

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.

From this issue onwards, the Newsletter appears in a new form. The nature of its contents will remain much as before - that is, anything that a long-suffering Editor can lay his hands on. The reason for the change is very simple; the new lay-out requires only about half as much work per issue as the old one, and needs far less editing, since the typist can just start at the beginning, go on to the end, and then stop, without worrying overmuch about whether the material will nicely fill a predetermined number of pages. The effects of the new look will be: (a) the Newsletter will be more up-to-date, since less time will be spent on its production, and (b) articles can be printed uncut instead of having to be trimmed to fit. Another change is that authors will be identified by their full names instead of mere initials, which baffle many readers. (See the letter on pages 6-7.) Now this is all very well, but the Newsletter cannot flourish, cannot even survive, without your full support. "Profiles" and items for "O. in S." are in very short supply, and these and absolutely any material relevant to Club affairs and members will be very welcome.....send 'em in! There is one grave drawback to the new state of affairs - since a page this size contains about 500 words as against about 300 on the old size, I shall in future inflict much longer editorials on you!

On page 6 George Sutton writes about the new hut in a tone which will surprise many. There is wisdom in his words, and one cannot doubt that they spring from his deep feeling for the Oread; yet I hope and believe that he mis-reads the omens. The hut provides, at present, a sorely-needed stimulus, for certainly the feeling of common purpose of the guide-book days has been flagging of late; and, in the future, a meeting-place for members, where they will find not merely a comfortable base for climbing, but a centre of companionship with their fellows. And if any prospective member has been left in his corner in favour of the hut, then the Oread spirit is already past recovery - for any self-respecting Oread would lead him by the ear to that building, set him to work, and roundly curse him if he failed to pull his weight!

I see the present enthusiasm for working on the hut in preference to climbing as a symptom of a healthy looking to the future; not as an obstacle in the way of the Oread spirit but as a re-orientation; as a new common activity in which that spirit will regenerate itself many-fold. The desire to serve the Club is a splendid thing, and can have only a unifying influence; and those who have never felt it are of precious little use to the Oread and to themselves.

D.C.C.

More than twenty members and friends attended this meet which was blessed with glorious weather. Half stayed at "Brackenclouse" and the remainder camped nearer the pub.

Early Saturday morning the coach arrived at Nether Wasdale to discover that coaches of our weight were not allowed up the valley. A not unpleasant five mile walk as dawn was breaking took us up past the still lake and across the becks to "Brackenclouse". Phil's car passed us on the way - we were surprised that somebody should be behind us! A fairly large coach was noticed enviously, parked by the stream. Evidently the pack-horse bridges are strong enough to carry them despite the notices.

The majority retired for a few hours' sleep, but Dave Widdows and Brian Sanders after a quick breakfast left at about 5 a.m. for the Langdale fells and a second breakfast near the Dungeon Ghyll. Mike Turner's party, who, one presumes, had a decent night's sleep, went to Pillar Rock and vanquished the New West climb among others. The hut dwellers rose about 11 and were just about ready to go when Charlie and Mary arrived, having walked over the Sty from Borrowdale.

After much chin-wagging, some of us went to the Napes via Gavel Neese. Our Sec. took Phil, Bob and Alison up Abbey Buttress and on to the top of Gable, while the Meets Sec. took Paul Morris and Jack Wolfe up Tophet Bastion. Little inclination was displayed by either party to do any further routes; the hot sun had created a mighty thirst that could only be assuaged at the Wasdale Head Hotel. This place has indeed undergone a pleasant change since I was last there.

The Treasurer discovered the sad personal loss of a considerable amount of silver to the screes of Great Hell Gate - served him right for wearing shorts! However a pint shandy seemed to balance the books and cheered his outlook on life!

Sunday saw us bound for Scafell. Toiling up Brown Tongue, Wolfe carrying two ropes and a rucksack, demanded extra coolie's pay for "ice", of 11 annas a day. This brought forth the query, "Are all the women in India called Anna?" From Hollow Stones parties spread out to reach their chosen routes, Phil and Bob for Moss Ghyll, Charlie and Geoff Thompson for Wall and Crack on Pike's Crag, Wolfe, Marion and I to Juniper Buttress, and Colin Morris and Mick Harby for Central Buttress. This was the event of the day and progress was closely watched from Pike's Crag and the Cwm. After runners were fixed by Mick, Colin led the Flake direct in clean style without any assistance at the chockstone. The traverses were also successfully overcome, and after about five hours' climbing they reached the top.

The others did one or two more routes; Slingsby's was done by Phil, Bob, Charlie and Alison, and Keswick Brothers' by Wolfe, Paul Morris, Marion and me. This route converged on Stan Moore who was emerging on to the top of Moss Ghyll Grooves. He was much taken aback to be introduced to the Treasurer, who immediately asked him

for his subscription. Despite the fact that he is treasurer of the Cave and Crag he pleaded that he was penniless!

That evening after the pub had been visited Oreads gathered round a bonfire at the camp site. Fred Baker sang and played his guitar; generally however the beautiful evening atmosphere kept most of us quiet. Jim produced magic firewood that spluttered, sparked and blazed furiously. Fred continued to play peacefully in the background, a fitting lullaby to a perfect day. As the fire died down, those of us staying at the hut, now feeling the chill of the evening, drifted back to "Brackenclouse".

Monday was a short day for those travelling by coach. We had to walk down to Nether Wasdale and be there for 3 p.m. A few of us managed a short climb on Overbeck Buttress, while others bathed in the lake and stream.

Before leaving the hut we had a last balance or neck-breaking act on the roller-board. Alison, I understand, after a second visit to the hut recently is becoming quite expert. Those puzzled by what a roller-board is may write to the Secretary for a detailed explanation. Phil and Bob went to Pillar that day and climbed the New West. Mike Turner and co. went to the Napes and doubtless did some good climbing unless the rock became too hot for comfort.

The meet ended on Tuesday, when Phil, Bob and Jack departed their different ways. I understand it was hotter than ever, too hot to climb, and I know that the Fell and Rock were grateful for the clean state in which they left the hut.

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#### KINDERSCOUT MEET, JUNE 11/ 12.....by PETE JANES.

Weather conditions on this meet bordered on the monsoon. Heavy and continuous rain fell on Sunday, and during the rest of the time everything was shrouded in a fine drizzle. The shelter of the Barnsley hut, however, somewhat atoned for the nasty climatic conditions.

On Saturday Brian Cooke and Mick Harby, with the ladies, braved the dampness in search of rock. This they found in the shape of Chinese Buttress. The Vice-President walked up from Baslow in the Company of Rene and Ted Holland, and John Adderley was present after sleeping out on the Sheffield moors on Friday night. The only other notable thing which happened on Saturday was that the Meet Leader arrived.

Sunday was the sort of day to forget. Dinnertime saw the departure of South Georgia Sutton and caravan over Kinderscout via the Downfall to Hayfield. Nothing else happened except that the Meet Leader went home.

This Barnsley hut is an excellent affair and all our Club members should use it whenever possible. A cordial welcome is always assured.

I am awaiting confirmation that John Welbourn is changing his boot-maker. I've heard that Freeman, Hardy and Willis have been mentioned. Sabots seem to me to be the best answer to his problem.

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LLANBERIS MEET, JUNE 24/26.....by DAVE PENLINGTON.

What a pity only a very small band of Oreads joined this meet. With two days of good weather what a wonderful opportunity was lost to most members.

Saturday morning dawned hot and sunny with most members striding up towards Cwm Glas, Adderley and Webb in the lead, Fisher with a large party headed for the Ddisgl, and Cooke and myself for Cynr Las. The day remained hot, and later in the evening members returned, sunburnt and weary.

Sunday again dawned bright, the force of the party visiting the lower cliffs, where in perfect weather they enjoyed superb rock climbing. Unfortunately the coach left early and most members with it. Brian Cooke on Cynr Las and John Fisher on the lower cliffs put up a very good performance.

The evening was still sunny and warm when I left Brian and Marion Cooke at their tent. They stayed on for another day.

Brian writes: M. and I took Thursday off and travelled to the hut. We worked a bit on the Friday, shopped, and looked up the local builder to get the slats put on. Went round to Llanberis on Friday night. Fast vehicle, glorious evening.

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PROGRESS REPORT - II.....by DAVE PENLINGTON, HUT WARDEN.

Since the finding of our hut, Bryn-y-Wern, on the 30th. of April many hours have been spent doing the hundred and one jobs required to convert it into a Club hut. Much has been done, much remains to be done. The house is large and in good condition apart from the back rooms, where dampness has caused damage.

After taking over, work went into full swing. Part of the kitchen floor was relaid, the old range removed, a hole knocked through the wall for a hatch-way, and an old shed at the back demolished. This work was all done in the first four weeks by members like Moore, Burns and Gadd, working till the early hours.

At Whitsun the tide turned, paint appeared on the walls of the kitchen, the hatch-way was made and installed, cooking benches made, and plastering of the walls began. The change from an old vicarage into a climbing hut had begun. Burns, Gadd, Moore, the Phillips, Webb, Dearden, Britton and Adderley were hard at it again. The last two spent the whole week working.

The same crowd were active again the following week-end,

at least thirty members.

It has been said that the acquisition of a hut is one of the greatest events in the history of the Club. All of us who have been to Bryn-y-Wern realise its immense potentialities and the effect it can have on the Club's future. But those who will most fully appreciate its value will be those who, by putting something of themselves into it, will help to write this page of Club history which members of the future can only read.

Its real worth will be realised only if we rediscover there that unique spirit of companionship without which the Oread cannot flourish.

~~etc.,~~  
~~Mike Moore.~~

From the Vice-President of the Oread M.C. - GEORGE SUTTON - JULY 1955

Sir, (EXTRACT)

Busy as I am at this moment, on working on the official account of the South Georgia Expedition, I feel that a few words must come from me about the new hut. Our editor has hailed it as a great event - I do not personally consider it as great an event as the advent to the Club of any new young member eager to climb. Yet the hut has aroused a frenzy of enthusiasm - and the new young member <sup>could</sup> sit forgotten in some corner, and meets ~~was~~ neglected for working parties. There was a time when this was not so, and the Club went out to climb from tent or bivvy or barn, regardless of the weather and, though seldom with respect, yet always with interest in its members. God help us when the day arrives that we are too clannish and snobbish to have time for newcomers; when people join the Club not to find friendship in the hills but because we have a fine hut. This is not Club spirit, and I think the danger is too perilously near to be pleasant.

Having read this far and come to the conclusion that I am not in favour of a hut, pause a moment to reflect that though Mike Moore and Dave Penlington well deserve their plaudits, yet some praise is due to the previous Committee which had the wisdom to institute the Hut Sub-Committee and the Hut Fund. The former has served its purpose and the latter has crawled slowly up to its £50 target and is now proving eminently useful. I was President of that Committee and a prime mover in these two institutions, so I do not disapprove of the hut but am all in favour of it. What I am asking for is a sense of proportion. In a little while there will be Club meets to the hut, but meanwhile do support the meets elsewhere. The true spirit of the Club is lost if the will of its members is not to join others and friends on climbing meets. I cannot make such a spirit, but I can deprecate anything which tends to destroy it - and even then, as a wise philosopher who bows to the inevitable, sadly but not harshly.

One thing more - enthusiasm is a fine quality, but if I may parody a famous saying, "Enthusiasm is not enough". Dozens of

strengthened by Mary Barthorpe, Byne, Ashbury, Parslow and Turner. Wood was pyrchased, tables made, the bathroom painted, bedrooms started, and work was also in full swing at the back of the house.

The President joined in the following week-end, also Fred and Brenda Allen and children (note - non-members working for us!) Despite the strong call of the hills on this particularly fine week-end, work continued in the kitchen and bedrooms.

So things have gone on. The hut is taking shape; beds, tables, chairs, pots and pans are there; one kitchen, three bedrooms and the bathroom are ready. Thanks to gifts of all descriptions, over £40 has been spent to date. Thanks must be extended to Jack Longland and the Climbers' Club for beds, Alison Harper for a stack of furniture, and many others who have helped in this respect. To the two Micks (Gadd and Turner) for the transport of materials and Oreads, and all others who have helped in the last few weeks.

More help is needed most urgently. Let us really make this a hut to be proud of. Let me know what you have to offer - pots, pans furniture and money are all required. Finally, don't forget to come along and do your share.

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

From the Chairman of the Hut Sub-Committee.

Sir,

On behalf of the Hut Sub-Committee, I would like to thank you, the Club member, for your continued support during the search for a hut and since its culmination, for your enthusiasm, hard work and financial help, so urgently needed to prepare the hut for use.

The combination of audacity and persistent endeavour, so characteristic of the Oread, has been blessed with good fortune, happily coinciding with the return of the South Georgia Expedition and at a time when (let us admit it) Club affairs at home needed a stimulus.

The Sub-Committee, with the addition of Dave Penlington as Hut Warden, has been authorised by the Club Committee to prepare the hut for use and to continue with its administration. Four trustees have been appointed and will sign the contract on behalf of the Club.

We have engaged the services of a solicitor to safeguard our interests in the drawing up of the contract and to obtain permission from the Town and Country Planning Authority to use the building as a mountaineering hut. It is hoped that by the time these notes appear in the Newsletter, the legalities will have been completed and the hut equipped to deal comfortably with twelve people.

BRYN. Y. WERN - FROM CHAIRMAN HUT SUB-COMMITTEE - MIKE J MOORE - JULY 1955

The official opening is to take place on the Cwm Silin Meet on September 17th and by that time we should be capable of accommodating

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people were enthusiastic over my expeditions but it didn't help me one bit. Resolution is better - to work, to get things done, to go on getting them done. The hut does need working parties and resolution - I am guilty of preaching what I cannot perform; but a man has only so much time, energy, money - and at least I've used my pen.

Yours sincerely,  
George Sutton.

P.S. There is another matter - I wish people would now use full names to end their articles; I can get as far as P.R.F. and D.C.C. but after that I'm completely baffled by the ever-increasing combinations of initials. (Complaint attended to, George. - Ed.)

Sir,

Trevor Panther wrote to you on the subject of the Oread today, and in the May issue of the Newsletter you published the epistle.

In reply may I say how very pleased I was to see him at the A.G.M. and that he is one of the very few people in the Club who work at weekends, yet he showed sufficient interest in Club affairs to contrive to get to the most important meet in the year. Others more fortunately placed could not arouse sufficient enthusiasm to attend at all.

Now on the Sunday Trevor mentions, I was one of the Oreads he saw playing in the snow below Birchen's Edge and I thoroughly enjoyed it. I practised glissading (I know the snow was only limited) and I practised making snowballs and throwing them. I did this because I go into the mountains to enjoy them, not to fight for survival every minute I am there, and the same applies to the majority of mountaineers.

Going back to his final two paragraphs, where he is obviously referring to standards, presumably upon rock, I think that I have known the Oread longer than Trevor has and let me say this - the standard on rock and the general standard of mountaineering is far higher than it was when the Club was first formed. Then, on rock, there were only two or three people capable of leading to severe or higher; now there are over a dozen. One final remark - our members get around the country far more than ever before, and if they do "climb on crags they have climbed on far too often", they enjoy themselves and there is no "death or glory" to their climbing.

Climb to your limits, yes, if you get enjoyment from it, but do not get any wrong ideas of the standard you can lead, because leading a V.S. is very different from climbing it on a top rope, and do not let anybody tell you otherwise.

Finally may I suggest to Trevor that if he does not take his climbing quite so seriously he will probably find he will enjoy it far more.

Yours sincerely,  
Mick Harby.

# NEWSLETTER - JULY 1955

AWAKE, AWAKE O OREAD.....by JIM KERSHAW.

1. Awake, awake O Oread,  
Arise famed heroes of the past,  
O fabled names of founder days,  
The Club is sinking fast.
2. Put on your mouldered anoraks,  
Search out your rusted iron,  
Arise, the tigers of the past,  
Restore V.S. to Zion.

(A chorus of resurrected Oreads despairingly chants the following to the clanking of chains of karabiners, pitons, hammers and associated ironmongery which they drag behind them.)

Where are the hard men,  
Where are the serious men,  
The men with bloodied hands ?

(Stop reading the poem, you degenerate shower, and either do 100 press-ups, or hand traverse round the picture rail.)

Carry on reading now with a better conscience.

3. Present-day Oreads lounge in bars,  
Go to the hills in sleek black cars,  
Pseudo-mountaineers in Teddy-boy suits,  
Frolic about on moderate routes.

(Have you read any good V.S. routes lately ?)

Where are the hard men,  
Where are the serious men,  
The men with bloodied hands ?

4. So rise, you men of long ago,  
That criticise the present,  
Attend some meets to demonstrate  
That V.S. routes are pleasant.

## OREADS IN SHORTS

Clive Webb paid his sub. on the second pitch of Main Wall, Cymr Las.....Mick Turner is spending his evenings reconditioning a boiler for the hut.....Alison Harper spends all her spare time in second-hand shops, looking for bargains for the same establishment... Falkner and Dearden have gone to do the High Route, among other things.....So have the Morrisises with John Bridges and Fred Baker, or so rumour has it.....The Wrights, the Cullums, Margaret Dearden, and Messrs. Turner, Thompson, Gadd, Phillips, Allen and another are in the Dolomites (wonder how Mary Cullum is taking to the altitude, considering that a small Cullum is now expected ?).....Another large party, the Bynes and daughter, the Lambes, Alison Harper, Harby, Ashbury, Janes (and girl friend) and two others are having a couple of weeks at Bosigran, the C.C. hut in Cornwall, over the Bank Holiday.....All contributions to "O. in S." gratefully accepted.