



**OREAD MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB**

BULLETIN

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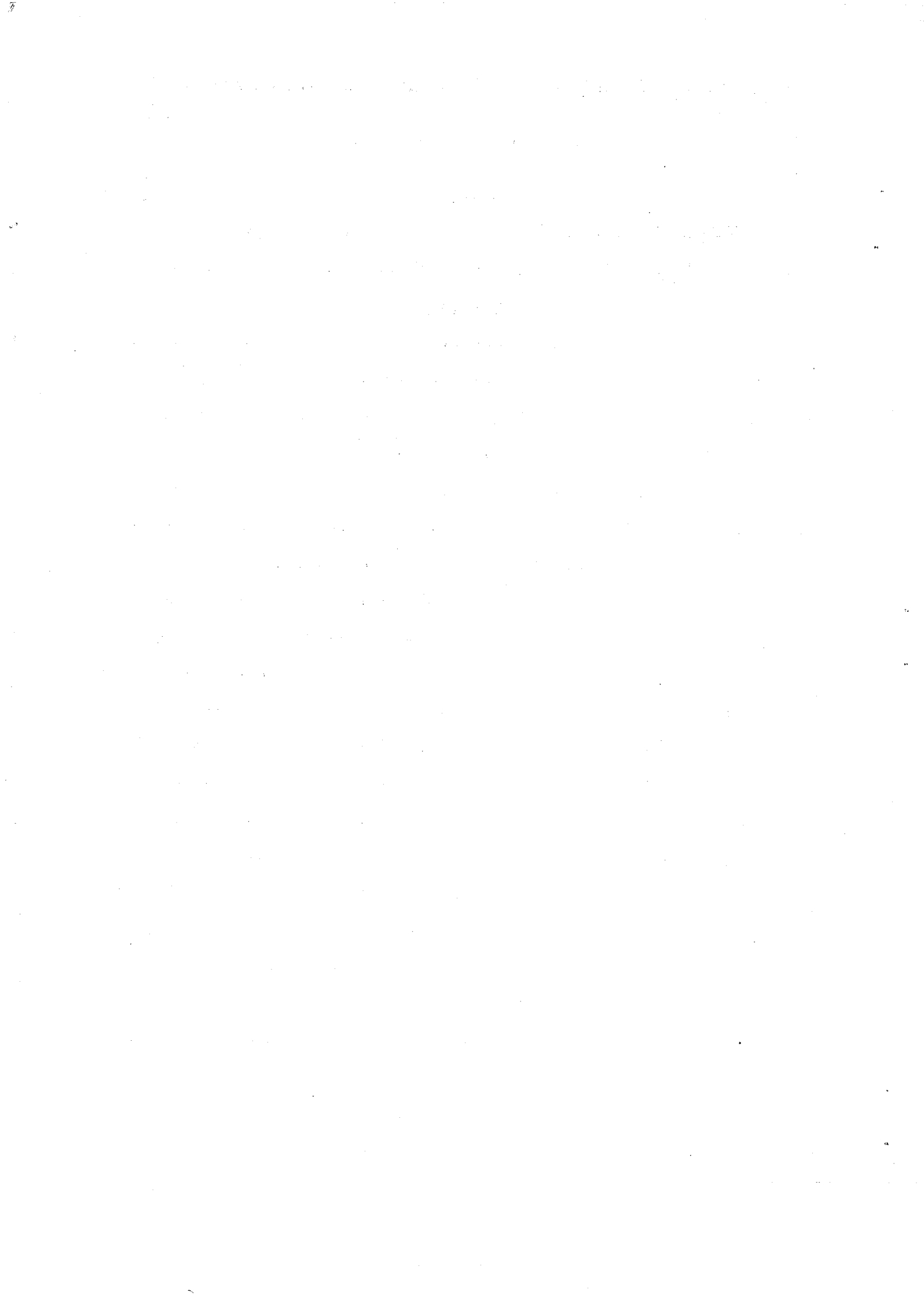
Spring 1976

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 X VOLUME 23 Number I. March 1976. X
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 XXX

CONTENTS

Editorial.....page a.
 Scree erosion.....letter from the B.M.C.....page 1.
 Stannage.....Paul Bingham.....page 3.
 Alstonefield.....D. Carnell.....page 3.
 President's Meet.....G. Gadsby.....;...page 5.
 A new hut.....page 6.
 Some rock and ice in Kandersteg...R.L.B.Colledge.....page 7.
 Deep South.....C.Cullum.....page 9.
 For sale & wanted.....page 12.
 OREADS in shorts.....by popular request.....page 13.
 Cratcliffe Tor.....S.Firth.....page 14.
 Welsh Hut working party.....J.Welbourne.....page 15.
 Duddon Valley.....K. Hodge.....page 16.
 Kandersteg 1975.....J. Fisher.....page 16.
 N.E.Face Piz Badile...D. Wright.....page 18.
 Evening Meets.....'Nat' Allen.....page 19.
 Photographic Meet.....C. Hobday.....page 20.
 OREAD Alpine Meet.....G. Gadsby.....page 22.
 Arran Meet.....Mrs. G. Craddock.....page 26.
 Another alpine start..'Rock' Hudson.....page 28.
 Welbourne's Wander....J. Welbourne.....page 30.
 A letter to the committee.....page 31.
 Profile.....page 33.

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EDITORIAL

Well - here it is, my second attempt at sorting out all your scribble (those that bothered) and putting it on paper. As with my last (and first) edition my arch enemy of the 'cock up' was ever present, Digger Williams - moving like a ghost, leering over my shoulder every time I put fingers on key boards.

It was hoped to have this number out for the Dinner, but a small fire (my daughters' fire-backed three articles) set me back a couple of months. Then it was Christmas, what better than a Yule-Tide/ New Year edition. Disaster struck again when I left two articles in a strange pub somewhere in Liverpool. It's got to be the AGM I said to myself, if not I'd better resign. So lets hope at the time of writing this short note, that the deadline is met.

In the last edition I asked if members had any ideas on a new format for the Newsletter, bearing in mind the costs. As usual I received absolutely nothing in the way of constructive ideas, only the expected one - "get your duplicator sorted out so we can read the rubbish". Well, you will notice that this has now been taken care of by using a different printing techniques (and I would thank Jill Gregson for organising this). We are still having the spelling mistakes and large D's instead of small d's but you will have to put up with those.

I trust that the new cover appeals to most people (I hope it's delivered from the Printers in time), it should help in preserving the 'innards'. With these changes it was thought that a new name be adopted, and after much consideration the OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB BULLETIN was thought to surface the publication. It will be published twice yearly. Certain people did suggest a Journal (once yearly) but I consider that this would be a mammoth task and very costly. It would rely heavily on advertising to cover such costs and it would perhaps even mean making a small charge to members to help defray. I personally think a Journal could become less 'intimate' than the rubbish sheet we are all used to.

However, with the new printing technique that we are now using, we could approach 'sellers of wears' who may wish to push their stuff through our bulletin, and this would help in the production costs. I would, of course, not make this decision on my own and would therefore ask for your opinions.

The contents again are a bit 'higgledy-piggledy' but that's your fault. Some real corkers of meets were never written up, not even a mention on the Dinner. I hope that this improved format will make you more aware that our climbing and even social events can be recorded and kept on your shelves for the time when you are all too old to get out, and reminiscences are required. So come on meet leaders and new routers (we can even reproduce line drawings and photographs) get cracking - and what's happened to the 'mud slingers' of the Oread, have you all upset each other?

Any comments and/or suggestions on the bulletin will be most welcome, just get in touch.

DAVE APPLEBY.

Thought for the Oread

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
I awoke, and found that life was duty.

A CIRCULAR FROM THE BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL - MARCH 1975.SCREE EROSION AT RAVEN CRAG LANGDALE

The National Trust and the Lake District Area Committee are very concerned over the erosion that has taken place below Middlefell Buttress and Raven Crag Langdale. In some places the ground to a depth of up to 6' has been eroded away. Much of the soil and stone has moved down towards the intake wall below and is forming part of the ever increasing area of scree. Several very large boulders, some well over 30 tons in weight, are losing their ground support and, at the present rate of ground movement below, helped by rain, these boulders inevitably will move and could cause serious damage to property below, if not loss of life at the same time.

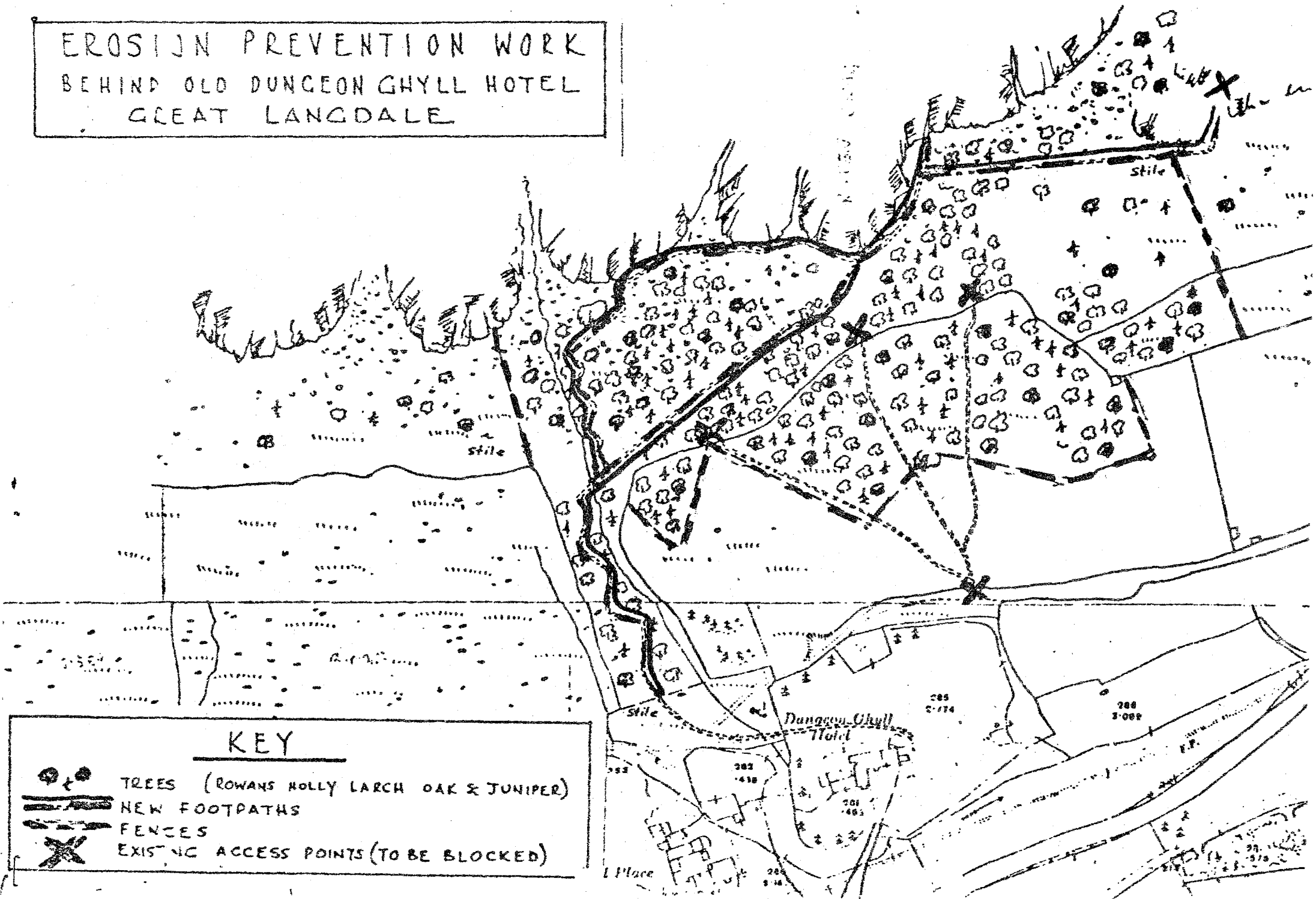
The loss of plant ground cover has accelerated the erosion. This is due partly to over-grazing of sheep which has weakened the herbage and checks any regeneration of seedlings. There is evidence that the existing ground cover will continue to weaken and, unless some ecological change takes place, could largely disappear altogether. The other factor is erosion by feet. For many years these crags have been open to climbers and walkers alike and the National Trust welcomes this very long use; indeed, has encouraged it in the past by creating stiles and other access points, for climbers particularly, to use on their way to the crags.

These changes made by the Trust, coupled to the ever increasing number of people using these routes, has increased the problem seriously. Scree has built up behind these walls near the stiles, to the point where it is spilling over on to the agricultural land below and shortly, almost certainly, will cause the walls to collapse. Without a wall, and with scree covering the ground, the land will be lost to agriculture and will be far less attractive. Aesthetically the area is less pleasing than before and the eroded paths are significantly visible, as is the newly uncovered areas of rock at the base of the climbs.





Although it is likely that no infallible solution can be found, we all have a duty to try and combat some of these problems if only for posterity. Several actions have been agreed between the National Trust and the BMC as indicated on the map of the area.

1. To create alternative, unobtrusive and natural routes to the climbs by the old route up the outgang behind Middlefell Farm.
2. To cross the larger area of scree to Raven Crag via 'contoured' paths rather than the present vertical paths which move scree downwards so rapidly.
3. To stabilise the area immediately under the crags with paths, again very informally.
4. To erect fences where shown but only to exclude sheep - putting in an adequate number of stiles where required for access by climbers.
5. To plant the area not regularly or in lines but very spasmodically with indigenous species of oak, rowan, holly and some sycamore and larch, together with juniper, to create a root formation to hold the ground, and the scree, and to increase the fertility of the soil which will then allow the introduction of other plant life, which will eventually reproduce itself.

EROSION PREVENTION WORK
BEHIND OLD DUNGEON GHYLL HOTEL
GREAT LANGDALE



KEY

-  TREES (ROWANS HOLLY LARCH OAK & JUNIPER)
-  NEW FOOTPATHS
-  FENCES
-  EXISTING ACCESS POINTS (TO BE BLOCKED)

6. Erect one or two notices explaining the reasons for these changes.

Volunteers are required to help with all the work involved. Anybody able to offer assistance should contact Neil Allinson, Blowick, Patterdale, Cumbria.

STANAGE

P.BINGHAM

Officially this was just a Sunday meet but several members and guests made the most of a good weekend. Two prospective members, David and Paul, were so keen that, on arrival at Heathy Lea on Friday evening without a key, finding the hut locked, they spent the night in the bog! (The uncomfortable boudoir ensured that they were on Gardoms by 5.a.m. on Saturday).

Sunday started cold and misty and, as I made a sweep search of the edge about 10 o'clock, I began to wonder whether I had got the wrong date or whether the Oread were uninspired by the venue. But as the sun broke through and the temperature rose they trickled out until we had over 40 on the meet.

Various base camps were established and folk wandered about at their own pace with the contrasting styles of young and old. (Two of the elder statesmen caused a stir amongst the climbers and were referred to as "those two old buggers climbing without runners". It is worth pointing out that the youth making this remark was so weighted down with gear that he was unable to leave the deck.)

Thanks to all for coming and making it a very worthwhile meet.

ALSTONFIELD, JUNE 28TH, 1975.

D.CARNELL

This meet was held at what threatened to be the end of the three week drought, and it was with certain misgivings that the Meet-Leader entered the 'George' campsite on the Friday night. It was certainly "Harry and Willie", and no time was lost in getting inside the pub, and not alone 'e wasn't neither; in all, eighteen Oreads, wives and friends were soon imbibing the various potions available. Denis 'No Pints Please, I'M Driving' Davis tried several "meegums" and tottered away in to the early hours, while Radders - I'll drink anything - was detailed to look after him the following day on the crags. With the photographic urge waning, and giving way to more primeval urges, we were introduced to the latest Radcliffe Toy, namely a car-battery-operated compressor pump for inflating air-beds!! That the thing is noisily efficient can be gauged from the fact that when Radders plugged it in to his current inflatable "Rachael Welch" and went to fill his water bottle, the air pump was faster than the water tap, and the effigy that greeted his return was more akin to Mrs. Mills!!! And so noisily to bed.

Saturday was bright, but coolish, and those present left for Dovedale early, hoping for warmer sunshine. We certainly got that, it became a scorcher, and we were baked on the white limestone. Most of us went to the Col du Turd -

a famous luncheon spot - and the following climbs were ascended by at least one, but usually three or four parties:- Hortus, Simeon, Silicon, Meander, Campanile, Fetish, Topsy Turvey, Keepers Crack, Boomerang and Veterans Chimney. On the spires opposite, the orange shirted figure of Radders could be seen thrusting himself up the vertical walls, followed by an appreciatively grey Davis. Their routes were: Venerly, Southern Rib, Snakes Alive, Annaconda and John Peel (the latter almost a Radders' solo). Pots of tea were taken at Milldale and, with everyone now sated with routes, it was back to camp to watch the by-now-familiar evening pattern developing..... The quartet arrived back from Beresford Dale (late start from the Pub) and joined the Burgess family at the end of the campsite. So successful were their pressure tactics that the man with the biggest tent and Range Rover (NOT an Oread), packed up and moved out. My congratulations to this group for gaining us valuable camp space. The wives of those Members who had been out from the night-before were arriving now, resplendently ready for the evening meal, and, after a slight delay, during which time soothing ale was poured down patched throats to quell the rumbling stomachs, the 27 fortunate Oreads and Friends sat down to a good value-for-money repast. Our thanks go to Richard at the pub for managing it so well. Of course the old "wino's" were at it - Denis Davis, Roland, Nobby and Andy, but those canny old stagers, Harry and Peter stuck to beer. Burgess kept appearing with a fresh pint, and with an ever increasing grip on the end of the bar later on; Radders continually threw his empty pot down saying "Thats the lasht", and Nat Allen slipped a few 'meegums' into Denis. The main body broke up around 2.a.m., but reports have filtered through that Harry Pretty was up with the lark at about 4.30.a.m. still with a pint in his hand, and Burge had to have his fingers prised off the bar!!!

Sunday dawned, I believe, and eventually, despite the beer talk of the previous evening or because of it, a leisurely start was made. Most parties went to Beeston Tor, or ended up there, though a Nat Allen team visited Dovedale and climbed Hortus, Simeon and Snakes Alive. Gordon Wright and Roland went to Ossams' Crag and did Cumberbund before joining us at Beeston. Radders took Beefstek Burgess (with head) to Thors Cave and did West Window Groove and Slanting Groove before the inevitable collapse of his second second of the weekend! Other routes done by several parties on Beeston were: Nollusc Wall, Oakover Grooves, Lynx, Ocelot, West Wall, Buzz, Central Wall, The Thorn and Bertrams' Chimney. Several walking parties strode through the days' heat, numerous brews were drunk on the campsite by the static sunbathers, and Handly saved himself from all of this by scalding his athletes foot away with the 'teewasser'. Altogether, not a weekend to have missed - see you all next year I hope?

In the meantime follow up with the next enthralling round of Radders-V-Mrs.Mills, quote, "I had a rough night with her - she threw me all over the place!!!".

The half-century of people present were: Nat Allen, Roland Anthony, Judith and David Appleby, Paul Beverley, Janet and Derrick Burgess, Pat and Derek Carnell, Andy Dunham and Judy, Margaret and Graham Foster, Jill and Keith Gregson, Ray Handley, Ursula and Colin Hobday, Rock Hudson, Peter Janes, Margaret and Howard Johnson, John Linney and Graham, Judy and Norman Millward, Joan and Andy Oakden, Peter and Simon O'Neill, Les Peel, Molly and Harry Pretty, Chris Radcliffe, Janet and George Reynolds, Graham Slater, Anne and Reg Squires, Joan and Roy Simnett, Beryl Strike, Brian West; wife and June, Pauline and Gordon Wright. Assorted children and special friends, Denis Davis, Jo and Brian Royle, Shelagh Manning and Ray Booty. My apologies if you came and I didn't see you!!!

Not only was 22nd June the longest day of 1975, it was also the hottest and most humid day of this or any year in the memory of the 25 stalwart Oread walkers.

All the signs had been there the night before as nine of us toiled up Snowdon in darkness to arrive soaked with perspiration to spend an uncomfortable night outside the cafe. It was a short sleep however - only 3 hours for most of us. At 4.30.a.m. we assembled by the cairn and spent the next twenty minutes or so photographing the rather poor sunrise. We were soon joined by other Oreads who had set out from the hut at 3.a.m. The main party left the top of Snowdon at 5.a.m., although Roland Anthony and David Wright were already striding towards Crib-y-Ddysgl summit by this time trying to catch Bev Abley, who had left at 4.40.a.m. Bev was rattling along at a cracking pace having taken 6 pills for an illness he'd got - most of us would have taken on the malady if we could have gone as fast as that! Dave Guyler, Beryl Strike and Stuart Firth were doing the walk in the reverse direction from Aber.

As we descended to the first col we passed Pete Kenyon who was on his way up from Llanberis; after many catcalls etc. we persuaded him to leave the last hundred feet and so he joined the fast moving main party. The descent of Crib-y-Ddysgl and traverse of Crib Goch strung us out, also in many places we had to wait for a party of at least 50 people coming towards us along the ridge (you have to be early these days to avoid the crowds). Even so, we were on the way down the North Ridge by 6.a.m. and in the Pass by 7.a.m.

All the peaks were clear but very overcast and the humidity was already making it an uncomfortable journey. For me the worst part of the 14 peaks in this direction has always been the flog up Elidr Fawr and to-day was no exception. It took almost 3 hours to reach the summit and this involved several stops to try and enable Pete Kenyon to catch us up. Also Pete couldn't make it and he finally decided to miss the peak out and head for the Col below Y Garn. As I said in the circular, on this walk if you want to complete it, it's every man for himself (ask Keith - he even abandoned his wife!)

When John Welbourn, Chris Bryan, Charlie Herbert and I finally arrived on top we found Stuard Bramwell, Ken Bryan and June Price waiting for us - they had been waiting nearly an hour! From here Ken, Stuart, Chris and I carried on over Y Garn to catch up with Jill Gregson and young David at the tarn above the Devils Kitchen. The water here tasted like wine. We also met Stuart Firth and Dave Guyler coming from Aber, they said they had lost Beryl enroute! John W. and Charlie had decided on the gentleman's way out by escorting a tired June down to Ogwen (by the look of them I don't know who was escorting who!)

The short but steep ascent of Glyder Fawr slowed me right down and Stuart Bramwell and Ken forged ahead and that was the last I was to see of them for a while. The four of us left - Jill, Chris, David Chesire and I carried on down Bristly Ridge and over Tryfan.

The Ogwen lay-by was reached at 5.p.m. - we had completed eight of the fourteen and decided to call it a day. I was very surprised on arrival to find some of the front runners were also exhausted and had decided they'd had enough. The Lay-by looked like a first aid clearing station. Welbourne was gently frothing

at the mouth, Paul Bingham was slowly recovering from a bout of morning sickness on Tryfan, Bev Abely was trying to remember how many tablets he'd taken per mountain, Charlie Herbert was unconscious, Pete Kenyon was deliriously telling me that he was on his 14th cup of tea, June was asleep, Stuart and Ken and Graham were quietly shattered and Beryl was sunbathing in her bikini. The two Margarets and Kath Bramwell were dispensing coffee, tea and biscuits to all and sundry.

The rest had carried on to Aber (brave souls) at various times while we all made our way back to the hut to drink our beer and contemplate on what might have been. By around 10.p.m everyone was either back at the hut or in the local pub- which says a lot for the rather complicated travel arrangements.

Sunday was a glorious day - loads of sunshine and a clear blue sky. The majority of Oreads took part in a great three hour football match on Black Rock Sands (where were Bev Abley, Ron Sant and Ron Chambers). interspered with swimming, beer and ice cream- a great end to a grand weekend.

My congratulations to the following who completed the walk: Brian West, Keith Gregson, Roland Anthony, David Wright (12½ hours Snowden to Foel Fras) Pete Scott, Gordon and Pauline Wright and Paul Beverley in 17 hours Rhyd-Ddu to Aber. Stuart Firth and David Guyler in 16½ hours from Aber to Rhyd-Ddu. My thanks to Margaret Gadsby, Kath Bramwell and Margaret Bryan for their six hour stint as support party and my thanks to you all for attending and making the meet a success.

A New Hut

In case you have not already heard, the ABMSAC in a joint venture with the Tuesday Climbing Club have recently converted the old Parish Rooms in Patterdale near Ullswater into a climbing hut.

This is a very good hut, architect designed, and its facilities include :

Sleeping accommodation for 28- in two dormitories

Cooking facilities - both calor - gas and electric

Coal fire in the lounge

Showers

Drying room

Car park for 20 cars

Location : beside A592 Windermere -Penrith road with easy access from either place. Map reference: OS 1 inch 395161

This hut, the George Starkey Hut, is available for booking by clubs and organisations affiliated to the BMC. It is in a good position for the Eastern Fells at all times of the year. Contact the Hon Secretary, Colin Hobday for the address of their booking secretary.

SOME ROCK AND ICE AT KANDERSTEGRay Colledge

The ice came first: an ascent of the north face of the Blumlisalphorn. A reasonable climb of no great difficulty and only 450 metres high giving a good but not too tiring start to the holiday

Unfortunately Terry Sullavan and I had to go to the hut on Saturday evening as naturally we could not rely on the fine weather continuing. By ten o'clock that evening the hut dining room was overcrowded with people standing as well as sitting, despite the fact that all who could, had now retired to the dormitories. At that moment the hut guardian shouted in Swiss and English 'Everybody out', and indeed we all had to file outside to stand in the darkness on the terrace, whilst the tables were cleared and the floor covered with mattresses. As names were called from a list, each person or groups filed in to take their place on the floor after being handed two blankets. It was all most efficient.

However, the Swiss week enders were anxious to get their climbs done and return to their homes and thus it was that at 1.00.a.m., after only three hours, the guardian shouted, again in two languages, 'Everybody up'. In no time at all the mattresses were cleared and replaced by the tables. The breakfast was leisurely, since we were in no hurry to leave for such a short climb and indeed it was 2.30.a.m., before we departed.

It was obvious that others would be going on our climb and in fact we were well down the field with lights well ahead of us. Never-the-less we slowly overhauled these until on the fact proper only one pair were ahead of us, a young man and his girl friend.

After a stiff pull over a bergschrund behind the girl we started to draw level on the steeper slope above, whereupon the man in an effort to wear us down, threw his girl friend into the lead, a trick normally only associated with Ray Handley. She bombed up the slope, armed with a long axe and indeed both Terry and I were most impressed by her ability and courage. After several alternative leads we were drawing ahead but perhaps our two short axes each gave us an unfair advantage. At one point I was belayed to a screw peg and bringing up Terry when she arrived to affectionately stand along side me, whereupon I gave her a Burgess style 'Come on smile'. At this she grabbed my short axe and using the flat, hammered in an ice peg, with me wincing at every blow.

Terry passed through and soon we were well ahead, particularly when the other two stopped for a rest. The climb was now becoming steeper and more interesting, though never serious. As Terry picked his way up probably the most awkward section after we had stopped to eat, more opposition began to appear, with in particular, two men with eagles painted on their helmets to remind me of 'Hells Angels' without their motor cycles. It was obvious they intended to beat us

to the top, and after several rope lengths, when I was about to belay, I realised the other leading man was only fifty or sixty feet below. Accordingly I shouted to Terry to start climbing at once so that we moved together and I arrived at the ridge in time to photograph the 'Hells Angel' still on the slope. He then arrived, to be followed by Terry who moved to the actual summit just before the hordes came up from the ordinary route. Our time was 4 hours 25 minutes, from the hut, but Terry reckoned it would have been 5 hours without the competition.

The Rote Zähne (Red Teeth) which is the south west ridge of the limestone peak, the Gspaltenhorn, was very much a rock route, which gave us a round trip of over 20 hours. Route finding was never easy and we lost perhaps 4 hours, mostly due to arriving on the ridge much too low down. Pitch after pitch gave climbing up to grade IV on often steep rock where one invariably had to use loose hand and foot holds, with no running belays and with the knowledge that the man above or below had no stance belay. Security was totally absent.

Arriving at an enormous abyss, we knew we were on the summit of the first of the three great towers which form part of the ridge. Looking across the gap we saw the second tower was split by a great chimney crack from bottom to top and this we knew we must climb, if we could reach the start. It looked formidable.

Retreating a little we descended slightly to the left down a steep coulior, to where an improbable traverse led round to above the gap again. At the end of this line, we found a small boulder sitting on a sloping ledge which some slings hanging from it. It looked highly unsafe but there was no alternative to that 30 metre abseil. Unroping above the airy drop was gripping, throwing down the abseil rope in a gale force wind difficult. After climbing down some steep rock another verticle abseil of 15 metres placed us on bare ice which dropped away to steep eternity on either side. A few feet away the overhanging crack beckoned whilst the high wind continued unabated and the sky rapidly clouded over. Personally I had the feeling of being fully committed.

It was agreed that Terry, the stronger and more experienced rock climber, would tackle the overhang. The first part of the crack to the overhang was avoided by a slab pitch of IV superior with of course no running belays, but to our delight Terry found 2 or 3 belay pegs driven into the first solid cracks we had seen, just below and to the right of the only place where the overhang could be climbed. However, it had to be climbed without runners of any kind. Terry pulled up, reached over the rop but found only side pull holds, whilst there were no higher foot holds.

Lengthening the belay rope, I balanced on small holds under the bulge to enable Terry to stand on my shoulder. This gave him no extra height but at least he was in better balance whilst he probed. Slowly he moved up until easier climbing took him to a stance. A powerful lead of at least grade V.

After Terry had hauled up his sack I started climbing, retaining my sack to save time. I found it rather desperate, with such poor finishing holds that the weight of my sack at one point threatened to topple me, but a timely tug on the rope by Terry did the trick and I soon joined him at the stance. The rest of the chimney crack, which had looked formidable from the other tower, now proved to be more modest with only the odd pitch of III or IV plus loose rock. At the top of the second tower we looked down into an apparently bottomless gap between us and the third tower. For the first time there was a slight note of alarm in the voice of Terry the 'Hardman', as he said 'where do we go now'. Coming on top of the total lack of security, except below the pitch of V, and the loose holds this gap was too much. The third tower was so near, and yet so far away.

Retreating a few yards we consulted our route description then climbed down slabby scree covered rock to where we found a traversing ledge leading to a bolt belay in a small cave. Here we found a metal container under rock and recorded our names in a book, apparently placed there in memory of someone. We learned that the climb is done once or twice a year.

Further on, after losing half an hour, due to a faulty route description, we crawled through a hole in the very thin buttress, and abseiled from a peg driven into yellow limestone mud. This was in desperation after spending another half an hour looking in vain for a safer alternative. After a short descent of easy rock another abseil of similar length, 15 metres, took us to an icy slippery gully bed. From here slabs led to a long loose and steep chimney which landed us on the far side of the third tower. We still had some way to go but we finally made the summit at 7.p.m.

An electric storm and rain followed but surprisingly we were not too tired, possibly because we were not overburdened with bivouac equipment and extra food, and soon we were bounding down easy angled snow in the light of our head torches, to arrive at the hut at 9.40 p.m. The hut guardian kindly flashed his torch to guide us over the final section to the hut.

DEEP SOUTH : Bits and pieces from our
man in London.

Charlie Cullum

It seems a long time since I wrote anything for the Newsletter - so long in fact that may be some of the older members were beginning to think I must have died of old age and may be some of the younger members have never ever heard of me. Well, actually I'm alive and well and living in London with my first wife, and we've been doing the odd bit here and there.

At Christmas we went skiing with the Turners, a week in Fügen at the bottom end of the Zitteral. Our first shot

and hideously incompetent, but tremendous fun and Roger maintained the dose at a level which would ensure we got hooked on it.

In mid January we had a weekend in Snowdonia with the Thames Valley mob. Actually I was surprised to go by myself on their mini bus, but a couple of days before the meet the Meets Secretary rang me up and said there were 21 bookings and the bus only held 12 so could I please take Chris (so called because she is the Cullum bus) and four others besides myself, so I took Mary as well. On the Saturday, we set off up Crib Goch by the East Ridge in fine weather but were very soon enveloped in cloud, which persisted all day. Lots of snow, and we put the rope on for the ridge itself. Before we started, a bloke with a dog set off in front of us. We paused to let them get out of the way and observed that the bloke was doing it on all fours. H'm, showing the dog what to do, we thought. When we reached the first pinnacle we came upon bloke and dog, both thoroughly gripped. Well, the pinnacle was thickly plastered with snow and ice, and I didn't find it difficult, but I might have done if I'd been a 90 lb golden labrador. So we tied the bloke on the end and the dog in the middle and hauled them up. They stayed with us for the rest of the day, and once the dog got over its terror it seemed to realise it was supposed to be enjoying itself and evidently did so. A bit of a blizzard blew up and we made the summit in extremely bad conditions, and were pleased to get into the shelter of the side of Crib Goch on the Pyg Track.

The next day I went off with another chap to walk up the Watkin path, over Uliwedd and down to Pen y Pass. Conditions were indescribably vile, but even so I was a little surprised when we failed to find Uliwedd and had to retreat.

A couple of weeks later we were up there again, at Tan yr Wyddfe when we met a few Oreads. Fantastic conditions, lots of snow and perfect weather. On the Saturday we did a rather grotty snow climb on Clugwyn y Person ('we' being self and John Doughty with two others, Paul Burt and Charles Westmore; some of you will know one or the other of them - Charles is currently in the Himalayas), and on Sunday Paul, Mary and I did a very fine walk, from Ogwen to the Seabs, up to Cwn Cneifis where Paul and I soloed the Cneifion Arete while Mary did an 'easier' Nordwand style snow climb. Reunited, we continued up the Gribin and on to Glyder Fawr. Snow conditions are rarely as good in Wales as they were that day. Beautiful.

At Easter we were due for another fix so off to the Cairngorms. We stayed at Insh Hall, in Kinraig, a splendid place run by Clive and Sally Freshwater. Clive is a mate of Dougie Godlington, known apparently to every Oread except me. The weather was initially good, but deteriorated. By now we had bought our own gear and decided to spend the week consolidating what we had learned in Austria ('Mit dem Oberkörper vor ! Und in die Knie gehen ! Mary, Mary, Mary!) rather than going into school. We had a fabulous time, and managed all the runs in Coire Cas except the White Lady, and I'd have done that on the last day if the road had'n't been blocked and we'd actually been able to reach the slopes.

II

Bumped into the Allens and the Gardiners and half the Penlingtons while we were there, but of course they're all experts. Roger would have been horrified at my short-radius turns, but at least they work.

About the end of April, sudden phone call. Did I want to go to the Gorge tomorrow?. well, yes, even if I'm only making up the numbers so as to get the price down. You don't have to like me as well. The caller was Young Murph, a British Airways pilot who is also quite a fair climber. The rest of the party consisted of Pip, another pilot, Roger and John. Roger and John went off to do various hvs and xs routes. Young Murph, Pip and I contented ourselves with Unknown Wall and Groake, both vs. A good day in fine weather: we actually suffered from heat and thirst.

A couple of weeks later was the Old Codgers' meet. This is an annual event organised by the afore-mentioned Paul Burt. This year the venue was Clapham, Yorks. I took lots of gear hoping for a spot of limestone climbing, but the weather was pretty poor apart from the Sunday. On the Friday we drank Thwaites' beer in the Golden Lion in Settle, a drop of good stuff which improved the weather and enabled us to enjoy a short walk up to Gaping Gyll. On the Saturday I did the Three Peaks Walk with Gerald Parsons and his little pet dog. He was disappointed by our time of 10 hours dead (or half-dead at any rate), but I was rather pleased to have been able to do it at all. Unfortunately we were in thick damp mist nearly all the time and the Theakston's bitter at the Hill Inn was the most memorable part. Sunday was spent in quiet contemplation and Monday was wet, but we did have a quick look (and I mean look) at Kilnsey and Almscliff on the way home.

Then the Spring Bank Holiday was on us and we spent it in Cornwall with the Thames Valley mob again. John Doughty came with us. We went down on the Thursday evening and stayed until Tuesday, so as to avoid the traffic. The weather was mostly fine but cold. Started off on the Friday at Chair Ladder where John and I did Terrier's Tooth. Must be the hardest V.Diff in the world. Thought we'd have a go at Pegasus but driven off by gulls - they were extras in Hitchcock's film 'The Birds' and have ideas above their station. Saturday we went to Pedn-Men-Dn where we did half of Hayloft, half of Gargoyle and half of Monday Face. I made a pig's ear of all of them. Sunday was wet and we went to Bosigram with one Mike Thompson and a liberated young lady called Sue Darling (or Sue, darling, if you prefer). Mike and I did Red Slab in the rain while John took Sue off to Alison's Pit. Then Mike, John and I did Doorpost, a magnificent hs of improbable steepness and mind blowing exposure. It peed with rain on the top pitch but it did'nt seem to affect the adhesion of EBs much.

Monday they all said they were going to Bosigran again, so we went to Bosigran but the bastards went to Chair Ladder. John and I did Commando Ridge for starters but somehow took all day over it. Still, it was good clean fun.

On the last day we had another look at Pedn-Men-Dn. I made a total cock-up of Denis which John did with consummate

ease. Swine. It's a good 'job' of a route though. I don't know what it is about Pedn-Men-Du, I can't seem to climb anything harder than Diff. there (you can say that again..Ed.)

A final note for the serious climbers..Cornish pubs are lousy- the First and Last Senne sells rotten beer at an inflated price, the Old Siocess at Sennen Cave rotten beer rather more cheaply, and the Devonish bitter at Lands End is the worst that I've ever tried.....but it still wasn't upto much.

See you on the Cloggy meet.(that was ages ago..Ed)

Stop Press..... Is Dustin Crapman dead.....what has happened to the loo and pigeons.....will Radders be the first to use the new inovation..... have the pigeons lost all sense of direction..... or has the loo been blown off the north wall already (where was Rosy in August?).....will Dustin Crapman please communicate....Stop Press.....

For Sale....(again) I pair of Henke lightweight, walking/climbinb boots, size 39-42(7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -8) ..all leather..only used once good reason for sale.... (they dont fit)....contact the editor.

For Sale.....I wife and four children (house thrown in)...write Box 48.. this journal.

For Sale.....I pair of HEAD ski's....I95 cm with step in bindings....very good condition by being well maintained and stored properly(not like the rubbish Fred Allen and Peter Janes have been offering)...contact ed.

Wanted.....Rucksack.not frame...must be in good condition...Joe Brown/ Don Whillans type.....contact ed.

Wanted.....5 bullocks, 3 horses, 6 hens and I big cock....contact Fred Allen (would also take I Manx cat in part exchange for Volvo)

Wanted.....Small lilo...suitable for child...mustn't have any holes... contact ed..

Help us keep our advertising honest..if you thik it breaks the code just pass on the details to the editor or any member of the committee (not Nat Allen ..he's always ready to cause trouble).

Quote from Lol Burns to Gordon Wright...."my old lady(grandmother) used towalk the Yorkshire Dales in the clag at all hours - and then you bloody educationalists come along and paint red and yellow arrows all over a two and a half acre wood."

Overheard from Ray Handley in the Moon recently...."my dad was so strict with me -thats the reason I turned out rotten".

Is it true that Digger Williams is taking the advanced driving test?.

It is true that Burgess has been at it again!....congratulations to Derrick and Janet on the expected birth in May.

Overheard at the Pinnacle Club dinner..... "Oh! no my dear, it couldn't have been that dear Raymond College - he was still at Sunday school at the time".

Fred Allen recently walked into the Moon and asked the barmaid for twenty six pints of beer..."twenty six" said the young lady..."yes"...said Fred, "I want to wash my car".

It was heard recently that Pete Scott has invested in a dialing lock for his telephone.(but he's made the mistake of giving Sue a spare key!!)

Tom Green has purchased a brand-new 'rubber lined' double sleeping bag... "He says it improves the sweating".

The Appleby's had another daughter in August...Sarah Georgina. Dave has said he's finally going to hang his thing up!

A recent telex in from Sydney Australia, that a Miss Kotowska has set out on her return to the U.K....wearing lightweight welligtons, carrying a small sack containing a bar of aere chocolate and a small packet of peanuts.

Is it true that Mike Key has a blond bolted into the passenger seat of of all his new cars before they come off the assembly line?.

Ashcroft..."you may have a better car than me Handley but I've a better head of hair"...Handley..."maybe so, but what about that unfortunate bugger Fisher that hasn't got either".

Can any-one give us the wherabouts of Chuck Hooley?.

CRATCLIFFE TOR - 29TH - 31ST AUGUST.

Friday evening things started well. The good weather had been booked in March and had been in evidence ever since. The whole of Europe had enjoyed a heatwave of monster proportions, Reservoirs were drying up. Plants and people wilted. Things were looking good. An Indian Guru friend said it hadn't been so hot since the last time it had been so hot. 21.00 hours saw us on the patio of the Druids in continental sunchairs under Heineken sunshades. The ouzo flowed.

On Saturday morning it peed it down. The storm clouds were breaking over the EEC. The Euro-Depression was upon us. There was talk of "shopping in Matlock".

However, after three or five breakfasts, tenses, elevenses and twelveses, the cloud lifted three or four inches. There was optimism in the camp. A bold team strode forth to the crag, grim in their determination to give it some. Come hell or high water. Both came.

The dry routes, both of which were overhanging jamming cracks of course, were done time after time, this way and that until a trickle of Rhesus negative made the crux moves just that bit too hard. A truce was called at five. A retreat was beaten to the tents and tea was prepared. Someone put on waterproof trousers; then the sun smiled so sweetly he was obliged to remove them. This was the signal for a thunderbolt. Several - nay a score or more. In sheer frustration someone went to look at the fish in Matlock Aquarium on the theory that it's cheering to know that there's always someone, somewhere in a worse situation than oneself.

The drinking session was a more cheerful affair altogether. Well-behaved of course, but nevertheless cheerful.

Sunday was a big improvement with the day-trippers coming in droves and doing their stint on Cratcliffe and Robin Hood's. Meanwhile the A-team, followed by the Berger Fuehrer, fulfilled Sportsplan 'R' - the main event being a mass congel-traverse of Rowtor Rocks. Altogether it was quite a successful affair and by the finish over forty Oreads had had their cards stamped as having completed the test.

No prizes were awarded for the Tiger Traverse contest since there were no claimants. However it has been decided to allocate booby prizes instead:-

1st Prize goes to Roland Anthny for putting up the only new climb of the week-end, a rather loose peg route on the North Face of the Druids Inn.

2nd Prize - Mike Key for getting his priorities right. He arrived at 3.30.p.m. on Sunday and proceeded to eat. His executive lunch consisted of reconstituted dehydrated strawberry yoghurt.

3rd Prize - definitely Ron Chambers for the best ploy of the weekend. You may remember the Chambers went home early on Sunday. They were expecting a new bed to be delivered on Monday and wanted to give the old one a last thrash.

Thanks for coming, see you at the Heathy Lea party on December 20th.

WELSH HUT WORKING PARTY SEPTEMBER 1974

I'am very pleased to report that the work party was very well attended which enabled a large amount of work to be carried out as follows:-

- (a) Attention to bad plaster in bedrooms.
- (b) Fix skirting board in the two front bedrooms.
- (c) Re-plaster around bay windows in the front bedrooms.
- (d) Decorate all four bedrooms.
- (e) Re-paper staircase and decorate.
- (f) Clean windows, wash curtains.
- (g) Attention to boiler.

It is now impossible to get the special fuel for the boiler in North Wales, however coal can be used but care should be taken in lighting the boiler, and the use of coal which is very expensive.

PEOPLE PRESENT

JOHN & RUTH WELBOURN & FAMILY

COLIN HOBDAV

GORDON & PAULINE WRIGHT

PETER KENYON

STUART FRITH

LAURIE BURNS

RON SANT

YVONNE TAYLOR

TONY & BARBARA SMEDLEY

BUDDON VALLEY MEET.

KEN HODGE.

I had hoped for exceptional weather for this meet and got it, but not in the way I had anticipated.

Everyone was fortunate to get their tents pitched before the rains came which was a good thing, for once the downpour started it carried on non-stop for the next 24 hours.

The rain, coupled with a force nine gale deterred all but our intrepid member from Rolleston-on-Dove and his team of stout hearted men and women from venturing out. This group braved the elements to walk to the pub via Wallowbarrow while the rest of us went by car.

Sunday saved the meet from being a repeat of the Patterdale washout, it dawned superb.

The blue skies and warm sunshine prompted an early start to Dow and Wallowbarrow crags where the wet rock soon dried out.

Chris, Roy and their friends from Chesterfield spent a good day traversing Grey Friar, Swirl How, Coniston Old Man and Dow Crag.

Those present on the meet:- Doreen, Keith and Jill Gregson, Mike and Sue Wren and family, Gordon Wright, Bov and Kath Abley, Chris Radcliffe and 5 friends, Roy Darnell, Pete and Simon Neal, Graham Slater, Paul Stone, Beryl Strike and John Doughty.

Thanks for coming everybody.

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KANDERSTEG 1975
CLIMBING IN THE S.W. BERNESE ALPS.

JOHN FISHER

Dave Peglington and myself agreed early this year that we should climb together once more in the Alps and Kandersteg was decided upon. Neither of us had been there before and it had the extra advantage of being a somewhat unfashionable district (no embarrassing "watcherduns" in the main street) so by our reckoning it would be a relatively quiet place in the middle of the season. Such it proved.

The trip out by the gentlemen's route - boat and train - was relieved by the extraordinary incident of Dave P. being shunted off from the main section of the train whilst having a shave in a more distant carriage toilet. Amusing in retrospect, at the time it must have been a shaker for him on returning down the train to find only a prospect of lines. However, we met up some five hours or so later on Kandersteg station, he hungry and I sweated out carrying both lots of luggage. The irony of it all was that he arrived hours earlier than I, since I played the white man, hanging about in Spiez inspecting every incoming train from Bern. Interested readers had better enquire of him about the Boy Scouts and fending off ticket collectors. Gentlemen's route indeed, more for him, travelling with only a toilet bag whilst I dragged a hundredweight of kit about never ending Swiss platforms.

All went well after that with a trip up the Frunden hut and the short Frundenhorn from there. The climb was followed by a crossing to the Doldenhorn hut which involved a nasty place where the Doldenhorn Galletgrat is reached. A few sharp words from Dave gave me enough confidence (sic) to get across a dodgy and exposed place. Incidentally, these rocks are passed in the dark by those doing the Galletgrat - it must be easier when you cannot see the consequences! After a night in the hut, down we went to Kandersteg and after restocking, on again up the Gasterntal to spend the night in a touristenlager in Selden.

By this time, Dave had worked out an interesting itinerary in the form of a circular route from Kandersteg in the Mutthorn, Gspaltenhorn and Blumlisalp huts with options on various peaks. This trip proved a most successful core to the holiday. He hasn't lost his touch the enigmatic Penlington (look it up D!). Seldon is a useful stopping point on the way up to the Tschingelpass (Mutthorn hut) and there we met an old guide by the name of Adolph Schrydrig. Amongst other interesting things he told us that as a very young man he had met Christian Klucker and Josef Knubel. It seems he kept good company that old fellow. It all added to the general interest - a real link with the past and a most pleasant experience to exchange conversation with him.

A 5.30 a.m. start from Selden landed us at the Mutthorn hut by 11.00. confirming the rarely used principle of getting the graft done early in the morning. The weather so far had been very good so the next day we climbed the W. ridge of the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn. A good route, consisting of a mixed rock and snow ridge terminating in a tiny and precarious snow cone. This summit is a fine viewpoint giving an unrivalled panorama of the major Oberland peaks and those too of the Lotschental area. The Bietschorn seen well from that point really is an impressive mountain.

Since the scope around the Mutthorn hut is limited, Dave and I went over the Gamchilucke the following day to the Gspaltenhorn hut and did the Gspaltenhorn by the N.E. ridge the next morning. This route is a short but pleasant and scenic climb spoilt somewhat by some fixed ropes on the steel rocks of the final ridge. In this case purist attitudes were temporarily dispersed with! At the hut we learned of the bad weather adventures of Ray Colledge and partner on the Rote Zahne. Speaking of O.M.C. members we met the Pent brothers from Frutigen who had been with Burgess, Jones and Handley on the Doldenhorn. Eddy, one of the brothers, was an admirer of Ray Colledge, thought Derek B. was very sure, and on prompting laughed and agreed when the remaining Ray was described as the smoking and drinking one. The limelight did not apparently shine on Pete Janes at that time. Seriously though, these local brothers had quite a high regard for the English climbers who they thought do some respectable climbs in rather short holidays.

To continue, after the descent from the Gspaltenhorn we reached the Blumlisalp hut via an obscure and little used track. Feeling quite ruined after all the energy expenditure and still dogged by a blistered right heel, initiated on the first hut slog and getting progressively worse, I left Dave to attend to the Weisse Frau and Blumlisalp with two Britishers. They returned full of enthusiasts reporting that the climb was excellent and since Dave was still feeling desperately fit he and I decided to do the complete ridge, that is from the Morgenhorn to the Blumlisalp and including the Weisse Frau. Off at 3.00 a.m. we completed this route, a minor classic, in very good time under the most superb conditions. A magnificent ridge, almost all snow, heavily corniced and very steep in sections, altogether one of the best Alpine climbs done by either of us. Forgive the superlatives, but this ridge deserves them. The same day we descended to Kandersteg and had a day's rest and a decent night's sleep - between sheets for a change.

Up at the Blumlisalp hut we had met Peter Biven and party, who, having returned to Kandersteg were deciding what to do. Dave made up their minds for them with the idea of the Balmhorn - Altels traverse. There was no holding D.P., murderously fit and enthusiastic (in his own way of course - a note for the cognoscenti!), he just went on and on. He had been training by doing the Scottish Four Thousanders but for my own part, overweight at nine stones and very unfit, I unbalanced the D.P./J.F. party a bit. Anyway, they disappeared to do that route showing a clean pair of heels whilst the writer went off happy enough to cool and heal his amongst the pastures of the attractiw Gasterntal. The memories of the Morgenhorn Blumlisalp traverse were too good to may by grinding to a finish and limping home, so for my part left it at that. Such a civilised way of putting it! A bit of time to laze and reflect in these surroundings never did any harm and silence of the hills was just as good as that of D.P.!!

That's the end of my story and I can tell no more or so the song goes, so there it is. Enjoy the staccato innuendoes. For the record, just in case the real activities climbed either together or with others were as follows:-

Fruendenhorn N.W.ridge
 Lauterbrunnen Breithorn W. ridge
 Gspaltenhorn N.E.ridge
 Weisse Frau - Blumlisalp traverse
 Morgenhorn - Weisse Fray - Blumlisalp traverse.
 Balmhorn - Altels traverse.

NORTH EAST FACE OF THE PIZ-BADILE

At 2 a.m. the animal in me was unhappy. Brian and I hadn't slept much. I had been thinking about the previous years epic and I imagined the same thoughts had passed through his mind. I had read about a feeling of excitement before a big climb but I just felt sick.

After a clumsy walk through a forest and over a boulder field a huge drop could be sensed but not seen. After half an hours search the Colle de Vial was found and an exciting descent was made to the glacier below, passing a pair of British climbers who were looking for the North Ridge.

We made a nervous plod up to the face which became more impressive the nearer we got. At 5.15 a.m. geared up we started to solo the first part of the face. A few stones arrived but fortunately they were the only ones this year. We encountered the first major obstacle at 5.30 a.m., people. I chased two Germans up the first diedre, it seemed a pity to rush such a nice pitch. Despite very persistent attempts to pass them on the way up to the detached block they displayed considerable skill in avoiding any change in the human snake as it wound its way upwards. A big hold up at the block and half an hour was wasted as we had to wait in the queue with no chance of getting past.

Brian took over the lead and moved up to just below the first cassin bivouac. As I came up and joined him the exposure suddenly made its presence felt. Come north old men and armchair sceptics. Brian led across the slabs, still trying to pass the Germans, but he only slowed things down as he got in between them and managed to knit the ropes.

We took another forced rest at the snow patch and waited for my turn to lead off again. I found the next pitch very trying with a full sack and an ice axe. The crack and chimney proved very strenuous and I remembered Ray Colledge once said that the Badile contained some delightful bridging, either he must have done a different route or have a bad memory. That pitch and the next five we both agreed were the hardest, with some awkward delays as we waited for people to move to get onto the belays, and I was glad Brian had taken over the lead again. I let a long pitch, a very long pitch up the central couloir. Stanage seemed a long way away and so did the glacier below. We made fast progress up the chimneys as the difficult pitches below appeared to have separated the other parties. The climbing here was very different to the exposed slabs and I was in my element as I thrutched up rounded chimneys and cracks.

At 6.00.p.m. we reached the next bottle neck, a myriad of assorted bodies which hung at most improbable angles in a chimney above. I descended forty feet and traversed out left just as the clouds swirled in and the odd spot of rain arrived and brought with it a sense of seriousness. Brian lead through but in his haste missed an easier line and we spent a while getting established into a sound belay. We were now about one hundred feet below the crest of the ridge which was not bathed in the evening sunlight. The next pitch didn't give in without a fight and I was glad to reach the easier climbing on the ridge and bring Brian up.

It was now 7.p.m. and by the time we had reached the top it was 7.25.p.m. We decided that we knew the descent and that we expected to reach the Gianetti hut before nightfall, that was mistake number one. The second was that we had drunk all the water believing we would reach Gianetti hut and the third being that we did not find the last abseil point before it got dark.

It was one of those highly enjoyable nights. We both sat down and passed a very cold night without water, watching a storm, which fortunately never came too close, and thinking it would soon get light because it always had done in the past. It did and after some water found on the descent to the Roman Traverse we plodded back over the Passo diBondo and ran down to the Sciora hut for some beer. It was only a pound a pint and it seemed quite reasonable.

EVENING MEETS '75'A A BRIEF REVIEW

NAT ALLEN.

With the current epedemic in Oread production circles, of 'Nilputumpentupaper' it has been found necessary to write a little on a rather popular aspect of the Clubs summer activities 'The Evening Meet'. It may or may not surprise folk that club members on a sunny summer evening, sprint out of offices, factory gates, schools, brothels and pubs at around 5.30.p.m. and drive like crazy up the A6 north to the nearest crag, to work up a thirst for the last hour in 'The Gate' or 'Johnah's' Pub. Perhaps this is why our Meets secretary is instructed to select nights in the early or late season when its dark at 9.00.p.m. and so whoever is landed with Glow-Worm Burgess can coax him off the crag while the barman is still pulling.

The first of the season was 'Black Rocks' Wednesday 23rd April. This was an excellent turn out with all shapes and sizes of Oriad in action. It was a lovely night with all the old classics falling, Radders off 'Birch Tree', Handley off 'Love Tree' and Ron Chambers off a bar stool. Perhaps the memory of the night was Shirley Goldsmith on Stonnis Arete, tightening the tope tope, on the slight figure of husband Frank who was having a bit of a gripper below.

BRASSINGTON - MAY 14TH

Always a winner, this attracted a massive horde. The solo speedsters after a slight delay at Brassington Crack where "Lansing Bagnall" had blocked the crack up with his giant nuts, worked their way over West Hill to the last route, an infamous V.diff known as 'Red Arete'. Suddenly Speedy Smith plopped off, to land awkwardly insome greasy boulders. It sounded serious and a massive rescue was launched. Much could be written on the next period, on the speculations and fears for Speedy's injuries, even a Midwife stood by. Eventually the broken wretch was bundled (minus a P.A.) into an ambulance. When out of about 30 close friends none seemed willing to forego his night in "The Gate" to accompany him to the operating theatre. Eventually one emerged, Pete Holden then President of "Newthorpe Common Shandy Drinkers", went, and the rest bolted for the Pub. Happily the lad was only battered and bruised and a jolly good night was had by all (but one)

WILD CAT TOR. - 14TH JUNE.

Another excellent night and the crag took a real thrashing. All the plum climbs on this fine cliff took at least one Oread ascent, Burgess of course ruining Nat Allen's nights drinking with his enthusiasm for night climbing.

With the end of 'the alpine season' and August long weekend another Brassington seemed obvious. This time with Speedy safely on the continent working, the way was clear for the classic after session in 'The Gate'. I counted 35 club members in the bar and we were by such as Morty Smith, Pip Hopkinson, Terry Sullivan, Tim Lewis and Tony Husbands. On this meet the Landlord had one thing to say, that if it were possible, in future when the Oread had a Brassington Meet, could he be advised so he could stock up with extra beer.

One closing thought on midweek climbing is that it is not restricted to just four nights a summer, we are out every Wednesday night. So, come on you hen-pecked gardeners and decorators, sneak your gear in your car (not your courting gear), raid the kids piggy bank for the price of a pint and join em.

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PHOTO MEET HELD ON OCTOBER 4TH, 1975.

C.HOBDAY

A total of 18 people entered 226 colour slides in the various sections of the annual photo-competition, held at the Castle Hotel on Saturday October 4th, 75.

The judge, Daren Seddon, found it a very difficult choice to decide upon the winners. On the pre-judging in the afternoon, some slides were viewed as many as six times before coming to a final decision.

Dave Guyler gained overall first place in the Colour Section. Ken Bryant and Gordon Gadsby came equal second so no third prize was awarded.

Club interest was judged by the President who reduced the number of slides down to ten, before he introduced the now established practise of the using of the clapometer. The highest applause going to a slide of Ron Chambers who received the Peacock Trophy.

With the re-introduction of the black and white competition entries from 5 people were received, plus two sets of display photographs depicting some of the history of the Oread.

The standard of the black and white prints was very high. The prize for the best overall print with a mountaineering theme was awarded to Ken Bryant.

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AUGUST LONG WEEK-END
TAN-YR WYDFFA

LOL BURNS.

Lol found, after spending a few days prior to the holiday at the hut, that he had on the Friday afternoon to take two young ladies back to Nottingham. On dragging himself from bed on the Saturday morning, he discovered his tail pipe had rotted off and he understandably failed to make the return journey to Wales.

In Wales, after a dryish start, the day got damper, this forcing most to Tremadoc and district where 'Merlin' creagh dhu wall princess, Shearling and Foultouch were snatched before heavy rain. At 'Nite' the 'Quellyn Arms' under new management, was preferred for Ale and Grub. Walking seemed the order of the day for most and teams tramped on Snowdon and Hebog. The Pass (rather damp) and the wennaillt for the climbing teams.

On Monday Charlie Cullums team climbed the classic 'Main Wall' and 'Out to sea'. Gregson and Doughty pushed the reluctant Nat Allen to the sharp end up 'Avernus' The much neglected classic of 'The Rivals'. The walkers had a good day on 'Mynydd Mawr'.

The ranks thinned a little on Monday night, and Charlie Cullum's team headed for Tremadoc, whilst on a clear morning 'Gregson', 'Fisher' and 'Allen' enjoyed Kirkus's route on Cwm-y-Sylyon, a deserted crag.

It was an excellent four days spent in good company. It is now known that "Lol's" tail pipe has recovered.

Those present: Ernie and Ronnie Phillips, Ken and Doreen Hodge, Mary and Charlie Cullum, Bev and Kath Abley, John Fisher and Sally, Keith Gregson, John Doughty, Nat and Tinsel Allen, Rock Hudson, Paul Betty and Douglas Gardner and four guests.

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THE ALPINE MEET - BERNINE AND BREGAGLIA
JULY/AUGUST 1975.

AN ACCOUNT BY
GORDON GADSBY

As we drove over the crest of the 7,500 ft. Julier Pass, the clouds were down and a steady drizzle swept the windscreen. That long awaited glimpse of the snow giants of the Bernine Alps would have to wait for another day. At 3 p.m. we arrived at the campsite between Champfer and St. Moritz; all around was damp and dismal, but, as in the Zillertal two years ago, the skies started to clear with the arrival of the Meet Leader! This clearance, apart from a couple of storms, was to last for just over three weeks. The site, being the same one we had used in 1966 on the first Oread Alpine Meet, brought back many memories, although I couldn't remember the large steel pylon now looming above the tents.

Heidi, the lady in charge, was very pleasant and spoke excellent English. There was a reduction in your bill if you were staying at a hut, but even so the cost for a couple averaged out at around £2. per night. To anyone visiting the Bernina in the future I would recommend this site with its good position for the peaks and good facilities.

Following this report is a classified list of successful ascents, thirty one in all, one of them a twenty minute walk to end the holiday with a good viewpoint, but all the rest well worthy of inclusion in anyone's mountaineering activities.

Altogether there were 29 Oreads and friends on the meet, including a pregnant Cathy Abley (I suppose that makes 30) and a great time was had by all. Apart from mountaineering, other pastimes engaged in were, canoeing, swimming, badminton, football and cricket; we even had the continentals joining in what must have been one of the wildest and most hilarious football matches ever seen on a Swiss campsite. It reminded me of the Ashbourne Annual Ball Game. We never knew who won, but we had two players retired hurt and Gordon Wright played a blinder in the middle! The local pub selected by the Oread Sons of Suction was called the Restaurant Corvatsch; it was expensive looking but with a really friendly atmosphere and very reasonable prices. This was the scene of many Oread booze-ups and we wished we could have brought the place back home as an answer to the Moon versus Wilmot problem! On the last night of the Meet, nineteen of us had a splendid celebration dinner at the Corvatsch, the wine and beer flowed like water and the food was excellent. The evening finished with a sing song, more beer and an unsteady walk back to camp.

As the weather got better and better, the idyllic lake above the campsite became a favourite place on rest days. Also most people made excursions to Italy, either to Chiavenna and Lake Mezzola, or over the Bernina Pass to the Wild West Boot Legging town of Livignio for Ron and Yvonne to stock up with Bacardi.

Swiss National Day (August 1st) was celebrated on the lakeside at St. Moritz with bonfires and fireworks. The way the Swiss handle rockets, bangers etc. makes Guy Fawkes night here look like a kids picnic. Some were firing rockets dangerously near the crowds and it was every man for himself to avoid being hit. Another rest day pursuit was feeding the red squirrels and the nutcracker birds in the woods at Pontresina and of course insatiable photography. (For the record a Kodachrome 25 film costs £4. in Silvaplana! £2.50 here).

Now for the mountains - it must be very rare for anyone to celebrate their 25th Wedding Anniversary by climbing a peak, but that's what Gordon and Pauline did when they scaled Il Chaputschin. Later they had a party on the campsite with all 29 Oreads attending. However the beer got a bit too much for Ron Chambers who had to retire to bed at 9 p.m.! That celebrated alpine classic the Biancograt took a real bashing from five Oread teams, all of whom did the traverse and descended to the valley the same day. (The reason being that a night spent at the Marco Rosa Hut would cost £5 just for the bed). Other hut prices ranged from £1 to £3 for a bed. The North Ridge of the Piz Badile had two ascents and the Classic North Face was climbed by the Wright Brothers at the end of the holiday. The two Ronnies paved the way on both the Biancograt and the North Rib of the Piz Palu for the rest of the Oread. Roland and Dave Guyler started their season by ascending the Ice Nase on Piz Cambrena in a very good time. Another Oread team attempted this the day after a storm and pronounced it impossible! Mike Key in his first alpine season had a major setback with a burnt foot and a giant blister, but came through with some good ascents including the traverse of Palu with Bev and Beryl. Others climbing their first alpine peaks were Ken and Margaret Bryan, their son Christopher aged 14 and Yvonne Taylor, when they did the Il Chaputschin and Pitschen with Stuart Bramwell and myself on a glorious day. Also Keith and Jill Gregson, who had previously done most of their climbing in Norway, both enjoyed their first visit to the Alps. Keith must have found it easier in Switzerland as he seemed to romp up everything (mostly with Rock Hudson) at a cracking pace - including the Biancograt from hut to summit in 5½ hours and the descent from the Diavolezza Hut in half an hour! Keith thought his hardest route of the season was the South West Ridge of Piz Gluchaint (this shows how guide book grades can be very misleading, and all the lads thought the rock climbing on the Bianco was comparatively easy)

It was great to see the girls getting on the routes and I congratulate them all on their efforts. Linda Bryan aged 9 and Ricky Gadsby aged 6, the two youngest on the meet, reached the top of Munt Pers and walked all the way down to the valley; then another time they walked to the Coaz Hutte and came down over the Furclo Surlej to the campsite at St. Moritz - even the grown-ups were tired! Another pleasant family walk was to the beautiful Lake Cavaloc from the Maloja Pass - many thought this was the best day of the holiday. My own highlight was the ascent of that lonely giant of the Bregaglia - Monte Della Disgrazia - with Stuart Bramwell and Ken Bryan by the North West Ridge. I'd waited 9 years for the chance and it lived up to all my expectations. Its true that all good things come to an end, but I'm sure that the memories of the Alpine Meet in the glorious summer of 75 will live for many years to come. Thank you all for coming and making it a great meet.

Bev and Cath Abley, Roland Anthony, Kath and Julie Bramwell, Ken, Margaret, Christopher and Linda Bryan, Ron and Kath Chambers, Gordon, Margaret and Ricky Gadsby, Keith and Jill Gregson, Dave Guyler and Alison, Rock Hudson, Mike Key, Beryl Strike, Ron Sant and Yvonne Taylor, Gordon and Pauline Wright, Brian and Ann Wright, David and Thelma Wright.

The Alpine Meet Contd.

MOUNTAINS CLIMBED

Date	Mountain	Route	Hut	Climbers	Comments
July 22nd	Piz Morteratsch 3751m	N. Flank & Ridge (F+)	Tschierca 2573m	R. Chambers R. Sant	Very poor snow conditions
	Piz De La Margna 3158m	East Flank (F)	Climbed from valley Sils Maria	K. Gregson B. Abley R. Hudson	One hell of a training climb. Harder than grade
	Piz Badile 3308m	North Ridge (IV)	Saas Fura	B. Wright D. Wright	First climb of the season
July 23rd	Piz Roseg	Essels grat PD-AD	Tschierva 2573m	R. Chambers R. Sant	Reached NW Peak 3920m No snow trail
July 2 23rd	Il Chaputschin 3386m	N. Ridge via Ice Fall (F+)	Coaz 2610m	K. Gregson J. Gregson R. Hudson M. Key	What a flog! Jill got snowblind
	Munt Pers 3208m	Good Track from Hut (F)	Diavolezza 2974m	G&M&R. Gadsby K&M&C&L. Bryan S&K&J. Bramwell Y. Taylor K. Chambers B. Strike B&C. Abley Bev's Dad	Attempt by Meet Leader to make sure everyone climbed a peak Excellent viewpoint
July 24th	Piz Gluschaint 3593m	S.W. Ridge (PD) N.E. Flank	Coaz 2610m	K. Gregson R. Hudson	Trav. Peak hardest climb. First ascent of season by S.W. Ridge
	Il Chaputschin 3386m	Traversed (F+)	Coaz 2610m	B. Abley B. Strike	Fine Peak Excellent view
	Piz Fora 3363m	N.N.W. Ridge (F+)	Climbed from Val Fex	G. Gadsby S. Bramwell K. Bryan C. Bryan	Reached first sum. on long main ridge 12 hour day. No snow trail. Good route
July 26th	Piz Palu 3909m	N. Pillar (AD) of E. Peak and traverse.	Dia vol ezza	R. Chambers R. Sant	Great Route

The Alpine Meet Contd

Date	Mountain	Route	Hut	Climbers	Comments
July 28th	Piz Bernina 4052m	Biancograt (AD/AD.Sup+)	Tschierva 2573m	R.Chambers R.Sant	Reached summit in 6 hrs.from hut Down to valley
	Il Chaputschin 3386m Pitschen 3328m	Traversed the 2 Peaks N. and W. Ridges (F+)	Coaz 2610m	G.Gadsby Y.Taylor C.Brown S.Bramwell M.Bryan K.Bryan	Reached summit at 7 a.m. - 2 hrs before guided party. Fabulous views
	Piz Roseg 3939m	N.W.Ridge (PD)	Coaz 2610m	G.Wright P.Wright	Reached main summit. 14 hr day!
	Piz Cambrena 3601m	Eisnase (D+)	Diavol 2974m	R.Anthony D.Guyler	Fantastic! Superb Ice Climbing
	Piz Palu 3909m	N.Pillar of E.Peak & Trav.	Diavol 2974m	K.Gregson R. Hudson	Fantastic. Most most enjoyable route. 5 hrs to top
July 29th	Piz Morteratsch 3751m	N.Flank & Ridge (F*)	Tschierva 2573m	B.Abley B.Strike	Nice Route
	Il Chaputschin 3386m	N. Ridge (F+)	Coaz 2610m	G.Wright P.Wright	Climbed on 25th Wedd. Anniversary.
Aug 1st	Piz Roseg 3939m	Esselsgrat (PD to AD)	Tschierva 2573m	R.Anthony D.Guyler R.Hudson	Reached E.Peak Hard descent
	Monte Della Disgrazia 3687m	N.W.Ridge (PD+)	Cesare Ponti 2559m	G.Gadsby K.Bryan S.Bramwell	Top 8.15 a.m. First Brit.Asc. of year. Exc.Route
	Piz Bernina 4052m	Biancograt (AD/AD.Sup+)	Bivouac	B.Abley G&D&B.Wright	Biv.below great snow ridge
	Piz Cambrena 3603m Piz D-Arlas 3467m Piz Caral 3422	NNW Ridge (PD) Trav the 3 peaks N.Ridge	Diavol- ezza 2974m	K.Gregson J.Gregson M.Key	Longest day of holiday. N.Ridge great. B. cold!
Aug 2nd	Piz Badile 3308m	N.E.Face (VS)	Bivouac	B.Wright D.Wright	Great Climb

The Alpine Meet contd.

Date	Mountain	Route	Hut	Climbers	Comments
Aug 3rd	Piz Bernina 4052m	Biancograt	Tschierva	K.Gregson R.Hudson	5½ hrs. to top No abseil needed Rock climbing easy!
				R.Anthoney D.Guyler	6 hrs. to top Steep ice on descent - long day
	Piz Palu 3909m	Traverse (F/PD)	Diavolezza	B.Abley B.Strike M.Key	Very enjoyable route
Aug 6th	Piz Palu 3909m	N.Pillar of E.Peak and Trav (AD)	Diavolezza 2974m	C.Wright R.Anthony	Good route
	Piz Lagalp 2960	20 min.walk from cable station		R.Gadsby L.Bryan J.Bramwell & families	Good biewpoint Fine gentians near summit
	Piz Nadile 3308m	N.Ridge (IV)	Saas Fura	K.Gregson R.Hudson Graham	7 hrs. to top Long and sustai but not hard
	Caciabella	N.W.Ridge (PD)		M.Key E.Fylde	3½ hours to summit

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ARRAN MEET

23RD/31ST MAY 1975CHRISTINE CRADDOCK

I am sure I am speaking for everyone who attended this Meet if I say this Meet will surely rank as one of the most memorable meets in the Oread calendar for this year. Arran remained as unspoilt and attractive as ever, and the weather was perfect, with not a drop of rain all week !!!

Saturday 23rd May.

Paul and I caught the 7.00 a.m. boat from Ardrosson where we met several other Oreads including Guido Gadsby and his party of sherpas.

Apparently Colin and Ushi Hobday and party, and Reg and Ann Squires and family had arrived on the island the previous day, and on our arrival at Brodick we were all relieved to find Colin there to meet us with his car to convey the gear to the campsite (I understand this was due to the efforts of Gordon!)

Arran Meet contd.

There was then a mass exodus of Oreads to hire bikes and soon we were all on our way to the campsite in Glen Rosa. Although Chris Radcliffe, Dave Guyler, John and Stuart(?) despised any mechanical aid, (i.e. bikes) and chose to walk to the campsite!! However, Radcliffe subsequently proved that he could not do without mechanical aids when he produced a lilo pump which works from a car battery, and as he was without a car, he had to use Colin's!!

That day, Radcliffe and his party went climbing whilst everyone else, including the children, did Beim A' Chliabhain. None of the party returned the same way, but Paul, Beverley, Ushi, Ann, Paul and I descended into Corrie Daingean, where we were fortunate to see a herd of red deer.

During the course of the day, several other Oreads arrived.

Sunday.

Gordon, Mike, Colin, Reg. Paul Beverley enjoyed themselves on a long days walk. I believe they went up Glen Rosa over the Col into Glen Sannox, up to the witches step and then to Caisteal Abhaie, A'Chir and Beinn Tarsuinn. The women and children spent the day on the beach.

Paul and I waited for my parents to arrive, later we went on our bikes to Hamlash where we obtained four enormous Cods which had been caught that day, during the fishing festival, so that night nearly everyone had fish for dinner!!

John Welbourn and family arrived. It had taken them two days, due to a broken clutch!!

Monday.

Another superb day, weatherwise. The Radcliffe party had an early start and fooled everyone else by leaving their ropes by their tents, so that everyone thought they were still in bed!!! Apparently, however, they did a ridge walk which I gather included every peak on the island!!

Tom, Mary, Andy, Judy, Paul and I walked up to the Rosa Slabs on Goat Fell, where Tom, Paul and I did a route - Evening Traverse (800' v.diff) which proved to be a different route to find, or was it just my leaders!!!

Most of the others went on their bikes to Blackwaterfoot.

Tuesday

Regretably, Gordon and his party had to return home, as he had only come for a long week-end, whilst several of us had a week's holiday.

Tuesday saw everyone doing a variety of things. Radcliffe and Stuart went climbing on Rosa Pinnacle and apparently did two excellent climbs. The Wellbourns, Hobday's and Bryans families did Goat Fell, and then the Bryans and Paul Beverley also did Cir Mhor.

Reg and Mike did a climb on Rosa Pinnacle.

A party of us cycled round the north side of the island. Five of us arrived at Brodick at 8.45.p.m. and decided to have a meal. However, we soon learnt that there are few eating places and all we could get was two meat pies and half a tin of beans between the five of us!! Fortunately after much persuasion we did manage to get five meat pies with beans, but even that was not much nourishment after cycling 40 miles!!!

Contd..

Arran Meet contd.

We arrived back at the campsite to the welcome sight of a camp fire, which by this time had become a regular feature every evening, due to the efforts of Reg, John and Colin who man-handled huge pine logs from the wood on the hillside.

Wednesday.

Ken Bryon and his party left and so did the Radcliffe party, who apparently went on to Glencoe.

Everyone else had a lazy day on the beach.

Thursday

Colin, John, Ann and Paul Beverley went up Glen Rosa, Cir Mhor, A'Chir and Beinn Chiabhain.

Tom, Andy, Paul and I went round to Glen Sannox, from there we went up Sannox and onto the right hand ridge, along to the Witches step to Caistail Abhail, Cir Mhor, A'Chir, and Beinn Chiabhain. A very enjoyable day. A party of women and children hired horses and went riding!!

Friday

Only a small party of us remained, as many had had to return home after an enjoyable time.

Colin, Ushi and family went onto the beach, and a party went to Hamlash. It was an easy day for everyone. Paul and I did a short coastal walk from the Brodick/Hamplash road into Brodick

Saturday

The weather was still perfect but unfortunately this was the end of our week's stay on Arran. We all packed our gear and went to catch the boat.

Those attending:- Chris Radcliffe, Dave Guyler, Stuart(?), John (?), Andy Dunham and Judy, Mike Wren and family, Paul Beverley, Gordon Gadsby and family and Gordons two neives. Reg Squires and family, Tom Green and Mary Colin Hobday and family, John Welbourn and family, Ken Bryan and family, Paul and I and my parents.

I would like to thank everyone who attended on this meet, which for me made it a great success.

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ANOTHER ALPINE START

'ROCK' HUDSON

The sound of boots on rock, grinding on gravel, a clatter of a boulder, the erratic bobbing and twisting of ghostly forms in islands of light amongst the unknown distances of the night. A glance behind shows the hut to have receded to the same scale as the stars and can now only be recognised by a vague reddening compared to the twinkle of the heavenly bodies.

Bloody hell, boulders, a melange of sizes, uneven, lacking a flat purchase for boot, delicately balanced, a sudden wobble requires an instant reaction, the fear of a stumble - twisted ankle. a fall into that unknown blackness. No mountaineering skill here, no steady progressions, rhythm, nor nimble balanced strides, only a nightmare of jerky disconnected upward motions. How the hell

Another Alpine Start contd.

can you get anywhere, only a discontinuous ribbon of trampled ground, hiding from the torch, each bit of hillside the way for some wanderer of the night. Nothing now, only giant stones, steep slopes and a complete loss of your bearings.

"we're off route, far too high".

"It's about right".

"Useless!, wasting time already".

"If you can do any better, get in front".

"You checked it out last evening".

"Yes I bloody well did, you idle bugger, in any case I'm following them".

What about those lights below? we should be down there".

"Rubbish, they will be on a different route".

"Alright keep going". You had better be right, I can see this being a right epic.

"Ruddy hell", can't you find the way? Tripped up, lost my rhythm again, banged the torch, still works. Now where are they, up there already, they'll think I'm a spastic holding them up. About time it was getting light.

Stars gone! Clouding up, good. Not far back to the hut, we can do the route another day. Stars out over there, probably below that rock buttress we have to pass. Hell! expected to be past that, it looked so near last evening - never get the route done in guide book time. Better close the gap; no, a steady pace. I'm not fit this year; well they were able to get out more this summer. "I'm alright; just stop pissing off, theres plenty of time, isn't there!"

Rumble of a hidden avalanche, but from where? Silence again and the tiny couplets and triplets of light start again their wanderings and by the look of things they must be hundreds of feet below us - good, not going too bad then. The torch suddenly picks out nothing; a gully, a guggle of water, a sleeping torrent, which will soon awake with the warm sun. Again the torch swings, only to rest on a steep rocky slope. Woops! kicked a boulder off and the continued clatter, becoming muffled by distance shows that perhaps we're like flys crawling along a narrow ledge on the wall of some darkened room. Stupid coming this way, Oh hell! the torch is about to pack up.

On steepish rock now, indistinct features reaching beyond the limits of the torch, a foot, a pitch in height? Awkward steps, shadowy footholds. Is that a ramp? Are those good holds? Which way? What's in that dark recess, an easy way or some smooth scoop. Step across, a hand hold materializes, mind that loose boulder; care, or a misjudged stride could send you....Dammit, another boulder gone....crash.

Fading stars, a lightening sky of deepest grey, blocks of opaque blackness, as yet formless mountains; the silhouettes of plodding climbers against a patchy texture of snow and rock. The sky paling to deepest blue, with the highest clouds a buff brown, their edges now deepening to orange, while the lower ones are still a sombre grey. Thank goodness its brightening, head torch off; only a single party up front, good, don't want to get behind too heavy nig-nog on the rock.

The last of the glacier rubble, a few hundred yards of mixed ground, then snow, apart from a lonely perched rock. With each photon of light, the materialization of features, realization of relief, a whole gamet of greys and blacks, the first hint of a sparkle from the snow. In front the Col, to the left an opening abyss of the glacier, forever trying to reach the warmer valleys; about, to the right the first hint of a white face, rock walls, colours, snowy ledges, filigree ice against a black velvet background.

Another Alpine Start contd.

Hell, this is steep ice, typically too cocky to have got the axe out, or even to have put on crampons. Christ, steeper, hard ice, 'miles' down to that neve field now. "Mate", if it gets any steeper you can bloody well stop, wait nad put a rope on". "No, bugger them, let them pass if they want to..... alright get the axe out, carry on!" Colours, textures, finer details, from the clean cut cracks of an adjacent buttress, to the ribbed and casallated peaks beyond those seracs, bonded on blues and whites, witness to the passing of the seasons. Each step, an ever changing portrait of the mountains, a day forming the minutes where hours age it appeared as if it would never arrive.

Rest, no, yes....better start, the others are way above. Kick step, kick step, boring really, I'll do a hundred steps before I stop again...94, 95 bugger it, near enough. One, two, slope easing....nearing the Col? Damm well hope so. Down below night is receding from the upper alps, purples and misty olives, only the silent clouds, billowing manes like some huge cauliflower or the outpouring from a volcano, perhaps the smog from industrial Europe; hides the sleeping valleys from the dawn of the day.

A gentle slope, a broadening vista through the Col. The sun, a ball of fire rapidly climbs through the serrated skyline along the eastern horizon. Beams of light and warmth swing slowly across the heavens, catches a lonely sentenal in a brief flash of alpine glow, only to swing into empty space, now catching a nearer summit, a buttress; broadening to colour the snow ridge the warmest pink, glistening the snow and nearer myriads of sparkling points of light, reflections from quartz crystals.

A couple of steps to the Col and the sun shines on me, but its not really the start of a new day, for since leaving the hut in the depths of night, I've experienced more than what many men experience in a full day.

"Arr down," not bad really, "a doddle in fact". "Better get going, and knock this route off".

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WELBOURN'S WANDER

JOHN WELBOURN

The two Churches walk or the Siabod shamble, call it what you may, but the faithful that followed the old firm snatched a real plum. The start was at Dolwyddelan. An idyllic campsite with a pleasant stream gave a 'Lakeland setting' and near-by, a tea room and a public house was an added benefit. All this coupled with an extra bonus of warm sunshine! What a superb weekend we had in store for us.

The walk from Capel Curig via Betws-y-Coed proved too much. The forest was the trouble, and this forced us to make a snap decision. We headed for open country. By mid-day we were aqua-planing towards the eastern ridge of Siabod, which, incidentally, is being prepared for planting by the Forestry Commission. Two of the party traversed the summit of Siabod while the 'slower of us' reached the lake beneath the main summit. From here it was 'a pig's ear' to follow the line of trees that eventually lead you through the forest and so down to the campsite at Dolwyddelan.

Welbourn's Wander contd.

It was all luck, and even more so that the traversing party arrived within minutes of the 'slower of us'. We all agreed that it had been a superb nine hour day.

Saturday evening saw the pints being consumed at a fantastic rate and even a young lady member's figure was being ruined, not by me, but by cream cakes.

Sunday dawned, and we found it much cooler than the previous day. However, 'the slower of us' returned and made the summit of Siabod via the much steeper and more interesting west ridge. The 'faster of us' left for Cnicht and arrived on the summit to splendid views of Snowdon.

It was a week-end to remember. One old timer (who?-ed.) made the statement that it was the first time in his life that he'd been on the summits of Siabod and Cnicht. As for me, well that would be saying, but I can say that 'I've just looked it up in some old diaries I've got, and found that I was last on the summit of Siabod 35 (yes folks - JW says thirty-five..ed) years ago. Any-how, thanks all for coming and making a good wander, see you next year.

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A letter has been received by the committee and is published herewith:

To the Oread Committee

Re: A Dangerous Man

Sirs,

It is with deep regret that I have to make a serious allegation against a well known member of your Club.

Before proceeding I must point out that I am a practicing psychologist in that well known northern metropolis of Clif-Field. For some while I have been hearing disturbing rumours about the practices of one J.Ashcroft (hereinafter referred to as Ashers or the Leader) and so I decided to join the Oread Marsden/Heathy Lea Meet (otherwise known as Ashers Amble) to investigate these rumours myself. Regretfully I have to report that the aforesaid J.Ashcroft is without doubt a rampant sadist who is likely at any time to make an appearance in a black leather jock strap with whip in hand.

To back up these allegations I propose to present the true version of the above Meet so that you may compare it with the watered down version I have no doubt you have received from the Leader.

The agony started at 4.a.m. on Saturday morning when Ashers mini version of Big Ben rattled off, to be followed rapidly by noisy rattling from the Leader himself as he insisted his victims get up. A short period for breakfast was allowed but at 4.45 the party were pushed out into the pi..ouring rain to the cars. Fortunately the rain soon stopped.

Ashers in his Renault proceeded to blast over the rough Yorkshire roads at immense speed, the occupants of his car protected from the surface by soft French springing. However, the more patriotic occupants of the two following

A Dangerous Man contd

British cars were rattled about in their efforts to keep up and reached Marsden feeling somewhat sick. It was now about 6.a.m.

Without more ado the party were flogged on their way at a pace that the Leader ensured was a bit too fast for most. All appeared well at first but by the time Black Hill was reached, Ashers was revealing himself in his true colours (black) for all to see. The last to reach Black Hill summit was Dave Weston. He just about had enough puff left to give Ashers a good tongue lashing about the pace he had set. Any normal man would have given Dave 15 minutes to get his breath back and then set off at moderate speed. Not Ashcroft. A lear spread itself across his features, on jumping to his feet he insisted the party move off at the same daft rate.

Breakfast time at Soltens Bridge followed much the same pattern. Ron Chambers had just got the shell off his hard boiled egg when Ashcroft leaped to his feet and flogged the party on its way (metaphorically speaking).

On the way over the Howden Moors occasional plainfiff cries could be heard from the rear requesting a reduction in pace. Were they heeded? Not one!

Much to my surprise Margeary Hill was reached as a group with no stragglers being abandoned by the wayside. The Leader was clearly frustrated by this, so to make things even more difficult he insisted on leaving the footpath and flogging round the open Moor to Back Tor.

A somewhat mutinous party insisted on a decent break for lunch. However Ashers soon get his revenge as he again bid the party off the beateh track to wade through waist high heather over to Strines Edge. This time only two of the party had the sense to follow the normal route.

In ones and two's the party staggered onto the road at Moscar. Most still found the breath to give Ashers a thorough dressing down but the only effect was to produce howls of hilarity.

The walk continued in a similar vein to the end. All the promised Cafe's were shut. All the promised tea waggons were selling their wares elsewhere. All the Pubs were either avoided or passed when shut. A thoroughly demoralised exhausted party eventually staggered through the portals of the Robin Hood some 13 hours after setting off. Only a miracle prevented the odd member or two from dropping by the wayside to feed the crows.

I submit that only a sadist would have inflicted all this suffering on his fellow members. Only a sadist would have thought of doing the Marsden/Heathy Lea in one day. I must recommend to the Committee that J.Ashcroft be barred from leading any more meets. It is essential that the Oread be protected from the cruelty and pain he will otherwise hand out if given the chance

I.M.I. Mindbender.

PROFILE

Who is this man of ill-repose,
 Living in a land that has no wood,
 Who is this man that I now seek,
 Living like a peirrot up Calshot Creek.

Robert Pettigrew joined the Oreads in 1951 while still a Physical Jerks student at the Loughborough College's.

Pretty was summoned by Sutton into an enclave within the Worthington Brewery. "Find out as much as you can on this young upstart". Pretty set forth with Gardiner as side kick and entered the portals of the College Student Union. They recognised their subject immediately. "There he is" said Gardiner, "over there - the one with the bionic teeth". Pretty was taken aback "no man could have teeth like that" he muttered, keeping his lips tight so as to hide his own snooker set. "Sutton will be most impressed" stated Gardiner "it could mean a new generation of Oreads". They ventured nearer to their subject, who, at the same time was being approached by his instructor. They stopped within hearing range without looking conspicuous. The instructor was now giving Pettigrew a read dressing down on his meagre efforts in the gymnasium that day. Kipling was being quoted - "you will turn out to be a flabby bellied flag flapper" he went on "you will be the start of a generation of cardboard cavelliers". Pettigrew winced, but still retained the bionic smile. "Don't sound too good" said Pretty, "but lets have a word with him".

And so he was summoned before the Oread committee of the day, and was duly elected by a small majority. The main condition of his acceptance was that he divulged the name of his Dentist.

He attended most Oread meets while living in the Derby area and it was only natural that he be asked to accompany fellow Oreads on the first of many Lyngen expeditions. On his return he continued teaching physical education in Derby but at this time he became involved in the Schools Combined Cadet Force. As soon as he donned the majors cap he realised what a magniloquent power he could be - the chance to get out of his tracksuit and behind a desk, with a row of goldplated ball-points in his top pocket. From that day he decided that organisation would be his parish. Experience was what he needed so he went out to Malaya to instruct in an Outward Bound School, returning via the Himalayas in 1958. This visit formed the basis of the Derbyshire Himalayan expedition of 1961 which was led by Bob - the venue was Kulu. In the middle sixties Bob lived for several years in India, leading several expeditions with many successes. It was, however, unfortunate that Bob sustained his first mountain accident while on Papsura in the Kulu. With a smashed hip encased in plaster he was met off the boat by our senior members. The bionic smile was still apparent. "Should have been his bloody teeth" muttered Pretty out of the side of his mouth.

The long trip on the boat and the several months convalescence gave Pettigrew the chance to sort himself out and grasp at the power that he required to satisfy the inner self. Education! - that the field he thought to himself. "I'll build a castle and surround myself with peons, I'll turn xenophobic, and consider all, especially those buggers in Derby, as servitors.

And so he went down South and started building. He was to be found on most B.M.C. committees and was useful to the Oread for a while as "our man in London". Moving from one position to another, flashing his teeth along the way he has finally come to rest in a large man made castle in Winchester, he never forgot the majors cap!

You may ask 'what does he do', well the writer is not quite sure, however, recent correspondence with Pettigrew gleanes the information that he advises to the County Council on outdoor pursuits (the type that Tom Green has been doing for years). What his next move will be nobody knows, but it could well be that it will be Pettigrew who hands Nat Allen his Mountain Leadership Certificate before he leads a group of Oreads onto Beeley Common.

God only knows where this man will rest, for I fear that the collection of gold plated ball points is not yet complete, however, its good to have Bob as a member of the Club, so long as he stays down South.

Stop Press.....Congratulations to Kathleen & Bev Abley on the birth of a son, James.

QuoteFrom Brenda Allen....I wish it would rain so that Fred would come in and do a few jobs.

Quote.....From Chris Radcliffe....I'm glad the sun's gone in and I don't have to go out and enjoy it.

Overheard.....In the Moon recently...a conversation between Dave Guyler and Mike Key....' you know Mike, it's better to wear yourself out than to rust yourself out!.

Well-thats the end of this edition (thank God). I trust that you enjoy the reading of and that you will all contribute to the next one. As stated in the editorial the material is always slow coming in and it is hard to keep a continuity going. It's your bulletin, so come on meet leaders and budding Spillains, get cracking.
