

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

Vol.1. No.10.

March, 1954.

Editorial: THE FREEDOM OF THE HILLS.

Access to hills and crags has recently been in the news again, and indeed this question should be always in the minds of mountaineers. True, we are free to wander over most of Kinder and other hills and moors, and to climb on nearly every gritstone edge. But we cannot yet (legally) camp on Kinder, nor climb on the Roaches, on Stange End and High Neb, nor on Froggatt. And Manchester Corporation now seeks to divert the Pennine Way so that it shall not cross the collecting area for Manchester's water supply - but the shooting rights over this land would be available to those willing to pay for them.

Now I believe that the hills and open spaces of this earth are among the noblest of the gifts it offers to mankind. I believe that every man has the right to enjoy their many delights, not just the privileged few who, by accident of birth or wealth, have the power to exclude others from the country's "blessed plots". I believe that if the countryside is free for those who carry guns, then it must also be free for those who carry rucksacks, ropes, and ice-axes.

In the old days, ramblers didn't wait for the law to grant them their rights - they just took them. We cannot do otherwise. Camp, climb and walk where you will. But do no damage, leave no litter, close gates behind you; in short, behave in a civilised manner. Treat keepers as one of the natural hazards of the sport, and if you should be caught, remember that soft answer turneth away wrath, and that like you the keeper has a job to do. But as for the keeper who shoots at you - it would cause me neither surprise nor distress if he suffered a modicum of bodily harm at the hands of the more truculent of our clan, for he is breaking the law of the land.

Let us be grateful to the many landowners and farmers who do permit camping and climbing and tramping on their land.

But remember that our cause is just, and that if we give no ground for complaint, it will triumph in the end. The hills are your heritage - take them!

D.C.C.

SONGS OF A MOUNTAINEER.

A monthly series to be contributed by Eric Byne.

I - KINDERSCOUT. (Tune, "The Holy City").

1. Last night I lay a-thinking, there came a theme and air,
I stood on craggy Kinderscout, beside the Downfall there,
I heard the ramblers singing, and ever as they sang,
I thought the voice of liberty from the free this answer rang:
I thought the voice of liberty from the free this answer rang:
(Chorus): O Kinderscout! O Kinderscout! Ramblers must shout and
sing
Of access to the highest! Of access to Peakland's King!
2. And then methought my theme was changed, the hills no longer rang,
Hushed were the glad Hosannas the happy ramblers sang.
The years grew black with enmity, the future dark and ill -
As the shadow of a trespass board upon a heathered hill,
As the shadow of a trespass board upon a heathered hill.
(Chorus): O Kinderscout! O Kinderscout! Ramblers must shout and
sing
Of access to the highest! Of access to Peakland's king!
3. Then once again the scene was changed; new earth it seemed to me.
I saw that grim old monarch, of cliff and grough and scree;
The smile of God was on his peats, his moors were open wide,
And all who would might enter - and none could be denied.
Now need no ramblers prowl by night, nor keepers growl by day -
It was the new free Kinderscout, loosed from the gamelords' sway,
It was the new free Kinderscout, loosed from the gamelords' sway.
(Chorus): O Kinderscout! O Kinderscout! Sing for the fight is o'er;
We've access to the highest! Our moorlands for evermore!
We've access to the highest! Our moorlands for evermore!

(Words by G.H.B. Ward. 16-11-1943.)

THE HUT APPEAL FUND.

The Hon. Treasurer wishes to acknowledge donations from: Eric Byne, Brian Cook, the Cullums, Dai Escott, Ken Griffiths, Joe Johnson, George Sutton, Ernie Marshall, Geoff Gibson, John Huxley, Miss Celia Harrison, Colin Morris, Mike Gadd, Mark Hayhurst and an anonymous friend who sent a magnificent sum. The total collected is £34.9.6 a fine start but some way from our target. If you haven't yet sent a contribution, please do so now, even if it's only a bob. Please keep such donations separate from subscriptions.

Gifts of equipment are just as useful as cash, and should be sent to Geoff Gibson.

A NEW CLUB.

Oreads may be interested to learn that a Mountaineering Club has been formed at the University College of North Staffordshire by student rock-climbing enthusiasts, to encourage others to take up the hobby. It is intended to cater for the inexperienced who wish to learn, as well as those with previous experience. Dai Escott of the Oread is the Treasurer - he regrets that he is not, at the moment, in a position to contribute to Gibson's Beer Fund! The President of the Club is R. B. Henderson, justly famed for the early first ascents in Snowdonia, who is a tutor at the college, where Hank Haley, also of the Oread, is Director of Physical Education. It is hoped that members of this new Club will turn out at some Oread meets (some of them have done so previously) and receive the invaluable encouragement and advice which experienced Oreads can give them.

D.E.

RECENT AND FORTHCOMING MEETS.

Llanberis Meet, January 30th/31st.

This highly successful meet, though not officially so styled, was in effect a joint meet with the Polaris M.C. Thanks to the co-operation of the latter club, a 33 seater coach was almost filled; and members of both clubs stayed at Cwm Glas Mawr and Ynys Ettws.

There was also a bunch of Oreads living in primitive squalor at the road mender's hut.

On Saturday in glorious weather, a large Oread party went round the Horseshoe. New snow made heavy going, but looked very fine. We lost Ron Dearden en route; he rejoined us later in the day, after an unsuccessful attempt to swim Llyn Llydaw (the causeway being under water). Charlie Cullum and Colin Morris, and several Polaris parties climbed the Parson's Nose.

In the evening the Ynys Ettws contingent spent so long preparing and eating a sumptuous meal that there was no time to go for a drink afterwards. This tendency should not be encouraged. In the meantime the Cwm Glas Mawr contingent invaded the Vaynol Arms in Nant Peris, in search of a social evening with other members. But alas, they drank alone.

On Sunday various parties attacked various bits of steep ice in Cwm Glas and on the slopes of the Glyders, enjoying good sport and interesting practise in ice technique.

Even the coach journey home was unusually entertaining. There was a brutal assault on John Fisher, and some one stole Ron Dearden's beer. Then the "back benchers" treated us to some interesting revelations concerning the morals of the Hon. Sec., and some quite unfounded conjectures as to what the Meets Sec., was really doing whilst apparently assisting a young lady to close one of the coach windows.

P.R.F.

Brassington Meet. February 13th/14th.

Twelve Oreads (including Mike Gadd, on leave from B.A.O.R.), eight Loughborough men, and six "bigamists" and friends attended the meet. The "Gate Inn", Brassington, proved a typical Oread rendezvous, and some early sport was obtained dodging darts when stepping between the locals and their dart board. This became so hazardous eventually that we moved en masse to a highly suitable rear room. Drink and Song flowed free - to quote an epic Arctic rhyme. This night saw solo performances in both by the Meet Leader who was obliged when the festivities ceased, to employ a guide back to the crag.

On Sunday the rocks rang with familiar cries, speculative and

triumphant, boot scrapings and at one juncture the somewhat unusual cry, later identified as "Gibbo" getting his foot trapped in Steep Chimney whilst abseiling. Mountain Rescue operations were commenced immediately, and after prolonged efforts by Clive Webb and Mike Moore, and to the regret of the considerable audience which had then gathered, our unfortunate Secretary was released. Later on he was seen moving amongst small groups of climbers trying to agitate someone to sabotage Mike Moore's abseil, which was being extravagantly prepared. The attempt failed, since the large knot in the rope was tied too low.

With memories of a happy joint meeting at Arctic Brassington the climbers departed their respective ways on Sunday Evening.

The members of Loughborough College M.C. who attended this joint meet have asked me to express their thanks to the Oread for a riotous introduction to climbing and their hope for many more joint meets.

R.G.P.

TWO OREAD LECTURES

AT DERBY ART GALLERY.

1. MARCH 10th: ICELAND 1953 by JACK IVES, leader of Nottingham University Iceland Expedition, 1953.
TICKETS 2/-.
2. APRIL 2nd: HOMELAND TO HIMALAYA by TOM WEIR.
TICKETS 2/6.

Both lectures will start at 7.30 p.m. Tickets may be obtained from Messrs. Boots First Floor Library, St. Peter's Street, Derby, or from Harry Pretty or Geoff Gibson. If ordering by post, please make postal orders payable to H.Pretty

Don't forget the A.G.M. on March 20th at Baslow, and the Froggatt - Curbar Meet on April 3rd/4th. Lack of space forbids the usual notes.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Dear Sir:

May I say that much as I regret the method employed by our anonymous friend, I am forced to agree with certain of his remarks.

Of the people who have so self-righteously criticized his opinions; Mr. Sutton could perhaps do worse than to point out to Mr. Pretty particularly and others that " - abuse, which as everyone knows, is the last resort of a weak character". Mr. Brown does not like scurrilous attacks on his friends, but of course a member of the Metropolitan Police is no one's friend. To Mr. Penlington, no matter what the silly --- wants, read mark and learn by rote the President's remark.

If less cause for the apparently unwelcome attitude of Mr. X were given, we would all be a lot better off. Our editor has suggested we are barely literate at times, we do hear a lot from that fount of all wisdom P.R.F.

I am sure that these people can write articles for our Newsletter without their semi-obscene innuendoes and with a slightly greater consciousness that people outside the club read the Newsletter.

Yours etc.,
A. Shutt.

(This Newsletter is yours and every members, and if you do not like its contents or its contributors, you are perfectly entitled to make reasoned criticisms, or better, to write articles yourself. But to sneer at staunch members and friends of the Club, no. Therefore I challenge you to state specifically: where and when Harry Pretty and Dave Penlington have uttered abuse; where and when I have suggested that members were barely literate; where and when Phil Falkner and I have written "semi-obscene innuendoes". Also, you owe an apology to Dick Brown's fiancée for the quite pointless insult thrown at her.

Finally, as I address about a hundred envelopes a month for conveying the Newsletter to readers, I am very fully aware that it is read by a gratifying number of people outside the Club.

D.C.C.

Sir:

I see in your February issue that you publish a letter by one Richard A. Brown attacking writers of anonymous letters. Shame on him that he should wish us all to be exhibitionists and flaunt our names at the end of our epistles.

In the case of the particular anonymous writer, however, who so upset Mr. Brown by writing in the December Newsletter, perhaps I can expose him. Those who wish to meet him should look for an eccentric gentleman with fiery beard and Sellotaped spectacles, who may be seen wandering around Gritstone Edges dressed in Edwardian evening dress. In other words Mr. Brown, I think you are suffering from schizophrenia.
"Ezra".

OREADS IN SHORTS.

An article about the Club and a photo of Pete Cole on top of Nelson's Monument, both by our Hon. Sec. recently appeared in the "Derby Telegraph". Ron Dearden is sure that this was achieved by taking members of the staff of that paper boozing, and Geoff is reported (by Harry Pretty) to have been seen with a lady reporter. Mountaineers everywhere are asking, "Has Gibson turned professional?"

John Welbourn has been in hospital with appendicitis. He has only recently discovered that he suffered from mild attacks of this complaint throughout his expedition in North Lyngen last summer. Here's wishing you a rapid recovery, Johnny.

Following an attack by three young ladies armed with a tube of "Veet", Dick Brown is now beardless.

George Kitchen is seeking a companion for a holiday in the Glencoe area from April 10 onwards. What offers? Also the President and Harry Pretty will be in Fort William from April 15th to 24th, and would welcome anyone else who's interested. A coach might be run if there's enough support.

The Wrights and Messrs. Falkner, Cartwright, Clarke and Moore, were at Ogwen the weekend after the Llanberis Meet. The last four of these, together with three other coves (or crags?) had a go at Great Gully, but were defeated by shortage of daylight.

P R O F I L E.....OLIVER JONES.

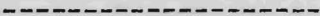
A man with a heart of gold, a heart as big as his tremendous frame and gigantic feet; thats our Oliver! - ex hobo, lumberjack, sewerage worker, and the Lord knows what else; with a repertoire of Rabelaisian songs which only the first 20 members of the Oread have heard (he daren't sing them now we are respectable) - there's still much we don't know about him, and we don't and cannot see him enough. He plays the bagpipes, strums the guitar, climbs like an angel (when in the mood), loses himself and us regularly in Coire a Ghrunnda (which he claims to know like his own face, but which leads us to believe he never uses a mirror).

A bachelor, and a great lover of children, he has therefore become the Oread's spokesman on Marriage, at the annual dinners. His earliest homilies (before we became respectable) were the most pungent. Wait till he gets married someday!

The highlight of his climbing life was the other Easter when he led a party up Cardyloo Gully on the Ben, whilst chunks of ice as big as houses were crashing down the nearby cliffs. His interests are many, and one of the best days we have had was the time we lounged in the pebbly cove at Glen Brittle, and played at chucking small boulders down the blow hole in the rocks.

Who can forget the stateliness with which he piped the Macrea of Macrea into Glen Brittle Carage preparatory to the dancing, or how suddenly, in the middle of a fast Scottish reel, his bagpipes subsided with a wheeze, and Oliver, with woebegone visage announced, "Sorry folks, wind gone". Oliver's first Oread meet in Skye was something to be remembered. He even conjured up a hurricane for three days, just to teach us to be patient.

There's much more I could tell, had I the space. That's Oliver, a real collectors piece!



The Oread was well represented at Manchester U.M.C. Annual Dinner on February 6th. Doug Cullum represented the Oread, George Kitchen the S.U.M.C., and Eric Byne himself. Food, drink and speeches were of a high order, and the trio wish to express their thanks to M.U.M.C. for their hospitality.