

O R E A D
M O U N T A I N E E R I N G
C L U B
N E W S L E T T E R

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EDITORIAL

At a recent Committee meeting it was reported that two complaints had been received concerning the use of "Bryn-y-Wern" by family parties. The nub of both complaints was, of course, the number of children often to be found at the Club Hut. One gathered from the report, which was a little vague since for some obscure reason the name of the objectors could not be divulged, that the complaints had been based principally on the following points:-

- a). It is not particularly good for children to be at large among the often uninhibited Oread.
- b) If they are at large then members in residence are likely to be somewhat inhibited in their behaviour in any case, and
- c) that other people's children are invariably noisy, ill-behaved and of a high nuisance value in an establishment which is, of its very nature, for adults only.

I will admit straight away that I am much in sympathy with those who have complained - I only object to their apparent anonymity. Theirs is a legitimate complaint and they should come out into the open if they feel strongly enough about it.

From the discussion that followed it was immediately clear that this could be a troublesome problem, and it is certainly one which some members who are also parents are likely to take as a personal affront unless they possess the objectivity to view it primarily as a member of the Oread rather than a parent. I have elected to write an Editorial on the subject because it seems to me a fair guess that there are many other Oreads who have in the past been irritated by the demands of family parties at "B-y-W" but who have been reticent in taking any action. I also have a feeling that with the move into a smaller hut, with less immediate amenities for a small tribe of children, the problem is likely to be aggravated in the future. It is the kind of problem which might well affect personal relationships within the Club and therefore it is surely up to the Committee to take the initiative. This, of course, presupposes that there is a strong enough body of opinion to warrant a departure from the present attitude of *laissez faire*. If there is no significant support for the present isolated complaints then presumably the committee will consider that the present system is satisfactory to the Club as a whole.

I suggest therefore, that anyone who is in sympathy with the idea of more control over the entry of children to the new hut should speak now - or do the other thing. I would, however, recommend to both sides the following considerations which are formulated from my own observations:-

a) A climbing hut is primarily a place from which to climb or walk etc. and at the same time should be representative of the communal spirit of the Club. If it is not both of these things it is a waste of time and effort.

b) It must be run for the advantage of the majority of the members - and not necessarily for those who are fortunate enough to be able to use it most frequently.

c) That it must be self-supporting and those members who stay in the hut for a week or so at a time (these are often the people with families) give it more financial support than those who only spend two or three week-ends a year there.

d) That the Oread is peculiar in having a high proportion of active members who have families. It is not, therefore, in a position entirely similar to that of other Clubs.

e) I have personally never seen much evidence that the presence of children inhibits other members. Neither have I noticed much deterioration in my own child's moral values by reason of her having stayed at "B-y-W" for prolonged periods.

f) I have frequently been of the opinion that half-a-dozen children in one hut (when there is a full house anyway) are something of a nuisance to members who like peace and quiet.

There are many other considerations - and I leave it to you to point them out. If you don't - then apparently I shall have been guilty of exaggerating the whole affair.

H.P.

The Peigne - 1958

Raymond Handley

Our party of seven set off for the Aigle de Peigne on the Saturday morning, but a non-committal "huh!" was my only farewell message from Derek Burgess as I bid him a cheery "...be seeing you".

The ropes were made up as follows - 1. Ted Dance, Fred Boardman, Rucksack Club. 2) Two more rucksackers - names which unfortunately I can't remember, 3) Ray Colledge, Ray Handley and a Greek girl who lived in Paris and of course spoke Greek and French but no English. To people who know me, they would undoubtedly consider it most strange to see a female on the same rope as myself. This was also passing thro' my head as early in the morning we walked down to the teleferique which would wing us from the valley to the Plan des Aiguilles in a matter of minutes.

How had it happened? People who know Ray Colledge would, of course, start there. (and probably end there Ed.)

R.C. "Meet Katerine" (English)

R.C. "Meet Ray" (French)

K. "Bonjour" (French)

R.H. "Bonswar" (Pigeon French)

R.C. "She is waiting for her boy friend - he climbs", this was after waiting a fortnight)

R.H. "Ask her if she wants to climb the Chamonix Face of the Peigne". - she accepts - R.H. passes out but recovers just in time to obtain reinforcements. Quite suddenly we were on the screes at the foot of the Peigne.

Unfortunately, as I had done part of the route before, everyone thought I should go first. This of course, had not been my intention. Therefore, after we had crossed the glacier to the initial chimney, and R.C. asked if I would take the sack so that he could lead for a time, I was most relieved. We all congregated at the top of the first couloir and I took over the lead. From here, according to the book, one climbs up a couloir which slants slightly right and then swings back to the left under gendarme (3,009 metres) then to the col between this latter gendarme and the difficult top section of the Chamonix face. We accomplished all of this without incident except for being held up by a French Party on each stance. There was also the stone disturbed by Katerine which bounced off R.C.'s head.

The weather had unfortunately deteriorated as we all gathered under the impressive top section of the face. The succeeding pitches consisted of a series of cracks graded IV to start with, and with V to follow. As usual, the nearest crack was taken with the assuring statement "You can traverse in above the overhang". This, as usual, was not the case. I had to descend cursing, at which point the weather suddenly broke. It rained, hailed and hell broke loose. Then came the rockfall. The first block hit the fleshy part of my forearm and I lost interest in the route. I tried burrowing into the rock where I moaned quietly to myself and cursed the b---- who was kicking the mountain down around our heads.

Peace came after about 10 mins. and, fantastic as it may seem, no other member of the party was hit. It was a near miracle as large rocks had ricocheted through us at 60 second intervals - one practically chopping in half my new full weight.

Ray in particular had had a bad time as he was belayed to a rock which refused to allow him to dodge the fusillade.

To get down was the main thing uppermost in everyone's mind. The French party who had been ahead had traversed straight under the Chamonix Face and by now had disappeared over the N.W. ridge. We decided this was the best thing for us to do.

A steep snow slope went across the foot of the face. The main trouble was that a traverse of this slope involved exposing ourselves to anymore rocks that were likely to fall. Two of the Rucksack people set off and it was not very pleasant waiting, watching, and hoping. As usual in moments of tension the language was picturesque, and I'm sure Katherine must have wondered at our eloquence of speech. At last my turn came. I looked up, prayed, and hurried across. Except for the hiss of rain no sounds disturbed my troubled mind.

We all gathered together at the breche, from where the route down was not particularly attractive - 3" of wet snow overlaying slabs in a 60° couloir. The French were only 300' below us as we sat down and ate, drank and made as merry as we could.

Two rappels were obviously the best and safest way of proceeding. Ray C. soon organised this and disappeared into the mist. The couloir joined the Pelerins - Peigne couloir which appeared to be the normal way down. After the second rappel Whillans and Bonnington suddenly appeared, descending this couloir. They had been lucky and had just reached the summit by the N. ridge when the weather broke. They proceeded past us and disappeared into the couloir. Occasional rocks fell from the walls of the Pelerins and visibility was about 150'. Another steep snow traverse had to be made across the head of the main couloir. It looked decidedly unpleasant, being of a semi-descending nature on steep wet snow.

This was accomplished and the next 500' of descent, though extremely easy down a rock groove on the left bank of the couloir, was streaming with water. Thank heavens wet rock makes little or no difference in the Alps. The gully began to steepen and I noticed a line of steps across the snow of the couloir. They led to the opposite wall where a fixed knotted rope was hanging.

DESCENT FROM THE PEIGNE (1956) - (EXTRACT)

R. HANDLEY

We ascended this onto a rib, only to be confronted by an apparent impasse. The rib dropped steeply into the mist and descending a groove I found only an impossible overhang. We cast to the left and tried to climb into the couloir below the steep step across its face. The time was 5 o'clock - it would undoubtedly be dark early. I prayed for a clearance of the mist and, as often happens when things look bad, there was a sudden improvement. The mist twisted aside just long enough for us to see an abseil peg from which we could get back into the gully. We also saw Don and Chris about 400 feet lower down practically on the glacier. The rappel was steep but safe and we descended into the gully and down to the glacier, having been on our chosen small peak 12 hrs.

It is usual when the green alps are reached that one is able to relax and amble downhill-musing over the days highlights. But this day was to have a kick in its tail.

After we got off the peak Katherine, Ray C. and myself decided that rather than walk down we would use the teleferique. We were thinking of an early meal at the Cafe de Chamonix. In the event however, we were to be disappointed, ~~and~~ and we nearly had to bivouac because of this decision. The teleferique had long stopped running and we had to return valleyward on foot. I saw Ted and the lads just disappearing past the Plan des ~~Alps~~ Aiguilles, and hurried after them. The track curved slowly round the hillside and slowly began to climb back to the other side of the teleferique. Ray C. said "This isn't the way", and I agreed. Seeing a path dropping down a little further on I said "That looks alright". With that, we embarked on our nightmare descent.

All went well for 1,000' until, suddenly the path narrowed, steepened and disappeared over a steep drop into the trees. The time was 8 o'clock and we had about 1/2 hour of daylight left. I proposed a rappel which was reluctantly accepted. We seemed so near to Chamonix that I could almost smell the Beefsteak and Chips. But I had seriously clanged. The angle of the ground was 60°; loose, heavily vegetated and treed. We had descended into a kind of gorge with a torrent crashing down to the right suggesting steeper ground below.

To get out of this somehow onto more open hillside seemed imperative, but we were completely hemmed in by trees. On the left was a steep wall covered in moss which we climbed at speed because of the loose nature of its structure. The ground was still desperate and the last minutes of daylight were dwindling fast.

We gathered together looking longingly at the lights of Chamonix which appeared to be very near, but in our situation as far away as ever. We had now been forced to rope up, and the only way to make any progress was to traverse in one direction, descend as far as possible, and then traverse again. This we did, but the ground was quite unrelenting and the torch was getting feebler every minute. Ray C. had the unenviable task of descending last with no torch, but he was using his axe well as an anchor. Katherine was getting very tired as were we all.

Our luck turned at last. I had already told Ray that if the next descent did not continue on a feasible line I wanted to bivouac as it was useless pressing on like this. But I had found a faint track which went down and down. Even then we went wrong and had to retrace our steps 50 yds. The trees were thinning, the ground was less steep, and suddenly we came out into a little alp, and there was the moon. What a magnificent sight. Our spirits soared and I could not help bursting into song.

We stumbled into the hut at 1 a.m. after being out for 19 hrs. We had expected a short day, but on reflection it had been worth it.

*Others taking part: Colledge, Ted Dance, Fred Boardman and a Greek girl, Katherine. Ed.

A professional office in Derby - the place of employment of those two noted professional gentlemen Mr. D. Widdows and Mr. H. Pretty. Also to be found at the same address is Mr. Harry Townsend who has only recently recovered from his ordeal on Win Hill (see account of Marsden-Rowsley 1958). The following conversation is barely audible above the din of mating pigeons in the roof space overhead. This particular office, occupied by Widdows is knee-deep in ancient tatty drawings, old clothing, overturned litter bins, empty match boxes, technical pamphlets specialising in advice for the unmarried but virile young man about town, old racing calendars, and a healthy accumulation of pigeon droppings. There is an abominable smell of Sobranie Hashish, and what light there is shows the walls to be painted in a kind of creosote pink.

The characters in order of speaking: H. Pretty, D. Widdows, H. Townsend and an unsavoury though diminutive person by the name of Hawkins.

- H.P. - (Entering through matted undergrowth of old chair and table legs) "Hey Widd., what about that article on the Rhinog Meet?"
- D.W. - " --- ah yes!"
- H.P. - "What d'you mean 'ah ----' "
- (he is interrupted by a violent grating sound which turns out to be the voice of H.T.)
- H.T. - "Rhinog meat - Good God, what's that!?"
- (He is ignored - as far as it is possible to ignore someone 6'3" tall, with an ugly bullet head and a voice like a clapped-out steam-roller)
- H.P. - "I was going to say - when am I going to get it? - Don't want too much, and nothing that's overdone"
- H.T. - "Half a second mate - what is Rhinog meat, and where the hell d'you get it anyway?"
- D.W. - (a bit dim as usual) "The Rhinogs are in Wales - Wales, y'know - hills and things, mountains ten times the size of Win Hill"
- H.T. - (Irritated by sneering implication) - I know all about that, but what about these Rhinogs - thought they were extinct years ago"
- H.P. - a kind of groan
- D.W. - (getting dimmer) "Rhinogs - extinct! - just what are you nattering about Townsend?"
- H.T. - (wiping pigeon dropping off his blazer) "No need to get chuffed Widdows - I meantersay afterall - Rhinog meat - its a bit thick"
- (During this outburst Hawkins enters, clad mainly in a large off-white solar topee which serves both as crash hat when mounted, and as protection from the pigeons during office hours)
- Hawkins - (who considers himself something of a naturalist) "Rhinogs, - ah! now that's interesting. That's what I would like to know- Where do they meet?"

- D.W. - (Now completely lost) "Oh, for heavens sake what the devil are you on about - its bad enough already without ..."
- Hawkins - "My dear chap - The Rhinog is a most interesting creature. They were thought to be extinct - the last recorded sighting is in a very old MS - around 1550 I believe, at a place called Caer Fadog on the Rhwng-y-ddwy afon"
- D.W. - (Incredulously) - "What!?"
- Hawkins - "Oh yes! - but you know they 're not extinct at all. A pair were reported only last year by Franklin, - and his report has been confirmed by Welbourne-Smythe - not extinct at all old chap - In fact you want to keep your eyes open when you're off on these hiking trips of yours."
- D.W. - "Really!?"
- Hawkins - "You just keep your eyes open old chap - y'never know."

By this time H.P. has slunk away horrified by the realisation that all editors must have to listen to this kind of verbal muck - and thinking that there might be a lot more to put up with in the future, he has decided that his readers should have some idea of the alarming situations in which editors find themselves.

Post Script Some weeks ago Hawkins sent to the office a revolting post card - a violently coloured and grossly inaccurate painting of a train approaching the summit of Snowdon. On the back was a Criccieth post mark and a simple though moving message. "No Rhinogs seen as yet - but pressing on". I'm beginning to wonder - perhaps there are those in the Oread who could enlighten me? Ed.

Conclusion The situation has subsequently deteriorated. An advertisement recently appeared in a Derby paper which announced that "...a few Rhinogs are now available for sale", and my name and address was given as the source of supply. I rather assume this to be a vindictive move by Townsend and Widdows who had not come out of the original encounter in very good shape. As a result of this ad. questions have been put to an eminent Zoologist addressing a W.I.; arguments have raged in bars from Heage to Dalbury Lees; I have received enquiring letters from potential Rhinog owners; schoolmasters have been driven to the point of mental unbalance; a placard is said to have appeared in the market place announcing in bold purple letters "Rhinog found in Wales" (which just goes to show); and Townsend in the role of agent provocateur, is said to have caused "wild scenes" in a local cinema by standing up and shouting in his normal cracked (slightly crazed) voice "They 're out! - The Rhinogs have escaped!" - whereupon people rushed into the streets in panic.

I really am beginning to wonder, for you know the word "Rhinog" has something curiously in common with the notorious "Triffid" sic:-

The Rhinogs and the Triffids
were dancing on the shore
And no man saw their strange delight
For man - he was no more!

It's all rather sinister

During Saturday members and friends turned up at Well Farm at sporadic intervals, and by evening the abodes of the following were to be seen:- Welbourn's ("Mind those guy lines"); Brian and Pat Lee; Keith ("my B--- van is stuck in a bog") Axon, Nan and family; Ray Handley, Derek Burgess, "Tinsel" and Nat Allen; Phil Wilkinson, John Whybrow, Malcolm Hunt and the Bird-Gardiners with Trevor Monk. The Fred Allen vehicle was hove-to on the side of the road below the rocks. Geoff Hayes arrived complete with plaster cast on one arm, the result, according to Hayes of having "baled-out" from his motor-bike at 2 m.p.h. Ken (crew-cut) Beech also turned up and quickly installed himself in the meet leader's tent.

Axon lit a stove for a brew and was somewhat perturbed a few minutes later to observe smoke issuing from the door of his tent! This was the result of his children attempting to find out what happens to a rucsac when placed on a lighted primus stove.

Welbourn and party departed for an evening stroll whilst the remainder descended upon the "Three Horseshoes", - there to find Pretty just emerging from the bar. As the time was then only 8.0.p.m. one is left to wonder just what possessed him to leave a pub with 2½ good drinking hours remaining. However, after much persuasion he was dragged back in. In spite of the showers of nattily dressed persons who infested the place all leaning space on the counter was quickly monopolised and a tray of salted nuts and olives speedily disposed of. All returned to camp safely with the exception of Ken Beech who shut his thumb in the door of a motor-car and swears he didn't realise he'd done so until he tried to pull it out!

On Sunday morning there was mist all around but this deterred no one and at a surprisingly early hour climbing was in progress with all the usual routes being trodden underfoot. The advent of the gamekeeper demanding 1/- per head for climbing quickly put everyone in a somewhat belligerent mood and a few sharp exchanges took place. As far as can be ascertained, only one "Oread" paid up. The culmination of these arguments came about 1.30.p.m. when those who had not paid were ordered off the rocks but as it had begun to drizzle no one really seemed to mind.

Later in the afternoon the Hooley's, the Harbies and the Roger Turners turned up but no one seemed inclined to renew the attack and so camp was struck and everyone had packed up before the rain came down in earnest.

Quite a good meet really but where were the other two thirds of the club members?

(Mike and Alison Harby actually appeared during the morning I believe, and Mike was performing on the rocks before the rain really started. Dick Kendall, Fred Williams and others of the Mountain Club also turned up on the Sunday - they are still paying off the

arrears of the enormous debt owing to the Editor as a result of our last night in Glencoe at Easter - Ed.)

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STRATH OSSIAN

Mike Newbury

Fersit is a farm near the outlet of Loch Treig. It is an outpost in the moors. We parked the van there on Good Friday morning, John Aird of the Inverness M.C. and I, and set off with our rucksacks along the track running out to the east. The wind was cold and a light covering of snow on the ground - ideal trekking weather. To the south rose the steep lower slopes of the Chno Dearg massif, to the north-east lay the waste lands that stretch towards Loch Laggan, looking almost Tibetan under the wintry sky. The path swings gradually southwards, ascending to 1,800 feet and suddenly we were looking down upon a Strath, emerging from a deep gap in the hills.

Strath Ossian House was there alright. An unpretentious place in the middle of the deer pastures, with magnificent stand of silver fir against it, looking a bit exotic in the wide open spaces. There was a big crag behind the house, at the entrance to the pass, and a similar one on the other side.

We found the house locked up and set about investigating the range of sheds with the deliberation of connoisseurs. A stable with plenty of hay seemed just right. It was snowing and blowing a bit by now, so after dumping our rucksacks - refuelling, we tramped off to Corour, 3 miles south through the pass, and did the circular tour of Loch Ossian along a fairish jeep road mainly through plantations, getting back at dusk after a 20 mile day. The Youth Hostel, by the way, is at the west end of Loch Ossian, not as shown on the old O.S. map, so it's a bit hopeless as a base for the hills, but Corour itself has a number of houses or barns.

Next morning looked better, so we decided on Beinn Eibhinn. This is part of a chain of hills to the north of Ben Alder, about 7 miles long and running N.E. - S.W. We went up the pass on the north side of these hills, as far as the divide, then struck off up the slope and gained the summit plateau of Geal-Charn (3,688 feet) by a little snowy arete. The mist was thick on top, but we managed to strike the bealach leading west to Aonach Beag, which is a fine conical mountain, complete with corries and sharp ridges - and we came out into sunshine to appreciate it in snowy splendour.

To get to Beinn Eibhinn it was now necessary to descend a steepish rocky ridge, quite narrow, but this gave no trouble as the snow was crisp and firm. And so up round the rim of a deep corrie to Beinn Eibhinn (3611 feet) and down to Strath Ossian by knobbly hills and a final steep slope, where we enjoyed the evening sun and counted the deer in the strath - two herds of about sixty each.

We got back to find the tracks of a jeep from Corour, and a threatening notice stuck on the door of our stable. I had to

get back to Inverness so I trekked the six miles over the hill to Fersit in gathering dark, while John chanced it at the howf for another night ("Too late to move anyway"). Next day he went by Corrou and the Uisge Labhair to Ben Alder Cottage taking an evening walk up Beinn Bheoil (3,333 ft), and the day after, raced over the 25 miles to Dalwhinnie via the Bealach Dubh and Culra Lodge to catch the north train - calling at Carn Dearg (3391 ft) on the way.

The area is pretty good for isolation, the only access other than those mentioned being from Corrou station, which is reached by rail only unless you walk across the bogs from Kinloch-loven. Glen Nevis or Spean Bridge - all a good distance away! The known rock and snow climbs in the vicinity are on the east side of Ben Alder - Geal - Charr, but the two crags in Strath Ossian appeared to be virgin, and one of them is quite terrific. I believe there's also climbing on the east face of Chno Dearg and Beinn na Lap, both close by. However, I'd recommend the area most for winter climbing or ski-ing, as the snow conditions should be just about the best in Scotland.

(I am very pleased to publish news from Mike Newbury. We haven't seen him for some time now as he is living and working in Inverness. He has recently been elected Vice President of the Inverness M.C., and on 26th July this year became the father of a daughter - Sara Faith. He speaks gaily of week-ending in Glen Nevis and the Cairngorms, and nostalgically of Gritstone! - some people are never satisfied. He would very much like Oreads to call on him if they are in the area - his address is Herdmuir Cottage, Westhill, Culloden, Inverness. I think I'm right in saying that MacAllister lives hereabouts. Ed.)

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THE NIGHT OF REACHING! - BRYN-Y-WERN

W. Deana Pettigrew

An Englishman can laugh at himself, they say. So, apparently, can three guests taken by Bob Pettigrew to the late Club Hut.

The most entertaining incident during our recent holiday in Wales was the night three of us contracted food poisoning and were sick out of the bedroom window, being unable to reach the toilet in time. Bob was the only one not affected, yet he had eaten far more of the offending crab than any of us. We can only conclude that his stomach must resemble a leather sack after his recent gastronomical experiences in the orient. Having vainly attempted, by auto-suggestion to put Bob in the same discomfort as ourselves, Glen Ward sourly remarked, "It isn't bloody fair!" All Bob replied from the depths of his bunk was "What's that shrivelled sack on the roof outside? - Oh, it's your lining".

At one period during that eventful night three heaving persons were in the bathroom together, each leaning over a different piece of porcelain. However, Glen's most frightening experience during the whole of his holiday - Great Slab, Cwm Silyn included - was when we had returned to our bunks, myself directly above him.

Seized by further sudden convulsions, I found it impossible to struggle out of my sleeping bag in time. Glen knew that instinct forbids a person from fouling his own nest and was therefore certain that I would lean over the side. He cowered back in terror. I nobly restricted my activities to my own bunk, however, and later thumped the canvas above requesting my snoring husband to fetch the necessary cleaning materials. His disturbance was meagre consolation after our undesirable exertions.

W. Deana Pettigrew.

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

To the Editor of the Oread Newsletter.

Dear Harry,

First I must congratulate you on your first solo issue. It is one of the best we have had, and the much expanded space devoted to Club news is proof of the advantages of having an Editor at the Club's centre of gravity. I note that you have got away with fewer misprints than usual, but the one on page 3 is a gem, worthy of James Joyce himself. I refer of course, to the bit about "Brazilian mountainerring mistresses". That's the way I like my mistresses.

Secondly, this nonsense about paying to climb on the Roaches. I refer you to Volume 4, No. 7 (April, 1957) in which I predicted this sort of thing and worse.

Thirdly, about a name for the new hut. I dislike the bastard mixtures of Welsh and Greek so far offered, and would like to suggest the following:-

TY NEWYDD Y MEINWYNION or HAFOD NEWYDD Y MEINWYNION - "The nymphs' new home" BOD Y MEINWYNION - "The abode of the nymphs" TY NEWYDD, BOD NEWYDD or HAFOD NEWYDD etc. CARREG WEN "Little Rock" - to which negroes and others whether red, white or blue would be admitted, of course. BOD Y GWYNT - "The home of the wind" - bearing in mind the proximity of the Cwellyn Arms. TWLL DU - "The black hole" or perhaps just BRYN Y WERN.

As my Welsh isn't very hot, I may have got the gender or grammar wrong in some of these.

Finally may I explain the phrase "not with a bang but a whimper" in my last "Comment". This may have appeared as a trifle carping in a 14 page issue - but when the manuscript left me it consisted of the articles by Jim Kershaw and Bob Pettigrew, the letters from Jim Kershaw and Marion Cook and my own "Comment" - about seven pages all told, and not a very glorious end to one's editorial career. I was surprised and delighted by the subsequent additions made by you. More lead to your pencil, if that's the right expression.

Sincerely,
D.C.C.

Dear Sir,

As one of those dormant members who omit to pay their subs, seldom go out on meets and never write to the editor, I would like to say how much we appreciate the Newsletter. Congratulations on your first issue, it was well up to the high standard set by D.C.C. and I sincerely hope that you will find it possible to bring it out monthly.

Reading through this month's Newsletter I realised how many new members there must be whom I have never met and I believe that it is only the Newsletter that prevents many "out-of-contact" members like myself from drifting away from the Club. I see that my one venture from retirement - Wasdale at Whitsun - aroused comment in the last Newsletter. Further to your remarks on the Ashcroft-Dearden-Turner mix up, you might be interested to learn that Janet (Ashcroft by marriage) has a young sister while Mike (Turner by birth) has a young brother - needless to say we are discouraging any interest they may show in mountaineering.

LETTER - EXTRACT - NEWSLETTER, OCTOBER 1958

..... Finally I was interested to read that I was camping in Wasdale with "my wife", my wife-to-be was even more interested as she happened to be in Wolverhampton at the time. Perhaps it would be a sound idea for the Oread to take out an insurance policy to cover the Newsletter against the risk of libel actions.

Yours etc.

R.V. Dearden

Dear Sir,

In view of the financial straits of the Club why must we continue to pay out money for tankards for newly married couples? Already the happy pair get a reduced subscription and this alone means that the club subscription is not £1.1.0. at all but somewhere around 15s.6d. for about 75% of the members.

So why not put the sub at £1.1.0. for ALL members and cease the expense on tankards.

Yours etc.

The last of the Few.

-----oOo-----

LYNGEN 1958

T. Panther.

My third visit to Lyngen is over, and with that thought go waves of satisfaction, some disappointments, and future ambitions.

It is a far cry from the grim and colossal north face of Gukkisgaissa to this early morning in my garden at home. It is a morning when one's thoughts fly to the mountains for it is sunny (at last), and clear. The air has a touch of September and the heavy dew on the lawn is sparkling - a million jewels reflecting the blaze of flowers and the sun. How soft and gentle it all is,

but nevertheless by the same artist who has fashioned Nordwands!

This time it was only a two-man expedition - Angus Graham and I. We were very mobile and we each carted 90 lbs. of stuff around with us. First to the Elensdal near Lakselvbukt where we climbed a small virgin rock peak on the ridge between Gukkisgaissa and the Elensdaltind. Something over 3,000 ft. approx. We encountered no difficulties and climbed its west face direct and solo. The rock was slabby and loose. We also reconnoitred the North Face of Gukkisgaissa with the intention of climbing it. It is a colossal face 3,000 ft. high and a good mile in horizontal length. The mist never cleared from its upper half so we did not consider it wise to venture onto an unknown nordwand in bad weather. Most of the face is a gigantic red slab, climable almost anywhere but utterly unjustifiable on account of the rotten rock and frequent huge rock avalanches. The Eastern end is sounder, being of grey rock, smooth and apparently faultless for great stretches. This end of the face is aweinspiring in the extreme. It rises in one enormous buttress. Only the lower 1,500 ft. were visible at any time due to persistent cloud. This face will go, but it needs four or six climbers for adequate support, good weather, and an expedition specially for it and nothing else. It is a true Alpine North Wall, not to be taken lightly.

Later, Angus and I climbed another virgin peak. We have called it the Hidden Peak and is the one which Bob Pettigrew and I referred to as Photo Peak in 1953. It was a splendid mountain, complete with iceberg lake, hanging glacier, large North face and Ice cap. It took us eleven hours and afforded us an interesting but not difficult climb mainly over steep snow slopes. It was about 20° F. on top and the thick mist and wind did not invite us to stay long. It was a fair peak, being approximately 4,300 ft.

We also looked at another Mountain further south, but discovered it to be pigtind - already climbed. Angus and I found ourselves to be perfect friends and spent much of the time roaring with laughter at all sorts of extraordinary lewdisms.

Not a lot done really, but it wasn't too bad for a very short stay and it has, of course, afforded us with many splendid memories.

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OREADS IN SHORTS - OCTOBER 1958

Robert Pettigrew is once more among us and, on the slightest provocation, that hideous laugh together with an exhibition of the finest set of teeth in the Oread can now be heard and seen (respectively) in the "Bell" of a Tuesday night. It is reported that the "King of the Arctic" and the Prince of Kulu (Designate) arrived in Paris in typical fashion. Only after he had been

narrowly missed by a wide variety of missiles (he was, of course, standing in the back of a hired vehicle of unspecified make) ~~was~~ was he persuaded of the hostile nature of the crowds in the Champ Elysees and the Place D'etoile. He was apparently difficult to convince that the mob was not there to welcome him back from his mission in the East; and the news that he had been mistaken for a Gaullist Agent Provocateur by left wing demonstrators marching towards the Arc de Triomphe was something of an anti-climax.

Mrs Pittigrew, who was there to meet him, ~~with assistance~~ recognised immediately his shocked condition and insisted that he go to bed for a prolonged period. He seems to have made a good recovery, and was apparently able to board the Channel Steamer without assistance.

A belated piece of news that somehow or other was missed out of the last Newsletter:- To Ken and Gwenda Griffiths on the 7th August, 1958 - a daughter, Judy Elizabeth.

David Widdows spent his holiday this year helping a "female person" and her R.N. uncle to sail a yacht across the channel. The winds were contrary and they are said to have spent four days beating out of Portsmouth Harbour. The Harbourmaster, who is I believe an Admiral or something, proved very difficult in the trying circumstances. I can well believe this from my own experience of Admirals - particularly those of the Portsmouth variety. For example I still remember very well the difficult attitude of the Admiral who's pinnacle I once rushed onto under the mistaken impression that it was the Gosport Ferry. The Widdows entourage eventually fetched up on the Island of Alderney - he hasn't said what the people of Alderney thought about this. However the R.N. uncle turned out to be a man of considerable perception and after seeing photographic evidence of this year's "traverse of the 3,000anders" he remarked, apropos of D.W. "...it beats me you're not round shouldered!"

There has been a considerable influx of new faces in the "Bell" recently. Many of these are first rate youngsters and it is a pleasant and stimulating experience to see John Welbourn issuing instructions and advising them where he will be on the following week-end. If John continues to take his responsibilities in this respect seriously I think he will be largely responsible for the greatly desired increase in the number of active young members.

It is being rumoured abroad that Geoff Thompson is shortly to be married. I don't know whether to be relieved or sad for it will be like the passing away of a great institution. Ah well, perhaps it won't make all that much difference; when you get to Thompson's age one can only presume that habit does hard.

Alf Bridge has been climbing in the Alps with Raymond Lambert this summer. The following is worth quoting from a letter received by Eric Byne:-

"I have had some very good climbing in the Alps, though the snow conditions were far from good. On one outstanding day we traversed the Dom and the Taschorn, and on another day I managed four 4,000 metre peaks in the day. In 12 days I managed 40,500 feet all above 6,000 ft. level"

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NEW CLIMBS

T. Panther

NORTH WALES

Craig Beudy Mawr Llanberis Pass

"Hades" 130 ft. Very severe
13th April, 1957 by Trevor Panther and Tony Killingback

Start: Some 20 ft. left of a large rounded pinnacle at the extreme left of the crag. A groove below an overhang.

Pitch I. 60 ft. Climb the groove traversing right below the overhang to some detached blocks. A difficult move to the right, below the overhang and across a groove to a rib, - the crux - leads to a steep finish on a grassy ledge. Hard and quite exposed.

Pitch II 50 ft. Traverse left to a chimney behind a perched block, which is climbed to a slabby groove leading to the junction with pitch 3 of "CLINKER".

Pitch III 20 ft. The difficult final crack of "Clinker"

NORTH WALES

Craig Fach - The diamond shaped cliff to the east and below Craig Cwm Beudy Mawr - Llanberis Pass.

"The Slash" 105 ft. Hard very difficult + A 2
Whitsun 1958 by Trevor Panther and Raymond Stephens.

Start Some 20 ft. to the left of a vertical chimney on the right of the cliff.

Pitch I 35 ft. Very difficult Up sharp cracks for a few feet then traverse right onto an outward sloping shelf, then up again to a grassy ledge with little tree and large boulder belay.

Pitch II A2 30 ft. Up the very thin corner crack immediately behind the stance, bridging for 8 ft. to an overhang. The thin crack continues, piton round this and out

onto the left wall. Exposed. Continue pegging until one reaches a large rock ledge; traverse easily for 15 ft. to its right end. Belay on loose chockstone

Pitch III 40 ft. Up the crack behind for a few feet the difficulties now end. Climb upwards for a further 30 ft. to the top of the cliff.

Jottings on a Scottish Holiday

Jack Ashcroft

25th July - 9th August.

Members of the party:- Mike and Margaret Turner, Mike Moore and Meg Cooke. Janet and John Ashcroft.

Transport - Turner Vanguard, Friday night and Saturday.

Journey north was memorable for (a) Moore's remark "What d'you want me to do - dig a tunnel", to a burly lorry driver blocking his path in a transport cafe. b) A 900 skid near Beattock. No we didn't keep on that course, we did 180° controlled turn and continued the journey.

Sunday - Walk to Sheildaig along south side of Upper Loch Torridon - Magnificent views. Meg lost top half of bikini.

Monday Rain most of day. Drive along south shore of Loch Maree. Saw crashed Morris Minor - Vanguard speed dropped.

Tuesday Rain most of day but scrambled about on lower slopes of Liathach.

Wednesday Most active day. 6.00.a.m. rise. Liathach traversed. mostly in cloud. Left Torridon 4.50.p.m. - arrived Lochinver 9.20p.

Thursday Provisions taken aboard - camped in excellent situation on shores of Loch Bad a'Ghail in heart of Coigach hills.

Friday. Rained. Visited Ullapool and aled in 'Argyle'. Meg lost cigarettes.

Saturday Glorious day. Traversed Stac Polly. Pleasant route done on West face.

Sunday Shockingly idle day. Excuse - illness in party plus too much sun, sand and sea. Meg lost bottom half of bikini.

Monday Rained. Aled in 'Argyle' again, Noted distinct Kershaw air about the place.

Tuesday Gale. Travelled south to Fort Augustus for night camp. Meg lost purse.

Wednesday Travelled to Arrochar. Camped in Glen Croe.

Thursday Climbed the Cobbler.

Friday Walk over hills on west side of Loch Lomond.

Saturday 12 hour journey home - All agreed a somewhat popular peak tour, but most enjoyable.

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STANAGE EDGE MEET September 20th

John Welbourn

A well attended meet, members and friends camped on North Lees Farm on Saturday night.

Owing to the isolated position of my campsite the Gardiners and the Ashcrofts and others were tempted to use the exposed site nearer to the farm. The highlight of the evening was that while my group of hard men were planning the climbs for the next day, the pub party managed to get in on a free feed given by a young girl who was celebrating her 21st birthday.

Sunday dawned bright and clear and prompt on 9.30.a.m., after the Peak National Park Riot Act had been read out, and understood, the various ropes made for the Edge.

Mid morning saw J. Ashcroft and Wally Richardson doing "Inverted Vee", Malcolm Hunt and R. Handley performing on "Black Slab", Doug Cook and Janet Ashcroft on "Needle Crack" and a whole host of others getting the routes in.

A Sunday afternoon party "looked in" on the meet making the attendance 35.

A number of people remarked about the support given to such a popular meet leader. Some even said the fine weather brought the crowd. However, who cares, we all enjoyed the meet. Turn out again sometime you'll enjoy it.

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