

EDITORIAL

The extensive revisions of the rules, submitted to the Eighth A.G.M., were by and large passed amid much discussion (almost too much) and against little opposition. This was not surprising, for the revisions were mainly intended to regularise existing practices or to fulfil obvious needs, and had obviously been drafted with much thought. But there were surprises nevertheless.

The first was the fulfilment of Old Moore Cullum's prophecy that Eric Dyne would raise a point of order at this A.G.M. He did, but in a most unexpected way. The old Rule 14 (now Rule 17) required that proposed alterations to rules must be submitted in writing at least 28 days before the A.G.M. The purpose of such an arrangement is to give members time to think over proposed alterations before voting on them, and accordingly, although we may discuss a rule at an A.G.M., we may subsequently not propose alterations, and discussion without action is pointless. Eric's proposal that Rule 13 (No. 16 in the new Rules) be reviewed was in order, but his further proposal that it be amended was not, for he had not submitted any actual amendments. So Eric Dyne's proposal was rejected on a point of order - surely the first time such a thing has ever happened. What a pity he wasn't there to join battle! However, we may be sure that he'll try again next year, and won't be caught out a second time.

Another bombshell was George Sutton's attempt to resign from the Vice-Presidency. This was defeated by the Club's overwhelming vote of confidence in our unpredictable V.P. But there is a complication. We have been breaking the Rules for eight years. Rule 5 requires that all the Officers, Vice-President included, shall retire annually. They are eligible for re-election (with reservations elsewhere about length of service) but they must retire. This means that only the V.P.'s first year of office is automatic; for his second year he must be nominated and elected in the same way as all the other Officers. We can, if we wish, throw him out and elect someone else in his place - though I cannot imagine such ungraciousness in the Cread - provided, of course, that the President is carrying on for a second year. But to the best of my knowledge, we have never held a Vice-presidential election in any year in which the President was re-elected. Rule 5 has thus been broken four times - at the Second, Fourth, Sixth and Eighth A.G.M.s. There is no redress for past mistakes, but we must stick to the Rules in future. The next Vice-presidential election will be held at the Tenth A.G.M. in 1968, when one of the candidates will be Harry Pretty, standing for election for his second year as V.P. Unless - dare I write it? - Rule 5 is re-drafted before then.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ..... by CHARLIE CULLUM

The Eighth Annual General Meeting of the C.M.C. was held at the Prince of Wales Inn, Haslow, on Saturday, the 17th March, with the President in the chair.

The proceedings opened with apologies for absence and the minutes of the previous A.G.M. There being no "business arising", the next item was the President's Report.

Harry Pretty opened by saying that although the year had not been a bad one, it had not been a vintage year. There had been no more members out on meets than in earlier years. A great deal of commendable voluntary work had been done, notably in connection with the hut. The Newsletter was also mentioned, and the President appealed for more support in the form of contributions of news items. Summarising, the general health of the Club continued to be good. The Report closed with a plea for brevity and fairmindedness in the proceedings to follow.

Brian Cooke next presented the Secretary's Report. Membership was at present 77 - 5 less than a year ago. This was due to 4 resignations and 9 expulsions for non-payment of subscription, partially offset by 8 new members. 6 members were in H.M. Forces and a further 2 abroad. Of the remainder, about 60 were active - a very high proportion. In view of the number of impending marriages, the Club appeared to be an efficient marriage bureau. Many people had sacrificed climbing in order to work on the hut, which indicated a good spirit. Many Meets Circulars had been distributed but perhaps not enough information about Committee activities. On a show of hands, the Club confirmed the latter suggestion, and Brian promised to supply the Newsletter with Committee news. Our B.M.C. representative had sought access to the Moches and other areas, and the B.M.C. had discussed this with the Peak Planning Board. A scheme involving voluntary wardens had been proposed to ensure good behaviour among climbers, but the Club was against such a system. A requisition had been received for a Special General Meeting to discuss certain matters connected with the hut, but several of the signatories had withdrawn their names, leaving only three signatures. In accordance with Rule 13, no meeting had been called. Concluding, the Secretary said that Ronni Phillips had taken over all duplicating work. The Club's appreciation of her efforts was vociferously expressed.

The Treasurer's Report, delivered by Paul Morris, was brief, as balance sheets had already been circulated. He pointed out that nearly all the money in the Hut Fund would be needed to pay the current year's rent, so the credit balance was not as good as it appeared. Several questions were addressed to the Treasurer. Replying to Mick Moore, he said that the £7.17.0d. realised by raffles at the Dinner Meet was for all the equipment raffled. Replying to Ken Griffiths, he said that about 22 members had paid this year's subscription - more than at the last A.G.M. He told Roger Turner that the exact value of our assets would not be known until an auditor had been appointed, and Marion Cooke that the valuation should be complete by next year. Stan Moore wanted our financial year to coincide with the calendar year, and was told that this had been tried without success but might be possible. In reply to Clive Webb, the Treasurer said the Hut Fund would pay solicitors' fees and fire insurance in connection with the hut. The President commented that our financial resources

had reached three figures for the first time, and that the new Committee would have more serious financial and legal responsibilities.

The discussion of the proposed new rules then began. (For the sake of brevity in this overblown report, these rules are referred to only by number. If you wish to go over what follows in detail, you should have by you a copy of the new rules, which have already been circulated). Fortytwo members eligible to vote were present.

Rule 4 was carried unanimously without discussion.

Rule 5 - Brian Cooke explained that jobs occasionally cropped up for which an additional officer was desirable. In practice there was no difficulty but the new rule would regularise the Committee's position. The need for an Assistant General Secretary and a Hut Warden was obvious. There was some discussion on the interpretation of the new rule. Bob Parslow asked whether the Committee would be able to remove additional officers before the next A.G.M. if necessary, and was assured that it would. Some discussion of possible abuses followed, and the President pointed out that such minute details never caused difficulty in practice and that the Club's right to call Special General Meetings was a safeguard. Temporary Officers would vote at Committee Meetings. John Adderley wanted such officers to be appointed from the existing Committee. This was held to be impracticable. The new rule was accepted nem. con.

Rule 6 - George Sutton queried the choice of seven for a quorum at Committee Meetings. The President explained that seven was one more than half the Committee under the new Rule 5, and George accepted this. Charlie Cullum favoured the addition to the old rule and pointed out that we had already had one acrimonious S.G.M. solely because the position had not been clearly defined in the rules. The rule was passed by a large majority (33 for).

Rule 7 - Replying to Joe Johnson, the President said that there would be no specific qualification required for a Trustee. Taking on such a position was the Trustee's personal responsibility. He also told Clive Webb that Trustees would have some say in the administration of Club property. To Ken Griffiths he replied that Trustees would be appointed permanently. 34 members voted for the rule, which was passed.

Rule 8 - Joe Johnson thought that two auditors, not one, should be appointed. Stan Moore wanted the rule to include a definition of the financial year, but it was out of order to make such an addition at the present meeting. The rule was passed nem. con.

Rule 9 - George Sutton queried the Committee's right to submit nominations at A.G.M.s. Charlie Cullum said that Committees usually had this privilege. The rule was passed nem. con.

Rule 10 - George Sutton opposed the changed on the grounds that it had always been traditional for Honorary membership to be restricted to existing Club members, and that if a person was sufficiently interested in the Club to merit this honour, he would have joined the Club in any case. Joe Johnson asked what control there would be over the Committee's election of Honorary

Members, and it was pointed out that the Committee could only nominate them, and election was the Club's responsibility. Brian Cooke said the new rule would enable the Club to express its gratitude to eminent mountaineers who had greatly assisted the Club, e.g. by helping expeditions. Voting was 35-4 in favour of the alteration.

Rules 12 and 15 were passed by 40-1 and 41-1 respectively with little discussion.

Rule 16 - A unique situation arose over this rule. Two alternative proposals were before the meeting - the Committee's and Eric Lyne's. The Committee's was taken first. George Sutton said that J.G.M.s were undesirable and the increase in the number of signatures required would be a deterrent. Charlie Cullum proposed the formal rejection of this proposal so that Eric Lyne's could be discussed, and the rejection was carried by 26-8. Mick Moore then claimed that it would be out of order to discuss Eric's proposal as he had not proposed a definite new rule or alteration, but merely a discussion, which was not provided for in the rules. The temperature of the meeting rose, but eventually this claim was upheld, the formal rejection of the Committee's proposal declared void and on a new vote the amended rule was accepted by 30-6.

Rule 17 was passed nem. con. without discussion.

Rule 19 - George Sutton, Stan Moore and others were involved in a lively discussion on whether or not there should be any authority for interpreting rules, and if so, whether it should be the Committee or the Club. The arguments for the new rule were, briefly, that an authority was desirable to eliminate a repetition of past wrangling, and it was more convenient from a practical viewpoint to invest the Committee with such authority. The rule was rejected by 26-10.

The second major item followed - the election of officers and Committee for the ensuing year.

There were two nominations for the Presidency - Larry Pretty and Ernie Phillips. Harry was elected by 24 votes to 11.

Brian Cooke was the only nominee for the Secretaryship, and was therefore elected.

George Sutton caused an uproar by announcing he did not wish to continue as Vice President because he felt that the Club was no longer behind him. There was some argument as to the procedure in this unprecedented situation, until a show of hands proved George's fear to be utterly unfounded, and he agreed to remain in office.

Paul Morris and Pete James were nominated for the post of Treasurer. On a show of hands, Paul received 29 votes and was elected.

Donni Phillips was elected Assistant General Secretary and Dave Penlington Hut Warden, there being no other nominations.

Mike Gadd and Ruth Dottger were nominated as Meets Secretary. Mick was elected by 21 votes to 12.

Geoff Thompson was appointed Hon. Auditor.

Nominations for Committee were: Bob Parslow, Bob Pettigrew, Marion Cooke, Ernie Phillips, Laurie Burns, Betty Bird, Pete James, Ruth Dottger, Mike Turner, Clive Webb and Ray Handley. The first five were elected.

Many members spoke about the hut. Brian Cooke said that the question of ownership was still not settled, and no definite decision could be reached until the estate had been valued. If the estate were sold, we should have to negotiate with the new owner, but this was unlikely. Bob Parslow asked who were the members of the Hut Subcommittee and was told - Mike Moore, Dave Penlington, Laurie Burns, John Welbourn and Gerry Britton. Ken Griffiths asked if a key could be obtained at the hut, and was told that a key was kept at Williams' Farm, on the right-hand side of the gate to "Dryn-y-wern". Laurie Burns wanted to know whether the Club would be in favour of buying the hut if the opportunity arose. A show of hands indicated that we would. Fred Allen asked if, in view of the notorious January meet, there was any limit on the number of persons using the hut at once. Brian Cooke replied that control of numbers depended on good liason between hut users and the Hut Warden and Meets Secretary. John Adderley said that voluntary workers at the hut should not be obliged to pay hut dues, and was told that that was already the custom. Joe Johnson said that the Earnsley L.C. had found the need for the strict application of rules at their hut, and asked if there were any regulations at ours. Dave Penlington said that no definite rules had been laid down, and the principle of relying on visitors to behave themselves was working well. Joe thought there should be some rules, nevertheless. Clive Webb asked if cooking facilities were for all users or a favoured few. This was not treated very seriously. George Sutton proposed a vote of thanks to Mick Moore for his chairmanship of the hut subcommittee, and this was expressed enthusiastically by all present. Jeanne Morris asked whether visitors who were obliged to sleep on the floor should pay the full fee, and the general feeling of the meeting appeared to be that they should. Dave Penlington pointed out that this inconvenience could be avoided by booking well in advance.

The Librarian, Joe Johnson, said that our "library" consisted of 37 books, 18 periodicals and 4 maps, and mentioned the proposal to instal it in the hut. The Bucksack Club sent only a selection of books to the hut and kept the best ones in their library. If all our books were to be in the hut, they should be kept under lock and key, for the librarian could not be responsible for books so far removed from his direct supervision. Ken Griffiths said they should be where they would be most used, and asked how frequently they were used at present. The reply was not at all. Stan Moore suggested keeping them at the Bell and this was accepted as a good idea.

There being no further business, the meeting was closed.

(The Editor wishes to apologise for the great length of this report, for its general unreadability and for any inaccuracies, and hopes that readers (if any) will appreciate the impossibility of keeping a detailed account of a typically chaotic Gread A.G.M. which raged for four hours).

ON HEARING OF THE DEPARTURE IN MARCH OF ANOTHER ALL-WOMAN HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION ..... by JIM KERSEAW.

Lament the day, O has it come to pass  
That man's last ivory towers are lost?  
The Lakes, and Wales, the Alps fell long ago;  
Must Himalaya join the holocaust?

Would Mrs. Pankhurst were alive to see  
The elevation of the suffragette,  
The desperate climbs of femininity,  
Upon the Himalayan parapet.

Will there be cosy heart-to-hearts in tents,  
Tiffs over who pours tea, perhaps a tear?  
Or knitting like Madame Defarge at dawn,  
Before the guillotine arete severe?

Will women's tongues spur on the porters through  
The conditions of the mountain ice?  
Will Yeti footsteps in the snow be braved  
Before some smaller provoke shrieks of "Mice!"?

Perhaps upon a fallen Asian peak,  
When Madame X has failed a flag to fetch,  
What more distinctive nailed upon an axe,  
Than brassiere or strip of two-way stretch?

I phrophecy to all male mountaineers,  
Unless this trespass on our ground relents;  
Our sole retreat of peace and solitude  
Will be behind the cryptic sign of "GENES".

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REFLECTIONS ..... by TREVOR PANTHER.

It is the 28th of March, 1956, and I am sitting on the step of the back garden door of my home in London. It is very warm and peaceful in the sunshine and I feel almost entirely free from worries. There are two heavily loaded clothes-lines in the garden, from which hang many of my old climbing clothes. It looks like the end of a long climbing session, and indeed it is. I have a left white hall for good.

Looking back over 1955 is very pleasant for me. It is a year in which I made more friends through the mountains than ever before. I have also taught many young people to climb and had the joy of showing them a little of what I see in the hills.

I look back to the icy mornings of brilliant sunshine and crisp snow and the swish of skis. I also look back to the hot dry rock on a summer's afternoon at Castle Baye, Moches and little Windgather, and to the roaring wind and lashing rain making very wet camps on Kinder Scout, and days of such violence that the swollen Downfall never reached the bottom.

I look back also to last August, my summer holiday spent partly in the Zermott Alps and ending in Llanberis Pass, certainly one of the most stormy climbing sessions I have ever had. Memories of the incredible clarity and vast distances from the Matterhorn's narrow summit, of silent and beautiful dawns from the Gorner Glacier. Memories also of warm blue water and swimming in Llyn Cwm-y-ffynon, and of mind and body grappling furiously with the vertical ferocity of the Spectre.

For the sixth year running, I saw the year in on top of Snowdon, and so 1955 slipped away to the midnight roar of the fall of Kirriemuir.

Now, in early Spring, I find myself entirely free once more and as I gaze into a sun-drenched sky, I see great cumulo nimbus clouds soaring like mighty peaks of the Himalayas. Within me they arouse my wildest dreams, and I tell myself, "This is the beginning of a greater climbing phase".

"This is the sunset of another phase;  
The winds of time have blown me out;  
The day is ripe for a new life's craze  
Of free hills and joys, without doubt.

This is the twilight of professional days;  
Another chapter of my life has ended.  
But through the doubts of future haze  
Loom greater hills, yet more splendid."

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CLIMBING PHRASES EXPLAINED ..... by JONAS.

1. To "look at" - to climb.
2. "Interesting" - Bloody Exposed.
3. To "go for a walk" - Travel over 20 miles on foot over hags (peat), grouse and the like, carrying 50 lbs. in ruckback.
4. A "Jug" - is not a glass of beer - is a HANDHOLD - rare on gritstone.
5. A "Chimney" - J. Welbourn smoking Pete Janes' tobacco.
6. "Get the bird" - Catch Betty first.
7. "Hold tight" - is not an endearment. The speaker means his handholds are non-existent, his feet have slipped off and his eyelashes cannot keep contact with the rock a moment longer. It behoves his leader to tighten his grasp on the rope, or let his grip slacken if he values his skin.
8. Take to the "Boards" - is not to go on the stage, but to ski(hard k).
9. To ski(pronounced "she") - to go to an Oread Party.

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THE BIVOUAC ..... by RAY HANDLEY.

It was 4.30 p.m. and the summit of the Dent du Requin was towering above us as we ascended the last diedre towards the ridge. Above us appeared suddenly a figure. I shouted asking if he was familiar with the way off the peak. He replied that he was and would wait and direct us. We reached the top about 5.15 p.m. only to find it deserted, and then the thought of a forced bivouac flashed across my mind with its implications. We had no equipment, no food, no water and wet feet with nothing to change into.

This soon passed out of my mind as we did two obvious 20 metre rappels off the summit and then saw footprints in the snow on a ledge below, we decided to continue rappelling and every now and then one of us would traverse to the S. Arete and see if we could break out on to the West Face. We knew we had to get on to it to be able to descend easily on to the glacier. After about two hours of this, the idea of the bivouac was again forming in my mind with even more pressure. I had not mentioned it to Lou, but I thought it was time to look for a place to spend the night.

Lou was at that moment making yet another traverse out to the ridge. "Lou", I shouted, "If we can't get round this time we shall have to b..... bivvy". He did not reply, but proceeded to the corner, hovered round it and slowly returned. Well, that was that! The time was 8.30 p.m. It was nearly dark and we had been moving for about 15 hours. I had taken another type of thirst quencher with me today and it had left me with a mouth like the proverbial Chinaman's.

We surveyed our sleeping quarters, which were not of the best. The four-foot wide ledge sloped downwards and was covered with small loose scree. We needed tying to the mountain but there were no satisfactory belays, and my piton hammer resided somewhere on the screes, where, unfortunately, I had left it whilst performing a very necessary function. We then decided that if we drove the heads of both ice axes into the scree, they might offer some protection; this method, of course, was completely psychological and meant that we had to sit perfectly upright with a nylon rope passing over our thighs and tied to the heads of the axes. The hours of the night stretched before us and I thought it a good opportunity to take some photographs.

The view as night approached was most impressive. Straight across from our sanctum was the great North Face of the "Grandes Jorasses" with the Lperon Walker standing out in profile, then slightly to the right the Dent du Geant. Avalanches had been falling ceaselessly all day and were to continue most of the night. Further down the valley was the great massif of the Verte and the Dru. One wonders what those West Face bivouacs were like.

Night eventually fell, with us becoming colder and closer together, each taking it in turn to have his legs under his companion. We also fought a silent battle for the lion's share of the rucksack to sit on, our only protection against piles. The only sound after a little while, was the chattering of teeth and every now and then, "What's the time?"

Eventually, it was 12 o'clock and we knew that we were on the home stretch. Suddenly there was a crash a little way to the right and a fair sized boulder passed us on its way to the glacier. "Hell!", said Lou, "Let's hope there are no more of these b.....s. How's your feet?". "B..... cold", I replied, "What

time is it?". "12.30. I could do with a drink", Lou replied.

Dawn came slowly, a faint pink flush over the ridge of the Moine. About 5.30 a.m. we decided it was time to move, so gathering our belongings together, we roped up and began to climb back towards the summit. We found that if we had traversed as soon as we had completed the two rappels, we should have struck the required shoulder and so been able to accomplish an easy traverse on to the West Face.

On climbing a few feet down this, we met an ascending American girl and her German husband (a real smasher - to be interpreted either way). They plied us with cold tea, quite the best tea I have ever tasted.

We arrived back at the hut in a terrific sweat, wondering if it could have been as cold as we thought up there, or had it just been a bad dream.

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

Dear Bob Cratchit,

One item of news - Norman Cochran wrote me yesterday. He said that the Club had been so hospitable to him during the dinner that he would like us to accept a cheque, which he enclosed. Said cheque has been sent on to the ever hungry maw of the Treasury.

Some villain under the obscene name of Pithecanthropus Erectus is hurling scurrilous invective against moles and trogs. Caving is a wholly edifying sport and I suggest that Claustrophobia see a good psychiatrist. I have not yet made my mind up whether to consider Nona as a true cave-abolitionist, an oppressor of the under-dogs, or an anti-perversionist. As for the "crafty snog", I have discussed this subject with another caver and we were both agreed that it is almost impossible to be amorous when up to the eyebrows in mud. A wilder spirit of my acquaintance once expressed a desire to see two naked women wrestling in mud - some of the spectacles I have witnessed underground would almost fulfill this strange desire.

To change the subject, I was delighted by "A Christmas Carol" - and the other Jin-gens.

Yours,

George Sutton.

Dear Editor,

In view of the alarming correspondence which has appeared in your august journal condemning the gentle art of caving, I hasten to the defence of those who support this ancient and honourable pastime.

I say ancient because from his early beginnings, man has spent his time crouching in the dim depths of some cavern, and this undoubtedly explains the urge of contemporary man to seek refuge from the world in these secluded places.

As fundamentalists, we do not believe in defying the force of gravity, and prefer to recline in a position natural and comfortable to the human body rather than suspended in a death defying act far up on some inhospitable crag, cursing the fate which brought us hither, accompanied by the funereal jangling of various items of ironmongery. I have even heard of cases of people being literally rivetted to a cliff with strange devices known as "pitons".

A comparison of the mental states depicted by the above two situations should prompt any reasonable person to dive down the nearest hole, first making certain, of course, that it is a genuine cave and not a short cut into the local sewage system, and there find the solace he is unconsciously seeking.

The joys of underground progression are too well known to require more than a brief mention from this pen, but the unique view obtained of the nether portions of one's leader (a sight to be seen nowhere else), the sense of gliding like a bird as one slides down a well lubricated passage, and the final luxury of a free mud pack are not lightly to be cast aside.

I admit to the fact that having spent so long in the recumbent position is responsible for my being considered somewhat of an authority on boot soles and nailing patterns, and am convinced that I have saved many of my friends from possible danger by detecting loose tricounis whilst making notes.

Finally, in order to ferstall those who would inspire the newcomer with gloomy forebodings of the future, I would urge the beginner to ignore tales of the bones of long dead cavers and the sloughed skins said to exist in the remoter parts of this country. After all, these things have their special interest in speliological research and if viewed in the light of experience will be seen to be no more than a passing incident in a caver's life.

N.C.

Office for Systematic Demolition of Pre-historic Mounds (including Mountains!).

Dear Mr. Editor,

For publishing defamatory statements in the February issue of the "Newsletter", I must take to task both yourself and the anonymous writer "Hona".

Having left my copy of that same journal with a London friend - no, not my legal adviser - I suppose I ought to be extremely careful in replying to the infamous suggestions made. But, why should I? I can truthfully say I climb not purely for the sheer physical pleasure derived from the sport, but also for the spiritual and mental benefits accruing. Further, rock climbing is but one attribute of mountaineering, and using the most liberal interpretation, I consider Archaeology to be included in its scope. The hills and mountains we all love bear ample evidence of the very earliest mountaineers, to wit, the Celts; and aeons before them, Pre-historic man! And yet I am virtually accused of seeking to desecrate their memory, for if I would stoop so low as to "demolish one of their mountains" (with my ice axe), surely I destroy with the same act my faith in the ancestors of the modern mountaineer?

I thank you, Sir, for opening this issue, and I trust you, and other misguided rock-climbing zealots, next time you camp on Snowdonian peat-beds or in a Carneddau cave will meditate a while upon the sobering knowledge that thousands of years before our time, other eyes gazed with reverence on Y Wyddfa, Craig-y-Isfa and beloved Tryfan.

In conclusion, may I add that I believe the reputation the Cread has gained as an active and progressive Club, is due in no small measure to the many-sided interests and often seemingly quaint and unrelated (mistakenly so) activities of its members.

Signed,  
"PROBRIUS ARCHAEOLOGUS"  
(alias "saxon Grave-digger")  
(alias Ex-Treasurer).

Dear Editor,

And so the great caving controversy rages on with the feverheat of a cosmic chessmatch. Wit and repartee sparkle from month to month - what was that you were saying last November?

However, jesting apart, I must agree with the Editorial of February deploring the anonymity of pretaganists engaged in this mortal struggle. Come out into the open, you cowards, or should I say up to the surface

There is little left to say on the subject, perhaps for those with a masochistic streak, the self-inflicted torments of mountaineering are not to be compared with those of caving. It is indeed a fact that one can get dirtier and wetter in a cave more quickly than anywhere else. Recovery from a caving weekend takes on the average two more days than from an equal period spent mountaineering. The delights of bashing one's head against the floor of a fossilised primeval shellfish bed, or crawling along a boulder-strewn rabbit-run like a disjointed crab, can hardly be described.

However, I expect it is all doing one no end of good - it's certainly very pleasant to get into the open again after a session of caving.

Incidentally, what about having an official Caving meet next year?

Yours,

Jim Hershaw.

(This correspondence is now closed. - Ed.)

Dear Editor,

May I bring a matter pertinent to the welfare of the Cread to your notice? I refer to the practice of presenting engraved tankards to members who launch themselves on to, fall into, are dragged into, and even drown, in the marital sea.

This was an excellent custom when, like Christmas and other people's birthdays, it didn't occur too often. However, the number of projected marriages within our midst has risen to an alarming figure. We not only face, at five guineas a time, greatly increased expenditure, but indeed actual bankruptcy. Is the Cread to founder on a reef of presentation tankards? I would suggest that the threatening disaster could either be averted by reducing the value of such tankards to a nominal amount (what could be finer on a newlywed mantlepiece than Woolworth moulded cut-glass or an engraved jamjar?), or alternatively the presentation to the minority of members remaining in the single state instead of the majority contemplating marriage.

Yours,

Sour Grapes.

CREADS IN KÜHTAI ..... by E. PHILLIPS

We left Derby in the small hours of Saturday, the 17th March, and by Sunday mid-day stepped off the Snowsport Special at Innsbruck, having solved the problem of continental travel once and for all - have a sleeper, it's worth the extra quid. Our main observation on the journey was that female passengers predominated by about ten to one. (Sex starved male Creads please note!)

From Innsbruck by Post Bus to Gries in Sellraintal, and then a hair-raising jeep ride to Zirnbachalm between vertical walls of snow thirty feet high in places. Here the jeep could go no further, and we transferred to a Weasel for the rest of the journey to Kühtai. For the benefit of the uninitiated a Weasel is a vehicle with caterpillar tracks which run on top of the snow, and which is able to go almost anywhere.

Kühtai consists of about four hotels, a couple of "sports shops" and the Dortmundler Mitte, with beautiful valleys radiating off like the spokes of a wheel, and surrounded by an infinity of peaks and snow slopes, the whole comprising the Stubaier Alpen. The highest summits approach 10,000 ft., and at this time of the year many of them can be ascended on skis right to the top.

On Monday morning we joined the ski-school, and did our "ubung" on the nursery slopes, being pleasantly surprised to find ourselves in the top class but one. By Tuesday we were away on a day tour to the Mittertal, with powder snow, a perfect blue sky, and scenery better than the picture post-cards.

The run down as beyond description, and we arrived back at the Alpenrose tired, but well satisfied with our day's effort.

The rest of the week passed in like manner, with "ubung" and tours alternately, until Friday. On this fateful day I fell on a particularly unpleasant turn, and partially dislocated my right knee, renewing an old injury. However, after a couple of days enforced rest, assisted by liberal application of "Eli-man's", only swelling remained.

Ronni went in the ski-school again the second week, while the rest of us went touring on our own, including the Wörgertal and Wetterkreutz, Langental, Finstertal and Kirchkogel. The view from the summit of this peak can only be described as fantastic. Snow for eighty miles in all directions! The last Saturday brought the downhill Slalom, and Chuck was second in his class, winning the silver medal.

The more dissipated members of the Club will no doubt be more interested in the after-ski activities. These included several parties lasting until 2.00 a.m., organised by some Winielanders we met, and the consumption of large quantities of wine, bier, glühwein, cherry-brandy, rum grog, etc., etc. The rest must be left to the imagination!

Technically, we were astonished to discover a new technique in practice. The "swing" has gone out of the swing-turn completely, and we have as yet been unable to discover the mechanics of the new style. Nothing visible takes place at all; the skis just stay absolutely parallel, and about an eighth of an inch apart, with no body or arm movement to induce the turn! However, since it won three gold medals for Sailer in the Olympics there must be something in it.

The natives assert that Kühtai is the best place in Austria for ski-ing, as it is possible to stay here for two or three weeks and go on a different tour every day, and we agree unanimously with this view. A number of Creads have already decided that they are going to Austria next March, and it seems likely that it might almost be possible to make it an official meet at the present rate of progress. Anyone interested should bear in mind that it is necessary to make arrangements not later than the end of August to ensure accommodation.

Altogether then, we had seventeen days of magnificent ski-ing with scintillating snow, impeccable cuisine and the best of company.

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SUTHERLAND AND WESTERN COSS ..... by PHIL FADNER.

After a journey of 550 miles, John Adderley and I camped near Cam Loch in remotest Sutherland, and on the following day, Good Friday, set off to ascend Suilven. I had always thought of Suilven as a little mountain, suitable for a short day's amusement, but we were actually out for 9½ hours. The trouble with Suilven is that it is so far from everywhere that the ascent involves a very long walk; we had a good six miles of moorlands to cross to reach our peak, and when we did at last set foot on Suilven, it gave the impression of being quite a big mountain, even though it is only 2,400 ft. high. The summit ridge is a mile long, and provides some pleasant scrambling. We did not leave the last summit till 4.00 p.m. and the walk back to camp seemed interminable.

On Saturday, we drove to Ichnadamph and ascended Conarheall and Ben More Assynt, much bigger than Suilven but much less distinguished.

Next day we moved camp to the shore of Loch Lurgainn and from there traversed Stac Polly, a rather comic little mountain which has been likened to "a porcupine in a state of extreme irascibility". The weather was really very warm, and after descending, I enjoyed a brief, stimulating swim in Loch Lurgainn.

On Easter Monday, we attempted to ascend Ben More Coigach by the great buttress of Sgurr Ehidlair. I believe there is a recognised route up it somewhere, but we never found it. After climbing a series of slab pitches on rounded holds, reminiscent of Trafalgar Wall, alternating with belts of vertical heather (and very poor quality heather, too!) and not finding one good belay in some 300 ft., we gave up and traversed round the difficulties and took a more plebian way up the mountain.

Tuesday was spent shopping in Ullapool and moving to Dundonnell, where we established ourselves in a barn. Wednesday, the only day of bad weather, was a complete off day, but on Thursday, in wild, blustering weather, we traversed An Teallach, one of the grandest Scottish mountains. There was a little snow high up and the pinnacles, heavily verglased, had to be treated with respect; a biting N.W. wind kept us on the move, and the complete round only occupied 7½ hours.

On Friday we set off for home; the journey was not without interest. After leaving Edinburgh, the car developed an oil leak and a leaking radiator. Using fabulous quantities of oil, and stopping about every 30 miles for water from any convenient stream, river or pond, and leaving a slimy wake all the way down A.1., we reached home safely on Saturday morning.

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JOINT MEET WITH M.A.M. - 3/5th MARCH ..... by R. FANDLEY.

This weekend was a good turnout (bogs being hand flushed with buckets!), though the Creads considerably outnumbered the M.A.M. Most members arrived Friday night in pelting rain; one or two with skis in the hopes of finding a little snow left.

Saturday dawned in the usual, typical Welsh style, low mist and heavy rain, so all Creads went to Bettws-y-Coed and climbed on the local crags, which proved rather disappointing. We later adjourned to the local cafe to discuss what was going to happen in the afternoon. One party went in search of some new crag and the remainder to the Three Cliffs. Saturday evening some stayed in, some went to the Pen-y-Gwryd and some to the Bryn Lyrch, the latter party consisting of one prospective M.A.M. member (female with Morris Minor) and one Cread (male ..... enough said!), returning at midnight having lost the way back. A likely tale!

Sunday again started not too well. Some parties left early for Tryfan and Glyder Fach, but the sensible ones (not wanting to get wet) spent an enjoyable morning with card tricks and gymnastics in the lounge, later in the day to climb on the Milestone.

This was a very successful Joint Meet. We were honoured with two M.A.M. members - Norman Cochran and, not to be forgotten, Mr. Stan Moore.

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CREADS IN SHORTS

Alison Harper and Mick Karby were married at St. Peter's Church, Chellaston, on Easter Monday. The Club wishes them every happiness. Although this is the first marriage of this year's expected bumper crop, there is no truth in the rumours that the C.C.C. is to be renamed the Cread Matrimonial Club.

Jim Kershaw was in Glencoe, where he climbed S.C. Gulley. A full account - in verse - will appear next month.

Your Editor had an enjoyable fortnight in Paris, where he looked up Chunky Cartwright. Only ascent was the Arc de Triomphe. Reaching it through the Sunday afternoon traffic was at least Grade VI.

This is a fullish issue, but remember it contains two months' contributions. And note the shortage of "Shorts". Why don't YOU send something for the next one? Preferably about climbing, but anything of interest to the Club will do. No contribution has ever been rejected. Letters or post-cards to C. D. Cullum, 11 Corkland Road, Chorlton-cum-Mardy, Manchester 21.

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