

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Monthly Newsletter

July, 1959.

EDITORIAL.

From January to June is, I think, the longest gap that has ever occurred between successive Newsletters and I realise, once more, that apologies are due from the Editor. I apologise freely for that part of the five months for which I am responsible. It is a fact however that until the end of April I simply had no copy worth speaking of, and any Newsletter produced in March would virtually have been written by myself. The circumstances have been aggravated by my own increasing responsibilities in other affairs and I have rarely been seen collecting information or badgering people since the turn of the year.

This latter point is significant as far as the Newsletter is concerned for there is little doubt that to produce well packed issues, successively and fairly frequently, the Editor should be spiritually, if not physically, at the centre of things. I have been finding myself increasingly on the fringe of late, and therefore at the first committee meeting after the A.G.M., I asked to be relieved of the Editorship. My resignation was accepted and a small Sub-Committee formed to handle future issues.

Since that date Tom Frost has come forward and volunteered to sit in the Editorial chair and he is now (I believe) officially appointed. His address is attached in block capitals at the end of this issue and here and now I would like to wish him every good fortune, and thank him on behalf of the Club for taking on the job.

I feel sad (now that I am actually writing it) that this is my last Newsletter and last opportunity to comment or poke fun at the "Establishment with an Editorial pen - although I have perceived of late that barbed humour at the expense of other peoples' dignity is no longer quite so acceptable as it has been in the past.

In any event, the last A.G.M., gave us a new Committee. On it are men whose voices have not been heard before in this capacity - and they are mostly men with strong ideas. It is an excellent thing that this should have happened for when, in 1952, a rather similar election took place it resulted in a rejuvenation of the Club as a whole. I hope that there will be a similar result in 1959.

It is remarkable in almost every way that a club of our size has acquired its own hut, that it has rebuilt the interior to comply with its own requirements, and that it organises Indoor Meets of a standard unexcelled by any Club in Great Britain (with possibly one exception) - but all these achievements are, in my opinion, as nothing compared with the need for a lively set of uninhibited youngsters within our ranks. The average age of those on the membership list goes on increasing year by year, and everyone is nice and

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cosy inside what seems to have become a kind of socially restricted watertight perimeter. Perhaps most people want it that way, and if the majority of the active members are in favour then that is certainly the way the situation will continue to develop. But I think it's lousy; and so do most newcomers who try to force their way into the "Bell" of a Tuesday night. Despite isolated examples to the contrary I know for a fact that it is virtually impossible for them to effectively "break through". The "Bell" has declined into a convenient place for those, who are accepted, to arrange their next week end, oft times regardless of a listed Meet, and nearly always regardless of the stranger. The "Bell", as I fully realise, is a difficult place and inadequate for our purpose. Therefore the sooner a room is found where any strange face is immediately noticeable the less excuse will there be for those who come, stand around, wonder who the hell all these people are anyway, and depart half an hour later more than a little disillusioned.

A.P.

Annual General Meeting.

"The Red Lion" - Baslow

28th February, 1959.

.. . . . Harry Pretty

The A.G.M. was preceded by the usual mass descent upon the bar - why is it that on these occasions everyone seems to drink with a determination quite unusual in other Oread indoor meets? Almost forgotten faces were to be seen, and particularly notable was the appearance of Chunky Cartwright leaping nimbly about on a pair of crutches. He was alleged to have a nurse with him (in some capacity or other) but I couldn't find her, so I rather disbelieve it. I did search thoroughly however, and when I returned to the area it was to find that the new President has already been elected and was exultantly in the throes of a well prepared exhortation in all directions - I never did manage to pick up the threads after this so the following sparse report is probably not very accurate.

Mr. Falkner, retiring President, took the chair at 7.45 p.m. (I know that is right, because it happened before some scheming clot made mention of the nurse). In any case he (P.R.F.) immediately swapped it (the chair) for a horse hair bench from which, in his usual extoverted fashion, he spoke in a standing position.

Minutes of the last A.G.M. were then read at great speed and, it being almost impossible to catch the alcoholic articulation, there were very few dissenters among the ranks. Most of these latter gents were, in any case, far more interested in the pros and cons of sundry private feuds that raged continuously among the back three rows. The minutes

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were therefore approved, and the to complex items concerning the change circulated in October, 1958 mark yo talk about amendments at this point seems to settle around these discuss dense fog and I don't propose to di new Rule 7 and its five sub-section which again is not surprising since the Admiralty Divorce and Probate I understand it at all. This of cou and Geoff. Thompson who are celebra

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Further Reports of the retiring Ernie Phillips (Meets Sec.) complain not giving him information in time f a Circular. He briefly referred to both outdoor and indoor, and he was for having made a particularly fine Programme.

The Hut Warden's Report ultima general argument on the question of fee should be extracted. There wer those against. From among the shou discussion the following remarks were

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were therefore approved, and the top table introduced various complex items concerning the changing of the Rules (previously circulated in October, 1958 mark you!). There was certain talk about amendments at this point, but the haze which seems to settle around these discussions has now become dense fog and I don't propose to discuss them. Enough that new Rule 7 and its five sub-sections was adopted nem con - which again is not surprising since only those trained in the Admiralty Divorce and Probate Division are able to understand it at all. This of course includes Ernie Phillips and Geoff. Thompson who are celebrated Probate men.

The President then made a report (it was not as loud or as noisome as some he has made) and mentioned some or all of the following points.

- a. The new hut and the work put in by members.
- b. An apology for not having attended a great number of Meets in the past year.
- c. The retiring committee in connection with the complexities of the legal establishment of "Tan - y Wyddfa".
- d. Some advice to the new committee - and he also remembered the last Annual Dinner as being "quite excellent".

The treasures also presented a report which mainly consisted of verbal corrections to the printed Balance Sheet previously circulated. They were I believe mostly typing errors. A figure of £35 0s 0d. was "bandied" about as being approximately the sum required to make "Tan - y - Wyddfa" a "serviceable hut", there was slight comparison at this point as Fred Allen thought he'd said £350 0s 0d. Fred did not say whether he thought this last figure was too small or too large! The Balance Sheet was adopted.

Further Reports of the retiring officers followed. Ernie Phillips (Meets Sec.) complained about Meet Leaders not giving him information in time for it to be published on a Circular. He briefly referred to the past years meets, both outdoor and indoor, and he was given a rousing ovation for having made a particularly fine job of the Indoor Meets Programme.

The Hut Warden's Report ultimately developed into a general argument on the question of whether or not a booking fee should be extracted. There were (as usual) those for and those against. From among the shouts of encouragement and discussion the following remarks were hear.

"Only the Hut fees should be paid in advance" (Padley).

"A Booking Fee may debarr young people unable to afford their fee in advance" (Hatchett).

"Does this rule apply in clubs with whom we have reciprocal arrangements?" (Webb).

Several pettigreiviouses at this point; shouts for order from some one I had never seen before, - all nicely rounded off by the crash of a fully loaded pint on the concrete floor (I think it was dropped rather than thrown, but I would not guarantee it).

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It was then proposed that it be left for the Committee to make a decision, but apparently nobody took this very seriously, and the debate continued - even Ashcroft's voice was heard declaiming wisdom, but it turned out that he was talking about something entirely irrelevant. At length Pettigrew (by now almost in the saddle) got a grip on things and with a purple oath restored order by engineering a vote. The proposed Booking Fee or other form of deposit was not accepted by the majority.

The retiring Hon. Secretary was allowed to say a few words, and much to my own amazement he actually succeeded in saying them. They were "there has been an increase in membership - the total is now 101" (polite applause).

At this juncture there was a short break precipitated by the Hon. Editor leading a rush for the bar - and it is perhaps fortunate that as an eye witness I missed a great deal of what happened afterwards.

I discovered on my return that Bob Pettigrew had been elected President (one of the better things of the evening) and had just finished his first address - I had not realised that Panther had kept me so long! The meeting then went on to elect Officers and committee, and a very neat and quick job it was too. Everyone was unopposed and the comp-de-grace was delivered by means of a block vote - and there wasn't even Charlie Cullum to cry "Bloody Communism"!

In A.O.B. the meeting carried a motion increasing Hut Fees from 2s. 6d. to 3s. for members; and from 3s. 6d. to 4s. for guests.

Various votes of thanks were proposed in the usual way of winding up the proceedings. The customary jar of Rum and Pep circulated - paid for, I believe, by Clive Webb - cries of "Conscience money!"

The Oread Supper Meet

Ronni Phillips

The above meet took place on Saturday 18th April at the George in Alstonefield, and being the Meet Leader I am duty bound to write up a description of the happenings. Since I am semi-illiterate (I said "illiterate", I have certificates to prove the other) I find this the most difficult part of the job. I could make it look a big article by listing the names of everyone who came along to the supper, all 45 of them. It is no use writing in big handwriting with large spaces inbetween the line (the holiday postcard technique) as the final results will be typewritten, so with apologies, I will just have to do my literary best.

The supper was scheduled to start at 8 o'clock, but many of us thought a walk or climb beforehand would aid the appetite, so we set out during the afternoon in order to do this, and were rewarded by pleasant weather showing up the countryside in all its new Spring freshness.

At opening time members began to congregate in the bar, and by 8 o'clock the room was bursting at the seams and we were all glad to move into the larger room. The supper I thought was quite a reasonable meal for the price, but a small side plate and butter led me to believe that cheese and biscuits would follow, but however they did not materialise.

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Supper over President Pettigrew presided and with fumbling fingers Johnny opened a tin of Bolognese, with a brass plaque attached, by spoon, with a brass plaque attached, by John Welbourn, "Chief Stirrer", O.M.C. John for all the good work he does in stirring us out of our tents and general

Next a box containing tinned steamed Bolognese, a packet of soup, biscuits in order to put members who were not at the repeating the reason for running the Rhyd Ddu we had to gain consent from the to be allowed to use the premises as a residential district, CURTAINS must be with one proviso, which was:- 'In order to that effect. Now at the present time of curtains, we have four good folkweave are shrouded with table-cloths, antimac call goes out - have you any spare curt

To get back to the raffle, which I raise money for curtains. Jack Longland batch of tickets, then they were circulated a 3d. stamp was collected, which was a ceremony the tickets were placed in a tin Chief Stirrer, Jack Longland drew a ticket other half. As Derek went to claim his and rude remarks such as "Good, now we change, this weekend." and Derek was his first ticket I bought, I needn't have ha

The evening passed pleasantly away have had his share of drink, because each the meet his answer has been "It is no drinks by then", or "Can't remember Ron on. Having downed our last drinks, we the barn and prepared for bed.

Now it appears that Betty made quick Oreads prepare for getting into their shoes their boots and with no more ado climb set of pyjamas, some just substitute clean. One person puts his pyjamas on over his bas clean, others with inferior sleeping, these preparations duly completed we all good laugh at Davids long white legs, Cl by the others.

Sunday we rose, breakfasted and set a good walk, starting off in the Manifold Ten of us set off for Dovedale, which led at the waters edge, and Burgess half way peg-up Pickering Tour, Ernie inserted the more, then Paul had a bash, Bob took over they had a complete and utter botch-up c mixed up in the karabiner. David again bit, and it was at this stage that they either side would come in useful for peg abandon the route, so David began to knock terra firma and while we were sorting out back another day and attack the route in

Supper over President Pettigrew presented Johnny Welbourn with a parcel and with fumbling fingers Johnny opened it, to find a highly polished wooden spoon, with a brass plaque attached, bearing the following inscription:- John Welbourn, "Chief Stirrer", O.M.C. Supper.1959. This was given to John for all the good work he does in that line, stirring people into activity, stirring us out of our tents and generally stirring it up.

Next a box containing tinned steak, peas, milk, oranges, Spaghetti Bolognese, a packet of soup, biscuits and chocolate was raffled off. In order to put members who were not at the supper into the picture, I am repeating the reason for running the raffle. When we took over our house in Rhyd Ddu we had to gain consent from the Town and Country Planning authority to be allowed to use the premises as a Club Hut. We obtained their consent with one proviso, which was:- 'In order that the house should tone with the residential district, CURTAINS must be put up at the windows.' or words to that effect. Now at the present moment the hut has a very odd assortment of curtains, we have four good folkweave curtains, but the rest of the windows are shrouded with table-cloths, antimacassas and blinds etc. Once again the call goes out - have you any spare curtains or cash?.

To get back to the raffle, which by now you should have gathered was to raise money for curtains. Jack Longland very generously bought the first batch of tickets, then they were circulated round the room. £2 18s 7¹/₂d plus a 3d. stamp was collected, which was made up to a level £3. With all due ceremony the tickets were placed in a brass cauldron and stirred up by the Chief Stirrer, Jack Longland drew a ticket out and Derek Burgess produced the other half. As Derek went to claim his groceries he was greeted with cheers and rude remarks such as "Good, now we will be able to eat off Burgess for a change, this weekend." and Derek was heard to say "Dam me, I won it with the first ticket I bough, I needn't have had the other two".

The evening passed pleasantly away talking and drinking, Ernie must have had his share of drink, because each time I have asked him questions about the meet his answer has been "It is no use asking me I'd already had five drinks by then", or "Can't remember Ron, I was on my 8th at that time" and so on. Having downed our last drinks, we who were staying the night, retired to the barn and prepared for bed.

Now it appears that Betty made quite a study of the ways in which various Oreads prepare for getting into their sleeping bags. Some just kick off their boots and with no more ado climb in, some undress and put on a complete set of pyjamas, some just substitute climbing trousers for pyjama bottoms. One person puts his pyjamas on over his outer clothing to keep his sleeping bag clean, others with inferior sleeping bags, put fight their way in. All these preparations duly completed we all lay back in our bags, having had a good laugh at Davids long white legs, Chuck's puns and witty remarks passed by the others.

Sunday we rose, breakfasted and set out for the day, some went for a good walk, starting off in the Manifold and finishing at Ashbourne via Ilam. Ten of us set off for Dovedale, which looked very beautiful with the daffodils at the waters edge, and Burgess half way up White edge. Our intention was to peg-up Pickering Tour; Ernie inserted the first 3 pegs, David a couple or so more, then Paul had a bash, Bob took over from Paul and so it went on, until they had a complete and utter botch-up of pegs, entriers, slings and rope all mixed up in the karabiner. David again went up to try and sort things out a bit, and it was at this stage that they decided a Karabiner with a gate on either side would come in useful for pegging. Finally they decided to abandon the route, so David began to knock out the pegs and eventually return to terra firma and while we were sorting out the gear we decided we would come back another day and attack the route in a more workman like fashion.

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At the same time as we were on Pickering Tour, across the river on the other side, Derek Burgess was demonstrating just how pegging should be done, in 3 hours he pegged his way right up the Whiteface on Ilam rock, making it look childs play. Well done Derek you deserved to win the food parcel. Ray went up second and Don came up last taking out the pegs. Meanwhile Nat, Tom and Mike were doing free climbing and pegging. All this activity provided the spectators with plenty of entertainment, I was seriously tempted to go round with the hat in aid of the Oread Funds. The respective wives of those pegging spent their time watching first the efforts on Pickering Tour and then descending and crossing the river to watch Derek and party, they also mingled with the spectators to listen to their remarks, such as "Oh Harold, I can't bear to look, it makes me come over all queer", or "That rope looks a bit thin and he isn't wearing proper boots with big spikes".

Out menfolk each having collected together their own ropes, pegs, slings, karabiners and wives, started to amble back up the dale, taking a last look at Don still extracting Derek's pegs and so back to the George for a brew, meeting Jack Longland again en route.

The Penlingtons, Pettigrews, Ernie and I rounded off our weekend very pleasantly by enjoying the hospitality of Betty and Paul in their new house. So ended a very happy weekend, we couldn't claim success in our route, but in the attempt we had a lot of fun and enjoyment and learned what not to do in future pegging, so it was well worth the effort.

A Letter to the Editor
(Others later in this issue)

23584585 Spr. Martin. CD.
Royal Engineers,
R.E.B.C.S.
Hameln,
B.F.P.O. 33.

Wednesday 4th February 1959.

Dear Harry,

Just a few lines to ask for some information and also to find out how things are in the club.

Having now settled down at HAMELIN in Germany, I can get down to writing a few letters and gathering up lost news.

First and foremost of my questions is, how much do I have to pay subscription for this year while I am stationed out here and not returning to U.K. until 1960. I don't want other members of the club to think I have deserted the 'OREAD' with not being seen at Derby and on meets. I have every intention of returning to the clubs activities when I complete my N.S.

While out here I will try and find some news to fill the 'Newsletter' if it is still being published. If any members are interested I am hoping to go to Zermatt again from Aug. 15th-29th.

The other point I would like to ask is would it be a lot of trouble to have all correspondence posted direct to the above address instead of Nottm. The postage would still remain the same. I can then keep up to date with the clubs activities.

I hope you and Molly are still as fit as ever and that the new club hut is paying its way. Please remember me to the rest of the members and I will try and find an article for the Newsletter in the next few weeks. I am hoping to go to the HARTZ Mts. shortly as they are only 30/40 miles away.

All the best

Chris. D. Martin.

Ronni, Fred Allen and I 2am, meeting Barbara and Pete Janes a so to Victoria uneventfully. The tr Channel, with the sea like a millpond like sailing in daddy's yacht. We w up on the duty-free refreshment, and was roaring drunk. Three hours on t and we rattled on congenially across

The Janes' left the trail week at Galtür, and the rest of us we identified the other five members of guide. After coffee, a special bus then from Fulpmes to Neustift. The into a Land Rover which took the up t after 2½ hours on foot, and the conti Senn Hütte, the sacks being transport

The Hut was about full w plus the guide Heinz, who slept on t bedroom, the other two being on a mat than ourselves were sleeping on the f a good meal, we retired early to bed day's run.

Breakfast, for me, is alw glad to get out on the snow, en route Hut is about 7000ft, and the Scharte -one found the climb somewhat punishi not dein to stop on the way up. We anyway, even on a climb lasting five was somewhat marred by indifferent vi was excellent, and I think everyone w somewhat the worse for wear.

The next day we went up t Schorte, where some rested while the up to Berglasfermer, and then on skis 10700ft. The descent of the gully v hidden under deep powder snow, and no ring-a-ring-a-roses, but we made it s where it was too cold to stop, and we

The next day was a long on Breakfasted, and out just after 7.0 on This glacier is very long for this pa go on for hours before we turned off t and then up to the Ruderhof Spitze, 11 intense at this altitude in March, and little incentive to linger, so we skie now and again to collect the party tog

The fifth day was to be a of the way up to the Kraulscharte agai different route. As I was feeling ab was snowing anyway, I decided to stay result my physical condition improved of the holiday I was able to stop a do way up, and catch the party again easi

The sixth day was to be our sacks and sent them down on the li only the vital necessities. Our rout and then a climb over the Wildgrat Sch Schrankogel Ferner, which gives access The top two or three hundred feet of t Heinz proposed to tie eleven people in declined the offer. He seemed somewh confidence, but the dislodgement of a c which trundled down towards us as we s

Ronni, Fred Allen and I left Derby on Sunday morning about 2am, meeting Barbara and Pete Janes and Don Chapman at the mitre and so to Victoria uneventfully. The train finally delivered us to the Channel, with the sea like a millpond, so that the boat trip was just like sailing in daddy's yacht. We were immediately in the bar tanking up on the duty-free refreshment, and by the time Calais arrived, Fred was roaring drunk. Three hours on the top bunk slept it off however, and we rattled on congenially across France towards Basle.

The Janes' left the train at Landeck, to spend the first week at Galtür, and the rest of us went on to Innsbruck where we identified the other five members of the party, and were met by the guide. After coffee, a special bus took us up the Brenner, and then from Fulpmes to Neustift. The skis and sacks were loaded into into a Land Rover which took them up to the snow-line which we reached after 2½ hours on foot, and then continued up on skis to the Franz Senn Hütte, the sacks being transported on a cable lift.

The Hut was about full when we arrived and seven of us, plus the guide Heinz, who slept on the floor, crammed into one bedroom, the other two being on a matrasen loge. Those less fortunate than ourselves were sleeping on the floors in the corridors! After a good meal, we retired early to bed so as to be ready for the next day's run.

Breakfast, for me, is always a miserable meal, and I was glad to get out on the snow, en route for the Kräulscharte. The Hut is about 7000ft, and the Scharte over 10000ft, so that everyone found the climb somewhat punishing, particularly as Heinz did not deign to stop on the way up. We found out that he never stopped, anyway, even on a climb lasting five hours or more! The run-down was somewhat marred by indifferent visibility, although the snow was excellent, and I think everyone was pleased to get back to base, somewhat the worse for wear.

The next day we went up the Verborgen-Berg Ferner to the Schorte, where some rested while the rest of us climbed a steep gulley up to Bergglasferner, and then on skis again to the Wildes Hinterhergl, 10700ft. The descent of the gulley was a bit tricky, with many rocks hidden under deep powder snow, and no rope; it was almost like playing ring-a-ring-a-roses, but we made it safely down to the main glacier where it was too cold to stop, and we skied straight down to the Hut.

The next day was a long one, so we were up before 6.0am, Breakfasted, and out just after 7.0 on the way up to the Alpeinerferner. This glacier is very long for this part of the Alps and we seemed to go on for hours before we turned off to the left into a huge snow basin and then up to the Ruderhof Spitze, 11287ft. The cold is pretty intense at this altitude in March, and in spite of the sun, there was little incentive to linger, so we skied steadily back, pausing every now and again to collect the party together and whip in the stragglers.

The fifth day was to be almost an "off-day", going part of the way up to the Kräulscharte again, and returning by a slightly different route. As I was feeling about clapped out by now, and it was snowing anyway, I decided to stay near the Hut and rest, and as a result my physical condition improved enormously, so that for the rest of the holiday I was able to stop a dozen times for photographs on the way up, and catch the party again easily.

The sixth day was to be a long one. We had already packed our sacks and sent them down on the lift etc to Neustift, keeping only the vital necessities. Our route lay up the Alpeiner Ferner again and then a climb over the Wildgrat Scharte to the next glacier, the Schrankogel Ferner, which gives access to the Schrankogel, 11360 ft. The top two or three hundred feet of this peak are rock and when Heinz proposed to tie eleven people into 120ft of nylon we politely declined the offer. He seemed somewhat hurt at our apparent lack of confidence, but the dislodgement of a couple of rocks like dustbins, which trundled down towards us as we stood lookin up from the col,