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OREAD MOUNTAIN ENGINEERING CLUB
NEWSLETTER

MARCH 1962.

EDALE MEET March 10/11.th.

Early arrivals in Edale went out on Kinder, and Jim Kershaw walked over Bleaklow from Bullstones Cabin where he had spent Friday Night, the rest arrived just in time to catch Eric Wallis having a crafty sleep in his tent - he must have had a hard day. Tents were erected and it began to rain so hard that some, much to Kershaws disgust did not even make the Nags Head!

A cold but dry and bright Sunday sent everyone on to Kinder. At least two parties completed the Horseshoe from Edale Moor to the Downfall, Kinder low, Mam Tor and Back Tor. It was rather chilly for climbing but the 'B' team did manage a route or two in the afternoon.

Brian Lee, Doug Cook, Colin Hobday, Dave and Pam Weston, James McClay, Wally Smith, Eric Wallis, Jim Kershaw, "Rusty", and a friend from Sheffield, Margaret Lowe, and Geoff Hayes were all there on the Saturday and were joined by Mick and Celia Berry on the Sunday.

NEW OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE FOR 1962/63

- President. Brian Cooke.
- Vice President. Bob Pettigrew.
- Hon. Secretary. Pete Janes.
- Assistant Secretary. Colin Hobday.
- Hon. Treasurer. Laurie Barnes.
- Hon. Meets Sec. Derek Burgess.
- Hut Warden. Chuck Hooley.
- Committee:
- John Welbourne. Gordon Gadsby. Geoff Hayes.
- Roger Turner. Fred Allen.

The above Officers and Committee were elected at the Annual General Meeting held at the "Prince Of Wales" Baslow on March 3rd 1962.

NEW MEMBERS.

- Clive Russell (Rusty). c/o 91, Shirebrook Road, Sheffield 8.
Proposed. Geoff Hayes. Seconded Bob Pettigrew.
- James Maclay 11, Vicarage Avenue, Derby.
Proposed, Geoff Hayes. Seconded. Gordon Gadsby.

The above were elected full members by the Committee at a meeting held at the "Prince of Wales" Baslow before the A.G.M. on March 3rd.

- George Rhodes. Knypersley House, Biddulph, Staffs.
Proposer Pete Janes. Seconder Ray Handley.
was elected full member at a committee meeting on March 19th.

For me 1961 started with some effort. Just before the last days of 1960, Fred Mullberry and I drove to Wales on my motor bike. It was a bitterly cold and wet harney with neither of us feeling very fit at the time. We camped in Llanberis Pass and decided rather late to walk over Crib Goch and Snowdon, then down Bwlch Main to the Club Hut. A deminutive breakfast did not help us, heavy sacks weighed us down and an icy wind sapped our unfit bodies. Darkness and deep snow attacked us at the top of Snowdon and the urgency of the situation made me snap unkindly at my slower and solid friend. Willpowers were turned on more fiercely and we stumbled on our weary way through the moonlight to the hut.

The silent beauty of the night caught us in its grip several times but tiredness and effort rather blunted our appreciation.

Easter brought a much more jolly climbing session as Fred Mulberry, Ray Stephens and I took several of the climbing boys from n school to Wales for a fortnight.

The most amusing incident was probably our party of seven on Pinnacle Wall. The ledge with piton belay was packed with laughing boys like the Piccadily line at rush hour. Some days later a complete flood out in Llanberis Pass forced us into some comic stream wading with water sodden gear.

For all this we enjoyed days of many fine routes on the Three Cliffs.

May the 5th was a great day for several Oreads and friends as the Cilicia sailed from Liverpool in bright sunshine and a fresh breeze. I could hardly believe that this was the moment dreamed of for so many years. This dreamed of expedition to the Himalaya. All that happened on that journey and in the great mountains has no place here. What has a place however is the fact that for me a life's ambition was cracked in a fit of uncontrollable gasping and semi consciousness with a strained heart.

Continual dysentry, lack of sleep and loss of appetite all aided by altitude and dehydration became too much for my pump which has held out so well through many illnesses of my early life and healthy struggles of later years.

On the glacier, that high-road to Camp 1 on Indrasan, I sank to

MY 1961 continued.....

the ground, complete with forty pound food box, and realised through a fuzzy semi-consciousness, that a great ambition was finished.

How useless I was at that moment, to the expedition, myself and to my faithful friend, Bob Pettigrew who knelt over me! All my efforts of past years seemed to me, (at the time) to have been utterly wasted. I sat on the ice and wept, silently behind my snow goggles.

My three days at base did not provide an improvement in my condition and after a solemn talk with Bob I left with a faithful young porter Zambo, on the long march back to Manali.

We covered forty miles in two days almost entirely without food or water, right through that large Malana Valley and its steep exit gorge. Leaving behind the Magnificent peaks of the Manikaran Spires. These stupendous mountains are like great incarnations of Bach's organ music.

On my second second days march with zambo, my general weariness became almost complete as I moved at a snails pace, taking five strides then collapsing for two minutes; a period just long enough to gain strength enough to get up and move again.

I was quite unable to speak through thirst and often had the impression that I was watching myself from a few yards away.

My luck however had not left me. The next day I caught an unexpected plane to Delhi and then another to Bombay. There kindly Indians looked after me for two weeks. By the time I had reached Marsailles I was fit again and climbed for an afternoon on the limestone towers of the Calanque with Jim and Betty Millage who were returning from Makalu. This is a place where you use up all your pitons but we had none. The vertical crumbly limestone put me in mind of earlier years on Cheddar Gorge. I arrived home with a long school holiday ahead of me. My friends were either in the Himalaya, Alps or somewhere, so I took the two best climbing boys from my school to North Wales for two and a half weeks. It was a pleasant surprise for them and a great joy to me to be fit and able to really climb again. It was good to see these youngsters leading severes in the Pass and for me to be fit enough to lead them up "Unicorn".

MY 1961 continued

Later on in the holiday a week of really strenuous "rocknast" at Harrisons Rocks completed the toughening up process in glorious weather.

From then on work pressed heavily on me, but the regaining of my driving licence gave me a new burst of enthusiasm. I could now enjoy my second love - two wheels and power again, after seven months off. What a joyful Christmas and merry New Year this was going to be in Wales. Fate however has had the last word this year. A few days ago a careless car driver crashed into me, knocking my motor cycle and I for "Six". A horribly lacerated leg complete with many stitches has put paid to any more climbing for this year and indeed to my bike. I am however grateful for my strength and lightness for they have saved me again from something that could have been much worse.

I am sure, that all things in this World are "ordered". What curious stroke of providence is it that has immobilised me this Christmas? I may never know, but what I do know is, that it is good to live so fully and to be still able to enjoy it.

Trevor S. Panther 23 Dec 1961

The Oread M.C.

Enclosed please find draft for advertisement to be inserted in the Oread News Letter or Journal. In view of the possible advent of the entry of this country into the Common Market, I am empowered to authorise payment of up to 5 Lira.

Sales Promotion to the outdoor Department

(Advert)

Director.

In the light of many years experience, we consider that it has been proved without doubt that our standard size tin of Baked Beans is the best instrument available for retaining a lighted candle in the perpendicular position. Our nearest rival the Sun Stured condensed milk tin suffers from the disadvantage that it may be in time of emergency required for use as a convector. This is unlikely to occur in the case of our

Also after many years, the only tool likely to remove the contents, ie., a Picolet is probably difficult to procure on British campsites.

It is understood that even the voracious and omniverous dogs of Cowarch have left these beans intact, thus the fortunate possessors still had illumination that evening, and it is well known that these dogs can open tins. Consider the desirability of a permanent candlestick. The writer has himself been involved in a general post during the preparation of an evening meal. Transferring the candle from the stewed steak to the garden peas, then to the Fruit Sallad, and then the cream has been used, the tea made in total darkness.

OREADS IN SHORTS -

Welbourne quote at Committee meeting Feb 1962:-

" I'ts about time we got the subs' in. "

Later " We don't want peoples money".

Welbourne quote at committee meeting March 1962:-

"After all we have got money in the club- let's spend it"!

Mick Berry and Celia were Wed last month. Oreads at the church held ice axes-the correct way for a change. Their honeymoon was spent in the Cairngorms. They recovered enough from the ski-ing to turn out on the Edale Meet.

POX....

Oreads going abroad this year are reminded that an anti-small Pox proding may be necessary well before departure.

The New Committee. Or should it be said the dekoked and re-ringed Committee, started their New Year with a big bang. Main outcomes of the last meeting were: Enthusiasm from Dick Burgess the new meets Secretary (he still welcomes volunteers for leading meets and suggestions (Not that sort!). A new members handbook is now well on the way towards production thanks to the hard work of Colin Hobday in sorting out all the necessary information to be printed.

The hut Sub-Committee is now composed of Chook Hooley (Warden) Paul Gardiner and Les Langworthy. Suggestions for improvements alterations and running of the hut are always welcomed by the Hut Sub-Committee. Contact any of the above.

John Foster has written on behalf of the Peak Park Planning Board to thank the Club for the efforts in collecting litter from the Gardens--Birchens area on December 3rd.

Equipment Notes.

"The Mountaineer, 17, Cumberland Street Manchester 3. are now making high quality sleeping bags (£9), Duvets (£6-15-0), Hood (15/-) and Pied d'Elephant (£5-10-0).

Joe Brown Sacs have now been improved recently and are now wider at the top and have larger flaps.

ICELAND.

Derek R. Quested is organising a trip to Iceland in August for 21 days. Approx. cost £44 inclusive. Further details from News Editor or direct from D.R. Quested, Boundary Hall, Tadley Basingstoke, Hampshire.

Letters to the Editor - NEWSLETTER - MARCH 1962

Re. Holding of ice axe.

Most members of the Oread are forced by "Rubber face Whympers" to purchase a copy of "Mountaineering".
Read Sept 1961 page 26. - Adze blade points forward.

I agree.

J. Ashcroft.

I Can't agree with "fall-out" in his letter, when he recommends the Ice axe to be held pick forward. On his next fall out he will most likely wish he had held the adze foreward.

Unfortunately a number of professionally trained mountaineers in the Oread have been taught Fallout's method.

No less a mountaineer than George Band feels strongly on this subject. A letter from him is printed in an article by Humble in the Sept. 1961 issue of "Mountaineering", from which I quote -

"When a climber is on snow or ice slopes he should hold his hand over the head of the axe in such a manner that the adze blade points forward and the pick points to the rear and not vice versa." Then later in the letter - "I believe it well worth cultivating this habit even when using the ice axe as a walking stick on easy terrain".

I recommend anyone who has not read this article by Humble to do so as it gives some interesting information and useful tips on snow work in Britain.

Geoff Hayes.

Highlights of the Lathkill Meet. J. KERSHAW.

A vagrant leans upon the bar. — NEWSLETTER-MARCH 1962

His vacant eye and empty glass suggest

Another round of drinks. The verse

He fails to write is much the best.

We spend the night in Rileys' barn.

Sir Laurence Burns conducts the snores

Of man and beast. He bows. The work

Receives a scatter of applause.

Wellbourne leaves with torch in hand

To light his way around the bend.

Stretches on the Co-op porch

For bed-night with a dividend.

Ashcroft returns, his eye aloft

On nameless peak, the Virgin snow

Of Himalayan scene. He leads,

And loses us on Arbor Low.

A crowd collects in Lathkilldale.

R.G. Pettigrew has gone
to sign his autograph. Denies
He spread a rumour of Sir John.

The Reverend Pretty eminent
Divine arrives with shovel hat.
Assumes this clerical disguise
for access to his Stanton Flat.

Hooley has a liquid lunch,
Unleashes Kim to spend the day
Retrieving empties from the stream.
I phone the R.S.P.C.A.

"Highlights of the Lathkill Meet",
Presumes it does no harm
to twist the metre or events,
And least of all the victims arm.

Others present. Colin Hobday, Wally Smith, Gadsbys,
James Maclay, Elizabeth, Margaret Hooley, Geoff Hayes, Margaret
Lowe, Clive Russell, et all.

Llanberis Meet.

February 1962.

Over thirty Orcads gathered in the "Pass" mostly at the London
M.C. Hut. Rusty and friends spent a good two nights under the
Cromlech Boulder which was not so full as the hut!

Most parties went up into cwm Glas on Saturday, The Parsons
Nose proved popular and proved interesting under snow. Parsley
Fern Gully was ascended by the Hobday/Western party, and Doug Cooke
and Brian Lee managed to beat Trinity Gully after other parties had
retreated.

A fierce Blizzard swept North Wales on Sunday and snow blocked
the road below the top of the Pass. Most Orcads returned early to the
hut to dry out before returning by the coast road. A very good meet.