

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

M O N T H L Y N E W S L E T T E R

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Editorial

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

What a wealth of pleasure and adventure lies hid in the new Meets Programme! For the adventurous (and that, surely, means all of us) there are new lands to be explored; and how fortunate are those newcomers to our sport for whom every meet is a voyage of exploration, every hill a chartless country, every climb a high adventure! The Arenigs will be new to most of us; so will Cadair Idris, scene of our soggy first coach meet; so will Aghen and Rivelin and Laddow. But it would be unthinkable to miss the old favourites, Kinder, Ogwen, Baslow, Llanberis, to Roachos, and others no less dear to the Club.

There are, of course, changes. Fewer coach meets for one - an average of one every six or seven weeks. That should suit your pocket better than last year's monthly coaches, and you will be able to join us on all seven coaches. That's fine! The Instruction weekends at Whitehall have very sensibly been separated from Meets, so have a go at teaching others the right way to go about your favourite pastime.

Whether you prefer to join the ladies on the Marsden - Rowsley walk or Gibson on his pub-crawl, to climb severes in Llanberis or browse in idyllic Cwm Sillin, to follow the trade routes up Stanage or to explore Agden, there is something for you. Let Oread boots tramp every hill, scale every crag! Let Oread tents be seen on every moor, by every lake and cliff! Let the click of Oread shutters reverberate through the land, in preparation for the second Photo Meet! Let our ice-axes never rust, our ropes never be coiled, our Primuses never grow cold, and our tankards never run dry, and 1954 will indeed be a Happy New Year!

D.C.C.

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FROM ROMSDALSHORN TO TIRICH MIR.
(Continued from the December 1953 Issue)

NORTHERN NORWAYS PEAKS CAPTURED

At the beginning of the century W.C. Slingsby began to climb peaks in Northern Norway, in Lyngen and on the island of Moskenes. In the Raftsund area he and his English colleagues made several first ascents.

One of his finest ascents was during the summer of 1903 when he climbed Rulten in the Raftsund with Norman Collie and his son. It was Slingsby who drew the attention of Norwegian mountaineers to the peaks in the north. He recommended Stetind in Tysfjord which he describes as a summit without parallel in the world. This peak had turned back many attempts by foreign climbers and was frequently mentioned in international climbing circles, but on a summer's day in 1910 it was climbed by a Norwegian party: Bryn - Schjelderup - Rubenson. The peak proved easier than expected, the only difficulty being a traverse over a 700^m precipice.

After their success on Stetind they visited Lofoten and climbed the Svolvær "Goat" and two days later they climbed Trakta. Both these peaks had been attempted by foreign climbers. Trakta was a hard nut to crack, and is still regarded as the most difficult peak in Norway. Bryn and Schjelderup completed their summer programme with the ascent of Klokketind on the island of Moskenes.

The smooth granite cone of Strandatind on the island of Kjerring was climbed from two sides in the summer of 1912. The first ascent was made by Jentoft - Rubenson - Schjelderup from the West side. The days later it was climbed again by the same party and their instructor Slingsby, this time from the North. This was one of Slingsby's last ascents in Norway. A year later Husbyviktind near Rørstrand was climbed by H. Tonsberg and his climbing friends.

Later peak after peak in the north, both on islands and on the mainland was climbed. Nowhere in Northern Europe is there such a concentrated area of peaks to compare with those of the Northland, the most Alpine district being the Raftsund area. In the later years many new routes have been put out by climbers from Svolvær in this area.

(To be continued)

HAVE YOU EVER PROPOSED?

Ron Dearden has recently put forward the suggestion that proposers of new members should feel to some extent responsible for them, and if necessary encourage them to turn out on meets. The idea is to liven up the type of chap who turns out on half a dozen meets, gives the impression that he is a keen type, is duly elected, and then disappears. We have very little dead wood in the Club, and Ron's suggestion should help to cut it out altogether.

ABOUT THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS

It is planned to exhibit to the public the photographs displayed at the Photo Meet. For this purpose, some of them will need to be mounted or remounted. If you object to having your photos so treated, or if you would like them back now, write to Geoff Gibson, or better still, go and collect them. They are at 12 Church Lane, Allestree, Derby.

APOLOGIES TO CYRIL

You have probably noticed that according to the new list of members Eric Byne is our only Honorary Member. This, of course, is not so, for Cyril Machin was elected an Honorary Member of the Club in 1951, and was the first member to be honoured in this way. Apologies are therefore due to Cyril for this omission.

EASTER AT TYN-Y-SHANTY

Mrs. Roberts has received an inquiry from another club concerning the use of Tyn-Y-Shanty at Easter, but she is very kindly giving us preference, if any members wish to use the hut at that time. If you wish to do so, you should write at once, directly to: Mrs. Roberts, Glan Llugwy, Capel Curig, Caerns., mentioning that you are a member of the Oread M.C. If you delay you may find that "Tinny" is already taken.

RECENT AND FORTHCOMING MEETS.

Bamford, December 12/13

Friday night found Clive Webb, Brian Hoyle (a visitor) and myself wandering around Stanage Plantation in mist looking for a bivvy. After passing the Pebble for the third time we settle under a large rock where a restless night was spent. We rose early, and after a chilly breakfast and a search for other Oreads we set off for High Neb and points North. Visibility was bad and the whole day was spent in mist, without even a wind to give an occasional clearance. Stanage End, Cutthroat Bridge and Derwent Edge soon passed under our feet, and after hitting off the upper reaches of Abbey Brook the last stretch to the Bull Stones cabins was completed in daylight. Point of interest - is there a trig. point on Margery Hill?

Soon after dark Lawrie Burns and Mark Hayhurst arrived. We wondered where were Jim and Ron, who were expected from the Flouch Inn direction. Clive made repeated excursions to find them and at eight o'clock we gave them up. That evening was memorable for the amount of tea consumed - seven brews in all.

Sunday morning was not encouraging. The mist was still there and it was raining as well. We had barely started breakfast when Jim and Ron were sighted, struggling up to the cabin, after spending the night near the top of Margery Hill. They were closely followed by Jim Kershaw, another visitor, who had also been benighted. They were none the worse for their night out, and are considering forming a section of the Club for those overtaken by darkness.

Already hampered by a late start the party, now eight in number, set off briskly for the upper reaches of the Derwent and for Bleaklow. That we crossed Bleaklow is undoubted, but where, nobody knows. Enough that we passed Grains in the Water and dropping down Alport Dale crossed the Eastern end of Kinder to Edale. Tea at the Church Hotel rounded off a pleasantly peculiar weekend, not the best of weather, nor the best of route-finding, but not without its moments.

Has anyone in the Club a good compass for sale?

G.R.G.

The Christmas Meet, Ogwen, December 25/28

The meet, one of the most popular of the year, was attended by about 25 members and friends, and several others showed up during the meet. Most people stayed at the Club's Welsh spiritual home, Tyn-y-Shanty. Unfortunately there were no cornices to flog down this year, but most people overcame this lack by flogging down other things.

Christmas Day was dry but cloudy, and after a late start many parties made their way to Adam and Eve via either Cashed Crag or the North Buttress. Two more energetic parties visited Idwal Slabs. The summit was reached and the occasion celebrated with a bottle of beer, gallantly carried up by Dearden in the finest tradition of the Alpine pioneers. Fortunately one bottle does not go far among eight or nine people and we were able to return to "Tinny" in safety.

The dinner at Cobden's was a great success, everyone being very careful to follow the President's instructions, and the general opinion was that even if the dinner wasn't worth 15/- we did 15 bobsworth of damage apiece. The party left in high spirits, and soon after arriving at "Tinny" a sing-song was in full swing, led by Johnny Fisher and Larry Lamb. John's voice must have been an admirable foghorn for shipping in the Irish Sea. However, it was found that frequent sippers of rum were a sure voice protector, and had the additional advantage of increasing the vigour of the singing.

Boxing Day was wet and windy, an excellent day for recovery. Two parties did brave the elements and climbed on crags in the Carneddau, while two more visited Ogwen Cottage and Roberts' Farm. The evening was passed with the traditional discussion on supernatural phenomena. However, stories quickly ran out and the topic changed. Thus most people were able to sleep with quiet minds.

Sunday's weather was a little better, though the summits were still cloud-wrapped, and Tryfan was again the main rendezvous. One party walked over Y Garn, and after doing a complete circuit of the top of Foel Goch consulted their compasses and were then able to find Elidir Fawr. The evening found us in a more serious mood than usual, and all the eternal problems of mankind were solved in turn.

Most of Monday was devoted to clearing up the shambles, and it was a somewhat weary but very happy party who boarded the coach at nightfall. It was generally agreed that if the climbing was not as fine as the previous Christmas', the festivities were, if possible, even finer.

R.P.

Hartington-Lathkill Walk, January 16/17

In such a delightful stretch of country and with such an energetic leader as Barry Cook this ought to be an unusually enjoyable meet. But a word of warning - Barry is a tough walker, so make sure your boots fit.

Llanberis, January 30/31

Last year's Llanberis meet took place on the weekend of the great gales. It is not expected that similar climatic phenomena will occur this time, but it is expected that we shall again enjoy the hospitality of the Climbers' Club at both of their huts in the Llanberis Pass. Ten bobs to P.R.F.

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

Sir,

I must commend the Editor for printing an anonymous letter so condemning to himself and other hardworking and public-spirited Club members. Its author seeks anonymity. I should have seen that he had it, by burning his letter. It scarcely merits better treatment. There is no constructive criticism in it, only abuse, which as everyone knows is the last resort of a weak character. The seal to this character is set by his arrant cowardice in not signing so filthy an accusation about people whom many of us are proud to call friends. If this writer is a member of the Oread M.C. I must regret it and hope that he will speedily dissociate himself from the "shower" and all those "individuals of whom he's never heard."

The President.

OREADS IN SHORTS

The President reports that he recently took no fewer than eight little boys on Castle Naze. He adds that the place will never be the same again.

Cyril Machin has been on a skiing holiday in the Dolomites.

Ladies and otherwise of the Hon. Sec.'s wide acquaintance will be both relieved and encouraged by the reassurance that he has no connection whatsoever with that firm of sweet manufacturers whose products are enclosed in wrappers bearing the motif, "Gibson for Purity".

The Wrights have moved into that den of iniquity, 14 Queen's Drive, Beeston, thus replacing the Cullums.

Dave Penlington is now serving in Germany.

John Welbourn was recently involved in a car smash, in company with Pete James, known to many members of the Club. Neither was hurt, and both appeared at the Christmas meet.

The last day of the Christmas meet was notable for the appearance at "Tinny" of a creature from outer space. It was equipped with primitive climbing gear (ice axe and peg hammer) and evidently wanted to join the meet. It is believed that Johnny Fisher was able to converse with it, and is willing to give details to anyone interested.

You may not have heard about the Russian attempt on Everest in the late autumn and winter of 1952, about the same time as the second Swiss attempt. The expedition was 150 strong. Unfortunately the summit team of six climbers was lost, and in the evening search for their bodies a height of over 26,000 feet was reached, on the North side of the mountain. This is the greatest height ever attained on a mountain under winter conditions.

Overheard at Cobden's: "It's fourteen years since I was last on Yr Elen." "Really?" "Now tell us about the first ascent of Tryfan."

Overheard at Bull Stones cabin: "But these can't be real Oreads - they haven't got beards!"

PROFILE ERIC BYNE

I first heard of Eric Byne when I tried to lead Byne's Crack on Burbage. I decided that Mr. Byne must be a very fine climber. I have climbed with him many times since then and have no reason to alter my opinion.

There are other climbers who have a wider and more glamorous reputation than Eric, but there is no-one who is more sincerely loved and respected by his friends, and no-one who has done more for the sport of rock-climbing and no-one who has more effectively helped to spread a love of the hills among people who would otherwise have missed something of great value.

He joined the Oread in 1949, and has done a great deal to build it up into the Club it is today. He was Editor of the Sheffield Area Guide, which is a model for all future guides, and is certainly the best since H.M.Kelly's Pillar Guide. Perhaps, however, his most important work is the part he has played in making White Hall the success it is. Eric has given a great many weekends to White Hall and to introducing youngsters to hill-walking and climbing, and I am certain that there is no man better fitted to this task.

Eric's unfailing good humour, his positive refusal to be nettled by anything, his knowledge of and love for hills, particularly Derbyshire hills, make him an ideal companion on any expedition, whether it be a hard rock climb, a stroll along a valley, or a quiet drink. On rock he is a brilliant leader and the finest second I have ever had behind me.

A.S.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

Repeat slowly after me: "I resolve to send at least one contribution to the Editor of the Oread Mountaineering Club Monthly Newsletter during 1954. His address, of which I have made a note, is 'Craignore", 11 Cavendish Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester 21."