

Friday evening, pouring with rain, a full moon glowing, I arrived in the
Llanelli Valley late with J. R. Westwood to find quite a few Oreads already
camped in the best places. The Westwoods were turned out to erect Westwood
Towers while I made myself comfortable in the back of the Hasty, at least in
the part not required by the dog.

OREAD
MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB

The meeting was brilliantly lit and everyone was out of that by 11
o'clock (somebody of a record). The party set off to follow the valley
past by the hillside and through knee-deep heather and moorland remnants
of Rhodod. to the Forestry Commission ground. Here we had our repertoire
of Oread stories enlarged by the President's. Someone discovered that they
were open, and we all made haste to the water meadows to
dinner. Here Burton's contribution to the water was appreciated by all.
Then someone discovered a very good post office - a village
store next door, and a delay occurred while several unnecessary purchases
were made. The Vice President had to be forcibly removed. The 2,000 ft.
odd high hills seemed a little higher on the return journey.

Sunday - another fine morning, that is a fine morning everywhere but
on the 48 square feet occupied by Phillip's tent, where according to the forecast
occupant it was raining - the most distant place of malarial I have yet
witnessed.

IN THIS ISSUE:

Everyone duly departed for the Rhin Valley and Garret Dda and were
were part of the party. The party was a success. The party was a success.
and found the party a success. The party was a success. The party was a success.
particular on his trip. The party was a success. The party was a success.
off on his trip. The party was a success. The party was a success.
Ordnance Survey. The party was a success. The party was a success.
whose part. The party was a success. The party was a success.
independence. The party was a success. The party was a success.
and it was a success. The party was a success. The party was a success.
incredible. The party was a success. The party was a success.

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Everyone drove home like hell - bar me. I dodged them and proceeded
home with my usual caution and patience.

Paul Gardiner represented the Oread at the Rhin & Heather Club's annual
dinner at the Scotland's Park on October 5th. The chief guest was Lt.Col.
Hythornthwaite of the Park Park Planning Board. Incidentally, the wedding
of Mr. Gardiner and Miss Elizabeth Bird had been held on November
18th, in order to secure a quiet and untroubled following weekend.

RADNOR FOREST MEET, September 6-8.

LAURIE BURNS

Friday evening, pouring with rain, a full gale blowing, I arrived in the Llanley Valley late with J. & R. Welbourn to find quite a few Oreads already camped in the best places. The Welbourns were turned out to erect Welbourn Towers while I made myself comfortable in the back of the Husky, at least in the part not required by the dog.

The morning was brilliantly fine and everyone was out of tent by 11 o'clock (something of a record). The main party set off to follow the valley path up the hillside and through knee-deep heather and moorland reminiscent of Kinder to the Forestry Commission ground. Here we had our repertoire of Oread stories enlarged by the President. Someone discovered that they were open, and we all made haste through the woods and water meadows to Bleddfa. Here Burtons contribution to man's welfare was appreciated by all. Then someone discovered a very nubile wench in the Post Office-cum-village store next door, and a delay occurred while several unnecessary purchases were made. The Vice President had to be forcibly removed. The 2,000 ft odd high hills seemed a little higher on the return journey.

Sunday - another fine morning, that is a fine morning everywhere but on the 42 square feet occupied by Phillip's tent, where according to the lone occupant it was raining - the most blatant piece of malingering I have yet witnessed.

Everyone duly departed for the Elan Valley and Garreg Ddu, and cars were parked by the reservoir. We all negotiated the most abominable heather and boulder to the foot of the crag. The dog declared this to be V.Diff at least, particularly one large slabby boulder he negotiated for about 6 ft and then slid off on his bottom ignominiously. One route for each party seemed enough of Ordovician Slate climbing, to the great disappointment of Mr. Lane of Bleddfa whose pet it is. Returning to the cars, everyone unpacked and brewed up. The indigenous motorists of this area are not so well educated as the N.W. species and it was instructive to watch the expression on the passengers' faces - incredulity, horror, amusement, contempt and, perhaps, envy.

Everyone drove home like Hell - bar me. I dodged them and proceeded home with my usual caution and patience.

Paul Gardiner represented the Oread at the Rock & Heather Club's annual dinner at the Scotsman's Pack on October 5th. The chief guest was Lt.Col. Haythornthwaite of the Peak Park Planning Board. Incidentally, the wedding of Mr. Gardiner and Miss Elizabeth Bird has been arranged for November 16th, in order to secure a tankard the following weekend.

EAST OF EDEN

BOB PETTIGREW.

I arrived in Ipoh by air after a flight of four days via Germany, Italy, the Middle East, India, Burma and Siam. Jack Tucker, who has a fund of stories about Kanchenjunga and Huagaruncho (South America), the acting warden, met me off the plane and we travelled by car to the West coast at the mouth of the Dindings river where the school is situated. Across the Dindings channel opposite the school the heavily forested island of Pankor provided cover for men of force 136, including Freddy Spencer Chapman, engaged in espionage and guerilla warfare in Japanese occupied Malaya during the last war. Each course the school visits Pankor twice, first as an introductory jungle and swamp expedition, secondly as a combined canoe and trekking expedition.

The school is well-sited some fifty yards from the beach, surrounded by coconut palms and adjacent to a level area enclosing the athletic track and field event fans. It is a continuous block enclosing a quadrangle, roofed in pleasant green tiles, easy on the eye, with quarters for more than 60 students and catering and teaching staff. In the centre of the grass-covered quad stands a flag staff which bears the colours each morning at a simple ceremony. The courses resemble very much those carried on in the U.K., the main difference, of course, being the medium through which training is imparted. In my opinion, there is no doubt that the jungle imposes just as many disciplines as the mountains, and can be used for the same ends. There are hills here; but they are very woolly, rather reminiscent of the back garden of Bryn Y Wern. My first hill in Malaya was Unki Busu (1,000 ft) which boasts a view from the top only because the Japanese felled the summit trees to provide a look-out post over the Dindings Channel.

Our long expeditions lasting for four days take us into the Segari district of the Dindings. This is a mixture of jungle and mangrove swamp and abounds with wild pig, iguanas (large lizards), snakes and the odd tiger. It came as a distinct shock to find that leeches can get through jungle boots and to date they constitute the most unpleasant feature of our wanderings in the ulu. I find my old Bergan easily the best rucksack in use here. The frame, though a nuisance at times in undergrowth, allows perspiration to run freely down the back. A battered old panama serves as headgear and I can dispense with sun glasses now. For my first excursions I used a pair of Austrian kletterschuhe and found them excellent for holding on the slippery red laterite comprising the hills and forest foundation. However, they were a highway for leeches and changed from grey to red! So I reluctantly acquired a pair of army jungle boots with canvas uppers reaching halfway to the knee. They remind me of pirate's boots when they are unlaced. The best combination would be canvas uppers with vibram foundations.

The rest of the outfit consists in my case of jungle green, army pattern, a water-bottle and a vicious looking machette or parang for carving a path. Bivouacking is a fine art utilising poles cut from the jungle and a poncho; an additional poncho makes a ground sheet and there is ample shelter for two people. Against mosquitos there is a daily issue of paludrine and large, smoky fires. Drinking water supply is often poor or non-existent, and there is a severe limit to bivouac sites. Perforce I have evolved the simple principle that whatever it looks like, boiling will cure it.

Seamanship is an important aspect of work here and covers sailing, pulling and canoeing. In two days time I intend to embark on a voyage from Malacca to Lumut, Dindings as an alternative to having my recently acquired international-class dinghy conveyed expensively by road. Two mentally deranged characters are joining the enterprise as crew, an English youth, John Irving-Bell who has just completed a course at the school, and an instructor, Noel Ashe.

My home is situated about one mile from the school along the coast near a Kampong called Telok Murok. It is a large, isolated bungalow, but has a diesel generator for electricity and a good water supply. The verandahs face West overlooking the busy stretch of water separating Pankor island from the mainland. The beach is just thirty paces from the front gate. Apart from the job, I am well occupied trying to get the place into shape against Deana joining me in a few months time. It goes without saying that I would be delighted to hear from any Oread with time to write.

Eric Byne has been invited to give a public lecture next March by Chesterfield Public Libraries. Eric has recently been rebuilding stone walls at Gardom's, one of them being at the stile on the Robin Hood road. He would like to know whether it is climbers who knock down these walls and fail to rebuild them. Next June will see the 30th anniversary of the start of Eric's rock climbing career, and he is hoping to lead a joint meet of the Oread, the Peak C.C. and the Mountain Club in celebration.

Jack Ashcroft, who was married on July 27th, received a climbing rope as a wedding present from his office colleagues.

OF HISTORICAL INTEREST ONLY

PAUL GARDINER,

Of some eight or nine Oreads who had originally planned to go to Skye on August 9th, only Bird and I made the trip, departing from Newark in the Triumph at 8.30 pm. All went well at first with fine weather up to Doncaster but after that the rain started and continued to come down in buckets-full all the way to Scotch Corner. Here we turned off across the Pennines, and immediately encountered fog; fortunately this only lasted for five miles or so and then, after another spot of rain, the night turned out fine. At Penrith we swapped seats and Betty drove to Crawford, keeping a steady 45 to 50 on the clock. I took over again at Crawford and we arrived in Glasgow at 4.15 am with Bird fast asleep. Out through Dumbarton and then up to Balloch, where we snoozed for a couple of hours. About 8.00 am we pushed on up the side of Loch Lomond to a point just beyond Luss, where we breakfasted and the sun came out. After this stop we pushed on via Tyndrum and over into Glencol where, after a quick sortie to Kingshouse for a refresher, we pitched the tent on the "Scene of the Massacre".

Sunday dawned fine and warm, and we flogged up on to the Aonach Eagach, mantleshelfing from one clump of heather to the next. The views from the ridge looking towards Ardgor and Knoydart were magnificent and well warranted the uninteresting "graft" up. We traversed about half the ridge then descended to the road and headed fast for the Clachaig Inn. Here we fell foul of Scottish licensing regulations concerning the supply of lotion on Sundays. "Where are ye from?", asked the landlord. "Rickmansworth", said Bird, so we got our pints.

On Monday morning, we proceeded to Ft. William via Ballachulish and then pressed on along A87 to Kyle. The weather was again kind to us and we had some splendid views on the run.

Crossed to Kyleakin at 8.00 pm and carried on through Broadford and Sligachan to camp at Drynoch about 8 miles from Glen Brittle. On Tuesday morning we moved down into Glen Brittle and put the tent up on the beach along with about 60 others. At 4.00 pm there was not a Coire to be seen, much less a peak, the rain came down in sheets and carried on with scarcely a lull for 36 hours.

Wednesday was spent shopping in Portree, climbing being out of the question, and it was not until 7.30 pm that we returned to Glen Brittle to find a full gale blowing, the road gradually flooding and the water bucket and a cooking pan already blown somewhere out to sea. There and then we decided to evacuate, the original 60 tents having dwindled to 20. We managed to batter the tent flat and, rolling everything up into a great parcel enclosed by the groundsheet, we departed in great haste to Sligachan where we sank a double rum each before considering our next move.

A sheltered camp site was our obvious requirement and this we found under the wall of the road bridge over the River Sligachan. We got the tent up after ten minutes struggle and were installed again by 10.30 pm.

Thursday morning was spent re-organising and in the afternoon we took a stroll down Glen Sligachan as far as Harta Coire, returning about 6.00 pm. We washed our feet before going into the hotel for a Birthday celebration dinner.

On Friday we managed to stir ourselves early enough to be away by 9.00 am, and we made a steady pace up into the Coire below Sgurr nan Gillean. The morning was fine and warm as we branched off for the Pinnacle Route to the summit of Sgurr nan Gillean. The tops of the first and second pinnacles passed below us and on the summit of the third we rested to admire the Red Hills and Portree in the distance. The descent from the third pinnacle necessitates the use of the rope so, taking a firm belay, I let Bird down into the depths, listening the while to pleas of "Oh dear! I don't like climbing downwards". However, we soon negotiated the descent and plodded on over the fourth pinnacle, known as "Knights Peak", and so to the summit to be greeted by the sight of dark black clouds rolling up from the region of Glen Brittle. A hasty Ryvita and we started down again to be caught by the rain about halfway back to camp. The night was wet and we decided to return to the mainland next day and tour around a bit rather than sit waiting for odd days when climbing would be possible.

The rest of the holiday was spent motoring around; we had a look at Torridon, camped at Ullapool, swam for about thirty seconds in Gruinard Bay and generally made the most of uncertain weather. Our route took us to Inverness, Glenmore Lodge, Perth, then over Queensferry to Edinburgh. Here we fell foul of the Scottish Law for (a) speeding, and (b) passing a traffic cop with his hand raised. However, we pleaded that we were new in the district and were let off.

From Edinburgh we travelled back over the border to see if the weather would turn out better in the Lake District, but here again we were greeted by rain, so after one night at Keswick, we packed up and made for home with a total of only two days climbing to our credit out of fifteen days holiday. Still, I suppose that's not bad for an advance honeymoon

Vandals have levered over the top of Castle Naze Pinnacle, and the crag is therefore without a pinnacle.

THE RUBAIYAT OF GEORGE SUTTON - VI GEO. GE SUTTON,

In late July I spent a wet fortnight in the Zillertal. Only two peaks, Olperer and Riffler, were climbed by my party. Our "guide" fell into a crevasse (tied to me) and there were other near misses from loose rocks but, by and large, a good party.

In August, Gillean and I did the Yorkshire "Three Peaks" under bad conditions, taking 14½ hours and getting very wet. The last peak, Penyghent, made up for all hardship by its delightful colouring in the evening light. Two "delinquents" did the first peak, Whernside, with us.

Gillean, one of my boys' club members and I also spent a long weekend by Glan Den a. It was again wet. Highlights were persuading Gillean to emerge from the "window" in Ivy Chimney - meeting Cyril Machin at the hut, and "rescue" of a sheep near the Idwal Falls.

This month Gillean borrowed my tent and pitched it near Quinag and Suilven, climbing both, then moved down to Lochan an Doirre Dhubh, where I joined her. From this delightful spot we climbed Cul Mor, Cul Beag and Stac Polly. There is much fine redrock (and one terrific pinnacle) on these peaks, and climbs of all grades and hazard can be chosen according to one's mood. Weather was, of course, far from ideal, but we were fortunate to miss most of the worst showers on three days. We saw not another person in five days.

It may be of interest to the Club to know that both Gillean and Molly have visited my Playground - and one large lad whom Molly thought looked peaceful enough had just threatened to "bash my face in". But I'm pleased to state that the said ornament is still intact so far.

Quite the most disturbing feature for me last month, so far as hills are concerned, was the death of Bob Downes, my friend and ex-associate at White Hall. Passing by train through the familiar places in Derbyshire (on my way to-Derby), I could see Chinley and the White Hall country, and Millers Dale, and other places where the memories of moments shared with Bob were so vivid still that I found it incredible to believe he was dead. A grand companion and a brilliant cragsman.

I enclose a bill for the Oreads' first Annual Dinner. It will be seen that 17 people attended (Longland and Bridge were among these); that £5.15.6. was spent on Dinners; and £1.13.9. on beer!!

Geoff Sutton is back from Greenland, "interesting" he says, and he is the father of a baby daughter, Fiona.

ABOUT NOTHING IN PARTICULAR

ERIC BYNE,

Yes, believe it or not, I'm still in circulation, still climbing, still paying visits to Gritstone, and still doing something worth while at White Hall. True, I've not yet attended a meet of the Oread this year, and even the Dinner will see my absence, because on that weekend I shall, as President of the Mountain Club, be presiding at their Dinner at Dolgelly.

My absence from Oread meets has been unfortunate. At one time, if one was unable to attend any particular weekend, the next would do quite as well - but that, of course, was before Bryn-y-Wern, before the widening scope diminished the number of meets in the Peak; after all if you live on the South Western outskirts of a place like Birmingham, and possess no transp of your own, such outlying meets as Bryn-y-Wern, or the Lakes, etc., are practically out of the question, and if the Club's Peakland meets are unsuitable both as to date and finance, then very soon one gets out of touch with all one's old friends, and worse still, misses the opportunities of making new ones.

The strange thing is that despite my various visits to the Peak this year, I have seen practically no Oread members. I've walked over Mam Tor and Lose Hill, leaning against a howling snow-flecked wind; I've been on Kinder on a soggy day, said "How Do" to Rucksackers, Karabiner members, Barnsley Mountaineering tykes, and dropped down to the Nag's for a pint with "odd bods" of the Peak Climbing Club.

From White Hall, I've visited the usual haunts at Windgather and Castle Naze - been down to the Roches - wathhed Geoff Sutton climbing brilliantly on Gardoms - and with a nerve-racking headache as a left-over of Asian 'flu, politely shepherded young novices up my favourite cliffs on Birchens, my thoughts nostalgically drifting back through time to the days of Keith Axon, Harry Pretty and George Sutton, remembering their eager youth, the enthusiasms of Penlington, and my own regained feeling of youth.

The other weekend, with two novices, I sat on the pinnacle summit of Apple Buttress, and suddenly to the surprise of my companions burst out laughing. For no reason at all my thoughts were with Falkner and Brown - Falkner in Viking costume and waving a sword whilst climbing Promenade Slab, and Brown, in top hat, tails, and football jersey, soloing nonchalantly up Powder Monkey Parade.

The last time I was in Abbey Brook Cabins to sleep was about 1931, with Clifford Moyer and "Och Aye" (Jack) MacLeod. A howling wintry blizzard raged outside and idly with a pencil, I wrote on the wooden wall:

 "First it friz and then it blew,
 Then it frix and then it snow,
 And shortly after then
 It frix, and snow and blew again."

Perhaps this is not quite correct, anyway it was something like this. Its a small world! I was walking down Millers Dale and Water Cum Jolly in the company of Harold Drasdo of White Hall and a number of tough-looking youths from Saltby College, when suddenly the bearded lad beside me burst out laughing, and as I gazed at him with amusement, apologised and said, "Ever been in Abbey Brook Cabins?". "Sure", I said, "Before you were born though - why?". "Well", he replied, "I've always wanted to meet a guy called Eric Byne who wrote a verse on the wall which often makes me laugh". Can you beat it? I can just hear Pretty saying unctiously in his beard, "Good job you were clean-minded then".

I went to Glan Dena for my holidays, took my wife and daughter, also a married couple and their two little girls from Barnt Green. We were a happy group, and my one ambition was to walk up Tryfan. Yes, walk up it, via the Heather Terrace, and so by the easiest of ways to the summit stones of Adam and Eve. For a month I had been suffering with a badly strained knee, caused through a two inch slip on a patch of oil at work.

I couldn't believe I might not be able to get to the summit, yet as I leant against the gate at Glan Dena the top looked almost as unattainable as a Himalayan Peak, especially when I reflected that it had taken me 1½ hours of painful hobbling to get from Little Tryfan to the hut.

The following day the Doctor at Bethesda said, "Rest, rest, rest, for at least three weeks, and no climbing" What would you have done, chums, with ten days in the mountains before you?

I bought two elastic bandages, one for each knee, went back to Glan Dena and told the families, "Tomorrow, if fine, we climb Tryfan", and to young Janie, aged 5, "If I can get up, you shall, my dear", and received my reward at the children's excited squeals of pleasure.

However, "the best laid plans of mice and men, etc". The day was fine, Tryfan looked wonderful, inviting, and the bandaged knees functioned perfectly, although I must confess to uneasy thoughts at the prospects of the painful descent which was bound to be my lot. My party functioned perfectly as good as any White Hall group I have ever taken out, and 5 year old Janie, with pigtails flying and dancing eyes, scampered up the boulders and slabs until suddently there we were at the South Col; only the final easy ridge by the nail scarred boulder track, and the summit was ours.

We sat down beside the track to eat before the final pull. It seemed better I thought to eat here in the sunshine, for the wind on the summit was bound to be cool. The decision seemed wise, yet never has a mountaineer made a graver mistake and so lost the summit, and for me the result was to be bitter and my thoughts to be accursed for many hours.

As we munched hungrily at our sandwiches and gazed down into the smoky depths of Bochlwyd, two young boys from the Youth Hostel came scrambling past, and the elder, without thought or care, placed his hand upon a heap of large loose stones in order to lever his body more easily up a high step. O foolish youth, to commit so unnecessary an act! The largest stone, as big as a man's head, leaped off the ledge and flying through the air, struck little Janie a flancing blow, laying open her cheek as though slashed with a razor.

So we went down - that Janie recovered, or that later I led such things as Grooved Arete with bandaged knees, would never detract from that tragic moment of seeing the youngest of our party so stricken within such short distance of the summit.

Strange that of the many hundreds I have introduced to mountains during my 30 years amongst the hills, the only accident should be to the one I would have least wished it to happen to.

And now as I write, it seems that the year has been full of accidents - Mike Holland of Bosley, perishing in a blizzard in Greenland (poor Mike; how jolly and happy you were that day we climbed together on Bosley Cloud, tiptoe-ing up the Catstone) - and Bob Downes, brilliant White Hall instructor, dying of pneumonia in the Himalaya - and others, known and unknown.

So one can write like this for ever. It's easy to put words down "about nothing in particular".

A RIDDLE

Confined within a marble tomb,
Whose milk white walls with silk are lined,
There doth a golden ball appear,
Bathed in a lake of crystal clear.
No doors nor windows you behold,
Yet men get in and steal the gold.
Climbers and campers shall be told
They are guilty a hundred fold -

It is an EGG from which men steal the gold.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Chas,

Firstly, may I say how very sorry we were not to see you and Mary and many other Oreads before we left native soil, in particular Harry and Molly, George Sutton, Mike Moore and, well, I suppose the lot of you. Perhaps I might be excused for ramantising a little - is that the right word? - now that I won't be seeing you for several years, but thought not many Oreads could be called close friends, the comradeship of the hills is a thing I shall never forget. Whether it be at some Derbyshire crag or moor with a visit to the good old Robin Hood, or on the misty crags of Buchaills Etive Mor, the ridges of Torridon, or at a working party at Bryn-y-Wern with a good old fester on the beach, there are countless memories associated with the Oread, and which would not be but for the Oread.

At the present moment, Anne and I are trying to keep out of the sun while the ship scatters the flying fish somewhere near the tropics of Cancer, drinking copious draughts of iced cider, and generally enjoying the rather unreal life on board a liner. It's terrific! Nothing to do and all day to do it in!

We eventually come down to Earth at a place with the rather unpronounceable name of Waikouiti, near Dunedin, South Island, New Zealand. I'll let you know the proper address in my next epistle. Waikouiti sounds a good place, with the Southern Alps to the West, and the remote Fiordland to the South, and sailing near at hand. I hope to have something to report; Jack Leeson certainly did. I look forward to hearing from some of you too!

Mike Gadd.

Peggy Urmston has for sale the following items of gear:-

- One rucksack
- One pair of boots (size 5½)
- One windcheater jacket.
- Primus stove
- Pans, etc.

Please send offers (respectable ones) to her at 21 Moorlands Avenue, Davyhulme, Near Manchester.

CHAPTERS FROM AN ORDER JOURNAL - I

ADVENTURES ON A NEEDLE

CYRIL MACHIN.

A Needle, yes, but not the Napes; the Needle is also a recognised mountain summit of 9,500 ft. Its appearance is sensational for it towers into the sky like the finger of a God; it is situated in the fastnesses of the Brenta Dolomites, that mysterious range West of the River Adige.

The story starts several seasons ago, when a party of three sneaked out of the Brentei Hut at dawn, the leader with a small rucksack full of climbing equipment, carried thus so that the pitons, karabiners, hammers, etc. would not give the show away. Later they were to be worn on the person, giving him the appearance of a Lord Mayor of the 6th grade, although he felt about equal to Grade 1.

We made our way up the higher valley from the Brentei Hut, and as we reached the small glacier before the C 1, the Campanile came into view, an awe-inspiring pinnacle over 2,000 ft above us. To approach the climb, the easiest way is to traverse the remarkable terrace on the west side of the Brenta Alta, the Senterro Gottstein, the most airy route a climber could wish for. After crossing two steep snow or ice couloirs, the Campanile was reached, though we had gained height considerable, the pinnacle rose sheer for 1,000 ft above the ridge, a climb where firm nerves are indispensable in the leader, and are also an advantage and comfort to those who follow.

From our notes taken from Guide Books, the easiest route offered a climb of the most extreme difficulty, capable of being overcome without the aid of pitons as climbing aids, though pitons are used as belays. The Campanile is not the place for careless or clumsy climbers; there is no margin of safety for such, balance and neatness are absolutely essential. The climb started with a 100 ft chimney, sloping obliquely to the right, finishing on a wee terrace with a pulpit at the base of a vertical yellow wall. This is the celebrated and feared "Pooli" Wall, one of the most difficult bits of the ascent. Three problems arose - how to get on, how to stay on and how to get off at the other end. The first was solved by a deliberate prod from the second with a piton, the second by tremulous clutchings of the narrow sloping minute holds and full use of the feet on well-spaced discolourations in the rock. Here the leader found upward movement impossible and continued to stand in this awkward place, repeating that he was about to "peel off". He did not think he could come down, even if he wanted to and climbing up looked worse than ever. He edged along a few inches, found a better finger hold, and a large toe hold, and asked the second to tie piton hammer and piton to the climbing rope. The second, like all good seconds, was now carrying all the equipment. As the second's hand was immediately under the leader's feet, it was not long before the equipment arrived by drawing rope up and holding it by the teeth. The ringed piton was

inserted in a crack, and karabiner and climbing rope affixed with a sigh of relief. Then the leader took his falling courage in both hands and attempted the ascent. No sooner had he moved up his right hand when, gloria in excelsis, a little piton coyly offered itself, and was quickly made use of by inserting another karabiner and slipping in the climbing rope. The piton confirmed the route. The rocks were entirely unscratched.

After the fifth piton had been reached, and five karabiners slipped into their rings with the climbing rope, the leader was experiencing an unpleasant and perfectly justified sense of exposure. The last problem still remained - how to get off the wall on to a minute pulpit with an overhang above, which would obviously push the climber out of balance. A lovely ringed piton lay almost within grasp. If that could be reached it would be possible to hang on it and haul the body up so that some part was resting on the pulpit. With some frantic clutchings, this was eventually achieved, the leader squirming his way off the pulpit to the corner, where there was sufficient room to stand. The second and third members of the party were then brought up. Our climbing had commenced on the East Wall, but the route is curiously complicated and before reaching the summit half encircles the mountain. From the notch or shoulder in the practically vertical eastern ridge, the route lies along some rock and shale ledges that closely skirt the brink of the enormous northern precipice. To identify the traverse to the wee pulpit on the return would not be easy, so the leader placed a few cairns. Next a series of chimneys had to be ascended, steep, but no exceptionally difficult. These gave access to a broad, easy, horizontal shelf or terrace. This magnificent promenade, known as the "County Highway", several feet wide in parts, extended for about 1,000 ft as far as the South East Ridge, which is perpendicular, like all the ridges on the Campanile. Here the terrace came to an end, and another vertical chimney, about 200 ft high, rather tiring but not excessively difficult, was climbed. We had now traversed the whole of the terrific North Wall. At the top of this chimney was the Southern terrace running East. Easy to follow, it is the second great terrace and is only 150 ft or so below the summit. This attractive-looking path is a terrible trap, for the correct way lies in the opposite direction. However on this ascent the leader fell into the trap, following the broad, easy terrace, which was two or three feet wide. Presently, however, we were brought up, in some dismay, at the sensational ending of this seductive highway, which now faded gently into the smooth, blank, perpendicular wall of the huge Southern precipice.

(to be concluded next month)

AN ANTHOLOGY OF OREAD VERSE - I

DEMENTIA MONTIS

I sometimes think I hate it all -
Those everlasting weary plods,
The wind, the cold, the driving rain;
I swear I'll never climb again.
I've finished gambling with the gods
Upon some icy holdless wall.

I don't climb hills that I may find
The Universal Purpose there,
Nor Goodness, Truth and Beauty seek
On every ridge and pass and peak.
Nor do I find that mountain air
Can really purify my mind.

If others ask me why I climb
I give the easy old reply.
"I enjoy it", so I say,
Recalling some past epic day,
And to my inner self deny
I ever loathed it at the time.

A few find days, those moments rare
When climbing really was delight,
Compared with weeks of snow and rain,
The washed out camp, the foul moraine,
Heartbreaking trudges through the night,
Discomfort, pain and near-despair.

Yet here on Idwal's shore I know
The hills will never let me go.

ANON.

COMMENT

ACCESS TO RHUM The news given in a recent Oread circular that climbing parties are to be given limited access to the island of Rhum is very welcome, for the island possesses some very impressive mountains which must be terra incognita to almost all of us. It must be admitted that the business of obtaining a permit and obeying the other rules outlined in the circular will be a trifle irksome, but it is to the mountaineer's advantage to do as he is bid. After all, these rules are intended to prevent the sort of desecration which has disfigured so much of the Peak District and is rapidly disfiguring Snowdonia and the Lake District, and it is in some ways a pity that similar rules cannot be introduced into those areas. The limitation on the number of persons to be admitted at one time is also a good thing, ensuring solitude, which is supposed to be one of the things the mountaineer seeks, and more practically, eliminating the necessity to queue for climbs. So if you go to Rhum, stick to the rules. It would be a pity if this limited measure of access were thrown away through abuse.

THE NEW LOOK You will have noticed that the Newsletter has had its face lifted, although the effect isn't as brilliant as I had hoped, because the supply of contributions over the last two months has been the worst ever. That's why there was no issue last month. "Oreads in Shorts", which has always been on the verge of death by starvation, has been painlessly destroyed, but please send in odd little news items, for they will all be used, though not as a definite feature as before. The Editorial has been banished from the front page, and in future I shall only write an Editorial when I have something to say, and then not necessarily a full 600 words. I am sure that this will make things easier for you as well as for me. The new feature "An Anthology of Oread Verse" is an experiment. There is only one further piece of verse in the file, but I hope that it will be possible to continue this as a regular feature, and I look largely to the intellectuals of the Club to maintain a supply of suitable verse. Now about other contributions. This is the Newsletter of the Oread, by the Oread, for the Oread. If you don't write it no-one else will. It is a sombre thought that the Newsletter's birthday was in June, yet the first issue of Vol. 5 has not appeared until November - we have "lost" five months in four years. If you want a Newsletter, get on with it. If you don't, say so, and we can all save ourselves a lot of effort. But for pity's sake, don't just ignore it.

D.C.C.

Please note that the Hon. Ed. and family have moved to a new hut, which is to be a permanent base. The address is 4 Longnor Road, Hazel Grove, Cheshire. The name remains unchanged.

Bob Pettigrew recently shot and killed a five-foot cobra. The R.S.P.C.A. is believed to be investigating this incident.
