



WINTER '62

JOURNAL
OF THE
OREAD
MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB

1962

What about another Tothunter episode
in order to break the Gadsby/Cullum monopoly.

All the Best
Tom

Oread Mountaineering Club

Winter ~~Summer~~ 1962

Contents

Editorial

Ed.

Winter Ascent of Central Gulley -
Great End

G. Gadsby

The Matterhorn

D. Gadsby

Heads you win, Tails I lose or.....

D. Cullum

Summit of the Weissmies

G. Gadsby

Margaret Lowe's Engagement Party

Ed.

Notes & Quotes

Tyn-Y-Shanty 1962

G. Gadsby

Hon. Editor:

Tom Frost,
Stone Hall Cottage
Riggs Lane,
Marston Montgomery,
De byshire

EDITORIAL

The Journal in it's now standard format has been issued 3 times, apart from this one, in the last 18 months and at rather irregular intervals. There are the inevitable excuses on my part, both personal and those connected with finding a typist, duplicator, etc. but a lack of sufficient material is also contributory.

This rather unsatisfactory state of affairs was largely responsible for that typical Cread characteristic "The Splinter Group" publication in the form of a monthly newsletter cum meets circular and report. This has the approval of everyone, even the Committee.

The basic relationship between the Journal and Newsletter is as follows: The Journal is intended for the permanent writings of the club, for articles which will be of interest, either in a humorous or serious context, to club members and mountaineers generally, 1 year or 10 years from birth. The newsletter, as it's name implies, is intended to acquaint club members of the topical events in the club, formal account of meets, committee decisions, "Creads in Shorts", etc.

The standard of presentation of the Newsletter will be inevitably lower than that of the Journal in order to cut down production time and make its contents as up-to-date as possible. It is intended to improve the standard of the Journal relative to its existing level by employing a photo-copying process. This will eliminate the difficulties of the present Gestetner/Roneo duplicating system and will enable maps, photographs, drawings etc. to be reproduced to the standard of the original.

Tom Frost,
Stone Hill Cottage,
Ligge Lane,
Larston, Hampshire.
G. G. DOBY

In an attempt to induce some discipline in the issue of the Journal I propose to publish it twice a year at specific dates:

Issue	Issue Date	Closing Date for Material
Summer	July 1st	May 1st
Winter	Dec. 15th	Oct. 15th.

Material may be sent either to myself for the Journal or to Geoff Hayes and Roger Turner for the Newsletter according to your first preference. The three of us form an informal sub-committee and we shall split up the available material basically under the above terms of reference and as advisable in order to form a decent issue.

WINTER ASCENT OF CENTRAL GULLEY -
GREAT END. 28th JANUARY 1962

G. G. DOBY

The rattle of pots and pans in the kitchen of the Fell & Rock hut at Langdale and the babble of voices, Welbourne in particular, helped to show the sense of urgency and excitement in the air this January Morning.

The weather was perfect, even better than yesterday and a white mantle of frost covered the valley, while Bowfell glowed in the distance as the golden sunlight filtered through the trees.

Doreen and Maggi were going on Gimmer Crag with Brian and Jim Kershaw, while Geoff and I together with Wally and a very reluctant Hebog Ashcroft, were going over to Great End to find a good snow gully.

After leaving the hut we parted company with the girls at the Old Dungeon Ghyll and Hayes lead off at a cracking pace up to Rossett Ghyll. Jack was still complaining that it was rather a long way for one climb and kept looking back wistfully at the other Creads walking up to Raven Crag.

Keeping up with Geoff occupied the next hour and Wally and I were soon in shirt sleeves and remembering the fact that Hayes, as usual, was only carrying the rope. On, over Rossett Ghyll and down at a run past Angle tarn we went in pursuit of Geoff who was in his most devastating mood. We soon reached the Eastern snow slopes of Great End, crisp and sparkling in the morning sun. With heels well dug in we quickly descended and then traversed across numerous scree slopes, past South East gully and then on to where the great gash of Central Gully fanned out on to the screes. Wally decided to wait for Hebog (who refused to be hurried) so Geoff and I started up the final easy slope into the very formidable looking jaws of this 600 foot gully. After about a hundred feet of step kicking we reached the final real difficulty, a frozen waterfall of ice about 15 feet high. We roped up here and Geoff led up in fine style, he belayed and I followed on snow and ice in perfect condition, then we both moved together in Alpine fashion, now and again having to dodge great lumps of snow and ice sent down by a party in the right hand branch of the gully high above. We soon reached the shelter of a large overhanging block and when the bombardment had ceased Geoff cut steps up the left hand wall for about 20 ft. and then cut a large stance. I joined him above the jammed block and then led off up the reasonably steep snow slope having to cut a step now and then when I reached a patch of ice. After about 40 ft. I reached the main intersection of the gully. As there was a large party on the right hand branch we decided to try the central chute so I cut a platform in the ice and obtained a really good ice axe belay. Geoff lead through from the stance and after about 15 ft. found himself on a vertical wall of glistening ice untouched by a climber's axe since the big freeze-up began a few weeks ago. With great care and not a little effort Geoff fashioned some steps up this impass until he reached a point just below a bulging lip of ice. The side walls had narrowed in on him but were covered in verglass and definitely unclimbable in the conditions, also the ice wall was at that point well away from the rock, and every time the steel hit the ice there was a resounding echo.

On the right hand wall Geoff could just reach an old piton that had probably been there for about 2 years, but it bent and twisted in his gloved hand. Just then the ice step under his left foot gave way but by a quick move he retained his balance on the other step.

The insecurity of the ice decided Geoff that discretion was the better part of valour and he very carefully reversed his route and joined me on the stance.

We had two alternatives left now, either follow the large party up the right hand branch or take a rather steep looking rib on our left and so gain another gully that fanned out above the rib. "Your turn to lead" said Geoff taking over my position on the stance. I decided on the left hand rib and cut some steps up the first 20 feet or so, I then had to make an awkward step across the rib to the left so that I could gain the bottom of the gully just above the point where it ended abruptly on the lip of an overhanging wall. Reaching over with the axe in my left hand I drove the pick well home in the frozen floor of the gully and carefully stepped across, another ten feet of step cutting then I chopped out a stance and brought Geoff up.

From here we climbed together for another 60 ft. or so as the fully curved gently round to the right. The frozen surface was in perfect condition for step cutting and we both experienced the delights of same as we took turns up the ever steepening slope.

Ahead of us now was clearly the crux of the climb, a gigantic boulder which had jammed across the narrow walls and formed a small cave. We entered this cave with great difficulty having to do a stomach traverse along an icy ledge and then go head first through the small opening.

We decided to eat awhile and enjoy the view over Borrowdale and Lakeland as far as the eye could see. This was truly wonderfully framed as it was between mantles of large and small icicles surrounding the entrance to our cave.

Then for the crux. It was Geoff's turn to lead (Thank God) and after making sure I had a good belay he edged backwards along the slippery ledge. Gaining an upright stance once more he attached the overhang by the left hand retaining wall and made steady progress with one leg on the wall and the other on the steep snow slope. Unfortunately the snow petered out near the overhang and this called for a most awkward martelshelf on to the sloping top of the boulder. I could only see his feet by this time but with the help of one or two well chosen words his feet too, disappeared from view and then after a minor avalanche of snow and ice chips he started yelling that he'd had nothing better than this in Scotland. Another shower of ice clips and he shouted me to come on.

Out of the cave I went and my legs dangled on the wall below until I found the steps we had cut on the way up, and then upright once more I began to bridge my way up in the same fashion as Geoff. Just below the crucial move I decided to put away my axe in a strap on the back of my sack and to have my peg hammer in my right hand. This proved very useful and as I leant out to get over the bulge a voice boomed up from the depths of the gulley ("What's it like up there?") It was our Jack, trust him to yell at that moment, I sank back and after telling him that it was quite a nice route, I once more eased myself up and out until, with a hefty swing of the right hand I got the pick of the hammer well and truly home on the frozen shelf of the boulder, then after a few ungraceful movements I arrived on top to see Geoff's grinning face only a few yards away.

Half an hour later we were over the corniced lip of the gulley and walking together into the streams of sunlight and the glorious vista of English Lakeland at its best. On the 14th April we climbed the gully again, this time with Doreen and Maggi and found it in perfect condition, although the ice pitches were almost completely covered by new snow.

THE MATTERHORN

Thy summit now is crimson flecked
As darkness flees before the dawn;
Few other peaks command respect
Like thee, O mighty Matterhorn.

What tragedies hast thy face seen
Enacted o'er the passing years
You've watched them, die, the young
and keen;
You've heard their cries: you've
felt their tears.

Perhaps within your heart of stone,
You wonder why men such as these,
Climb to great heights or ever roam
The world of hills - their deities.

What reason lay in Shymper's breast
As he strove to reach thy summit fair;
He risked his life to gain thy crest
Elusive to others - Because it is there.

Doreen Gadsby.

HEADS YOU WIN, TAILS I LOSE or OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND NOW THAT WE'RE IN SCOTLAND

D. Cullum.

Last year and the previous year the Cullum menage (French for "zoo") took a late holiday in the West Country and endured the rain, gales, floods, cold and general misery which one expects of a normal English summer, and which make the British character what it is, God help it. We had, however, read in the works of W. H. Murray and other lying sods, that June in Scotland is invariably dry, sunny and midge-free. So it was that on June 6th the Cullum automobile, with about half a ton of gear and kids aboard and the back near-side spring chucking in the towel, was pointed

in a roughly northerly direction and given her lead. The weather was dry, sunny, midge-free and bloody hot. Fourteen hours later, and with the back near-side spring still intact, we pitched our tent in Glen Clunie, about three miles south of Braemar.

The next day was dry and sunny and we spent it lounging, drinking beer (at least the kids did - Mary and I were on shandies) and occasionally dangling our feet in the river. What ho, we thought, Murray and the other lying sods were right.

Accordingly, I decided that the next day must not be frittered away in idleness, so I obtained leave and set off for the Cairngorms. From the map it looked as if I might get the car as far as Derry Lodge. The road from Braemar follows the south bank of the Dee for six or seven miles to Linn of Dee, then crosses the river and comes back along the north bank to Claybokie, and is very winding and ill-surfaced. Where it crosses Lui Water, a three mile track turns off to Derry Lodge, I jolted slowly out of Braemar, and had great difficulty passing a truck, whose occupants were apparently engaged in making some new bumps and pot-holes. The Derry Lodge track, when I reached it, was obviously navigable, though a bit primitive, but it lay beyond a large, strong chain and padlock. A notice informed me that I could have obtained a key at the lodge at Victoria Bridge, about four miles back. I uttered some Anglo-Saxon words and considered for a wild moment crashing the car through, but the gate was a very strong one and I had my back near-side spring to think about. A six-mile walk or an eight-mile drive? I returned to Victoria Bridge, again having great difficulty with the track, and got a key (five bob hire charge and a quid deposit - I hadn't a quid but the haggis, or Scots crumpet, who ran the business accepted ten bob), and then went back. The workmen with the truck by now regarded me as an old friend, and shouted cheery Scottish greetings, like " off, you English !" I reached Derry Lodge without further difficulty, and at 10.45 set off for Beinn Mac Duibh, or as you would call it, Ben Macdui. I followed the river for a couple of

about half a ton of gear and was about the back near-side spring clucking in the towel, was pointed

miles, skirting Carn Crom on the south side and turning up the Luibeg Burn. My approach to Ben Macdui lay up the Sron Riach ridge, and a long, weary flog it was. The day was close and still, the mountain seemed to be bone dry, and before long so did I. But at last, after several false summits, I came to a sizeable snow-field with a substantial melt stream running off into the Lairig Ghru and just beyond, the real summit, where a large party of Scots were resting. I fed, and considered whether to attempt Braeriach and Cairn Toul. Just before the Scots moved off, I got into conversation with one of them, and mentioned this idea. "Yon's a bonnie walk", he said. I screwed up my courage and pressed on northwards, across more snow to the March Burn, which I followed down to the Larig Ghru. I was surprised and delighted to be able to glissade a good deal of the way.

The burn brought me to the summit of the pass, just above the Pools of Dee, and by the time I got down I was hot and tired, and the 1700-foot flog up Braeriach seemed a repulsive prospect. I ate a meditation sandwich, chatted with two wayfarers who were going through the Larig, and then took the bull by the horns and went straight up to the summit of Sron Na Lairig, which went surprisingly quickly. I was disappointed to find that the real summit lay further along the ridge. I was again desperately thirsty, and it was a relief to find another melt stream just below the summit. I ate half my remaining food before setting off again, finding that this real summit was not after all the real summit, which lay further along the ridge. However, the sun was shining and there were some superb views as I plodded along the edge of the plateau. A lot of snow lay along this edge, but further west the bare brown rock and earth of the plateau was exposed. What a desolate place it is, even under these splend conditions. Bloody big, too. The edge curved away to the south in a huge arc, with some fine cornices overhanging the crags on my left. There were a couple of subsidiary summits, and at the extremity the magnificent cone of Cairn Toul.

Looking across at the summit ridge I saw that there was a false summit about half way up, which I noted so that I should not be disappointed when I reached it.

The subsidiary summits took a lot of effort and the best I could manage by now was a slow, rhythmic trudge. Along the way I met a couple of birds (feathered) of a kind I didn't remember seeing before. They made no attempt to fly away, so I photographed them, but I'm damned if I can find them on the transparency. About half-past six I came wearily to the foot of the final ridge. One step, two, three, four, rest. Slowly I stumbled upwards. Every five minutes I sat down and ate a sweet. Twenty minutes passed. The col I had just left still looked depressingly near. A hump appeared ahead, "Aha," I said, "you ain't kiddin me. You're the false summit, about half way up." Half way up. Christ, I should never make it at this rate. But surprise, surprise. It had kidded me all right. It was the real summit. I sprawled on my back in the sun for a few minutes, then ate my last sandwich and smoked a pipe while I admired the surrounding panorama.

But the time was getting on, so I moved off round the head of Coire on Saighdeir. This corrie was an unbroken sweep of snow almost as far down as the Corrou Rothy. I tried the snow, but it was too hard and too steep to glissade without an axe. However, I scrambled down a few hundred feet of rotten rock and scree and tried it again. It was just right, and I got a thousand-foot glissade. Another half-hour brought me to the bothy. I went in to see if I could scrounge some food, but the place was deserted. I counted my remaining sweets. Five. One now and one every quarter of an hour should keep me going as far as the car. I encouraged myself with the thought that the going was all on the level from here.

It was a glorious evening, and the surroundings were superb. I passed several large herds of deer, beautiful animals but thank God they're not carnivorous. My sweets had all gone before I reached Luibeg Bridge and I hardly knew how to put one foot in front of the other. At the Luibeg Burn I had a good long rest and a good long drink, and at last started the final two miles to the car. I was sure that if I stopped I should never get started again, so I plodded on, adopting a rolling motion so that I could swing my feet instead of having to lift them.

And in this Zombie-like fashion I eventually got there. It was ten to ten. Yon had been a bonnie walk. And then - Oh joy of joys - I realised that all our food was in the car boot. I ate five or six crates of it and then drove contentedly through the twilight back to camp, recovering my ten bob en route. The truck had gone, but the new bumps and potholes were very nice.

The next day, Saturday, started dry, sunny and midge-free, but with some business-like clouds hanging about. We decided to move on while the going was good, so the family chattels and kids were put aboard and we were off, the back near-side spring protesting bitterly. After an exhilarating drive through some wonderful country, and over some terrifying roads ("Gradient at top 1 in 3 going up. Engage bottom gear now". "What was the gradient coming down, we wondered?") We reached Inverness, where we ate fish and chips. The rain started as I was engaging first gear. The single-track road started at Garve. On through Braemore to Ullapool, where we were refused tea in an empty cafe because they were serving dinner. On again to Ledmore, the rain getting worse all the time. Suddenly the road disappeared and was replaced by a sodden muddy trench winding away into the murk. We lurched and bounced gingerly along it, expecting the near-side spring to give up the attempt at any moment. After about a mile we passed a stationery van. "Does this go on much further, mate?" "Nae, laddie, about anither three or four miles, that's a'". We decided to stop at the next bed-and-breakfast place. We didn't know that would be forty miles further on.

Just as we reached the southern end of Loch Assynt, young Michael decided he needed to relieve himself. While he was standing on the back seat trying to squirt into the road with dad standing in the rain and holding the door open, a gust of wind snatched the door from my grasp and slammed it to, trapping the lad's head. Alarms and excursions, but Cullum skulls are pretty thick and no serious harm was done.

Loch Assyat kept going by on our port side for ages. The rain kept pretending to stop and then coming on again twice as hard as before, and the countryside seemed to be one vast bog. At last we reached Lochinver. "If we don't stop here we'll go into the bloody sea", I muttered. But God is good, and we at once found an excellent bed-and-breakfast, run by a charming Mrs. Mackenzie.

On the Sunday, on the advice of our landlady, we went to Achmelvich, four miles north of Lochinver. The back near-side spring still looked pretty seedy, but we had decided by now that it was shamming, and no longer worried about it. At Achmilvich we found a perfect camp-site right by the sea. A few tents and caravans were scattered about it. We sought out one Mr. Munro and asked permission to camp. "Have you a latrine tent?" "No". (Well, have you?) "Sorry then, you can't stay here". I refrained from pointing out that the local sheep didn't seem to bother about latrine tents. But you don't give up that easy when you've driven six hundred miles to get there, so we negotiated with one of the caravanners and came to an acceptable arrangement over this delicate, or indelicate, matter.

We stayed at Achmelvich a week, and each day was so much like all the others I can't now differentiate them. Sometimes it was wet, windy and bloody cold, and at other times it was sunny, windy and bloody cold. One day, Tuesday I think it was, we went for a drive up the coast road to Kylesku Ferry. The road runs through some very picturesque scenery, with the sea on one hand and moors on the other. From the map you get the impression that the country is water-logged, but in reality it is very delightful, a lot of rock and heather and hundreds of pretty little lochans, with the Quinag dominating it all. We reached the ferry, crossed it, and got out to take some photographs. On the way back to the car I thought it looked a bit lop-sided. Yes, that back near-side spring had quietly died on us. Well, the corpse had got us here and it could damn well get us back again. It did too. It's successor arrived on the following evening's bus and was quickly installed, the whole episode causing almost no inconvenience at all, (apart from six quid, of course.)

The Friday I do remember, because it was dry and sunny, and if you put a sweater and anorak on (in June) God save us), deceptively warm. At least it deceived me into thinking a swim would be a good idea. After a few minutes in the sea I wouldn't have been surprised to see icebergs floating on the bay. It took several minutes of vigorous towelling, to cries of "Do it again daddy!" to get some circulation going again.

Saturday again, sunny but still bloody cold and windy. What few midges there were, were wearing soolly overcoats. It was time for us to start the journey south, for we had booked accommodation in Gairloch for the last three nights. We took the coast road out of Lochinver, thinking it could hardly be worse than the atrocious main road through Ladmore. I would love to know how the ordnance people decide what colour to print the roads hereabouts. They have red ones (very posh indeed), yellow ones (not quite so posh), brown ones (not posh at all), white ones (pretty tatty) and white ones with dotted edges (not really there at all). But when you come to driving over them they're all the same - a single width of tarmac, with a reasonable proportion of potholes and things that must be made by a special kind of Scottish mole which only tunnels under roads, and sometimes you come to a few miles with no surface at all. The passing places, if any, are normally marked by overturned cars or trucks lying in the heather. It must need the greatest finesse and discernment to classify them into the main categories.

This particular road was white, and bits of it had dotted edges. But of course it was the standard issue, exactly like all the others. We were accompanied by a couple we had met and their small daughter Cath. The main object was to get all seven of us up Stac Polly. This we achieved between showers, with a little coaxing. Michael accepted a shilling reward for his feat; I do hope it doesn't mean he's going to be another Pettigrew. We didn't actually take the kids along the final summit ridge. It would have been terrifying for them (anyway it terrified me!)

Anyone wanting adventure on the cheap could do a lot worse than camp somewhere between Stac Pilly and Smilven and explore the local crags.

The drive to Gairloch took a hell of a long time because great chunks of the road had been torn up prior to reconstruction and no-one had bothered to leave a bit you could reasonably drive on. There was one particularly vicious bit along Loch Ewe which was eight miles long. Still, if it's all going to be like the superb stretch by Gruinard Bay when it's finished, it will be worth all the borken springs and ruined tyres.

We had some fine views of An Teallach and a nice whiff of nostalgia as we went through Dundonnell, (scene of triumphs in the spring of '53). In the cool of evening (cool! What am I saying? It was freezing) we reached our digs. This turned out to be a hilarious establishment run by a lady called Doris Taylor from Fleetwood, to pay for the losses her husband Bill makes with his fishing boat. I recommend Mr. & Mrs. Taylor and their guest house without reservation. The address is Newton House, Strath, Gairloch, and this testimonial is free and unsolicited.

On the Sunday we loafed about, visiting the beach by Gairloch golf club, where we caught hermit crabs and other demizens of the deep, and then going over to the famous gardens at Inverewe. On the way back we spent a pleasant hour at Tollis Bay at the head of Loch Maree. (If you should go there and find a little black rubber ball, would you please send it to us? It belongs to Jackie.) In the evening (dry, sunny and midge-ridden) we motored round the south side of Gairloch and along the coast to Red Point, and had some magnificent views of the Cuillin and the Torridon hills, deep red in the light of the setting sun.

The next day started off disgustingly wet, but turned out glorious later. We went off in the car and eventually arrived in Torridon. Here the nostalgia came in thick waves for my stay here in the spring of '51 with Phil Falkner was just about the best climbing trip I have ever had, and our return there in '53 was almost as good.

Liathach was even more beautiful than I remembered, but Ben Eige with only odd patches of snow was extraordinarily ugly. The damn thing's bald!

That evening Bill came back from the sea with a lot of Dublin Bay prawns. We had a lot of fun making them hold claws to make long chains, and getting them to swim in a plastic bowl full of sea water. Doris cooked a great heap of them and we scoffed the lot. They were delicious. They make up in flavour what they lack in intelligence, which is more than a lot of humans do.

We set off for home the next morning, intending to take two days over it. It was pouring when we set off but cleared up later. We drove to Drumnadrochit and then down the length of Loch Ness, hoping to see the monster, but unfortunately it was its afternoon off. The rain started again at Fort Augustus. At Fort William we spent our bed and breakfast money on some pictures, so it was tents or nothing from here on. Over the Ballachulish Ferry and on through Glencoe. Bidean and Aonach Eagach were invisible, but the Buachaille was mostly clear, and tremendously awe-inspiring it looked, qirh quite a lot of snow and wisps of cloud drifting round it. About here we passed two sodden climbers in anoraks, rucksacks, boots and swimming trunks. The Rannoch Moor and then Loch Lomond fell behind and from here on it started to be grim. The rain belted down and the wind shrieked. The few remaining midges emigrated. We couldn't contemplate putting up a tent in this, so we just flogged on, and reached home at four the next morning. Four hundred and eighty miles in one go. Yon had been a bonnie drive.

Back at work on the Thursday I met a colleague who had been on holiday for the same fortnight. He was the colour of a Red Indian. I said, "Hellow Brian, had some good weather?". "Yes," he replied, "in fact some days it was too hot to go out of the hotel". "Lucky sod", I commented, "where did you go?". "Cornwall," he said.

SUMMIT OF THE WEISSMIES

Bathed in gold and gleaming white
The Weissmies snowy dome,
Looks o'er the Alps and distant lakes,
And citadels of Rome.

To reach this wondrous alpine world
With its plume of driven snow,
An early start as dawn unfurls,
With fingers all aglow.

Cross glaciers wide and hidden deep,
Crevasses green of unknown depth,
Neath frowning cliffs and icy steep,
With ashen shaft mark well your final steps.

Embrace your friends and all your senses thrill
For joy untold is yours this very day.
The distant world seems very quiet and still,
While phantom clouds the hills with shadows play.

'Ere long has passed the time has come to part,
To leave this world of windswept lonely grace;
Rejoin the throng from which we've been apart;
Our hearts enriched with memories of this place.

G. J. Gadsby.

NEWSLETTER

MARGARET LOWE'S ENGAGEMENT PARTY - BUTTAMERE 1962

It was a memorable meet before it started. First Geoff Hayes got engaged to the respectable DOGS and he was so busy selling the literature that poured into his shop that the meet was put back two weeks. This was much to Pettigrew's relief who, since he was attending the birth of his child, hadn't much time for Cwm Eigan

There was a rumour that the meet, as re-arranged, was to be an engagement party. ~~Not all the time~~ The Committee was so worried at the thought of 96 Oreads straining mightily that Fred Allen was ordered to buy a Bog Tent. Now Fred is mightily particular^{as} to the type

of seat he uses and was heard to say that this would cost the club ~~members~~ a few hut loan repayments, ~~if it was not to disgrace the canvas palace.~~

National Trust

Luckily the ~~N.T.~~ said they were very sorry but even the Oread would not be allowed to erect a bog-tent at the north end of Buttermere. In a blind panic the Hayes/~~Engagement Party~~^{mob} wrote to Gates-garth farm for the use of their pig-sty.

The atmosphere that pre-meet Tuesday night in the Bell was tense as 96 Oread ~~gathered~~^{gathered} between the north and south end of Buttermere lake. The President was in favour of taking the Dormobile up to Birkness Combe. Hayes maintained it was all a big mistake. Ashcroft arrived beaming, having washed his hands of the latest expedition aftermath. Pretty declared to all ~~the room in general~~ that it was a ~~big mix-up~~^{cock up}. James said he was glad to be going on holiday, Welbourne threatened to resign unless he was allowed to take charge.....

At 12.15 that Friday night all the cars, except Fred Allen's, had their car lights trained on Gates-garth farm. The President triangulated the fields and reported that precedent had been established in the form of a solitary tent. A quick excursion to Buttermere village revealed no sign of the Bog Tent or Fred Allen, and a "No Camping" sign.

At 2.0 ^{am}, 20 Oreads were well encamped near to the original solitary tent with their cars in close attendance in case of danger, the Hayes/Gadsby shouting team was in full session.

At 2.01 ^{am} there was an eruption from the solitary tent, a car's hooter disturbed the peace of the night and a torrent of abuse, in French, descended on the ring. Attempts at appeasement, ~~wandering~~^{varying} between being 'terribly sorry', and an offering up of Margeret Lowe, were not very successful. An appointment was made for 6.0 am the following morning and at last, an uneasy peace descended.

The following morning was rather an anti-climax as by the time people woke up properly the torrent of abuse had departed in a pattering Citroen having circled the field a few times looking for the English Chicken

When we arrived back at the site from a day on Pillar a far greater menace was apparent, a permanent one at that. Evidently the Allen family + elusive £10 Bogtent had camped in solitary confinement and illegally, at the north end of the lake.

One hopes that after such a fiasco the Oread can resort to their former more natural habits, and that the Allen/Hayes rift may eventually be healed.

NOTES & QUOTES

"Ever since the baby was born, I've noticed the wind" -
Welbourne Pre C.M.

Jan Serrallier's 'Everest Climbed' in verse is being serialised on the Radio. First section was on July 19th 1962 in the Home Region.

GRANDS IN SHORTS - NEWSLETTER - WINTER 1962

The Derby Evening Telegraph will probably reduce it's number of pages once Bob Pettigrew has left for India!

Latest movement of Austrian glaciers was given in the New Scientist July 26 Issue, P.213. Although the glaciers are still receding fast, build of snow higher up indicates a possible halt to the present recession.

Nat Allen to Brian Cooke - "What sort of rope is that? - It looks like the type of knot tailors use for cutting thread".

Cade & Co. (Publications) Ltd. of 44 Old Bond St. London W.1. are offering to consider for publication climbing guides sponsored by a club.

Pettigrew recently rescued cows, up to their udders in mud, on the Isle of Sona.

This meets report has been deliberately held back until after publication of the Peter Janes autobiography, "Now My Walking Days Are Over," and also his novel, "Crowded Hours".

To say the meet was popular is the understatement of the year; far more people turned up than were expected and this led to a slight overcrowding in the upper room at Tyn-Y. Needless to say Janes and Welbourne were in this group, 19 in all on the floor of the attic. This was Peter's first time at Tyn-y-Shanty, in fact he's having what looks like a good year, first time at Bullstones, first time at Birchens, first time he's failed to get away from the bivvy on the Welsh Walk. He was aided and abetted by Fred "I've got to look after Richard" Allen and Ray "What's the use of getting wet" Handley, in this latter task and so we must excuse him slightly.

Saturday was bitterly cold but dry and Geoff led a large party over Tryvan and the Glyders, Peter spent the day in bed catching up on the sleep he had lost the night before. Roger and Beryl, Jack and Janet and Ken Wall had an enjoyable day on Moel Siabod, ascending by the East Ridge. Other Oread's climbed in the vicinity of Cwm Idwal and Wally Smith and Eric visited the Carnedd's. On Saturday evening Jack Crampens Ashcroft called in from Glen Dena, mainly to see if he had left anything the year before, he hadn't for once, although he kept muttering about plans for some traffic lights on the A.5.

It was good to see Mike and Meg Moore, Jim Kershaw and Laurie Burns having a real old pals talk in the luxurious bottom bedroom at Tyn-Y, also Jim Winfield out with the lads again up in the attic. Derrick Burgess and Janet were among those who preferred to camp, they also camped on the recent Cloggy Meet and there are rumours that their impending engagement will take place under canvas.

Saturday night or should I say Sunday morning was an enjoyable affair with Janes once more playing a leading part. Although resting on three biscuits, one mattress,

1 air bed, a sleeping bag and a polothene bag, he still complained of the hardness of the floor, so much so that he kept us all awake and Brian Housley and I decided to go down and make tea for everyone at about 2 am. This occupied about thirty minutes and by this time one or two unfortunate bods had fallen asleep.

We just had to wake them as we couldn't waste three gallons of tea and anyway who wants to sleep during Peter's finest hour. He was superb, every word in the book and many that have never been in any book. His remarks about the impecunious fellows without fathers were particularly enlightening. Harry would have been proud of him. At about 3.30 am. Brian, Les, Lloyd Caris and I, left Tyny and went over to Llyn Cowlyd to see the sunrise, returning at 8.30 am. for breakfast, by which time everyone was asleep, even Janes. Note for Mrs. P. Janes: at 4.15 am. approx. Peter apparently went berserk and rushed round the loft dobbling everyone in reach and then muttering incoherently, returned to his polothene bag. Watch him at night Barbara!

On Sunday the weather was a little better but still very cold, Jack Frost, (sorry Tom) and Brian Cook practiced with crampons on an ice slope in the Nameless Cwm, many Creads went on Idwal Slabs and a large party traversed Moel Siabod. Rodney Craddock was bitten twice by a sheep dog, (The dog died later) on the approach to Siabod.

Others on the meet were Doreen, Mags, Barbara, Howard Paul Craddock, Barry Williams, Happy Holiday, Dave and Pam Weston, Dave Williams, Nat and Tinsel Allen, Dez, Dennis Gray, Guy Lee, Ray Handley, and last but not least, the unforgettable Peter, Tod, Hunter, Whymper, Janes.

Thank you all for coming, and if I've missed anyone out I'm sorry, or maybe you're glad.

The front piece is published by kind permission of British Ropes Limited, Doncaster. It has been taken from an advertisement for 'Viking' nylon rope and adapted to our purpose by one of our members.