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EDITORIAL

Underground warfare appears to have broken out between the pro- and anti-caving groups within the Club. This issue contains three more letters on this subject, one for and two against. These letters and "Claustrophobia's" original complaint have one common feature which reveals the sinister nature of the whole controversy. They are all anonymous. Anti-cavers as well as cavers are afraid to do battle in the full light of day, and hurl their missiles from the obscurity of noms-de-plume. One cannot help feeling that so much secrecy must veil other, more deadly, skirmishes - brief but bloody encounters involving stabs in the back with sharpened pitons, cleaving of skulls with ice-axes, throttlings with nylon line and other "such bitter business as the day would quake to lock on". How many of our members lie rotting at this moment in some dismal subterranean cavern? I urge the Committee to call a Special General Meeting for the purpose of counting our surviving membership. Nor is that the whole of the tragedy. Is it not pitiful that such a keen mountaineer as our ex-Treasurer should be reduced to a grotesque figure scrabbling in the dirt in search of worthless bits of prehistoric crockery? It is not yet certain whether this activity is the first symptom of dementia subterranea or its terrible final mark, but truly it is a mental sickness perhaps as tragic as Hamlet's in its consequences. For imagine a whole army of the Afflicted hewing frantically at the hills of Britain. In no time at all they could reduce our finest mountain ranges to rubble-carpeted plains. Let those Creads who are still untainted by the malady of caving, or who are, like myself, one-time sufferers now recovered, remember that although Dante eventually attained Paradise via the mountain of Purgatory, he first passed through all the nine circles of Hell - as a direct result of stepping into a cave. Let us take care to leave even the smallest of stones unturned, lest it happen to us.

We announce with sorrow the death of Dr. Wilson Hey, at the age of 73. Wilson Hey was a keen mountaineer almost to the end of his life, but his greatest contribution to mountaineering was in the field of mountain rescue. In 1927 he amputated the leg of a climber following an accident on Laddow, and it was largely as a result of that accident that the Mountain Rescue Committee came into being. Wilson Hey figured prominently in the history of that body, and for fifteen years he supplied morphine at his own expense for the relief of injured climbers, in face of a Home Office ruling that supplies of the drug were not to be made generally available for that purpose. It is largely due to his sustained efforts to bring about a reversal of that ruling that morphine is now included in all mountain rescue medical kits. Creads will remember him as the proposer of the toast, "The Cread" at the Annual Dinner of 1952. Many other mountaineers have cause to remember him with gratitude, and indeed his memory will be respected as long as there are mountaineering accidents. D.C.C.

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In the last three months the enthusiasm for steady hard toil has continued to be shown by a number of members and friends.

In October Mike Turner loaned a large van, in which he stacked the remains of the furniture, raw materials, his welding plant and a large bunch of workers which duly arrived at B.-y-W. one Saturday afternoon. Sparks literally filled the hut next day as Mike, helped by Ken Wright and Ron Dearden, welded the beds together (Ed.). Moore, Phillips and Burns were as usual up to their necks in all sorts of jobs, as were the ladies, who not only had to satisfy the menfolk (in the tea and eats line) but also had to paint and scrub.

The remains of the boiler eventually arrived by devious routes. Finally the flue pipe was assembled and after much coaxing Mick Moore managed to push the whole 24 feet of it up the chimney, a feat not excelled by Dead Eyed Dick. Phillips and Burns had made an angle iron structure to take the weight of it off the stove elbow on which the pipe now rests.

Food racks were commenced by Mike Gadd, Andy Renville and party only a few weeks before Christmas. They were however finished in time, and proved most useful over the holiday.

A good tidy-up and general reorganisation the week before the holiday proved to be most worthwhile and added greatly to the comfort of the Hut.

In 1956 work will still go on. This will be at working party meets and all helpers will be most welcome. No hut fees will be payable and they will take place on weekends with no other meet.

A number of photographs are needed for hanging on the walls. Now, all you experts, why not sort out your best and let me have them so that I can get them framed and hung up.

Expenses will be very heavy in 1956. It is hoped that members will make the most of B.-y-W. and encourage others to do so. Only in this way shall we be able to cover our running costs and save money for future improvements. Remember even Welbourn considers it worth while at 2/6 per night!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL: A PANTOMIME.....by JIM KERSHAW.

(With apologies to Charles Dickens and readers.)

The time is any old evening. An Average Oread Member (A.O.M.) sits dozing before the fire. As Twelve o'clock strikes the lights dim, the air grows chill, groans are heard and the sound of dragging chains slowly approaching. The door opens to reveal a ghastly figure, the spectre of a piton man released for a while from eternal torment to perform a service to mountaineering. He drags the full weight of his sins - the ironmongery he used during life - behind him. He speaks.

"Woe, woe unto Oread. Before the night has passed you will be visited by three spirits." So saying, he disappears. A.O.M. rubs his eyes, mentally notes that he should lay off the drink for a while, and retires to bed.

One o'clock strikes. The phantom of a founder member appears (The Spirit of Oread Past), takes the member by the hand, and scenes of the past are enacted before their eyes. The founding of the Oread in a beer-cellar in Burton, pioneer days, people travelling on public transport and even walking to climbs. Gardom's conquered and classified by bearded giants, a growing membership with enthusiasm, expeditions to Lyngen. The Gibsonian Era, the Golden Age of walking marathons and bus trips, the ancient hero leading the dirty songs from the back seat.

The scene fades. A.O.M. lies awake thinking of the glory that was Oread.

Two o'clock strikes. The Spirit of Oread Present appears. He has an air of ennui about him, and a generally tarnished look. A.O.M. is quickly transported to Chorlton-cum-Hardy. Bob Cratchit Cullum is seen among his family, Tiny Tim Newsletter looking very frail, a pair of crutches resting against his chair. "He will assuredly die" the spirit says, "unless....."

The scene changes to the Gibson Memorial Room at Bryn-y-Worn. Hanging on the walls are relics of the legendary figure - a hand-forged ice-axe, fitted boots ta ilored breeches and anorak, the remains of a gate bought and transported at great cost from Froggatt's farm. The most priceless of the relics is a horn of mysterious origin. There is a tradition in the Club that when the Oread stands in dire need, three blasts should be sounded on the horn by the President. Far away westward in the land of Eternal Youth the champion, sleeping in his green tent, will awaken, and the familiar tall, erect figure return to don his immaculate gear, and with steadfast gaze and ice-axe firmly in hand do battle with the Club's enemies.

Once again the scene changes, to the outskirts of a dark city. Two or three cars filled with climbers depart westwards leaving a knot of despairing figures grouped around a derelict bus. The spirit disappears and A.O.M. returns thoughtfully to bed.

Three o'clock strikes and the third and last spirit appears, the Spirit of Oread Future.

It is the year 2000 and the Oread A.G.M. is being held in the wooden fishing hut above Bryn-y-Wern. The Gibsonian relics have been saved and still hang on the walls. Two incredibly old men, the sole survivors of the Club, are talking.

1st O.M. : "I think it's your turn to be President this year, isn't it, George?"

2nd O.M. : "That's very good of you, Harry, will you take on Treasurer, General and Meets Sec. again?"

1st O.M. : "Certainly, George. Well, now we've got that over let's get down to serious business. Open up that orato of Bass Blue Label you're sitting on."

2nd O.M. : "Have you got the bottle opener, Harry?"

1st O.M. : "No, I thought you'd got it, George."

2nd O.M. : "Well, we are in a mess - a crate full of ale and no bottle opener."

1st O.M. : (Thinks for a while.) "Do you remember the Gibsonian Legend that when the Oread is in dire need the President should blow three blasts on the sacred horn and the hero will return from the Land of Eternal Youth? Well, this is dire need all right and Gibbo's sure to have a bottle opener on him. Never without one."

2nd O.M. : "I suppose it's worth trying, Harry. Pass that horn down off the wall."

(Blows three blasts which reverberate through Cwm Pennant.) There is a blinding flash of light, a column of smoke rises from the floor and materialises before their eyes into the shape of Gibson. Unchanged since his mysterious disappearance in 1955, he smiles, the light of youth in his eyes, and hands a solid gold, diamond studded bottle opener to the President.

Destiny had been fulfilled.

THE END.

(Well, perhaps it did start as a Christmas Carol, and I must finish somewhere or Charlie will think it's too long to put in the Newsletter.)

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A COMMENT ON THE CLIMBS AND CRAGS OF THE CWM PENNANT AREA.....by JOHN FISHER.

1955 saw the acquisition by the Club of Bryn-y-Wern in the Pennant Valley for use as a Club hut, and all hopes are that it will be a success. It deserves to be, and when new crags are opened up and new routes done and interest thereby aroused in members of our own Club and of other clubs, I feel sure it will be a successful venture. Unfortunately the lease has not yet been straightened out but it is hoped that this will be arranged in the near future.

Up to the present time few new climbs have been done in the valley in spite of numerous parties visiting the place. This, I feel, is due to nearly every party being a working one, which was as it should have been. But now, with the back of the work at the hut broken, 1956 should produce a crop of new climbs in this valley and elsewhere in the area.

Concerning information on the climbing, at the moment (to my knowledge at any rate) only two guides have been published which cover the climbing grounds in the area. They are the Climbers' Club Cwm Silyn and Tremadoc Interim Guide and an account of climbing on Moel Hebog, Craig y Bere and Llechog in the M.U.M.C. Journal, 1956. Also there are accounts of climbs on other crags such as the Yr Eifl cliffs on the Llyn Peninsula in a C.C. Journal. However it is hoped that in the near future a complete guide to Cwm Silyn, Tremadoc, Moel Hebog etc, will be published by the C.C. with John Neill as the author. This will probably be the most recent guide since the Carnedd one and will be of particular interest to people wishing to climb from the Pennant Valley. Most people who have visited Bryn-y-Wern have climbed in Cwm Silyn and know it to be a rewarding area. New climbs are possible here, I understand, as exemplified by the attempts of Ernie Marshall and party on an unclimbed buttress in the Cwm. Ernie maintains that it will go but will be hard. Fewer however have visited the Tremadoc cliff with its rather gritstonish atmosphere and views over the sea. Here, in spite of the absence of real mountain atmosphere these crags provide interesting and technically difficult climbing. Like the Pennant crags, vegetation especially in the form of trees and shrubs is profuse but is now not so prominent on the more popular climbs such as the rewarding Hound's Head Buttress route with its magnificent top pitch. In addition, as the Guide Book remarks, the rainfall here is less than half that of the Ogwen and Llanberis valleys. This is certainly an advantage.

The latest of the areas to be published are those climbs on Moel Hebog.

These cliffs are on the Beddgelert side and according to the M.U.M.C. Journal provide routes of interest and considerable length although the rock is inclined to be loose. Llechog is also written up in this Journal. I cannot give a first hand account of these climbs as I have not visited the cliffs. I did, however, try to find some cliffs on Hebog (before the guide was published) but did not go low enough down the side of the mountain. There are some crags which look very steep and loose but not very high, quite near the summit and overlooking Beddgelert.

Now to the crags in the valley. Routes done here are written up - note, from memory only and therefore possibly inaccurately - in the B.-y-W. log book. Up to now four crags have been climbed upon. These are Craig Isallt, Craig y Llan, Craig las and the crags on Moel Lefn. These are all marked on the O.S. map of the district. Craig y Llan is a short crag near the junction of the valley road with the Caernarvon-Portmadoc road at Dolbermaen. One route has been climbed here and Brian Cooke says there is scope for more though of a short nature and rather vegetated. Craig Isallt is the cliff nearest the hut and is a quarter of a mile west of B.-y-W. over Pont Gyfyng. It has yielded two or three routes with scope for more. It is highly vegetated and the climbs seem artificial although the pitches themselves are not so escapable. Prominent in the centre of the crag is a grim black overhang which has not been ascended in spite of several attempts. This has been turned on the right and left. Two routes of about 200 feet have been done, one a slab route about V. Diff. to severe, and the other a rib, grass and wall climbing, Diff. The slab route has merit. Both climbs have been the result of the efforts of several parties although J. Adderley and C. Webb first did the upper two pitches of the slab route. This climb is worthwhile, the upper slab giving really good climbing. This crag will be good for off days and summer evenings but not wet days as the rock gathers quite a lot of moss and general vegetation. As for Craig las, which lies on the east side of Carnedd Goch and can be seen from the valley road about half a mile up the valley as a series of buttresses standing above a steep scree slope, there does not seem to be any great future save as a crag which can be used as a warmer-up on the way to Cwm Silyn. From a distance it appears to have great prospects but on closer inspection the angle of the buttresses is seen to be much less than it first appears and the rock is much broken and tends to be loose. A route has been done by John Adderley and Clive Webb, about V. Diff., on the most northerly and longest buttress. It is about 200 feet long with four pitches, the third being dangerous rather than difficult on account of loose rocks. Two other scrambling routes have been climbed but are not worth recording as many of this type may be done here.

The cliffs on the west side of Moel Lefn seem to have the most prospects and one buttress, narrow and red in colour, has to my mind considerable scope for climbs of the harder type although only 150 feet in height. One route has already been climbed on this buttress and is 150 feet long and about severe in standard. The rock on the whole is sound but as on all new crags there is the loose stuff and unstable vegetation.

The crag of Moel Lefn, getting more to the point, is long and extends round the Pennant side from the north, where it overlooks the old mine workings and quarries of the Prince of Wales Quarry. Then it runs west and finally south to overlook the upper end of the Pennant valley. The cliffs appear to be in three main sections. The most northerly consists of very steep slabs and walls, not very high but fierce-looking and with a prominent steep slab about half way along. Next the character of the cliff changes as it runs south, with the lower parts

becoming easy-angled, with slabs and ribs running up to steep walls and overhangs. This characteristic of upper steepness continues again after a short break of easier ground, with the appearance of "boiler-plate" slabs which overhang the lower part of the cliff. This area looks difficult indeed! After this the crag breaks for about 100 yards, with steep broken ground filling in the area between the boiler-plates and the Red Buttress. The Red Buttress, so called because of the pinkish nature of the rock, is steep, and prominent as one of the cleanest pieces of rock hereabouts. Just to the right of its centre a steep, wide, shallow "gully" with lighter coloured rock runs up the buttress to be capped by a prominent horizontal overhang. This gully is bounded on its right by ribs and on its left by the blades of rock which form the right hand side of the route mentioned above. This climb starts at the foot of a short wall below a pear-shaped rock (this forms the right wall of the groove on the second pitch), and runs up the wall, up the curving groove, then up a short crack to a ledge overlooking the gully from which the last pitch runs up the steep groove bounded by a steep rock blade, which enters a steep but deep chimney opening on to the top. The stances on the tops of pitches 1 and 2 lie on the side of the "gully" and thus make the climb a little artificial in this respect.

Left of the gully are steep slabs and walls of beautiful red rock. More southerly still comes steep broken ground and after about 200 yards of this a steep overhanging buttress appears. Any climbs done on this will, I imagine, be hard. A prominent steep gully is noticeable on its left side and will probably give a good winter climb about 500 feet in length. The name of these crags is Craig Cwm Trwsgl and there is an account of two routes done on it in the C.C. Journal, and in my opinion there is scope for more.

In conclusion I should say that I have been rather critical about the climbing grounds in the valley, as have others, in order not to conjure up in the minds of readers visions of a new Ogwen or Llanberis valley and so cause disappointment. However I do feel that worthwhile climbs may be done here, and even if I am wrong, the valley is as good a starting place as any for the proved climbing areas of Cwm Silyn and Tremadoc, not to mention the newly explored cliffs of Moel Hebog etc.

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CHRISTMAS 1955.....by RAY HANDLEY.

We left Derby with high hopes of snow, frost and blue skies, and arrived late at Miss Muncaster's after one stop for petrol and grub and three extra stops for Judy to be sick, with one slight difference from usual this time - she passed out in the middle of the road in Keswick. It is now said that Ray does not speak of what m.p.h. he can get out of his van but of how many s.p.m. (spews per mile).

Saturday proved the best day though unfortunately we had not realised that and had a shopping spree in Keswick until lunch, which of course was ideal for the women and children of the party. In the afternoon Fred and Ray did two climbs on Shepherd's Crag whilst the rest of the party walked. After a superb dinner in the evening we retired to the Seathwaite Hotel but found the company there uninspiring so went along to Dick's Bar, where we were met by a desirable red-head in a low-cut gown. When the men in the party had gathered their wits we had a very jolly time playing dominoes and darts.

Sunday dawned windy with rain in the air. Ray had arranged to see Joe in Wastdale, but unfortunately it began to rain. The whole party motored to the top of Honister and then set out to walk to Wastdale but it was so bitterly cold and wet that young Richard decided he had had enough. We returned to the cars with the intention of motoring round to the dale but again we were repulsed by the younger members of the party doing a Judy on us.

The evening was marred only by Judy's outburst because she was losing at cards, and waterworks by Brenda - quote: "You always have to spoil the game, Fred Allen!" Lionel accused everyone of cheating though I don't think his heart was in the game. He would rather have been in Dick's Bar with the red-head. Peter was most quiet, having drunk the best part of a bottle of whisky and also having won most of the card games. Needless to say everyone was drunk.

Monday was wet again until lunch. Then the parties wended their various ways, two to Shepherd's Crag, two to the Bowder Stone and the women and children to see a delightful horse which was for sale. Judy and Brenda thought they might buy it and start some sort of boarding house. Finding it a trifle expensive they continued their walk along the lake and were in sight of Miss Muncaster's when they were attacked by a frisky mare. While Judy fed the brute (the mare, not Ray - Ed.) with chocolate cigarettes and anything else that was lurking in her anorak pocket Brenda guided the children to safety. Turning round she saw the horse kicking its heels and Judy yelling for mercy. She'll never know how she reached that gate before the horse.

We left Borrowdale at 3 p.m. on Tuesday afternoon after as good a Christmas as we've had, thanks to Miss Muncaster, who really does produce superb food.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To The Editor, Oread Newsletter.

Sir,

You print another letter from Claustrophobia concerning his/her appeal for funds to fight the growing tendency of Oreads to take their lights to a cave. It has recently come to my notice that there is a far greater need to prevent the spread of an even worse evil. There is a great danger that our ex-Treasurer will infect members with his growing disease. He is a potsherd. It is greatly to be deprecated that in satisfying his desires he has defiled his ice-axe. To utilise an ice-axe to unearth bits of peculiarly shaped clay and rusty metal, to photograph it alongside a pot which, he claims, the Anglo-Saxons hung, instead of placing correctly, beneath the bed, is a sure sign of mental retrogression. He has even sullied the sides of Tryfan by violently hacking the bare earth with his much-defiled axe, no snow or ice in sight, looking as he said for signs of habitation!

We cannot permit this violation to continue or the disease to spread, or we may find Nelson's Monument being removed for the opening up of Emma's tomb. Claustrophobia should transfer the funds already acquired (if not drunk) to this greater, more worthwhile cause.

Nona.

To the Editor, The O.M.C.M.N.L.

Dear Sir,

It was with some dismay that we read the second communication from your correspondent Claustrophobia in the December Newsletter, having thought that his initial letter would have been sufficient to set the wheels in motion. These grotesques must be removed from our midst! We ourselves rushed financial assistance, and bitterly regret that we were forced by our Bank Manager to limit our support to the two lire note to which he refers.

We have however initiated a research programme to determine the psyche of the caving proselytes by means of a Gallop Pole (sic! - Ed.). A statistical analysis of the results has revealed the following piffling argument.

"Between the Photographic Meet in October (n.b. - start making your 1956 Meet prints now! - Meet Leader) and Christmas, a kind of Limbo occurs, marked by inclement weather and general misery. Furthermore, it is an indisputable fact that the temperature a short distance inside a cave is constant at about 55 F (quite warm when it is 33 F outside). These premises lead to the inexorable conclusion that the thing to do during this period is to explore caves."

Other minor points revealed were opinions ranging from "All Nature's wonders are worth a little effort to see" to "You can get a crafty snog in the dark if you organise the party properly".

However we ourselves will have nothing of these arguments, and prefer to stand, like Cortez, silent upon a peak in Darien. The bar sinister must be removed from the escutcheon of the Oread, or at least converted into a four-ale bar.

Your obedient servant,

"Pithecanthropus Erectus".

P.S. We investigated five rifts and two adits in the Via Gellia the weekend after Christmas, but were unable to find any trace of the "underground lake three-quarters of a mile long" described in glowing terms by Penlington.

Crypt Chambers, Lower Creep, Jugholes, Matlock.

Sir,

So my old enemy Claustrophobia has joined the select band of mountain nymphs, and is already seeking to bias, by false logic and innuendo, the eminently sane and thoughtful decision of many fellow members to broaden their experience of life by seeking pastures new. It is a pity that his arguments (or rather, unilateral statements) have not as firm a foundation as Beeston Tor, within whose cosy depths his diatribe was born.

Allowing for poetic licence, the ardent gastropod could not complain unduly of his list of caving characteristics, which clearly show what a practical man the caver is. I would wager, however, that far more odd varieties of headgear are seen on the crag than in the cave. And why not? As for clothing, the least said about rock-climbing fashions the better, until continental styles,

a. already favoured by an elegant few, gain a stronger hold.

May I urge incipient members of the O.A.C.C. to consider the following points:

1. British caves provide an atmosphere of adequate and constant temperature in the depths of winter, completely sheltered, except in a few cases, from the vagaries of mountain climate.
2. A caver emerging even from a South Wales river cave will be no wetter than the average rock-climber on Grooved Arete on an average Welsh Sunday.
3. There are climbing problems underground as interesting and exhilarating as any on the mountains. Note that one of the many fascinating books on underground exploration is called "Escalades Souterraines". Remember that the use of ladders and tramlines is entirely a matter of taste and prudence, as is the use of expansion bolts and etriers on the rocks.

Finally let us take heed of the stirring example set by Georgia George herself (see recent Newsletter) and set our feet firmly on the downward path.

Yours etc.,

Speleologue.

To the "onlie begetter of this insuing sonnet", Mr. L.L.L.
And now a critic rears his venomous head,
Assails the work of gifted poets three,
McGonogall in Ulster long since dead,
Myself, and Cole beyond the Bongal Sea.
I perused the address list for his name,
And found that Langworthy or Laese, but two,
Could Cruelly have vilified our fame,
Befoiled the old, and seared the budding new.
I scanned the books of Oread in vain,
To see a word or line he wrote before,
Why did he vie with verse and wit inane---
To emulate his betters on that score?
Before he sneers at fruits of others' wealth,
Well may he try to write the like himself.

(What price Marlowe now?)

I append brief extracts from the post I received following the issue of the January Newsletter.
"This is an insult to Clan McGonogall; an apology or the names of his seconds.
- The McGonogall, Killabeg House, Co. Donegal"....."Carry on writing, Jim."
- Five Boilermakers, Scunthorpe."....."The workers are behind you. - Trades Council, Runcorn."....."Disregard recent criticism. I regard your work as promising. - T.S.E.---t".....and finally a touching tribute from "Your old friends at No. 3 Box, Unemployment Exchange, Nottingham."

Yours,

Jim Kershaw.

LANGDALE MEET, JAN. 7/8.....by JIM KERSHAW.

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he today who sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And gentlemen in England, now abed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
 That came with us upon - the Langdale meet.

- Henry V.

Five Oreads (Betty Bird, Jim Bury, Len Hatchett, Andrew Renvillo and myself) travelled to Langdale in the Bedford, the fog delaying our arrival until 6 a.m. Details of this memorable journey can be obtained from meet attenders on request. I must discount a fantastic story concerning myself and an Eastern European in Bradford, which is being circulated by the Bird, and counter it by mentioning the embarrassing moment when an approaching lorry threatened to spotlight her during an opportune stop on Al.

It was still foggy in Langdale when we set out on Saturday for a modest walk over the Pikes. We had soon climbed above the mist which ebbed and flowed between the surrounding hills like a phantom sea. Returning to Rawhead Cottage via a scree run and the Old Dungeon Ghyll (bar shut, unfortunately) we cooked a Gargantuan meal and spent the rest of the evening round the fire. Rising late on Sunday, there was only time for a pleasant stroll to Blea Tarn in the sunshine and wind before we had to set out for home. The return trip was uneventful except for a road duel with an M.G., the discomfiting of a driver who used his horn too much, a visit to a cafe full of down and outs in Salford, and a meal in a cafe in Manchester where Jim Bury enquired as to the exact mode of preparation of the coffee, and Betty Bird complained of the cold to the manager and was shown a radiator - "Lovely and warm, me dear." (Blimoy, What a sentence!).

OREADS IN SHORTS

Mike Gadd and Anne Leverton have got engaged and plan to marry in August. Bob Pettigrew and Deana are also engaged. Congratulations to all of you.

Bob's recent lecture on the history of Loughborough College M.C. was greatly enjoyed. Excellent slides covered such subjects as Lyngon, Scotland and Deana. Some of those present commented on the new mural decorations apparently depicting a youthful Pettigrew frolicking with an equally youthful female.

Mary Cullum had a baby girl, Jacqueline, on February 5. The child inherits from its parents a prodigious appetite. Mother and daughter are both well.

Post your contribution to next month's Newsletter now.