

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

NEWSLETTER. JANUARY 1960

CONTENTS

- Editorial
- Cambrian Mountains - L. Burns
- B.M.C. Appeal
- Welbourns' Wanderings - R. Welbourn
- Oreads in Shorts.
- Austrian Holiday - J. Ashcroft.
- Correspondence.
- Committee Notes.

Editor: Tom Frost
 Derrynane,
 Cinderhill Farm
 Belper Rd, KILBURN.

How often does the chap in the desk near by exclaim "I see another silly mountaineer has bought it" referring to another unfortunate climbing accident. "Why on earth do they do it" "risking other people's lives" etc. Too often such remarks are occasioned by some highly dramatic and distorted account of 'conquering peaks', terrifying precipices, perilous rescue attempts of Thorp Cloud. One feels bound to utter some feeble protest about it being just as dangerous in bed.

However it does raise the question of the relationship between the mountaineer and the general public and the Press for the motives behind the urge to go mountaineering are still rather obscure to the average man who, the next minute, may be dicing it in a car rally. Nobody ever wonders why people go sailing, car rallying, tiddlewinking and courting yet despite modern day tolerance a mountain is still regarded as a 'bit different'

Anybody who has read Noyce's "Springs of Adventure" or who has tried to analyse his own feelings towards mountaineering will probably realise that the motives involved are far more complex than 'because it's there' or 'because I like it' and, of course, this is true to varying degrees of most past-times. It is this complexity of motive which makes it difficult for the average person to understand mountaineering for, in general a sport or a past-time only appeals to one or possibly two of three sides of a man. For the rigger man the physical side, for the photographer the aesthetic side, a combination of the two perhaps for the sailor. To draw an analogy the physical and aesthetic sides may be likened to the length and breadth in the realms of dimensions: the one indicative of positive physical motion from one place to another, the other, in contrast, suggesting a certain inertness of positive action - the appraisal of a painting or a scene. In this realm of dimensions it is the third dimension, depth, which provides the clue as to "the complexity of motive involved in mountaineering".

It is perhaps that feeling of awe and wonder at the sight of an Alpine sunrise, of a complete subjugation of one's personality, which personifies the change from the aesthetic appraisal of a scene springing from one's spiritual reaction - that which I have rather crudely called the third dimension. Incomprehensible to those who have never experienced it but perhaps that link which, in the face of danger, makes it all worthwhile.

It is the difficulty in explaining this link which makes it difficult to answer criticisms of the "silly fool's etc". (the fact that the rescuers are generally mountaineer also is generally overlooked)

How then do we help people to understand a little? By offering to take them rock climbing, by suggesting some literature, by explaining the care and precautions taken or by a frankness in answering criticism. I have found difficulty, for instance, in convincing people of the advantage of two people being roped together or in answering their conviction that one injured person is better than two. Although with correct rope technique there is no doubt in our minds of its advisability, it is difficult to justify the mechanics of it and even more so to show - without sounding heroic, how the rope is the physical expression of the link between the two - i.e. two climbers, one risk.

We have come a long way since the days of Queen Victoria who, on hearing of the accident on the first ascent of the Matterhorn, inquired if mountaineering could not be banned. Let us not hinder, however, our relations with the communities in which we live by too excessive a degree of isolationism.

The number of times I have been to Wales quest for variety in hilly country, must deflate the ego somewhat to find that I may. Check Hooley, his better half and myself "Lone" Jim Kershaw on the age bridge at B. We managed to find Shifnal without too Coalport, however, eluded us for some time; on the Wolverhampton road nor yet on the although we tried. But we did visit some villages such as Albrighton Hussey and inadvertently studying the map in the middle of a road rudely interrupted by a motorist of doubtful objected, apparently, to our position. We going to Ironbridge - but while we were t proletarian fish and chips. Much Wenlock and we made it first go, but when we left to Ironbridge. (I suspect that the navigator returned to Much Wenlock and made his here a classical blunder was made and we again we were going in the wrong direction our steps I was induced into taking a "Short Cutter" Hooley. He indicated a turn growing in the middle, and said "take this and then turn right - where it may deterri statement of the year. Turning right we were by a gate leading into a dust bowl surrounded numerous dogs. I was slightly discouraged insisted that the map (a venerable Bart's this very spot. Through the gate it did not much which way we turned but by chance (it turned right circumnavigated some hayrick course across the 100 acre. A few cists are leading into the 200 acre. Still pursuing Navigation now) we again found an exit gate and other late flowering shrubs we retraced - it was doubtful if we could have retraced the farmer had been willing. So we pressed quietly, cautiously through the back and regained what could be called with a liberal artist's licence, a track and then to the and myself we came to a road. Unfortunately to Hooley's head as subsequent events will stage that a hope was expressed as to the and well-fed. No further misadventures: we missed the track only twice and after 12 miles behind and two hours late we pitched. This country is really delightful. Doethe valley in ideal conditions. Sunday confluence of the Rysgother-Doethe & Towe southern edge of the moors and to prospect this area. (We did find a pub which sold 1 Hooley perpetuated his last piece of short am concerned.) and decided that we would Valley. I recalled what Phillips had said he had come down earlier in the year. Hooley an old woman about these matters anyway. The scenery here is as wild and remote as Cheviots. The track starts by being about Sump-and-silencer-remover ridge in the consists of flints about 6" in diameter. 1-3 for the first few miles - having reached return it deteriorates: gradients 1-2, boulders 6 feet, numerous fords and diabolic deviations of a steep gradient, with a loose surface. 3" from your nearside wheels, you have to

CAMBRIAN MOUNTAINS
I. Burns.

The number of times I have been to Wales in my long - too long - quest for variety in hilly country, must be fairly large, and it deflates the ego somewhat to find that I still do not know the way. Chuck Hooley, his better half and myself arranged to pick up "Lone" Jim Kershaw on the Aye bridge at Builth at about 11p.m.

We managed to find Shifnal without too much difficulty. Coalport, however, eluded us for some time; we could not find it on the Wolverhampton road nor yet on the Bridgenort road although we tried. But we did visit some delightfully named villages such as Albrighton Russey and Badger. Here, while intently studying the map in the middle of the road, we were rudely interrupted by a motorist of doubtful antecedents who objected, apparently, to our position. We had no intention of going to Ironbridge - but while we were there we enjoyed some proletarian fish and chips. Much Wenlock is only a few miles away and we made it first go, but when we left we very nearly returned to Ironbridge. (I suspect that the navigator was still hungry) We returned to Much Wenlock and made Albrighton without incident. Here a classical blunder was made and we discovered that once again we were going in the wrong direction. Instead of retracing our steps I was induced into taking a short cut by that arch "Short Cutter" Hooley. He indicated a tarmac mosaic with grass growing in the middle, and said "Take this B road for two miles and then turn right - where it may deteriorate".... the understatement of the year. Turning right we were faced immediately by a gate leading into a dust bowl surrounded by barns and numerous dogs. I was slightly discouraged by this but Hooley insisted that the map (a venerable Bart's 1/2") showed a track on this very spot. Through the gate it did not seem to matter very much which way we turned but by chance (denied by Hooley) we turned right circumnavigated some hayricks and took a S.W. course across the 100 acre. A few cuts and we found a gate leading into the 200 acre. Still pursuing the same course (astral Navigation now) we again found an exit gate; surrounded by Roses and other late flowering shrubs we retraced stock of the position - it was doubtful if we could have retraced our steps even if the farmer had been willing. So we pressed on and, proceeding quietly and cautiously through the backyard of a cottage. We regained what could be called with a liberal allowance of artist's licence, a track and then to the relief of Margaret and myself we came to a road. Unfortunately this success went to Hooley's head as subsequent events will show. It was at this stage that a hope was expressed as to Kershaw being warmly clad and well-fed. No further misadventures: we picked up Kershaw having missed the track only twice and after killing one rabbit. Thirty miles behind and two hours late we pitched camp.

This country is really delightful. On Saturday we walked the Deethe valley in ideal conditions. Sunday we decided to find the confluence of the Rysgother-Doethe & Towey valleys on the southern edge of the moors and to prospect for a camp-site in this area. (We did find a pub which sold beer on Sundays). Then Hooley perpetrated his last piece of short cutting (as far as I am concerned.) and decided that we would negotiate the Towey Valley. I recalled what Phillips had said about the track which he had come down earlier in the year. Hooley said Phillips was an old woman about these matters anyway. I was over-persuaded. The scenery here is as wild and remote as any south of the Cheviots. The track starts by being about 8 feet wide with a sump-and-silencer-remover ridge in the centre. The surface consists of flints about 6" in diameter. The gradient is about 1-3 for the first few miles - having reached a point of no return it deteriorates: gradients 1-2 1/2, boulders for flints, width 6 feet, numerous fords and diabolic devices, where, at the top of a steep gradient, with a loose surface and a 150ft drop about 3" from your nearside wheels, you have to negotiate a rock

step 8 ft high, and while you stare at the sky the road drops away quickly and turns to the right. The width of the road and the angle of the bend make it a delicate business if your car is to remain undented and your passengers rudimentary processes undisturbed. The sighs of relief when we gained some reasonable road left me in no doubt that others too were a little apprehensive but seeing that it was my car I'm damned if I see why.

GLEN BRITTLE MEMORIAL HUT APPEAL

The following circular has been received from the Mountaineering Council regarding the above appeal. It is the Committee's suggestion that all those wishing to donate should send in their subscription to the Club Treasurer - L. Burns and the money would then be forwarded en bloc. This should not dissuade anyone from private contribution, however, and forms for this may be obtained from Ray Handley.

The British Mountaineering Council is now able to put forward a definite proposal, thanks to the kindness of Dame Flora MacLeod of MacLeod and the co-operation of her tenant, Mr. Hugh MacRae, to build a climbing hut in Glen Brittle as a memorial to those mountaineers who lost their lives in the last war. A feu (which is tantamount to ownership, subject to conditions as attached is offered on an adequate area of land near Glen Brittle House at a nominal feuduty and the conditions attached are not onerous. The hut will provide accommodation for 16 climbers, of both sexes, with all the usual hut facilities. It is intended that the hut shall be owned by Trustees appointed by the B.M.C. who will also draw up the hut rules. The Scottish Mountaineering Club, through whose initiative and good offices the scheme has been made possible, have most generously undertaken to act as wardens.

The hut will be available to members of all clubs which belong to the B.M.C. or A.S.C.C. and it will be at the disposal of mountain rescue teams in emergency. It is generally felt that there is no other place in the British hills where a hut would be of such service to mountaineers, and we consider that we have been fortunate to secure this concession.

The B.M.C. first considered the question of a memorial hut shortly after the last war and issued an appeal for donations to be devoted to the establishment of climbing huts in the British hills. Although many responded generously and about \$1,000 was subscribed, no suitable project emerged on which the money could be used, and owing to the large increase in building costs the sum was quite inadequate to meet the cost of one hut alone. The money collected from this appeal will be available for the Glen Brittle scheme, but at present-day prices a permanent structure would cost some £3,000, and more still if built in stone. Thus at least a further £2,000 is needed if this hut is to materialise and the type of construction and the size of the hut will depend on the money available.

The purpose of this letter is to appeal to every club member to give to the limit of what he can afford, so that we can take this opportunity to build a hut on such a splendid site and in an area where it is so badly needed. We would also ask club members who are in touch with relatives and friends of mountaineers who lost their lives in the war to tell them of this appeal, in

case they may not have seen the letter which appeared in the Press.

We want to begin to build as soon as we do ask for an early response to our appeal. Many will be able to send large contributions, ever small, will be welcome, and should be sent to the Treasurer of the Memorial Hut Fund, A.S.P.I. Hulme, Stockport, Cheshire. (A form for forms enclosed)

G. Graham
President

November 1959.

WELBOURN'S WANDERING
R. Welbourn.

After a week in Bonn we set off for the Friday. We were due to meet Kurt, our last year, and Colin Hobday on the Saturday dogged by ill-luck from the start, for Mu rebuilt and my carefully drawn plan was a very busy station. Saturday morning was ice axes & just after lunch we boarded the train. The last part of this trip was taken in the night. We might have come straight out of "Emmett" reach the first hut that night and we provided featherbeds, but there is a kna them and Colin and John both had cold fe

Sunday was a misty & drizzly day at the Kasseler hut we stayed put. But alas, no about 40 lads from 10 years upwards made no dull moments. By Monday lunch-time we set off for the Greizer hut. The high to 7000ft over a col.

Tuesday the weather had improved enough to get out but the cloud ceiling was too low. Instead we explored the route over the top hoping to take the next day. The hut was however, for due to the enormous recesses crevasses were opening almost overnight more difficult.

So on the Wednesday we descended to us on our way to the Berliner hut we got adults, 1 child and assorted rucksacs etc on to either. The road was barely wide enough we would be having glimpses of the swirl in the danger of decapitation by rocks. up well and for the first time we had to

We awoke on Thursday to cloudless but we were on our way up to the first peak,

The next morning dawned brilliantly for the Furtschagl haus. This part of the leads over a 9000ft summit and we had great views. But again we were foiled, the clouds came before we reached the top and all we saw

Our hopes of doing a peak on the Saturday as the clouds dropped once more making a contemplate.

case they may not have seen the letter about it which recently appeared in the Press.

We want to begin to build as soon as possible and therefore we do ask for an early response to our appeal. While we hope that many will be able to send large contributions, any donations, however small, will be welcome, and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer of the Memorial Hut Fund, A.S. Pigott, Hill House, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport, Cheshire. (A form for forwarding donations is enclosed)

G. Graham MacPhee,
President, British Mountaineering
Council.

November 1959.

WELBOURN'S WANDERINGS
R. Welbourn.

After a week in Bonn we set off for Munich and Austria on the Friday. We were due to meet Kurt, our German companion of last year, and Colin Hobday on the Saturday morning. But we were dogged by ill-luck from the start, for Munich station was being rebuilt and my carefully drawn plan was useless. For three-quarters of an hour Colin and I searched for each other on that very busy station. Saturday morning was spent buying boots & ice axes & just after lunch we boarded the train for Mayrhofen. The last part of this trip was taken in a little train that might have come straight out of "Emmett". It was too late to reach the first hut that night and we put up at an inn. They provided featherbeds, but there is a knack about sleeping under them and Colin and John both had cold feet.

Sunday was a misty & drizzly day and after reaching the Kasseler hut we stayed put. But alas, not in peace & comfort. About 40 lads from 10 years upwards made sure that there were no dull moments. By Monday lunch-time the rain had stopped and we set off for the Greizer hut. The high level route climbs up to 7000ft over a col.

Tuesday the weather had improved enough to enable us to get out but the cloud ceiling was too low to attempt a peak. Instead we explored the route over the glacier which we were hoping to take the next day. The hut warden advised against it however, for due to the enormous recession of the glaciers, crevasses were opening almost overnight and making tours much more difficult.

So on the Wednesday we descended to the valley. To help us on our way to the Berliner hut we got a lift in a jeep: 6 adults, 1 child and assorted rucksacs etc. with nothing to hold on to either. The road was barely wide enough and alternately we would be having glimpses of the swirling river below or be in the danger of decapitation by rocks. The weather had cleared up well and for the first time we had to shed some clothing.

We awoke on Thursday to cloudless blue skies and before long we were on our way up to the first peak, the Berliner spitze.

The next morning dawned brilliantly again and we set off for the Furtschagl haus. This part of the high level route leads over a 9000ft summit and we had great hopes of views. But again we were foiled, the clouds came down about half an hour before we reached the top and all we saw was the trig. point.

Our hopes of doing a peak on the Saturday were shattered as the clouds dropped once more making an attempt foolish to contemplate.

On Sunday we undertook our biggest trek to reach the Geraer hut where we were due to meet the Ashcrofts on Monday. Our way again lay over a 9000ft col. this time 6000ft of it.

On Monday morning the sun shone once more from a cloudless sky and Colin, Kurt and John climbed the third highest peak in the range of the Zillertal. I set off by myself down to the village to buy supplies and to meet Jack, Janet and June. Our plans again went amiss and around 3 o'clock I started on the return trip, alone. While we were partaking of our frugal evening meal we saw Jack, bent low under his load, staggering up to the hut. The bus driver had taken them to the wrong village.

Tuesday morning Jack, John, Colin and myself repeated the assault on the Oberer, Kurt stayed behind to chaperone the ladies, who were still suffering from lack of sleep after their long journey. It was on this day also that John washed his feet in the brook just where the sewer empties into it! We called him "Monsewer Welbourn" after that.

The following morning the whole party of eight set off for the Spannagl Haus, again in cloudy weather. That night we slept in the winterroom on mattresses big enough to hold about four. Wedged tight in a confined space we hardly slept and then got up about 7 a.m. to find the weather absolutely foul. For 14 hours we amused ourselves reading and translating the menu and playing pontoon.

During the early evening the rain turned to snow and by Friday morning everywhere was covered by about 9 inches in spite of this we had to reach the valley, Ashcroft and co, to meet Johnny Fisher and we four to return to Munich; and we did it.

PARKLAND WINTER

L. Burns.

How desolate the upland, the rainswept Peak,
How sad the wild birds cry, it's food to seek,
In a land abandoned to the piercing winds.

How dark, 'neath glistening fogs, the swollen stream,
Unlightened by the sun's transient gleam.
It's muddy path, through a sombre lane.

How swiftly grows that infant, the new born spring
hurryin' down the hillside, quickly to bring
Augmented clamour to a rapisy brook.

How sullen looks the moorland, the sodden moss
Outpouring it's dark blood, and by it's loss
The waters leap down the steep clough's rock.

How lonely feels the walker, whose way is missed
Standing indecisive, in the writhing mist
Seeking for conviction of his compass' truth.

How tranquil is the spirit, in solitude.
Untroubled by rude commerce, it's multitude
Driven from the mountains by familiar foes.

The Barnsley Mountaineering Club hut, for this meet and sixteen Oread members to quite a few more camped a little further

Only two members arrived under their they were of course of the fairer sex, name Telfer who arrived at the hut a few minutes meal cooked in the sombre surroundings of us spent the evening at the Snake Inn.

On the Sunday, which did not look very was concerned, some members climbed on Kinder over Kinder and the Phillips, the Pettigrew to the Derwent Reservoir to view the ruins become exposed due to the excessively dry streaming with cars and people walking and derelict village clad in all types of foot high heeled peep-toed sandals. As we sat we were reminded of a pilgrimage. We walk to the dam and then returned along the top rain held off until we were starting back

OREADS IN SHORT

It is reported that:

Malcolm McCarthy planned to get we hope/~~do not hope~~ that he did.

LAURENCE HUGH BURNS of the club misapprehension engendered by a printing of the newsletter:- At Abergwesyn he was not of the recent proposal of the Wolfenden re intended to indulge in the honoured and re Ale - not Male.

Brian Cooke is now back in Derby presumably we shall be seeing them all on

Our revered President R.C.P. with Dena (his wife) on the Barnsley meet - nobo 1.30 a.m. & rightly so) thus a chilly night acquisition - an Austin van brought from I door.

J. Wellbourn has bought a new e rumoured, is soon to be converted into a gr a pouch for his pipe.

The President's wife wishes to circulating the Oread that bird watching f 17, Kingston Street.

Doug Cook and Brian Lee descend in misty weather in mistake for the South the two V.S. pitches by the severe variati

" An Italian expedition has con 4,110ft in Chitral State, Radio Pakistan r quoted a telegram from the Expedition's l that the assault on the peak lasted 18 da

That is about 250ft per day. What's thi the Himalyaas' are high mountains over 10

SNAKE PASS MEET

B.Gardiner.

The Barnsley Mountaineering Club hut, Wood Cottage, was booked for this meet and sixteen Oread members took advantage of this while quite a few more camped a little further along the road.

Only two members arrived under their own steam, I need not add that they were of course of the fairer sex, namely Ruth Welbourn and June Telfer who arrived at the hut a few minutes before we did. After a good meal cooked in the sombre surroundings of the hut kitchen, a number of us spent the evening at the Snake Inn.

On the Sunday, which did not look very promising as far as the weather was concerned, some members climbed on Kinder Downfall, some walked over Kinder and the Phillips, the Pettigrews and the Gardiners walked to the Derwent Reservoir to view the ruins of Derwent Village, which had become exposed due to the excessively dry weather. We found the road streaming with cars and people walking and "wondering" all over the derelict village clad in all types of foot gear from climbing boots to high heeled peep-toed sandals. As we sat and gazed at the motley scene we were reminded of a pilgrimage. We walked along the reservoir bottom to the dam and then returned along the tops - a very pleasant day and the rain held off until we were starting back to Derby.

OREADS IN SHORT

It is reported that:

Malcolm McCarthy planned to get married in December - we hope/~~do not hope~~ that he did.

LAURENCE HUGH BURNS of the club wishes to clear up any misapprehension engendered by a printing error in the last issue of the newsletter:- At Abergwesyn he was not intending to take advantage of the recent proposal of the Wolfenden reoprt (being over 30) but merely intended to indulge in the honoured and revered practice of quaffing Ale - not Male.

Brian Cooke is now back in Derby with his twins and presumably we shall be seeing them all on meets in the near future.

Our revered President R.G.P. was recently benighted with Dena (his wife) on the Barnsley meet - nobody would open the door (at 1.30 a.m. & rightly so) thus a chilly night was spent in his latest acquisition - an Austin van brought from L.K. White - outside the back door.

J. Wellbourn has bought a new expensive type mac, which, it is rumoured, is soon to be converted into a gritstone climbing jacket plus a pouch for his pipe.

The President's wife wishes to deny the rumour recently circulating the Oread that bird watching facilities are available at 17, Kingston Street.

Doug Cook and Brian Lee descended the Chasm on the Buchaille in misty weather in mistake for the South Gully. They managed to avoid the two V.S. pitches by the severe variations (graded for an ascent).

"An Italian expedition has conquered the Saraghrar Peak 4,110ft in Chitral State, Radio Pakistan reported last night. It quoted a telegram from the Expedition's leader, Signor Maraini, saying that the assault on the peak lasted 18 days"

Reuter. The Observer.
(original on request)

That is about 250ft per day. What's this about R.G.P. telling us that the Himalyaas' are high mountains over 10,000ft. (Ed.)

AUSTRIAN HOLIDAY
J. Eshcroft.

We left Derby station at 1.00 am Sunday 26th July and arrived rather wearily at the Geraer hut 6 pm Monday. We had made our initial hut grind in preparation for three weeks walking and climbing in the Zillertal. Janet, June, Vera and myself had arrived to meet the Welbourns and Colin Hobday in order to join forces with them for the last week of their holiday.

The weather had been magnificent for our walk up from St. Jodok, too hot in fact for steep paths and heavy rucksacks. However, John in his usual cheerful way, informed us that it was only the second really fine day they had had in two weeks.

After a hearty meal Colin, John, Ruth and myself laid plans for climbing the Olperer (11,400') the next day. The Gods were with us - a 5.30 start, a cloudless day and a pleasant climb resulted involving glacier tour followed by a pleasant rock ridge which was only marred by the multiple iron rungs. We arrived back at the hut about 3.00 to find the other half of the party basking in the sun. I hasten to add that they had walked up to the glacier during the course of the day.

The rest of the week was miserable weather but spirits were never out of order. A high level path led us through the mist to the Spammazel Hut with the intentions of climbing the Riffler and/or the Spitz. The weather, however, steadily deteriorated until Friday morning when, having spent two hut-bound convivial days, we woke to find a foot of snow outside.

At this juncture it was time for the party to split. The Welbourns and Colin descended to the valley, we to Tuxerjock hut before racing down to Innsbruck to meet John Fisher. John was joining us during a fortnight's leave from Germany.

Saturday morning was rainy but in company with "my ladies" a 7am start was made and we succeeded in meeting John at mid-day in Innsbruck. Before feasting and frivolity had entirely set in we packed our rucksacs with provisions and took the train for Mayrhofen. The latter is slightly 'tourified' but is far preferable to Innsbruck being beautifully situated at the eastern end of the Zillertal. A lively evening ensued and at one stage it looked as though we had lost June for the rest of the holidays - amorous young Austrian! However, the next morning Mr Fisher was informed that all the party was present and correct so we departed into the main Zillertal valleys.

After a considerable trek Monday lunch-time found us at the Furtschagl hut situated within reach of the highest Zillertal peaks but our knowledge of them was restricted to picture in the guide book because mist prevailed.

Tuesday promised to be a glorious day and Janet, June, John and myself were out of the hut by 5.30 am with the Great Mäsele (11,450 ft) our aim. We were over the glacier by 8.00 am, and on to easy rock. This was in preference to the guide book's recommendation of a couloir which was now filled with soft snow. Within an hour we were in to the warmth and exhilaration of a sunlit ridge. Taking a snow ridge not entirely devoid of technical interest, we were sitting on the summit by 10.0 am with a most wonderful panorama of peaks and glaciers before us. With our early start we would not have seen such rich views, as the mist came up soon after we had left the summit, and I apologised, mentally, to John, the instigator, for the rude things I'd thought about his 4.20 enthusiasm.

The sky being overcast the next day we decided to walk over the Schbicklerhorn (the path practically traverses the peak) rather than waste the time waiting for the weather to clear, to the Berliner Hut. Most of the time we were in cloud but whilst the girls carried on to the Berliner, John and myself decided to climb the adjacent peak to the Schbicklerhorn, the -Spitze (10,500'). It was an enjoyable digression taking three hours to complete.

In spite of the wet weather the following day we were comfortable enough in the Berliner hut which had been described to us a few days previously as "like a damn great station hotel".

Vera was due to return home on the Saturday and it was decided during the foul weather of Thursday that we should all go down to Mayrhofen for the Friday night. Friday, however, proved to be so glorious that Jon and I decided to go over the Melker Sharpe possibly

doing a peak from there. This proved to be via the south ridge. It amounted to approx but half way up we decided that we would start starting and the previous days snow was somewhat downcast at having to turn back swinging our rucksacs on our backs in preparation,

for then there was an almighty storm, Germans on the same route as we had been, descended to Mayrhofen knowing that our decision that we had had a valuable mountaineering

Saturday, The party reduced to Janet and myself descended into the Stillupptal valley. After seven hours in the valley where we spent the night at the Gröden hut we zigzagged our way up to the Hassler hut and a our best moments in the Zillertal

The rest of our holiday gave us a Stangen Spitze (10,600) and the Vord Stange down was particularly enjoyable - and a day later is not an inspiring mountain but a promising country around it and vow to go

On the Tuesday John left to return home. The good weather, for the following two days, was just in time for our return home. We walked through the floods that had swept Austria. So ended not spectacular in achievement but most

act

CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract from a letter to R.G.P. from G

....Can you pass on to the Or which I'd like raised.

1. I'm hoping to go back to Norway next period involving much travel and climbing districts (and some odd corners which I'd welcome company on any part, or all of the 14 weeks. Cost will be from about £30 upwards. Further details from me.

2. Subsequent upon this trip I am hoping to buy a (guide) book about the mountains of Norway information or loan of photo's, maps, etc. about any parts of Norway. Acknowledgements etc. would of course take place.

etc.
GEOI

doing a peak from there. This proved to be the Zsigmondy Spitze (10,150) via the south ridge. It amounted to approx. 900' of rock from the Skarte but half way up we decided that we would have to descend. We had been late starting and the previous days snow was slithering off the peak. We felt somewhat downcast at having to turn back until the point when we were swinging our rucksacs on our backs in preparation for the walk down to ,for then there was an almighty stone fall and a rope of three Germans on the same route as we had been, narrowly escaped death. We descended to Mayhofen knowing that our decision had been correct, and feeling that we had had a valuable mountaineering day.

Saturday, The party reduced to Janet, June, John and myself, we walked into the Stillupptal valley. After seven hours we reached the head of the valley where we spent the night at the Grüne Ward hut. The next day we zigzagged our way up to the Hassler hut and all agreed that this area gave us our best moments in the Zillertal.

The rest of our holiday gave us a 12 hour day traversing the Hint Stangen Spitze (10,600) and the Vord Stangen Spitze (10,300) - the glissade down was particularly enjoyable - and a day climbing the Grüne Ward. The latter is not an inspiring mountain but as least we were able to see the promising country around it and vow to go there again.

On the Tuesday John left to return to his base and took with him the good weather, for the following two days were rain laden and we read two English books between the three of us until the weather brightened just in time for our return home. We walked down to Mayrhofen to hear of the floods that had swept Austria. So ended a really excellent holiday not spectacular in achievement but most active - ask my wife!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract from a letter to R.G.P. from George Sutton.

University Settlement
Nile St. Liverpool.
Sept. 23rd/59

....Can you pass on to the Oread editor the following items which I'd like raised.

1. I'm hoping to go back to Norway next year (1960) for a longish period involving much travel and climbing in many of the major mountain districts (and some odd corners which I personally favour) - I should welcome company on any part, or all of the trip, that is from 2 weeks to 14 weeks. Cost will be from about £30 upwards according to stay etc. Further details from me.

2. Subsequent upon this trip I am hoping to write a general (not guide) book about the mountains of Norway - but I would appreciate any information or loan of photo's, maps, etc. that any Oread could give me about any parts of Norway. Acknowledgement of help, and return of photo's etc. would of course take place.

etc.

GEORGE SUTTON.

NOTES FROM COMMITTEE

The number of bednights realised over the last twelve months at Bryn-y-wern was 1057 which is an average of 10 people every week end.

New rules have been brought out regarding the use of the hut:-

1. Block bookings restricted to clubs with reciprocal rights and only one per month to be allowed.
2. Unattached groups can only use the hut as guests of an Oread member who must be present.

The reason for the introduction of these unfortunate restrictions is that bookings have become very heavy and the committee do not want to repeat the experience at Bryn-y-wern where the majority of users were not club members or members from affiliated clubs. In addition complaints have been received of excessive noise of revelry and of rubbish being left around which is thought to be due to unattached groups.

Members are asked to be as quiet as possible when arriving late on Friday nights. Civilisation is a little too near.

We are being charged for three bottles of CHABLIS from the annual dinner at the Devonshire Arms Hotel at Baslow.

In order to help the committee in their discussions regarding this with the management, would anyone who bought this wine, and presumably paid for it, please let me or one of the Committee know as soon as possible.

In addition it is believed some people had afternoon tea without paying - the treasurer is L. BUBB.

The following people have recently been elected full members of the club:-

Tony Bamford.
Doug Scott.
Adeley Haydn