

O R E A D M O U N T A I N E E R I N G C L U B
N E W S L E T T E R

FEBRUARY 1965.

It is almost time for the A.G.M. and the New Committee will, we trust, be full of young and vigorous life. I hope there will be many new faces both of Officers and Committee in 1965.

The first task for this keen group must be to find the answer to the declining numbers at the "Bell" on Tuesday evenings. For many years the name "Bell" has brought tears to the eyes of exiled Oreads, but, times have changed Oreads are becoming a coffee drinking crowd rather than the alcoholic fixtures of the past. One answer to lack of support for "Tuesday Evening Bell" has been the successful series of indoor meets and club evenings at Borrowash. These evenings have at times been very well supported and our thanks must go out to Burgess and Janes for this success. The new Meets Sec. must carry on and try to improve the good work.

Just as urgent for this new committee will be the task of welcoming and looking after prospective and new members. I have the feeling that the present Committee and others before have failed in the task of encouraging these people - the next generation of Oreads. Now must be the time to appoint a member of the Committee to look after the task of making friends and prospective members welcome, answering their letters and meeting them on meets and club evenings and introducing them to other members and making sure that they get lifts on meets. (at least 6 young prospects were unable to get to the Lakes at a recent meet) Let the new Committee appoint a "elbourne" type for this urgent task. It may have its reward when a young blond female about 19 turns up!

Finally, just a cry about something that recently spoilt my day out in the Peak. It was a glorious day but too cold to delay on Birchen's edge so after a quick climb we decided to walk to the end of Gardons, cross the stream and join that delightful grassy track leading to Wellington Monument and Eagle stone above Baslow edge.

Now this grassy track, cutting as it does through heather clad moorland and steam is one of the nicest parts of a walk to, and along the "Edges". Alas! it is no longer. I was shocked to see that a large pipeline has been placed along the whole length of this track without an attempt to cover it over. Now, I must have been out of touch or something is sadly wrong. I have not read or heard anything about this monstrosity before. I know it can't have been there long (The track is a mess of cut grass and mud where the lorries transporting the pipes have passed) but how any person or body could obtain permission to lay the thing in the first place beats me. I appeal to you all to go along and have a look, (You can park your cars just off the Sheffield - Baslow Road close to the track, the path leaves close to the junction of this and the Curbar Gap road). If you are as appalled as I am something must be done. It's in the National Park. We have representatives on the Park Planning Board I hope. Voices must be raised something must be done. Before we know where we are this "thing" could be continued along the top of Baslow, Curbar and Froggat edge. If it's a water pipe, as I think it is, then it's just typical of the mentality that can pull down places like the "Isle of Skye" and "George and Dragon" inns with that excuse that it polutes drinking water then say not much later that a number of houses and a Youth Hostel can be built almost on the same spot. Or that same "God" that floods one of the nicest parts of the Peak including Goyets Bridge and at the same time states that this can only supply enough water for about four years and then we must look elsewhere. All these things are taking place in our area. It must stop. G.H.

Forthose who were unable to get to the Annual Dinner and for those who did and enjoyed the taped letter so much, here is the whole letter as sent to us from R.G. P. himself.

A TAPED LETTER FROM INDIA

by Bob Pettigrew

Being an address to the Oread M.C.
Annual Dinner in November, 1964.

Short sequence of Indian music.....

"Good evening, I hope you enjoyed my rendering of the Indian version of "Eskimo Nell". My accompanists were: Pete Janes on the Sarangi, an instrument designed to express sensuality, pleasure and love; Ray Handley on the Sitar, conveying the peaceful atmosphere of a starry night in Belper; and Harry Pretty on the Vina, this instrument is made of a long pole of bamboo to which two spherical resonators have been attached - an admirable emblem of Pretty the Man.

I was going to entitle this letter from India "Some Good Men I Have Known" when I realised that, to the new 'Beagle' set in the Oread, I might as well be speaking of my forefathers, who were, of course, good men.

When this keen young set write to me, as they occasionally do, to complain of nameless persecutions that go on in that Colditz of the Oread, Tan Yr Wydffa, they sometimes refer, in a puzzled way to a shadowy power group as the "Batachair Brigade". These then must be none other than the good men of my youth and of the Oread's Golden Era.

To these young lads and lasses on the threshold of life, bursting with energy, even jumping of the Lenspitze for thousand foot slides to show they are 'with it'; and bringing a delightful hint of Mods and Rockers into the Oread, but, amazingly still uninformed as to the facts of life in the Club, I have decided to reveal the hitherto carefully concealed fact that the Oread has an establishment.

You might ask: is the time ripe to reveal this fact? Is it opportune? And, above all, since you are speaking from India, is it Auspicious?

The answer is that you must judge from one who can best be described as an exiled Oread Pundit who is sick for a pint in the "Bell", and has the Club's interests at heart.

For you are about to witness an event unprecedented in the long and glorious annals of the Oread - perhaps, then, you will permit me to interpret for you its full significance.

When, with a creaking of arthritic joints, frantic tuning of hearing aids, adjustment of crutches and a good luck pinch of snuff, Janes and Handley are at last ready to stand and face their eager young audience, a collective question will arise in the minds of all:

Who are these men?

There they will stand, blinking nervously at their prepared statements, caught finally and irrevocably in a situation they have avoided for so long. On them will be rivetted perhaps as many as two hundred blood-shot eyes.

The silence would be pregnant if they were not, clearly, both passed it.

I cannot predict what they will say, with what new clarion calls they will inflame Oread hearts and inspire young initiates to scale bigger and better things. Perhaps, with Conservatives they will merely cry, "Up, up, up!" My task now is to disclose history.

The truth is that there never has been an Oread Committee free from the influence of Janes and Handley or the Manipulators as they are popularly known to generations of Oread Committee men. Ah! Say some - you are wrong. What about the Pretty era?

Now, my children, when the young, adolescent Pretty launched the Oread as his peacetime answer to the Fleet Air Arm, all the crags and moors of Derbyshire were controlled by a large, powerful Empire called the Valkyrie (the name alone still excites wonder and gets Janes and Handley slobbering in their beer). By payment of large sums of protection money the Oread was permitted to climb in special reservations like Birchen's Edge, and even write guide-books.

However the External Affairs of the club were, naturally, controlled by the Valkyrie who deputed two notorious ex-cyclists, who worshiped a God called "The Murk", as gauleiters of the Oread Committee, with Pretty as a front Man.

The decline and fall of the Valkyrie Empire, like the decline and fall of the British Empire, has never properly been explained, ~~and is incidental to these~~, but some say that the secondment of the two key men of the Valk. was instrumental in extinguishing this bright star of the climbing cosmos.

Their future in the Oread was, of course, assured. After all it was a mixed club - even these hardened warriors of the Valkyrie needed a change, - they had shared a tent with Nat Allen long enough.

From then on - for an unbelievable period of 15 Oread dinners they have been at the helm. The front men have come and gone. The facts speak for themselves.

Pretty. Loaned indefinitely to the Mountain Club at a ridiculously small fee, then recalled, and submerged in Suburban Holbrook.

Sutton. Banished to the back streets of Liverpool to found small protectorate clubs in the Oread orbit.

Pettigrew. The last of the Kipling Breed - exiled to India in exchange for Maria Handley - and so it goes on. Where are the Bynes, the Falkners, the Cookes?

But the present man is alright, I ~~can~~ hear you say. The man with eyes like traffic lights gone berserk; Hebog Jack Ashcroft, Surely, he is in quiet effective control. This is the cruellest blow of all; he was sent to Coventry in his prime, just when he had all but completed the greatest cock-up of his career, that ~~is~~ diversion of the Derby Ring Road into the main Derwent Sewer to clear the congestion of the Rolls-Royce traffic. His last, defiant words were, "It was the best place for 'em!" - and everyone agreed but, like his predecessors he was quietly eliminated.

Normally only seen stalking smoothly from one delicacy to another at the refreshment period of Committee Meetings, pausing only to pinch the bottom of their hostess, what has brought these two away from the backrooms where the decisions are taken? Is it senility? A last crazed bid for popular acclaim in recognition of their long vigil over the affairs of the club? Or is it final proof that Fred Allen has at last ~~seized~~ ^{seen} effective control in the Kremlin of the Oread and you are about to ~~see~~ the new front men flushed from their holds by a new and noisome wind of change?

And Spherical Resonators to Pretty!

We send our best wishes to you all at this great annual celebration which we hope to join next year (if we can persuade the committee to delay it nearer Christmas) and we salute the Oread Mountaineering Club.

Good Climbing. ~~Bob Pettigrew!~~

Bob Pettigrew, Written and recorded 27 September 1964.

HIGH PEAK by ERIC BYNE and GEOFFREY SUTTON
The Story of walking and climbing in the Peak District
1885 to 1965.

With a foreward by Paterick Konkhuse
Maps and drawings by Peter B. Marks.

This book will be published by Seckar and Warburg, about October this year. It will contain about 300 pages plus appendixes, about 40 odd magnificent photographs of the Peak District, Peakland Climbers, Peakland Walkers and Peakland Climbing. Some of these will be of and by "Oreads" and Oread members are featured in the history as well as other climbers well known to all.

Price is expected to be 36/-. Eric writes that it is already in keen demand and advises you to put your orders in well in advance to ensure a first edition.

As you know your editor is in the Bookselling trade and has already had a number of orders from club members. If you would like a first edition of "High Peak" write to G. Hayes,
18, Endsleigh Gardens
Beeston,
Notts.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

It is intended to get the Club Library running again and members are invited to submit their ideas on this together with any suggestions they may have regarding items that they think should be included in the library. There are a number of books and maps already in the clubs possession and it is intended to get a list of these in a future Newsletter.

The Committee have recommended that there should be a minimum age limit of 16 years for Associate Membership of the Club and a proposed alteration to rules has been made for the A.G.M.

Applications for Membership.

The following have applied for membership of the Club and members are invited to forward any comments they have on the following persons suitability for membership to the Secretary:

Veronica Jane Leeson. Proposed G. Hayes. Seconded C. Hooley.

John Stuart Corden. Proposed C. Hooley. Seconded G. Hayes.

Merle Wallis (Mrs) Proposed E. Wallis. Seconded R. Turner.

New Members.

At a recent Committee Meeting Held at 142 Allestree Lane, Derby, the following were elected as full members of the Club. Anne Hayes and Leni Smithurst. Terence Staley was elected an Associate member

Lost in the River Dane recently: 1 brown boot size 9. Owner alive and well!

RECENT AND FUTURE MEETS

ANNUAL DINNER NOVEMBER 1964.

Held once again at the "Green Man" Ashbourne the dinner proved to be the usual best seller and well over 100 Oreads and guests sat down to a very excellent meal. Our chief guests this year were A.S. Pigott and F. Solari. The Rucksack Club was represented by T. Waghorn, The Climbers Club by Joan Longland, A.C.G. by P. Nunn, Rock and Heater by F. Upton, Summit by G. Potts and the Nottingham C.C. by C. Davis. The Climbers Club also sent a representative in place of Joe Brown who was unable to attend. President Ashcroft spoke about the Club's activities during the past year and his own inactivity (but at least he is still beating Pettigrew to it at the "Child" stakes). Jacks speech was followed by a "Message from India", which was received loud and clear, Ernie Phillips at the controls. Bob's message is recorded in full in this newsletter and you can guess how well it was received on this occasion!

Janes spoke brilliantly and at great length when he proposed the toast to Guests and Kindred Clubs. Speaking in the usual 'Janes' Style he systematically pulled various members of the Oread in very small pieces. I'm sure there will be no difficulty in getting someone to do the same for Janes at the next dinner. Handley in his speech in reply to F. Solari's Toast to the Oread, used the same theme as that of Janes but did not seem to realise he was repeating most of the scandalous word for word! Drink was on his side and it gave everyone a good laugh.

Oliver Jones did his usual turn this year mugs were presented to Eric and Merle Wallis (Roger Turner received them in their absence), Mr. and Mrs. Tim Ward (Chuck Hooley doing the same for them) and Geoff and Anne Hayes. Anne was also presented with a tin of Haze remover! She is keeping it for future use.

For once the Coach taking Oreads and friends back to the camp site at Cratcliffe was full. The rocks were visited by many dinner-happy folk on the Sunday, some even managing a climb or too. At times the Bower seemed more like the masts of a ship with various parties trying to get in and others to get down again. It was nice to see Mr. and Mrs. Pigott there and also to see our President in his futile attempts to climb North Wall.

Everyone agrees it was a most successful event proving that the club is still able to put on a very good 'do'.

Bullstones 1964. - Geoff Hayes

Pretty's annual epic managed to take place once again despite the rapidly deteriorating condition of the aged participants. The theme this year was "It's not so much a walk as a way of life". I hope that Pretty may give a full and revealing report of this meet and the subsequent downfall of Janes and others, but meanwhile here is a short report.

The scene opens in the Nags Head Edale, and Fred Allen has just survived and delivered a return onslaught from "Hilary" behind the bar and Richard Allen is told to wait outside. Eventually after much ^{intake of ale} ~~talk~~ by the older members participants on the walk the ~~small~~ group set off in the dark for Poltergeist Barn. Within 100 yards Pretty, who is leading the gallant few, does a purler on some ice on the path and manages to wet his beard and other parts in the local stream. The Barn is found with ease and those in the know get the best kipping spots, leaving the others to do as best they can with the rest of the shelter. Pretty declares that he has only brought his air bed for a ground sheet and does not intend to blow it up! Eventually everyone settles down. The first disturbance is when Ashcroft and Bob Gill arrive about 2am, and shortly after Pretty is heard inflating his air bed (Just got his breath back from the walk?), Janes on his left and myself gently rise from the deck

we each have a "Cheek" on Pretty's bed so cramped are the conditions.

Eventuall the cold cruel light of dawn rouses those who managed to sleep and Frost is observed complete with North Wall hat heating his breakfast over a candle! Cold limbs are dragged up the slopes of Kinder Scout and after about two hours in the icy rain everyone gathers ~~in~~ in Ashop Clough Cabin. Here the eclipse of Janes, mentioned by Pettigrew at the dinner, takes place. In an unusually quiet voice he asks who is going with him to the Barnsley Club Hut in the Snake. He and his chief rucksack carrier - Williams depart. a sorry sad group of supporters trudge off down the path, leaving a young virile group with a drooping Pretty at the rear to continue the pilgrimage to Bullstones. By the time Grains in the Water is reached the condition of Pretty is evident to all, and it is decided that, as most of the walk is completed, to go down the Alport to see if the others managed to get to the Barnsley Hut. The hut is locked and empty. Luckily whilst having a drink in the Cafe next door a couple of Barnsley lads arrive and the doors are thrown open to us. A pleasant evening is spent around a magnificent fire and all clothes are dried out. At this time the Janes group having found the Hut locked are trying to sleep in a barn about two miles further down the road! The two parties were not to join again until the completion of the walk at Bamford. Here Jim Kershaw is found. He was drinking in the bar of the London-Manchester train when it stopped at Coventry, where he was due to join Ashcroft! Jim spent the night on Manchester Station and made a solo route to Bullstone where he spent a Lonely night in Lower small Clough Cabin without light or paraffin!

"It's not so much a walk as a way of life."

CHRISTMAS MEET

Believe it or not the club Hut was not full over the Xmas period. But there was no real absence of Oread's from N. Wales, as over a dozen members lived out in the locality. Most of those at the hut had an excellent meal provided in the village on Christmas day. The weather had been perfect during the day and Snowdon proved popular, first of all visited by Chris Cully, Terry Stayley and Bill Kirk who got to the summit during the night and saw the sunrise from the comfort of sleeping bags!

Blizzards swept Wales on Boxing day and those who ventured out returned battered and soaked. Tales were told of "having to hang on to the railway lines to get up Snowdon so strong was the wind". Various persons with ski were seen avoiding stones on the slopes close to the P.Y.G. After a while everyone found themselves in the 'Everest Room' which was soon packed with Oread's much to the curiosity of the many 'interesting waitresses'. Monday was bright and clear with a nice covering of snow. This caught the photographers out and they spent considerable time searching Wales for colour film.

OREADS IN SHORTS - NEWSLETTER - FEBRUARY 1965

Quote at a recent Committee meeting - "We must keep a close watch on this man Gadsby, Hitler started out as a painter!"

FOR SALE

1 pair Laurie's Mark 33R Black bbs Size 5 1/2 . Also one pair size 7. Both pairs are almost new and are described as a boot suitable for rock climbing and mountain walking. Italian made they have D Rings and Hooks.

Offers to Chuck Hooley. Phone Derby 41294.