Cullum and Betty Wright splashed up to Rossett Ghyll and back, while a few others went to church. The rest just festered, thinking with relish of the Cookes and their hangers-on.

Monday was again perfect, and some people passed the morning on Scout Crag, though the tigers occupied themselves with the children's toys.

At three Jack and Tahsinia called for us, and off we drove in blazing sunshine - a happy ending to one of the most enjoyable meets ever. But I for one will keep out of Langdale at holiday times - I can't stand the crowds, the traffic or the litter.

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EXTRA-CURRICULAR WEEKEND ... .. by LAWRIE BURNS

Off to the Lakes with two lecturers for a weekend; an uneventful trip brought us to Langdale by midnight, but bearing in mind the recent difficulties

experienced by campers in this valley we pressed on to Blea Tarn. A camp site was found in the conventional way, squelching around until a dry spot was found which was at a reasonable angle and did not include too many "Turks heads" and boulders. It was b----- cold and after a brief struggle with J. Bury for my second sleeping bag "I had a very comfortable night, Jack".

Early next morning Bury gave up his unequal struggle with nature and with genuine regret left his bug-bag for the brilliant but cold morning air. A fine histrionic performance by myself convinced him on his return that (a) it was much later than he thought, (b) that it would shortly be warmer, (c) not worth while going back to bed, (d) a cup of tea would be appreciated.

The next item was "Bury's Crevasse Rescue Aid". This is a 30 ft rope ladder made from parachute cord, and not without difficulty it was attached to the top branch of a tree. A majority voted me into the first ascent. The first four rungs surmounted found me still on the floor, but the fifth put me perilously swaying two inches up. The ladder was now four inches wide and four feet between rungs. A desperate effort put me within clutching distance of the branch. Later I was joined by two equally exhausted men. There was now surprisingly little room and another majority decision placed me in the descending position. The first three steps were into complete darkness; this however was only due to the bottom of my anorak having caught on a nail in the tree. This position was maintained for some time (try it sometime) but with assistance I was able to continue descending until I placed one foot thankfully on terra firma. But the contrivance still had a shot in its locker, for when the weight is removed it recoils smartly taking your other foot four feet into the air. If you are built normally, this puts you flat on your back. The actual reason for this position being assumed is, of course, carefully concealed, otherwise your enjoyment of others descending may be impaired.

The next day, the only thing that would move Bury from his sleeping bag was the passing of three young and colourfully attired females, who walked past and did nearly half a mile before sitting down in various positions. B produced an 18 c/m lens which, when attached to his camera, did duty as a telescope. He has never given up hope that the enchanting tableau witnessed on the A5 at Christmas will one day be re-enacted.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor, The O.M.C. Newsletter.

Dear Sir,

Unconfirmed rumour (from a usually reliable source) has it that the powers-that-be are giving serious consideration to a proposal to ban camping in the Lake District. This is no doubt due to the abominations that have been committed in Langdale. It seems improbable to me that a regulation of this nature would apply to one small area alone, and the County Councils concerned

will probably introduce an umbrella Bye-law to cover the whole of the District.

I am not greatly put about by this possibility, as I have never been greatly enamoured of Langdale, particularly since the tin-and-bottle brigade arrived, and it is unlikely that the arm of authority will reach to Far Easdale or the fastness of Ennerdale. What does concern me, Sir, is the shape of things to come.

I was recently at Ynys Ettws for the weekend, and chancing to take a walk up the road to Pont-y-Cromlech, was disgusted to see the horrors of tin cans, bottles (mostly broken), and other indescribable filth in vast quantities, which litter the camp sites and bivouac spots. The blame for the excrescences of Stanage and Langdale has always been laid on the "Sheffield Yobs" and the worst types from Liverpool and Manchester, but I think it is reasonable to say that those who camp in the Llanberis Pass are drawn almost entirely from the "pukka" climbing world, and one is led to conjecture whether the blame is, in fact, being laid in the wrong place.

This part of the world is practically on our own doorstep, and we have frequent camping meets in Snowdonia, so that if we wish to continue our activities unaffected by Authority it is quite obvious that some action will have to be taken by those who have a lasting interest in the area. As a tentative suggestion, it might be borne in mind that the local farmers make a nominal charge of 1/- for camping, which is not really a great fee, but nevertheless must amount to quite a sum over the period of a year, and knowing the person concerned quite well, I feel sure that if he were approached by two or three people representing the Clubs which are interested in the area, who could point out what is likely to happen, he would make some arrangement to keep the sites in good order.

The matter has now reached such proportions that an initial "clear-up" such as took place at Stanage, if on a somewhat smaller scale, would be necessary. What is certain is that if something is not done soon, our next will have been fouled beyond renovation!

Yours faithfully,

Ernie Phillips.

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The following letter has been received by Brian Cooke.

Dear Mr. Cooke,

We are writing to you to seek your help in connection with the protection of the Peregrine Falcon. In spite of the fact that this fine bird is specially protected under the provisions of the Protection of Birds Act, 1954, egg-collectors still rob eyries in considerable numbers. We even understand that approaches have been made to climbers by collectors seeking their assistance in acquiring eggs. The assistance of climbers in helping to protect the Peregrine would be invaluable. We should welcome any records



of Peregrines eyries and especially information of any approaches made to individual climbers by egg-collectors.

We would add that bona-fide falconers may be granted licences by the Home Office or the Scottish Office so that they may take a specified number of young falcons for training. But these people would be able to produce the licence on request.

Yours faithfully,

P. E. Brown, Secretary,  
Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

M.H.Woodford, Hon. Secretary,  
British Falconers' Club.

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

Your last editorial exhorts us to build our own mountains - I am doing that on the playground. The idea is not popular with my two caretakers who want to see everything nice and shipshape. Talking of shipshape, I just "launched" our new boat - it took myself and the mob ten days to dig a hole big enough to put it in, but we saved £15 by doing it ourselves, and we did it ourselves, which was important.

I do not propose to go into the complex problems which arise from having an adventure playground in a community like this, but if I say that sometimes I feel I am trying to stave off an avalanche with a shovel then you will get the general idea. The work is challenging, exacting, all demanding - the problems are of the spirit - the results can never be calculated - the reward is if you win one small battle here and there.

There is a satisfying material side. Here one feels that one's sweat may produce a fair return - the playground is barren, stark, its future uncertain. It can be made into something the area can be proud of - if we can instil some pride and interest into this community, the hope that someone cares, and that there will be a brighter future - that is a job worth doing. It's worth doing if only one child is given a wider outlook on life than to continue the dreary cycle of childhood in squalor, seeming escape in marriage, and final apathy and resignation in overburdened family life (and that is the brighter side of the picture).

Sir is not an ordinary person, which is his strength and weakness. Sir is the man who lifts Willie into the boat, who stops fights, who helps when asked, who fixes cuts and wounds when Willie falls off the swings - that is his job as the children know, but what the children do not know consciously is that unless Sir also loved them he could not do these things, nor would they ask him. That is the human side. But Sir is also different - he does not lie, or cheat, or steal, or bully, or swear (much!!).

I feel that I've not put over very well what I've got to say, but perhaps enough to give you some idea of the work. If any of you want an unusual W/E (or a week) come and do a job on my playground. Gillian already has. There is plenty of room in my house, and the programme could be varied by a visit to Helsby or Moel Famma. A work group would be ideal so if any carload of you feel like volunteering, please contact me.

The other part of my job, the community centre, is cutting its programme now for the summer, but it also has its problems and excitement. Only last week I chased a gang of young toughs all over the roof-tops of the Mission. I've had my office burgled, and I'm losing count of the threats upon me, and my windows. The boys here seem to grow up twisted - it's as though the high brick walls warp their personality - because of this I am running a few adventure W/Es this year, and hope to put a bigger programme before the Liverpool Boys Association next year. I will need a lot of voluntary leaders for such plans but I hope to find them during the year, especially men willing to spare a week or fortnight.

To come down to particular needs - my first real W/E is on June 22/23 this year, when with about 18 boys I expect to traverse Kinder, visit Axe Cave and climb Windgather, all in the one W/E - any volunteers for this?! Since it is my birthday, a visit to a boozier is also a necessity.

There is not much other news. I went to Belfast recently with Gillian, and we had a pleasant day there - visited the art gallery, climbed Cave Hill, had tea in the castle, and saw a film - and so home. Bob Downes, of the Masherbrun expedition, also visited me on his way to India - I saw the party on to the ship. Two other items - Charles Evans is getting married to Denise Morin I am told - and Geoff Sutton's Greenland Expedition is progressing favourably with its plans despite changes in personnel. I have located the Wallasey climbers in a pub called "The Crock", and met Pete Grant, brother of the man who was our occasional "No. 6" in South Georgia. Joe Johnson tells me that my book will be out on the 14th, but the publishers haven't said a word.

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### OREADS IN SHORTS

Len Hatchett is preparing a new Address List. You are asked to notify him at once of any change of name, address, or phone number since the last list was issued.

Lawrie Burns complains that subscriptions are coming in too slowly. Pay up, please. You get good value for your money - including this wonderful Newsletter!

Superb quote, whose originator perhaps ought to remain anonymous:  
"Who are the Oread? Why, we're the club the Fell and Rock are trying to get reciprocal rights with - but we haven't made up our minds about it yet!"

The Hon. Ed's last bank statement included an item which read: "Ordeal Mountaineering - £1.11.6d." No comment.

Bob Pettigrew is now at the Outward Bound Sea School at Aberdovey, and flies out to Malaya in July ("to help Pete Cole found the S.E. Asia Section of the Oread"). Bob has recently been elected to the Alpine Club and consequently is entitled to drink with Falkner once more.

The signature was accidentally left off the long letter from Canada which appeared in last month's Newsletter. The letter was, of course, from Ken Wright.

Please send all items for publication to the Hon. Editor, D.C. Cullum, 11 Corkland Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester 21. And please remember that it takes 10 to 14 days to produce each issue, so don't delay with your news, or it will be history by the time it gets into print.

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#### A NEW GRITSTONE GUIDE

CLIMBS ON GRITSTONE, VOLUME 4 - FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS IN THE PEAK DISTRICT.

Edited by Eric Byne and Wilfred B. White.

Published by Willmer Brothers and Haram, price 10/6d.

Rock-climbing technique and consequently the standard of what is possible have advanced enormously in the six years since Volume 3 of the Gritstone series appeared. But the advances, both qualitative and quantitative, in the specialised field of gritstone climbing, as revealed in this new guide (ostensibly the last of the series) are truly amazing. Some 770 routes on 38 crags are described, and many of these crags will be completely new to the majority of climbers. As one would expect, there is a high proportion of very hard climbs - it is easy to find whole pages with no route easier than Vs - but it should not be supposed on that account that this is a book exclusively for the "tiger". On the contrary, there is a surprisingly large number of new or at any rate newly-recorded routes of VD standard or less, though it must be admitted that some of the 20-foot climbs described were hardly worth including. And the names people give to their new routes get sillier as the years go by. But one cannot blame the Editors for that.

The scheme of the guide is to divide the crags into four main groups, which follow the pattern of the previous volumes - Laddow, Sheffield Area, Kinder and Roches, and Miscellaneous. The various edges and outcrops are then dealt with separately, and consist in some cases of additions to existing descriptions, and in others of completely new guides. For example there are the first complete accounts of Gardom's Edge, which boasts no fewer than

121 routes, and of Harecliffe Rocher at Agden. The first of these is by Eric Byne and Ernie Marshall and the second by George Kitchin. Several other Oreads and ex-Oreads are responsible for complete sections - Dick Brown, Albert Shutt, Dave Penlington and George Sutton - and many others receive honourable mention. It will surprise even his friends to discover what a very large part Dick Brown has played in the recent history of gritstone climbing. They will be surprised too to learn that Dick did not discover Depravity.

Eric Byne's contributions to this volume are formidable. Besides being joint Editor with Wilf White, he drew the many admirably clear line drawings and wrote the fascinating historical notes which precede each section. His knowledge of the Peak and its personalities is encyclopaedic. Alf Bridge contributes a Preface. There are also 16 frightening photographs which are for the most part badly reproduced, giving the impression of having been engraved on loaves of new bread.

The format is the usual conveniently-dimensioned guide book style, with an attractive pale gritstone-coloured cover. A purist might quibble about some minor errors of punctuation and the curious technical printer's instruction which has got itself accidentally printed in the middle of page 185, but the wealth of interesting and useful information (who would have guessed there could be five routes up the Rivelin Needle?), the pleasure of seeing so many Oreads and friends of the Oread M.C. among the contributors, and its general air of practical and workmanlike competence make this an eminently readable book. The eight clubs whose members took part in its compilation can be justly proud of their efforts. In short, it may not be perfect, but it is certainly a good money's-worth. The reviewer, for one, is looking forward to the publication of the next "last volume of the series".

D.C.C.