

Honorary Member

George Sutton

At a recent Committee Meeting George Sutton was elected to Honorary Membership of the Club. In almost every way it is a fitting climax to Sutton's association with the Club. It was George who really founded the Club in 1949. He organized the first A.G.M. and the original constitution and was the first Hon. Secretary many years ago. He was not just a Club member, but a Club.

CREAD

MOUNTAIN ENGINEERING

CLUB

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MONTHLY

NEWSLETTER

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GEORGE SUTTON

Honorary Member

At a recent Committee Meeting George Sutton was elected to Honorary Membership of the Club. In almost every way it is a fitting climax to Sutton's association with the Oread. It was George who really founded the Oread in 1949. He organised the first A.G.M., drafted the original constitution, and was the first Hon. Secretary. For many years he was the kernel of that small hard core of individuals to whom the Oread was not just a Club, but almost a way of life. Very few members of the Oread have ever read his first entry in the original Club Log Book. I remember thinking at the time (I knew very little of his character in those days) that he was rather overstating his case but at the same time I recognised what I thought to be a kind of hopeless idealism - stimulating and inspiring if you could take it seriously but not, I considered, ever likely to reach fruition. But how little I knew, and how many have been the persons who have reacted in a similar fashion since. The fact is that what he wrote expressed the idealism that has run through his life like a continuous thread and, more than that, has been translated into achievements that would have been considerable in a person trained to lead from infancy. His ability to organise, to lead both intellectually and physically; his skill in analysing difficult situations, and his readiness to take a calculated risk have been developed by the necessity of a spirit which has constantly aspired to things beyond the perimeter of the safe and familiar world. It is hereabouts that the explorer and the mountaineer find common ground, and few men have overcome greater difficulties in attaining it.

That he has lead three expeditions, and is the first Oread to become an author, of whom the Times Literary Supplement said (inter alia) "Mr. Sutton writes his hard story not only very well, but with an honesty and rocky humour...", is plain historical fact. That he is a person who often annoys his friends and others by reason of his stubbornness in defence of a principle, and by his occasional habit of attacking in vitriolic style those ideas which he considers unsound or even amoral, is common knowledge to those Oreads who read their Newsletters or attend A.G.M.s. But he is a man who believes more deeply than most and invariably he acts accordingly and with real sincerity.

His work among the slums of Liverpool is a logical step in the succession of events, though he would probably deny it. It is again an adventure into the unknown - of the physical and the metaphysical. It requires great unselfishness, common (or perhaps uncommon) guts, and a sympathetic loyalty for those ill blessed in mind or body. Perhaps it is because George Sutton has travelled a longer, harder road than most, and can still remember the impact of the green Lakeland hills so many years ago that he is still travelling when most of us have stopped.

H.P.

Five of us started from Derby catching the 7.30. Manchester train. Laurie Burns, Harry Pretty, David Widdows, John Ashcroft and myself. By the time we had arrived in Manchester the sky was assuming the aspect one usually associates with Shakespearian portents of disaster. The sun had set several hours too soon, and a mass of grey-green cloud hung low over the wet roofs, intensifying the harsh colours of the neon signs on the factories and warehouses. The Mancunians however appeared to be taking it pretty calmly and ignored the figures in anoraks making their way through the streets. George Sutton and Gillean had joined us at this point increasing the party to a total of seven.

After a misguided visit to a restaurant bar which closed at 9.30. we were more fortunate in finding a licensed Oyster Saloon.

The Marsden train was standing at the platform when we arrived at Exchange, and a friend of Harry's who had hitched from Derby, and Jack Leeson had occupied a compartment. The journey to Marsden was uneventful. The familiar names were passed one by one, Droylsden, Scrawnley, Dob Hill, Clagton Bridge, Diggle, and at length we reached our destination.

Marsden hadn't changed a great deal since my last visit. Flickering gaslamps lit our way over the river, as we tracked down the elusive scent of the last fry of the evening to its source. A fish and six for nine was soon in preparation. We learnt that the "Isle of Skye" had been demolished by the water authorities. (To prevent a '58 Rebellion may I add "Isle of Skye", Yorkshire). It is a sad reflection on present day values that the miracle of the wedding feast has been reversed, and the warmth and shelter of a moorland inn destroyed so that some damn fool can leave his taps running.

The present meet had evidently been mistimed, as free refreshment was distributed to the mourners during the last licensed hours of the dear departed. However we decided to walk the five or six miles to the ruins before bivvying for the night. A fine rain began to fall as we made our way up the Wossenden valley. Jack Leeson discovered he had lost a valuable watch and turned back to look for it. The remainder of the party being unable to find the site of the "Isle of Skye" settled down behind a convenient wall.

George Sutton had done a Pettigrew and brought a tent. A fairly comfortable night was spent by most of us. It was just after dawn that the rain began to get heavy enough to make us think about moving somewhere a little more sheltered.

John Ashcroft who had been running up and down the road in the mist for some time looking for Jack Leeson returned to say that the cellars of the "Isle of Skye" were still intact but

unfortunately empty. It was obviously the place to shelter and cook breakfast, and wait for the weather to improve. A flight of stone steps descended under the rubble to an arched brick chamber where hooded figures were huddled together around two candles. It was a scene more reminiscent of life in the ruins of an atomic war, or the celebration of a satanic mass than a Marsden-Rowsley. A fire in the entrance added to the otherworldly effect. George Sutton who now approached from the comfort of his tent compared it to the mouth of hell, but on joining us agreed that hell isn't too bad if you stand on the right side of the smoke, and although we were damned we were dry.

The rains eventually slackened off and the party still without Jack Leeson travelled by compass over Black Hill and followed Little Crowden Brook down to Woodhead reservoirs. A halt was made for lunch under the railway bridge before tackling Wildboerclough and Bleaklow. It was a good opportunity to dry out our damp sleepingbags as the sun was breaking through the clouds to some extent. The climb up Wildboerclough went well enough. Gillean, John Ashcroft and myself were in the lead at that point. John having a tendency to deviate to the right and myself to the left, we kept somewhere on the route to the Snake. It was when we reached the no-mans land where all routes lead to the Alport that we became a little doubtful about our position. Gillean, who had said very little so far, diffidently offered to show us "the way she had come over last time, if we liked". We had considerable difficulty in keeping up with her from that point. The Snake road was reached and each bend on that neverending two miles promised to discover the Inn. It was just before closing time when we arrived there, so we ordered up for the party. Heavy rain now began to fall and it became obvious that it would not be fit to bivvy out again that night. We all agreed to go down to the Barnsley Club Hut. Further heavy rain during the evening convinced us that we had made the right decision. Jack Leeson had turned up in the meantime with his watch, and proposed to go on alone over Kinder and on to that modern citadel of barbarism, Sheffield. The rest of us cooked a meal, revisited the Snake and were glad to be under a roof. I remember sitting there listening to some highly technical conversation between Ashcroft and Widdows, and eyeing those infinitely remote bottles on the shelves of the bar.

Sunday was a much better day with regard to the weather.

We had soon climbed up the Roman road onto Win Hill where we all stopped to watch the Pretty powdering ritual. (photographs can be obtained for a moderate fee from J. Ashcroft Esq. the funds being used for the restoration of the monthly Newsletter) L. Burns followed suit but like the gentleman he is, in a much more decorous manner.

Alarmed by the clouds of powder which had been released we hurried down to Yorkshire Bridge to assure the inhabitants that no evacuation of the village was necessary as Win Hill was not erupting. At least all of us but one hurried down. Harry's friend had pulled a muscle and we learnt later that the descent of Win Hill had taken him 2½ hours.

Refreshment at Yorkshire Bridge gave us the strength to climb up onto Stanage where a number of the Oread were waiting to give us moral support. (Allens, Phillips, Gardiners, Welbourn, Nobby Millward, Hooleys et.al) and what was of more practical importance, offered to motor our rucksacs down to Baslow - Some of us had a feeling of uneasiness about this but didn't wish to attract attention to ourselves by insisting on carrying them. The usual route was followed along Stanage and Millstone Edge to Longshaw. Few of us saw Carls Wark as a nice little thing in sweater and shorts was passing at the time (You see what I mean about sense of values) A stop was made for tea at the cafe. The lady behind the counter asked Pretty "Have you got it"? meaning the cup of course. I hurried away to a table fearing some such retort as, "Yes. what are we going to do about it", but was relieved to see that nothing untoward had occurred a moment or two later.

The field was beginning to spread out a bit from Longshaw onwards with a young filly in the lead and some of the more mature horses falling behind a little. (I like this word mature, it brings a picture to mind of a noble beast in honourable pastured retirement, unlike the shorter word, old, which suggests the knackers yard and the glue factory).

All the runners however finished the course at the Prince of Wales, were fed, watered, and carried away in horse-boxes back to Derby.

Marsden-Rowsley (Baslow) 1958 was over.

OREADS IN SHORTS

Outside "Welbourn Towers", Stanage Plantation, a voice is heard ... "Rush, - quick, look at that bird - an immature Falcon" The only reply was from the birdCuckoo! - Cuckoo!

There has been another outbreak of an old disease long since thought to have been stamped out - "Deviasionist Meet Leadership" Perhaps we can expect a confession in dialectic terms.

In any case who did lead the Waddale Meet? No account has ever been submitted.

During the early part of May there was an accident on "Cloggy" in which members of the Oread were concerned. A hold, which at the time was vital, broke away and Don Chapman fell from approximately thirty feet above his second - Derek Burgess. Burgess held him from a difficult position and the belay remained intact. Chapman, who sustained injury to an ankle and temporary concussion, was able to assist in his own evacuation to the bottom of the crag. Ray Handley, Nat Allen and Ray Colledge were of the party and on the same climb. The ultimate evacuation down to car in Llanberis, and thence to hospital, was carried out entirely by the party concerned and Nat is reported as having carried the victim bodily for half a mile over ground where combined tactics were difficult. Don was in hospital only a short time and can be seen most Tuesday evenings in the "Bell", albeit with plaster cast, and walking stick.

In these days when not only accidents, but stupidity and sheer ignorance seem to be on the increase rather than the reverse, it is pleasant (if one can use the word in this context) to hear of an accident properly restricted to the role of minor incident owing to the skill, efficiency, and coolness of the persons concerned.

Ernie Phillips has been complaining recently of "massive bruising" on most portions of his not inconsiderable body. He alleges a) that he tripped over a wire outside the G.P.O., b) that he was pushed into a ditch whilst carrying two fully loaded rucksacks from the top of Stanage Edge to the car, and c) that whilst walking along the pavement he was knocked down by a large cat negotiating a blind corner ...Hum!

They are all interesting situations, but one is forced to think of circumstantial evidence such as a) has anyone within living memory seen Ernie Phillips carrying an empty rucksack, let alone one fully loaded - and as to two fully loaded? - and b) Does Ernie actually ever walk down pavements when there is, by definition, a road adjacent. Then again, there is another thought. Have you ever suffered a sharp hand to hand encounter with Mrs. Phillips?

The Allens and the Janes with their respective broods have departed north - Sutherlandwards.

The Gardiners and various others are reported to have left for the steaming southern fleshpots of Cornwall.

Ernie Phillips recently left on a solo excursion - God alone knows where.

Brian Cooke and Charlie Cullum have had a couple of evening outings, one to Windgather and one to Castle Naze. The farmer who owns Windgather is highly belligerent and does not allow anyone to climb, so a certain degree of cunning is necessary to get on to the crag.

RHINOGS MEET April 25th/27th

D. Widdows

The Meet Leader, attending, it seems, contrary to tradition, and Ernie Phillips travelling together met Laurie Burns, The Welbourns, The Hooleys and June Telfer at a chip shop in Welshpool. Appalling weather did not relent until Llanbedr was reached, where a wrong turning was taken, as a result of which Fred Allen, family and vehicle were found and put back on the right road. Puzzlement was caused, along the road up the valley by the fact that the same bloke was holding open each gate and no-one could understand how he managed it. On arrival a camp site was found behind a wall, as the planned site could not be found, and fortunately tents were erected before the rain returned.

The following morning was dull and cloudy, and the only early risers were the Langworthys who arrived having spent the night further down the valley. It was after 10 o'clock before the expedition was ready to move in the direction of Y Llethr. At about 1,500 ft. the cloud base was reached and the remainder of the ascent was made in cloud and an exhilarating wind. A cold summit soon urged the party to press on towards Rhinog Fach, which involved a slippery descent down steep slopes of heather. The cloud was lifting and a magnificent view over wooded valleys and hills towards the Arenigs unfolded. Being on the leeward side of the mountain, it seemed an excellent opportunity to stop, so food and landscape were both consumed. This time the party was urged on by Wendy Allen who was going very strongly and thoroughly enjoying herself. On reaching the col the wind would have blown everyone off their feet had it not been for a sheltering stone wall, the wind being funnelled by the cwm below. The wind was almost as strong on the summit of Rhinog Fach but did not prevent John Welbourn lighting his pipe. The cloud was by this time breaking up and during a suitable break Laurie Burns took a photograph whereupon the descent was commenced. About half-way down the steep rocky mountainside someone noticed that Laurie was no longer with us and must have taken another route. The path back to camp along the valley made a pleasant change from 2,000 ft. of boulder hopping. Laurie had already arrived when we reached Nantcol, and according to him, having taken his photograph and by the time he had put his camera away everyone else had gone and what was more had taken his compass with them. After eating the remainder of the day was spent in a low tavern and a chip shop in Harlech.

The weather on Sunday appeared to be a little more promising, but on-one suggested anything strenuous, so some went a walk up the cwm and over the col between Rhinog Fach and Rhinog Fawr photograph hunting, some went fish hunting and others sun-hunting.

All too soon it was time to leave, but it was unanimously agreed that Oreads would return to the Rhinogs.

OREAD IN THE HIMALAYA II

Bob Pettigrew

The party was complete when Mike Thompson arrived from Malaya on the 18th April. He was two days behind schedule for, having endured tooth-ache throughout the thousand mile rail journey across India, he was eventually forced to stop in the tiny village of Mandi and have removed the offending molar - without anaesthetic. This cost time but he was able to greet us with a gap-toothed smile. The majority of his climbing equipment had been posted in England exactly one month before he arrived but considerable Customs obstruction was anticipated and, in fact, his equipment has not arrived at the time of writing. This brings me to a very sore point. Ever since our arrival in Manali we have been the target of intensive police investigations for the local constabulary cannot comprehend a motive as simple as climbing mountains for fun. The Punjab suffered most during the Partition massacres and this may account for the suspicion in which unconventional strangers are held. Disputed Kashmir's close proximity has made the Law frontier conscious and infringements are quickly checked - as you will later read. Finally, in anticipation of a visit from Pandit Nehru, Manali has been invaded by a vast security force including M.I.5. men disguised as fakir and beggars. Any good citizen of Manali will point out these self-conscious gentlemen as they lounge in the bazaar.

Having managed to evade the attentions of the Gendarmerie, Mike and I set out to attempt a shapely 16,000 ft. mountain situated on the North side of the Manali Nullah some six miles in from the main Kulu valley. During previous reconnaissance to the Hampta pass on the opposite side of the valley a possible route to the summit of the Manali mountain had been traced out. This lay up the S.E. ridge until it merged into the South face. The link was in the form of a heavily corniced S bend.

Selecting the correct path to enter a nullah can make or mar a reputation. I had been doing fine on the East side of the main valley for the Shikari paths climb high on the outer spur and then maintain roughly the same height as they contour in to meet the valley floor. When I applied this formula to the Manali nullah we gained height rapidly enough until at 11,000 ft piles of seasoning timber were encountered. This marked the end of what had been merely a lumberman's route. Two hours of thrutching down vertical grass and the decline of a reputation for route-finding brought us to the correct track. In the early evening we met Pat returning from his solo reccy of the previous day. He conducted us to a fine bivvy several hundred feet above the glacier torrent and some 2,000 ft. below the start of our ridge proper. Spending the night alone he had built a small fire and was reading by candlelight from his sleeping bag a book on hunting in Kulu Valley. Suddenly he came to a graphic description of the death of two shepherds after a mauling by a huge brown bear in the Manali Nullah. He got up and threw some more logs on the fire.

Mike spent most of the night vomiting and was feeling weak by first light. However we decided to start as planned whilst Pat continued down to the hut in Manali. One and a half hours later we stood on top of the forested knoll at the foot of the S.E. ridge. A slender snow saddle connected with a suddenly transformed ridge of rock and snow. Apologetically it seemed, the first fragments of snow descended upon us. We climbed on in a faint-hearted way until the air became thick and grey with swirling flakes. Then, defeated we turned about and began to descend. As we re-entered the pine forest the scene inspired a session of Carol singing. After a leisurely brew we packed up and pursued Pat down the Manali nullah and back to base. Mike decided that the outing had made him fit so perhaps the mountain can be brought to terms another day.

As part of our fitness plan a trek to Keylong, the capital of Lahul, between India and Tibet was proposed. A second advantage of the journey was that all the spring avalanches would then fall in our absence from the high mountains. On the 20th April we left Manali en route for the village of Khoti six miles and 5,000 ft. below the crest of the Rohtang pass, which I have described in the previous account. Still closed to mule traffic, the pass was being crossed daily by men and women porters plying between Lahul and Kulu. By noon the next day we crossed the pass to be confronted by a visually staggering panorama of variagated peaks. By contrast with the thickly pine-forested Kulu valley, the Chandra valley into which we descended for the next three days was a narrow, barren, inhospitable defile. The dwellings of man, low and flat roofed huddle together as if for mutual protection from an environment which is unbelievably hostile. By the time we reached Keylong we had built in our imagination an unfortunately false conception of a neon-lighted metropolis. Then we were arrested for having crossed the "Inner Line" We were released after I presented a 1950 C.A.F. card as my British Passport. We cut a day off the return journey and arrived back in Manali on 28th April. For eight days we have been assembling and crating stores. We march into the foot of the mountain on 7th May.

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

Dear Charlie,
I'm sorry to hear that you are not continuing as Editor of the Newsletter. But for your efforts it would probably have ceased publication long ago. While it is true that an Editor in Derby or Nottingham would have more contact with the club, I do not think you need resign on those grounds.

It is quite possible that I will get a job in Loughborough in the next week or so. I shall still be living in Nottingham, and could keep you supplied with up-to-date club news if you care to continue as Editor.

However I don't agree with some of the statements in your last editorial. The figure of 12/- per member for the cost of the Newsletter seems a little high. I worked out a costing for the publication as follows. Please point out any errors.

Duplicating paper	11/- per rm.
" " Stencils	(19/- for 24
	10d. each.
9" x 4" envelopes	19/- per 1,000

Postage 2½d. a copy, but half the cost should be shared by the accompanying circular. Therefore 1½d. a copy
 Also an allowance for an average of 20 copies handed out in The Bell without postage. (Similarly without envelopes)
 Average of 9 issues per year, using 7 sheets of paper and 14 stencils per copy;
 92 members + 10 extra copies = 102

I have not included cost of ink.

	£	s.	d.
Paper	7	7	0
Stencils	5	5	0
Postage	3	16	0
Envelopes		9	0
	16	17	0
Allowance for 20% waste in stencils and paper	2	10	0
	£	19	7 0

4/3 per member per annum.

I think that we can well afford this figure.

You contend that we cannot support the present Newsletter, and that the contents are not worth having.

I think it is a policy of despair to cut the number of issues of the Newsletter to 4 a year. A quarterly Newsletter would soon be as dead as a yearly journal. People would forget about it. A more flexible arrangement would be to bring out an issue as soon as enough material had collected for 6 or 7 sheets.

I think you have to accept the fact that a large percentage of club members will never take any active part in the Newsletter, I doubt whether some of them ever read it at all. In spite of this it is still worth printing it as often as possible even though it has to rely on about 10 contributors.

The lack of mountaineering content in the Newsletter is to some extent a reflection of the lack of mountaineering activity in the club. In addition to this, those who are still

active seem least likely to write about it.

Excuse my atrocious writing, I am sitting in the Arboretum Gardens at the moment in a howling gale.

Yours,
 Jim Kershaw.

(Your calculations seem sound. The figure of 12/- was quoted to me by Ernie Phillips, who did not say how it was arrived at. Since one of our larger issues some time ago actually cost 8d. a copy I did not think this estimate particularly impossible, with rising costs etc. If we can have a monthly Newsletter for 4d. a copy I am delighted, and I hope Harry Pretty may see his way to producing it monthly instead of quarterly - Ed.)

Dear Harry,

As you see, I am now installed in Chester, and am working in the R.H.Q., as a clerk. As I have only been in Chester just over one week I am still settling down, but I have managed to have a night out at Helsby, and also a walk over the hills near to Llangollen. I will certainly be out in Snowdonia quite frequently now and will of course help with the work in our new Hut.

I was in the "Lakes" at Whit' and heard that you had taken on the magnum job of running the Newsletter. As you see I make an attempt at typing, and I wonder if I could be of any assistance to you with regard to the typing of stencils etc. I have one evening each week on duty, this means that I have to stay in the office, and would therefore have access to a typewriter.

I find that I will have most weekends free, and will most certainly be on the Welsh Training Walk Meet. Perhaps you would tell 'Penno' that I will be present, and will meet the rest of the participants of the meet in Wales on Friday Night. When the circular on the meet arrives I will write to the Meet Leader and tell him my plans.

Would you let me know when any "Oreads" plan to go to the new hut Harry? I will most likely join them as I have all my Mountaineering kit here in Chester, as well as my motor bike. I have written to Brian Cooke, and we hope to meet one evening and climb Helsby. It is a fine crag with some very good routes.

Well Harry duty calls, I have to get on with some other job. Please give my best wishes to all my friends in the Club, I expect I will be seeing them again soon. I hope you and the family are all in good health. I expect you are quite fit after the Marsden Rowsley "do". I would have loved to have been on the meet, but unfortunately was on Guard that weekend.

Geoff Hayes.

Dear Charles,

The reading of your "Comment" in the Newsletter gave me a great shock, although I know I ought to have realised the facts before.

Recently I have been viewing Mountaineering and the Oreads from a different angle. In the past I would have agreed wholeheartedly with your conclusions. From a practical point, the Newsletter is expensive, and you are in an awkward position re news.

During the last few months and especially since the arrival home of the twins, I have realised my own enforced (temporary) retirement from active mountaineering and assistance in the club, including typing for you - all I could contribute to the Newsletter would be memories of a very moderate type of mountaineering, uninteresting to any but the participants, hopes for the future, always unwise to utter, and methods of nappy changing and wind-bringing up!

But - and this is what has been brought home to me so vividly in these last few months - the Newsletter is a vital and significant part of the Oread, more so than the majority realise. It holds us together as little else ever will. To hear the silence in the "Bell" when it is distributed, should be sufficient alone, but let any of the active members try to be cut off for a few months. You will soon realise the necessity of the Newsletter continuing.

You complain that news is late - may be, but to at least 70% who do not get into the "Bell", it is still News, accounts of meets are usually good and interesting and after all, they form a large part of Club life.

Yes, I am in agreement with you re a Journal, but a quarterly Newsletter would share the same fate - never get printed!

It is very impertinent of a (temporarily) non-active member to criticise an active one, but Editor of the Newsletter I disagree entirely with you - the Newsletter should continue unchanged. And I have the impertinence to ask you to continue the good work. The Newsletter has never failed in its task.

Yrs.

Marian Cooke.

COMMENT

SIXTY
GLORIOUS
MONTHS

It will probably not be news to you that I have resigned from the editorship of the Newsletter and that after this issue the job will be carried on by Harry Pretty, and further, that henceforth issues will appear quarterly. It seems at any rate neat and orderly that this change should occur on the fifth anniversary of that historic day when Volume 1 No. 1 burst upon a startled Club. Five years is a long time, and I have to confess that during that time I have slowly lost most of the enthusiasm with which I first embarked on the task of editorship. All the same I cannot help regretting that my period of office should end "not with a bang but a whimper", as the man said. In the past I have frequently accepted praise for the Newsletter's successes. Such praise was little deserved; yet it is only fair that I should also accept the blame for the Newsletter's failures. And it cannot be denied that for the last few months the Club publication has been slowly dying, in spite of my attempts to inject new life and new ideas into it. What Harry Pretty proposes to do in order to resuscitate it and make it the vital thing I hoped it would be during my reign I do not know; we shall see in September. Whatever his plans I wish him success. And that means that I hope you will support him by keeping him in touch with your activities and opinions, as I intend to do.

So, then, au revoir. I hope you have at least occasionally enjoyed reading this Newsletter, as I have quite often enjoyed playing part in its production. If so, you should now fill your pot, raise it in your right hand, solemnly intoning the sacred word "Cheers!", and drain it at one draught. It's odds on that at that instant I shall be doing precisely the same thing.

D.C.C.

DOUGLAS CHARLES CULLUM

After five years, during which the Newsletter has developed from a tentative experiment into a regular and much appreciated feature of the Club's activities, Charlie Cullum has resigned the editorship. He has for some time found it difficult to keep fully in touch with Oread affairs from his hide-out in the far north-west, and although the Committee were reluctant to accept his resignation, they had to concede that someone living near Derby would have much greater facilities.

I have before me a well-thumbed copy of Newsletter Vol.1.No.1., June, 1953. It contains, amongst other things, accounts of the Oreads' first Marsden-Rowsley Walk, and a meet at Baslow, and an announcement of a future meet in an area new to the Club, namely Cwm Silin. There is a brief, poignant reminder of Geoff Gibson, and an editorial already showing a foretaste of the inimitable style we all have come to know so well, in which

Charlie modestly expresses the hope that the Newsletter will, in a rapidly growing club, help to foster a sense of unity and close personal relationships, by keeping members informed what other members, and the Club as a whole, are doing.

I am sure everyone will agree that Charlie has all along done a magnificent job. He does feel, I know, that he has not always had an adequate supply of news to work with, but any lack of stop press news has usually been compensated for by Charlie's own editorials. Whether serious, as when discussing threats to freedom of access, frivolous, as on the subject of flying whales, or romantic (e.g. Vol. 2 No. 2.) these editorials have always been first rate.

Space forbids an account of Charlie's other virtues, but for a profile, see Vol. No. 9. The Club certainly owes Charlie a debt of gratitude, and also, I am sure, wishes his successor, Harry Pretty, good luck in the arduous job he has taken on.

P.R.F.

The next Newsletter can be six times this size, provided you send your contribution in good time. All offers to the new Hon. Editor, Harry Pretty, Flat No. 2., The Rectory, Stanton-by-Bridge, Derby.

FALKNER - to Ann and Philip, a son, RICHARD IAN. All well.

Charlie and Mary Cullum did an extremely enjoyable walk from Poynton to Disley (8½ miles) the other evening. Their new base hut is excellently situated for this type of evening excursion.