

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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August, 1955.

EDITORIAL

There comes a time in the life of every editor when he can think of absolutely nothing about which to write an editorial. Now this makes life very hard, because you can't send out a Newsletter to members with its front page blank (I shall ignore calls of "Why?"). I've gone over all the old stand-bys in my mind, and some new ideas too, but none seems to fill the bill.

One could write about access and/or amenities. But no-one has been fired on by game-keepers or had his tent set on fire, and no-one has been building hydro-electric power-plants or council houses or cocoa factories in any mountainous area. The only news about which one could get indignant is the proposed tea-house at Birchen's, and Jim Kershaw has dealt with that better than I could, on page 14. So I can't write about that.

One could preach self-righteously about accidents, their causes and their prevention. But the only accident recently was the death of Thomas Lord at Kinder Downfall a week or two ago. It's worth recording that the coroner produced the unfortunate youth's leather-soled shoes at the inquest, and pointed out their unsuitability. Obviously more sensible than the gentleman who not very long ago said publicly that Vibram soles were not suitable for rock climbing. But you can't make a whole page out of that.

One can usually comment enthusiastically and optimistically on the recent ascent of the World's seventeenth highest peak by a party of Brazilian schoolmistresses. But Brazilian schoolmistresses have been quite inactive in our chosen sport in recent weeks. In any case there are hardly any peaks left unclimbed. So I can't write about that.

I thought of writing an erudite article proving that all the poets from Dante to Jim Kershaw were mountaineers. There are plenty of quotations from the "Purgatorio" to prove that Dante was. "And upward to proceed by night, our power Excels: there it may be well to choose A place of pleasant sojourn." could only have been said by a man familiar with benightments and bivouacks. I have previously dealt with Shakespeare. In more recent times Mr. Eliot's "agony in stony places" clearly means camping, and the person "Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded" must have been someone wearing an anorak. But you can't deal properly with a subject like that in one page - you'd need a whole book.

So perhaps the only solution is not to write an editorial at all this month. D.C.C.

"A LITTLE FURTHER?"

A message from the President.

I tried writing this during the long voyage home from S.G., but one becomes so disconnected after nine months away that what I wrote has since been thrown away - it was as out of date as Charlie Gullum's "machine".

Speaking of C.C. one remembers that the Newsletter is no place to waffle and so, in the space available, I restrict myself to four items which seem to me, as one returned to a lot of fresh faces, to be matters about which the whole Club should be thinking and, more important still, about which members should be actively doing something.

We've got a hut - in Ogwen there are many mansions, but surely not one such as this, and the amount of work put in already by those who found it and have taken the lead in equipping it, and working on it week after week, is prodigious. My predecessor has thereby achieved one of his targets. During my term of office I would like to see "B.-y.-W." established as a going concern. It is not going to be an entirely easy matter - work and problems abound - YOUR help and cooperation are absolutely necessary if the Oread is to be an established part of the N. Wales scene. Once we have a hut we take on a new responsibility to the mountaineering world and also to the valley and its farmers. In obtaining reciprocal rights the Oread is gaining in stature: it will provide first class accommodation in an area which has many possibilities for the rock climber and, for others, the "second finest ridge walk in Wales" at the head of the cwm. (The quotation is ex-Longland.)

There is some depression among those who have worked hard organising coaches for long-distance meets, only to find that the coach has had to be cancelled owing to lack of support. This is a perennial stinker, and successive Meets Secs. have known defeat on more than one occasion. At one time there seemed to be a lack of Oreads going far afield at a weekend - now, it seems, there is a solid core of Oreads getting into Wales practically every weekend in their own transport. Six years ago I foresaw the day when three very plush Oread cars would be steaming (metaphorically) back from Wales, head to tail, along the A5, with a fourth (not so plush) only a little way behind. We are nurturing "Barons" in our midst, and if you have ever tried to squeeze a drink out of someone else on a Tuesday night you will certainly agree - only in this case you will spell it differently.

In all seriousness, this 26.6% mechanisation can create a problem. People with cars and passengers naturally do not use a coach and although there are always enough cars to take a fair-sized meet to Wales etc., there is always likely to be some one minus car and minus coach. The problem should clear itself

with-cooperation on all sides, but I find little good in an opinion I've heard expressed, on the subject of Derbyshire meets, that you can't expect people with cars to go to Derbyshire when they can be in Wales. We have complete freedom as to where we climb, and there are always circumstances which make nonsense of any generalisation, but surely it is plain sense that if this idea were followed to its logical conclusion the Club would be split into halves. There seems little point in belonging to a club unless you wish to climb with or even meet other members on mountains. Let us have both - a man (or woman) is no less an Oread because he or she get out to a majority of Derbyshire meets and only a minority of Welsh weekends any more than is the person who goes to the Alps every year and never sees an unexplored mountain.

The numerical growth of the Club is producing problems of its own. The amount of voluntary work required in producing Newsletters, circulars, etc., is increasing all the time. The Committee are now having to deal with such things as solicitors and legal agreements, not to mention the difficulties inherent in providing what I would call "senior club facilities" out of a fairly small income. There has been a certain spreading of the load with the formation of sub-committees, but inevitably nearly all the hard work of administration is carried out by a mere handful of enthusiasts. It is up to every member of this Club not to let them down. One has only to look at a list of unpaid subscriptions to realise just how many apathetic people there are, and if there is one thing more important than Club huts and the like it is the elimination of apathy. One does not need to be a fanatic to be willing to have a go and even if, as is sometimes inevitable, some members cannot appear as often as they would wish, there are many ways in which they can add to the life and spirit of the Club.

If there is any particular note on which I would intentionally end, it is contained within these last remarks. The spirit of the Club is, I think, the most important thing of all. We are still small enough to find and further develop that particular brand of friendliness which strangers in the past have remarked upon as having a flavour all of its own. For me, the great occasions of the last six years are owed to the spirit and friendship of the men and women with whom I've climbed and worked - nearly all are Oreads. Three years ago every Oread knew every other Oread. It was only too easy among such a talkative, self-assertive crowd, and I have always thought it a good thing. Today there are more of us, it is not so easy, but let it not change - too much.

Harry Pretty.

MEET: GARDOM'S EDGE, JULY 9-10.....by BRIAN COOKE

Considering the number of people on holiday this meet was well attended (12 members and friends). Weather was glorious, perhaps a bit hot, but quite a lot of climbing was done.

On Birchen's on Saturday Len Hatchett and Betty Bird wandered up and down all the routes they felt they could do without encumbering themselves with a rope. Harry Pretty renewed his acquaintance with the chimneys around the monument. Most of us finally finished up by scaling the rocky "Wooden Walls" of the "Battleships" by every conceivable route, thus strengthening our fingers for the morrow.

On Sunday morning a fairly early start was made, first to Moorside Rocks, where Pillar Chimney was climbed by Marion and Barbara. Mike Moore, Pete James, Len, Betty and I did Straight Chimney. From this we turned to the West end of Gardom's by the Leaning Block. The buttress behind the block has an interesting face climb, severe for short people, very difficult for the more long-legged. Mike Moore's excellent mantleshelf move showed the way.

Next halt for climbing was Elliot's Crack, one of the best climbs of its standard on the Edge. Its slightly over-hanging nature makes all the difference. Hard for its standard, it was creditable that the two women members climbed it very neatly indeed. Pete James showed us that good technique is a great asset on rocks as well as in other fields!

Cracks Apple and Applejack were next on the list. Pretty established himself firmly tied to Marion and Betty and coaxed them up Apple Crack. The rest of us, after one by one managing to establish ourselves on the traverse to Applejack Crack, succeeded in staying on and finishing this "delightful" climb.

By this time the need for water was making itself felt, and we visited the Barbrook to paddle and bathe (Oreads degenerating into Naiads!). Pretty disappeared into the lower woodland reaches to bathe fully without stopping the traffic on the main road! A good deal later, after surfeit of sun and water, the leader exhorted members to climb once more. So from the shady precincts of the large oak tree we sallied forth one by one on the endless rope to savour the "delights" of Och Aye Wall. Mike Moore tried very hard to start direct in boots, despite what the guide-book says, but eventually traversed in from the side.

Walking back along the top of the Edge, we couldn't resist doing another short one. Whisky Wall is a lovely pitch which leaves a very nice taste in the mouth for the end of a perfect day.

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THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY.....by PHIL FALKNER.

Whilst sitting at home in Beeston a few weeks ago, I was surprised to learn from the Newsletter that I was at that time on the High Route! Actually Ron, Bob and I sailed on July 23 and went straight to Arolla; well, not quite straight there; first there was a diversion in Paris. When we arrived on the Saturday evening Chunky met us and took us to his flat for a wash, then out for dinner and then to various sordid night spots around Rue Pigalle, where we got fairly tight and had difficulty in escaping with our honour. We missed our train to Switzerland - or rather, did not make any attempt to catch it, so we had an extra day in Paris. We arrived in Arolla on Monday and at once the weather broke up.

On Tuesday we went up to the Bertol Hut in rain and snow.

On Wednesday we climbed the Aiguille de la Tso, 3636m., a pleasant little rock peak, in poor weather, and incidentally made the latest start I've ever achieved in the Alps - 1.30 p.m.

On Thursday we moved over to the Schonbuhl Hut, traversing the Tete Blanche, 3724m., on the way. This day consisted largely of crossing vast snowfields in thick mist, with intermittent snow storms. It made interesting compass work, good practice for Kinder or Bleaklow.

On Friday we descended from the Schonbuhl Hut to Zermatt, still in miserable weather. We found our usual hotel, the Bahnhof, full of rather depressed English climbers, mainly Cave and Crag and Polaris. We were told that there was no room, but then during the afternoon the Cave and Crag decided that the conditions were useless for climbing, and moved off en masse for the Italian Lakes. The Polaris party also moved off somewhere else, and we moved in.

On Saturday, a fine day at last, Chunky arrived, and on Sunday we went up to the Rothorn Hut. On Monday morning it was snowing again. I stayed in bed while the other three did the Wellenkuppe, ca. 3900m.

On Tuesday, still in unsettled weather, we all went to Fluhalp, and from there on Wednesday climbed the Rimpfischhorn. On the summit Chunky and I joined forces with Jack Longland and Allan Hargreaves, to do the traverse and descent of the N. Ridge. This was quite interesting, with so much new snow about; rather reminiscent of Aonach Eagach in winter, with the addition of rather harder rock work at the beginning and the end.

Apart from a good deal of drifting cloud, the weather kept better for us. The ascent took us five hours, the ridge another five, and another four for the descent to Täsch afterwards.

After a rest day, Chunky and I went up to the Weisshorn Hut. This is a peak I've for long wanted to climb, and we had perfect weather. We set out at 2.20 a.m. on the Saturday morning, with

Bright moonlight, above a sea of cloud, a sublimely beautiful scene I suppose, but one is not at one's best for appreciating such things at that hour. We were well up on the mountain by dawn, and on the summit, 14,000 ft., by 8.0 a.m., spent an hour there in the sun, and were back at the hut at 1.30.

The only thing wrong with the Weisshorn is that it starts above Randa, about 1,000 ft. down the valley from Zermatt. So one loses 1,000 ft. of height to start with, then has 5,500 ft. to go up to the hut, then another 5,500 ft. of ascent and 11,000 ft. of descent the next day, all of which is rather tiring.

The Weisshorn was our last climb, due to a slight accident. Chunky bruised a knee whilst abseiling on the Rimpfischhorn. The Weisshorn aggravated it, and the local doctor told him not to climb again for a couple of weeks. So we are bringing forward our projected trip to Italy, and departing tomorrow (August 10). We intend having a day in Florence, two days in Rome and a week or more at Amalphi, on the coast near Naples.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Ed.,

As a fascinated reader of your excellently edited Newsletter, I am of course particularly interested in the various viewpoints of its individual writers and contributors. Now various people, including yourself, have written something about "the greatest event in the history of the Club", and from time to time the phrase has been thrown out at dinners, meetings or in group discussions. One therefore wonders what could be termed "the greatest event"? I for one would not like to say or express an opinion. The guide book days when the Club acted like a solid ball? The Lyngen expeditions? South Georgia? The Club hut? Yet as the Vice-President remarks, the advent of a new young member eager to climb is of like and perhaps even greater importance.

It should be remembered that the stature of the Oread has been built and based upon the new member. For this the Club was born, because the "closed shop" of bigger and older-established clubs forced newcomers to climbing to form their own clubs. Outside the universities, no area of England has seen such an upspringing of mountaineering youth as that which has taken place in and around the Peak District.

Trevor Panther has said, "The Oread was started by a keen and fanatical band of climbers." Now I disagree. Keen, yes, but fanatical, no! The early days of the Oread were not founded on V.S.s or tigers, for only Penlington could truly stand on that pedestal. In view of such shortcomings the greatest event in the history of the Club is perhaps that the Club survived, and this perhaps can only be attributed to the fact that although

complete harmony may never have been achieved, nevertheless everyone put the Club first and personal feelings afterwards. Undoubtedly the most important thing in the history of the Club is the fact that after six years of intensive and extensive climbing and mountaineering, we have remained free of fatalities.

Trevor Panther has said in his letter, "Climb to your limits". What a piece of advice from an instructor of mountaineering youth! Sorry, Trevor, but I strongly disagree - in fact I think such advice is dangerous and I hope you do not think I am a pseudo-mountaineer for saying so.

Ecstasy on a mountain or a crag is rarely reached or experienced when one is stretched to one's limit - in fact I would say it is usually reached with deepest content on a climb well within one's powers and when accompanied by those for whom one has some affection.

After 27 years of climbing I count myself fortunate in being able to look back on a multitude of such occasions.

Michael Harby has the truth of it - "The majority of climbers do not go to the mountains in order to fight for survival". One has of course the moods which occasionally drive one to try some long-cherished ambition, on which one is prepared if necessary to go all out, but it should be remembered that these moods only or usually occur when we are at our fittest, both physically and technically.

Now Trevor has also written, "All that many of our members seem to do is play about on crags they have climbed on far too often." Really, Mr. Panther, you are too unkind - and why should you of all people criticise such happy events, especially in view of your statement on page 11 of the same Newsletter, when you refer to your residence in London - "However Harrison's Rocks in Kent were literally flogged to death by my friends and myself, weekend after weekend, until I finally managed to do a hideously strenuous wall on a top rope. I had been trying to do this on and off for nearly three years." Why, Trevor, why? Are you inferring that this is the spirit we must have in the Oread? I sincerely hope not!

So I go rambling along. There was Bob Parslow's letter about a racing circuit in the Peak - but Bob, after an hour of argument, knows my opinion (even though as a member of the C.P.R.E. I may be biased), yet how great a pleasure it was to read the letter on this subject by Phil Falkner. And now the Club hut and George Sutton's misgivings - many of us will no doubt have something to query before we really settle down to the fact that the hut is ours. I for one, although pleased about Bryn-y-Wern, would have preferred some such place in the Peak District.

More than once I have said in the past at dinners and other meetings, that the day the Oread forsakes the Peak, then that day

will be the decline. I believe this - it's happened before with other clubs that were flourishing, for a club hut in some distant mountain area tends to divide a club into sections, usually three:

- (a) Those who can get regularly, having their own transport;
- (b) Those who can only get on organised coach meets;
- (c) Those who cannot get at all because they work on Saturdays or are financially unable to do so.

So the dangers exist. They can be overcome - the Rucksack Club has proved it, but they never left the Peak, in fact in 1954 their programme contained 12 Peakland meets. And these, of course, are the ones on which a newcomer can gain some footing.

Let us therefore look to the future, confident in ourselves. Let us try to be truly homogeneous. Let us support each other whenever possible, back up our elected Committees and officers, try to remember that the unknown wallah gazing up at us from the bottom of the crag, may be a wistful and shy newcomer whose friendship may be fostered by those magical words, "Want to tie on?" And if you want to lie in the bracken at the bottom of the crags and talk about this and that - well, do so, and don't bother a damn about what any fanatical V.S. man may think or say! For remember, the Oread was born amongst such people, individualists, who could nevertheless band together, and in their staunchness gaze serenely at those other clubs with their climbing tigers, knowing full well that they themselves would be in existence as a club when the others had disintegrated. And so it has been, and you who have followed have made it so. In that, and in you, your individualism and your beliefs lies the strength of the Oread Mountaineering Club.

Eric Byne.

Dear Charlie,

I thought I should write to say that I shall be away from meets for a while. Three friends and I have just acquired a van that just goes, to attempt a journey to India. From there we hope to get to Australia and eventually to Canada and the States. Perhaps we are too modest to say "round the World".

Three of us have done a little climbing (we were in Scotland last Christmas) and no doubt the fourth man will become a climber. Anyway there are places where climbers always want to go and we have decided to see them before we "settle down" (horrible phrase). Of course we shall not be holidaying all the time because we shall have to earn our keep.

I shall send you an occasional card. Here's hoping you have many happy Club meets.

Yours sincerely,

Jack Leeson.

HOW THE OREAD CROSSED THE ALPS.....by CHARLIE CULLUM.

We were eleven - Ken and Betty Wright, Mike Turner, Mike Gadd, Geoff Thompson, Margaret Dearden, (Miss) Leslie Wall, Ernie Phillips, Fred Allen, Mary and myself. Our transport consisted of Mike Turner's Vanguard and the tried and trusted Hudson. We flew across the Channel from Ferryfield, the Hudson party to Le Touquet and the others to Calais, on July 16. Meeting in Arras in mid-afternoon, we bought some wine and drove on towards Switzerland, camping in the early hours of the next day in an orchard near Vesoul. We crossed the frontier about midday at Basle and continued in blazing sunshine to Zurich, where we had a refreshing swim in the lake. Chur was reached early the following day, and there we tried unsuccessfully to get breakfast before starting the long climb up to and over the Splügen Pass.

It was here that the Hudson's tendency to boil first showed itself. Many stops for cooling off and filling up were made before the top was reached, and on descending into the Italian frontier village of Spluga we halted awhile to let the Hudson cool down and to fill ourselves with Chianti. Then down the hair-raising drop into Chiavenna. Here Geoff found that he had left a case containing his carnet, passport and maps at Spluga. However, the Carabinieri were very helpful and the case was soon recovered. Meanwhile we were having our first bales of spaghetti and drinking a gallon of vino. At last we drove off into the night. Two more passes were crossed, the Hudson boiling merrily every few hundred yards. At the second of these we got out and walked so that the Hudson could go up lightly laden: Betty's comment was, "We should have done it the way Hannibal did - at least his elephants didn't boil!"

Early the next morning (Tuesday) we arrived at the foot of the last climb before our first destination, Madonna di Campiglio. We parked the panting Hudson in a wood-yard and did a "double shuffle" with the Vanguard to the top of the pass and pitched at a spot called Campo di Carlo Magno. After a day of rest (disturbed only by occasional herds of cattle strolling through the camp, clanking like the celebrated clappers of Hell), during which Geoff, Ken and I bought some uncommonly handsome boots, and all the men admired the gorgeous Italian girls in Madonna, we went up to the Rifugio Brentei.

On Thursday morning the seven men set out for Cima Brenta, 3150m., by the ordinary route, which the guide book described contemptuously as "Grade 2....totally without interest". In spite of this we made hard going of it, and quite soon Ken turned back suffering from mountain sickness (or excessive vino?), reinforced by a blow on the head by a falling stone. Shortly afterwards we spent an hour over a pitch which was considerably harder than 2 and not totally without interest. After this Ernie, Fred and Mike Gadd abandoned the ascent intending to traverse to a col which promised to offer a fine viewpoint. Geoff, Mike Turner and I continued up more pitches not totally without interest, separated

by long, steep scree slopes. Time was getting on and the weather deteriorating: at last it became clear that we were off the route, though not impossibly so. However, prudence required our withdrawal, so we quickly climbed a small unnamed rock peak of about 3000m. and descended by the way we had come. There were several abseils, which cost us two pegs, two karabiners (ex-W.D.) and a sling. And we got a soaking on the walk back to the hut.

Ken and three of the girls had meanwhile gone on to the Rifugio Pedrotti. Mary had stayed behind, and the remaining seven of us spent a second night at the Brentei. We went on to the Pedrotti early next morning intending to climb Cima Tosa. When we arrived the advance party were setting off for the next hut, the Tuckett e Sella, as the weather was too unsettled for a climb. We waited a while, then the two Mikes, Geoff and I decided to try the Croz di Rifugio, a small rock peak which the guide book said could be climbed in an hour from the hut. Mary, Fred and Ernie followed the first group.

Having split the party into three groups, the stage is set for all manner of alarms and excursions - separations, benightments, failures to turn up at meeting-places and so on. But strangely enough none of these events befell. Having done our climb in an hour from the hut (not at all difficult but frightfully exposed - the one tricky pitch we found was just off the route) we went to the Tuckett Hut and met everyone but Ken and his harem, who had gone back to camp in search of night life. There was, incidentally, quite a respectable glacier above the hut - it had two creditable crevasses.

It was essential that we should reach Bolzano the next day (Saturday) in order to obtain our tourist petrol coupons, so we left the hut for camp at dawn. To the North a magnificent panorama of mountains filled the horizon, with the Wildspitze looking only a few miles distant. Down we went in the already scorching sunshine; a cool beer in Madonna, then back to camp where we packed up and reversed the "double shuffle" with the Vanguard.

Disaster! The first party down found only a little pile of broken glass where the Hudson had been. Mike returned for the second party, who speculated wildly about the mystery all the way down. But the mystery was already solved when we got down. The police, observing a car apparently abandoned, with a flat tyre and a broken window (local urchins had stolen a cushion), and several half-empty wine bottles in the back seat, decided they had another Drummond case on their hands, and had driven it away only a few minutes before the Vanguard arrived. After a hilarious pantomime at the police headquarters the car was returned and we set off for Bolzano. But it wasn't our day. Traffic separated the cars and after crossing the spectacular Mendola Pass we in the Vanguard arrived alone. But in Italy it is pleasant to sit in a garden drinking vino and admiring the local beauties; this we did until the Hudson arrived. It had

by now got the idea, and was boiling violently even on the level. On we drove, the Vanguard following the cloud of steam in front, until at midnight we reached the top of the Sella pass and disembarked. Most of the party had a meal at the Rifugio before pitching on the grass verge across the road. But at about three a.m. a hundred Italian lunatics emerged from the Rifugio and proceeded to sing and shout hideously. Round English oaths were bellowed into the darkness, but were drowned in the general din. But after a day of rest and an evening of drinking we got our own back. The Italians are still wondering why anyone should sing about the end of his old cigar.

On Monday Ken, Betty, Ernie, Fred and I went off to Piz Boe. The "footpath" from the Rifugio goes straight up a precipice several hundred feet high, yet there is little rock-climbing - progress is made by iron ladders, stanchions, pegs, fixed ropes, the lot. Anything goes. Even so the ascent is perhaps moderately difficult, and though it may not be mountaineering it is first rate entertainment. We walked round the summit plateau, ascending a number of small peaks on the way, to the hut at the bottom of the final pyramid. Here we were robbed of the summit by an imbecile woman who accepted our order for soup, kept us waiting an hour, and then let on that there wasn't any. It was too late to go on to the top so we had to descend summitless. The storm which broke on the way down soaked us to the skin.

Margaret, the two Mikes and Geoff spent the day climbing the highest of the Sella Towers. They had a good climb and got down before the rain started.

That was our last climb. Tuesday was wet, and some people went down to Bolzano on a shopping and sight-seeing expedition while the rest of us stayed in camp waiting vainly for an improvement in the weather. That night we had a great banquet at the Rifugio, where the waitresses were repeatedly astonished at the amount of vino we could put away with no obvious ill effect. We had planned to go to Venice on Wednesday, and so were up at dawn. As the weather was bad we decided to strike camp and set off homeward from Venice, in the hope of getting a day's climbing in Switzerland on the way back. The weather improved as we approached the coast, and apart from getting entangled in an Italian Army exercise we reached Venice without difficulty. It was as picturesque as the pictures suggest, the weather was fine, and we expended a great deal of film and money before we left.

Then homeward - by Lake Como to Colico where we swam, ate and found a wine exhibition; through Chiavenna, scene of former triumphs; over the Majola to the Engadine and St. Moritz, where all the peaks were shrouded in mist and rain; along Lake Zurich to Basle with rain, rain, rain all the way; across France in improving weather, with a halt at Rheims to inspect the cathedral and buy wine; and at last we arrived at Calais in hot sunshine. We had just enough time to try some snails and have a last swim in the Channel before taking off for England, land of sunshine.

CORNWALL, 1955.....by ERIC BYNE.

Well, we're back from Bosigran, Cornwall, after a fortnight of superb weather - in fact most of the time it was too hot to climb. The party consisted of Mick Harby, Alison Harper, Pete Janes and Barbara, Charlie Ashbury, Larry Lambe, Pamela Lambe, and Eric Morrison, of the Mountain Club, Jim Bury, Ivy, Susan and myself. Also camping outside were Dick Kendal, Peter Perry and Eric --- (?), three other Mountain Club members.

The first week we had the hut to ourselves, except for Ted Pyatt and Rear Admiral Lawder (the hut warden) who spent four days doing nothing but knock off new routes all over the Cornish coast, whilst we did nothing much except explore the many beautiful coves, and bathe at such places as Portheras.

Eventually of course we did climb - seriously, I mean, for we found many enjoyable short climbs around the various coves and bathing places we visited. The serious climbs in the guide book listed localities all have the charm of the deep blue sea beneath and the gliding seagulls, kittiwakes and gannets floating around.

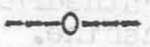
From my own point of view, the climbs I did were as follows:

1. The Bosigran (Commando) Ridge, V.D., with Charlie Ashbury, both leading through.
2. The Black Slab, Bosigran Face, easy V.D. - a charming route on grand holds. Followed by Charlie Ashbury and Jim Bury.
3. Inverted V, Halldrine Cove, D. Solo - perhaps a new route, perhaps not.
4. Oread, Bosigran Face, S. A new route with Pete Janes. We led through, but Pete did the two hardest pitches leading, and they were quite hard and delicate.
5. Oread Bypass, Bosigran Face, V.D. A new route, myself leading, Charlie Ashbury second.

Pete Janes and Larry Lambe also did a new route, leading through, which they called Alison Rib, V.D.

Other climbs done, as far as I remember, were: Hotel Buttress, Land's End, by a party comprised of Mick Harby, Alison, Larry and Pamela Lambe and Eric Morrison. This route is described in the guide book. The Doorway Climb, one of the classic routes here, by Larry Lambe and Eric Morrison.

An abortive attempt was made on Chair Ladder and the traverse of Porthmoina Island was foiled by the tide. I think everyone did Bosigran (Commando) Ridge, and it's a fine excursion rising straight from the sea with two fine steep pitches on grand holds.



NEW ROUTES AT BOSIGRAN, CORNWALL

Full details of these routes are in the log book at Bosigran Count House, the Climbers' Club hut.

Alison Rib, Very Difficult.

Between the main crag of Bosigran Face and the Gendarme Ridge there exists quite a lot of broken rock. The easy way down from the top of Gendarme Ridge to the terrace and main Bosigran Crag Face passes along the bottom of this. Alison Rib is the first long rib that is seen. Facing the rock it is the right-hand outline of this section. The route follows the rib all the way, starting on its slabby left side and moving out on to the arete.

First ascent: P. Janes and R.E. Lambe (leading through).

Oread, Severe.

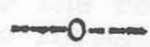
15 ft. left of Alison Rib. On the left side of the rib there is an inverted V groove topped by an overhang. Left of this is a large belt of slabs, ivy-covered on its lowest 12 ft. "Oread" starts up the arete formed by the right outline of the slabs. First an overhang, then the arete to a stance and belay on the slabs. Then move right, round the arete on to a steep delicate slab forming the left wall of the inverted groove. Up this to the overhang, move out left on to awkward mantleshelf, then up a smooth bulge to a grass stance and belay. An overhanging bulge is then climbed direct to a grass terrace. Across the grass, up a 12-ft. rock step and across grass and bracken to the final tower. Climb this tower by means of a conspicuous crack up its left side, starting with a subsidiary crack on its left, to a stance on top of a flake, then up the main crack, pulling over an overhang by means of a downward projecting flake.

First ascent: P. Janes and E. Byne (leading through), Aug. 5.

Oread Bypass, Very Difficult.

Start as first pitch of "Oread" to first stance and belay. Then diagonally up left across the slabs for about 90 ft., crossing two overlaps and on to a yellow streak. Then back up sloping creases to the right to an incut stance floored with grass and heather; belay. Then up and left for about 15 ft. to an inverted sloping corner. One can belay from the shelf on the right and attack the corner which leads to the terrace below the final tower of "Oread".

First ascent: E. Byne and C. W. Ashbury, Aug. 5 1955.



THANK YOU SO MUCH, DEAR CARNEGIE.....by JIM KERSHAW.

(The Carnegie Fund are proposing to provide £35,000 to erect a tea-house on Eagle Flats, near Birchen's.)

They're building a tea-house at Birchen's,
surrounded by lawns and nasturtiums.

The Eagle Stone top
with a table for four
and a juke-box for lovers of pop.

Is it one lump or two?
Have another cup, do,
O thank you so much, dear Carnegie.

They're building a funfair on Kinder;
Coney Island is licked to a cinder.
See what the butler saw,
watch the fat lady,
and scatter your litter galore.

Roll up sir, roll up sir,
just sixpence a go sir,
O thank you so much, dear Carnegie.

They're building a cinema on Gable;
Drive up in a Rolls, wear your sable;
swoon at Mature,
and leer at Jane Russell,
or watch Errol Flynn win the war.

Queuing all parts
for the spivs with their tarts.
O thank you so much, dear Carnegie.

They're building a dog-track at Capel
as a rival attraction to chapel;
with careful selection
just pick out your fancy,
and flutter your Sunday collection.

Check cap and white scarf,
cor blimey not arf.
O thank you so much, dear Carnegie.

If you must spend that thirty-five thousand,
there are causes in plenty at hand,
but please, dear Mr. Carnegie,
no teas at Eagle Flats, please.

THE RUBAIYAT OF GEORGE SUTTON.....by GEORGE SUTTON.

I. In July I spent nine glorious days at White Hall - Pete Perkins and Pat Strange of N.U.M.C. were there too; Padley showed his face first weekend, as did Charlie Able thorpe of Bowline M.C. both w.e.'s. Panther feted me each night on spaghetti, until Perkins pleaded for beans. Was entranced by sight of teen-age girls stumping into Snake Inn and demanding pint shandies after a long hot day on Kinder; after that I had to teach them how to cook in the gloom of the Barnsley Hut's back room (not the one where Ronnie Phillips thrashed me). Explored the innards of a small cave and enjoyed spectacle of Strange trying to ruin himself. On this occasion the girls changed in a field behind a wall (where did they change on the other occasions? - Ed.) - consternation when farmer on tractor entered the field. Remarkably quick food, because farmer was back in less than five minutes!

II. On Friday, July 30th, Adderley bashed on my door and endeavoured to lead me off to Scotland. Very nearly did it too - we browsed over my maps and books, and planned a route. Then he found that he wouldn't see a shop or people for the first four days out of Fort William, so I gave him some pemmican. Have had a card since to say he reached F.W., so his hitch-hiking must have been successful.

III. Sqdn. Ldr. Ian Brooker is stationed locally and may be lured out on to gritstone in the near future - I think he has only come down here because there's nothing left on Lochnagar. He's an ex-officer of the Cairngorm Club and a friend of Dick Brown's but I don't think we can hold these things against him. I do not think there is any truth in Pretty's assertion that Ian got his doctor's degree in a veterinary college; in fact the only animal I've ever seen him treat died soon after.

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OREADS IN SHORTS

We learn with deep regret of the death, by his own hand, of the owner of our hut, Bryn-y-Wern. The legal position is not yet clear; our solicitors are pressing for completion of the lease, but the outcome remains uncertain. At the last Committee meeting it was decided to postpone the official opening of the hut. An announcement will be made as soon as a date has been fixed.

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Dave Penlington is in hospital at Barton (5 miles North of Burton) after an operation for the removal of his appendix. The Welbourns are pressing for the formation of a section of the Club to be called The Appendices.

Mike Moore and Jim Kershaw completed the Pennine Way from Yetholme to Edale in two weeks. Lawrie Burns and his dog started with them (did someone say, "to mow a meadow"?) but the dog caught a virulent disease (M.J.M.'s cooking?) and had to see a vet, so Lawrie dropped out at Alston. The dog recovered and with his master spent the rest of his holiday at the Club hut.

Brian Cooke led a F.R.C.C. meet at Glan Dena over Bank Holiday weekend. Alf Gregory and the Mullans, our guests at last year's Photo Meet, were also there. Also present was a friend of the Cookes, one Helen, who hitherto has done one climb per annum, on grūtstone. However, after doing Bristly Ridge and South Arete on Tryfan she is thinking of buying some boots and doing the thing properly!

Our solicitor has heard from the Town and Country Planning people concerning the use of Bryn-y-Wern as a climbing hut, and has received a large form to fill in - always a good sign when dealing with official bodies.

Anne Leverton put in a welcome appearance at the Bell a couple of weeks ago. Let's hope we shall see more of her on meets in the near future.

Johnny Fisher and Betty Bird spent a week at the hut and put up a new route on Craig Lefn.

Malcolm McCarthy went to Wales on his 1938 motor-bike for Bank Holiday. He lost his gear lever on the way there and his way on the return trip!

John Welbourn and Ruth Bottger have had a fortnight's holiday in Torrison. Apart from the fact that it was "good" nothing is yet known about their activities.

It is reported by a usually reliable informant that Geoff Gibson was married at Mickleover Church on August 13. Heartiest congratulations, Geoff.

This Newsletter is the biggest ever, but you won't get one this size next month - unless you write your contribution now and post it at once. A holiday story, a "Profile", a new route, a verse, a letter to the Editor.....anything. **BUT DO IT NOW!**

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