

CREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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Editorial

FOOTING THE BILL: It has come to the notice of the Committee that after the Photo Meet a number of people made off without paying Froggats their camping fee. Now this is to be condemned on two counts - it's downright dishonest, and it's not fair to the Club. The Cread is the only group of people whom Froggats allow to camp on their land, and we enjoy friendly relations with them. If a few of us antagonise them, all of us may lose our camping rights. And we can't overlook the broader issues of friendship between climber and landowner. So if you forgot to pay, will you settle your debt next time you're there? Remember, it's a debt to the Club as well as to Froggats.

MEETING EXTRAORDINARY: At the Burbage Meet a group of people presented to the Hon. Secretary a request for an Extraordinary General Meeting. The subject to be discussed is that "the present Committee is unrepresentative.....owing to the large number of changes in the Committee since the last A.G.M." The facts are that there have been three resignations and two of the vacancies have been filled by the top two "runners-up" at the A.G.M. The third is still vacant owing to the difficulty of co-opting a suitable member. Everything has been perfectly constitutional, and far from being unrepresentative the present Committee is as representative as it possibly could be. So how the signatories of the request will uphold their claim, or what they expect to gain by calling an E.G.M., is difficult to see. It is really most Extraordinary.

D. C. C.

A MESSAGE FROM THE
PRESIDENT

When you read this I shall be far away in the sub-Antartic, if all goes according to plan. With me will be three other members of the Oread N.C., Harry Pretty, Dick Brown, and Clive Webb. A proud record for the Oread N.C. - in less than ten years from its formation to have inspired and provided the men for several Artic expeditions, and the first Antartic expedition. There is yet time for some keen member to add the Himalaya, or the Andes, or Alaska to that record. But I will not urge young men to such ventures - the heartaches and hardships are considerable; the sacrifices sometimes too great. I have run the whole gamut of emotions involved - the joy, the pain, the doubt, the triumph, the disillusionment. I have no regrets, but I would not like to be starting out on the trail for the first time again. But young blood is full of glorious illusions and enthusiasms which drive it on, and difficulty and danger are its meat.

Long years ago, when Everest 1933 was a current wonder still, and the German Kangchenjunga Expeditions a delight to every adventurous heart I saw in such ventures the spirit of man's emergence over difficulties and dangers, and some powerful force filled my weakly being with the desire to find a kinship in a daring physical and spiritual triumph with such men. The Himalaya, and one peak in particular, were my inspiration - that peak still remains virgin, and is indeed the greatest prize in mountaineering at this moment. But my desire, and all that really matters has been achieved - the spiritual kinship with, and comradeship of men of the wildest imagination, the dreamers of dreams, men who have the calculated daring - which makes wild dreams come true. Others have dreamed and dared before us - others strive with us now in friendly rivalry for first success in the day's wild deeds - others in the future may take us for inspiration,

and dare things far beyond our dreaming. But I have found my kinship with man and mountain - my place in time - the physical self grows old and satiated with adventure, and urges a change to less exciting if more mundane pursuits - but the spirit, that is bright and fresh - that will rejoice if just one young man shakes free of the dross of security and fear, ignores my warnings and eagerly takes the torch of adventure from my hand, and follows his fortunes in strange fields - for the spirit is indestructible, and the call to adventure, the hazards of adventure, and the calculated courage that responds to and triumphs over those hazards, or sometimes, adversity, will live down all time.

I have lectured you on exploration, but that has been the main theme of my life, and the Oread M.C. was weaned on the same stuff, though like most children has grown up to an independence all her own. Nevertheless, I feel that it is fitting that the South Georgia Expedition should occur in the years of my Presidency, for in that way it is not only worthwhile in itself, but adds some merit to an office which I have felt unworthy but proud to hold. It comforts me to know that what is the greatest personal triumph of my life, the fielding of the British South Georgia Expedition is also the greatest service I can offer the club as its President - for only the greatest service is, I feel, expected of a President. It is to my regret that strenuous efforts in this direction have obliged me to neglect two of the things on which I had set my heart, the first club journal, and a club hut. But the waves of progress are surging in the right direction, though my small efforts may be drowned in their profusion - as with expeditions, the dreams and the daring exist, the kinship of man and mountain is strong - soon there must surely be a great tide of success.

I regret too, that I shall miss the Annual Dinner, that great social function where tiger

rubs shoulder with novice, and the less active re-
live past days and awe, or bore, those who have all
to learn. Shall miss the Photographic Meet in which
this year because of the strain of my time and re-
sources I can make no entries. Shall miss Xmas
at Ogwen, and the A.G.M. Yes, when I return a
new President will be inspiring your follies, and
suggesting the absurdity of today which is the
commonplace of tomorrow, and I wish him the loyalty
and friendship which I have found during my terms
of office, It will be sufficient for me when I
return to see my own native hills, to find new
peace on gentle Derbyshire slopes with sharp edges
against the sky - eager for the latest tales, how
Gibson's face was licked by an affectionate horse,
of a "smasher" seeking membership, how Cole stood
on his head on Nelson's Monument - happy again to
be in gritstone country, to camp or bivvy without
care, drink 'sippers' with friend or complete
stranger, listen to songs and yarns not in any
book, and wander up this or that climb as mood
or friends demand. Au revoir, till then, and
my sincerest wishes attend your climbing hours.

Antwerp 1954.

George Sutton.

NEWS FROM SOUTH GEORGIA

The Daily Telegraph reports that a reconnaissance
of Mt. Paget (9550 ft) has been carried out, in
which one member of the expedition (unnamed) fell
into a crevasse on the Hamberg Glacier, but was
extricated unhurt. The report adds that strong
wind has damaged some of the tents.

A private report says that the party purchased
a trombone on the way South, the idea apparently
being that there will be ample time to learn to
play it. Or perhaps the President is to render
a solo as a special Christmas treat.

RECENT AND FORTHCOMING MEETS

Burbage, Oct. 16th/17th. Joint Meet with the M.A.F.

This being the Vice-President's meet, a horde of Oreads camped amongst the bracken between the two edges, and were joined on the Sunday by a number of the M.A.F. who had travelled up from the bleak wastes of Brum, Blackheath, Chester, and elsewhere, all anticipating that glorious sunny weather for which the Vice Pres. has become noted. True, it is said that it rained heavily on the Saturday night, and Sunday morning was a trifle misty, one Oread even remarking that it had been miserable weather - but that of course was before the leader arrived. His advent upon the scene about noon of the Sunday saw the mist rolling up off the bracken, and vague figures crawling wearily out of the tents, viewing with astonishment the remarkable transformation; the crags could actually be seen! - and so a mass assault was made on the southern end of the North Edge.

Hollybush Gully, a mild Difficult, repulsed the attention of a Norwegian speaking explorer of Lyngen, and his V.S. companion who feels that Kangchenjunga could not be harder. True the rock was wet and green, and Vibrams had a tendency to slip, but a lad of lesser pride and lesser purity showed that a knee can be usefully used sometimes.

Howbeit, many climbs were done, some were moderates, some were strenuous, and even a severe or two fell to those with tigerish instincts, amongst them being such routes as Holly Ash Crack, Dover's Progress, and the Sentinel Chimney.

Meanwhile, a tough looking crowd under the leadership of Ken Wright, discovered a stranded sheep and proceeded to rescue it - a noble effort. When one reflects on the toughness of these grit-stone woolbearers, and their reluctance to be

grappled by the head or attacked from the rear.

The time for departure saw evidences of rain in the near future. But it was too late - the climbing had been done, and many routes had been rubbed quite dry and clean.

It was indeed a bunch of griny bods (looking more like colliers than mountaineers) who wended their way between the puddles down the track towards Fox House, and home. E.B.

Arenigs, October 29th/31st.

This meet was really spoilt by the weather, all other contributing factors being favourable. Eighteen Oreads and friends travelled by coach to Arenig Station (Oh! to explain to a Coach Proprietor where we wish to go) and during a fortuitous spell of fine weather, the camp site was quickly reached and all tents erected. Owing to the Crag being wet only P.R.F. did a route, and this only to test the quality of the rock. Most of the remainder disappeared into the mist, in small groups at odd intervals. Two parties travelling in opposite directions, met somewhere on Arenig Fawr both convinced they were heading for the summit. When the compass was consulted it was found to be pointing either east or west according to which party you were a member of. However after some early incredulity its advice was followed and amazingly the top was reached. During the descent, the entire party showed a peculiar reluctance to take any path leading downhill, until it generally realised that unless a long walk back from the coast was to be undertaken, some change of heart had to occur. Loss of height was achieved principally by the time honoured method of posterior friction, although I will agree most of it was inadvertent. At the bottom, the boggiest bog ever encountered was found, and the only member who still had dry boots (bought in Switzerland) amused his fellow travellers by pirouetting on tufts of grass, poised above six inches of black

water, and apparently no escape. The evening was spent, as it was exactly one year ago, brewing and sleeping.
L.H.B.

Kinder & Bleaklow, December 4th/5th.

Ron Dearden leads this visit to the wildest area of the Peak. Bog-trotters please note date; for non-bog-trotters there's rock to be found.

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

Sir,

As one of the two people excluded from the South Georgia Expedition (referred to in September's Editorial) I would like to make it clear that my fellow heretic and I did convey our best wishes of success to our erstwhile leader before he departed. At the same time, neither of us in any way regrets the stand that we took.

Yours etc.,
P. R. Falkner.

C H O O Y U

An Austrian expedition led by Dr. Herbert Tichy, climbed Cho Oyu (26,867 ft.) in the middle of October. The feat seems to have remained more or less unmentioned in the press, in spite of the fact that Cho Oyu is the world's sixth highest peak, and the fourth major Himalayan mountain to have been climbed this year. The last expedition to Cho Oyu was that led by Eric Shipton in 1952, which failed to find a feasible route.

No "Greeds in Shorts" this month, and it's your fault. You know the remedy!

R O F I L EBETTY WRIGHT

Way back in the late nineteen-forties, Betty Sulley, as she was then, and Ken Wright sought escape from the dull austerity of post-war Britain by going out into the hills at week ends. Initially they went with a local rambling club, but finding that their enlightened views on mixed camping met with disfavour, they resigned, and in 1950 joined the Oread, where such views are always encouraged.

In October 1951, Ken & Betty were married, and so became one of the first couples to be presented with Oread tankards.

Ever since joining the club, Betty has been a regular and enthusiastic attender at Oread Meets. She was with the 1952 Oread party in the Austrian Alps and in 1953 achieved fame as the first lady Oread to accomplish the Marsden-Baslow walk. Later the same year she took part in the famous trek across the Berwyns, and not only survived the ordeal, but somehow managed to look as attractive as usual at the end of it - which is more than can be said for most of the other participants.

A popular member of that tight little circle known colloquially as "the Nottingham shower", Betty nevertheless denies all responsibility for the recent "gin and jazz" phase of the shower.

Besides climbing, Betty's interests include good music, cacti, fast motor bikes, and, of course, Ken.

May we continue to see Betty gracing our Club Meets for many years to come.

P.R.F.

NEWS FLASH : Mick Harby co-opted as Meets Sec. at Committee Meeting held November 6th.