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EDITORIAL

Three weeks ago, in common with a large number of other Oreads, I spent the weekend at Bryn-y-Wern. Even the Vice-President was there. So also, of course, was the old slave-driver himself - Dave Penlington. Now this was my first visit to the hut, and very impressive I found it; if you haven't been yet, I advise an early visit. Of course a lot needs doing yet, but already the kitchen is functioning efficiently (it really was a brainwave installing all those Government surplus fish slabs), the dining room is well furnished with benches and tables, some of which were hot from the hammer of Lawrie Burns during my visit, there are sufficient beds for quite a large meet and even the lounge is beginning to reveal its potentialities as a "festering place" on wet days. We even have a carpet! (through the generosity of Oliver Jones, I believe.) Of course "Penno" was not satisfied with the state of affairs or the amount of work being done - but the weather was very hot, and all but the very hardiest spent their time swimming at Portmadoc (it really has the finest beach in Wales) and occasionally climbing. On the Saturday evening D.P. managed to crack his whip with sufficient ferocity to frighten a bunch of us into hewing out a little more of the drainage channel which he insists must be carved into the solid rock before winter. Fortunately he conceals an almost human heart beneath his threatening exterior, and a liberal supply of beer was at hand to refresh us after our toils. Others took over the digging on the Sunday morning and the job was complete when they had finished. Without doubt our hut can be the finest in the country. Have you done anything towards making it so? If not, get stuck in! If so, get stuck in again!

The news of the first lead of Moyer's Buttress, on page 11, will no doubt provoke the admiration of every reader. How much effort has been expended in vain on that unyielding piece of grit-stone by how many first-grade climbers. Peter Bivans' conquest of the pitch must rank as one of the most superb pieces of rock-climbing of the era. And it illustrates once again how imprudent it is for any mountaineer, however experienced, to point to any piece of rock, however improbable, and say, "That will never be climbed."

The letter from an anonymous Corgi, on page 7, will strike a chord in the heart of anyone with feelings for the sufferings of our four-footed furry friends. It is a document of animal suffering the like of which has never been seen in these pages. How men can inflict such treatment on defenceless creatures and call themselves Oreads passes the understanding. Let us hope that the ignoble Burns and the despicable Moore are undergoing torments of the spirit for their black crimes. Every decent Oread, etc., and so on ad nauseam.

D.C.C.

MEET: THE ROCHES, AUGUST 20-21.....by ERIC BYNE.

Joint Meet with the Mountain Club.

This meet, true to the past traditions of the leader, produced fine climbing weather and a large gathering from both Clubs, in fact the field near Well Farm looked as though it had been commandeered by the Camping Club. A noticeable and enviable feature was the flaunting of superior clothing equipment sported by the Oread President and Clive Webb. Now we know the true reason why people depart for lengthy periods to such outlandish places as South Georgia!

Quite a lot of climbing was done on the Roches and Hen Cloud before the leader arrived, and lurid tales were circulating about the missing famous jug-handle on the Arete Climb. These were forgotten when the Oread President, donning his finest equipment, plus that disreputable deerstalker, led the charge down to the "Three Horse Shoes". There the President lost his wallet and began to look pathetic, until he found it again on the bar counter - but the true tale of its wanderings could best be told by a young lady of Suicide Wall fame. One could but regret that the Vice Pres. and the great Oliver were not with us to resurrect shades of the past.

Sunday opened with a shock when the President of the Mountain Club invaded each tent in turn, before breakfast, and collected the camping dues, even the Oread President having to hand over meekly, although one suspected that the mutterings in his beard were not entirely complimentary. Fortunately for his prestige the M.C. President and the leader of the meet were one.

Strange youths were also with us - the proteges of Pettigrew, who spoke with awe of the great Bob, all except one, whose pathetic theme song was, "Bob borrowed my new Vibrams to go to the Alps. I hope the boots are all right!"

Eventually of course the rocks were invaded, but no-one did Sloth or Saul's Crack, and Penlington, not yet recovered from his appendicitis operation, lounged at the bottom of the crags and gazed disgustedly at the hesitant peregrinations and kneeling attitudes of those who at odd moments in various unique places suddenly remembered that it was Sunday.

The old "tried and trues" received regular traffic and on one occasion the conqueror of the Spisthorn was seen kneeling reverently on a clump of bliberry on Black and Tan Climb.

The highlight of the day was undoubtedly the Oread Secretary's encounter with the keeper. This terminated with our Brian upholding the true traditions of the Oread and addressing this minion as "an interfering old busybody".

So ended an enjoyable weekend. We missed many people -

Gerry Britton for instance, and of course Mary Cullum. (One can always sit at the bottom of the crags and talk with Mary without feeling that one is slacking, for Mary's placidity is a tonic in itself.) However, Charlie, her spouse, was there and as if to compensate for Mary's absence had brought his new beard with him - not that I saw "Dolomite Doug" doing any climbing (Well, I was up on the rocks for all to see - where were you, Eric? - Ed.) but then, perhaps he didn't see me either! Fortunately it doesn't matter, for we, and all the party, enjoyed ourselves tremendously.

HOLIDAY AT HOME.....by JIM WINFIELD.

Not being among the more affluent Oreads at the present time, it was decided by Ray Brown and myself to spend a modest week's holiday in Wales, taking the tent etc., and thereby cutting costs to a minimum.

We began at Capel in rather poor weather and decided to walk over to Beddgelert via Moel Siabod. This proved to be an excellent walk with really fine views and might well be a future weekend meet.

After camping the first night on Siabod we awoke the next day to find glorious weather, which was to continue for the rest of the week. After moving a short distance towards Beddgelert we came to Llyn Edno, an excellent bathing spot. Now fine weather is the last thing to expect on holiday and bathing trunks had not been packed, but coming from Nottingham and being quite uninhibited, we proceeded to disport ourselves and had soon forgotten about our objective for the day, which was Beddgelert. (Disgusting really - no wonder that I was once asked by a lady in Coniston if I belonged to the ORRID Mountaineering Club!) We moved on at last however but were much too late, the pubs closing at 9.30 p.m.

The next day was to Llanberis via Snowdon and this we leisurely did, camping near Llyn Llydaw. Wednesday was a day of bathing and idleness and ended excellently with dinner at P.y.G.

Before moving into the Nant Ffrancon we decided to catch the bus from Pen-y-Pass to Capel in order to stock up with provisions and it was whilst we were standing outside the hotel that a car came to a standstill. The occupants were four Teddy boys from Butlin's camp who inquired if they were on the right road for Snowdon. They paled visibly when informed that there was no actual road to the summit and that Pen-y-Pass was as good a place as any to start walking. They explained that late nights and other harrowing pastimes at the camp prevented their being too strenuous during the day. However on learning of the railway from Llanberis they disappeared to the strains of "Goodnight, campers."

For the last two days we were camped near Glan Dena, with the weather even hotter and the climbs in lovely condition. "We donned our mouldered anoraks and proved that moderate routes are pleasant." (Free adaptation by kind permission of Jim Kershaw, Poet Laureate, O.M.C.)

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ADDERLEY'S AMBLINGS.....by JOHN ADDERLEY.

Have you ever looked at your diary and suddenly found that your holidays were upon you and that you had no plans? This happened to me on Thursday, 28th July. However Friday found me hitch-hiking from "Brum" to somewhere over the border.

I thrust my company on George Sutton that evening and spent all night trying to persuade George that he was in dire need of a holiday and ought to take a break for his health's sake. George, being a staunch character, sent me packing the following morning, loaded with pemmican, POM, dog-biscuits and maps. His last words as I left him standing in the centre of Burton-on-Trent's bus station with a faraway look in his eyes were: "If you're not back in three weeks I'll come and look for you."

Sunday evening I arrived in Fort William and on Monday I took the train for Glenfinnan. Taking a last look at civilisation I headed north into the hills, crossing the col between Streap and Sgor Thuilm, and pitched camp at the end of Glen a'Chaoruinn just above the waterfall. Wild orchids surrounded my tent and I could see deer moving high up the hillside, eyeing me reproachfully for invading the privacy of their pastures.

The following day I set out up Glen Dessary. I passed the school - now empty - which was built for three children. At the farm house of Upper Glendessary I was invited in for tea and spent a pleasant hour hearing about life in the Glen.

One can't linger for ever, though, and following the half-forgotten path over the col of Mam na Cloich Airde I arrived at Loch Nevis. Three deserted homesteads stood as a reminder of past generations. Rounding the point to where the River Carnach enters the sea I came upon a huge meadow, half a mile wide and disappearing into the hills behind a spur of Meall Bhuidhe. Deer were grazing in the deep grass and trout and salmon filled the river. In one pool I counted over 25 salmon, each at least 24" long. This was the country I had been seeking, and dropping my pack I sat down and tried to absorb it all. My ears were filled with the sound of birds, fearless pipits flew within 10 feet of me and from the sea came the calls of ducks and waders. This was veritably an escapist's paradise.

After a couple of hours I picked up my pack, which seemed 20lb. lighter, continued up the Glen, scaring the deer which took to the hills, and finding a perfect spot by a solitary tree

beside the river, pitched my tent for the night. I was blissfully happy until the deer returned and started barking. Not being much of a naturalist I didn't know whether the rutting season had started - I vaguely remembered that stags could be quite nasty at that time of the year. My fears were not eased when, just as it was almost dark, a deer came within 200 yards and refused to be intimidated by my yells and shouts. It was a false alarm, however, and it left in its own good time to leave me to a peaceful night's sleep.

The next morning I continued up the Glen, which got steadily wilder. I had a lot of difficulty negotiating cliffs, trees and burns but finally passed by Lochan nam Breac when to my surprise I turned a corner in the Glen and came upon a dam stretching across the valley. It was the same old story of Hydro-Electric Power.

Visiting the work camp I was given a meal of scones and tea and offered a lift to Tomdoun by the engineer. I accepted and in a few minutes I was back on to a highway and civilisation; passing on the way miles of new roads, gashes in the hillside for pipelines and other atrocities that go with a Hydro-Electric scheme - "so essential to the economy of the country".

This brought me back to reality and getting my thumb out from under my rucksack strap I set it to work and made my way to the Isle of Skye. I arrived in Glen Brittle without many incidents, having done a couple of small hills on the way.

I met Bill Brooker of Aberdeen at Macrae's and together we did a few nice climbs - Cioch West, Cioch Direct, Walwark's Route on the Upper Buttress, Crack of Doom and Direct Finish, Fluted Buttress on Sgurr Mhic Coinnich and Waterpipe Gully (not direct). The highlight of the climbing came for me when it was my turn to lead through on the second pitch of Mallory's on Sron na Ciche. Bill said the hard move was ten feet up. At ten feet I found the hard move, but Bill had omitted to say it lasted for the next twenty feet. For those who don't know it, it is a slab. It's quite safe really - you can't fall off - there aren't any holds to fall from. We continued up the arête above Mallory's and finished up the top part of Amphitheatre Wall, a delightful finish - short run-outs, vertical and rock like sand-paper.

We then had a couple of off-days, after a Scottish dance, during which we ate, slept, swam in the sea, stoked corn and went touring - and then left for Applecross in pouring rain, the first for a fortnight. Bill had mentioned a shelter in the form of a road-menders' hut, complete with stove. It turned out to be a minute box, belayed to the mountainside with wire at the point where the road makes four 180-degree turns in half a mile. The stove had fallen to pieces, dirt of ages was piled high on the floor and it was infested with huge, sluggish flies. I was lured out one day to do No.1 Buttress on Sgurr a'Chaorachain. The formation of the rock was like a series of gritstone edges piled one on top of the other, giving rise to many airy situations.

The next day we started home. At Aberdeen I left Bill and started hitching the following morning. I arrived home 36 hours later swearing I would never hitch-hike again. Funny, though - I remember saying that last year - and the year before that!

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

Dear Sir,

I feel obliged to reply to Eric Byne's letter as he evidently thinks that the Oread is done for if it climbs outside the Peak, and that it is done for if some of us are perhaps fanatics.

I would be much happier if, when Eric quotes me he did not cut quotations short, so giving them an entirely wrong meaning, e.g. I am reported to have written earlier, "Climb to your limits". Eric is shocked that this should come from an instructor at White Hall.....What I said was, "Climb to your limits on a top rope if necessary", which is a very different thing. By doing this often enough one can improve and presumably climb at a higher standard more safely. Is there any fool who will not agree that there is safety in skill whether it be in climbing, driving or flying?

I must also remind Eric that my attitude towards instructional climbing at White Hall is quite different from my own personal climbing efforts. One is a job and the other a hobby, even if they don't seem much different to most people.

I would be the last person to say that climbing is not for pleasure, but remember that the more you put into a thing the more you get out of it. While I lived in London I was in a similar position to many of the Midland Oreads in that I was limited for short climbing sessions to Harrison's Rocks. Most Midland Oreads are more fortunate - they have all Derbyshire as a playground. But at least I made the best possible use of Harrison's by trying to improve myself by trying the hardest climbs, as well as enjoying myself.

I can understand Eric's love of the Peak as he has done so much work in it, and I agree that a Club hut in the Peak would be a good thing, but don't let the notion of Peak climbing overwhelm everywhere else. If there is anything which limits individuals and consequently the club to which they belong, then it is climbing in one type of country only.

In future let us see the Oread put out more good ventures like Lyngen and South Georgia, let's see more in the Alps, winter camps in our own hills and some fine new routes. Next summer I am going to the Lofoten Islands and to Lyngen for a short time to attempt the North Face of Gukkisgaissa. Anyone interested in coming?

Trevor S. Panther.

Dear Editor,

Excuse my bad writing, my paws are still sore - those inhuman brutes Burns and Moore - that's what I want to tell you: the truth about the Pennine Way. It was nothing but a publicity stunt to get a year's supply of "Lassie" free. I don't like "Lassie" anyway. Three men and a dog on the Pennine Way - what a headline. Lawrie said, "Walkies". I didn't know it was two-hundred-and-fifty-mile-walkies. I walked four times as far as they did anyway, and the thousands of trees we passed, let alone the rain-gauges, no dog could have done himself justice. A good job they didn't know I was bluffing most of the time. That Moore was laughing at me, powdering my tail with "Apple Blossom". I don't know what I'd have done without Jim Kershaw, letting me use his sleeping bag and eat off his plate. It was a real pleasure to lick his face every morning. As for Burns, I had to take him home from Alston, he's led me a human's life ever since. I'm going to run away to a circus or something, just see if I don't. Keep my name secret.

Yours,

an embittered Corgi.

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O R E A D S I N S H O R T S

Bob Pettigrew has been spending his summer holidays at Butlin's Holiday Camp at Filey - as a barman. He landed an Honours Diploma in Physical Education at Loughborough this summer - congratulations, Bob.

Trevor Panther, R.G.P. and one Peter Recklin of London spent 17 days in Zermatt. They intended doing the High Route to Chamonix, but on viewing their 80lb. packs, decided against it. The Matterhorn and Monte Rosa were ascended before bad weather drove the party home in search of sun, which they found in Llanberis, where they did a few mild ascents such as Spectre, etc.

Jim Winfield has applied for membership of the Oread expectant fathers' section.

Colin Morris and Jeanne Challands are getting married shortly - September 30 has been mentioned.

Phil Falkner suggests that if we must have the Carnegie Tea House at Eagle Flats, it could at least be ensured that only bona fide climbers would use it by building it on top of the Eagle Stone.

Your Hon. Ed. has been sick for a week with tonsillitis. This has prevented him from giving his usual fine renderings of well-known music-hall songs, and has also delayed the production of this Newsletter.

ONE MAN AND HIS DOGGEREL..... by CHARLIE CULLUM.

Oh, come to the hills where the cold wind chills  
And let us forsake the plain,  
For with Vibram'd boot I don't give a hoot  
For worldly loot and its gain.  
Heavy-laden with packs, with rope and with axe,  
Let us roam with the wild hill sheep,  
For I long to go where the cold winds blow  
And the frozen snow lies deep.  
Let us tie on the rope and scale the slope  
Of some distant, icy peak,  
For there in the cold lies hidden gold  
Which none but the bold may seek.  
You may be poor, but you've riches in store  
On that ridge by the mountain ash;  
For there's freedom and leisure - a golden treasure  
That's quite beyond measure in cash.

If you're tired and sad there's a cure to be had,  
For the hills can be yours tomorrow,  
And cold spring rain will wash the brain  
Quite free from pain or sorrow.

The way may be rough as we tramp the groug  
In blinding sleet or hail;  
But on to the top! We'll go till we drop,  
And there's no disgrace if we fail!

Over wild peat-hag and crested crag  
To the summit that's lightning-riven,  
For it's there we must be, where the winds blow free,  
For it's there we shall see our Heaven.

In that clean mountain air there's a joy rich and rare,  
And as bright as a leaping fountain,  
And we'll know we have trod in the footsteps of God  
O'er the soaking sod of our mountain.

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PINNACLE PASSION..... by ERIC BYNE.

At one time in my youth I kept a list of the pieces of rock usually referred to as Pinnacles - from the tooth of Stonnis to the great fang of Scafell and the picturesque Needle of Gable - and vaingloriously would tick them off as I reached their summits. Those days are gone, but it is interesting to record how rich the Peak District is in rocks of which the summit is not an end in itself - in fact it could be interesting to those who read this to ask themselves how many they have ascended.

Let us begin then from Sheffield and circle the Peak, commencing where gritstone climbing began during the 1880's with that indefatigable pioneer J.W. Puttrel, and his discovery of Wharncliffe Rocks. Here J.W.P. climbed the miniature Bhasteir Tooth-like Prow Rock and leaped across the gap to the main edge. "Long John's Stride" and the Bass Rock are also towers of merit, but without the clear-cut definition of the Prow.

From Wharncliffe we can wander across Ewden over to Bradfield and visit the Harecliffe Rocher at Agden - fine climbing here, but no pinnacle to excite comment. However over the next long ridge in the distance on which stands Crawshaw Lodge, one suddenly comes upon the Edge of Rivelin, with its magnificent Needle, surely a sight to whet the appetite of any pinnacle pursuer. Virgin for 50 climbing years, it has now yielded four routes, all V.S., and two of them only possible with pitons.

On the opposite side of the Rivelin Valley stands the Isolated Headstone, and from here a path leads to Redmires and so to Stange. How strange that such a long and magnificent edge should give no true isolated tower! Perhaps the nearest thing for our purpose is the blocky summit of Black Hawk Bastion, and this would be improved if the giant chockstone were to roll away from the top of Black Hawk Chimney.

The Edges of Burbage, of similar sound structure, also present no needles, and one has to cross Longshaw to a small quarry on the opposite side of the wooded valley from the beginning of Froggatt before discovering the Crazy Pinnacle. It is traditional for the climber to stand upright upon its tiny summit - Cliffird Moyer used to hand-stand on it! I always preferred to sit, and confess this without shame!

So to Froggatt, and the great mass of Froggatt Pinnacle, first ascended by dubious methods invented by the Kyndwr Club in 1900, then legitimately by Henry Bishop a few years later from the col, and finally subjugated by all possible routes by the Valkyrie tigers culminating in the famous "Cook's Leap", when Chuck hurled himself in a flying hurdle across the gap.

Does Curbar possess a pinnacle? I don't know - certainly Baslow Edge doesn't, although perhaps the non-purist will point to the Eagle Stone and extol its virtues. Gardom's too gives room for thought - but stay! there's the Apple Buttress with its pinnacle top, for don't forget that comparing size for size it's more of a pinnacle than Scafell's.

Chatsworth offers nothing and the best thing on Birchen's is artificial but a real needle. On the other hand one could point to the Crow's Nest and offer to lever away the offending chockstone from the top of the Funnel.

It's a long stride to Cratcliffe and even then one has to pause awhile to examine the isolated boulders with dubious eyes.

Cratcliffe offers nothing, but there are compensations across the way where rise the towers of Robin Hood's Stride. The Weasel and the Inaccessible are famous pinnacles and the "Long Boulder Climb" on the latter boasts a first ascent by Owen Glynn Jones around 1897.

Within two hours one can walk to Cromford but you'll have to step on it and know the short cuts - and there the Black Rocks frown down upon the valleys. Stonnis Pinnacle rises like a thumb from the ridge of Central Buttress. There's no jumping off this, but Peter Harding and Tony Moulan used to jump down on to its summit, from a ledge on Central Buttress. Perhaps familiarity breeds contempt!

Not far away, on a hill overlooking Wirksworth there is the Alport Stone, well worthy of our attention if passing, but our way lies west to Harborough with its dolomite Trident and its delightful Steeple. Then to Brassington where Rainster Rocks give good climbing but strangely no pinnacles, although isolated examples exist nearby, such as Longcliffe Needle, Pinder's Rock and the fantastic Jeffcoat's Pinnacle.

Not far away lies Dovedale, perhaps a climbing ground of the future, with its great limestone bluffs, the gleaming needles of Tissington Spires and the great obelisk of Ilam Tor. Many have climbed here - Samuel Turner of New Zealand fame, the great Siegfried Herford, J.W. Puttrell and Henry Bishop, Frank Elliott, and latterly, Joe Brown and the Rock and Ice tigers.

But let's get back to gritstone and move south to the lost valley near Froghall and Dave Penlington's discovery, Harsten Rocks. Here is Pinnacle Buttress on which numerous Oreads performed with spades, ice-axes and piton hammers, also the magnificent Harsten Rock - just a pinnacle and unique of its kind, and further north the Oldridge Pinnacle, a true isolated tower of superb grit, and with this the completion of half the circular tour on which we have embarked.

To continue one must swing round to Hen Cloud and the Roches. Here again we meet with disappointment for the only object of our search is the small pinnacle at the southern end of Hen Cloud. This however does offer one very hard route. Bosley Cloud also offers us little, but further west, on the Cheshire border, one can find a quarry of igneous rock, and here stands a fine isolated pinnacle which once excited the attention of the late George Bower - Mow Cop.

Moving well north again, Windgather turns a deaf ear and points the way to Combs Moss and the Buxton Boss. One can find amusement here, and better still on the Castle Naze Pinnacle, so beloved of White Hall instructors.

It's a long leap to Kinderscout and not much reward when we get there. True there are many fine climbs, but the pinnacles are small, such as Shark's Tooth on Seal Edge, and Square Pinnacle

on Kinder Great Buttress. There is of course the Pagoda, but that's all front and no back. Another disappointment is Yellowslacks, but Shining Clough offers the genuine thing, although it's not as high as we should like.

Laddow couldn't wait for our circular tour - it shed its pinnacle in a disintegrating mass some time around 1918, but the Ravenstones make up for this by presenting us with a three-pronged affair - the Trinnacle, and give us magnificent views from the summit.

Finally there are the Dovestones. The top of the one pinnacle here is reached by a scramble from the back, but the frontal routes are most worthy. There now seems nothing else left except the desire to return whence we started - and the significant knowledge that for those who wish to pursue the pinnacle passion it should be obvious that Wharncliffe to Harsten offers the best opportunities. For the keen V.S. type with transport it might be possible to ascend the Prow, Rivelin Needle, Crazy Pinnacle, Froggatt Pinnacle, Robin Hood's Stride, Stonnis Pinnacle, Ilam Tor, Harsten Rock and Oldridge Pinnacle in one weekend, perhaps even in one day. Who knows?

At least it's never been done so far!

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#### MOYER'S BUTTRESS CONQUERED.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Peter Bivans of Leicester and addressed to Eric Byne:

"Please forgive my not answering your letter promptly, but you know you were, in a very small way, responsible for that. You see, in your letter you said that Moyer's Buttress on Gardom's Edge had not yet been led. This started off a chain of events which culminated in a week's leave in Derbyshire, and I am happy to say that we succeeded and Moyer's Buttress is no longer the "last great problem". I finally led it on Wednesday Sept. 7 (but I had been up it twice on a top rope the previous day). I put a chockstone on the square block under the overhang, to protect the corner move which is the crux. My second man, Trevor Peck, was belayed down to prevent "yo-yoing" if you know what I mean.

As regards the standard, it is Exceptionally Severe on almost every move, the final one being almost as hard as the crux. A friend took a series of pictures which I am hoping will turn out."

Eric Byne adds the following note: Peter Bivans, by his lead of this, and of Congo Corner on Mississippi Buttress on Stanage, proves his right to stand alongside Joe Brown as one of the greatest rock climbers of today. It is worth noting that he has also led the overhanging crack on the right hand wall of Moyer's Buttress, the Sloth on the Roches, and moreover has led in nails on a wet and windy day, that superb climb on Harecliffe Rocher, the Whittler.