

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
NEWSLETTER

MAY 1962.

O's in ESSES.

Overheard at the Hut:- Clive Web on seeing Ernie in recumbant posture. "Theres a vacancy for him beside Lenin in the Red Square".

We regret to have lost Dez Hadlum as a member of the club. He has been invited to join the Alpine Climbing Group. No doubt he feels unable to divide his loyalties. He hopes that although no longer an Oread he will continue to share the company of his many friends in the club when out on the hills.

We are sorry to lose a fine young climber from our midst - but are pleased that we may still count him as a friend.

We were astonished that (to the best of our knowledge) all Oreads bound up with that large firm centred in Derby (the name of which escapes us for the moment) contrived to avoid the swinging chop of the recent redundancies. We are still astonished!

Our Climbing chemist/bard - Jim Kershaw has changed his address to "Snowdon View". He managed to get on the Welsh Walk complete with fishing rod.

Geoff Gibson was on the rocks in Wales recently. Your editor was there to greet him (by accident) and is pleased to report that he is in fine fettle, still wears nailed boots and a cheeky grin. He has evidently decided to scratch a seven year itch because it is as long as that since he last set foot on rock. Geoff left an indelible mark on the club and somehow I feel if he were cut in two like a stick of rock, you would see the name Oread all the way through

I am still trying to sort out the many conflicting (bad choice of word there) reports of the Welsh Walk. Meanwhile I can say that a good time was had by a number of Oreads at Stanage on the same day. Two "Welsh Walk Widows" were there and several others who either (a) Shurked it (b) had to work on Saturday (c) Couldn't walk

(1) Only secured a 24 hour pass or (c) Just proffered Stenage.

We will report later.

Meanwhile "watch your runners"

J.R.Turner.

Applications for membership.

Applications for membership have been received from the following.

John Tim Ward. "Woodside", Macclosfield Road, Whaley Bridge
Via Stockport.

Proposed C. Hooley Seconded L. Burns.

Rodney Craddock. 27, Templeoak Drive, Wollaton, Notts.

Proposed. G. Gadsby. Seconded. W. Smith.

Members are requested to write to the Hon. Secretary as to any applicants suitability for membership.

There is still a serious lack of news and articles for this Newsletter. Meet leaders are forgetting to send in a report of their meets, and it is these reports that this rag relies upon. No article of mountaineering interest will be refused, so send your contributions to: Roger Turner 118, Holcombe Avenue, Chilwell Notts. or to Geoff Hayes, 1, Elm Avenue, Beeston Notts, or give them to Geoff in the "Bell".

A long lost letter sent to Pettigrew from Malcolm McCarthy has just come to light. At the time of writing (early in the year) Malcolm was Stationed near Belfast after a tour of the globe. Climbing with Dave Hourne (Rock and Heather) and two A.M.A. members he has spent many week ends on the Mourne, and says the I.M.C. welcome him with open arms to their hut.

Malcolm is soon to be demobed and will find a welcome from his many friends in the club.

STOP PRESS: PETE JANES FAILED ON THE WELSH WALK THIS YEAR. In fact he, Handley, and Fred Allen did not even move out of the bivvy spot on Saturday morning. More news in the next edition.

IN MEMORIAM
J. G. THOMPSON (died in hospital 2nd April)
1962

I first met Geoff Thompson when we were both at Nottingham High School in the nineteen thirties, but Geoff was a few years senior to me, and it was not until some years later that I came to know him well. Already before the war, Geoff was an active climber. Then came the long interruption of war service, after which Geoff returned to Nottingham University to take his degree, and whilst there was largely responsible for the resurgence of the N.U.M.C., of which he became president. In the immediate post war years Geoff was to be found almost every week end climbing, walking or caving in the Peak, and sometimes further afield. It was during this period that I came to know Geoff well. We both joined the Climbers' Club about the same time, and frequently stayed at Helyg together. I came to regard Geoff as an ideal companion, whom trying circumstances could never fluster. He was moreover, one of the safest climbers I have ever met. He always gave the impression of climbing economically, with no misplaced effort, and always with plenty in reserve. Geoff visited either Norway or the Alps for many successive years, and accumulated an impressive list of Alpine ascents, covering a very wide area the Silvretta, Dolomites, Bernina, Oberland, Zermatt and Chamonix districts.

About 1952 Geoff met some members of the Oread, and so rapidly did he become a familiar well liked figure on Oread meets that it was with some surprise in late 1953 that it was realised that he had not actually been made a member; this omission was quickly put right.

In addition to his mountaineering activities, Geoff played a most important and valuable role in Oread history during the the years 1955/8 when the club was in process of first renting Bryn-y-Wern, then losing this and buying Tan-y-Wyddfa. These transactions involved the committee in many thorny legal and financial problems. I was president for a good part of this time and I know how those of us on the committee came to rely implicitly

on Geoff's advice on these problems. He saved us from more than one blunder and never let us down; he also took on the thankless task of auditing the Club's accounts.

It is sad to be writing the first obituary notice to appear in an Oread News Letter. Geoff will be missed by many people, by all his friends in the Club and most grievously by his Wife Barbara and their young twins, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy

P.R.FALKNER.

A FEW WORDS FROM YOUR HUT WARDEN FOR 1962

Speaking on behalf of the Hut Sub Committee and myself, I would like to make a few points about Tan-y-Wyddfa. We do not like a lot of rules concerning the running of a club hut but there is an odd rule here and there which, if adhered to, makes it possible for those responsible to run the hut efficiently. Therefore I would ask club members who use the hut to give their support by remembering to leave the hut clean and tidy on their departure from its portals.

Also it is most essential that the refuse bins are placed in the lane by the rear gate on Friday night for collection early Saturday morning. If you think you can be up earlier than the refuse collectors on Saturday morning and remember in your semi-conscious state to put the bins out, think again, it has not been done yet.

I feel that it is worth mentioning that visiting clubs always seem to set an example in hut procedure and it is rather sad to think that ones own club members use their own hut in such an irresponsible way. Fortunately these members are in the minority. 'Don't forget it is your hut'.

C. HOOLEY.

HUT WARDEN.

FOR SALE..... Skie Boots Size 8 £2.10.0 . See Ernie Phillips.

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citly

FOUR OREADS IN OSTERREICH

PAUL GARDINER

It was Ron. and Les. who started it. As I remember it was August; it was hot; suddenly there was a rattle like a tin of nails and the Langworthy Porsche stopped outside. "Where are you going ski-ing this winter?"

I awoke from my armchair and told Betty she could stop mixing concrete. Much discussion ensued; Norway was proposed, then dropped, "Lose two days ski-ing due to length of journey", said Les. Heads down again.

"How about this"; Betty looking at highly coloured brochure "Ischgl in Austria". "No, too low, Philips says they're picking flowers there in February". Of course it was not long before we had ground it down to simply a matter of £.s.d; Can't go before the end of Feb. so we must go fairly high up. Feverish search for highest resort, cheapest price, best uphill transport. Finally we picked on Serfous at 4,700ft. and were pleased to note that the place offered a cable car lift of 1,700ft in 7 minutes.

February 24th finally came and we went by car to Rickmousworth to stay the night with Betty's folks. We decided to put the skis in the left luggage office at the station over Saturday night and collect them when we caught the train to Victoria at 7-45 the following morning. At 7-44a.m. with the sound of the train approaching we were still kicking at the door of the luggage office in an effort to retrieve the skis. It appeared that the clerk was still in bed, but we finally got Dr. Beechings men to pull all the stops out and made the train with no time to spare and one hand reaching for the 'Bronco'.

We got to Dover in good order, were first on the boat and grabbed the warmest seats. The crossing was fairly rough but we all reached Calais with breakfasts intact apart from Les. who had to rush for the side when the boat went into reverse.

Arrived in Serfours at 9.0 a.m. on Monday, tought a quick breakfast and were buying ski-school tickets by 10 a.m. First come the tests to determine ones capabilities; this entailed hurling oneself down a considerable slope

whilst 30 ski instructors looked on and laughed. Ron, Betty and I ended up in the same class whilst Les. was away with 'Hubert' to practice parallel turns. Betty got promoted the next day to a higher class and so we spent the first week, gradually getting our shi legs.

The highlight of the week was, undoubtedly, our meeting with a moneyed gent, a member of the reverend C.C. who had never ever heard of, let alone met, R.G.Pettigrew!

On the middle Saturday we ascended on skins for 2 or 3 hours in a howling blizzard, froze our fingers taking the damn things off again and then skied down on alternating patches of powder snow and wind driven hummocks. This was the kind of day that I prefer to forget quickly.

For the second week Ron, Betty and Les. left the ski school to do some short tours whilst I remained in class for some more "ubung". On one tour Les. reached the Furgler Joch after a long climb.

The night life picked up during the second week and one evening we saw an extremely good bit of "schuplaten". Friday came all too soon and with it the visitors slalom race in which we did nothing for Oread prestige and afterwards held long inquests casting doubt on the starter, the time keeper, the snow, the wind and the course.

On Saturday we made our departure; of course the Landeck 'bus didn't turn up and we had to do some bulldozing to get on someone elses vehicle. However, the remainder of the journey was without incident and we duly returned to the damp, grey March cold of Dover with 1/6d and 5 grochen between us.

It was subsequently revealed that, according to the 'Tatler' Sefaurs is the place to go this year.

FOR SALE..... 1 Pair of Skies almost new complete with sticks

£9. 0. 0. See John Welbourne if interested.

SGURR NAN GILLEAN

GORDON J. GADSBY.

Early in the morning mist
We climbed the mountains breast
And later in the afternoon
Had gained its Summit crest
We stood aloft and gazed in awe
At the scene now spread before us
The beauty and the splendour
Of the mountains seemed to draw us
From Sligachan to Broadford Bay
Stretched the Red Hills brown and bare
While to the West the Cuillins lay
Reigned o'er by Alaisdair
With careful steps we wandered on
Past Bhastair's Tooth enclosed in mist
Then we scree covered slopes descended
While mountain tops with cloud were kissed.

Don't forget the Skye meet at Whitsun!

OREADS IN SHORTS - NEWSLETTER, MAY 1962

Stange Meet - Doreen Gadsby: "Of course I'm feminine during the week, and at week ends, You ask Geoff He's . seen it".

"Clachaig Gully does not interest me". Jack Ashcroft Glencoe 1962.

Smith
"I can't imagine Wally ^{as} mechanically minded , he looks as though he serves behind the counter at Burtons."

After leaving his Ice Axe at home last year when going to Nevis for the Easter meet, ~~and~~ not to mention the CRAMPONS episode in the Himalaya, Ashcroft did it again in Glencoe on the Easter meet when he and Pettigrew had been driven to the foot of the crag by their wives (who soon drove off again) leaving these two hard ~~men~~ ~~men~~ ~~men~~ by the road, ~~both~~ both thinking the other had the rope, when all the time it was in the boot of the car.