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EDITORIAL

The Mountain Trial referred to in this issue rouses mixed feelings. First of all, amusement - who on earth wants to go racing over the hill-tops at top speed getting out of breath and red in the face? Then horror - what will happen to the peace and solitude of the mountains with hundreds of Youth Hostellers cantering all over the place, blowing six blasts a minute on their whistles, and asking the way to Pillar? Then comfortable superiority - no serious mountaineer will have anything to do with it; in fact they'll all steer clear of the Lakes that weekend. And finally - how about having a go? This final, rather alarming, idea was really forced home when I received a letter from Pettigrew asking me to join him in an attempt, and assuring me that Penlington and other formidable long-distance runners would also be there. At the time of writing, I haven't decided whether to join Bob or not. You see, I'm not sure whether he desires my company because he's sure I shall drop out after the first half-mile and wants an excuse for doing the same, or whether he feels that the sight of my majestic figure soaring indefatigably over moor and grough will intimidate all the other entrants into submission. I'm rather attracted by his suggestion of an Editorial beginning, "Your Editor has just run fifteen miles over the mountains .....", but I'm also rather daunted by the assurance that competitors may run in any footwear they choose.

But seriously, I think that the principal criticism to be levelled against the Trial is the fact that it is a test of competitors' ability as steeple-chasers rather than as mountaineers. The most accomplished map-reader, the most enduring bog-trotter, the most skilful and daring rock-climber or snow-and-ice man will not have the slightest chance unless he is also a first-class cross-country runner. On the other hand it may be argued that to cover a fairly long and rugged course in five hours is quite a feat of hill-walking, especially if the weather is bad, and that any mountaineer of spirit will consider the time not too impossible to constitute a challenge to his sporting nature. True, but the event would be more truly a mountaineering trial if it included a really difficult exercise in map-reading, some not-too-easy rock climbing (with no set time) and perhaps even the placing and overnight occupation of a camp in a spot difficult of access.

To sum up, the Trial will be at best a stiff test of route-selection and stamina and at worst a day of healthy exercise under rather artificial conditions. In any event, it will be a very much better outlet for surplus energy and high spirits than that other strenuous activity known as Rock and Roll.

D.C.C.



SOME NOTES ON THE PREPARATION OF SKIS ..... by ERNIE PHILLIPS

The majority of new skis offered for sale today, especially in the higher price ranges, are provided with plastic running surfaces. There appear to be two kinds of material in general use, one of which is based on a cellulose derivative, usually dark brown in colour, while the other is a substance similar to polythene, having a translucent blue appearance. Both these surfaces are excellent, from the point of view of friction coefficient as well as durability, but as far as is known to the writer they can only be applied by the manufacturer, or by repairers with extensive facilities.

The paucity and poor quality of the snow in this country on average does not encourage the purchase of expensive equipment of this kind by the weekend skier, who generally has to be content with a pair of ex-government boards, and in any case plastic soles do not take kindly to lumps of limestone or even frozen cow dung, so that a "second" pair for local use is highly advisable.

However, if the correct technique is used it is possible to produce a running surface as good as that of a plastic sole, although not as durable, by the expenditure of a little effort. The general idea is to produce a finish like that of a Rolls-Royce by using cellulose materials of the type used on cars and aircraft. It is important to appreciate that a slow pair of skis is more difficult to use, especially for learning, than fast ones; it is like trying to ride a bicycle on which the brakes come on and off without any warning!

The first step is to get the ski soles perfectly clean. This is not too difficult if they have never been waxed, but if wax has been used the initial difficulties increase considerably, as any trace of this material makes the production of a good finish impossible - the paint never dries. Probably the best way is to use a mixture of equal parts of petrol and paraffin, the former to soften and dissolve the wax, and the latter to prevent it hardening again too quickly. With the aid of quantities of clean rag the surfaces can be washed off quite easily when made of ash, but hickory always seems to have deep crevices in the grain and is very difficult to clean thoroughly.

The next step is to scrub the skis vigorously with a stiff nail brush and Stergene, Quix, or other liquid detergent, followed by washing and drying with a washleather. Care should be taken not to soak the wood with water for too long, as this may affect the camber. If the skis have never been waxed the above rigmarole can, of course, be ignored, and it is only necessary to sandpaper off the old lacquer with coarse sandpaper.

The requisites for finishing are half a pint of grey cellulose primer, a bottle of cellulose thinners - I buy these from Gurth-

Coopers in Cheapside, Derby, where they can be bought "loose", although any good paint merchant should be able to supply; and half a pint of Cellon "Cerric" spraying cellulose. The only place I know where this can be obtained easily is Halfords, who keep it in stock. Don't be foisted off with so-called "brushing cellulose" or what is known as "synthetic" finish, as neither is suitable. Two further items are some "wet-or-dry" rubbing-down paper, 240 and 400 grades, and a 1" paint brush. The former can be bought with the paint, while the latter should be of sable or squirrel hair. A brush of this kind may be rather expensive, but will last indefinitely if only used with cellulose paint, as it can be rejuvenated by placing it in a quantity of thinners for a while.

The skis are always painted in a horizontal position, resting on an old table or a couple of boxes. The first application is some of the grey primer, diluted four or five to one with thinners so that it is really "watery"; this allows it to penetrate into the wood so as to stick to it as effectively as possible. Give four or five coats of the thin stuff - it dries as fast as you put it on - until the grey colour starts to cover the wood. Having allowed a few minutes, the grey primer is applied directly, giving alternate coats to each ski until it is judged that a reasonable thickness has been applied.

The paint is allowed to dry, at least overnight, but preferably for several days, and then rubbed down with the "wet-or-dry" using 240 grade paper and plenty of water, the operation being facilitated by rubbing some soap on to the paper every now and again. The process should be continued until the surface is perfectly smooth, and the boards should then be washed with clean water and left to dry off completely, at least overnight. Care should be taken not to rub right through the wood!

Finally, the spraying cellulose is applied. It may be necessary to thin this down a little, but avoid if possible; don't be afraid to put plenty on, keeping the boards horizontal to avoid "runs" in the paint, and don't try and brush the paint out smooth - if you put enough on it comes alright by itself when it is dry. The paint is allowed to dry overnight, and then the skis should be stood on one side for the paint to harden thoroughly, which takes longer than most people think. A week should be allowed to be really safe, although I have seen people on the continent use skis which had been lacquered the previous night on to snow-sodden wood. Needless to say, this is a very lucrative business for the local sports shops, as it is off again within a day or two.

To obtain a superior effect, the finish can be rubbed down with 240, and then 400 grade paper, while in some circles a final hone with metal polish is given, but don't expect me to provide the wheel-chairs.



The colour used is a matter of personal taste, but black seems to give the best running surface, and also divests itself quickly of caked-on snow and ice when stood up in the sun.

If the top surface requires refinishing this can be carried out successfully with transparent cellulose, but here again it is essential to ensure that the wood is clean. If any old oil varnish remains, the cellulose will turn into a first class crackle-finish, ornamental but not very practical.

Finally, most of the stages outlined above involve the use of highly inflammable materials, and great care should be exercised. It is best to operate in a shed or garage, or outside on a fine day, but damp weather and the evening time should be avoided, as there is a possibility of moisture condensation, which will ruin the result.

Pot arms and legs are supplied free of charge at Derbyshire Royal Infirmary!

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"THE FIRESIDE MOUNTAINEER" ..... by ERIC BYNE

When icicles clothe the Downfall  
And streams begin to freeze,  
When gales come forth from East and North  
And slash the naked scree,  
When the freezing rain begins again  
And groughs are foul with mire,  
Sing Hey for Kinderscout my lads  
And huddle up close to the fire,  
And there in a chair by the cheering flare  
We'll climb till our toes are tender,  
Then pack our load down the long home road,  
With our feet well into the fender.

'Tis good with song to scramble along  
Through groughs and frozen mud,  
The fiercer it blows the redder your nose,  
It's extremely good for the blood.  
Then shut the windows and bolt the doors,  
And the howling winds be blowed,  
So puff your briar, draw up the fire,  
And think of the open road.  
Sing Hey, and sing Ho, when blizzards do blow,  
We'll climb till we get quite slender,  
Then lope with a smile the last weary mile,  
With our knees well over the fender.

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LAKE DISTRICT MOUNTAIN TRIAL

The following notice has been received for publication:-

"This event, organised in the past by the Lakeland Regional Group of the Youth Hostels Association is now, at their invitation, to be sponsored by the "Lancashire Evening Post", and is being organised by a committee representing mountaineering clubs, mountain rescue organisations, the Outward Bound Trust and the Y.H.A. It is intended to broaden the appeal of the event and, in particular, to make it a test of mountaineering knowledge rather than merely a straight race for harriers.

"This year's event will be held on SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21st. It will start and finish at Seathwaite in Borrowdale and the course will include the summits of Pillar, Scafell and Scafell Pike. Those taking part may choose their own route to include these check points, except that the use of Broad Stand will be prohibited, because of its potential dangers under the circumstances and the undesirability of racing on rock climbs, however easy. The start of the event will be at 10 a.m. PROMPT. There will be considerable accent on team performance and it will, it is hoped, be regarded as an achievement merely to complete the course satisfactorily, irrespective of the finishing position attained.

"The following prizes will be awarded:

- (a) Each competitor completing the course in five hours or under will receive a certificate of merit.
- (b) Competitors making the fastest times, prizes to the value of five guineas (1st), three guineas (2nd) and two guineas (3rd).
- (c) Fastest team and second fastest team (prizes to the value of five guineas and two guineas, respectively).
- (d) Mystery prize (value two guineas) for the fastest time over a certain section of the course (not to be disclosed until after the race).
- (e) If any women competitors, prize valued three guineas to the first woman competitor to finish.
- (f) Prize valued at three guineas for the first Y.H.A. member home (given by the Lakeland Regional Group, Youth Hostels Association)

"There will be mountain rescue teams on duty on each of the mountains, and changing accommodation (with showers and tea for competitors afterwards) at High House, the "K" Fellfarers Hostel at Seathwaite. Each competitor must carry a whistle (and in the event of accident or serious injury blow it at the rate of six blasts a minute). Competitors may run in any sort of footwear. There will be no entry fee.

"It is very much hoped that your club/association will be able to include a team or teams in the event or provide individual competitors. If the event proves successful it is hoped that it will be continued as a regular annual attraction for mountaineers



and that a spirit of friendly rivalry among clubs will be engendered. Perhaps you will be good enough to circularise your members.

"Entry forms will be available (after September 3rd) from the honorary secretary (Mr. T. W. Thompson, A.C.I.S., of 6 Victoria St., Windermere). Later, programmes will be sent to all competitors.

"The closing date for the receipt of entries will be MONDAY, OCTOBER 8th.

A. H. GRIFFIN,  
(Chairman of Organising Committee),  
Rosslyn, Windermere Road, Kendal."

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"I MET SOME PEOPLE ON THE ROAD" ..... by JIM KERSHAW

"Itinerants on the roads of Ireland are becoming a problem, demanding support from people who can ill afford to give", quotation from the Irish Press. Very true, of course, nobody could more ill afford to give than ourselves at that time. We had avoided a girl offering to tell fortunes in Waterville, escaped a woman with the youngest on her back in Killarglin, "A penny for the baby, sir", only to be cornered by a towheaded wench playing the fiddle in the door of our 3rd class compartment on the Killarney train, Ma holding the hat. We considered peace cheaply bought for threepence. However, a hardening of hearts had taken place after this episode, a redhaired young scoundrel in the streets of Killarney being repulsed as follows:

R.H.Y.S. Gizzapennymister.

Self. No.

R.H.Y.S. (With tug on sleeve) Comeongizzapenny.

Self. Why?

R.H.Y.S. (With a flash of inspiration) I want to buy some socks.

Self. I can't afford to buy socks for myself.

He retired with a hurt look on his face as though I wasn't telling the truth. The girl fiddler appeared over the road in the door of a public house still playing the same tune.

The tramps of Ireland seem better off than their English counterparts, at least one would think so on seeing a figure with the familiar sack in his hand at a station booking office. The Killarney booking clerk counted the multitude of coppers passing over the counter, paling a little as the wind wafted in his direction other travellers hung about at a respectful distance. The tramp leisurely walked down the platform, the crowd melting away as he approached. The train arrived and by the power of the same spell he gained a seat in the restaurant car of the packed train. Turning sideways from the three other occupants of his table, oblivious to the agony of the car attendant, he gazed at the passing hills through

the opposite window, and mercifully lit his pipe. Three or four stops later he was shepherded off the train with all the solicitude reserved for rich old ladies and Americans.

Then there was Reilly at Tam Hill. Moore and myself had stopped for lunch there on the Pennine Way. He was evidently well known in the bar and had persuaded sufficient people to buy him a drink to be able to say to a gullible cyclist, "I'll not have it now, I think I'll have it later." He had it later, and an unknown quantity in addition, coming outside the inn to sleep it off in the sunshine. We were privileged to hear brief snatches of a soliloquy as he lay down and stung his ear on a nettle. "Ach!! Mr. Nettle - don't bother yourself, I'll move". "Should I stop here for the night?" "Why do I wander and where would I go from here?" Perhaps just an act for the benefit of the motorcoach passengers who had alighted. Indeed he had considerable opposition from a man in a complete Austrian peasant outfit who spoke with a broad Yorkshire accent.

There was a tramp in Torridan who gave Welbourn, Baddcott and myself a toothy grin and explained how by some misfortune he had just run out of tobacco, could we oblige a fellow traveller? Welbourn was also as it happened in the same predicament, passing the ball to Dennis and secretly hoping that Welbourn Towers would not be burgled while we were away. A week later we were at Dundonnell encamped behind the corner of a pinewood on the roadside. It was a dark dismal day and we were astonished to hear the gradual approach of a wild drunken song up the road. It was our tramp from Torridan, we heard later that he regularly did the Torridan-Dundonnell circuit. He passed by not noticing his benefactors, and enraged by a passing car expressed contempt for the world as follows: "Why should I fight for the -----s? You John Bull -----s, you Scottish -----s". Slowly he staggered down the endless road into the driving rain.

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BRASSINGTON MEET - JULY 21st ..... Leader: M. J. MOORE

The Oread has always been, to some extent, unpredictable. I remember that when Mike Harby (of the "Tatler" Harbys) informed me that I was leading this Meet, so near the holidays (an' it but a meagre one-day affair), I expected the poorest turn-out of the year.

In fact, the Meet was surprisingly well-attended, most people arriving on the Saturday, with a view to an evening's thirst-quenching in the village pub.

This surprisingly large turn-out can only be attributed to the fact that it had been stated in a circular that I should be unable to lead it. Accordingly, I recommend that future meet-leaders should make similar public announcements, thus ensuring the attendance of all their friends.



Such an advertisement should not be confined to the Oread Newsletter, but would have to appear in a quite remarkable variety of periodicals if it is to claim the attention of a membership with interests as diverse as ours. Useful media would be:- "The Organ of the Association of Retired Public Convenience Attendants", "The Oxenhope" Clarion", "Birds and their Habits", "The Official List of Licensed Houses in Antwerp", "Piscatoria", "The Tramps' Guide to Local Government" and surely - "The Dentitioners' Chair-side Handbook - A Guide to Civic Occlusions".

On the Saturday, at least two routes were done - one to the trough for water and the other to the Gate Inn, where James (Laureate) Kershaw made a desultory attempt upon the local record for the consumption of "Owd Roger". Happily, he failed, and after closing time was still capable of assisting behind the counter of the fish and chip shop (without reward).

Sunday was hot and sunny and a great assault was made upon the limestone. Wherever a piece of rock could be seen through the undergrowth, there was an Oread - exultant, hesitant, or merely pendant, according to the rate of beer intake the previous evening. The heat was so great that female midriffs were displayed right and left - much to the delight of the gnats, midges and male members.

The President was expected all weekend, but failed to show, no doubt falling by the wayside en route from Wirksworth.

It was good to see Paul Gardiner and Walter Richardson there, fresh from serving the Queen in odd corners of foreign fields. A good bunch of guests and new members were present - a healthy sign in any club.

\* Pronounced: "Tha'll get lost if tha goos oo'er t'mooer"!

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THE ROCHES - AUGUST 25/26th -  
JOINT MEET WITH THE MOUNTAIN CLUB ..... Joint Leader: ERIC BYNE

This, the second Annual Joint Meet of the two clubs, once again proved a great success. True, the weather on the Saturday was very far from promising, and we missed many old friends - our Vice President and Ken Griffiths were still "Yugo-Slaving", and the absenteeism of the Cullums, the Brittons, and such people as Oliver Jones, Adderley, and the Handleys was particularly noticeable. Nevertheless at least 30 people camped the Saturday night in pouring rain at Well Farm.

Fortunately a fine spell coincided with the traditional visit to the "Three Horseshoes" on the Saturday evening, and although the gathering was most subdued in comparison with previous years, nevertheless the conversation proved most enjoyable and at times hilarious even the barman had to laugh when Betty Bird announced in serious tones, "Oh! But I never register with strange Doctors!"

For the first time for many years, the two Presidents slept together. This undoubtedly influenced the weather, for whilst the Midlands generally experienced storm and floods on the Sunday, the Roches had glorious sunshine.

The day started well for whilst the Mountain Club President ruthlessly extracted the necessary camping fees, the Oread President cooked the breakfast for both. True the eggs could have been done better but one could not really expect anything else from one who is more used to stirring pemmican in a pan (and anyway Harry provided the eggs and I only had to do the eating).

By 11 a.m. the crags were quite dry, the sun shone gloriously, and many day arrivals of both clubs had swollen the gathering to about 60. At least three permits were available for walking from Rock Hall to Roach End but no-one seemed to wish to be associated with these cards which were kept discreetly hidden.

Very soon the rocks were plastered with bodies. In some cases queues were formed. One actually saw Penlington leading a Diff; and Roscoe and Harby defeated by a 20 foot crack which both previously thought would go - even the leader of the meet who had successfully dodged all issues, was eventually forced to lead a couple of routes by John Vereker, his Mountain Club companion.

The Secretary, having left his Marion in Derby, was seen climbing with the Dentist, and one noticed "Nobby" Millward tip-toeing up the Great Slab with that skill and balance for which he had always been noted during the great days of the old Stonnis Mountaineering Club.

Not until 5 o'clock did the keeper appear, and his ultimatum cleared the crags within 15 minutes. By then everyone had enjoyed their day, and even Roger Turner and Beryl felt their hitching had been well worth while.

So ended an enjoyable weekend. The President and the Phillips departed with their usual clan, Fred Allen and wife rounded up their children, the "Kookaburra" with Kershaw and Moore vacated their isolated hill position, and the leader of the meet, aided by "Chirpy" of the Mountain Club, collected the half ton of garbage and tins (so thoughtfully piled in a heap and conspicuously left) and carted these down to the farmer's official rubbish pile.

One can but hope that such an enjoyable joint meet as this will be kept up and eventually become a tradition between the two clubs.

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BASLOW - SEPTEMBER 1/2nd ..... by PAUL GARDINER.

The English summer ran true to form for a small gathering of Oreads encamped at Froggat's farm. Kershaw, the Bard, conveyed Mike Moore, "The Bird", John Bridges and Sybil in the Bedford, and about 5.00 p.m. the silence was shattered by the arrival of the motorised pillar-box with Brian Richards and Walter Richardson "up".

Saturday afternoon was spent pottering on Birchen's and dangling top-ropes down from the Crow's-Nest until about 7.00 p.m., when the Phillips arrived and everyone trenched. Ernie, resplendent in new windproof pants and anorak, seemed more interested in preserving the Ford from the ravages of beasts of the field than in helping Ronni to put the tent up.

About 8.00 p.m. everyone headed "Robin Hoodwards" to put away some "Double Diamond" in that well known atmosphere of oil lamps, blazing logs and a haze of tobacco smoke. Moore complained that the solitary oil lamp provided too much illumination and retired to the darkest corner with Blue Bass and Betty Bird (how's that for alliteration!)

The wind blew hard from the N.E. during the night and, as it dropped at dawn, so the rain began and guy-lines quickly became taut. The intention had been to climb on Gardom's but we soon changed our minds about that and remained "pit-bound" for most of the morning. One brew of tea had hardly gone down before another was ready and thus about four hours were spent purely in partaking and relieving until, by common consent, tents were struck and all wended a wet way home.

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

Dear Charles,

Herewith a few points re the tradition of presenting tankards to newly-wedded Oreads.

Since this is a tradition going back to the earliest days of the Oread many members will wish to see it retained, and I feel that it is an admirable indication of a deep interest in the affairs of individual members of the Club. One could write at some length describing the beautiful women whom fate has chosen at intervals to hinder the climbing career of the Oread, but suffice to say that the Oread won because it climbs still and there are Oread wives.

The present controversy over the cost of this tradition arises because of the phenomenal number of marriages this year, which under the old method of levying would make the cost per head rather prohibitive.

My scheme visualises the committee officially adopting the club tradition by launching a "Nuptial Tankard Fund" to be supplemented in the "lean years", i.e. many marriages, by a levy of not more than 1/- per head from members. The Club would meet the deficit as part of the outlay for the running of our affairs. Any surplus would then accumulate after the famous precedent of the Gibson Beer Fund until Nuptial Tankards are well established financially.

To reduce the cost it has been suggested that two half-pint tankards should be presented. I would rather see the award of a joint, handsome engraved pint tankard than two scruffy half-pints. Furthermore it should be presented with due ceremony at the annual dinner.

Sincerely,

Bbb Pettigrew.

(An anonymous letter has also been received, whose contents were so offensive that it was considered unfit for publication - Ed.)

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SUTTON AMONG THE SLAVS ..... by GEORGE SUTTON

Griffiths and I went out via Salzburg - rough crossing to Ostend - delightful day in Salzburg. Austrian girl slept in my arms on the train, and Griffiths used her "other end" for a pillow.

Adopted at the Yugoslav frontier by Ludmilla, who could fill the Oread N/T with good quotes, one of which was "Ah, Triglav! She is like a glamorous woman - she stands and invited you". After which she told us to "drink the golden wine of Slovenia and be happy", which we did for the rest of our stay.

Within one day I lost Ken, who went out "for a walk" - ten of us, including the local mountain rescue, searched a very large area for him, and were completely baffled until he re-appeared in a valley fifteen miles away minus passport, phrase book, etc. For the full story - which will be of ten pints' duration at first telling, and thereafter magnified - readers must wait a suitable opportunity.

Triglav I climbed with three Slovenes - grand people who allowed me to pay for nothing in the two days of our association, took pleasure in showing me their country, and gave me a much-thumbed, out-of-print hut-and-trail-guide-book.

Did ten peaks by easy routes, all told, though Scarlatina provided a real mountain day. One lady got lost on this jaunt and I went out again to look for her, persuading a Scots girl and a man to go with me "for the walk". We found the missing woman, and went



on to the top of Kriz - where a sudden storm threatened to obliterate us. I dragged - literally - the Scots girl by one hand into the wind (shades of S.Georgia) and down the mountain. Behind me the man shouted that I'd left the path - so I had - it followed the ridge and I had no mind to be blown into the next valley.

The Scots girl incidentally was an ex-White Hall student, and held an M.A.Certificate. She also knew Tom Weir, who had chuckled at her Certificate, saying "That's more than I've got!"

Then down to the coast and sweltering days, by, on, and in the blue Adriatic. If I may quote Pettigrew - "The place for a honeymoon" is Dubrovnik. Sun and sea, an ancient walled city, cheap prices, girls in national costume - more photographers to the square yard than anywhere else we went until Venice.

After the sea we took the hell-train to Sarajevo - 18 1/2 hours for me; 26 for Ken, whom I lost sight of for a few days. He was more anxious than I to reach these unveiled Moslem women - but Sarajevo was rather a fizz. There were mosques, a Turkish bazaar, and baggy-panted women, but the atmosphere was not nearly so oriental as we expected.

So, on to Zagret, cultural city of Slovenia, and back to Rizeka, where, quite by accident, I met Ken again and we rushed on to a nightship to Venice.

Three languid days in this fairyland of a place, when I was too lazy to do more than visit a token number of palaces (900 of them) and art galleries. And so home, sleeping in the corridor of the Orient Express.

I will long remember the day my watch misted over with condensation and our mouths went completely dry - and Ken making a Yugoslav party sing their National Anthem at the crest of the Hribarice Pass - the superb home of Mestrovic, the sculptor - my first taste of paprika, and figs from the tree, and slivovic, and rakiya, and cooked squid and tunny - and the caves of Postajna with miles of caverns, and fantastic stalagmites, forty feet high, looking like weeping willows - and the Russian pavilion in Venice with a magnificent picture of workers eating as the sun sets - and man's obstinate cultivation of the Karst desert - these, and many other things, I will remember.

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COMMITTEE NOTES

The President has written to Mrs. Hall in an attempt to reach some settlement of the question of the Bryn-y-Wern lease, and the Secretary has contacted her solicitors through our own, with the same object. A meeting has been arranged between Mrs. Hall and representatives of the Club.

Regarding editorial comments about the Stange clean-up last month, the Committee were quite unaware that the expedition had been arranged. (Organisers please note - Ed.) Possibly our opposition to "wardening" led the organisers to believe that we should not be interested in a clean-up.

1956 HOLIDAY ..... by MICK HARBY

We got married at Easter and found that after a honeymoon, buying a house, buying furniture and generally settling in, our Bank Manager regarded us with a certain amount of suspicion and it was obvious that the annual summer holiday would have to be very inexpensive. Various places were mulled over and rejected for a variety of reasons. The Alps were out because of cash, Scotland was out for a similar reason. We felt that we could go to the Lakes or N.Wales at weekends, and Bryn-y-Wern was out because the President was staying there and I did not feel like sharing my wife. This left Ireland and Cornwall; Ireland we heard was usually wet, so that left Cornwall. Therefore for the second year in succession we went to Cornwall.

The Midlands Association of Mountaineers had a meet at Bosigran during the period we wanted to go, so we booked in on the meet. Our reward was at once apparent; the meet leader could offer us a lift from our door to the hut and back for less cost than one return ticket on the train. Needless to say, this offer was at once accepted and on the Friday evening after leaving the office we departed to Cornwall.

We left Spondon at 8 p.m. and only some five miles South of Derby we ran into an electrical storm, which we were to travel through until we reached Bth where we left it behind. At times, the lightning was so intense that the driver had to stop the car because he or she had been completely blinded by it. The rest of the night was uneventful and we eventually drove into St. Ives at 9 a.m. on Saturday morning.

The first things we saw in St. Ives were Pettigrew plus fiancée, both looking bleary-eyed after travelling all night on the train. However, after we had all breakfasted, life seemed much pleasanter. Shopping was the order of the day and then when this was finished we departed to the hut. We were alarmed to find that the Rock and Ice



boys were also holidaying down there and our hopes of a lazy holiday seemed dashed. Spirits were restored, however, when we found that they had beaten us to the beach on the first day. And we found that this pattern was to remain for the rest of our holiday.

During the fortnight we swam on many beaches, Logan Rock, Porthcurno, Portheras, Sennan Cove, etc. Found that the best pubs were the Tinnars Arms at Zennor and a pub in the square at St. Just. The best cinemas were in Penzance and that surf boards could be hired at Sennan Cove.

From a climbing point of view, we visited Chair Ladder, Lands End, Bosignan Ridge, Portmoina Island, Bosignan Face and Hall Drive Dove. Routes of all standards were led from Mod's to V.S.'s, and probably the nicest routes were Pendulum Chimney at Chair Ladder and Zig Zag on Bosignan Face. Two new routes were made, Limpet Slab, a Severe, and Hake Slab, a Difficult. Both these routes fell to Oread leaders and Limpet Slab was done by an all Oread party.

There was one very noticeable thing this year and that was the area as a climbing ground had changed in character. In 1955 there were few really hard routes and all the cliffs had a holiday atmosphere about them. Now due to the Biven brothers, particularly Peter Biven, Peck and the Commando influence of Goodier and Banks, cliffs are laced with routes that go up to a very high standard, E.S.'s being common. There is no doubt that if this development continues at the same pace, in a year's time a guide book will have to be issued on the lines of the Llanberis Guide.

There were two quotes this year that brought the house down. One concerned a female in the party, who very prettily clad was waiting in the picture queue, when her female friend said, "Oh, you look ravishing tonight." A Rock and Ice voice at once shouted from some fifteen yards down the queue, "Yes, and I intend to see if she gets ravished!" The other quote was, "The agonised screams of a male hedgehog in the mating season."

The highlights of the holiday - well undoubtedly Pettigrew armed with a scythe and followed by four stalwart males setting out in the dark to capture a queer thing with a green eye, which turned out to be a glow-worm. There was also the man who had been chafed by his jock strap and who found after liberal application of a powder that the powder was for athlete's foot. Then the fishing with an explosive and the catching of pollocks.

I can certainly recommend the Cornish climbing to anybody who has not tasted it, the rock is superb granite and the coast line is marvellous. Anybody visiting the area for the first time is recommended to take transport as the local bus service is of little use to climbers. The routes recommended to people new to the area are Commando Ridge, Black Slab, Doorway Climb, Doorpost Climb, Hotel

Buttress and Pendulum Chimney. Accommodation is usually at Bosignan Court House, which belongs to the Climbers' Club, or by camping in the Bosignan area. One word of advice - the most important item of equipment is a bathing costume.

Finally, I shall make but one comment, that in the shocking summer we had sixteen days in Cornwall, and of these sixteen, fourteen were gloriously sunny, and we had rain on the other two. Did I hear somebody say they are going next year?

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

Oreads will be sorry to hear that Jack Longland was taken to hospital suffering from jaundice during his visit to the U.S.A. It is hoped that by the time this appears he will be completely recovered.

Quote of the century: "Unhappy men! If you are thus weary of your lives, is it so difficult for you to find ropes and precipices?" - Antonius, proconsul of Asia during the reign of Trojan. (Gibbon, "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire", Ch.XVI.)

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Phil Falkner took the Harbys and Cullums to Coniston on September 21/23rd. Routes done on Dow were Southern Slabs (only the first pitch, very slimy), Lazarus and C Buttress Ordinary (soloist, D.C.C.) The party paused on the return trip to watch a demonstration by Donald Campbell in Bluebird.

The Photo Meet takes place next weekend. If you haven't sent your prints in yet, do bring them with you. Many entries on the theme, "Rain over the Hills" are expected this year.

The Newsletter is once more having production difficulties. Will anyone who can do the typing or could lend a typewriter, please contact the Hon.Editor, D.C.Cullum, 11 Corkland Road, Choriton-cum-Hardy, Manchester 21.

There was a very good turn-out at the Patterdale Meet - a full report next month, with any luck.

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